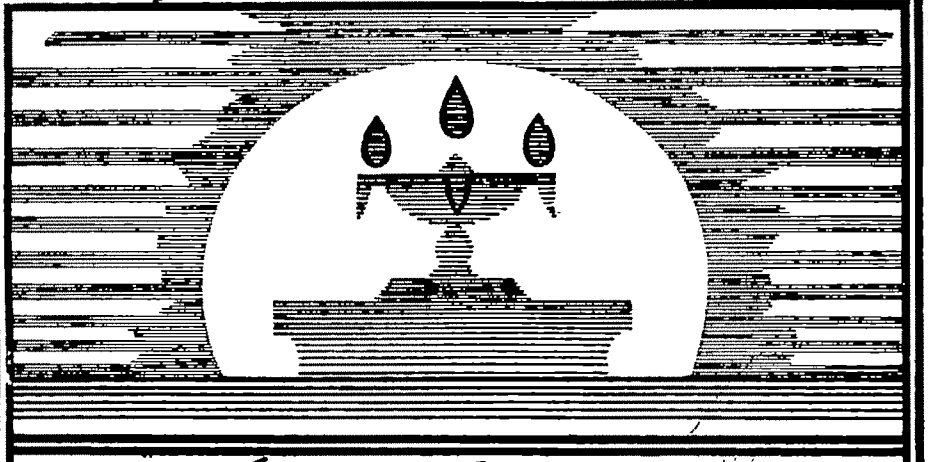
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The ARYAN PATH

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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. XXXIII JANUARY 1962 No. 1

THE POWER OF PHILOSOPHY

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for February 1940.—ED.]

LIFE is essentially synthetic and therefore no problem can be solved if it is isolated and viewed as a unique phenomenon. The consideration of particulars must play its part in the study of any one aspect of Nature or of man, but we must not lose sight of universals. Men of science are suffering today from over-specialization, the dangers of which are beginning to be recognized. We have fallen into the dire heresy of separateness to the extent of dividing every department of life from Life itself and in so doing we have disintegrated our own consciousness.

A specialist in any field of human endeavour is apt to narrow his vision in his attempt to focus it exclusively on one sphere. "I am interested only in politics," says the politician. "I do not read philosophy or even fiction unless it brings in some political issue."

This attitude is all too prevalent among politicians and party leaders. But the man imprisoned in the narrow groove of politics has neither breadth of vision nor depth of insight. Like an engine confined to its special track his consciousness travels backwards and forwards on the same line, exercising itself only along that limited route. Inevitably his vision becomes short-sighted and superficial and ultimately he fails in his very aim as a politician.

What is the remedy? In the words of a great emperor who cannot be accused of having lived in the ivory-tower of his utopian idealism:—

> Constantly regard the universe as one living being having one substance and one soul; observe how all things act with one movement; and how all things are the co-operating cause of all things which exist; observe too the continuous spinning of the thread and the contexture of the web

Thus Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, whose advice politicians and

social reformers would do well to heed. The Universe is one living being; all substance is one; all energy is one. This identity of Spirit and Matter, the two inseparable aspects of the One Life, makes all beings and creatures, all forms and phenomena related to each other. Similarly the law of causation, under which every effect springs from its legitimate root, operates everywhere, drawing a living pattern to which each aspect of life contributes.

True philosophy does not divorce metaphysical study from active work. Metaphysics may not seem directly related to political activity, and may appear to the politician abstract and remote, yet metaphysics alone can give him the necessary detachment to judge impartially and can bring to him the light of universal principles to evaluate particular problems.

How can a man without calmness see clearly? And how can the politician retain calmness, if, plunged in the heat of the battle, he fails to withdraw into the cool realm of true philosophy?

The man of action more than any other needs to retire daily from the field of battle for quiet meditation. Such meditation, away from his action-problems, will enable him to gather the forces of thought, will and imagination which are essential for the successful achievement of his ends.

Each one, no matter what his field of active endeavour, no matter what his job in life, if he would be *really practical* should practise meditation. Every morning he should determine the righteousness of his motives and seek inner direction ere plunging into the routine of his duties, lest in the fever and the hurry of objective life he forget his true direction and injure his public work.

Especially is this essential for the politician and the public leader, whose blood is apt to become heated and to run too fast!

The need for philosophy in cultivating coolness and tranquillity of mind and feelings was well recognized by our ancient forefathers. Hence old legislative codes such as *Manava-Dharma-Shastra* begin with details of cosmology, to the puzzlement of modern readers! But the ancient lawgivers and social reformers were true practical philosophers who aimed at the building of a State and a social order in conformity with the Unity and the Harmony of Nature.

Such great men as Confucius in China and Plato in Greece set model lessons for legislators and administrators, as food for daily meditation. Our modern political leaders, viceroys and governors and ministers and our civil servants as well, all need to go back to the ancient principle of

finding moral and spiritual nourishment in the practice of contemplation.

Let them not merely read but study such books as C. Rajagopalachari's selections from *The Second Book of Kural,* the old Tamil Code for Princes, Statesmen and Men of Affairs, and reflect upon such practical aphorisms as this:—

> There is no bigger fool than the man who has studied and acquired much knowledge and also preaches to others, but who does not govern himself. (Chapter 84)

And again:—

> To seek to further the welfare of the State by enriching it through fraud and falsehood is like storing water in an unburnt mud pot and hoping to preserve it. (Chapter 66)

And again:—

> Avoid at all times action that is not in accordance with moral law.... Success achieved without minding the prohibitions of the moral law brings grief in the wake of achievement. (Chapter 66)
>
> Efficiency essentially consists in strength of mind; other things come thereafter. (Chapter 67)

Or again, let them consider Confucius's definition of government:—

> Government is rectification. When the ruler does right, all men will imitate his self-control.

And remember these other precepts which the wise Confucius gave:—

> When right principles prevail in the empire, there will be no controversies among the common people.
>
> To centralize wealth is to disperse the people; to distribute wealth is to collect the people.

Most educated politicians have at least read once translations of these ancient works, but such books need to be made daily companions. They provide the moral and philosophical basis needed for successful and righteous politico-social reforms in exactly the same way as the old law-codes provide the model for new legislation.

Let us not despise the ancients. Let rather their wisdom inspire us to combine study of philosophy and practice of meditation with skill in action and devotion to work.

SHANKARACHARYA

HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

[**Shri K. Guru Dutt, I.A.S. (Retd.),** is an old and esteemed friend. He has long been a student of the Indian traditions in philosophy and he has written of some of them in comparison with Existentialism. In this essay he writes reverently and appreciatively of the work of the great Acharya, which he describes as "a mighty synthesis." The purity and power of Shankaracharya's contribution are an important part of the vital philosophical basis of Indian culture.—ED.]

"HE SHINES like one of the fixed stars in India's literary firmament, but no telescope can discover any appreciable diameter; his name is a *point* of light, but we can detect therein nothing that belongs to our earth or material existence." These words of Cowell regarding Udayana, the great Nyaya philosopher, might well be applied to all the classical thinkers of India, not excluding Shankara; for apart from legend and tradition almost nothing is known about the authentic facts of his early life. This indifference to the accidents of personal existence is so characteristic of the Indian mind that it furnishes the key to the fascination which Shankara's doctrine of *Māyā* has exercised over it through the centuries.

It is believed that Shankara was born about the year 788 A.D., in a family of Nambudiri Brahmins at Kalati near Alwaye in Kerala. While he was still a child, his father Shivaguru passed away. Even in his tender years, this unusually precocious boy felt the call of renunciation. His mother, Aryamba, was naturally unwilling that her only son should relinquish the world at so early an age. But he contrived to obtain her consent by a subterfuge after promising to return in due course to perform her obsequies, a pledge which he redeemed, although it was not strictly in keeping with the conventions of ascetic practice. In his quest for a Guru the young *sanyāsi* met, on the banks of the sacred Narmada, Govinda Bhagavatpada, disciple of the renowned Advaita pioneer Gaudapadacharya. The story goes that at his very first meeting with his Guru, on being questioned regarding his identity, Shankara replied in a poem of ten verses (the well-known *Dashashlokī*) describing the Self as pure consciousness, untainted by limitations of any sort. This suggests that Shankara had already attained full realization, and that his having recourse to a teacher was only a formality.

On the completion of the period of discipleship, Shankara went to Banaras. His reputation had preceded him. There, Padmapada and

other staunch disciples gathered round him. Philosophic controversy was the order of the day; Shankara entered into it with zest, and defeated all his adversaries, silencing rival doctrines like the atheism of the Bauddhas, the rampant ritualism of the Mimamsakas, and the logic-chopping of the Naiyayikas, to mention only the principal ones. He then travelled over the length and breadth of India, consolidating his victories. He wrote a number of works which have become canonical for the Advaita school of thought. He reorganized the orders of *sanyāsis* and founded *Maths* which provided for the regular succession of spiritual teachers and served as nuclei for the growth of the newly rejuvenated Hinduism. All this he accomplished within the span of a few brief years, for he passed away at the age of thirty-two in the prime of early manhood. The magnitude of his achievement is so striking that he is popularly believed to have been an incarnation of Lord Shiva himself. It may be mentioned here that there is another account which makes out that Shankara lived to the age of fifty-three and ended his days peacefully at Kanchi. According to this version, which hardly commands credence, he was born at Chidambaram of a different parentage.

Among the traditional biographies of Shankara, the best known is the *Shankara Digvijaya,* attributed to Madhava (Vidyaranya). It is comprehensive, but taxes our faith. Madhava was as far removed from Shankara at one end as he is from us at the other. The work abounds in myth and legend. It is not so much the presence of the supernatural element that provokes our incredulity as the disregard of historical facts capable of exact verification. Thus we find that Kumarila (probably sixth or seventh century), Shri Harsha and Udayana (tenth century), and Shrikantha (eleventh century if not later) are mentioned in one connection or another as contemporaneous with Shankara. This would make each decade of Shankara's life equivalent to a century.

Some of the miraculous episodes included in the work may be amenable to allegorical interpretation. Such for instance is the story that he obtained his mother's consent to his taking up *sanyāsa* by crying out that his foot had been seized by a crocodile while bathing in a river and that he was asking for the permission as a last favour. It is well known that it is usual to compare *Samsāra* (the world and its life) to a crocodile which holds the individual in its grip. The meeting with Lord Shiva at Banaras is capable of similar explanation. Shiva had taken up the form of a Chandala (one of an untouchable caste) in order to test Shankara's degree of realization. Then there is the dispute with Vyasa himself, which ended only after Padmapada intervened and pointed out

that it was unseemly for the incarnations of Shiva and Vishnu to quarrel with each other. The story goes on to say that the authoritativeness of Shankara as a commentator was acknowledged by Vyasa the author of the *Brahma-sūtras*, so that Shankara could now go forth with full confidence to establish his system.

A story which looms large in the Shankara chronicles is the encounter with Mandana Mishra, brother-in-law of the great Kumarila, and himself a champion of ritualism. It is said that Mandana was defeated in argument and, according to the wager, became a *sanyāsi* under the name of Sureshvara and succeeded to the pontificate of the principal *Math* founded by Shankara at Sringeri (some hold, at Kanchi). Modern scholarship tends to discount the episode on the whole. It is now fairly well settled that Sureshvara's name as a householder was Vishvarupa Acharya, and that there was another Mandana Mishra, probably a senior contemporary of Shankara and an Advaitin, whose thought had considerable influence on Vachaspati Mishra and others of later times. A study of this Mandana's *Brahmasiddhi* (a work which has only recently come to light) shows that there is no sufficient justification for identifying its author with Sureshvara, the author of *Brihadāraṇyaka-upaniṣad-bhāṣya-vārtika* and *Naiṣkarmyasiddhi*.

It is said that Mandana's wife Bharati was an incarnation of the goddess Saraswati, and that after her husband's defeat she challenged Shankara to a discussion, in the course of which she questioned his omniscience and taunted him with lack of knowledge of the amatory art. Thereupon, Shankara performed a *parakāyapraveśa*, entered into the body of King Amaru, who had just died, and gained the necessary experience, which he is said to have recorded in a poem known as *Amaru-shataka*. Bharati was placated, and consented to follow Shankara to Sringeri, where she was installed as the goddess Sharada. It is difficult for the sophisticated modern mind to take such stories literally, however much they might have appealed to our ancestors. Their total deletion from any narratives of Shankara's life would not in our eyes detract in the least from his actual achievement, which is a miracle far more significant than any of the marvels attributed to him by pious fancy.

Shankara's entire work may be described as a mighty *samanvaya* (synthesis) in which the apparently conflicting claims of *Pravritti* and *Nivritti*, of *Karma*, *Bhakti* and *Jñāna*, are harmonized, each getting its own appropriate recognition. To this end Shankara devotes all the re-

sources of a master intellect, reinforced by the insight derived from personal realization. If the final inevitable stress is on *Jñāna,* that is only because of the consensus (*eka-vākyatā*) of the *Shrutis* on this point. In firmly establishing Advaita, he also instilled into the followers of the Ganapatya, Shaiva and other faiths the feeling that the *Paramātman* whom they had all to worship was one: he gave the quietus to their internal squabbles and created unity. This is otherwise illustrated in many ways. Himself a southerner, he took a northerner as his own Guru, merging the distinction between Dravida and Gauda.

Above all, he revived the ideal and institution of *sanyāsa,* although according to the *Smritis* it was out of place during Kali Yuga. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this measure in the maintenance of the Vaidic Dharma and its culmination, the Advaita Vedanta philosophy. The resuscitation of a spiritual ideal which had fallen into desuetude also suggests that

> although universal spiritual truths (*Sāmānya Dharmatattva*) may remain the same for ever, it is permissible to alter the methods of Dharma (*Dharma Vidhi*) in accordance with time, place and circumstances.

Coming to Shankara's writings, it is seen that actually over 408 works are attributed to him, comprising about 58 commentaries, big and small, 125 independent small treatises (known as *prakaraṇas*) and 225 *stotras.* Comparative scholarship has been busy sorting out the genuine ones from the spurious, for, undoubtedly, not all of them are authentic. The findings vary, and are of course largely conjectural. According to Dr. Belvalkar, out of this huge number only 24 can be accepted as genuine beyond doubt. They are: the commentaries on the *Brahma-sūtras,* the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and on nine Upaniṣads; five *prakaraṇas* including *Atmabodha, Aparokṣānubhūti, Upadeśa-sāhasrī* (the metrical, not the prose part), *Panchīkaraṇa-prakriyā* and the *Śataślokī*; and eight *stotras* which include the *Dashashlokī* already referred to, the celebrated *Dakshināmūrti Stotra,* and the popular *Bhaja Govindam.* It may be mentioned that among the commentaries on the major Upaniṣads, that on the *Māṇḍūkya* is held to be doubtful.

The fundaments of Shankara's teachings are to be sought in the monumental commentaries on the Upaniṣads, the *Bhagavad-Gītā,* and the *Brahma-Sūtras,* commonly regarded together as the basic trio, the *Prasthānatraya.* They have been the subject of elaborate exegesis at the hands of innumerable later commentators down to the present day, as also of criticism by the followers of other schools. It is of interest to

note that even the greatest among Indian thinkers have preferred to present their most original thought in the guise of commentaries on the works of older sages rather than as their own contribution. Kulluka Bhatta, the celebrated commentator on Manu, draws pointed attention to this national characteristic (on *Manu*, I. 4); *Prāyeṇa āchāryāṇām iyam shailī yat svābhiprāyam api paropadesham iva varṇayanti.* They prized the continuity of scholarly tradition far more than personal fame.

As Max Müller has observed, Shankara's *Bhāshya* on the *Brahma-sūtra* is no mere commentary but the first systematic statement of the real body of doctrine, to which the *Sūtras* themselves form only a useful index. To say that Shankara presents here an independent system which is yet entirely dependent on the Upaniṣads may sound paradoxical, but is perfectly true. The somewhat disjointed utterances of the Upaniṣads are reconciled with the most extraordinary ingenuity and perseverance. The brilliance of the style, which has no equal in the whole range of Sanskrit literature, is matched by the clarity and coherence of the reasoning. At the same time, Shankara is vigilant to guard against abuse whether of reasoning or of metaphor.

Shankara's doctrine hinges on the crucial concept of *avidyā*. In the famous Introduction to the commentary on the *Brahma-sūtras* (commonly known as the *Adhyāsa-bhāshya*), Shankara, after a careful analysis of the ideas of "subject" and "object," makes out the all-too-human tendency towards transference of the attribute of one thing to another to be the root cause of all trouble. This transference or superimposition is technically termed *adhyāsa*, which is defined as *Atasmin tad buddhiḥ* — taking a thing for what it is not. *Adhyāsa* and *avidyā* are synonymous. *Avidyā* may present itself under three guises: lack of cognition, doubt or wrong cognition. In any case its essential nature is comparable to darkness. It is dispelled only by the light of right discrimination: *Viveka prakāsha bhāve tad-abhāvāt.* There is no other means whatever. No special effort need be made for the acquisition of *Jñāna*: *Tasmād jñāne yatne na kartavyaḥ*; but only for discriminating the Self from the not-Self: *kim tu anātmani ātmabuddhi nivrittau eva.* For the Self is not something which is unknown to anyone whosoever: *Na hi Ātmā nāma kasyachid aprasiddhaḥ. Avidyā* can be removed, but cannot be explained; it is *anirvachanīya.* To know what *avidyā* is is impossible, nay, self-contradictory: like trying to see darkness with the help of a torch.

The supreme realization or release (*Mokṣha*) is simultaneous with the removal of *avidyā*. Then all distinctions melt away. The *Ātman* is experienced as one with *Paramātman* or *Brahman*. The world and its

limitations are seen for what they are: phenomenal (*mithyā*), a category distinct both from the true and the false. Brahman alone is true; all other experience is transient and *mithyā*. The former alone is *paramārtha*; all the rest is *vyavahāra*, not excluding even the utterances and injunctions of the *Shastras*. Shankara says, not that the world is illusory, but that it is only phenomenon. Hostile critics, either wilfully or through inability to appreciate the distinction, have sometimes dubbed Shankara a camouflaged Buddhist (*Pracchanna Bauddha*). That is a basic misunderstanding.

The means for dispelling *avidyā* are twofold: pondering on the words of the *Shruti* (Vedanta) and bringing the meaning into line with common experience, especially that involved in the *avasthātraya*: the identity of the Self in the waking, dreaming and deep sleep conditions. Unlike some other Acharyas, Shankara does not claim that *Shruti* can over-ride reason. He declares that even if a hundred *Shrutis* should assert that fire is cold or dark, it will not give them any validity (*prāmāṇya*). *Shruti* is really the ultimate *pramāṇa*, its rôle being not to contradict but to fulfil the others. Thus Shankara reconciles the demands of reason and revelation.

Shankara's doctrine has a validity for all time. But it has a peculiar relevance today when the world, always a whirlpool of blind activity, has assumed a shape more frightful than ever before. If anyone should seek release from it, Shankara's message will make its immediate appeal to him. It is not meant for any others. For those who have reverently prepared themselves, it will prove an immediate refuge (*ashrama*), as well as an entrance into that ineffable bliss (*Ananda*) which is all that language can predicate of a Reality (*Sat*) whose nature is Consciousness (*Chit*): *Sachchidānanda*!

K. GURU DUTT

THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels, black and white,
Within me war
As day with night;
Scarred battlefield, I know
Their hate's fierce heat,
I feel each throe
Of their tremendous strife
As back and forth
They fight for life.

HERBERT BLUEN

SOME THOUGHTS FROM SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

[**Professor Philip Leon** was Professor of Classics at the University of Leicester during 1954-60. He is the author of *The Ethics of Power, The Philosophy of Courage, Plato, Body, Mind and Spirit,* and *The Professors*; in 1957 he translated *Gandhi to Vinoba*; and he has contributed to various learned journals and lectured on the B.B.C.

He is now at the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and in this article puts forward some suggestive thoughts about the next step for human evolution, which he sees as likely to come about through an actual uniting of the various racial strains and through "the 'accidental' convergence of isolated external events so as to support and make fruitful beyond all anticipation certain internal events — those which constitute the seeking and willing to do God's will."—ED.]

I AM PARTICULARLY GLAD to have the opportunity of writing this article for THE ARYAN PATH, for two reasons. The first is that the opportunity is none of my seeking or devising: as far as I am concerned, it is an accident, but I have a "hunch" that the universe is built by and on "accidents," accidents of a certain kind, rather than anything that resembles planning. The second reason is that while thinking out what to write I saw that this opportunity is precisely the one that I should have sought and devised: it is in India rather than anywhere else that these thoughts which I have to give are most likely to find an echo and bear fruit, and, as I hope will appear later, there may be a particular appositeness in their coming to India from Africa.

For a near-sighted view Salisbury is the scene of immense and ludicrous triviality. From correspondence in the Press and many conversations it would appear that the precious civilization which "Europeans" (these include thousands who have never seen Europe) have to save resides in the public bath and public lavatory, the latter in particular being its holy of holies, to defend which from invasion by "non-Europeans" is to defend the "intimacy and sacredness of the personality." Two judges solemnly deliberate in the High Court whether an African woman, having intruded into such a sanctum, did or did not actually use it, and "for lack of evidence" (!) squash the sentence of four months' imprisonment passed on her by a magistrate. An Indian has just sued the Municipality for having been refused admittance to a public swimming pool and has won his case with costs, and the Municipality, which had at first declared its swimming pools open to

all races but was later forced by popular feeling to recant, is thinking of appealing with the support of the Municipalities' Association but against the discouraging advice of its own lawyers.

For the far-seeing eye, however, this same Salisbury is the theatre of a vast operation, an operation on a cosmic scale, and when it has been accomplished people will wonder, as they have always done, how so big a thing could have been so trivial when it was actually happening.

According to that remarkable Jesuit geologist-palæontologist-thinker, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, evolution is now about to take another leap forward, one comparable to that which led to *Homo sapiens*. It is about to produce *Homo novus*, the new Man. And where and how is it more likely to produce him than on the three vast continents of China, India and Africa, through the transplantation and eventual transformation of Western civilization and the unification of mankind through miscegenation?

But to think of a leap forward by evolution is not a very comforting thought. For evolution, if it is any one thing or power, seems to be a very brutal, wasteful and ham-handed artist, one who breaks billions of eggs to produce a not very nourishing omelette. As far as evolution goes we have no assurance that the leap will not take place through Armageddon, or, to use the language of modern science instead of that of the Apocalypse, through a self-destruction of man (who through his knowledge and power is now the giant of all giants) comparable to the destruction of the giant animals millions of years ago.

But what if the fault is not really the artist's but the material's? After all, what better could he have produced out of animals like the apes and gorillas than *Homo sapiens*, and what better could he have done with man if the latter had to be able to be a devil in order to become an angel, and to be a fool in order to become wise? What if the artist is really God? If he is, then we can co-operate in evolution, by being willing to be angels and not devils. What is necessary for this?

That we should *understand*, and understand in a modern, a scientific way, that the power behind evolution or the spatio-temporal process is really identical with the inmost reality of our being or the God who is revealed to us through the right discipline of living and thinking. According to what up to recently at any rate has been the prevailing Western thought (paralleled by much in Bhakti thought and sentiment), the spatio-temporal universe is the body of God or that which can become the body of God, the sphere in which the inward Reality can become real, can have expression. But this view is based on revela-

tion, faith or intuition rather than on understanding, and for modern science and in the general intellectual climate generated by that science it is meaningless, as is also the opposite view which prevails in Hindu thought, namely that the spatio-temporal process is illusion. Yet it is science that is giving us what seems to be the most real knowledge, the knowledge which is most manageable and at the same time inspires us with the hope of being able to manage in the not very far future the whole of the physical and even the biological universe. And in so doing, it inspires us also with that gigantism which may prove our undoing.

What can be done to give that gigantism second thoughts, to make it apparent that the outward reality is not merely an object for technical manipulation and that the power behind it is God working without and identical with God working within?

We must spread amongst as many people as possible that discipline of living and thinking which will give them an awareness of the God within. Then, as they try to do the will of that God, there will emerge on a sufficiently large scale not to be negligible the phenomenon reported in all ages in the lives of all men of God, an undeniable, if perhaps inexplicable, phenomenon: the "accidental" convergence of isolated external events so as to support and make fruitful beyond all anticipation certain internal events — those which constitute the seeking and willing to do God's will. The objective study of this convergence, which is obviously beyond any human management and which has always been known as the work of Providence, will not only establish a general correspondence between the God within and the power behind the spatio-temporal process, but will throw light on some particular puzzles in evolution.

For example, the emergence of mutations will be seen to be parallel to the inspiration of quite novel thoughts and feelings in the life of the man of God; while the convergence of these mutations supported and fostered by the convergence of events, without which no new species could have arisen, will be seen to resemble the consilience of these inspirations, which with the help of converging events can produce a "new man," a new movement, a new civilization, a new world. Even the destructiveness of evolution will be illuminated. Thus, the drive towards the unification of mankind, already embodied in the circumstances of the world situation and in itself, surely, good, is seized upon by a megalomaniac like Hitler, and the result is monstrous and wasteful genocide. Hitler is dead and so is all that he consciously aimed at,

But the drive goes on, most actively at present in Communism, which as a creed accepts the necessity of the destructiveness of evolution, worships Kali; so to speak.

How will that same drive work with men of God? As a deeply felt need and inspiration. Their "activity" will consist of a deepening of the sense of need and a clarification of the inspiration; of waiting, watching and seeing; above all of not interfering with evolution or history but letting it be, instead of planning it and leaping at the throats of different planners with different means and methods. They will feel borne along by an irresistible yet uncompelling sense, not that they are making history, but that they are fitting into it, like rhymes into a poem of which the author is themselves and yet not themselves. Their works will consist of isolated tasks, prompted by that inspiration, which they do not even see to be connected with the realization of the destined end. The unplanned, unwilled convergence of their separate efforts and achievements will bring that end about and will demonstrate the identity: Evolution–Inspiration, Inspiration–Evolution. Of course, the inspirational accomplishment of an end knows nothing of the short cut so dear to planning, especially "revolutionary" planning, and so apt to pass into violence and its accompanying destructiveness. It has, however, its own difficulty, an immense one, namely the difficulty men, especially masses of men, have in keeping for long to an inspiration, which in its turn is apt to degenerate into a pious hope or even into a mere liturgical form of words. It is perhaps not too fanciful to surmise that an analogue to this difficulty of continuing without either haste or rest along the one line of the inspiration has operated in pre-human evolution also and has been responsible for its unfruitful ramifications and its dead-ends. But man, at any rate, can be taught to be sensitive to the tempo of inspiration, to be, where need is, a slow-growing plant instead of a mushroom and yet not to fall asleep but to go on growing.

In this way and in this way only shall we be able to *co-operate* with evolution instead of being merely used by it as largely recalcitrant and therefore expendable material.

All biologists who have any philosophy of evolution, including atheistic biologists like Julian Huxley, preach co-operation with evolution. For that co-operation to be possible, what is required is the re-education of the mass of mankind, in particular of the intellectual section of it. It is a giant's task, which, however, must be performed by thousands of pygmies. For giants and Titans are known only for assaulting and trying to pull down Heaven.

Of the three fate-fraught continents I have mentioned, China, as represented by Mao, believes in the necessity of destruction, even through Armageddon. Africa is the melting-pot of races whose ingredients more or less accept the evolutionary necessity of some kind of brew. As the brewing process continues it will become apparent that it calls for something more than enlightened, humane, thinking and feeling. Rhodesia is *officially* committed, against a not very convinced or forceful public feeling, to the partnership of races, and as can be seen from the examples I have cited, the High Courts are determined at least to uphold the law of the land against the accretions of custom or, where it is objectionable, to make it difficult of application "for lack of evidence." In India, as far as can be judged from report, the most promising forces making for the new man and the new mankind seem to me to be Vinoba (of whom I know through having translated his life by Lanza del Vasto), as one who is trying to bring the knowledge of Heaven to the masses while inducing the haves to give land to the have-nots, and M.R.A., which believes in the "ordinary man" and by holding up to him absolute moral standards aims at making him seek the guidance of God without which it is impossible even to attempt to satisfy those standards.

PHILIP LEON

IT may well be the highest accomplishment of man to determine his own circumstances as much as is possible and to allow himself as little as possible to be determined by them. The substance of the world stands before us much as a giant quarry before the architect, who only then will be worthy of his calling, when he has brought to life out of this bulk of raw nature an ideal conception born of his own mind.

—GOETHE

ST.-JOHN PERSE'S "ANABASE"

A STUDY

[THIS is a long and carefully studied appreciation of the *Anabase* of St.-John Perse — the 1960 Nobel Prize winner for literature — by **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** who is a frequent contributor to these pages.—ED.]

I

Anabase, the first of Alexis Léger's poems to appear under the now familiar signature "St.-J. Perse," at once recalls Xenophon's classic, *Anabasis.* It is understandable that, being a diplomat and a high official at the Quai d'Orsay, M. Léger wanted a suitable "disguise" for his poetic personality. But why exactly "St.-J. Perse"? The original *Anabasis* is about an expedition into the interior of Persia, and "Perse" in French means "Persia." Is the name "Xenophon" distantly echoed in "Saint-John," as has been suggested? Or does "Saint-John" signify another John, "John the Baptist," who points to the new poetic personality "Perse"? Thus the title *Anabase* and the *nom-de-plume* "St.-J. Perse" appear to be far more than fortuitous coincidences. Between his first book of verse, *Éloges* (1911), and *Anabase* (1924), there lay the waste-land, the ghostland of the ghastly years of the Great War and after. Millions had marched up and down, armies had been annihilated, and cities had been razed to the ground. There had been witnessed heroic striving, the see-saw of defeat and victory and defeat again, and the final victory followed by the folly at Versailles. All tragedy had been enacted, and all was to be enacted anew; the struggle would be renewed some day — the augurs, the marches, the defeats, the victory and even the defeat in the victory. When as a young man he had roamed the Gobi desert on a pony, M. Léger had not only grown intimate with landscape and sand-scape, but had also brooded out the historic drama of man's appetite for the unknown and the impossible — an appetite that must for ever remain unsatisfied.

To a perceptive Indian, every war is the *Mahabharata* enacted yet once again: those eighteen days described by Vyasa seem to sum up all heroism and brutality, all idealism and pettiness, all the glory of triumph and all the ignominy of defeat. Likewise, to a sensitive European, the *Iliad* is the great paradigm of war, for although we might fight with new weapons, the human material is little altered since Homer's or Vyasa's time; and if change there be, it is perhaps only a change for the worse. Xenophon's *Anabasis* is neither an epic nor an encyclopædic mythic projection summing up a recurrent human situation, but rather

the record of an actual expedition. Even so it is now seen to have an epic sweep, and the word "anabasis," the characters in the drama, and the inexorable march of events come to us with the force of an almost timeless myth. Although *Anabasis* comprises both the *march* of Cyrus the Younger from Sardis on the Greek coast to the gates of Susa in the far interior and the *retreat* of the Ten Thousand, under Xenophon's incomparable leadership, from Susa traversing desolate hilly regions till they see the sea again at last, the word "anabasis" ("to go up") properly applies only to the *march* which is described in the first of the seven Books, the rest being devoted to the discomfiture of the Greeks before Susa after Cyrus's death, the decision to retreat, and the retreat itself.

Mr. Lucien Fabre asserts that in St.-John Perse's *Anabase* "we are not concerned with the younger Cyrus and the Ten Thousand... it has nothing in common with Xenophon's *Anabasis* beyond the title" — a view readily shared by T. S. Eliot, who says that "Mr. Perse is using the word 'anabasis' in the same literal sense in which Xenophon himself used it." On the other hand, can we be quite sure that by giving a name to the whole work that applies "in a literal sense" only to one part (Book I) of the narrative, Xenophon was not underlining the irony, the tragedy, the fatality of the whole undertaking? Is not "going up" a prelude to the "going down" that must inevitably follow sooner or later? Is not birth the beginning of death? Is not the long day's march into the night anything more than the end of one cycle to be followed at once by another? With M. Léger, the choice of the name "St.-J. Perse" and the choice of the title *Anabase* (like Joyce's choice of *Ulysses* as the title of his novel) were both deliberate, and must therefore imply certain correspondences between the ancient Greek classic and the modern French poem. Human heroism sometimes manifests itself in terms quite different from those deliberately formulated earlier. The hectic advance from Sardis to Susa is but the first act of the heroic drama, the main action being the long agony of the retreat under Xenophon's generalship and the salvaging of the apparently doomed Ten Thousand. In 1940, the evacuation at Dunkirk of the British Expeditionary Force acquired a greater halo than their earlier marching into France to fight Hitler. Or a retreat could be — as with Napoleon's armies after their march on Moscow — a total disaster. The whole point of Xenophon's *Anabasis* is that just when all seems to be over, bar the shouting, all is to do again — in quite a different direction, under the most difficult circumstances. In Perse's *Anabase*, the nomadic conqueror-hero marches from the city he has

founded through desert wastes to the gates of another city where he is received as the conqueror; but he cannot long abide there either, but must fare further, daring the uncharted, the unknown — Ulysses-like in search of experience for ever new, Alexander-like seizing country after country and weeping in the end because there are no more countries to conquer, or, as in Sri Aurobindo's *Savitri,* Aswapathy-like traversing the worlds in quest of final spiritual certainty. It is not therefore necessary that the nomadic conqueror of Perse's poem should be equated with a Tamburlaine or a Ghenghis Khan or a Kaiser Wilhelm: it might be almost any man — it might be you or me — for the lure and thrill of adventure, the boredom and satiety of success, and the desire for fresh adventure and conquest are prototypical of the perennial human situation. But whereas Xenophon wrote history which has become a literary classic, Perse has written a poem that is also universal history in miniature, a poem that achieves a fusion of the epic and lyric modes — lyric in its intensity and epic in its comprehension.

St.-John Perse's poetic method in *Anabase* deserves more than a passing attention. The poem is certainly obscure, but the general drift is broadly clear when one comes to grips with it. Such poetry is a sort of algebra of man's inner life — by which is meant the complex of thoughts, feelings, cravings, aspirations, passions, hopes, fears, agonies, ecstasies — and by its very vagueness on a narrow view tends to acquire a higher precision, the precision of universality. T. S. Eliot, while introducing *Anabase* to English readers in 1931, made certain remarks which have since provoked wide comment. "Rarely has a critical pronouncement," says Frank Kermode, "been riddled by such cross-fire." Actually Eliot says that he is merely borrowing the notion from Mr. Lucien Fabre, but of course it is Eliot's name that has given the view so much currency as well as respectability:—

> ... any obscurity of the poem, on first readings, is due to the suppression of "links in the chain," of explanatory and connecting matter, and not to incoherence, or to the love of cryptogram ... the sequence of images coincides and concentrates into one intense impression of barbaric civilization ... nothing chaotic about it. There is a logic of the imagination as well as a logic of concepts.[1]

The American critic, Yvor Winters, comments as follows:—

> The logic in the arrangement of passages of which Mr. Eliot speaks either is formulable, is not formulable, or is formulated. If it is neither

[1] *Anabasis* (1931), pp. 9–10.

formulated nor formulable (and he admits it is not formulated), the word logic is used figuratively, to indicate qualitative progression.... If the logic is formulable, there is no need for an apology....[2]

Graham Hough, however, examines Eliot's pronouncement in somewhat greater detail and makes a neat point:—

Two justifications of this method are in fact offered. They are not compatible with each other. The first is that any appearance of obscurity is merely due to the suppression of connecting matter: the logic of the poem is like the logic of any other kind of discourse, but it is presented in a concentrated and elliptical form. The second justification, however, is that the poem is constructed according to a "logic of the imagination" which is different from ordinary logic....[3]

Like Winters and Hough, Paul West too thinks that a method like this, as exemplified in works like *The Waste Land, Anabase,* Pound's *Cantos* and the Greek poet George Seferis's *Mythistorima,* is an attempt "to amalgamate disparate experiences; but the disparity persists and the fusion arrives rarely."[4] Granted the obscurity of the poem, is it there on account of the "missing links" or rather because of the projection of another kind of order valid in its own sphere? Are the leaps from symbol to symbol, image to image, really an attempt both to project the chaos of the human situation and to discover in it a shining star, a beacon for man? Winters, Hough and West feel that there is, in fact, no logic (whether of the formal or of the other kind), that the manifoldness and fragmentariness are only reared up to be lost in "a larger chaos."

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

BETTY HEIMANN

Betty Heimann, who died in Sirmione, Italy, May 19th, 1961, was born on March 29th, 1888, in Hamburg in the family of a learned Jewish pharmaceutic expert and merchant. She studied Greek and Sanskrit at Kiel, Germany, and became the famous Kiel Sanskritist Professor Paul Deussen's foremost pupil She qualified with distinction with her translation and interpretation of an unpublished early Upanishad, and became a lecturer and reader and later Professor of Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy at Halle-Wittenberg University. Her first book, *Studien zur Eigenart Indischen Denkens* (Studies in the Originality of Indian Thought), won her a prize from the International Federation of University Women

[2] *In Defence of Reason* (1960), p. 62.
[3] *Image and Experience* (1960), p. 19.
[4] *Essays in Criticism* (January 1959), p. 68.

for the best book written by a woman. With their scholarship, she travelled extensively in India from 1931 to 1932.

Her profound knowledge of Sanskrit and of classical Indian thought enabled her to establish a happy contact and exchange of ideas with the most scholarly Brahman and Sanskrit circles and personalities, for instance with the Bhandarkar Institute, Poona, and with Adyar, Madras.

She also saw with penetrating and embracing eyes the religious life, the working-days and festivals, of the people in nearly all parts of India, from the Himalayas to the very South. Numberless essays, reviews and lectures, not forgetting her beautiful photographs, are witness of her unique experience of living India.

When Hitler became powerful in Germany, the British Federation of University Women gave her asylum in England in 1933. She became lecturer in Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy at the School of Oriental Studies, London, from 1934.

After the last War, in 1946 she accepted the invitation of the Ceylon University to become the founder and head of the new Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy Department there. She was able to visit India and travel through it once again. She was a wonderful teacher and adviser to many young men and women, who loved and venerated her calling her Guru and Mother. A number of pupils trained by her remained her active friends and followers after she had returned from Ceylon to London in 1950. There is not enough space here to mention her contributions in speech and writing towards interpreting India to the West.

What is Betty Heimann's message? Trained in Greek philosophy and later Western systems, she was able to compare India and the West. It was her profound experience that Indian thought is original, not influenced nor interpretable by other systems of thought. The Upanishads themselves as the fountainhead of Indian Philosophy, and their later interpreters, mainly Shankara, have given the world a way of thinking, of notions and concepts quite different from the Western ones. Her later books, *Indian and Western Philosophy: a Study in Contrasts,* and *The Significance of Prefixes in Sanskrit Philosophical Terminology,* linking Philosophy and the study of Language, shed light on this: the Sanskrit language is indeed an incomparable medium of thought. In each of its concepts and verbs nothing is fixed, defined, limited, but everything is open, dynamic, fluid. While the West is individualistic with "*man* as the measure," Indian thought remains *cosmic,* comprising the Creative Essence and all creatures into one Whole. This makes Indian thought a most profitable source for those minds who search for fundamentals.

This is important now and in the future, if India remains true to herself.

RUTH GAEVERNITZ

A BEACON FOR GENERATIONS

[**Shri V. V. Bhatt** has written for us before His tribute to Gandhiji comes fitly in this, the month of Gandhiji's passing. It shows the same concern with the moral core of human life as his previous essays.—ED.]

TO MANY, Mahatma Gandhi's rich and varied life appears to be full of inconsistencies, an enigma, a paradox. The many-sidedness and complexity of his life baffles them. For his life was as vast as human life itself. Social or political, religious or economic, spiritual or metaphysical — there was not a single aspect of life on which he had not something original to say. And yet in spite of this many-sidedness, there was harmony and concord in his life, which was integrated and all of a piece. It had the softness and music of poetry; at the same time, it had also the life-giving chastening fire of the mid-day sun. He saw life steadily and as a whole His many and varied activities seem to have been integrated by some governing principle. What was, then, the governing principle of his life, which gave him such strength and courage, such driving force to resist evil unto death and yet such deathless and unearthly love and compassion and gentleness?

One thing that sustained him through the changing vicissitudes of his uniquely active and eventful life and which governed every breath of his life was his strong, immovable and unflinching rock-like faith in God:—

> You may pluck out my eyes, but that cannot kill me. You may chop off my nose, but that will not kill me. But blast my belief in God, and I am dead.

To see this God face to face was the overriding aim and objective of his life:—

> I am but a humble seeker after Truth and bent upon finding it I count no sacrifice too great for the sake of seeing God face to face The whole of my activity, whether it may be called social, political, humanitarian or ethical, is directed to that end.... I will not be a traitor to God to please the whole world.

This was the central spring of all his actions, the fountain of his many-sided activities, the pivot round which his life moved.

He felt the presence of God but he never claimed to have seen Him. He made the world's faith in God his own and accepted the rich heritage of the spiritual experiences of all seers and saints, mystics and founders

of religions of all ages and all climes — the heritage which belongs to all mankind:—

> I have not seen Him, neither have I known Him. I have made the world's faith in God my own and as my faith is ineffaceable, I regard that faith as amounting to experience.

He purified his faith by subjecting this heritage to the touchstone of his own reason and experience. He discovered that the essence of God is Truth, that which exists, which is real. God, as the Upanishadic seers say, is formless, timeless, eternal and ineffable. The finite mind cannot grasp the Infinite; no words can describe Him. He is above all attributes. Hence the *Neti, neti* of Yagnavalkya and the *Nescio, nescio* of St. Bernard. But Truth is God. This Absolute Truth is universal and all-pervading. It has to be realized in the innermost depths of our being; for the indwelling spirit and the Universal Spirit are one. Truth is immanent in all creation and yet transcends it. Truth is one without a second. All life, therefore, is one; the identity of all creation is a fact of spiritual experience. Love becomes the spontaneous expression of those who have faith in this spiritual experience; and true love inevitably bears fruit in the service of mankind. Next to Truth, Love was the cardinal principle governing Gandhiji's life.

But to attempt to serve all mankind at a time is mere vanity; we can best serve only those with whose lives we are intimately connected. To try to serve others at the cost of your neighbours is to attempt the impossible. We can serve mankind only through the service of our neighbours. This was Gandhiji's third cardinal principle, the law of *Swadeshi.*

We must love and serve and follow truth as it appears to us in the fullness of faith that the Moral Law will prevail. It is futile to wish for any breach in this Law in our favour. We have but to attune our lives to the working of this Moral Law. The fruits of our actions, whether good or bad, should not therefore upset our minds or affect the serenity of our souls. We have but to act and follow Truth, come what may, with boundless faith in the ultimate triumph of Truth. We should seek the triumph of the Moral Law and not the triumph of our little selves. This is non-attachment, the disinterested action of the *Gita,* with which Gandhiji's whole life was suffused.

But love does not automatically reflect itself in our lives. There is too much evil in us and the demoniac impulses of greed and selfishness, hatred and violence, fear and malice, distract our minds and disturb

the peace of our souls. We have hence to pass through a rigorous process of self-purification and attain *Swaraj* — complete rule of our own selves. Through self-discipline we must learn to lead the life not of the flesh but of the spirit; we have to fill our being with love. With all our heart and whole being, we have to seek God. And this is Brahmacharya. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Our only treasure must be Truth. We cannot serve God and Mammon. Rama must conquer Ravana. How can we, then, hanker after material possessions and other worldly things? We need to seek God and His Righteousness and we have His promise that all other things will be added unto us.

Gandhi himself passed through an arduous process of self-discipline; he crucified his flesh, and subdued and sublimated his passions into his love for mankind and in fact for the entire creation of God. His narrow self, in the process, melted away into the service of mankind through the service of his country, beloved and ancient. So complete was his self-effacement that he no longer retained his separate identity; truly is it said that Gandhi is India. He crystallized her vague hopes and aspirations and yearnings and embodied in himself the best and the highest of which this land is capable. He identified himself with the downtrodden and the distressed, the lowliest and the lost, and would not rest till he had adopted a way of life no more luxurious than theirs. He became the spokesman of these dumb millions. He awakened in them a sense of self-respect and dignity, manly pride and self-reliance. He infused into them new life, and made heroes out of clay; out of dust he made them into men. To them, he became a symbol of their rich heritage as well as their mighty future and in them he created a sense of pride in their hitherto forgotten past and a sense of confidence in their destiny. He taught the dumb, timid, passive, fear-ridden race how to fight and resist evil with manly grace and dignity, with fearless courage and self-confidence.

His method of non-violent resistance was new to the world and this new adventure filled our minds with joy and pride; we felt as if we were destined to give to the world the matchless weapon of non-violence. The essence of the method, he taught us, lay in reforming ourselves from within, purging ourselves of all pettiness, cowardice, selfishness, hatred and violence, and resisting evil unto death with the force and power of the unconquerable spirit within us. And then he performed almost a miracle and brought about a revolution in men's minds and spirits. And the unprecedented in human history happened. We got

political independence by non-violent means. Mankind marvelled at our success and a disturbed and restless world hopefully looked to us and our leader for guidance.

But at this hour of our triumph and supreme achievement, a malign fate overtook us. Immediately before and after we got independence, the whole country went mad; darkness descended upon this land and people were seized with frenzy. Hatred and violence established their empire over men's minds and the whole country was ablaze with mad fury. It seemed as if our independence won with such suffering and sacrifice was in peril. It was perhaps the worst disappointment to Gandhiji. His dream of presenting to the unhappy and tortured world his message of love through its effective demonstration in his own country would probably remain a mere dream, we feared.

And what would he do? Would he falter in his faith, the apostle of non-violence, would he accept defeat? Gandhiji's hour of trial had come. Though pained and grieved beyond words, he accepted the challenge and resolved to meet it with his usual self-confidence and faith in the ultimate triumph of Truth. He faced the fiery ordeal before him, took a plunge into the raging fire and, like Sita, emerged out of it, unsullied and unscathed, more radiant and refulgent than ever before, and showed to the mad world the sovereign efficacy of his matchless weapon. "In a dissolving world he has been like a rock of purpose and a lighthouse of truth, and his firm low voice has risen above the clamours of the multitude, pointing out the path of rightful endeavour."

In a voice which, though gentle and kind, vibrated with pain and agony, he addressed the mad multitude:—

> Resist evil by all means. That is man's destiny. But how can you resist it with violence and hatred? The experience of mankind proves beyond a shadow of doubt that hatred increases with hatred, violence begets violence and not love. Only love can dissolve hatred, only forgiveness can end retaliation and only non-violence can win over violence The impenetrable darkness of the night can only be removed by the light of the sun; the infatuation due to ignorance can only be removed by enlightenment. The Universal Religion asks us to fight the evil and not the evil doer. If India, my country, acts up to this message, it will be well and good. But if she wants to pursue the doctrine of the sword, I do not wish to remain a helpless witness of that great tragedy. I must do or die.

And Bapuji, the embodiment of the Universal Religion, which proclaims that Truth is the only God and that Love is the path towards

Its realization, with the forgiveness of the long-suffering Mother Earth and with the magnanimity of the boundless ocean, blessed even the assassin with a smile. His martyrdom became the symbol of the triumph of his love; the sound of the bullet proclaimed his victory. The *Rama-nama,* which came effortlessly to his lips, justified his faith that Truth alone triumphs.

Saints and seers in all ages and climes have expressed themselves through love, pure and unadulterated, and practised the law of non-violence on the individual plane. But never in human history has the method of non-violent resistance to evil been used for the purpose of bringing about social change — a change in men as well as institutions — on so stupendous a scale as Gandhi did. He discovered this weapon of *Satyagraha* in South Africa while fighting against the evil of racial discrimination and after coming back to India applied it for the attainment of our freedom. And the method did triumph. History provides no other example of a nation which waged its war of freedom through non-violent means. *Satyagraha* or active and effective insistence on truth and resistance to evil through love and suffering is Gandhiji's greatest contribution to human progress. If mankind wants to survive the forces of destruction and death, it will have to accept the law of non-violence not merely with regard to relations between man and man but also with regard to inter-group and international relations.

Automatic progress is an illusion. There is no effortless rise. We cannot subscribe to the belief that the forces of human history inevitably and automatically bring about progress without any deliberate conscious effort of man. Man is capable of infinite rising and progress. However, after the two World Wars and in the light of the present political situation, it appears as if the Biblical end of the world and the general conflagration of the Stoics are at hand. We do not know when the storm will burst and the ultimate catastrophe and deluge of violence be upon us. The very existence of our race depends upon the nature of the ends and ideals to which we give importance. In such troublous times of mental turmoil and spiritual agony, when the minds of men are clouded by fear, hatred, selfishness and greed, Mahatma Gandhi, like a star in the distant horizon, radiant and bright, gently beckons to us, lovingly shows us the way and gives us assurance as well as faith that if we follow and pursue the tenets of the Universal Religion, mind will no longer be at the end of its tether, the surrounding darkness will lift and our path will be illuminated by a light that will not be extinguished for generations to come.

V. V. BHATT

A VILLAGE OF CHILDREN

[**Mr. George Godwin,** an esteemed contributor, is deeply concerned with humanitarian problems, such as the colour question, nuclear disarmament, and many others. In this brief article he writes of one of those humane and wise efforts which, here and there, shine in our generation against the darkness of the deeds of the last half-century and the harsh world they have produced. —ED.]

IN 1946 a Children's Village was founded in Trogen in Switzerland, for war orphans from all parts of Europe — including some from Great Britain — and most from Dispossessed Persons Camps, where many were living under deplorable conditions. The object of the project was the salving of healthy children and their education in their own language, in homes presided over by surrogate parents, known as house parents. The Swiss project, now world famous, has proved so successful that a second Village of Children is now established in an old manor-house standing in 174 acres of Sussex parkland, and here just outside Sedlescombe, one of the most beautiful villages in England, the name Pestalozzi is already familiar, for both Villages are known as Pestalozzi Children's Villages.

The reader — as the writer did — may at this point be asking: Why "Pestalozzi"? For the answer we must go back to 1798, in which year France invaded Switzerland and many children became homeless orphans.

Johann Pestalozzi, a Zurich man, had been greatly influenced by Lavater and the Reform Party. But he abandoned politics to study child education. He put his ideas into a school which he ran from his own home, a farm-house, but failed for lack of capital. The French invasion was to reveal Pestalozzi's character and to reval to him the purpose of his life, namely, the succouring of children in need. He saw everywhere children without parents, homes, food or shelter. These he collected wherever he could, and cared for them in a deserted convent.

For ten years, until he was ejected by the French, Pestalozzi strove to recreate the basic essentials of home life, early education and religious instruction, for these war-deprived children. And since Pestalozzi's objects and those of the present-day Swiss and English Villages are identical, as are the historical circumstances of his mission and their creation, his name is commemorated in the styles of both; both are Pestalozzi Children's Villages.

Today, there are in the Swiss Pestalozzi Children's Village boys and

girls from virtually every country disrupted by the Second World War, even from Tibet. And there will soon be a similar cosmopolitan community of boys and girls in the Pestalozzi Children's Village now fast taking shape in Sussex — including even a Tibetan Lama with some of the Tibetan child victims of the Chinese invasion of their homeland.

Since it may seem strange that refugees from so far afield as Tibet should be finding their way into the English countryside, let me quote Dr. H. J. Alexander, the Chairman of the Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust, to whom I am indebted for a very pleasant afternoon in the village.

> Each national group [he explained] lives in a house of its own with houseparents and teachers of the same nationality, where they speak their own language, are taught their own literature, and are brought up in the religion of their own parents and the traditions of their home country. But they mix with children of other nations, year after year, in school, for handicrafts, music, sports, and, above all, in their leisure time, and thus learn how to live in peace with other people.

I did not see as many children as I had expected to during a walk round the Village. A dark-skinned boy of about fourteen was strumming at the piano in the entrance hall. Several older children were working manually under the supervision of a carpenter. They had, I was told, built one of the many timber outbuildings that are spreading about the old manor-house.

Two very small children, girls, one coloured, the other blond, were playing happily with a doll near an outhouse. Three boys, amid a flutter of hens, were trying to steer two reluctant young pigs by their tails to their sties. And far beyond the emerald lawns that surround the old house, where bigger boys were gardening, I saw two small figures, armed with watering cans, busy about their vegetable gardens — each child having its own small allotment to tend.

I was shown charmingly furnished classrooms in the buildings that have been added to the original mansion, and bedrooms whose beds and arrangement were in daintiness and scrupulous cleanliness superior to what one usually finds in Sussex villages.

These children will stay in their Village until their education is completed. As they are all children from Displaced Persons Camps, this is their only home, but whenever possible children are sent to spend holidays with whatever is left of their families.

This explained why I did not see more boys and girls than I did, a number of them being absent on this holiday visit.

I asked Dr. Alexander how long the children stayed in the Children's Village. He said: "Until their education is completed." Some part of this English education is provided by the Sedlescombe Village School. The Sussex children accept these strangers quite naturally. For it is a fact that children have no inhibiting sense of national or linguistic differences. One boy, after a visit to the local school, reported his surprise. "They are so polite," he said, "they give us their seats."

The end-object of the Village is to set up the children physically; to provide them with a sound education, to sustain in them national identity, and to sow the seeds of that tolerance and understanding of other peoples that is the last hope of the world today.

Education extends to vocational instruction. It also watches for latent talent and nourishes it when found.

"A few days ago," said Dr. Alexander, "I had a visit from the County education officer. He came to tell me that it was to be possible for one of our boys to receive higher musical education. I had noted his aptitude at the piano. In the same way, one uncovers remarkable talents in many of these children dredged from the aftermath of world war. So many of them are artistic and highly talented in this way."

In evidence Dr. Alexander showed me some of the paintings done by the children. They put me in mind of cartoons I had seen, many years ago, in the old imperial *Schloss* of Vienna, then converted into a Quaker relief centre.

Behind these practical end-objects of the Children's Villages, both here and in Switzerland, is the hope that from the mingling of the children of divers races and creeds, of widely differing ancestry, language and experience, there will develop in time both tolerance and understanding of national differences, and with this a sense of the fundamental brotherhood of all the races of mankind.

The English Children's Village has had the advantage of the experience of the Swiss Children's Village.

Inherited cultural patterns are not easily obliterated. Thus every major adjustment of language, ways of life and so forth a child uprooted is called upon to make presents psychological difficulties.

"Children who have begun life on the basis of a greedy individualism," said Mr. Eric Bourne, the Warden, "grow but slowly to accept the teamwork demanded by a community. Yet one must begin with first principles. If something is dirtied, then it must be cleaned; if broken, repaired; if left as litter, removed.

There is, first, resentment and the rebellious reactions of all children

to the discipline of corporate life. Then soon grumbling gives way to grudging willingness, and finally, comes pride."

At Sedlescombe village school the children have done very well. They have picked up English very quickly, and so have passed after a short period into their normal "A" stream. This cosmopolitan invasion of a typical Sussex village school has aroused in both school staff and the County educational authority the keenest interest. This is the more surprising since Sussex is a County dyed deep in the Conservative tradition.

Eventually, some three hundred boys and girls will be accommodated in the Children's Village and already there are rising around the old manor-house large buildings to house that number. These new buildings are being erected under the supervision of the architects who designed them, namely Sir Hugh Casson and Mr. Neville Conder, F.R.I.B.A.

Obviously, an enterprise of this magnitude needs money. And the raising of funds for the new buildings is a problem. The B.B.C., by televising the Village for a Christmas programme, did much to make the Village known to millions. Many firms, too, have donated equipment and furniture. Since the Village exists for their welfare, the children are encouraged to help. They help with the manual work in the vegetable garden and with the upkeep of the beautiful lawned gardens. The emblem is the LADYBIRD. The choice came via the children of the Swiss Village, the children there basing their choice on the universal popularity of that insect.

Mrs. Mary Buchanan, the Village's Field Organizer, has found time to write a book about the project — *The Children's Village*. There the author describes both Villages, Swiss and English. It is nice to know that this book has gone already into five editions. It is permissible to state the fact, since the author is passing all profits from it to the Trust which, under the Presidency of Sir John Wolfenden, manages the finances of the English Children's Village.

There is now on foot a project to open an Indian House.

GEORGE GODWIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TWO BUDDHIST TEXTS *

THE TEXTS of the above translations are amongst the most important in Buddhist literature, the first since it represents a digest of the Mahāyāna theories of its day, the second for its position in the great collection of the Prajñāpāramitā, the composition of which was achieved in many countries and over a period of many centuries. Of the Aśvaghoṣa work there are two English translations extant; of the *Large Sutra* Dr. Conze has translated the first third.

The present edition of *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda,* known popularly in the West as "The Awakening of Faith," carries an introduction of thirty pages of miscellany in which the original Sanskrit title, the Chinese translations of Paramārtha and Śikṣānanda and the Suzuki translation of the latter Chinese version are dismissed in a few words; the romanization is irregular. We are told, however, that the Richard translation "seems admirably suited to those readers with a Christian background, yet who lack more than a slight acquaintance with Buddhist thought," but it must be borne in mind that the arguments contained in *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda* occur in many other great Buddhist works, so that translators of the text have not the entirely free hand they may suppose. Suzuki, "confident . . . that he has interpreted the Chinese text correctly,"[1] frequently gives both Chinese and Sanskrit equivalents of important terms as well as renderings of both the Chinese texts.

Aśvaghoṣa opens with the customary Adoration to the Buddha, Dharma and Saṁgha, then states his purpose in writing the work. For reasons of space it is not possible to quote the Adoration in full but that to the Dharma may be considered typical. Suzuki gives:—

> [Adoration] to the Dharma whose essence and attributes are like the ocean, revealing to us the principle of *anātman* and forming the storage of infinite merits.

Richard reduces this to:—

> I yield my life . .
> To LAW which does embody
> The Archetype of all.

For the purpose in writing Suzuki gives:—

> That all beings (*sarvasattva*) may rid themselves of doubt, become free from evil attachment, and by the awakening of faith (*śraddhā*) inherit Buddha seeds, I write this Discourse.

From Richard:—

> That men may be delivered
> From doubt and evil ways;
> Get Faith in the Great School
> Perpetuating God.

Aśvaghoṣa divided the main body of his text into five sections: Introduction, General Statement of Principles, Main

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* *The Awakening of Faith.* By ASHVAGHOSHA. Translated by TIMOTHY RICHARD. Edited with an Introduction by ALAN HULL WALTON. Foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY (Charles Skilton, Ltd., London. 96 pp. 1961. 16*s.*)

The Large Sutra on Perfect Wisdom : with the divisions of the Abhisamayālaṅkāra. Part I. Translated by EDWARD CONZE. (Published for Oriental Studies Foundation, Inc., by Luzac and Company, Ltd., London. 203 pp. 1961. 21*s.*; $3·50)

[1] *Awakening of Faith in the Mahāyāna* (Chicago. 1900), p. xiv.

Explanation, Practice of Faith, and Benefits (derived therefrom). Each of these divisions is of necessity stated by all translators, together with the subdivisions of the original, but here practically all similarity between the Suzuki and Richard translations is at an end. Having construed inadequately in the earlier Sections, Richard is unable to build up the later, so that by the end of Section IV, where the text dwells on *śamatha,* he appears to have given up all idea of translation and to have lapsed more deeply into clumsy paraphrase. Even his *"śīla,"* the recognized "morality" of Buddhism, has already become "holiness."

Regarding the *Prajñāpāramitā Sutras* no satisfactory classification has as yet been achieved but the two classes of Larger and Smaller Texts are recognized. Opinion is strongly held that an Ur-text exists in a specified part of one of the Smaller Texts, the originals of which were brought from India to China about the middle of the second century C.E., and comparison of the two groups shows that prominent features, such as the Vow (*Praṇidhī*) and the Ten Stages of the Bodhisattva, are considerably more developed in the Larger than in the Smaller. *Upāyakauśalya,* or skill in expedients, though appreciably represented in *Mahāyānaśraddhotpāda,* is not emphasized in the Smaller PP's, but in the Larger the Buddha's employment of his *upāyakauśalya* knowledge in using the conventional terms for purposes of teaching is the subject of comment in connection with the development of the doctrine of the Twofold Truth, *loka-saṃvṛti-satya* and *paramārtha-satya.* This doctrine dates from the early days of Indian Philosophy, while *Dīgha Nikāya,* in the context of a dissertation leading up to the Non-Self, gives:—

> But these are only designations .. belonging to the world, and the Tathāgata makes use of them without being bound to, or holding on to, any of them.[2]

In Dr. Conze's translation of the *Large Sutra* he has "normally" followed the Version in 25,000 Lines,[3] but in some passages has used the Version in 100,000 Lines and others, the main purpose of the translation being "to render the course of the argument intelligible." The contents are divided into four parts: (a) Introduction, (b) Phases of Extinction of Self and of anything it may be based on, (c) What to Become, and (d) Attainment. The particular characteristic of the development of the *Anātman* doctrine as proceeding to the Void may be very briefly summarized as follows:—

> The "thought of enlightenment" is (a) the decision to win full enlightenment, or all-knowledge; (b) the desire for the welfare of others. Emptiness and compassion are its two constituents. (p xvi)

The Bodhisattva is instructed to perfect himself in the *pāramitās,* but: "One who courses in perfect wisdom does not review himself as 'joined' to the perfection of giving, nor as 'not joined' to it." Similarly with the other perfections. Later, under the heading "The Objective Supports" (Classes of Dharmas), the *dharmas* are classified under eleven headings: wholesome and unwholesome, indeterminate, worldly and supramundane, with and without overflows, conditioned and unconditioned, common and uncommon. Further, "All *dharmas* should be understood in accordance with non-duality — on account of their non-discrimination and their non-construction."

It is pointed out that the Bodhi-

[2] Pali Text Society's Pali ed , I. 202.

[3] *Pañcaviṁśatisāhasrikā-Prajñāpāramitā.* Ed. by N. DUTT. (1934).

sattva (*bodhir eva sattvas*) is so called because "Just enlightenment is his substance." Though knowing the characteristics of *dharmas* "he does not settle down in them." In distinguishing between Worldly and Supramundane Perfection, we are told that in the former, though the Bodhisattva gives a gift, establishes himself in ascetic practices, etc., makes the wholesomeness thereof common to all beings, and dedicates it to supreme enlightenment, he does so leaning on a basis. In the case of *Dānapāramitā*, for example, this would be the notions of self, of other beings, and of a gift. In the Supramundane Perfection he has no apprehension of such distinctions. Finally the acts of attention (*manasi-kāra*) are in truth acts of non-attention in that they are consonant with the non-being, emptiness etc. of form, and so on. Such is the "great compassion" of the Bodhisattvas.

We look forward to the remainder of Dr. Conze's translation for further exposition of these doctrines.

A. A. G. BENNETT

Towards a Third Culture. By CHARLES DAVY. (Faber and Faber, London. 178 pp. 1961. 18*s*.)

More than two years ago Sir Charles Snow gave a lecture at Cambridge which provoked a great deal of discussion. In it he spoke of two cultures, divided by a gulf of mutual incomprehension, that of traditional art and religion and that of the physical scientist. The subject is much more than topical and Mr. Charles Davy reveals in this book a deep understanding of the wider and older issues involved. As he writes,

> the conflict between the two cultures has not broken out suddenly today, nor does it exist only between social groups, it is a conflict present also in many individuals . . and a not infrequent source of neuroticism and incapacity

Essentially it represents a crucial stage in the evolution of human consciousness. In Mr. Davy's view the idea that consciousness evolves is a novel one to most people. But every great spiritual teacher has assumed this and it is only because science for the last hundred years has concentrated so exclusively on the facts of physical evolution that so little attention has been given, until recently, to the creative basis in consciousness of all organic life. Mr. Davy sees the split in human consciousness which exists so widely today as originating in man's capacity at a certain stage in his development to stand outside the stream of life and become an onlooker. Previously he had instinctively participated. This detachment involved both loss and gain, and for long a fairly even balance was preserved between the old insight associated with subjective feeling and imagination and the new practice of objective analysis. But the focus has dangerously narrowed in the development of the modern scientific outlook, and, should it get much narrower, human consciousness, Mr. Davy suggests, "might lose its human character."

From the time of T. H. Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce it has been all too easy to take sides in this issue between the two ways of living and knowing. But to do so merely perpetuates a conflict which it is essential to resolve. Mr. Davy's aim has been not to range one against the other but to discuss the origin of the conflict in the light of evolving consciousness and as something which can be experienced, up to a point, in oneself. He quotes Keats's saying that "a man's life of any

worth is a continual allegory" and applies it to human history, which he regards "as a parable throughout, a book of revelation which one must try haltingly to read."

This proves in his hands to be a most fruitful and suggestive approach. By being unpartisan and as alive to what is valid and beneficial in the scientific approach as to what is obscurantist and moribund in the traditional religious outlook, he exemplifies in himself the kind of cultural insight which he hopes may eventually supersede the half-knowledge of the two existing cultures, not by a mere blending of them, but as a new creation "carrying genes from both parents."

He sees in Goethe a forerunner of the kind of understanding towards which humanity is groping. Goethe's aim, he writes,

> was to let natural phenomena speak to him. He held that by immersing oneself in the phenomena, and by relating and comparing them, one could "learn to think creatively in the wake of nature"

Here participation and detachment unite to form a new organ of experience, which can give an intuitive knowledge of reality. This is the goal towards which Mr. Davy directs our eyes, as he examines the special methods of modern science and their bearing on various social activities outside the field of science itself — the treatment of the earth, for example, or the education of children — or as he contrasts them with the mysteries and methods of an older science such as alchemy, or with the ideas of romantic art and poetry.

His book contains a great deal in a comparatively small space, but the many short chapters into which it is divided diversify the main theme and lend themselves to pauses to ponder what has been written. It is typical of the quality of the book that the reader should find himself frequently pausing in this way. Its tone is firm but modest, gently probing the problems it raises and possessing a poetic feeling, generally held in reserve, but flashing out from time to time in images of happy and haunting relevance. For all these reasons this is a work of contemporary and more than contemporary significance.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Tales from the Masnavi. By A. J. ARBERRY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 300 pp. 1961. 28*s.*)

Professor A. J. Arberry, who is responsible for many sensitive translations of classical Persian literature, has now collected some of the tales that are scattered throughout Jalal-ud-Din Rumi's *Masnavi.* This is no easy book of parables, amusing and intriguing as the tales often are on the surface. Rumi is a master of the subtle symbolical story, and always the kernel that lies within the husk of his anecdotes is worth looking for.

In the tale of "The Ruined House," a friend tells a man who is hunting for a home in a hurry, "If it only had a roof, it would make you a fine home, and right next door to me." The whole world is seeking for quick happiness, says Rumi, and men are set on fire by false happiness. Learn to recognize the false from the true; to distinguish the colour of the wine from the colour of the cup.

The tale of "The Greek and the Chinese Artists" is most illuminating. "We are the better artists," declared the Chinese. "We have the edge on you," the Greeks countered. So the Sultan put them to the test. The Chinese painted some beautiful pictures. The Greeks, on the other hand,

so polished the walls of their room opposite that everything the Sultan had seen in the Chinese room showed lovelier there. The reflection of every image, Rumi says, shines forth for ever from the heart alone, and for ever every new image that enters upon the heart shows forth within it free of all imperfection. They who have burnished their hearts have escaped from scent and colour; every moment, instantly, they behold Beauty.

"The Stray Camel" satirizes those people who, at the promise of a reward, make up various plausible descriptions of a lost camel. A hundred clues are offered in the hope of gaining the reward. So is our knowledge of God, says Rumi: the philosopher propounds his own explanation, which the theologian invalidates. A third authority gibes at both of them; a fourth wears himself to a shadow with his fraudulent erudition. But, Rumi adds, nothing false appears without the True. Unless there be truth, how should there be falsehood? Falsehood acquires its lustre from the truth.

Several of the stories concern biblical characters, and one of the most interesting is "How Jesus Fled from a Fool." The Fool is amazed that Jesus, who could heal the sick and raise the dead, should run away at the sight of a fool chasing him. Rumi explains that little by little the air steals away water, and so the fool steals away religion from you.

Professor Arberry's notes are most informative. He tells us that Turkish commentators identify the vizier in "The Jewish King and the Christians" with St. Paul. By the simple trick of pretending to be converted, the artful vizier worms his way into the confidence of the Christians, whom he hates. He writes epistles on scrolls that cleverly distort their religion, and in the end manages to bring about the slaughter of thousands of Christian men and women who blindly believe in his corrupt perversion of their faith. Other versions of this anti-Pauline story are summarized in Professor R. A. Nicholson's annotations to the *Masnavi*.

Of all the translations of Rumi I have come across, Professor Arberry's is the clearest and most pithy.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Conference of the Birds: A Philosophical Religious Poem in Prose. By FARID UD-DIN ATTAR. A Translation of the Persian Poem *Mantiq Ut-tair*. Rendered into English from the French translation of GARCIN DE TASSY by C. S. NOTT. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. 147 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

> I am still groping in the labyrinths of a narrow ally [wrote Rumi, the greatest of the Sufi poets]; Attar, however, reached his goal — the Golden City of Divine Love — by walking straight through seven large towns.

The significance of this compliment is fully grasped when one bears in mind that Attar in his allegorical poem *The Conference of the Birds* — and in his other works as well — described what might be termed a mystic's journey from this world to the next, in seven definite stages. The present book recounts in splendid imagery the adventure of the birds, that is to say, the Sufis, travelling through seven wonderful valleys (the seven stages) to look for their king, the Simurgh or Phœnix (Vishnu's Garuda?): in other words, voyagers and their varying fortunes represent the trials of the seekers after Truth. *The Conference of the Birds* (written before 1230 A.D.) reminds one of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (of

which the first edition appeared in 1678 A.D.). It is enlivened with many illustrative anecdotes, entertaining fables, and historical facts and fiction as well: for Attar was a widely-travelled man who during his long life saw and knew many interesting people. He knew the art of holding his reader's attention. And this is the most widely known of his works.

About a century ago Garcin de Tassy, the well-known Indologist, visited Nishapur, Attar's native city, and thanks to him the occidental world saw for the first time — in French prose — what is considered to be the most lucid exposition of Sufism, *Le Langage des Oiseaux* (Paris. 1857). Mr. C. S. Nott's rendering of Garcin de Tassy's version is pleasant to read, and is excellently produced. It was originally published in 1954 and has been out of print for some time. The present reissue is, therefore, most welcome.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE

Rabindranath Tagore: Pioneer in Education: Essays and Exchanges between RABINDRANATH TAGORE and L. K. ELMHIRST. (Distributed by John Murray, London. 111 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 15*s*.)

This is a brief and modest but delightful, even beautiful, book. Leonard Elmhirst came under Tagore's influence as a young and impressionable student working his way through college. The poet was sixty and at the height of his powers: a fount of wisdom and inspiration. A sort of collaboration grew up between spiritual father and energetic son, from which came some of the most significant experiments in modern education. The ideas behind them are described and discussed here in a collection of papers. In the first, Elmhirst tells the story of the early days of Sriniketan, the "Abode of Plenty" or, in jargon, the Institute of Rural Reconstruction (Community Development?). The second chapter by Tagore, and the third, by Elmhirst, reveal some of the poetic notions and ideas behind the educational theories which guided both men — and which can help to refresh and renew the faith of progressive educators. They are a statement of principles and practices that can be applied in encouraging the self-education of a group of village boys who, for five nights and days each week, are left free to engage in a variety of practical enterprises. Then, in the fourth chapter, a talk by Tagore on the development of his own philosophy of life. Lastly, the wonderful and illuminating fable, "The Parrot's Training." There is also a moving preface, by Elmhirst, which is a tribute to Tagore and which gives, I think, a real insight into the poet as a man and as a thinker.

This collection of papers should be made compulsory reading for anyone who proposes to do educational work of any kind in undeveloped countries, especially, of course, in India. Its real importance, however, is greater: it illuminates the true, the deep, problems of education anywhere. It can be recommended enthusiastically, and not only to teachers.

J. A. LAUWERYS

Consider India: An Essay in Values. By HORACE ALEXANDER. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 155 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

The many who know Horace Alexander, personally or by reputation, as a lifelong friend of India and a fellow worker in Gandhiji's non-violent

struggle for freedom, will turn with interest to this sympathetic and thought-provoking study of the renaissance of Indian thought during the last century and its relevance to the achievements, problems and needs of the post-Independence era.

The essay begins with an assessment of the influence which is being exerted in India today by the renewed study of the "classical" traditions of ethical and social culture represented by the Buddha, the Upanishads, and the *Bhagavad-Gita*. This section ends by posing a question: can India offer a philosophy which will help the world to solve the modern problem of power?

> Nothing but mighty spiritual power can break the throttling power of the State (and of vast industrial corporations). Where is such spiritual power to be found?

The remainder of the essay suggests answers to this question by examining a few of the strata of Indian life which the author believes to "contain rich veins of pure metal, whose careful mining may help to redeem the world." He does not make any claim that these strata are the whole, or even quantitatively the greater part, of the Indian soil, but he does urge that there are forces of healing and harmony at work in India today which are of the utmost significance for the well-being not of India alone but of the whole world.

In describing these forces, Horace Alexander concentrates on illustrating their operation chiefly in the lives and work of the three great modern Indians with whom he himself has lived on terms of personal friendship — Mahatma Gandhi, Acharya Vinoba Bhave, and Gurudeva Rabindranath Tagore. In one sense there is nothing "new" in what he has to say about them — how could there be? But the sincerity of this personal testimony gives it a freshness of approach which, one may hope, may "provoke" the reader into considering more deeply what gifts, in fact, these great men of India have to offer to our own generation. The concluding thought, expressed in the context of Rabindranath's teaching on "nationalism," is that India may hold the secret of the reconciliation of the "pairs of opposites" which appear to constitute so much of the reality of the world into a higher synthesis and experience of unity. The author very rightly associates both Vinoba and Gandhi with these forces of harmony, and illustrates very briefly from their writings how they too have seen the unity of "opposites" and yet held fast to the distinctions between right and wrong. Much more could be said about this, especially perhaps in its relation to the need for dynamic experiments with the principle of political democracy. But the intention of this short essay is simply to open up such questions, especially for Western readers. It may have a valuable part to play in opening them up more widely in India also.

MARJORIE SYKES

India's Foreign Policy. By JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting 612 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.50)

It is indisputable that India's foreign policy since Independence has been the handiwork of a single individual, Shri Nehru, who has been both Prime Minister and Minister for External Affairs throughout. We find, therefore, in the speeches included in this volume both a consistent enunciation of the basic principles of the policy and a continuity in their implementation during the last

fourteen years. These have been adumbrated in Shri Nehru's broadcast on September 7th, 1947, from New Delhi as follows:—

> We propose as far as possible to keep away from the power politics of groups aligned against one another. . . We believe that peace and freedom are indivisible and the denial of freedom anywhere must endanger freedom elsewhere and lead to conflict and war. We are particularly interested in the emancipation of colonial and dependent countries and peoples. . We seek no dominion over others and we claim no privileged position over other peoples

These principles were embodied in concrete terms in the Panchasheel doctrine evolved at the Bandung Conference (1955) and have since been the guiding stars of India's foreign policy, except for minor modifications necessitated by compelling circumstances.

Whether it be an intervention in a foreign-affairs debate in the Lok or Rajya Sabha, or an address to some international conference, or a speech at the United Nations, Shri Nehru's main themes are peace, peaceful co-existence and disarmament. Running right through the speeches is the idea that good ends can be achieved only by adoption of good methods.

Of special interest in the context of current developments in Goa are his earlier views on the subject. Speaking in the Lok Sabha in July 1955, Shri Nehru said, "From my point of view there can be only one decision on the question [of Goa] and that is merger with the Indian Union," and the means for it were to be peaceful if possible but others if necessary.

On the personal side the picture of Shri Nehru that emerges from these pages is that of an ardent advocate of peace, a great believer in the efficacy of settling international disputes by negotiation, a person desirous of maintaining friendly relations with all countries irrespective of their national or political ideology, and, above all, a humanist preoccupied with preventing international tensions from deteriorating into total warfare and total destruction of humanity.

Has the foreign policy of India yielded dividends? Basically the answer is "Yes." If it has failed with neighbouring countries like China and Pakistan, this is due mainly to special factors on their side. The problems with these countries have to be resolved but so long as direction of India's foreign policy is in Shri Nehru's hands, he will go to the utmost limits to settle them by peaceful means.

The book is divided into a number of sections. While the more general aspects are dealt with under such heads as "India's Emergence," "An Independent Policy," "Panchsheel and Coexistence," "United Nations," "Cold War and Disarmament," separate sections contain Shri Nehru's speeches on problems pertaining to Asia and Africa, Europe and America. Those under the group "Asia and Africa" are particularly significant in view of recent developments on India's northern frontiers.

The selection of speeches for the volume and their editing have been done with considerable care, so that the reader has the feeling of an evolving as well as continuing policy in India's foreign relations during the last fourteen years.

C. V. H. RAO

Compilations from the writings of M. K. GANDHI: *Bread Labour*. Compiled by RAVINDRA KELEKAR. (39 pp. 1960. 25 nP.) *Village Industries*. Compiled by R. K. PRABHU. (39 pp. 1960. 25 nP.) *Trusteeship*. Compiled by

RAVINDRA KELEKAR. (40 pp. 1960. 25 nP.) *India's Food Problem.* Compiled by R. K. PRABHU. (60 pp. 1960. 40 nP.) *Prohibition At Any Cost.* Compiled by R. K. PRABHU. (24 pp. 1960. 20 nP.) (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad.)

These pamphlets bring together in handy form Gandhiji's views on the particular subjects, many of which still continue to agitate the public mind. These writings, therefore, are invested with more than an academic interest.

In *Bread Labour* is contained Gandhiji's gospel of work, that "everyone must perform some useful bodily labour, and derive joy out of work." He derived the idea from Ruskin's *Unto This Last,* the reading of which, in 1904, brought about "an instantaneous and practical transformation" in his life. He found support for the idea from the Third Discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gita,* where the "Wheel of Sacrifice" is described. Gandhiji deplores "the divorce between intelligence and labour" and "the debasement of the working classes, who cannot work and live naturally." He abhors idleness. The ideas propounded in these essays form the keynote to Gandhiji's own strenuous and rigidly regulated life of service.

Gandhiji's reasoned plea for the resuscitation of rural life through cottage industries is found in *Village Industries.* The aim is to help the "dumb millions" and provide "an outlet for the creative faculties and the resourcefulness of the people." Big industries never could and "don't hope to overtake unemployed millions." Gandhiji welcomed machinery only to "help and ease human effort," but "where there were millions of units of idle labour, it was no use thinking of labour-saving devices." He pleads for more extensive use of hand-pounded rice, village-made *gur* and oil and for bee-keeping, as much for dietetic as for economic considerations. All these industries are designed to supplement agriculture, which is basic to the Indian economy. Now that a new Industrial Revolution is upon us in India, Gandhiji's warning and counsel are more timely than ever.

Gandhiji's ideas on "trusteeship" stem out of his faith in human nature, in the power of persuasion and ultimately in the possibility of training groups of men to offer non-violent non-co-operation to resist tyranny and exploitation of all kinds. He would not forcibly dispossess the rich man as "thereby society will lose the gifts of a man who knows how to accumulate wealth." The violence of private ownership, according to him, is less than the violence of the State. He believed that economic equality could be achieved through non-violence. Here is the approach to the problem of a prophet and a practical idealist.

Gandhiji's articles on the food problem, many of which were written in 1946, a time of food crisis, have a topical ring even today. "We must not go a-begging: it demoralizes." He was against controls and centralization as they bred a black market. He pleads, incidentally, for food reform, and gives detailed hints regarding natural manures. He offers suggestions for a more balanced and nutritious diet for the villagers. These are of permanent value and show Gandhiji's intensely practical approach.

In respect of Prohibition, Gandhiji took an uncompromising stand. Drinking was "more a disease than a vice" and the addicts had to be helped against themselves. Enforcement of Prohibition was only the beginning, and had to be followed up with measures to provide recreation and other amenities. In no part of the world was it so easy to have Prohibition as in India, where drink was confined to a minority and was generally considered disrespectable.

He was well aware of the problem of illicit distillation, but was not appalled by it. "Why should it cost more than prevention of other crimes?" he asks.

The compilers and the publishers deserve to be congratulated on bringing out these cheap and valuable pamphlets.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO

The Power of Non-violence. By RICHARD B. GREGG. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 228 pp. Second, revised ed., 1960. Rs. 2.50)

The author stayed in India during 1925-29 and was with Gandhiji in the Sabarmati Ashram for seven months. Besides visiting India for brief periods during 1938 and 1949, he was in India again for eighteen months during 1956-58. He is the author of several books dealing with the problem of peace in the world and of scientific expositions of the economic doctrines distinctive of Gandhiji.

In *The Power of Non-violence* the author tries to "explain and evaluate the principle [of non-violent resistance] in its application to any country, at any time, under any circumstances and for any cause." He seeks to show how persuasion of this sort is more powerful and more permanently advantageous than physical coercion.

After giving an account of modern examples of successful non-violent resistance in Hungary, South Africa, India, Denmark, Norway and the U.S.A., the author proceeds to analyse the psychological implications of such resistance. The non-violent resister "who has the courage and yet refrains" from using force is practising what the author terms "moral jiu-jitsu": he seeks to establish with the opponent a relationship which is "more secure, creative, happy and truthful." The author explains how mass non-violence is possible:—

> The hypothesis of non-violent resisters is that the strongest factor in human beings in the long run is their unity — that they have more in common as a human family than as separate individuals

The author shows how this is an effective substitute for war, and far less expensive in terms of money and casualties. The non-violent resister has to develop the qualities of courage, resourcefulness and discipline as much as the soldier fighting a violent war. This method requires as much training and organization as its counterpart, so that none of the glamour and virtues traditionally attributed to the institution of warfare need be lost to humanity. The last two chapters are devoted to a detailed consideration of such training. It is evident that here the author draws largely from his personal experience of the life lived in Gandhiji's Satyagraha Ashrams.

"Are pacifists only naïve builders of false Utopias ?" asks the author in one place. He is well aware that he presents his thesis at a time when the world, and India too, seem to be caught hopelessly in the coils of violence. But he presents his well-reasoned thesis, laying under contribution the latest findings in the field of individual and crowd psychology, with earnestness and faith. "Let the sceptic, therefore, suspend judgment until he has finished reading all this book and then has carried out some of the simple experiments suggested in the last chapter," appeals the author at another place.

The book is a scholarly and substantial contribution to the literature,

which is happily growing, designed to establish "'peace on earth and good will toward all men," and lead men to a higher destiny.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO

Gandhi on World Affairs. By PAUL F. POWER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. London. 166 pp. 1961. 15*s*.)

Trying to place Gandhi in context, and appraise his true position in modern politics, or for that matter in world history, is an intriguing game for scholars and historians as well as politicians. The growing volume of Gandhiana is currently examining and dissecting the Mahatma's philosophy from every conceivable point of view. In this volume Paul F. Power, an American scholar, treats of Gandhi's contributions to world, as distinct from purely Indian, affairs

It is a painstaking examination, and no attempt is made to gloss over the inconsistencies and faults of judgment. It comes as something of a surprise to learn how limited the Mahatma's understanding of international affairs often was, and to read of the several missed opportunities, and of the contradictions that were at times the despair of his supporters. One can instance the failure to make common cause with the Negro of South Africa, a situation which still obtains, and his unwillingness to give any support to the United Nations and similar international co-operative efforts. His views were in many ways very circumscribed.

The paradox is that Gandhi is now exerting an influence on world affairs probably greater than anyone else of our time, and the moral might be that greatness deals with what lies close to hand, and deals with it at the fullest stretch, physical, mental and moral. What Gandhi gave the world was a pilot project — although the scale was large enough. The world might yet adopt it, both the end and the means.

Although quite a slim volume this is a scholarly work, being well served by a good index, notes (grouped at the end) and a very extensive bibliography. To Western readers the writer's careful explanation of such basic concepts as *Dharma* and *Satyagraha* are particularly useful.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON

Arthur of Albion: An Introduction to the Arthurian Literature and Legends of England. By R. W. BARBER. With a Foreword by DAVID JONES. (Barrie and Rockliff with Pall Mall Press, London. 218 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 30*s*.)

King Arthur, the hero of mediæval romance, is largely fictitious. But behind him there apparently stands the real figure of Artorius, a British noble of the early sixth century who led a resistance against the Anglo-Saxon invasion. Mr. Barber sketches (so far as practicable) the literary evolution that turned one into the other Then he surveys the whole field of Arthurian writing, down to Charles Williams's poetry and T. H. White's novels.

As an outline for the general reader his book is excellent to the extent that it is factual; while his critical opinions, if seldom profound, do no harm But even the general reader might feel somewhat unsatisfied by his failure to face the question "Why?" The inner dynamics of the legend, the sources of its intense and haunting life, elude him.

Speculation has long proliferated round the strange issues involved. To Hindus familiar with the *Mahabharata* episode portraying the warriors cattle-rustling, it may be interesting to find Arthur in a Cornish tradition ingloriously trying to steal some pigs. As Arjuna's intervention with divine weapons raises the Hindu story to a higher level, so (it has been contended) Arthur's pigs lead us allegorically to something else. But what? Also noteworthy for students in India is an assertion that the mysterious "Grail" passed finally to that country accompanied by the King and his knights.

To explain such bizarreries — there are many more — it has been suggested that Arthur became confused with a Celtic god, annexing his myths; that the Grail Quest hints at an esoteric Christian cult drawing on pagan magic and mysticism; that Arthur's connection with Glastonbury, a place in Somerset supposedly visited by disciples of Christ, links him with a past of profounder significance than the military. Without necessarily accepting such notions, one may regret that the author hardly even mentions them.

GEOFFREY ASHE

The Snowman and Company. By ODETTE TCHERNINE. Foreword by ERIC SHIPTON. Postscript by H. W. TILMAN. (Robert Hale, Ltd., London. 174 pp. Illustrated and with Maps. 1961. 18*s*.)

In her book *The Snowman and Company* Odette Tchernine gives a very comprehensive, if somewhat unscientific survey of most of the available information on the subject of the Yeti and some other semi-mythological characters. It is a pity that the book, which contains much valuable material, is not more carefully written and documented. The fascinating stories from Indian and Tibetan folklore are most interesting, as are also the accounts of the strange hallucination that can result from the rarefied atmosphere at high altitudes. As the author rightly observes, however, the mysterious footsteps that have been seen and photographed by various explorers, are no delusion, and these photographs show very clearly that the Yeti, like man, walks with the sole flat on the ground, unlike the apes that walk on the outer side of the foot. It is therefore unfortunate that the impression used by Tschernezky for his reconstruction of the Snowman's foot should be a distorted one, in which the toes are curled up in an effort to retain balance after leaping a crevasse.

There can be no possible evidence for Tschernezky's suggestion that the Yeti is related to *Gigantopithecus* since the latter is known only from teeth and jaws, and we have no information as to this part of the Snowman's anatomy.

It seems very possible, however, that the Yeti may be some sort of hitherto unknown ape, or even a primitive type of hominid which has survived from very early times in the rhododendron forests of the Himalayan foothills.

Everyone must agree most wholeheartedly with the author's hope that, if ever this mysterious being is found, it will be treated with kindness and sympathetic understanding.

M. MAITLAND HOWARD

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, November 28th, 1961

AT THE BEGINNING of this year, when the popularity of the Macmillan Government was high, nobody would have thought that the year would end with its stock falling exceptionally low. The recent by-elections — three of them — clearly indicated that if there was a general election in the immediate future, Mr. Macmillan would not succeed in holding on to his comfortable majority.

During the past six months Mr. Macmillan and his Government have dared to take certain steps which have contributed to their unpopularity. The Government's application to the six countries of the Common Market for membership and its refusal to convene a special session of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers to consider the matter has exasperated members of the Opposition as well as its own supporters. *The Daily Express*, which has always campaigned for Empire trade, has been on the war-path and is very well supported in the campaign by the Government of Canada.

In its desire to get over the preliminary hurdles the British Government has not been as communicative as it should have been to other Commonwealth countries. When it announced its intention to apply for the membership, it had made it known that it would keep all the Commonwealth countries informed and also invite their views on the issues that would affect the Commonwealth. But a copy of the opening speech that Mr. Edward Heath (Lord Privy Seal and the Minister negotiating Britain's application), made on October 10th, 1961, was not supplied to the Commonwealth countries in spite of a unanimous request from them to do so.

Unfortunately for the Government, the text of that speech of October 10th was made available to the United States. Nobody has accused the British Government of bad faith, but nobody has been able to explain how such a confidential document fell into the hands of the American administration. As one reporter observed in an American journal, Mr. Heath's speech was taken to Washington *in mistake* by Dr. Adenauer who *in mistake* handed it to the American President when they had breakfast together. Instead of reading Walter Lippman's columns and Drew Pearson's "Merry Go Round," the German Chancellor was perhaps thoughtful to provide diversionary reading to the American President! But whoever was guilty of bad faith, the British public realizes that Mr. Macmillan's promise to keep the Commonwealth informed about the negotiations has begun to ring rather hollow.

The question that arises is why the well-trained men who are in Mr. Macmillan's Government have failed to handle the Common Market issue more diplomatically. Past experience should have guided the British Government to realize that it is never possible to keep for long secrets about any subject when these secrets have to be shared with numerous other countries. In the present case, Britain had to share the secrets of Mr. Heath's speech with France, West Germany, Belgium, Italy and Luxembourg. It is now stated that Mr. Heath's speech was in the American embassies in Paris, Bonn and Brussells within forty-eight hours after it was delivered.

Commenting on this state of affairs,

the *Evening Standard* says that the technique of partial, selective and premature release of information is an accepted tool of government. It has long been used in Britain and abroad — as often by Ministers to further their own aims as by others to embarrass them. Nowadays politicians have reduced the whole business to a fine art — this is the case not only in Washington, where complications over leaks are now commonplace. The same thing goes on at Westminster, where Mr. Macmillan and his deputy, Mr. Butler, know all about it.

It is interesting to recall that 25 years ago, in 1936, when Edward VIII abdicated, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin discussed with Mr. Dawson, the then editor of the London *Times,* how best to ensure publicity to undermine the position of the King. Then Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Dawson went on hand in hand to discredit the young monarch. We may also remember that in 1916 the British Government was deeply concerned about the American reaction to the arrest of Sir Roger Casement and his execution on a charge of treason History has recorded that the British Government arranged to have selected extracts from Sir Roger's diaries published in American newspapers. Those extracts were most damaging to the personal conduct of Sir Roger Casement.

Just before the second world war, there was yet another leakage, namely the publication in Paris newspapers of an agreement which Sir Samuel Hoare, the then Foreign Secretary, had reached with Monsieur Laval of France. The agreement was a downright attempt to bribe Mussolini by sacrificing Abyssinia. Although Samuel Hoare had to resign, the British public was made deeply aware of the growing Fascist menace that faced the world. Similarly in 1924, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's first Labour Government was thrown overboard by the publication of the Zinoviev Letter — again a well-thought-out leak!

Since the Brighton Conference of the Conservative Party two months ago, the Government has lost more face in the eyes of the electorate by the sudden introduction of the Immigration Bill. Although Mr. Butler, the Home Secretary, assured the nation that the intentions of the Government were to curb immigration, without colour discrimination, the terms of the Bill have indicated that it will be applied against Indians, Pakistanis, West Indians and others who desire to come here from other coloured countries of the Commonwealth. Therefore there is no warm support for this bad Bill even in the Conservative ranks and it is being mercilessly attacked on the platform and in the press as no other Bill of the present Government has been attacked. This feeling of horror against the Bill was well expressed in a brief letter to the *Guardian* by one of its readers. This is what we read:—

> Would it not be a pleasant courtesy if Her Majesty's Government were to invite Dr. Verwoerd to address both our Houses of Parliament on the wind of change now blowing through the Union of Great Britain and Northern Ireland?

The Government's economic programme, which includes pay pause, has also brought discredit on it in the manner of its handling. That inimitable cartoonist, Vicky, has summed up the unhappy predicament of the Government with a striking cartoon in the *Evening Standard.* It shows the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, walking wearily through a storm-affected park, with a caption, after Tom Hood, reading:—

> No pay pause — no restraint — no Commonwealth gentility,

No immigrants — no secrecy,
No by-election warmth, no popularity,
no Parliamentary ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No pop-poll lead, no luck of any sort,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —
NOVEMBER!

Is Britain a "sick man of Europe"? We are confronted with this question by the writings of M. Raymond Aron, the French commentator, who has suggested in his widely read column in *Le Figaro* that in his view Britain has taken the place of France as the "sick man of Europe." Recently he had visited Britain and had opportunities here as well as on the Continent, especially in Paris, to hold conversations with British Ministers and others. As a result he produced a series of articles which had as its theme: "Will England be European?" His study of the problem has made him reflect on the institution of British Monarchy. Doubts persist whether the foundations of the Monarchy have been shaken and the model of the Mother of Parliaments too paralysed.

He writes that Britain does not offer the spectacle of a nation in difficulties Opulence is no less visible than on the Continent and the favourable changes of the last ten years no less marked. Trades of war have disappeared, the Government has a solid majority with constitutional means of action. There is reason, however, to talk of crisis even though the crisis, as so often is the case in this epoch, is invisible. It shows itself in a comparison between the achievements of the Common Market countries and those of Britain during the past ten years — a contrast as evident to the British as it is to foreign observers.

M. Aron asks: What is the future of Britain in the world of the twentieth century? To become part of Europe or to remain, on the fringe of the old continent, the centre of a universe scattered to the four corners of the earth — empire yesterday, Commonwealth today?

M. Aron has analysed two joint aspects of the "English crisis" — slowness of growth and relations with the Common Market. One of M. Aron's conclusions is that Britain, more resolutely, more wisely and earlier than other nations of Europe, had applied the ideas and methods of decolonization which constitute today the conformist doctrine of the West. Never before had an imperialist nation seen its destiny change in so few years, for causes so independent of human will, and by virtue of so many victories, inevitably disastrous.

And Mr. G. L. Willatt, a former Derbyshire cricket captain, told the boys of a Grammar School on the school Speech Day that Britain is sinking into "a morass of degradation and bad taste, comparable to the Roman Empire in its decline." Mr. Willatt, who described bingo as "the most degrading form of entertainment yet devised," said that it was clear that, although the country had a standard of living higher than at any time in its history, the actual quality of life was lower. Boys must be given a sense of values to realize that anything worth while requires effort and does not come from the football pools or bingo.

Mr. Willatt urged the boys to remember that material progress has not made people happy, nor has it made them good, contrary to opinions of political and other experts. The only hope is to be found in character training and this is the reason for calling on boys to clean and press their uniforms every week and to take physical risks.

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

We are happy to record the success of the function conducted at Kalimpong by the Triyana Vardhana Vihara to honour the memory of Jetsun Tsongkhappa on his death anniversary on December 2nd and 3rd, 1961. Tsongkhappa (1357-1419) was the great Reformer of Tibetan Buddhism and the Founder of the Gelukpa Order. This is the first time in modern India that such commemoration functions have been held, and we hope they will serve to revive interest in the life and teachings of Tsongkhappa. The main meeting held at the Town Hall was attended by about 2,000 people, in the presence of the Ven. Tijang Rimpochhe, the Teacher of His Holiness the Dalai Lama, and other prominent Lamas under the presidentship of Shri D. C. Mokerjee of Kalimpong. We congratulate the Ven. Bhikshu Sangharakshita of the Triyana Vardhana Vihara and we hope others will follow his example and pay homage to the great Tsongkhappa every year.

Alistair Cooke, the noted American journalist and broadcaster, in paying tribute to Dag Hammarskjold, the late Secretary-General of the United Nations at the time of his death, depicted movingly how this man (who was appointed because it was thought he was insignificantly neutral, a kind of superior accountant) unfolded a vision. In dedicating himself utterly to the ideal of a future United World, he displayed a power dismaying to those who had hoped for a non-entity, incapable of disturbing their projects of self-interest What was the source of that power? The *New World*, the U.N. International Affairs Monthly, for November 1961, has now unearthed and reprinted Hammarskjold's own creed from a book edited by Edward R. Murrow, *This I Believe* (Simon and Schuster, New York. 1954), Vol. II. There one finds a deeply religious basis, not only by family inheritance, but by experienced conviction. There is also the influence of Schweitzer, both in the ideal of service, and as a key to the Gospels. As to the other source of his spiritual strength and living brotherhood, Hammarskjold writes:—

> I found [this source] in the writings of those great medieval mystics for whom "self-surrender" had been the way to self-realization, and who in "singleness of mind" and "inwardness" had found strength to say yes to every demand. which the needs of their neighbours made them face, and to say yes also to every fate life had in store for them when they followed the call of duty, as they understood it. Love — that much misused and misinterpreted word — for them meant simply an overflowing of strength with which they felt themselves filled when living in true self-oblivion. And this love found natural expressions in an unhesitant fulfilment of duty and in an unreserved acceptance of life, whatever it brought them personally of toil, suffering — or happiness.
>
> I know that their discoveries about the laws of inner life and of action have not lost their significance.

Here indeed is a prototype of the world citizen of the future!

"Amnesty" is an international movement for freedom of opinion and religion,

with headquarters at 1 Mitre Court Buildings, London, E.C.4. Peter Benenson, their Chairman, writes:—

> The purpose of the Campaign is to mobilize public opinion throughout the world in favour of releasing Prisoners of Conscience [whether political or religious] and effective guarantees for opinion and religion. Our job is to set a tide running in the affairs of the world against persecution of people for their ideas, and set up organisms which over the years may prove effective in bringing about both releases and improvements in the law.

The *oubliettes*, the eighteenth-century prisons in which the unfortunates of France were lost, are paralleled today, in almost every country, by the bars of silence behind which men lie for the crime of an active conscience. "Amnesty" is building up a library, from all the sources of information possible, to record prisoners of conscience, no matter which country holds them. This information will be passed on to national sections responsible for mobilizing public opinion to enforce on their Government the practical ratification of Articles Eighteen and Nineteen of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights. These refer to individual freedom of thought, conscience and religion, as also to freedom of opinion and expression. Then it is proposed that within the national sections there should be smaller groups, "Threes," each, under guidance from the parent body, protecting a prisoner (1. from the Communist bloc; 2. from the Afro-Asian countries; 3. from the West). "... the whole point of 'Amnesty' is that it concentrates on the suffering of individuals, not the politics of government."

Animal welfare workers and sympathizers will be heartened by the announcements appearing in Great Britain this winter of a new Nobel-type fund, offering prizes and grants for original work of outstanding value to medicine, conducted without use of living animals, and of such a nature that the future use of living animals, in that particular field of investigation, will be unnecessary.

The originators are the Lawson Tait Memorial Trust,[1] which commemorates in this "living project" the work of the famous nineteenth-century surgeon. The chief concern of the Trust will be the making of awards for such research achieved without using living animals, but it also aims to encourage, and finance if necessary, projects for alternative methods to the use of living animals. It hopes to induce the Government to allocate a proportion of the annual Parliamentary medical research grant for the same humanitarian type of research.

The fast-growing use of living animals for experimentation, despite attempts at legislative control, is a disturbing symptom of an increasing callousness in our civilization. This positive and constructive attack on the problem will well reinforce the direct attacks and attempts at prohibition of the cruelties involved.

That the problems confronting the world today demanded some other approach than the military, some spiritual insight which went beyond national frontiers and deeper into the human mind and consciousness, was stressed by the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, in Calcutta recently. The Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Miss Padmaja Naidu, the Bengal Governor, Dr. C. P.

[1] Lawson Tait Memorial Trust, c/o Midland Bank, Ltd., 22 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Ramaswami Aiyar and Mr. Humayun Kabir all agreed with the Prime Minister that India had a special message for a hatred-ridden world as she had always cherished tolerance and willingness to co-exist as the distinctive features of her civilization. According to a report in the *Hindustan Times* (New Delhi), Pandit Nehru

admitted that it was difficult to divorce the military approach from the present thinking, but pointed out that unless it was tempered with spiritualism, it was bound to fail. India had always pleaded for a spiritual approach to world problems which, however, did not mean escape from reality.

The whole of the Indian nation was itself a product of co-existence and great rulers of India in the past like Ashoka and Akbar had tried to bring about co-existence, integration and tolerance. Referring to his forthcoming visit to America, the Prime Minister paid a tribute to the U S.A.:—

It had something much more than materialism, it had both spiritualism and idealism and many things in common with India.

Emphasizing that spiritualism must go along with material advancement, the Prime Minister said

that the physical achievement of five-year plans would have no meaning without a spiritual basis. There was a lot of "bogus spiritualism" in the country because many people thought that spiritualism was an escape from reality He had no truck with those who talked loosely of spiritualism and refused to face the human problem in India It is quite absurd to go to a hungry man and talk to him about spiritualism. Our country is hungry and we have to solve its problems; it is no good running away from them

---

The Indian Prime Minister again urged the need to combine idealism with practicality upon very different listeners, namely, "a glittering audience of Hollywood notables" at Beverly Hills, California, during his recent visit to the United States. He said in a brief extempore statement (according to a report in the *Statesman*) that tolerance and compassion alone could lessen the tension of the world and added:—

It may not be possible to wipe [away] all the tears of the world as Mr. Gandhi had wished, but it may be possible to lessen them. Even in peace, there may be tears, but there are more tears if peace does not exist. ..There was not enough emphasis laid on the means used to achieve peace The path you tread to a place is important. It is good to talk of high ideals, but we don't seem to attach enough importance to the path to those ideals.

Stressing the importance of compassion in seeking any solution, he added:—

To surrender to evil is a bad thing, but what is right? To conquer evil, it is no good to copy it A little compassion will solve the problems. We decide too often that the other party is wrong without knowing his logic or reasons ... The more each party to a problem is excited, the more difficult the solution

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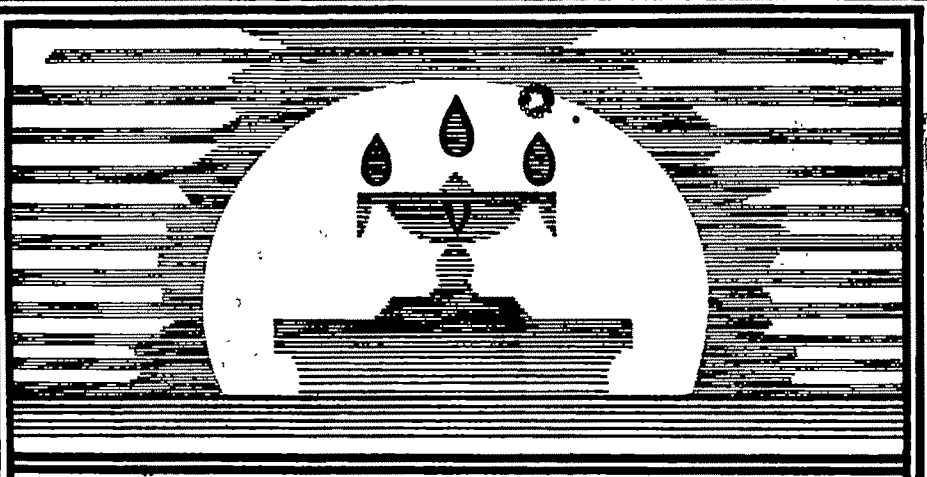
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THE ARYAN PATH

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. XXXIII FEBRUARY 1962 No. 2

INDIA AND THE AMERICAS IN THE FUTURE

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for September 1941. —ED.]

PEOPLE bemoan that this terrible war will mean the end of civilization in Europe. And as Europe has been the centre of civilization for centuries, they therefore conclude that it is the end of civilization as a whole. The lesson which the long history of the human race teaches is quite different. Culture has ever graced the human race — one country or more in every cycle. Never has there been a period of total barrenness in every continent simultaneously. Asia was enlightened when Europe was steeped in the darkness of ignorance. India supplied her fabrics to Egypt and Rome when Lancashire was not on the map. And so on. From the dawn of humanity, mankind has never been without its light, though that light did not always shine the world over at one and the same time.

So European civilization is bound to perish — if not now, then a few decades or centuries hence. But civilization as such will never die. Its centre will be transferred to the Americas — from Canada to Argentine. This transfer of civilization did not begin with the last war of 1914-1918. It began earlier, when groups of Europeans sailed Westward to settle in the newly found lands. British and French, Portuguese and Spaniards and others who colonized those continents and settled thereon were the first germs who carried European thought and tradition to those new lands. These were old, old lands on which civilizations grander and mightier than that of Europe had flourished, decayed and died in the distant past. The Red Indians, the Aztecs, the Incas were not young savages; they were the final remnants of human family races

very highly cultured as their architecture and religious traditions well show. Early European settlers in their ignorance did not realize that these native tribes were not bands of savages, sprung from and one remove from the ape kingdom, but that they were the last survivors of races who had built civilizations not only as good as the European one, but even far superior. The treatment meted out to these heirs of ancient cultures, then in their downward cycle, was unfortunate, to say the least. Cruel wrongs have the European settlers and their progeny perpetrated on the sons and daughters of the soil, and whatever the Karma which brought this suffering upon them, there is no doubt that cruelty perpetrated and injury done must be paid for by the modern Americans and their heirs. The mighty Spanish Empire perished and its South American colonies became instrumental in dealing it a death-blow, thus working out part of the Nemesis.

The Law of Justice rules the invisible sphere of morality as its material counterpart of cause and effect infallibly governs the visible. The decay of any civilization and its ultimate death does not come from outside; the seeds of death are within that civilization itself. Europe is destroying herself today as she has been doing for some years past, and the process will continue for a long time to come. This war will destroy one phase, and an important one, of European civilization. Very definite signs are there to point to the fact that the Americas will provide the guiding forces of civilization in the future. The world will look not to Europe, but to the Americas — the centre of civilization will not be in Paris, London, and Berlin, but in Washington, New York, Los Angeles and Chicago.

We in India ought to know that the rise and fall of empires and civilizations matter little; for we have the knowledge of yugas or cycles, of the days and nights of Brahmā. What are we taught? That all forms of matter disintegrate, and only the spiritual Soul survives; that that immortal Soul ever builds new forms, new bodies. Not only is this true for men, but also for molecules; and as equally true of kingdoms which men build, as of the myriad forms of minerals and vegetables and animals which Nature builds. That which is born is bound to die; that which is uncreate, birthless and deathless, never perishes. And so, the British Empire will go as others have gone — Rome and Greece, Egypt and Iran; and on old soils new transformations will take place when time has worked its healing and cleansing tasks.

No, the regret of Europe should not be that its civilization is waning; but that in its strength, in its palmy days it did not build

itself on selfless spiritual lines. That as an elder and leader it taught and exemplified incorrect ways of life and labour. That it rejected Pythagoras and Plato and the Neo-Platonists and adopted the lore of the Aristotelians. That it rejected Jesus and Paul and accepted the Popes and the Bishops. That it rejected its idealists and followed the plans of rank materialists. In their dealing with the natives of Africa, America, Asia, Europeans played the rôle of the exploiter instead of that of the trustee. They looted the poor instead of helping them to live out their destiny and serve the world in their company.

Like Europe in the past, North and then South America will rise to eminence and power; but what will they do with their eminence and their power? Inheriting European tendencies, will they fall prey to the darkness now threatening the old continents? Or will the Americas rejecting selfishness, avarice, the right of might and adopting the ways of Jesus and Pythagoras and Their Illustrious Predecessors live in might of right, labour in the strength of righteousness? That is the question which the citizens of the Americas will have to answer in the coming centuries.

But what about India? For thousands of years this vast country has been called the Land of the Nobles. It was able to maintain that position because its people — rulers and ruled alike — followed the Religion of Duty and Law enshrined in the single word Dharma. When selfishness, ambition, and sensuality gathered force and nobility waned, they attracted ambitious Alexanders and others — selfish and sensual and arrogant. Her poverty and degradation do not seem to have sufficiently impressed the sons and daughters of India for the last thousand years and more, and so India's poverty continues to grow grim, her helplessness to become worse. Unlike the Americas we of India are not called upon to build a brand new civilization on a soil that is new to us; we are called upon to transform our social polity, uprooting what has been foreign to Dharma — the Religion of Duty and Law, of Order and Beauty. Indian culture and Indian civilization have never been overpowered by creedalism; whenever creedalism raised its ugly head, India produced from within her ranks a Buddha, an Asoka. When creedalism — religious, social or political — became powerful, foreign invasions began, but even these have not overthrown the tolerance of thought and the deep-hearted spiritual perception native to the Soul of Aryavarta. That Soul, with its capacity to assimilate the true, the good, the beautiful, has absorbed what the Greeks brought, what the Muslims and the Moghuls brought, what the Europeans brought.

The future of the world will be very greatly fashioned by the U.S.A. — the newest family of the Occident — and by our India — the spiritual mother of humanity. Old Asiatic countries like China and Iran, old European lands like those of the Vikings and others, will no doubt give their contributions, but history points to a New Civilization arising out of the proper blending of American and Indian cultures. If the task of the Americas is to free themselves from the weaknesses inherited from Europe, that of India is to wipe out whatever false distinctions there remain rooted in creedalism, in sectarianism, in religiosity. The true in Buddhism, Christianity, Jainism, Judaism, Islam, Sikhism, Vedic-ism and Zoroastrianism is the same; the good built in our polity by Rama, Asoka, Akbar is a common heritage; the beautiful created at Ujjain, Ajanta, Agra inspires us all. That spirit of unity must enter our minds and reveal that India is one, indivisible and immortal in her Soul, and that differences of areas and eras confirm that truth. Such a realization in our own home will unfold in us the strength to serve our fellowmen abroad.

EAGLE'S NEST—LEANGKOLLEN

ABOUT SIXTY DELEGATES, both men and women, attended the one-week International Seminar held near Oslo during the summer of 1961. The theme "East-West, Cultural Co-existence?" was based on UNESCO's East-West Major Project.

The Seminar, arranged by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, was held with the assistance of the Norwegian National Commission for UNESCO and with grants from the Norwegian Nobel Committee and from the Royal Norwegian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Students — their ages ranged from the early twenties to the late fifties — came from Australia, Ceylon, Israel, Korea, Madagascar and India, as well as from Europe and the Scandinavian countries. The language spoken was English.

One wonders, at these summer schools, whether the deeper values do not lie not so much in study circle or lecture room as in the sharing of meals, of walks and talks, of sight-seeing expeditions (surely French predominated in the coach) and in the singing of national songs. *National* songs? Not when England joined with France to sing "Frère Jacques" and "D'Avignon"; not when a Jewish lullaby started by an Israeli member was hummed by everyone; not when a Norwegian read poetry by Rabindranath Tagore; and certainly not when the member from Scot-

land, who led the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," was seen with moist eyes and trembling lips when the song was plucked from her by a student from the Ivory Coast, who sang it softly in his native tongue. Unconscious mockery was made also of man-made boundary lines on maps when an Indian delegate in her colourful sari was seen playing table-tennis with an Aussie from down-under.

We sampled one another's dishes. We did so much more than co-exist. We learnt to give and take, and then to laugh and like and love. East-West; old-young; black-white — these divisions melted and customs and taboos dissolved with them.

"I'm not going to be dominated by women," said a boy from Ceylon on the first night. It wasn't long before he was "eating out of the hands" of a gentle member of the W.I.L.P.F., and laughing at his own words.

There were fine speakers for the Plenary Sessions: Sushila Nayar, Member of the Indian Parliament; Dr. Axel Hojer, of Sweden, a doctor of medicine, and an earnest worker for WHO, in India, Assam and Ghana; Diderich H. Lund, engineer, Chairman of the Norwegian Commission on UNESCO's East-West programme and for five years leader of the Indo-Norwegian Project in Kerala, India; Johan Galtung, and his wife Ingrid, sociologists; Fujiko Isono, sociologist, author, and teacher of English at Tokyo University; Arne Klausen, anthropologist; and Professor Gjessing, archæologist (among other things he had organized the raising of one of the Viking ships we saw).

After talks and discussions we relaxed, to watch films and slides of Norway, China and India. We came together, using the media of plane, train, car and ship, yet drawn surely by a spiritual longing — the need to integrate our varying personalities in a deeper understanding of what it means to be a world citizen in these vital times. Like cultures seen beneath a microscope, we joined together briefly and parted again. But in our coming together, we mingled and absorbed something precious from one another's thoughts and ideologies.

Time and distance may appear to have separated us now, yet we who participated know, deep down within us, that an essence born of our mutual longing to unite was marvellously distilled.

We carry its fragrance still.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

WHAT IS MAN?

[**Dr. P. T. Raju** is well known to our readers. At present he is Merton Gastprofessor at the University of Mainz, West Germany. He brings it home that "What is Man?" is a life-and-death question. But he insists wisely on the need of reverence and caution before such a subject. Dr Raju urges no dogma, but affirms the need to gather and fuse together the elements of insight to be found in the many traditions of philosophical and spiritual wisdom; and he outlines some such from Indian philosophy. He criticizes only that barren sceptical subtlety which would take out of our study of man the salutary touch of wonder and awe —ED.]

THE QUESTION "What is Man?" would be the easiest to answer if we could only point to some human individual and say, "That is man." But it is the most difficult of all questions if we begin to think what he is Plato would say that the true man is the ideal man; all others are only approximations to man and to that extent false. But who is the ideal man? To understand Plato's answer one has to read all his works. In contemporary thought the concept of man has become so important that a vast amount of literature has appeared in many languages. First, the dissatisfaction with many systems of philosophy, which have made matter, life, reason, spirit or something else the primary principle of philosophy and which have sought to explain what man is and how he ought to live in terms of that principle, has given rise to one philosophical movement, started by Max Scheler and called Philosophical Anthropology, which would judge each philosophy by the justice it has been able to do man, his life and his ideals, and by the insight it is able to show into his nature. Philosophical Anthropology is not a philosophical understanding of the Absolute, Nature, Mathematics, or Logic, but of man and of the contribution which each of the other undertakings can make to the understanding of man! Then, by the side of this Philosophical Anthropology have appeared other studies like Christian Anthropology, which is a study of man according to Christianity. There are other studies like that of "man according to the Orthodox Greek Church," "The Communist Man," "The Democratic Man," and so forth.

What is the importance of these studies, if man is so simple an object to understand as proposed in Aristotle's definition, "Man is a rational animal," or as in some other definitions like "Man is a laughing animal" and "Man is a political animal"? Do not these studies simply introduce another "chaos" into philosophy? A young lad is said to have remarked after the First World War: "I do not know the significance

of this war; it has only increased the amount of material I have to memorize for my history examination." Similarly, a student of philosophy may say that all this research will mean nothing more than another indecisive "chaos" of thought he has to study. But the subject has gained importance as a life-and-death question.

In the contemporary world, no political system is without an ideology and a philosophy. This is particularly characteristic of Marxian communism. And every philosophy contains, either explicitly or implicitly, a concept of man. But, as I said in our book *The Concept of Man*,[1]

> if our philosophy frames an inadequate concept of man and if he is pressed into its mould, either he will break or he will break the mould; and in either case, the result will be human disaster.

Living in the universal anxiety of the possibility of a nuclear war, I need not demonstrate the truth of what is said. It is not merely two great powers which are facing each other armed with the deadliest weapons known to any mythology but two different concepts of man also. Are these concepts true? What have the ancient wise men of the four great philosophical traditions of the world said about man? And what are the truths contained in their teachings? How much of what they say is undeniable and necessary to consider and re-assimilate in the present context? And how can we assimilate it? These are questions the importance of which it would be thoughtless to deny, whatever be the labour and hard thinking required for answering them and for following up our answers.

It is only a sign of lack of maturity and philosophical earnestness to expect a simple definition of man, readily available for conceptual analysis and exposure. The study of man is not carried out by those who pursue it as an intellectual enterprise for offering material for criticism to philosophical beginners. It is an earnest study in a world of anxiety and conflict. Otherwise Pope would not have said that the noblest study of mankind is man himself. This was the view of Socrates in Greece and of Confucius in China. And what do the Indian sages say? The verse of the *Mahabharata* which Dr. Radhakrishnan quotes in his Prefatory Remarks to *The Concept of Man* says that the secret of the Brahman lies in man himself. If the study of man were such a simple study as to end in a definition, the sages would not have said that man contains the secret of the universe. How can a simple definition of man be given,

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[1] *The Concept of Man : A Study in Comparative Philosophy*. Edited by S. RADHAKRISHNAN and P T. RAJU. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 1960)

if he contains such a secret? We can only unravel the secret to the best of our ability, show all that we can find in man, and bring it together. The complexity and the depth of man's being is a warning against hasty generalizations about the nature of man, against one-sided definitions and political ideologies based on them or containing them.

Analytical philosophy, particularly logical empiricism, may say that man can be a logical construction and that when once we obtain the construct, we can substitute the construct for man and can have a concept of man. This is a dangerous approach. As man grows, we have to say, the logical construct grows; if he falls in love, we have to say, the logical construct falls in love; similarly, the logical construct fights, meditates, dies, etc. Such a doctrine is a result of what is called "British Scepticism," which seems to outbid Descartes, and even Pyrrho, and maintains that I am to doubt even my own existence. We can see where this position will lead. I am to doubt my existence, and some one has to prove it to me. None can do it, because he has himself to doubt his own existence. Even analogy cannot help him; for there is not a single instance in which his "I" is sure of its own existence, and so it cannot use analogy to show that any other object is a person. If other persons do not exist, and if even I am not sure of my own existence, there is an end to all ethics and spiritual life. One wonders whether such scepticism is really characteristic of the British mind, which is empirical rather then sceptical. This pure scepticism can only be confined to some university circles. Indeed, scepticism has its uses in dispelling false beliefs. But philosophy has a greater aim than that of fostering scepticism and making logical constructions.

Every political ideology has certainly constructed its man. But the question is whether the real man fits into that concept. We have to discover what the nature of man contains, not merely construct him according to our imperfect knowledge, prejudices, and conveniences. Is man a free being? Is he creative? If he is free and creative, how can his freedom and creativity enter a logical construct without breaking it for ever? Have the philosophies of Sartre, Marcel, Heidegger, and Jaspers any truth at all with reference to this point? They may be said to be philosophies of crisis. But the crisis was created not merely by the catastrophies of the last War. Existentialism is older than World War II. It is as much a result of the reaction, right from Hegel's time, against merely logicalistic, analytical, and positivistic philosophies, which naturally led to scepticism about man's inward being, its freedom and creativity.

A young German philosopher, brought up in the classical German tradition of thinking, once observed that scepticism and positivism should be encouraged in a philosophical beginner in order to develop a critical attitude in him; but in a senior thinker it is a sign of lack of earnestness about living problems, of inability to look through the depths of human existence, of reluctance to enter into the complexities of the problems they create, or of mere immaturity. But the problems of our existence are at least as important as those of any other discipline. Lately Lord Russell maintained that they are more important than those of logic, etc.

There is no more profound understanding of man — if we consider the profundity of the conception — than that which the Indian philosophers have given, although they may not have emphasized some aspects of man's nature which other traditions have emphasized. The *Mahabharata* maintains that the secret of the universe lies in man. The late Pandit Motilal Sastri of Jaipur used to teach that man is the Brahman. If so, is it easy to give a simple definition? The *Katha Upanishad* says that man is created with mind and senses directed outwards and so he sees only external objects; only some great man turns them inwards and sees the inward Atma. The Advaitins say that this passage implies that it is wrong to turn the senses outwards and that man should turn them inward and realize his essential nature, which is the Atman. But Pandit Sastri contended that merely to do so is also wrong; for it will reduce man to the Atman. Man includes both the inward and the outward directions. As man, he should know that he is the Atman inwardly and also act with his senses directed outwards; otherwise, he will cease to be man and will become either an animal or mere Atman. Unfortunately, man, so long as he is alive, cannot act as if he is nothing but the Atman. The ideal man is one who knows that he is the Atman and yet acts through his senses, not discarding either his Atman or his senses. Man, as the *Taittiriya Upanishad* says, is a unity of matter, life, mind, reason, the Unconscious, and the Atman, all interrelated in the relation of body and spirit. Although, ultimately, the Atman is everything, man, being simultaneously all the six, is more than the Atman. In this sense, we can appreciate the *Mahabharata* statement that there is nothing greater than man.

Is the above a false view of man? Or is it an obscurantist or chaotic one? Even supposing that the reality of the Atman is doubtful, does man contain the other five or not? To give a negative answer would show ignorance of all that has been done in the natural sciences, psychol-

ogy and philosophy. If man contains the Unconscious, can we define him as a rational animal only? And how far do the depths of the Unconscious reach? Jung tells us that they are unfathomable. Next, we have to introduce man's freedom and creativity. What is it which is their source, and which enables man to be free and creative? Further, we have to add to the Indian concept of man those aspects of man which the Chinese, Jewish and Greek philosophies emphasized, so far as they are found true. The Chinese concept emphasizes his social nature, the Jewish his ethical nature, and the Greek his rational nature. These are not mere supernaturalistic falsities but contain indispensable truths, which are brought together in *The Concept of Man*. When we bring them all together, we obtain a very complex picture of the nature of man. Can we then have a cut-and-dried concept of man — in the ordinary sense of concept — which can be bandied about? We can say at the most that he is a conscious being, that he is a consciousness which is existence itself, with two directions to his being, the outward and the inward. Professor Schneider has touched the truth in his thinking that we do not and cannot have a concept of man, because his being is rooted in the infinite depths of the Spirit within and the vast expanse of the material world without. As such should we understand man. Only then can we recognize and find a place for his freedom and creativity, which are at stake in the contemporary world.

Such a conception of man is necessary. The last two World Wars were fought in the name of the freedom of man. To attempt a logical construction of man is to deny his freedom and to force him into determinate conceptual moulds, whether they be those of the East or the West. Our political ideologies have to recognize his true nature and, in working with it, give scope to it. Otherwise, either man will succeed in breaking the constructions of political ideologies or they will break him, with the result that there will be no need of them when man does not and cannot exist on earth.

P. T. RAJU

THERE is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE

ST.-JOHN PERSE'S "ANABASE"
A STUDY

[THIS is the second half of **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar**'s long and carefully studied appreciation. The first part appeared in January.—ED.]

II

Leaving the apologists and critics aside, let us now turn to the poem itself, if only in Eliot's nobly articulate translation. While no doubt we are greatly puzzled at first, it is no less true that the poem slowly projects some sort of action on the mind; and presently the poem becomes a starting-point for a chain of experiences — thoughts, feelings, remembrances, anticipations — and although one feels richly rewarded, one knows one can never empty the poem of its whole significance. One will return to it again and again, and one will perhaps see things one had missed before. The obscurity of the poem is neither the result of carelessness, nor does it proceed from a perverse desire to mystify or confuse the reader; it is apparently the very condition under which such a revelation as this can be given to us. In his acceptance speech at Stockholm, the poet remarked that "the gulf between poetic endeavour and the activities of a society subjected to material bondage grows ever wider"; and the poet has to accept this "disenfranchisement... though it is none of his doing." He cannot — indeed under present conditions he must not — behave as though the "gulf" does not exist; he can only talk to those few who are prepared to meet him half-way in the difficult terrain of his choice. And he must also risk the chance of his being misunderstood, or of his not being understood at all. Poetry like *Anabase* is both an invitation and a challenge to the *sahridaya,* a poetic puzzle (if you will) provoking the reader to fill up the gaps in his own (and yet the correct) way, to fill (so to say) the seemingly empty but tempting cup with rich wine of his own choice.

Anabase begins with a "Song," and concludes with another "Song"; and there are ten Cantos in between. From the title itself, and from a quick first reading, one can infer that it is cast in the form of a poetic chronicle of an ascent from the shore of the sea to the desert heights of China in Central Asia. A nomadic people, a leader, a driving force, all three are involved in the campaign. While the hordes follow him and obey his commands and although the driving force — the "Étranger" of the poem, the "Combatant" (of Kazantzakis), the daimon, the "inner" voice — tries to influence him, nevertheless *he* makes the deci-

sive choice, *he* founds the city, *he* leads his people across the desert. "Étranger" is usually translated as "stranger," but the word surely implies much more: an "alien," a "foreigner," an "outsider," a "stranger," perhaps even an "intruder." The Witches pass and put ideas into Macbeth's mind. Satan in the disguise of the Serpent accosts Eve and tells her of the efficacy of the forbidden fruit. Smerdyakov drops hints which find a receptive soil in Ivan Karamazov's consciousness. Suggestions come to us from varied directions, and also from within, from the sinister pockets of the subconscious, or from even deeper levels Unless an alert and resolute censor is awake at his post, one may fall a victim to the "Étranger" who is doubled with the Tempter The opening song in *Anabase* seems to strike the key-note of the poem, which is really the drama of the impact of the "Étranger" on the nomadic hero:—

> ... came such an one who laid bitter fruit in our hands. Stranger. Who passed.... Who laughed.... And tells us of an herb.... What ease to our way how the trumpet rejoices my heart....[1]

The hero would build his city, living three great seasons with his people: "behind us the sea is fair." The city rises at last, and there is no need for encampments; blacksmiths are active, "the cracking of whips in the new streets unloads whole wainsful of unhatched evils," and in the new city there is a place for all — merchants, druggists, bankers, even the street-singers "who paint on their brow the cipher of their god." But no sooner has the city risen than the hero is ill at ease. This sophistication — ease, festivals and scent-bottles! — is chilling, and his soul is already "engaged in far-off matters ... encamped beneath other walls." And the "Étranger" goads the hero's consciousness with fresh thoughts of campaign and conquest:—

> And the Stranger clothed in his new thoughts, acquires still more partisans in the ways of silence: his eye is full of a sort of saliva, there is no more substance of man in him.

Plenty and easy living and pleasure but enervate the hero, and he receives intimations of "exhausted countries" ("decadent democracies," said Hitler) wallowing in sloth and inviting attack; and the hero's thoughts are thus haunted by these visions of "foundation and fortune," and he makes the decision to leave security and court adventure again. "And several great land birds, voyaging westwards, make good likeness

[1] The quotations are from *Anabasis*, the English translation of *Anabase* by T.S. Eliot (1959).

of our sea birds." The march begins, and the pace of the beasts of burden is good:—

> Roads of the world, we follow you. Authority over all the signs of the earth....
>
> A great principle of violence dictated our fashions.

Just when the march and the travail seem endless, there is "sudden at our feet the first smoke." They are at the approaches to a great city's gates, and the conqueror-hero is received by the city, and celebrations follow. The city, with its varied strata of men and complex life and settled traditions, is now the hero's, to be shaped and moulded as he pleases. Yet all this triumph, although so long and so eagerly awaited, tastes as mere wormwood. As to Gray's schoolboy, to the hero also the fancy-fed hoped-for prize is "less pleasing when possest." He would have his "freedom" again, and march on:—

> Plough-land of dream! Who talks of building? — I have seen the earth spread out in vast spaces and my thought is not heedless of the navigator.

The concluding "Song" makes no reference to the "Étranger," whereas he figures prominently in each of the three verses of the opening "Song." The chords are now peaceful. Is the passion for conquest spent, as it was with Asoka after the Kalinga War? Has the nomadic hero released himself from the domination of the "Étranger"?

> I have halted my horse by the tree of the doves, I whistle a note so sweet....
>
> And not that a man be not sad, but arising before day and biding circumspectly in the communion of an old tree, leaning his chin on the last fading star, he beholds at the end of the fasting sky great things and pure that unfold to delight....
>
> Peace to the dying who have not seen this day! But tidings there are of my brother the poet: once more he has written a song of great sweetness. And some there are who have knowledge thereof....

Calm of mind, all passion spent; promise of dawn after a night of wasteful strife; sunrise to knowledge after sessions in the chambers of darkness. Can it be that the hero of campaigns and conquests is now won over to the campaign of winning the peace within (first within, then without), the joys of communion, the "dove-moaning" music of human brotherhood? The "Étranger" has gone, and his place has been taken by "*mais de mon frère le poète*" (no alien now, but a brother; no war-monger, but a poet). "And *some* there are who have knowledge thereof...." Is the hero out now to seek *them*? He has founded a city

on the sea-shore, and he has conquered a city on the desert-heights, and what remains? He will march out again, of course, but for conquest of another kind: the conquest of the tablelands of mind and soul, the storming of the Everest of the Self.

Of course a poem like *Anabase* tells no story set in a precise place-and-time context. There are the co-ordinates — the line of inaction and ease and slothful contentment and the line of discontent and striving and pressing towards a goal — between which the curve of the "action" of the poem winds up, and each reader has to plot the curve for himself. Always more is meant than strikes the ear: the ambiguities, the startling juxtapositions, the bold images tease the reader, but also fascinate him and hold his attention, till at last he makes his own poem out of Perse's — which is but an "open sesame" to one's own poetic sensibility and receptivity. Greed and lust and gluttony breed more and more of the same kind, violence likewise but provokes more violence; and where is the end to this career of "conquest" in a blood-boltered arena, except one's resolute turning away and exploring the Secrets of the Self, traversing Its gulfs of passion and desert-wastes of vain striving, and storming at last and possessing Its central fortress? Ultimately, then, even as the *Mahabharata* war is really fought in the Kurukshetra that is the human heart and soul, the Kuru hordes and the Pandava Princes engaged in a death-grapple on the issue of *dharma*; so, too, the epic drama of *Anabase* is played in the desert Mongolia of the human heart and soul, there is a march, a struggle, a storming of height after height, with further heights beckoning the nomadic traveller of the worlds further and further till there is no more need for such striving — till the violence is exceeded, the desire surpassed, and only the "song of great sweetness" prevails.

The hunt for sources and parallels is an interesting game, and with a poem so enigmatic as *Anabase* the game can hardly be avoided. Apart from such obvious parallels as the *Odyssey* and *Anabasis,* which come wrapped up in the hoariness of antiquity, there are nearer parallels also. For example, there is in Byron's play *The Deformed Transformed* a "Stranger" who tempts the hunchback, Arnold, with the offer of a beautiful shape, and so turns an obscure but innocent man into a warrior and a scourge. Unlike Mephistopheles, who insists on a written contract with Faustus, the "Stranger" asks for no actual compact:—

> You shall have no bond
> But your own will, no contract save your deeds.

Arnold is an Achilles now ("Count Arnold"), and with the "Stranger" (now "Cæsar") ever at his elbow, he embarks on a career of conquest — "Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore and Glory." In the end, however, love for Olympia takes the place of hate, and peace and spring and love displace war and waste and hate. In *The Waste Land* of Eliot, there is the rumble of distant thunder and the hint of rain and renewal and redemption at the end, so that one is left with the hope that the parched lands of the Fisher King and the Saharas of the human soul and heart will soon be quickened into new life by the downpour from Above. In Pound's *Cantos* is projected — amidst much else besides — the ceaseless quest of Ulysses. Archibald Macleish's *Conquistador* and William Carlos Williams's *Destruction of Tenochtitlan* are about conquests too; and Seferis's *Mythistorima,* like *Anabase,* tries through adroitly deployed symbols and images to incarnate the spirit of eternality in the movements of historic time, the ultimate triumph of spirit over matter, of love and life over hate and death. Time in Eliot, Pound, Perse and Seferis is a shuttlecock moving backwards and forwards, but also circling round a still centre — the poet's own consciousness. "About France there is nothing to say," Perse is reported to have remarked once: "It is myself and all of myself." In a universe released from bondage to time and space, the centre could be anywhere and the circumference is nowhere; and where is such a centre of total vision to be located except in a great poet's subliminal consciousness?

Much has been written about the verse-form of *Anabase.* Perse is said to have been influenced by Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer* and more particularly by the magnificent strophes of the poet-cum-diplomat, Paul Claudel. *Anabase* has been pointedly compared with Claudel's *Tête d'Or,* and Persean verse with "the *verset Claudelian*" — a form which is looser even than Bridges's "loose Alexandrines" in *The Testament of Beauty,* a rhythm without rhyme or metre, yet haunting like the rhythms of the Bible, distinctive like the *"poème en prose"* of Henri Michaux, Francis Ponge and Andrè Spire, and at its best a mixture of the musical, incantational and magical. Dore Ashton, however, says that perhaps Perse was influenced by the Creole speech heard by him during his impressionable years in Guadeloupe — "long, even lines with only ripples of higher or lower intonations . . . a repetitive turning chant accompanied by drums in unmistakable African cadence."[8] Now ellipti-

[8] *The Kenyon Review* (Summer 1961), p. 521.

cal, now repetitive; now terse, now voluble; now stabbingly realistic, now remotely exotic; now all for the painstakingly concrete, now lost in the incandescent ineluctable idea — the verse of *Anabase* is like nothing else in the world's poetry. It has an elemental yet overwhelming quality — like the waves of the sea, like the sea itself; like the clouds massed in the sky, like the sky itself; and like the sea meeting the sky on the horizon:—

> But sentenced are the seasons that we know.
> The serpent holds and the whirlwind harries
> The last oceans where the drowned pursue
> The daze and fall of fabulous voyages.[1]

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE WHOLE OF HISTORY is permeated by the idea of regarding the whole of mankind as one vast community, and of developing its intrinsic powers. This is the ultimate goal of human societies, thus to realize the tendency inherent in man by virtue of his nature.

Even the child experiences a longing which goes beyond the hills and lakes surrounding its restricted homeland. But it also yearns to return; for this is the beauty in man — the nostalgia for what has been lost will always prevent him from living exclusively in the present.

Firmly rooted in the innermost nature of man, the union of all mankind is one of the great guiding ideas in the history of humanity.

—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT

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[1] From W S. Merwin's "Anabasis" (*A Mash for Janus*, 1952).

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

1860—1941

AN APPRECIATION

[**Mr. Czeslaw Raymond Halski, LL.M., A.R.A.M.,** is a Polish composer. He has lived in England since the end of the War, having joined the Royal Academy of Music in 1945. He has contributed almost the whole Polish section in the new edition of Grove's famous *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

His compositions have been played on the B.B.C., and on the Continent.

He has given five lectures at the London Branch, Indian Institute of World Culture, on Polish music and musicians.—Ed.]

Music is a mystery to those who think about it, but a mere fact to those who do not. Music is not merely a succession or combination of sounds but a great enigma which has exercised a powerful influence on mankind from times immemorial. Between music, created and written by the composer, and the public lies a gap which only a living artist can bridge. It is he who recreates the composer's ideas, it is he who calls back to life the music confided to the silent paper. The higher his imaginativeness and perception, the greater and stronger is the influence of the music on the listener.

Twenty years have passed since Ignace Jan Paderewski, hailed by the public as the greatest pianist the world has known since Liszt, died in New York in the darkest hours of the Second World War. He was not a "wonder child"; yet music had a hold upon him from his infancy. Long before he could play, he would climb to the piano stool and try to produce from the instrument as beautiful sound as possible. Of ordinary early musical tuition he had none, his mother having died when he was but a few months old. His father (an administrator of large estates and an ardent Polish patriot) engaged a travelling violinist to give his son and his daughter, two years older than Ignace, a few lessons on the piano. Later on an old teacher of the instrument was engaged to pay fortnightly visits to the estate and he taught both the children to play easy arrangements and potpourris of operatic works.

He was twelve years old when his father took him to Warsaw, where he was enrolled as a pupil at the conservatoire. At the age of eighteen he completed his musical studies with distinction and was immediately engaged as a teacher of pianoforte at the school. At twenty he married a colleague at the school, Miss Antonina Korsak, and the next year he

became a father and at the same time a widower, his wife having died in childbirth.

The shock was strong yet happily not a lasting one: music was his escape from despair and worries. He worked ten to sixteen hours day after day, week after week, year after year. He continued his musical education in Berlin in composition and theoretical subjects. At the age of twenty-four he went to Vienna to the then greatest teacher in piano playing, his compatriot, Theodor Leschetizky. "Leschetizky taught me more in those few lessons than I learned during the whole twenty-four years preceding that time," said Paderewski later at the summit of his pianist's career.

From 1887 onwards, from the time of his débuts in Vienna and Paris his pianist's career was one continuous amazing triumph. In May 1890 he visited England, and the next year he toured widely in America. He repeated his visits to the U.S.A. In Europe he continued to play with the greatest success. He became not only an idol of the crowds on both the continents, his name appearing on all sorts of manufactured goods, but also one of the wealthiest musicians of the world. It is a fact that in a single day in 1902, when he twice appeared as a soloist in New York and his opera, *Manru*, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, his income was about $30,000.

At his residence at Riond-Bosson, near Morges in Switzerland, bought in 1897, many statesmen, diplomats, artists and politicians visited him, among them King Manuel of Portugal, Prince and Princesse Vendôme, brother-in-law and sister of the King of the Belgians, the French socialist Member of Parliament Paul Bouncour, the Maharaja Navanagar Manjil Sahib with his family, the Greek statesman Venizelos, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President of the United States and, among the more famous artists, Nellie Melba, Jan de Reszke, Artur Nikisch, Marcella Sembrich-Kochanska, Joseph Hofman, Leopold Stokowski and Feliks Weingartner.

His playing was characterized by the exquisite delicacy and poetical feeling he displayed in the calmer moments, amazingly well blended with the dramatic, even passionate, rendering of the music performed. His mastery of the keyboard was complete, his touch was so perfect in all the degrees of gradation that every shade of expression was at his command. Under his fingers the piano sang. When playing he was completely engrossed in the works performed as if unaware of the presence of an audience. All the contrasting features of the Polish character — temperament, melancholy, impetuosity, sincerity, sanguineness and

tenderness — were melted in his soul into a surpassing sensitiveness making his highly individual interpretation impossible of imitation. He was hailed as the best interpreter of Beethoven, by others as a reincarnation of Liszt himself, but everybody also had to admit that his rendering of Chopin's works was second to none.

But Paderewski was not only a musician: he was a born orator and statesman whose patriotism was of a far tougher fibre than that of an artist who idealizes his country in a symphony or a song or who in a time of stress is ready to devote his talents to raising funds in charitable causes. In 1910 Paderewski went to Cracow for the ceremony of unveiling the Grunwald Memorial, a large monument in bronze commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the victory over the Teutonic Order won by King Yagello of Poland. It was Paderewski's own idea, and he commissioned a young Polish sculptor, Antoni Wiwulski, to carry it out. He paid for it himself, and presented it to Poland as the first tangible manifestation of his feelings towards his country. This monument was destroyed by the Germans in 1939-40.

In October 1910 during the Chopin celebrations at Lwow, he came to Poland again and delivered a speech, one of his finest oratorical feats, in which he said:—

> No man, however great, can stand above his nation, or beyond his nation. He is seed of her seed, a portion of her, blossom of her bearing, fruit of her ripening.... We know that he [Chopin] was great with our greatness, strong with our strength, beautiful with our beauty.... The whole of our collective soul is in him made manifest.

The independence of Poland was his political watchword, and his unshaken faith in its coming was his lodestar. He became one of the spiritual leaders of Poland. When the 1914-18 war broke out Paderewski felt that he, too, must enter this new era, the era of an unexpected but fated career which would put an end to his artistic activities, if not for good at least for a time. But his innermost conviction, expressed by himself as *"La patrie avant tout — l'art ensuite,"* directed all his lifelong attitude.

Together with the Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, he founded the "Polish Relief Fund" for the victims of war in Poland. Then he went to France, to England and to the United States. He was everywhere playing, delivering speeches, discussing the political situation with the world's statesmen. He struck up a friendship with Colonel House, the chief political adviser to President Wilson, and he also was

able to convince American opinion that the resurrection of Poland was a political necessity.

In 1919 he went to Poland. On January 16th he was nominated Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was he who on June 28th, 1919, signed the Versailles Treaty on behalf of Poland. However, he was too open-minded and too sincere to appreciate or to let himself be drawn into political intrigues and petty bargainings for power. He retired in 1920.

After five years of discontinuation of his concert activities, and moreover at the age of sixty, he decided to reach the impossible. He went with his second wife, whom he had married in 1899, to his estate at Paso Robles in California, where he began from the beginnings again: finger exercises. It was not only a matter of returning to his amazing technique but of drawing himself, both psychologically and physically, into the daily routine of a concert pianist. It was not an easy task and yet his iron will overcame bodily weakness. He reappeared on the concert platform after three years of complete seclusion, first in America then in Europe. Entire audiences rose as he appeared upon the platform and remained standing until the aged master had sat down at the piano. These spontaneous tributes touched him deeply. He could hardly restrain his tears and he felt a great sense of happiness and gratitude. It was the highest reward for his drudgery and toil.

Paderewski was not a "wonder child." His talent gradually developed, deepened and matured. Long studies and hard work on himself led him to the heights of fame reached only by a few. What was the secret of his amazing success? To this question Paderewski himself gave the answer:—

> I owe my success to one per cent talent, nine per cent luck, and to ninety per cent work. Work, work and work alone is the main reason of success.

Paderewski was a unique personality, charming, witty, industrious, sincere, and, above all, sympathetic. His philanthropic deeds were countless. He helped hundreds of artists in financial difficulties; he sponsored many competitions. Before the First World War he was considered the richest living musician in the world, but he gave away almost all his money in the service of Poland. Early in 1933 he played at the Albert Hall in London for the benefit of unemployed English musicians. The concert brought in nearly £4,000. Soon afterwards he gave several similar concerts in America, and in June that year a

recital in Paris for the benefit of Jewish refugees from Germany who had been compelled to leave that country.

Many of the highest decorations were bestowed upon him, both Polish and foreign: he received honorary degrees from ten universities, among them Oxford and Cambridge in England, and Yale and New York in the United States. In 1933 he was awarded the City of Warsaw Music Prize, and he received the freedom of the City of Lausanne.

When he appeared in the West as a concert pianist nobody knew whether Paderewski was a citizen of Russia, Austria, France or Switzerland — yet nobody could fail to know that he was a Pole. And before that Poland, voiced by him first in music and later in the spoken word and his activities, political cynicism receded with shame and the stony insensitiveness of the Western world melted away. None of his contemporaries could, like Paderewski, present the irrevocable links of Poland with Europe and fight for her.

In 1939, after the downfall of Poland, when the Polish Government was organized in France, Paderewski was unanimously elected President of the National Council in Paris. In 1940 he went to America once again to voice the cause of Poland. It was his last journey, for he died in New York on June 29th, 1941. As a sign of supreme homage to the man who dedicated all his life to the cause of Poland, the Polish Government decorated him posthumously with the highest military distinction: the Cross of *Virtuti Militari*.

His unshaken faith in Poland did not leave him even in the last moments of his life. He passed away with the words: "Do believe me, Poland will live again, Poland will live...."

To bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm:
That is the top of sovereignty. (KEATS)

CZESLAW RAYMOND HALSKI

IF I were to begin life again, I would devote it to music. It is the only .. unpunished rapture upon earth.

—SYDNEY SMITH

THE ETERNAL SNOWMAN

[**Miss Odette Tchernine,** poet, writer and broadcaster, writes of that interesting phenomenon, the "Abominable Snowman," which has intrigued explorers and zoologists.—ED.]

WHEN SEEING Eugène O'Neill's play, *The Iceman Cometh,* a few years ago, I remember how right through that epic four-hour performance I was held not only by the masterly acting on the stage but the title itself. It kept recurring mentally not as a mysterious inexorably hooded figure of death, the inevitable reaper, but as a shuffling, rather pathetic form suffering and feared in its dread aura of frost and no return, and hating its fate blindly because it was obliged to stalk mankind and so be hated by many if not all. The shuffling figure reminds me now of the mystique that surrounds another riddle which many consider will never be solved, the identity of the Abominable Snowman.

While I was engaged on research on the Snowman's history, and when subsequently I was writing my latest book, *The Snowman and Company,* that analogy did not occur to me. It does now.

Only death can reveal to humans what lies beyond life; and when that occurs they cannot become momentarily temporal again to tell their fellows what it is all about. We can only rely on faith, belief, race-memory and intuition to give us an even transient idea of what is in store.

Most of the above factors operated in my search for the truth about the Snowman, for the history of that enigma stretches back into time, not for centuries, but for two thousand years. That history includes evidence, theories, legend, superstitions and — let us face it — much nonsense. But overriding the nonsense, the superstitions, and the hoaxes, an unquestionable element of evidence and half-evidence remains, indication that there is "something" unknown for which a solution or logical explanation may some day come to light.

There are incalculable elements in this enigma, which takes on different attributes and names, and is saddled with contradictory characteristics, according to the geographical position and folk tradition of the various high altitudes from where reports stem. There is even something slightly pathetic in the supernatural stories of the Snowman in certain quarters and the complete denial of them in others when one considers that the creature, if creature there be, may be a species unidentified because of its rarity, a creature just as frightened of man as man is of it.

The Snowman has been given many names. Mention of the *Rakshi* or *Raksha* occurs in Valmiki's *Ramayana,* alleged to have been written in the third or fourth century B.C. One section of this long poem describes the abduction of Sita, wife of Rama, Prince of India, during his wrongful exile from his kingdom. The abductor is Ravana, the demon King of Ceylon, then known as Lanka — a name being revived in present times. Ravana's allegedly semi-human demon hordes are called the *Raksha,* a derivation of which name, *Rakshi,* is applied to this day to the Abominable Snowman in some parts of the Himalaya.

I have been loaned a tape-recording, which a friend of mine took during a visit to Nepal in 1958 when she conveyed for me a letter of enquiry I had written to a certain quarter there in connection with my current book. The tape contains a reference to the Abominable Snowman by a Nepalese lady who did the recording for my friend, and she called him the *Rakshi-Bompo.* She was telling a curious if second-hand story of how a childhood friend of hers, a girl, had been kidnapped by one of the Snowmen, carried away to the high peaks, and never seen again.

One must keep an open mind with regard to those stories, even when they are recounted in good faith, for invariably they are never told by the direct witness of whatever incident is in question, and if the first-hand witness is required to appear and repeat his or her story, somehow, he or she has died, or has gone away somewhere unapproachable at the other side of the subcontinent!

At this point it must be made clear that I make no claim to any personal encounter or sighting that might be considered first-hand evidence that the Yeti exists. None the less, for years I have known several of those who have discovered mysterious footprints in the Himalayas. I have carried out research into past theories, books and records, and have discussed the problem with eminent explorers and zoology experts. I have worked out comparisons of geographical regions relevant to this question. I have also seen some hair specimens presented for analysis to experts. There was controversy over that, for some opinions stated they were goat's or hog's hairs, and others that they were hairs from some animal, which could not be identified.

This leads me to the topic of the alleged Yeti scalp brought over from Kumjung Monastery in 1960 by Sir Edmund Hillary. Many years ago there was a wartime economy slogan in the British Isles which asked, "Is your journey really necessary?" Frankly that could be applied to that musty ancient artefact, the so-called Yeti scalp in its trip to

America, France, and London! For that is all it is, an artefact, and the pronouncement by the experts here of its being some artificially constructed relic, did not surprise any of us who had known or guessed for years that the "Yeti scalps" shown with other specimens of the same nature were not genuine, even if the good Lamas believed they were. So the scalp's voyage here and back proved nothing about whether the Yeti was fact or fiction. It merely eliminated one of the "fairy-tales" on the subject.

Even theories presented in the best of faith by travellers, scientists and amateurs are conflicting. Such theories have put forth candidates as varied as apes, bears, leopards and even human aboriginals to explain the Abominable Snowman mystery. So a survey has to be approached with much advance study, and a careful sifting of the wildest of these stories.

There must, however, be some explanation for the photographs of those distinct footprints which explorers Eric Shipton and Michael Ward discovered on the slopes of the Menlung Glacier in 1951. Both those well-known mountaineers, while wisely not committing themselves as to what caused those footprints, are convinced that there is "something" to account for them. I dismiss entirely the suggestion after Sir Edmund Hillary's last Himalayan expedition that the footprints were made by foxes and had been enlarged and transmuted to those huge, distinct and semi-human shapes by the sun melting the snow on which they appeared. Furthermore, other mountaineers, travellers and local people have found similar footprints in other similar terrain, and even at lower altitudes in ploughed fields.

The most recent record I have of such footprints and even sightings were given to me by Mira Behn (Madeleine Slade) on one of her visits to England two years ago on the occasion of the publication of her book *The Spirit's Pilgrimage*. She told me of the down-to-earth opinions of herdsmen who worked under her guidance during the time when she was honorary chairman of a plan for cattle improvement inaugurated by the Indian Government. That was in Kashmir. There the occasional appearance of a Snowman seems to have been accepted as a normal if odd happening. They call it the *Van-Manas*, and look upon it as a species of sub-humans living in caves and forests in the until now unpeopled high-altitude slopes and wooded gorges. The herdsmen and cultivators of small holdings and larger estates told how sometimes they found imprints of the Snowman's wanderings in damp soil, and between ploughed furrows. Some of those recordings, given matter-of-

factly and in good faith, were as recent as 1956.

But here again comes the elusive factor in direct evidence. Mira Behn told me how she had tried to have a personal interview with a small group of hillmen who she was told had rescued one of their women, kidnapped by one of the *Van-Manas*. They had killed the kidnapper in the process, though the woman was unhurt. Her informers could not produce the rescue party from whose lips she wanted to hear the story direct. She asked why they would not come forward, and the reply was that they would not dare, as, since she was connected with the Government, they might be charged with murder, for she would have felt it her duty to report the kill! Would that have mattered? — she queried. And why the term *murder*? The answer was that the simple but practical tribesmen of those high altitudes looked upon whatever it was that had carried the woman away as some kind of human!

In the course of my research on the subject, I have collected reports of similar mysteries in like terrain in other parts of the world, though the Himalayan ones are the most distinct, and the one from which most theories of any substance derive. There was, for instance, an unspecified ape-like and quite friendly apparition not long ago in a region of Nyasaland where unexplored and partly mountainous forest territory was being opened up for new communications. This unspecified creature would watch road-making from high trees and took a fancy to a bright blue truck which workmen left on the track when their work was done for the day. The authorities gave orders that *Ufti,* or *Ufiti* as the local tribesmen called him, must not be hurt or annoyed, for he was an unusual specimen, probably a freak sub-species of anthropoid with characteristics of both chimpanzee and gorilla. Equatorial Africa is gorilla country but the chimpanzee is found further south. None the less, a freak, sometimes known as a "sport," can occur at times. For instance, baboons are native to South Africa, yet in recent months an expedition found a type of rock baboon in the locality of the Tibesti Mountains, a range in the Sahara region.

The various names applied to the Snowman have been mentioned further back. Their variety brings me to the interesting and devious ways in which these terms travel, for my reference to baboons leads me to that, and right back to the Himalayan Abominable Snowman.

I do not mind admitting that I have been hoist with my own petard by this very point that language and names sometimes coincide thousands of miles and oceans apart. In my recent book I poked fun unrepentantly at a report I remembered seeing some years ago. It told of the

Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas being described in those altitudes as the "Dreaded Chemisette," a femininely "dressy" term that amused me as applied to an unknown and rather frightening zoological mystery. I did suggest — apart from my joke — that this odd name might be a misprint. In recent months I was doing research for a B.B.C. programme on the "Nandi Bear," another fabulous, unidentified, and much disbelieved animal in East Africa. This creature, like the Snowman, has many names according to the tribes of Kenya and Uganda, who speak of it with terror. One of the names given to it by the Nandi tribesmen themselves is the *Chemosit*. You see the similarity? The vowels had got mixed up in the spelling in that newspaper report years ago when I read about the "Chemisette." The strange point is that the Nandi Bear's, or Chemosit's, name must have travelled all the way from Kenya's forests and mountains to the forests and mountains of the Himalaya to be applied to the Abominable Snowman — or was it the other way round?

Contradictory as evidence is, it indicates that if ever the Snowman of the Himalayas is discovered, it will be found to be an unspecified branch of the anthropoids, possibly of very rare occurrence, which would account for the sporadic reports. It might also be in danger of becoming extinct. The next best guess would suggest an unusual species of bear, but bear footprints are very different from the alleged Snowman footprints with those large and distinctive toe-marks. Bear footprints show signs of claws, never mentioned with reference to Yeti tracks, and also the bear's toe alignment is quite characteristic. The toes are comparatively small, symmetrical, and as if stemming from a round-shaped, "horse-shoe" type of foot.

Both the records in ancient archives of Chinese, Mongolian and Russian origin, and the more recent reports on modern investigations and references to the Almus, or Almas, point to some confusion having existed between brief sightings of aboriginals and distant glimpses of actual bears.

Whether the mysteries of the Abominable Snowman of the Himalaya and now the Nandi Bear of East Africa will ever be solved is debatable. Until now I felt that there was stronger evidence for the existence of the Himalayan Yeti than the Nandi Bear, held in terror by the East African tribes that speak of it, for in East Africa there are far more zoological specimens that could have been mistaken for something fabulous than there are in the Himalayas. Now I am not so sure, for after the conclusion of the B.B.C. one-hour Nandi Bear programme

already mentioned and in which I took part, there was a last-minute postscript: It stated briefly that current letters from Kenya quoted up-to-the-minute data which suggested that the Nandi Bear was perhaps not such a fantasy after all.

Which of the two fabulous beasts will be identified first — if ever?

ODETTE TCHERNINE

HONOUR AND NOBILITY

IN the *International Philosophical Quarterly* (December 1961) Professor Francois Heidsieck analyzes the concepts of Honour and Nobility in such diverse French philosophers as Descartes, Proudhon, Ravaisson and Sartre, and brings out their continuity.

> What has come to be called the sense of honour plays a decisive rôle in moral life. If it is not the highest value it is the point of reference to which all values are related, and it orders them with respect to ourselves. Indeed, honour is the social form of the moral duty of obligation.

Four elements in the concept of honour are analyzed in Descartes' writings — loyalty to one's prince and country, due recognition of the religious obligation, the place held by honour among other values and the sister-concept of nobility.

Loyalty arises when we remember

> that no man can subsist alone and that each is a part of the universe and, even more particularly, a part of the state, of this society, of this family to which one is bound by country, by oath, by birth.

Religious obligation consists in realizing that man's love for God is the model for every other love. True honour presupposes the esteem of self and conformity of the will to the most enlightened judgment. Descartes finds that

> the sovereign good lies in a firm will to do good and in the contentment that is its reward.... It is free will that constitutes not only the condition for honour but honour itself.

Nobility consists in the resolute use of the will in the pursuit of virtue. Descartes identifies honour and reason, "with reason acting on free will which, in itself, is noble."

In setting up the free will as a power noble in itself Descartes preached a democratic ethic: "The principle of democracy is virtue, that is, the honour of every man who is free to become whatever he can be."

Proudhon, the next thinker studied, points out:—

> Man's true progress is brought about when each one feels an obligation to virtue out of human respect ... By freedom man stimulates himself to do good.

Ravaisson and Sartre also from their own standpoints reinforce the concepts of honour and nobility and are continuers of the Cartesian position.

D. GURUMURTI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH HUMANISM *

THESE two volumes are both representative of contemporary British humanism. But, inside the same movement, they stand for markedly different trends. Mrs. Knight's conception of humanism is the narrower and more fundamentalist one, which is impatient of religion, throws man back on his intellectual resources defined in a rationalistic way, and discovers the mainspring of man's moral action in his innate biological equipment. In short it is an expression of Scientific Humanism, though she does not use this phrase.

As such it startlingly reflects the narrowness of spirit from which that movement springs. The seventy authors cited, most of them valuable in themselves, are selected on a principle which excludes at least half the sources from which one might expect a humanist anthology to be drawn. The only non-European authors are three Chinese, Lao Tzu, Confucius and Mencius. From India, Israel, Islam — nothing. Humanism, we infer, owes no debt to them. The ten authors chosen from Classical antiquity are handpicked for their rationalist interest. Then, with a great leap we pass from the second century A.D. to the sixteenth, from Celsus, the critic of Christianity, to Montaigne. What has become of fourteen centuries of European history — the centuries, moreover, which culminate in that movement which for the historian of culture usually spells Humanism in the traditional and accepted meaning of the term? So Erasmus goes out, presumably because he was a Christian, and Celsus gets in because he was not.

This, however, is to attack the anthology on its weak side. Its strength lies elsewhere, in the rationalist writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Most welcome and most valuable are the extracts from such men as Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Tom Paine, Bentham, Mill, Darwin, Renan, Huxley. The opinions of these heroes of the enlightenment, as also those of the more recent and often still living writers who have carried on their tradition, will be enjoyed by all those who can ignore the narrow range of the anthology as a whole.

From this depressing narrowness of spirit the collection of essays edited by Sir Julian Huxley is refreshingly free. While about half of his twenty-six contributors should no doubt be classed as scientists, the banner under which they march is not that of Scientific Humanism but that of Evolutionary Humanism; nor is the word evolution understood only in its biological sense. True, the Darwinian derivation of man by a natural process from the animal kingdom is fundamental to Sir Julian's thesis. But he does not conclude from this that the mainspring of man's moral action, the source of his social as distinct from his biological evolution, resides in his genetically inherited instincts. True, he wishes to propagate a unitary view of existence, to affirm the natural and exclude the supernatural. But for him the period of

* *The Humanist Frame.* Edited by JULIAN HUXLEY (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 432 pp. 1961. 37*s* 6*d*.); *Humanist Anthology: From Confucius to Bertrand Russell,* Compiled by MARGARET KNIGHT. (Published for the Rationalist Press Association, Ltd., by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 200 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

biological evolution has to all intents and purposes ceased and passed over into a psycho-social phase in which "a succession of successful idea-systems" has taken the place of "a succession of successful bodily organizations." In this new phase of evolution science, art and religion are not "independent entities" but "interlocking functions of our evolving species." Consequently a basis for a truce to the weary quarrel between religion and science, the waging of which is the very substance of Mrs. Knight's book, can be suggested:—

> The only way in which the present split between religion and science could be mended would be through the acceptance by science of the fact and value of religion as an organ of evolving man, and the acceptance by religion that religions must evolve if they are not to become extinct.

On this basis, clearly sketched in his vigorous and masterly Introduction, Sir Julian has assembled a team of writers willing to leave transcendental issues in abeyance and combine to apply their varied skills and talents to the relief of man's present distresses. The volume is not a set of academic exercises. It carries a sense of urgency and unity, the unity springing from the central evolutionary concept, the urgency from the realization that the time has come when man must take his destiny into his own hands or perish and that the time is short. But the book offers no panacea, no nostrum. On the contrary it generates hope by calling on a wide diversity of distinguished talents to explain what their various specialisms can contribute to the solution of the present crisis in human destiny.

Thus we find physicians like Sir Russell Brain and Sir Robert Platt, scientists like Waddington and Bronowski, sociologists like Baroness Wootton and Morris Ginsberg, all keeping time and tune with one another and with the jurists, journalists, educationists, economists, architects and musicians in the richly orchestrated theme which supplies their common inspiration. What makes possible this harmony is the fact that Sir Julian Huxley has here sunk his thought to a depth at which the arts and sciences find their common root in human nature itself. The old quarrel between idealism and materialism is laid to rest. There is no equivocation about the central truth that man can only remake his society by remaking himself and only remake himself by remaking his society. "On this view," as Ginsberg puts it,

> reason is not the slave of the impulses and feelings, nor independent of them. We may conceive of it as that in our personality which strives for integration, deeper than conscious thought, but the more effective the more it uses thought, working within and through the basic impulses and interests and deriving its energy from them

How communications at these various levels are not merely symbols of some underlying physical reality but themselves real things is made clear in Professor P. Meredith's highly original paper: "Messages are . . . currents of social causation," and therefore real, active forces They form the ecological environment for evolution in its new psycho-social phase, and this environment "must include messages from musicians, painters, sculptors, poets and dramatists." What institutionalized agencies now exist for the expression in economic form of the rapidly growing humanist consciousness of mankind is the encouraging theme of Sudhir Sen's lucid essay "New Horizons for Underdeveloped Peoples."

B. FARRINGTON

Reincarnation: An East-West Anthology. Compiled and edited by JOSEPH HEAD and S. L. CRANSTON. (The Julian Press, New York. 341 pp. 1961. $6.50.)

Dr. Viktor Frankl, the well-known Viennese psychiatrist, has suggested that man is dominated neither by Freud's Will-to-Pleasure principle nor by Adler's Will-to-Power, but by what he calls the Will-to-Meaning, man's basic search for a comprehensive meaning to existence. The wealth of quotations brought together in this volume bring out how the concepts of immortality and reincarnation have served to provide meaning and purpose to human life in a universe of unbroken continuity, where birth is not a mere beginning nor death a final end. This theme has been called the "central issue of our time," but it really constitutes "the central issue of all times."

In the past, the West was greatly concerned about the issue of the immortality of the human soul, while the Orient, with its stress on the doctrine of *Karma,* has held to the more specific notion of reincarnation. Of course, the two ideas are closely linked. As W. Macneile Dixon has said in his Gifford Lectures (1936-37), *The Human Situation*, the only kind of immortality which is at all conceivable is that of rebirth with its implication of pre-existence; and it is by far the most ancient and most widely held. He significantly cites the arch-sceptic Hume himself as saying that "it is the only system to which philosophy can hearken."

This Anthology does not seek to pile up evidence to establish reincarnation as a fact, but suggests that an idea which has occupied so many exceptional minds is worthy of careful study and serious investigation. In the words of Albert Schweitzer:—

> The idea of reincarnation contains a most comforting explanation of reality by means of which Indian thought surmounts difficulties which baffle the thinkers of Europe.

But a few dissenting opinions are also included. It is, however, noteworthy that apart from mere explanation, evidence too may be forthcoming to establish reincarnation as a fact; as opined by Dr. Ian Stevenson, Chairman, Department of Psychiatry, University of Virginia:—

> Further investigation of apparent memories of former incarnations may well establish reincarnation as the most probable explanation of these experiences.

The book is in four Parts of unequal length. The First Part covers the doctrines of the world's religions, but forms less than a fourth of the book, the Oriental religions, Hinduism and Buddhism taking up barely twenty pages. Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism account for about thirty. The catholicity of the editors is shown by the inclusion of the primitive and primal religions, on the one hand, and of Masonry and Theosophy on the other. The Second Part, constituting the bulk of the book, comprises the views of over four hundred Western thinkers on reincarnation, ranging from ancient Greece and Rome to modern Russia and America. Over half of this is taken up by the statements of British and American thinkers.

The last two brief Parts contain the views of noted scientists and psychologists. Although the shortest, they are the most interesting and valuable. The broad outlook may be expressed in the words of James Freeman Clarke:—

> It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis, remodeling it to suit our present modes of religious and scientific thought, and launching it again on the wide ocean of human belief. But

stranger things have happened in the history of human opinion.

The collection is altogether to be commended as presenting a wide and open perspective with a carefully arranged balance which will help to correct many modern misconceptions on the subject. For us it is of special interest that five notable excerpts from THE ARYAN PATH find a place in it.

K. GURU DUTT

Advaita and Viśiṣṭādvaita. By S. M. SRINIVASA CHARI. With a Foreword by S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. xvii+204 pp. 1961. Rs. 12.00)

This book is a lucid exposition in English of the *Śatadūṣaṇī* of Vedānta Deśika, a work which, following closely the *Śrī Bhāṣya* of Rāmānuja, criticizes the cardinal doctrines of Advaita Vedānta from the Viśiṣṭādvaitic standpoint. The merit of *Śatadūṣaṇī* lies in this that it both states the Advaita doctrines and gives the Viśiṣṭādvaitic criticisms of them. The work of Dr. Srinivasa Chari gives its readers an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the major doctrinal differences between the two schools of Vedanta, their arguments and counter-arguments.

No attempt is made by the author to give any independent appraisal or critical evaluation of the arguments and conclusions of the two schools of Vedānta or to reconcile them in some new system of thought. The exposition, as the author has himself observed in closing the work,

> of the dialectical criticisms of Vedānta Deśika against Advaita brings out the fundamental differences of the two systems of Vedānta These differences as we have already explained arise mostly as a result of the different standpoints adopted by the two systems. We do not here attempt to evaluate the relative merits and defects of the two systems as it is beyond the scope of the present thesis.

The author has also observed:—

> It would be an interesting study to take up each of the criticisms of Vedānta Deśika and assess its soundness in the light of the possible answers of the Advaitin which may be found in some of the polemic works of post-Deśika period, particularly the *Advaita Siddhi* and *Śatabhūṣaṇī*.... But it would not be possible to discuss in these pages the several issues raised in the *Śatadūṣaṇī* in the light of the answers available in the *Advaita Siddhi* and other works.

In the reviewer's opinion, it would have been fairer to the Advaitins and would have considerably advanced the value of the work if a chapter had been devoted to such possible answers of the Advaitins to the criticisms of the *Śatadūṣaṇī* as could be found in the *Advaita Siddhi, Śatabhūṣaṇī* and other works.

The main targets of the Viśiṣṭādvaitic attack on Advaita are the concepts of *Nirguṇa Brahma, avidyā, indeterminate consciousness*, the identity of the *Jīva* with *Brahma*, the unreality of the world, the Advaita conception of *Mukti*, and the Advaita view of *pramāṇas* and the interpretation of the *Śruti* texts. The readers of Dr. Chari's work will be grateful to him for his lucid exposition of the Viśiṣṭādvaita criticisms on all these points. It is assured of recognition as a valuable addition to Viśiṣṭādvaita literature and the reviewer heartily congratulates the author on his fine work.

It has not been possible for the reviewer within the short scope of this review to discuss the issues between Advaita and Viśiṣṭādvaita. He would just touch a point in closing. To all the critics of the Advaita down the

ages the chief *vexata quæstio* in that system has been the unreality (often miscalled "illusoriness") of the world On this point I would content myself here with quoting what Dr. S. Radhakrishnan has written in the Foreword to the book:—

> No teacher of the *Advaita* holds that the world is absolutely unreal or illusory. It is real as a manifestation of being but unreal as a self-subsisting entity

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

This Is It and Other Essays on Zen and Spiritual Experience. By ALAN W. WATTS. (John Murray, London. 158 pp 1961. 15*s*.)

In his recent writings Alan Watts has become engagingly direct and downright, but at the cost, perhaps, of sacrificing depth and the finer discriminations to the slap-dash. It is doubtless tempting to one of his buoyant disposition to talk about the condition of spiritual awakening in which everything is seen to be as right as it can be, "as one sings in the bathtub or splashes in the sea." But in these six essays, and particularly in the last two of them in which he discusses spirituality and sensuality and the possible spiritual value of mescalin and LSD, he does at times skim too lightly over the surface of his subjects. He has, of course, lived and thought Zen for many years and because he is so much at home with its assumptions he has never encouraged a false cult of it either as a pretext for self-conscious anarchy, as in some sophisticated Western art circles, or by artificially transplanting a traditional Eastern style of Zen into alien environment. His own desire is for Zen to "soak into the West informally, like the drinking of tea. We can digest it better that way." His pamphlet, "Beat Zen, Square Zen, and Zen" included here, shows clearly what he means by that and the kind of "fuss" to be avoided, since the essence of Zen was and is to accept life and ourselves as they are "without the least need to justify anything."

This sounds perfectly easy and natural, but to be perfectly easy and natural is, in fact, the highest attainment of which man is capable. The problem he has to solve before this becomes possible, as succinctly stated in the essay entitled "Zen and Control," is this:—

> Man is a self-conscious and therefore self-controlling organism, but how is he to control the aspect of himself which does the controlling?

At a certain point self-control becomes a form of paralysis and, armed by modern technology, it is rapidly splitting man into two parts. So long as the self remains split, the problem is insoluble. The trap in which man is caught closes more tightly, the more self-consciously he tries to open it. The purpose of Zen is to free man from this paralytic dualism, to release him into that centre of being in which there is no longer a higher-controlling self and a lower-controlled self, but in which he co-operates from moment to moment with the whole will and movement of life.

In these essays Alan Watts presents the problem and what its solution involves with expert mental facility and also suggests from his own experience what it is to feel, if only for a few hours, that no problem exists. Yet, stimulating as his book is, it lacks the rich inward substance which the soul contributes to spiritual experience. And it is doubtful whether it will help its readers very much to actualize the en-

lightenment and total reconcilement with life which it angles before their noses so invitingly.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Christ's Drama: The Nature of Spiritual Growth. By NIGEL RICHMOND. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 212 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

The sub-title of this book is "The Nature of Spiritual Growth." Its means and content is the Gospel according to St. Matthew, freshly and individually interpreted. In the closing chapter, the author, conscious that he may not have carried his reader with him, enlarges on the account of the purpose briefly described in the opening pages. It may help other readers, as it did the reviewer, to read the last chapter first.

The author lays great stress on the fact that, in the days of Jesus, information was communicated by means of symbolic action rather than in the language of words. Would we understand the message of the gospel, we must interpret its symbols into terms intelligible to the modern mind. To this end, Mr. Richmond takes the text, section by section, disentangles what he understands by the symbolism used, and interprets it in the context of a definition of religion as "the development of individual man from his egocentric infancy towards his God."

The treatment is highly subjective and it is not easy either to follow the author's argument or to grasp its relation to the text of St. Matthew. There are many shrewd judgments scattered through the book, as, for example, the reference to the concern of God that His creatures should develop rather than that they should be comfortable. There seems, however, a major presupposition which distorts the presentation as a whole. Mr. Richmond while convinced of the reality of Jesus denies that the effectiveness of His teaching depends upon the reality of the facts of His life. This separation of meaning from fact, of idea from history, is not new. It is no less fatal to the understanding of the gospel in the twentieth century than it was in the second.

MARCUS WARD

C. G. Jung. By E. A. BENNET. (Barrie and Rockliff, London. 165 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 21*s*.)

The most interesting part of this book is that which deals with the relationship between those two great pioneers in psychology, Jung and Freud. To quote another reviewer on this subject:—

> There is something irresistible about the picture of Freud and Jung travelling together to America in 1909, earnestly, if testily, engaged in mutual analysis.

Freud had experienced a dream of a rather intimate nature, but he refused to confide it to Jung on the ground that if he did so he, Freud, might lose his authority over Jung. Freud had already lost it, for Jung was reacting strongly against Freud's outlook. So also did he find Freud's intolerance towards all religious ideas and his preoccupation with sexuality difficult to stomach. Dr. Bennet, who is a lecturer in Psychology at Maudsley Hospital, does not hide his sympathy with Jung in the controversy between Freud and Jung. He frequently visited Jung at Zurich and had many intimate talks with him there. Freud and Jung were men of very different characters, a difference

on which Jung lays great stress in his description of different psychological types. Freud was obviously an extrovert and Jung an introvert, and it was not to be expected that they would manage to work amicably together for very long. Yet a realization of their personal differences was the means of their making new advances in psychology, as Dr. Bennet has clearly pointed out in this book.

KENNETH WALKER

Meditation in D Minor. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham, England. 63 pp. 1961. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Dallas Kenmare's poetry has a distinctly subjective flavour and few, if any, jarring reverberations from the noisy modern world. Her imagery is on the whole conventional but the framework of her poetry is unconventional and she emplcys considerable skill in its construction She eschews rhyme and strict metre and shows a penchant for free verse, which is well adapted to her muse. A thread of mysticism runs through most of these poems, many of which prove Miss Kenmare a poet of distinction. She is at her best when she achieves a level balance emotionally, at her weakest when she permits sentiment to lapse into sentimentality. Sometimes, too, she is inclined to be "precious." Miss Kenmare's poetry is infused with that not unpleasing melancholy which seems inseparable from the artists and she has a keen ear for the music of words. One of the best poems in this collection is entitled "The Quest of the Blue Rose," which epitomizes the search for some rare and exquisite happiness:—

> And now at last, the dream forgotten,
> the quest abandoned, the treasure is
> found unsought,
> Today I hold incredulously in my hands
> the gift of a fadeless blue rose....

A perusal of these poems suggests that they are really a logical sequence reflecting different aspects of the poet's spiritual pilgrimage. Perhaps, therefore, Miss Kenmare would have done well to omit titles to her poems and merely number them as did that fine poet Siegfried Sassoon, in a slim but memorable volume entitled *The Heart's Journey*, published between the two wars.

Miss Kenmare's poems might best be appreciated by reading them aloud.

HERBERT BLUEN

Saṅgītopaniṣat-Sāroddhāra. By VACANACARYA SUDHAKALASA. (Gaekwad's Oriental Series, No. 133. M.S. University of Baroda. xlii+144 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

Varied and lasting in value have been the contributions made by the Jains to Indian literature be it Sanskrit or Prakrit, Aryan or Dravidian. The present is a Sanskrit work on Indian music and dancing, and its author belongs to the *Maladhārīya gaccha* of the Śvetāmbara Jains. It appears to have been abridged in Saṁvat 1406 (1350 A.D.) from a larger work by the same author, the *Saṅgītopaniṣad*, composed twenty-six years earlier, though not yet known to us.

Of its six chapters (*adhyāyas*) the first three deal with music in its general and basic form, musical composition (*prabandha*) and dance-drama (*nāṭaka*), *rāgas* and *tālas*. Chapter IV speaks of four types of musical instruments, *tata, ghana, suṣira* and *ānaddha*, and the Jain tradition regarding the origin of some of these, particularly the drum (*muraja*); and the last two

chapters are concerned with dancing (*nṛtya*), which is an essential part of *Saṅgīta*.

The language of the text seems easy, and the uncertain readings in it, met with often, are probably the result of insufficient MS. material at the disposal of the Editor. A few printing mistakes, seen here and there (pp. 2, 58, etc.), need to be rectified. The elaborate Introduction of the Editor analyzes the contents of the work in detail and evaluates its worth to the student of Indian music. There can be no doubt of the value of the book as a representative of the tradition of music and dancing in Gujarat and Rajasthan in the fourteenth century.

H. G. NARAHARI

Contribution of the South to the Heritage of India. (Publications Division, Delhi. 52 pp. 1961 Re. 1.00)

This is a collection of seven talks broadcast by the All India Radio Necessarily brief (on the average, 3,000 words), with certain inevitable omissions and repetitions, the talks attempt to project the main outline of the rich and varied contribution of South India to Bharat's heritage. The broadcasters, eminent in their respective fields, approach the listeners in a pleasantly informal way, stating the "facts of the case" with clarity and simplicity.

In the opening talk, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan touches upon the contributions of great thinkers and commentators like Kumarila Bhatta, Sayana, Shankara, Ramanuja, Vedanta Deshika and Madhva to Indian thought and philosophy. According to Dr. R. N. Dandekar, the most striking contribution of the South to Indian mythology would seem to be the idea of Shiva. Dr. Charles Fabri speaks of the unrivalled treasure-trove of art, architecture and bronzes in South India. Rukmini Devi on "Music and Dance," K. K. Pillay on "Social Customs and Institutions," and K. M. Panikkar on "Political Concepts and Institutions" crystallize their ideas on these subjects, and the reader is duly grateful.

South India can indeed be proud of being the home of four great literatures — Tamil, Kannada, Telugu and Malayalam. Tamil is the oldest, with its early classics *Silappadikaram* and *Manimekhalai* and later classics *Kural* and Kamban's *Ramayana*. In course of time Kannada developed a rich literature of its own. Being "the smelting centre for a number of centuries of the material received from the four corners of the country," Andhra took some time to discover its expression in Telugu, a *triveni* or a language made mellifluous by the best of Sanskrit, Prakrit and Dravidian flowing into it. Malayalam came last but it is fast making up for lost time. We should read the booklet in the light of the wise remark made by Shri M. Satyanarayana in his talk on "Literature": "... there is not much Indian culture without South India; of course, there is no South India without India."

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Splendour of Greece. By ROBERT PAYNE (Robert Hale, Ltd., London. 191 pp. Map. 28 plates. 1961. 21*s*.)

"We journey to Greece like pilgrims to a feast," writes the author, and it is to holiday-making pilgrims that his book is in the main addressed, especially those visiting Greece for the first time. Some will enjoy the survey as background reading before touring Greece

and the fascinating islands of the Ægean; others may get more from it after they have personally savoured the unforgettable landscape of this legendary land, and have seen for themselves the antiquities and ancient sites.

The book caters for both, for the author acts as a sort of well-informed guide to Mycenæ, Olympia, Delphi, Corinth, Athens, Delos and Mykonis, Patmos and Rhodes, isolating each in a series of fifteen fluently written chapters. He cleverly intermingles recorded history and myth, Hellenic literature, archæology and personal narrative, with brief accounts of some of the men to whom we owe our present knowledge of ancient Greece through the excavations they have directed since the time of Schliemann.

The informal style in which the author recalls his own experiences and emotions when visiting the sites will commend his book to a popular audience, but it should be emphasized that the photographs (including some of marbles removed from sites to foreign museums), and some evocative quotations, including a long one from that strange neo-Pindaric ode, the *Patmos* of the visionary philhellenic German poet, Friedrich Holderlin, make this introduction to "the splendour that was Greece" well above the average level of commentaries for tourists and casual travellers.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

Reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda. By HIS EASTERN AND WESTERN ADMIRERS. (Advaita Ashrama, Calcutta. 404 pp. 1961. Rs. 7.50)

During the last three-quarters of a century many important events have happened in the intellectual life of humanity. But few can compare in dramatic force and permanent effect with the epoch-making appearance of the Hindu monk Vivekananda at the Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893. The impact of this great spiritual personality on Western life and thought is well brought out in this book of reminiscences by several persons who had the inestimable good fortune of coming into contact with this unrivalled prophet-saint of modern India, this matchless propounder of the gospel of the Self, one of the greatest figures of the Indian Renaissance.

In what is undoubtedly and incomparably the best chapter of this book, Sister Christine gives a deep understanding of the work of Swami Vivekananda. His luminous insight, his spiritual power born of self-realization, his great capacity of awakening souls to the innate greatness in them, his deep patriotism, and his passionate love of the poor and the underprivileged are brought out clearly.

The impress which his life and character had on those who were about him is discussed from various angles by people who represented different walks of life.

In the earlier chapters we get glimpses of his coming greatness as revealed in his contacts with persons before 1893; notably the contribution by Professor K. Sundararama Iyer is revealing.

On the whole, this is a very vivid and inspiring book, which, along with his biography and letters, gives an enduring insight into the life, achievement and spiritual stature of one of the foremost sons of India.

D. GURUMURTI

The Principles of Moral Philosophy. By BEN KIMPEL. (Philosophical Library, New York. 234 pp. 1960. $3.75)

Human life, the human way of living, entails moral problems and therefore reflection on moral distinctions becomes necessary and also desirable. Mr. Ben Kimpel's book aims at achieving an empirically thought-out analysis of such problems and a formulation of the principles of a sound moral philosophy. One of the significant achievements of the book is the distinction made between the analytical, which is the same as the semantical in contemporary philosophy, and the empirical, types of problems involved in our moral philosophizing. A clarification of the meaning of terms used in moral evaluation is supplemented by a consideration of evidence in support of moral ideals, the criteria by which moral evaluations are made. Towards clarification of sound moral ideals and an understanding of human life in general, the author presses into service some of the basic contributions of the empirical sciences, like psychoanalysis.

The book ends with a most refreshing account of the nature and meaning of moral responsibility, *viz.*, that it is essentially a way of *acting*, not merely to be restricted to intentions or thinking, and acting in conformity with morally sound principles in a way that will contribute to human well-being. A way of acting so as to enrich human life is not determined by men's presumed knowledge of its moral soundness but the fundamental moral problem still remains according to the author's own admission (p. 220): to know which principles are morally sound and which are not, to ascertain which is a primary aspect of moral responsibility.

S. BASU

Golden Lamps of God: A Collection of Thoughts and Sayings to Uphold and Sustain. Garnered, Contributed to and Edited by CHRISTOPHER C. LYON. (The C. W. Daniel Company, Ltd., Rochford, Essex, England. 110 pp. 1961. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This small book consists of "excerpts and quotations from the Works and Thoughts of those Great Ones, of all Races, Creeds, Colour and Ages." There are 122 in all, one for each three days of the year, and they are taken from Christian, Sufi, Chinese, Egyptian, Hindu and other sources. Each one is complete in itself. The author suggests reading one "the first thing of every waking day, or the last thing every night before sleep comes to blot out the happenings and depressive activities of the past busy hours." There are many worse ways of beginning and ending the day.

C. B.

MEN do mightily wrong themselves when they refuse to be present in all ages and neglect to see the beauty of all kingdoms.

—TRAHERNE

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[On August 24th, 1961, our esteemed friend, **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, C.I.E., M.C., M.A., M.D.(Cantab.), F.R.C.P.(London), F.R.S.(England), F.A.Sc., I.M.S.(Retd.)**, gave at The Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, the lecture of which we print below the first part. — Ed]

CIVILIZATION AT THE CROSSROADS

I

Today we are passing through a critical phase in human history. We witness a steady relaxation of traditions and of the established order of things. The guiding rôle of religion in life, in our daily conduct, is becoming less and less prominent. There is misunderstanding and bitterness all around. Suspicion, uncertainty and fear prevail in the international as well as the national spheres During the lifetime of some of us, two World Wars have been waged with unprecedented grimness and the vision of a Third World War of a still greater magnitude and virulence stares us in the face all the time. Everywhere around us there are signs of revolutionary social and political changes. The world is divided into two opposite camps on the basis of their different ideologies, which they are anxious to guard, protect and preserve at any cost, and with this object they are arming themselves on an ever increasing scale. We are anxious, and have misgivings about where all this is leading us With all humility I am constrained to remark that the human race may be annihilated by its own acts, prompted by the stupidity and selfishness so firmly enthroned in the human mind.

If we are not careful enough and do not deliberately check the unwholesome and unhealthy tendencies that exist, we may be forced to plunge headlong into an era of utter darkness and barbarity. It would mean the destruction of all those fine accomplishments in physical, mental and spiritual domains which we are pleased to call civilization. Civilization is truly at the crossroads. Which way is it to turn? Any false step at this juncture may result in irretrievable disaster and ruin. The challenge to us of this generation is to ensure that this catastrophe shall not occur.

This is the age of science. Science is immensely useful, and it should be used for the welfare of mankind, as for instance in eliminating disease and raising the standard of health, supplying rapid means of communication and beautifying life generally. We are making fresh scientific experiments in every field, and this work should continue with ever increasing zeal and efficiency. But scientific discoveries are used not always for the welfare of humanity but often for its destruction. The atomic age fills us with horror. The fact is that some scientists are tied to the chariot wheels of the State, and it is the politicians who finally decide to what purpose new knowledge should be put. A close integration of science and the humanities in all corners of the earth and a better appreciation of ethical values may help to change this disastrous situation.

Bertrand Russell, the well-known British philosopher, who has been solemnly and persistently asking for nu-

clear disarmament, warned us only last month, saying:—

Most people in this country [England] as well as in other countries appear to be unaware that the governments of East and West are solemnly preparing by mutual vituperation to create a general state of mind in which the public will acquiesce in a large-scale nuclear war

A nuclear war would wipe out Europe completely and North America as a component civilization.

If it were not happening, I should have thought it inconceivable, that Ministers calmly contemplate this wanton and merciless disaster. Yet it is so.

Statements have recently been made on both sides of the Iron Curtain claiming that in a nuclear war the side to which the speaker belonged might achieve victory This is utter nonsense, and must be known to be nonsense by those who utter it, unless they are criminally ignorant of things which it is their duty to know. The peril is imminent and deadly

Before the end of the year we may all be dead, you, your children if you have any, your wife or husband, your friends and all, who make up the population of your neighbourhood and your country

If you do nothing during the coming weeks of crisis you will have your share in the blame. You will have your part in the crime of killing all those whom you care for.

The Governments can be stopped in their mad folly, but they can only be stopped by a vast movement of protest. in which all sane men and women must take part.

The time may be short. Action must be now or it may be too late

The one thing for which we must stand is that the differences between East and West, whether about Berlin or any other issue, must be settled by negotiation and not by war — for war in the nuclear age can leave nothing standing that either side could possibly desire.

Bertrand Russell called upon the people of the world to rise in a vast protest with the cry "Negotiation, not War."

It is your duty in this moment of supreme danger to do all that lies in your power to bring some spark of reason and humanity into the minds and hearts of those who control the destinies of East and West,

he added.

That is the situation at present.

In order to understand the age we live in, and the present civilization, it is necessary to have a look at the past.

Civilization as we usually think of it emerged only about six or seven thousand years ago. This is a very small period compared to the age of the human race or of the life on this planet, or the age of the planet itself or our own solar system or the galaxy of stars of which it is nothing more than a grain of dust. I shall not, therefore, start with the beginning of things, but will content myself by recalling that there are certain periods of human history which stand out markedly as periods of intense cultural change. The sixth and seventh centuries B.C. were a period of great intellectual upsurge in India, China, Babylon, Egypt and Greece. This was the classical period in antiquity, which in Europe after the Roman empire gradually drifted into the Middle Ages, and the Middle Ages passed on through the Renaissance to modern times. The modern period, in which we live, is influenced by the spirit of science and rationalism, by secular humanism and by the idea of the sovereign nation-state. Today for the first time in history all human beings inhabiting different parts of the earth have become part of one civilization, owing to the rapid development of communications by land, sea and air. Each one of us is to some extent dependent on the rest. We are linked together economically and our political fortunes

are also interdependent. In spite of our being drawn so close together physically, we do not feel as if we were one, and there is constant friction and lack of understanding between the nations of the world.

The ancient Greeks laid the foundations of natural science for Europe. It was the ambition of the Greek mind to analyze, explore, test and prove all things in the light of reason. They were the first to attempt to make life rational, and to apply the principles of reason to primitive beliefs. Socrates firmly believed that human nature was fundamentally good and that the spread of enlightenment would abolish all that was wrong and vicious.

The Greeks were not very renowned for their religious fervour. Their main religion was the worship of the Olympian gods, such as Zeus, Pallas Athene, Aphrodite, Hermes and Artemis, etc., each of which represents either human qualities or forces of nature. They were, however, devoted to their concept of the city-states. The city was the unit of Greek society and claimed the devotion of all its citizens. This patriotism for the city was as a sort of second religion with them.

Greek civilization gave to Europe the habit of disinterested knowledge, but it also left them the legacy of holding patriotism the highest virtue. With the disappearance of the city-state, Greek patriotism died. Rome, which succeeded Greece, was powerful for a time, but her religion had a special relation to the State. Worship was a public duty. The citizens could have their own private beliefs also so long as they acknowledged the religion of the State. This could not satisfy the immortal longings in man; nor did it impart unity to the State. It was disunity among the provinces that ultimately caused the fall of Rome. It was during the decay of Greco-Roman civilization that Christianity arose. After a period of struggle, it got a firm hold on Europe.

Both Judaism and Christianity take their stand on revelation. Their chief contributions to European thought are an insistence on the insufficiency of the intellectual, the importance of the historical and the great need for the higher spiritual values of life. The Christian view presents a blend of the Greek and Jewish conceptions of the historical. The intellectual life of the Middle Ages was devoted to the development of this conception. Thus, Thomas Aquinas in his writings makes an attempt to build a system of Christian theology with the aid of the logic of Aristotle.

During the Middle Ages, Christianity gave to Europe a sense of the Divine power as well as a clue to right conduct. It definitely raised the ethical standards in the land. But at the same time it prevented free enquiry. Then came the Renaissance, which gave to Europe a new civilization based on the three Greek ideals of rationalist philosophy, humanistic ethics and nationalist politics. It gave back to Europe the free curiosity of the Greek mind, as well as the Roman sense of practicality and orderliness. There was a revival of the classics. Science and adventure started their memorable careers in this atmosphere. We had Copernicus and Columbus, Machiavelli and Andreas Vesalius, Luther and Calvin, Galileo and Descartes. The scientific and technological achievements brought different parts of the world in close relation with each other. The philosophical thought of the period was moulded by the protagonists of science. According to this, Truth is contained only in that which can be recognized by us. Mathematics is the great example of truth. Spinoza says:—

> Truth would be eternally hidden from the human race, had not mathematics, which deals not with ends but with the nature and properties of figures, shown to man another norm of truth.

Mankind is slower to move and acquire new modes of thought than many of us imagine. An important feature of the Renaissance was that a society divided into the lay and the clerical gave place to one divided into the rich and the poor; and an atmosphere hostile to free enquiry gave place to one in which science could live and flourish. During the Middle Ages the Church was the sole repository of culture. The training was mostly in sacred texts and no new knowledge was acquired. The study of natural science was at a discount. The change took place in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Men began to study nature. Painters examined the human frame and surgeons dissected it. The new knowledge had no connection with Theology.

> With a sharp gesture of impatience [says H. A L. Fisher], Europe turned away from the vast literature of commentaries and glosses, which the pedants of the later Middle Ages had inscribed "in letters of opium on tablets of lead"

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century made possible the diffusion of knowledge to a large mass of people by means of books.

All this gave rise to consequences which were far-reaching and unexpected. Quite unconsciously and gradually mankind acquired a new attitude towards knowledge. They felt that the past was no longer supreme and authority, so far as knowledge was concerned, no longer went unchallenged. Truth was no longer simply that which was given in ancient books but something they must discover and prove for themselves.

It was also about this time that there emerged in Europe the form of social and political grouping which we call "nation." Europe was split up into a number of national groups, between which, unfortunately, there was considerable rivalry and friction. A spirit of national pride and independence prevailed, and diplomacy was surcharged with the notion of a balance of power between nations. Ultimately this idea of nationhood became all-important.

All this has been continuing with ever increasing vigour during the last three hundred years, but the progress made in the first half of the twentieth century has been on such a tremendous scale as was undreamt of by any of the previous generations. Europe has been beautifully summarized by H. A. L. Fisher:—

> . the life-giving inrush of the Aryan peoples, the flowering of the Greek genius, the long Roman peace, the cleansing tide of Christian ethics, the slow reconquest of classical learning after the barbaric invasions, the discovery through oceanic travel of the new world, the rationalism of the eighteenth, the philanthropy and science of the nineteenth centuries

S. L. BHATIA

(To be concluded)

"GOD IS not good," said Eckhart. "I am good." Goodness is the means by which men and women can overcome the illusion of being completely independent existents and can raise themselves to a level of being upon which it becomes possible, by recollection and meditation, to realize the fact of their oneness with ultimate reality, to know and in some measure actually associate themselves with it. The ultimate reality is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding"; goodness is the way by which it can be approached.

— ALDOUS HUXLEY

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, December 29th, 1961

AFTER dishing out in abundance expressions of good will during the Christmas week we are back to normal. We have started the New Year at each other's throats, as it were. On the eve of the New Year, the country got the first red signal of the impending industrial strife that is likely to last for months and months. As the workers and the employers, in this case the postmen and the British Government, attacked each other, we realized the futility of wishing well to each other only during the festive season of good will.

The massive weight of the trade union movement is now rallied behind the Post Office workers' resolution to go slow. The General Secretary of the T.U.C., Mr. George Woodcock, at a mass rally at the Albert Hall, launched a campaign to work to rule. Indeed his declaration of war against the Government before the 1st of January, the date decided for the resumption of the go-slow campaign, is almost unprecedented in the industrial disputes which have arisen in the past. The 5,000 wildly cheering postmen, telephone girls and counter clerks applauded him as he announced:—

> This is the most serious industrial situation I have known in my twenty-five years' experience. You are right because it has become abundantly clear that force is the only thing that will make the Government reconsider, as they ought to reconsider, the wages pause.

Mr. Woodcock then lambasted the Government's pay-pause policy as unfair, unjust and impracticable.

Good will or no good will, the British postmen are following the instructions of their leaders. At the post offices clerks are using a measuring tape to check that no parcels exceed the size laid down in the regulations. They have also been insisting on receiving money and counting it before issuing money orders or postal orders. The postal deliveries too have become hopelessly late.

This work-to-rule strike by the postmen will no doubt have considerable repercussions upon a whole series of wage negotiations affecting more than five million British workers. Among those now locked in pay combat are engineers, miners, railwaymen, shipyard workers, building workers and shop workers.

Refreshed by his Christmas vacation, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, abandoned the spirit of good will by proclaiming a war against the United Nations. In fact his speech at Berwick-on-Tweed contained vituperative criticism of all those who have rallied against Britain, France, Portugal and Belgium at the United Nations in support of the colonial peoples' fight for self-determination.

Lord Home moaned the death of the League of Nations. In moaning it he predicted that the United Nations too would meet a similar fate. However, it is obvious that Lord Home is incapable of remembering who killed the League of Nations. He is also incapable of realizing that the people of Asia and Africa are now wide awake and want the United Nations to be an instrument for restoring peace in the world. They realize that the Western Powers, big and small, failed the League of Nations by conniving at the territorial aggrandisement of Japan in China and Italy in Abyssinia. Another nail in the coffin of the League of Nations was thrust in by no others than Lord Home's earlier masters, Baldwin, Chamberlain and Eden, who assisted

General Franco to strangle Republican Spain for the restoration of a Fascist régime in that country. Lord Home forgets the history that his party aided and abetted Japan in her crimes against China and did the same when it imposed so-called economic sanctions against Italy.

The United Nations was formed sixteen years ago with the primary purpose of maintaining peace among the victors of the last war. As Walter Lippmann pointed out in the *Daily Herald*, the United Nations was to do this by continual conciliation, for each of the great powers had a veto and therefore force could not be used against them. But the United Nations has not been able to deal directly with the great world conflict between the West and the East. And the task of preventing another great war and of maintaining a measure of co-existence, reminds Lippmann, is being carried on outside the United Nations by direct diplomacy.

Although Lord Home is becoming impatient with the United Nations because the Afro-Asian countries are now in a majority, neither Lippmann nor the American Government shares his view that the great world organization is on the brink of falling to pieces. I cannot help quoting Lippmann once again. Lord Home may not like to be reminded by Lippmann that a constitutional change in the UN was made in 1950 during the Truman administration in order to circumvent the Soviet veto in the Security Council.

> At the time [wrote Lippmann], our friends in Western Europe and Latin America had a secure majority in the General Assembly. All of this happened before the world began to see the consequences of the break-up of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian, Portuguese and Spanish empires in Asia and Africa The successor states have been coming rapidly into the General Assembly, each of them with a vote equal to that of its former overlord. The old Western majority is drowned, and the UN has become a sounding-board and the pressure instrument to complete the liquidation of the old empires Behind the bloc of the successor states, whenever they wish to call on it for help, stands the power of the Soviet Union

There is no greater truth than this, and that is what Lord Home intensely dislikes. By making his anti-United-Nations speech in the wrong place and at the wrong time, Lord Home has only caused ridicule among his own supporters. *The Times* of London had to admit that Lord Home's assessment of the debit side of the UN balance-sheet had a little too much red in it.

Countries, with their nationalism and their exuberant individualism, said *The Times*, were bound to be exasperating almost to the limit of endurance. They were bound to shout and vote for intemperate resolutions. The paper reminded his Lordship that colonialism was causing a stir in the United Nations almost from the beginning, before most of the Africans and Asians were admitted.

Instead of advising his oldest ally, Portugal, to abandon her colonial possessions and free the people of Macao, Timor and Angola, Lord Home has found fault with Prime Minister Nehru for freeing the people of Goa, Diu and Daman from the colonial yoke. On the day Lord Home damned Afro-Asian nations for their anti-colonial rôle at the United Nations, Mr. Drew Middleton of *The New York Times* cabled to his paper that the Portuguese possessions were bound to cause the most trouble in the near future. The rule of Portugal inflames, he said, the anti-colonialists to an extent comparable to the Irish enmity of Britain half a century ago. A freedom movement in any of these colonies is bound to attract the sympathies of the anti-colonialists. Middleton's advice to Lord Home was that

the West must live with this situation, in the hope that the enlightened remaining colonial powers like Britain and France would by example sway the others. The United States should say to its European allies, "Go faster," then murmuring, "but not so fast that you leave chaos and opportunity for the Russians." The allies, such as Britain, should say, "We *are* going, though we must choose the pace."

That Lord Home still believes in gunboat diplomacy is obvious from the melodramatic step that he took when India reoccupied Goa. In spite of the fact that only eight or ten British nationals were in Goa, Lord Home dispatched a frigate to "rescue" them. Rescue them from whom? Well, he at least provided a good laugh for the Indian Prime Minister, who was able to assure the British High Commissioner that not only were the eight British lives in safe hands but even the Portuguese nationals in Goa were well looked after. This demonstration of naval strength by Lord Home has cost the British taxpayer a pretty fortune as the frigate had to cover eight hundred miles to reach Panjim.

Lord Home confirmed his faith in gunboat diplomacy once again during the Christmas recess by ordering the British military movements in the Middle East. The world was made to believe that General Kassem was about to launch an attack on Kuwait and Britain had to rush to that tiny old kingdom to protect her independence. This looked foolish when the Kuwait Ambassador in Cairo revealed that Kuwait had not asked Britain for any military assistance to protect itself from Iraqi attacks. Lord Home took the frantic steps because he believed that the Iraqi force would capture the rich oilfields at Radhautain, and the pipelines which carry the 5,000,000 gallons of fresh spring water a day to Kuwait City.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** gives us an account of a distinguished French actor's work in and philosophy of the theatre.—ED.]

EVER SINCE I first met Jean Louis Barrault in Paris in August 1947, when, as UNESCO's theatre specialist, I helped arrange the International Theatre Conference, I have followed the achievements of this great actor. I missed few plays during the course of the years — and there were possibly three or four plays like Jean Girardoux's *Intermezzo, L'Echange* (The Exchange) by Paul Claudel, Victorien Sardou's *Madame Sans Gêne* which did not come up to my expectations, but, on the whole, I was full of admiration that seventeen devoted, dedicated actors should run a great theatre — the Marigny — on a repertory basis.

The company has always been called the Madeleine-Renaud–Jean-Louis-Barrault Company. Its object — Jean Louis Barrault himself describes it in his book on the Theatre — was

> to create a theatre and to run it prosperously in the same way as one creates and runs a model farm — the elders supplying the grafts, the adults the bulk of the crops, the younger ones the seeds for new crops.

For a theatre to be good, Barrault believes it is necessary to have three generations of actors and actresses, and to run the theatre on a repertory basis, which means producing new plays. This company has run continuously since 1946, though it has had its ups and downs. In this respect Barrault

would love to quote from *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (Scapin's Tricks) by Molière, who so pertinently put it at one point:—

Un bonheur tout uni nous devient ennuyeux; il faut du haut et du bas dans la vie et des difficultes qui se mêlent aux choses réveillant les ardeurs, augmentent les plaisirs. (Unbroken happiness becomes boring; life must be made up of ups and downs, and the difficulties which we encounter stimulate our enthusiasm and increase our pleasure.)

Jean Louis Barrault is today, by common consent, the most versatile man of the French theatre. Whatever he says in *Nouvelles Reflexions sur le Théatre* or *Le Théatre de Jean Louis Barrault* is worth the most serious consideration. The repertory system — and Barrault stoutly defends it — gives no special privileges to actors. A good actor may play a great part one day, and a small part on the next day; consents to play any part and does well whatever he does. Playing many and very different parts at short intervals enables the actors to widen their range and to discipline their talent. Barrault does not want them to get "bogged down and rusty in routine work."

In his talks and lectures over the radio and on television, and at many theatre festivals, Barrault has a great deal to say about his associations with Paul Claudel and of his abiding love for Kafka, Shakespeare (chiefly *Hamlet*), Racine, Molière, Marivaux, and of course Æschylus's trilogy, the *Oresteia*, which last he has always held is, with *Hamlet*, the greatest of plays.

Barrault, whatever he says, has a delicious way of saying it. I am particularly impressed by his "Rules of Acting." He gives five rules — all simple, yet all important, at least for the European theatre if not everywhere else.

The first rule which an actor must observe is that of making himself heard and understood. This is a matter of politeness.

The second rule rests on observation and imitation. Although here natural gifts play a part, the faculty of observation can be developed by practice and training. There are two methods of observation: the objective and the subjective methods. Look at a box of matches, says Barrault, observe it analytically; concentrate on the wood, marking, writing. Hide the box and describe it objectively. If one practises this method one's sight becomes quicker and sharper. One can apply this method to the observation of one's fellow beings. The subjective method is most important and will bear quoting in full:—

You take only one match but you not only stick to it, you feel it, and you say to yourself: "I become wood or a memory of wood from a Swedish forest. What remains of this body? I am thin, very thin, and elongated, and the slightest pressure would crush me, break me into pieces I should crack up, crinkle, but those who use me do not crush me but strike me on the box and my head becomes alight, for all my fire is in my head. I live in a congested state, my forehead burns, my ears are red I am living under the shadow of cerebral hæmorrhage, my fate is to die when I myself generate life, heat and light. My existence consumes me, I am a symbol of life and death at the same time.

This kind of subjective observation develops the art of imitation.

The third rule is called the rule of verisimilitude.

The fourth could be summed up in the words: What am I doing here? It is a rule about environment. A character may think that he is walking in the light and be in darkness, and then the passion against which he is struggling may unsettle his equilibrium, distort his reaction and plunge him into errors.

The fifth rule is the rule of control.

It deals with sincerity and exactness. Barrault does not think sincerity is automatically right. The actor never identifies himself absolutely with the character he is playing, for that is normal in the theatre where life is recreated through art. The acting will be all right if the character is absolutely sincere. The actor must work within the play's setting, keep on remembering his relationship with the other actors in the play, remain aware that he is in the theatre, that he must be heard, that he must stick to the plot, etc.

And then another rule — the rule of rules, one might say — has to be remembered. This may be called the rule of relaxation. If one cannot relax, one becomes tense, often out of timidity. To avoid that one has to learn to concentrate — and to Barrault this concentration and control of the will is the most important rule of all. It is the foundation of the whole discipline of acting. There are many exercises to achieve this — some of these are akin to yogic disciplines — for without relaxation most feats, theatrical, musical, or others, fail miserably. The rest is silence; for this is true of all performances which exist in order to cause silence to vibrate. That is why Barrault has always laid great stress on the mime, of which he is a great master. I first saw his performance in *Les Enfants du Paradis*; nor is that all, his miming has never been ignored. You can see it in his K in Kafka's *Castle*, in Camus' *La Peste* and more recently in Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*.

BALDOON DHINGRA

MEN may be excusable and nevertheless miss happiness, and be tormented in many ways. A horse is excusable for being a horse and not a man; nevertheless he must needs be a horse and not a man. He who cannot rule his passions, nor hold them in check out of respect for the law, while he may be excusable on the ground of weakness, is nevertheless incapable of enjoying conformity of spirit and knowledge and love of God; and he is lost inevitably.

— SPINOZA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

In a war-torn world, Dr. Verrier Elwin's lectures on the philosophy of love come as a whiff of perfume into a room full of smoke. Love formed the main theme of his three Patel Memorial Lectures delivered in Delhi this year recently. His analysis of the many meanings and many faces of love was both comprehensive and thought-provoking. With an exhaustive study of the subject Dr. Elwin combined a refreshing approach, and his exposition was a charming combination of eloquence and profundity.

In his first lecture, he pointed out how there had been more and more evidence to suggest that co-operation was more important in the evolutionary process than competition, despite the older scientific thesis that struggle was the law of existence and that hatred and war were inevitable.

Discussing love as force and idea, the motivation of the sun and moon, the mystic Unstruck Music, the Platonic *Eros* and the Christian *Agape*, he observed (according to a report in *The Statesman*, New Delhi):—

> The religious speak of loving God, the patriotic of loving their country A man may speak of loving his wife. We may love books, or tennis, or good food. Dr. Johnson found love only one of many passions, and of no great influence on the sum of living. There is the courtly love of the Troubadours, the love of Ovid that is ridiculous appetite, the exalted love of a Buddha or a Ramakrishna. We have all loved, and everyone of us is, or should be, an expert on the subject But there is the climate of our times. The Kinsey report was not all about love. When we laugh, like Nietzsche it is over the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws We glorify the negation of love

Of all these faces, Dr. Elwin chose to speak mainly of the love which goes out to human beings and upwards to the ideal and the divine. He spoke of the spirit of love as being the controlling factor of Mahatma Gandhi's life and non-violence as the first article of his faith. Pointing out that Gandhiji was a true lover for whom love was a fine art and courtesy the finest part of it, he added:—

> It was Mahatma Gandhi's unique contribution to have brought love back to the earth. Gandhiji's primary aim was to establish love as a normal and practicable relation between human beings. He defined the biggest religion as ahimsa: the absence of hatred, truth, courage, the love of man that is not quenched by many waters. Love without works, the Mahatma thought, is dead.

In his second lecture, Dr. Elwin spoke of the paradoxical attitude of religion towards family love and sex, and urged the need for the recognition of marriage in family life for what it was, namely, the most perfect practical expression of human love. He said:—

> In all human societies, the family is the primary unit of love and tenderness. The domestic love of God makes Him a member of your household. Though, he said, puzzling, there have been great prophets of love with unkind things to say of family ties. Jesus declared that he had come to set a man against his father and a daughter against her mother and that "a man's foes will be those of his own household." St. Paul, a rugged bachelor, appears to have thought little of marriage. Swami Vivekananda said

no one in this world can really love anything but God; that all love in the world is hypocrisy. It is essential that we recognize marriage and family life for what they are: the most perfect practical expression of human love. The family might have become a little unstable, a kind of serial polygamy even, but it remains a focus of loyalty and inspiration of pure affection

Listing forgiveness, compassion and humility as among the fundamental elements of love, he dilated on the quality of compassion as a rare and difficult virtue, which should not be confused with pity:—

Compassion springs from that sense of identity with other beings that lay at the back of Mahatma Gandhi's belief in Daridranarayana, the God of the poor In Buddhism, compassion is the very basis of morality, no temporary human code but the voice of the cosmos heard in the ear With compassion comes also the other aspect of love, not the aspect of bliss but of sorrow that a man's love of another may bring him. There is a wound of love which comes to those who love mankind, as did the Mahatma, and share mankind's tragic frame of living. The Cross [Dr. Elwin said] rather than the lotus of joy is the appropriate symbol of the lover of mankind.

In his third and concluding lecture, he emphasized the truism that if there were to be peace in the world, love must control the policies and the politics of nations. He pointed out how this truth was already realized long ago by the great King Asoka, who had affirmed that love was a vital element in Government. Emphasizing that while love cannot be defined, it cannot equally be mistaken, he spoke of the arrogant myth of race, and of the reasons for wars that resulted in no one's victory. He pointed out that love, being purely of the mind, had to be identified with truth and, therefore, regarded as a philosophy for living. Love is a great healer, he added, and there is great need for healing in man's affairs in our day. He continued:—

When I speak of the healing power of love, I am not thinking of miraculous cures of any kind. I am thinking rather of the power of love that uses the hands of doctor or nurse and the techniques of modern medicine. Man is a social creature; isolated from his fellows, he disintegrates....

War creates a world of enemies. Every war is a civil war; all strife between men is domestic strife. Violence is the ultimate enemy of love Every religion has preached against violence and the adherents of every religion have forgotten the teaching to which they gave lip-service. Jesus said: Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; pray for those who treat you spitefully. The early Christians were revolutionary pacifists. That is why it was impossible for Christianity to become a State religion. But this revolutionary faith became respectable, a part of the settled order, and it became possible for Christians to wage war. Buddhism has been more consistent. The *Dhammapada* points out the uselessness of war because both sides lose. Hatred is quenched not by hatred but by love.

In conclusion, Dr. Elwin declared:—

Peace too is no sentiment; if it is to live, it must be founded in the intelligence; there must be a reason for it. We must fight violence with our brains, not simply because we are afraid. That is why a philosophy of love is so important. The likenesses among men are far greater than their differences; race is more a historical myth than a biological reality. Man is born a social being who can reach his fullest development only through interaction with his fellows. The denial at any point of this social bond between man and man brings disintegration with it. In this sense, every man is his brother's keeper.

In the United States there seems to be a certain demand for serious literary and critical reviews, but in Great Brit-

ain, the mortality rate of these, and especially of the "little magazines," run on aspiration and a shoe-string budget, is a heavy one. Among the various publications of such a character that have fallen victims to public indifference or commercialized considerations are *The Adelphi, Life and Letters Today, Poetry Quarterly, Poetry London, Horizon, Scrutiny, Voices, and Penguin New Writing.*

It is noteworthy, therefore, that the monthly *Encounter* has recently published, amid favourable comments from the press, its hundredth issue. Begun in 1953 with a circulation of 10,000, its two present editors, Stephen Spender and Melvin J. Lasky, have brought its readership up to 27,000, chiefly, it is claimed, by a "flair for pin-pointing significant topics." Certainly the impressive list of contributors to its centenary number gives assurance of quality: E. M. Forster, George Orwell, Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, R. S. Thomas and others. And THE ARYAN PATH, as a monthly concerned with significant values, which has kept steadily going since January 1930, can add its quota of sympathetic congratulation to the sturdy youngster, and wish it well for the future.

The intoxication of power is one of the great temptations of our age — the drivers at the wheels of their fast cars; the "take-over" rulers of the huge commercial and industrial empires; the scientists, seeking to outdo nature, with their attempted power over birth and growth, as over death; and those who sway the masses for their own purposes by various types of psychological appeal and suggestion; these are only a few examples. In so many ways men work on a far larger scale than even a few generations back. It is doubtless a truism that their sense of responsibility has not grown correspondingly, but the fact is too often ignored, and needs to be hammered home to people's minds and hearts. The following extracts from a B.B.C. talk by the Rev. Alan Booth, Secretary of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs (*The Listener*, December 21st, 1961), are therefore worth serious thought, even to those who may differ in their conception of "God":—

> No one can deny that the way history is working out now does bring wonderful new potentialities. I would suggest two important respects in which this is true The first is our ability to master and control our environment .. The second new potentiality is our increasing awareness of ourselves, a self-consciousness if you like, a new respect for our own possibilities, and an understanding of some of the things that we contain. ..Our mastery of nature puts us in a position to take our place, you might say, at the creating end of the world, not just at the receiving end — and that, certainly, opens the door to a new fullness of manhood. But what we will create is anybody's guess. And because we have become aware of ourselves and of our human nature in a new way, the possibility is open to us of new dignity, but also of new loneliness and aggressiveness

Men's false dreams of creating utopia by their own ingenuity reduce life to the "tidy insignificance of a contented kindergarten," because their vision is self-centred and incomplete.

God does not offer mankind mere "welfare" but the opportunity to

> share His knowledge and His power and so share His decisions and his responsibility ...And as He presses our maturity upon us, there goes with it the possibility that we shall choose to become devils, or shall be faced with issues in which we can learn what it is to be divine. If that is the way God is working, then history moves to no automatic and inevitable benediction but rather to an ever-increasing potentiality for good

and evil, with both developing side by side. It is not evil that is being done away, but impotence — and with potency come all the chances of greater disaster as well as greater achievement

Each choice "has hidden in it the ultimate choice" between the direct knowledge of the Divine, and the false and partial aims.

A new, non-profit-making, educational Centre for Television Overseas is planned to start in the summer of 1962. It is sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation, whose Director, Dr. L. Farrer-Brown, will be its Chairman, and it is being helped by the British Government, the B.B.C. and independent television companies, as well as various commercial concerns. Its aim is to deal with mass illiteracy, since it is estimated that, as population increases, the figure of 600,000,000 illiterates in the world is bound to rise, and sufficient teachers for personal instruction are out of question. So the Centre's purpose is to help train the staff for new television services in hitherto undeveloped areas, as well as to give help in programme production, especially for schools and adult education.

Every new benefit, however, brings fresh problems. What will be taught and how? The temptation of television is the ease of stressing the materialistic, sense-data aspects of education, at the expense of the intangibles of soul and spirit, without which mere factual knowledge has no "virtue." Literacy can expose its possessors to greater good and equally to greater evil. Those who bring such a gift have the responsibility of performing the work of a true teacher, fostering wisdom as well as disseminating knowledge.

Addressing the golden jubilee function of the Indian Council of Medical Research in Delhi recently, the Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, reminded research workers that India for the most part had till now been the beneficiary rather than the benefactor as far as scientific advance was concerned. He told medical scientists that if any assessment of their achievements during the past half a century was contemplated, they should make it bearing in mind the spectacular contributions made by others over the same period, and not merely comparing our work with what obtained fifty years ago.

He emphasized the importance of fundamental research, and referred to India's rich heritage in the field of medicine and the need for research workers to re-establish it with ceaseless effort.

REAL PROGRESS is progress in charity, all other advances being secondary thereto.

—R. R. MARETT

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(*Sd.*) M. NARAYAN

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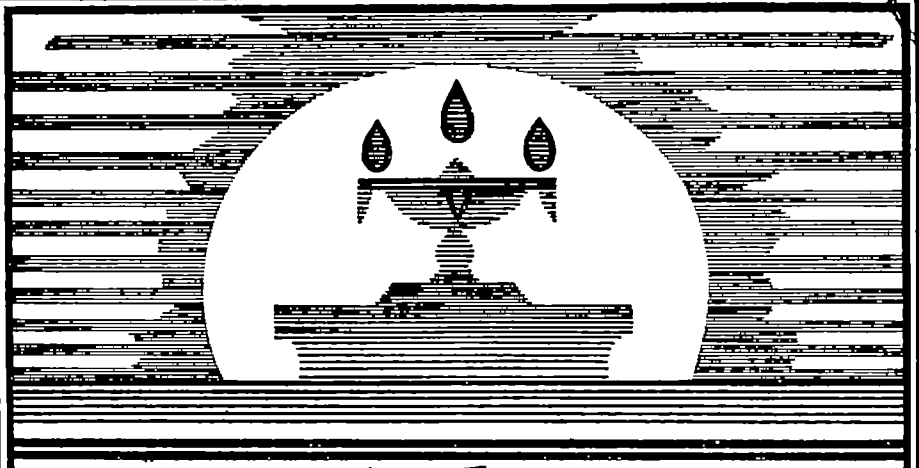
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THE ARYAN PATH

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. XXXIII MARCH 1962 No. 3

THREE CLASSES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

[BELOW we print an article which originally appeared in H. P. Blavatsky's *Lucifer* for October 1888.—ED.]

CONSCIOUSNESS is the seat of the real life of the human individual. The mere carrying on of his bodily functions is not his life. Those functions are the channels and avenues through which his real being has communion with the phenomenal world, and with other units of consciousness similar to his own. Through them his life is greatly affected; by their means his thoughts are fed, his feelings modified, his actions suggested. But let us consider the modes in which consciousness may work, and the specific forms in which it may manifest itself. Observation of human modes and objects of life indicates three classes of consciousness. In other words, there are three modes of existence which the consciousness of an individual may fall into, or work itself into, and the adoption of the particular mode, knowingly and deliberately, or the contrary, determines the character and intrinsic value of the consciousness.

The elementary or simplest mode of consciousness we designate as *lineal.* In this, the feelings, thoughts, and energies of the individual lie not only on one plane but merely in one direction on that plane.

The consciousness which belongs to this class is limited to the faculty of moving *backwards or forwards in a straight line.* It is bound like a railway train to its special track. This form of consciousness is very common. It is the lot of those who have only one aim in life, and that a personal one. Whatever the chief aim of the life may be, whether that of the shopkeeper, merely to earn money, or of the professional man in his special sphere, or of society men and women, in their incessant flittings to and fro in the whirl of pleasure and excitement, it matters nothing; the consciousness, which is the essence of the individual, exer-

cises itself and possesses power only in the limited sphere described. It is simply necessary to look around to observe many examples of this class. A very large number of men and women of the present day belong to it.

In the second class the consciousness enjoys a wider freedom.

The dimensions of the realm over which it rules lie in two directions; for, in addition to backward and forward movement, the consciousness may traverse regions that lie to the right and to the left.

This form of consciousnes we shall term the *superficial*; it has length and breadth, but no depth. It is the possession of those who, while devoted to one special employment which absorbs their chief energies, also occupy themselves, as adjuncts of life, in other spheres having for them a particular interest. This consciousness predominates largely amongst men and women who, following a daily avocation to supply the main needs of life, have sufficient mental or emotional activity to lead them into secondary engagements that exercise thought or fulfil an aim. The persons possessing this form of consciousness are active and seem to follow a purpose, though the purpose may not be noble or of intrinsic value. Naturally, this consciousness enjoys much more of life than the form belonging to the class designated as lineal. Men of business, not wholly immersed in the getting of money, clergymen and ministers of wise sympathies, teachers not limited to one peculiar tendency of thought, and persons whose lives generally are useful and active, are those who belong to the second class of superficial consciousness.

The consciousness, the nature of which remains to be described, is of vastly greater extent than either of the two classes already discussed.

Its dimensions lie in three directions. Not only does it exist in all directions superficially, but it further penetrates below the surface in possessing the quality of *depth*. It is true that the superficial area may vary in extent. This may appear, to the observer, but limited, or it may seem to spread far and wide, but the circumstance of depth in its nature and extent will be recognized only by the few, and not even by them to its full extent. The territory below the surface can neither be seen nor gauged, except by the faculties of a consciousness of similar nature. In the depth of an object there is capacity for substance, and consciousness is of a nature so real that wherever it exists in depth it is as true substance. The objects with which the lineal and superficial forms of consciousness deal are but of temporal character and

will pass away, but those that are the possession of the solid form are secure beyond possibility of removal.

Within that deep region, and corresponding to its intricacy and in the extent to which it penetrates, there are tracks of infinite variety and number.

In exploring these, the consciousness may find unending employment. This class of consciousness gives to the world those men from whom it learns, whose depth of nature is the abyss from which spring fountains and rills that irrigate life, and turn its wheels, and cause it to be fruitful.

Such men are the richest of earthly beings; their wealth is inexhaustible and imperishable. That depth, in which their consciousness revels, belongs to another world than that of ordinary human existence; it is the universe of eternal and infinite life, of which they are already subjects.

The first-named form of consciousness we should term sensuous, or that which operates merely through the senses and the nervous system; the second form we should call the intellectual or inner-sensuous; the third form is the spiritual or super-sensuous.

Sensuous consciousness delights merely in the external forms of objects and receives impressions only from those forms as they are found.

Intellectual consciousness finds its exciting cause not so much in the forms of external objects as in their movements and the effects of those movements upon the objects themselves.

The spiritual consciousness moves amidst the *hidden causes* of the sensuous and intellectual.

IF through the Hall of Wisdom, thou wouldst reach the Vale of Bliss, Disciple, close fast thy senses against the great dire heresy of Separateness that weans thee from the rest.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE CONFLICT OF VALUES

[**Dr. Syed Vahiduddin** sees, and rightly, the crisis of our age in our inability to evolve an order of life with room for conflicting values. It is possible, as he points out, to accept the challenge of conflict and avert the crisis by working towards an integration at the personal and national levels.—ED.]

TENSION IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER is a persistent feature of all that is real and expresses itself in a conflict which changes its categorical structure from one level to another of reality. If it is push and pull in its physical reference it appears as repulsion and attraction in the biological, friendship and hostility in the socio-psychological and negation and affirmation in the logical, context. The consciousness of the conflict is not new. Old Heraclitus made strife the principle of becoming which tends to the realization of unity through the conflict of opposites. Empedocles considered love and hatred the ruling forces which go to the making and the unmaking of the universe. But the situation becomes more complex when we come to know that within love itself there may be an element of conflict which soon gives rise to misunderstanding on the individual and to suspicion on the inter-individual and super-individual planes. The idea of conflict shifts to a different area of discourse when the universe is considered as an arena of indecisive war between good and evil. In religions we often meet the idea of the good which is perpetually at war with evil and the experience of Faust of the two souls which abide in his breast, each claiming him for its own, is the expression of the same motive. Religious consciousness no doubt is sustained by the hope, if not by the conviction, that the good must ultimately prevail. The conflict enters into a tragic dimension when we discover to our horror that it is not between good and evil but between one good and another that it rages. Hegel's theory of tragedy is based on the possibility of a conflict between ends and values which are equally desirable but which cannot be realized together in their totality within the limitations of the given situation. Renunciation then becomes the only alternative possible to man and whatever he chooses he cannot overcome the feeling of a forced privation in his consciousness. It is man's privilege to respond to values and it is his tragedy that he cannot make them all effective in life without excluding some and renouncing others.

Thus the element of conflict in our experience of values and the renunciation that it forces on us leads to the recognition of a plurality of values and involves the irreducibility of basic values. The beautiful

cannot be considered identical with the moral good. Nor is it possible to think of what is morally good as only a different expression of what is practically useful. Utility and pleasure need not be denied some place in a realm of values but they cannot by any means be substitutes for ethical values. Kant's ethics is dominated by the antagonism of inclination and duty; what I ought to do is at constant war with what I would like to do. Further, Kant's ethical perspective is grounded in a metaphysical assumption about the nature of reality which does not allow for any reconciliation between the world of facts and the realm of "ought." While facts are conditioned and are part and parcel of the world of experience, the "ought" is not given but impinges on our moral consciousness as an unconditional imperative from the noumenal depths of ourselves. The post-Kantian idealists built on the foundations of Kantian ethics the dichotomy of nature and freedom which replaced the pre-Kantian division of Nature and Grace with its theological associations. It must be borne in mind that the nature of conflict on the ontological plane is basically different from the one in the axiological area. In fact the concept of conflict cannot be applied rigorously to the field of values independent of the reality of the persons in whose consciousness they emerge as demands that may force our assent and approval but on whose consciousness they do not depend for their validity. Hence when we talk of the conflict in our consciousness of values we necessarily mean the persons whose field of appreciation is limited and who cannot as a consequence accord assent to values whose content transcends the limitations of their perspective. It is therefore very easy for an individual to proclaim only values which are germane to his momentary experience and to deny the values for which he has no eye. Or if he has appreciation for the given value he can respond only to one specific form of its expression. Thus the fanatics of moral values see in beauty only an instrumental and symbolic value and the enthusiasts of beauty discern in the holy a category not in its own right but another expression of beauty in symbols. It may also happen that we are able to appreciate the beautiful and the holy only in the historical conditions in which we have grown and ignore the possibilities of their manifestation in a different historical and temporal context. The German poet Schiller distinguished between savages and barbarians. Savages, he said, have no principles, barbarians have only one. In the realm of values one is prone to fall into a state of barbarism recognizing no values but a few or acknowledging only some specific expression of

value in the human situation.

The distinction between value and reality has played a great part in the philosophical discussion of the problem. In fact it may be traced back to Plato, who in his theory of ideas drew a sharp line between the world of the universals which abide in eternity and the world of shadowy particulars in an unreal world of becoming. With Lotze's reinterpretation of ideas the division shifted to a world of timeless validity and the world of empirical facts. In recent thought, especially in German philosophy, the unreality of values is emphasized in different ways by H. Rickert and N. Hartmann. We think that the distinction between values and reality is fundamental, though we may question the pattern in which the philosophers have made it basic for their thought. Existence is not a value but is valuable in so far as it reflects and expresses one or more values. Further there is a distinction in values in so far as moral values can only demand response from selves with personal consciousness. The æsthetic values of beauty, charm and grace can illumine sub-human levels of reality as well. We in our philosophy of values are led therefore to trans-subjectivity of values, to the possibility of infinite variations in our consciousness of their content and, lastly, to the realization of the limits to which our response to values is necessarily subject. Our life on earth is a process, a perpetual becoming. But the mysterious something which is called Self persists through change and makes even the reversion of the temporal process in memory possible. No logic of analysis can affect the feeling of the Self's permanence and no speculation in evolution can make the experience of duration an illusion which makes no room for progress beyond the limitations of here and now.

Indeed it is our ability to respond to values with full consciousness that makes our short span of life a pilgrim's progress. The misery of man lies in the fact that he cannot rise above the bias of the time and find for himself the values for which the spirit of the time is not favourable. Our age is an age of colossal progress in technology and physical sciences. We have become insensible to silence which is more eloquent than words, to knowledge which has no utility and to duty which brings no pleasure. This conflict in our perspective of value and our inability to strike a balance between the conflicting claims of different values imparts a peculiar pathos to the world situation in which we live. It is of course true that in different stages of the individual's own life values change their importance and in extreme cases frustration in life may lead one to complete nihilism, to the denial of values in the whole proc-

ess of reality where we can see neither the beginning nor the end and in which we are, to use Heidegger's language, helplessly thrown. But if we are not given to pessimism and unlike Schopenhauer have the courage and the discerning capacity to experience even in suffering a value, in conflict a challenge to which we as human beings have to respond in the best way, then to justify our existence on earth we must work towards an integration on the personal level and a synoptic attitude in face of the divergent claims of conflicting values. The French Revolutionists aimed at Fraternity, Equality and Liberty, and even today the ideals of the French Revolution inspire much of our thought and action. Who can deny that fraternity is a value in its own right and a Constitution which does not guarantee equality and liberty condemns itself outright? But the states of the world have not yet found the means to satisfy all their claims simultaneously. Exclusive emphasis on equality necessarily leads to mediocrity and to the ignoring of individuality. An exaggerated stress on liberty conduces to anarchy, to the denial of authority, without which there cannot be any state or government. The right to equality may invoke a law which brooks no exceptions whereas the claim to liberty may coalesce with the right to initiative and individuality. The recognition of liberty for all may conflict with authority and work against universal equality. This is the reason why a peculiar form of dialectic begins to develop within the state. The conflicting perspectives of values begin to affect the factual working of societies and states and it is not unusual to find states developing tendencies which are diametrically opposed to the ones which gave them birth. States with avowed democratic ideals drift to totalitarian systems and under some guise or another, the pretence of an emergency situation, war-time economy or nationalization, begin to curtail more and more the individual liberties for which they originally stood and the government of the people, by the people, for the people becomes only a government of the few, for the few and ultimately no one fares well in the welfare state. On the other side governments with avowed totalitarian tendencies, with no concern for liberty or the individual, with no respect for traditions and history, may be compelled by the force of circumstances to develop a passion for democratic values, values which they originally disowned, and to glide imperceptibly into the camp of the enemy's convictions and ideals.

The shifting of ideological frontiers represents a phenomenon which is as apparent in the political context of the West as in that of the

East. The East is supposed to have stood, down the ages, for the values of the spirit, for the life of contemplation as against utility, for tradition and authority as against the anarchy of individuality, for intuitive illumination as against conceptual lucidity and precision, for eternity as against time and history. But in fact the contrast between the experiences of values in the East and the West is not as simple as it may be made to look. The West as we know it today in its achievements in Arts, Science and Philosophy represents a composite culture which is as much Western as Eastern. Though the Greeks may be said to be the source of the dominant trends in Western philosophy, the religious motives have also contributed to the formation of the philosophy of the schools. Christianity is an Eastern phenomenon and the philosophers of the West — to name only a few among the most outstanding, Descartes, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Kant and Hegel — had to philosophize not simply in the categorical pattern of the Greeks but also with the motive, conscious or unconscious, of accommodating themselves to the spirit of Christianity. The schoolman's philosophy was openly a reassessment of the Greek concepts in terms of Christianity. Indian thought itself is not as uniform as it was once made out to be when identified with Advaita Vedanta. It represents all levels of thought and experience and every movement of Western thought may be said to have had a parallel development in India. Even the secular spirit of Western thought with its social and anti-metaphysical strain corresponds to similar growths in Chinese thought. But this does not entitle one to ignore differences. The genius of a nation or culture gives its characteristic tones to concepts which may mean the same in logical reference. At the moment we are only concerned to show that the contrast between the East and the West in their consciousness of values applies rigorously only to a cross-section of history, to the decades preceding the Second World War. The West was becoming power-conscious, politically and scientifically; the East was prone to find solace in silence and in a retreat from action and to exalt by a kind of resentment such values as would make unimportant the vacuum of its political life and social privations. But the War has brought great changes not only in the demarcation of frontiers but also in the value perspectives of the East and the West. Behaviourism and its corollary Logical Positivism are now engaged in a war the issue of which is beyond dispute. Existentialism evokes a sympathetic response because of its religious undertones and in spite of some of its atheistic pretensions. The idea of the lonely man, given to dread and

care, prone to lose his authenticity in the mediocrity of the masses, harassed with projects and plans, makes a sad comment on a civilization which was once carried by faith in man as a rational being whose perpetual progress was assured. To what limits the irrationalism of the West can go may be seen in the views of Ludwig Klages, who sees spirit as the sinister intellectual power which mechanizes life and devitalizes the soul. As a result there has been a marked change in attitudes among the peoples of the East and the West. The East is all for planning, for science and technology, for dynamism in philosophy and life and for power and progress in national endeavours. The West is becoming gradually and unmistakably aware of the limitations of science and the impossibility of reducing the categories of spirit and life to physical categories. What is more, the interest in the obscure and mystic corners of reality and knowledge is gaining ground.

It is just this conflict in the appreciation of values which goes to make the crisis of our age. That the crisis does not develop into tragedy can be ensured only by man's ability to evolve a composite order of life which can find room for the conflicting claims of values, a political order where the liberty of the individual can subsist with equality for all, a social order where the person does not become one among the many and where the many are not made the means to the glorification of the one and a moral order where the universality of the moral imperative can still allow for individual expression. This sounds a visionary ideal which has no precedent in historical experience. Yet the hope of the future depends on an approximation to the pattern which emerges in our vision as the only possible response to the challenge of history. The potentialities for the good in human nature or the historical order cannot be told and woe betide man if his future is no better than repetition of the past and if his hope is based on what is exhausted in history and not on the possibilities which can be made actual, at least partly, by his own initiative and effort.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

You have lost faith in all greatness; therefore you must perish, if this faith does not return, like a comet from the skies!

—HÖLDERLIN

VALUE, APPRECIATION AND MEMORY

[**Mr. Kenneth T. Dutfield** writes easily of the interdependence of appreciation, memory and value, our estimation of things. In passing to his conclusion that happiness "cannot support itself, but feeds on its opposite," he touches thoughts which stir more in the reader's mind.—ED.]

I

OUR ESTIMATION of the things we find pleasure in seems to depend on prior deprivation. The longer we have been without salt or sugar, the more we appreciate them, and if we can enjoy luxuries in abundance, they soon lose their attractiveness. The extent to which delightfulness is absolute and constant is an interesting question; hardly less so if for the moment we concern ourselves only with properties more or less generally regarded as desirable, leaving aside the major philosophical problem of whether, or in what degree, qualities are inherent in things. As far as taste is concerned, we can be sure that rarity plays an important rôle. There are many wild flowers which we should value highly for their beauty if they were rare. On the other hand we often imagine that something is beautiful, when in fact it is simply rare and expensive: platinum, for example. It surprises us to read in Dickens that oysters, in the early nineteenth century, were a poor man's food. One wonders whether the rich at that time considered them especially delicious. It is said that in London and Cologne, two hundred years ago, apprentices could demand that their masters should not compel them to eat salmon from the Thames or the Rhine more often than twice a week.

Familiarity breeds contempt; we soon learn to take everything for granted, and it is difficult for us sufficiently to appreciate what we actually have. We do not value the good until we have lost it; then, we look back with melancholy or forward with longing into the future. Is enjoyment, then, always simply a matter of memory or anticipation? Clearly it is not, for the dominant fact is the shining moment of enjoyment. Experiencing it, we say with Goethe: *"Verweile doch, du bist so schön!"* (Abide awhile, thou art so fair!) As a rule, we do not abandon ourselves to anything delightful with the thought: "How wonderful it will be to remember this!" More often, we could say: *"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit* (Even this, perhaps, will be enjoyable in retrospect); ironically and introspectively aware that temporal distance, too, sometimes lends enchantment to the view. We can and do greet absolute novelty with enthusiasm if it makes an immediately pleasing impression

on us. Babies do so. But is our present enjoyment comparable in quality with our future memory of it?

Especially interesting in this connection is that still most mysterious of the senses: smell. No sense-impressions are experienced so deeply, so purely, so thoroughly, as pleasant odours. And none attach themselves so closely to remembered scenes. Scents, much more than sights or sounds, can recall the distant past with urgent, compelling, painful intensity, and tie themselves with a peculiar intimacy to our fantasy. The best cigar never tastes as good when we smoke it ourselves as its smell when someone else is smoking it, and rosewater cannot convey the scent of the rose to the sense of taste, for smell, insubstantial and evanescent as it is, has an incorporeal quality which makes it the best of all symbolic vehicles to evoke the forms of the past in uncorrupted purity. To my mind there are no simple musical sounds with an evocative, transporting power like that of smell, except the notes of the flute, that most magical of instruments.

Impressions swell the store of memory, but memory in the service of soul and body demands for its masters, grown restless, more of the food which pleased them. In the present, we seek a recovery of the past, a repetition of that which we once experienced, in the splendour with which the passage of time has arrayed it. From what source has memory this wonder-working power? Perhaps we can find an answer to this question when we reflect on the eternal fascination of the play and the novel. Both draw their enchantment from a concentrated treatment of the essential; there is nothing on the stage which is irrelevant, nothing in the novel which is out of place; and their charm is all the more irresistible. The greater the playwright's or the novelist's genius is, the greater the skill with which he removes from his work everything that is irrelevant to it — or perhaps his capacity for making us see that there is hardly anything in life which is irrelevant. "If only life were like that!" But in fact it *is* like that. Our problem is to make ourselves see it as a whole. It is a difficult problem, for the ideal vision is concealed within banality, rather in the same way as a statue lies hidden within the block of stone from which the sculptor has to carve it.

As the child's view of the world seems to be like the dream-world of the adult, we might suppose that the child's capacity for enjoying life — its ability to rejoice with an inward glance in the immediately experienced — depends on the relatively unimportant rôle which memory plays in its life. In dreams, we too live in the present. But for the

child it is novelty which is all-important.

When we learn a foreign language, we have to exert ourselves to use our memories, to recall what a thing's name is in the new language. The familiar names have for us become firmly attached to the things. Not so for the child: open to the world, penetrable as it is, each unit of the endless variety of things crowds upon it and, meeting no resistance, enters at once deeply as pure entity into the mind and senses, there to be fully experienced in its essence. It is just as easy for the child to apply the terms of one language as those of another. The attribution of magical power to names is very ancient, but it is a sophisticated concept, remote from the child's way of looking at the world. Under hypnosis or the influence of certain drugs, intoxicated — or in dreams — we recover something of the child's uncomplicated, unreasoning gift of tongues.

Novelty is an essential ingredient of everything that makes us happy. It need not be absolute, and in fact it cannot be. The gap between remembered past and experienced present shrinks rapidly to vanishing-point in the timeless moment of bliss.

The course of time renews all things. When I revisit my native land after many years abroad I find that England has in the meantime magically acquired something of the atmosphere of a dream, that it has in some degree once more become the blessed land I knew in my childhood. I seldom found it so delightful when I lived there as an adult, before I came to Sweden. Conversely, if I should leave Sweden and return to England for good, I shall find in time that Sweden, in retrospect, has miraculously lost all its irksome disadvantages of today. I shall remember what was good (as I find myself doing today in the case of England) and banish what was bad to my unconscious. If I am forced to admit that the bad exists, I shall stow it away in the spacious lumber-room I have for things that do not matter; or, I hope, I shall find that it belonged after all simply and necessarily, irremovably, to the whole, as shade to a sunlit landscape. From the distance, I shall find myself looking upon Sweden as I now look on England: if the disadvantages refuse to allow themselves to be silenced to death for the sake of my striving for perfection, they will survive as a kind of second-class faults, much less serious, much more excusable, than the defects I experience here and now. Today, I am obsessed in a greater or lesser degree with these irrelevancies which obscure the general view; they urge themselves, alien elements, constantly upon my attention. I can-

not see that they are an essential part of the pattern, and that is the source of my discontent.

Is beauty the attribute and the intimation of something which is not merely produced by form? Is there anything more beautiful than the still summer forests of the north, veiled in the distance by a blue-green haze, their silence broken only by the call of the cuckoo? Yet nature is a struggle for existence! And yet our hearts are stirred. And I am haunted by the thought, which will not be stilled, that the conflict between beauty and strife, between *eros* and *eris*, is like the cleavage between the present's refractoriness and memory's image of the past. The conflict cannot be resolved, will not be resolved.

Both love and hatred strive towards an unattainable purity, tend towards absoluteness. Confronted with unimpeachable proof that that which I love has serious faults, I refuse to believe in them. Confronted with equally unanswerable proof that that which I hate has some admirable qualities, I cannot with the best will in the world take them into account, and that is my most grievous fault.

Interpretations depend on circumstances, and the circumstances are the view of the world we have chosen (deliberately? involuntarily?) beforehand, the most favoured hues in which we have decided we want to see the world. It may be said: Are interpretations, then, so important? Are emotional attitudes more important than concrete facts? Interpretations are of course all-important, for it is practically impossible to attach the labels of value so firmly to the things experienced that they can never part company with them. This is what we constantly try to do: to pretend that the attached values belong objectively to the things. They belong in fact to us, to our moral and æsthetic judgments. Those things which we find irrelevant belong in fact to a design beyond our grasp.

KENNETH T. DUTFIELD

(To be concluded)

IT IS evident that the understanding is capable of being instructed by rules, but that the judgment is a peculiar talent, which does not, and cannot require tuition, but only exercise. This faculty is therefore the specific quality of the so-called mother wit, the want of which no scholastic discipline can compensate.

—IMMANUEL KANT

THE SECRET DOCTRINES: A WESTERN SPECULATION

[WERE THERE in truth any Secret Doctrines? Contributors to THE ARYAN PATH have discussed this question before. **Mr. Charles J. Seymour,** an old friend and contributor, now gives us his considered reasons for supposing that they did exist at one time and were not given out generally as they were liable to misinterpretation by the uninitiated.—ED.]

I KNEW LITTLE of Hindu thought and philosophy when one day I came across this in a book by Carl Jung — surely a verbal pistol-shot:—

> Our Western air of superiority in the presence of Indian understanding is part of our essential barbarism.

Having always held Jung in high regard I knew he would not have fired that bullet unless the West had asked for it.

Here, I felt, was something to be looked into, and I proceeded forthwith to look, acquiring, to begin with, several books on Indian history and culture whose titles seemed to be preliminary signposts.

The reading of these had scarcely got under way when I ran into some quite striking coincidences.[1] For instance, I made the acquaintance, "out of the blue," of an Indian gentleman, who spoke to me of the Vedanta, without my having made any mention of the subject to him. And also, hard on the heels of that, a complete stranger sent me by post a copy of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, with a note saying that he had recently read a letter by me, printed in a daily paper, and "felt prompted to send" me "the enclosed." My published letter had been on a political theme, and I could see no connection — what in it could have "prompted" him. But on scanning the first few pages of "The Song Celestial," as I found it was sub-titled, I saw that, remarkably, the *Gita* was precisely the work that I would have singled out for first attention in connection with my new quest, had I known of its existence, for it introduced one, straightaway, to the shape of what was to be investigated, and after reading and re-reading it, and being very much impressed, I saw that the next step was to obtain translations of the Upanishads, which I did — the works of Max Müller and of other interpreters and commentators. As gradually I grasped and meditated upon the teachings, it became

[1] One feels, almost, that the word should go into inverted commas, with a query mark, for how often one finds, when one gives one's mind to something that seems important, that things happen to and around one which tie up with remarkable relevance, so that they "could not have been better, if planned"!

plain to me that anyone who felt "superior" in the presence of Indian understanding must be a person of lamentably inferior understanding.

That is to show the manner of my approach — how one person was enrolled as a student of the Ancient Wisdom.

With the passage of time, I have become particularly interested in a question that has been discussed in THE ARYAN PATH on a number of occasions: Whether or not there are "secret doctrines" associated with the teachings; I have put by a number of copies of the magazine, one of them being the January 1954 issue which contains an article by Shri H. G. Narahari. In this he asks:—

> Is it likely that such great teachers as Pythagoras and Plato, any more than the ancient Hindu sages, or the Buddha, Jesus or Paul, made no distinction between what they taught the masses and what they gave to the tested and proven few?

It is not likely, and Shri Narahari points out that deeper teachings which were wisely confined to the few may have been enshrined in some of the Vedas that are now lost to us. These are many, for tradition indicates that

> originally there were 5 branches (*Śākhās*) of the *Ṛgveda*; 86 of the *Yajurveda*; 1,000 of the *Sāmaveda*; and 9 of the *Atharvaveda*. Of these, a single text of the *Ṛgveda*, 5 of the *Yajurveda*, 3 of the *Sāmaveda*, and 2 of the *Atharvaveda* are available, and a few more are known only by name. The remaining ones are lost to us, having disappeared along with the last of the men who had memorized them.

I have often found myself speculating whether there are any aspects of the preserved Vedas which give rise to the thought: "If these or those tenets or dicta had been pursued farther, towards, perhaps, a series of parallel or ensuing ideas and concepts — would what resulted have been of such a character that it would have appeared unwise to make it common property?"

It is not impossible that it may be so; and for myself I would mention, with all deference, two concepts concerning which I feel it might have been judged inadvisable to make a full statement "for general circulation," so to say.

These are the doctrines of Maya and of Reincarnation.

Now the first of these, *Maya*, is for me one of the most important and potentially dynamic concepts, from the standpoint of its significance for us and our doings and comings and goings in the world, that

has ever been brought to my knowledge. I see it as the name for something in which human beings, mankind as a whole, is *immersed,* and yet of which mankind, by and large, knows nothing. It does not apprehend that there is this "something."

What is its nature? The ancient sages, close observers and acute analysts, were in no doubt. They surveyed the entire field of man's thoughts and actions and interactions, and it was plain to them that here was an age-old story of response-attitudes: "You say this: I say that. You do this to me: I, because of my fear or anger, do this to you." They saw that all these things were "of nature," the inescapable end-products of the wishes, impulses, inherited strains, of primitive man. They saw how a great mental-psychic structure had been built up, for all life, by reason of its struggles with environment. It was a world order of action-interaction, *and it was not real.* It was only a relative reality — that is, it was empirically true for the world of nature and of the senses. Physical things existed and mental-emotional states were manifested accordingly, and, of course, it was right and proper to think and act in relation to those things and those states. But the process, "the Yes-No ding-dong of action and re-action," as I have termed it in one of my booklets, the continuous oscillation between the opposites, is unending, and it binds man with tremendous power, because he sees all these impulses, predispositions, antipathies, etc. — the *sanskaras* — as *himself.* He may be asked: "Don't you see the *automatism* of it all, and how necessary it is that you should, while functioning in the natural world of which you are a part, stand in *detachment* and say *neti, neti* — not that, not that — for this is all within the phenomenal world?" "Then to what can I attach myself with *vidya,* knowledgeably, intelligently?" "To the noumenal world, which you can approach by withdrawing from the hurly-burly from time to time and quietly meditating within yourself, by discovering the central 'I' which is all the while, although you do not realize this, a witness of all these things."

The seers of old time realized and registered this state of *Maya,* but few of the people saw what they saw, and the position has remained unaltered to this day. *Maya* still envelops and "drowns" the world: it is the real Flood. But it is vital to make the waters recede, and not until this happens will there be any hope of our establishing human relationships upon a truly rational co-operative basis. But how to convey these ideas to the "natural man" without his misapprehending them, without his thinking: "So this life is not real, it is an illusion — well,

then, it cannot matter what we do: we need not accept duties and responsibilities that come to us"? The spread of such a misconception would spell confusion and anarchy. Effort may have been made to show "the masses" the truth, but it was probably seen that this could not be done in language that they could understand. Coming back to the flood simile, it would be like trying to "explain" and describe water to a fish. To the fish, water is not something apart from it: water is of its being. Just so with that in which the natural man is immersed, *Maya*: it is for him not something in which he is immersed: it is of his being, himself. Some people who read my booklet object: "This *Maya* doctrine is sheer Materialism — these automatisms you speak of constitute the gospel of the Behaviourists." But as we know, and as I have indicated, nothing could be farther from the truth. For the great teaching of the Hindu sages is that man is Divine, that man, all life, is a manifestation of Brahma, the Supreme, God — call the ultimate central Power as you will — and that it is only the *Maya* state which is materialistic and secludes from us the all-important truth. See through *Maya*, resist its compulsions, and you become a serenely free spirit. You then become able to work with and through the mass of self-interested and self-preservatory instincts that closes in each of us; and to return to the point of departure or to set forth in a new direction as often as that will help bring you nearer to the goal of enlightenment.

So I ask, then: Was an exposition of *Maya*, a full exposition, part of the Secret Doctrines?

And Reincarnation. Could that also be a concept which the sages would decide could not be properly and adequately adumbrated to the public, but only to trustworthy pupils? For, to so many, the concept of Reincarnation means a straightforward: "After I die I, John Brown, will be born again as Thomas Smith." Many reflective persons feel, however, the reality to be something far less simple than that, something, indeed, that may be indescribably complex. I myself believe that each individual is in essence many individuals, who, at a birth in this world, manifest in part, and in part only, in the newly-born person, who nevertheless is informed by a central integrating individuality which has the task of co-ordinating and equilibrating all the personality strains that fall to be manifested through him. The ancient Hindus declared the basic truth that souls have to return again and again to earth to work out and harmonize their *karma* — but is it that a statement of "the full story" would plunge the natural man into speculations

far beyond those needed for everyday life — and so was not attempted? The one fact itself would be sufficient for practical purposes — "You can escape the consequences of none of your thoughts and acts; as you sow, you must reap."

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

THE STREET

Daily I pass the houses in that street
And muse on lives within....
Are they drab and grey,
Does joy with eager wings beat
Ineffectually all day
On doors and windows,
Or does romance sometimes light up those secret rooms,
The sweet solace of art dissolve their glooms?
I cannot say;
Houses, like people, have their hidden lives....
Sometimes I hear the gay
Laughter of children,
Their pattering feet,
A laugh or a cry,
But how those people live or die
Remains a mystery.

HERBERT BLUEN

WORDSWORTH ON "MIND" IN "THE RECLUSE"

[HERE is a fresh evaluation of Wordsworth as a thinker. On the basis of the impressive fragment of *The Recluse*, and contrary to general opinion, **Mr. H. C. Duffin,** who has contributed before to our pages, argues for Wordsworth a philosophic capacity equal to Locke, Hume and Descartes.—ED.]

IT SEEMS STRANGE, even absurd, that what his friends and contemporaries most eagerly expected from Wordsworth was the poem he was least fitted to write, a great philosophical poem. It was Coleridge, not Wordsworth, who was the profound thinker, intellectually capable though by character quite incapable of elaborating a new "system of philosophy." And yet — leaving the others aside — is it possible that Coleridge could have been so mistaken in his estimate of the man with whom he was on such intimate terms from 1797 to 1803? Deep answers unto deep, and Coleridge's powerful intellect felt itself in contact with a mind of equal, even of greater, depth. Only a tape-recording of their conversation would give us the grounds for his assurance, but there is no doubt that the grounds were there. Coleridge was mistaken in assuming that Wordsworth had the power to organize his thought into a "system of philosophy," but he must have recognized the force and originality of the thought itself.

Now profundity of thought is not a necessary element of great poetry. Not all poets are sages, and from Wordsworth's letters we should not judge him to be wiser than the next man. Yet truth came to him on the wings of imagination, making the great blank-verse poems storehouses of wisdom as well as treasuries of delight. There is more truth, of the imaginative, permanent kind, to be found in Wordsworth than in other poets. Moreover, though he never succeeded in synthesizing, never attempted to synthesize, in *The Recluse* or elsewhere, the truth that was in him, it is in those parts of *The Recluse* that he left to us that the most valuable of his scattered truths ("recurrent insights," Professor Leone Vivanti calls them) are to be found. That Second Part of *The Recluse* which Wordsworth named *The Excursion* is full of great thoughts, some both brilliant and profound, such as "Life is love and immortality," or "We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love," (was the amendment of St. Paul intended?) — others more disputable, like

> . . . the good die first,
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket.

But *The Recluse* itself, to judge by the "Prospectus," had a more deliberate and connected purpose — to conduct an inquiry into the nature of mind — more particularly the human mind: to light up its recesses as with a torch. The lines of the inquiry were doubtless suggested by Coleridge, who (many years later, in the *Aids to Reflection*) wrote, "The noblest object of reflection is the mind itself."

Browning made Paracelsus affirm, "God, thou art mind," and Arnold's Empedocles felt that when body, blood and breath had returned to the elements man would remain as a "naked, eternally restless mind." Both statements deny materialism and declare the spiritual nature of reality. The world of Wordsworth's poetry is of course a spiritual world, and generally he concerns himself with the non-rational aspects of spirit, but for the purposes of *The Recluse* he seems to accept the more limited denotation, pure intellect, of Browning and Arnold. He speaks of "that Intelligence which governs all," and it is "the discerning Intellect of man" that is to find beauty "a simple produce of the common day" and "weigh the good and evil of our mortal state." He has, almost casually, mentioned the soul at the beginning of the "Prospectus" as a possible alternative to "outward circumstances" as an originating point for "emotions," but after this there are only two places where he seems to envisage a more transcendent faculty than mind — intellect, intelligence — whether in humanity or deity. One is that in which he describes himself as "the transitory Being that beheld this Vision" — a poet, not a philosopher; while in the other, borrowing from Shakespeare's Sonnet CVII, he speaks of

> The human soul of universal earth
> Dreaming on things to come.

Of all the attributes of man coming up for mention in Wordsworth's poetry, mind is (after love) the most frequent, and the word "mind" occurs much more often in *The Recluse* (including *The Excursion*) than in *The Prelude*. And now it is made definite that, in *The Recluse*, "the mind of man" is to be

> My haunt, and the main region of my song.

Here again we notice a different approach from that of *The Prelude*, where the mind is not a "region" but an instrument. In *The Prelude*

mind is "feeling intellect," intellect used as an instrument for cutting down to truth but used with its feeling edge, not its rational one. But in *The Recluse* mind is a region to be explored. And the method is not that of "mass-investigation." He is to explore his own mind, "the mind in isolation,"

> . . . the individual mind that keeps her own
> Inviolate retirement. . . .

This must be so. We can know no mind but our own. We can deduce the nature and workings of other men's minds by their words, their writings, their actions, but only as we may imagine the interior of a house from its façade. Browing doubted whether even in the *Sonnets* you could hear Shakespeare's heart. And the mind, his own mind, which the poet is to study is to be "in retirement." Not to have lived apart from human contacts — that would be limiting, crippling — but for the special purpose of investigation, to withdraw from the world "musing in solitude" with powers developed by long experience of man and Nature. "Impulses of deeper birth," we know, came to Wordsworth in solitude, but *The Recluse,* under Coleridge's possibly mistaken urgency, is to be concerned with something other than impulses.

Whether even the most analytical of thinkers, subjective and objective at the same time, can really "know his own mind," as we say, is uncertain, but Wordsworth obediently put his mind under the microscope. And as he gazes, his first reaction is to be, like the Freudian psychologist, filled with fear:—

> . . . even such fear and awe
> As fall upon us often when we look
> Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man.

But Wordsworth's fear is a very different thing from the horror to which the psychoanalyst is moved when he becomes aware of the obscene conflict, as it seems to him, between the conscious and the unconscious mind. Psychoanalysis did not raise its ambiguous head till more than thirty years after Wordsworth's death, and it is unlikely that he had any inkling of an "unconscious," even though his intuitive appreciation of reality may have come straight out of it, and in the lines from *The Prelude*:

> [A Child,] I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
> Old as creation, drinking in a pure
> Organic pleasure. . . ,

we have something akin to the modern concept. (There is a passage in Coleridge's *Table Talk* that seems to anticipate the theory of the collective unconscious.) His inspection of his own mind bred not horror but "fear and awe." We know what these words mean to Wordsworth. Explaining, in *The Prelude,* how he has been able to keep himself from "selfish passions" he says:—

> To fear and love,
> To love as prime and chief, for there fear ends,
> Be this ascribed . . . a love that comes into the heart
> With awe.

And one of his mountain visions described in Book II of *The Excursion* roused him to "admiration and mysterious awe." His whole understanding of nature was, he tells us, "fostered alike by beauty and by fear." There is nothing here remotely resembling the "fear," the revulsion, that must come of a conception of the mind as primarily a welter of repressed desires. If Wordsworth had gone on to give us in completeness his vision of the nature, structure and content of the human mind I think it would have been a more inspiring vision than this, and I should have been prepared to trust his imaginative insight more than the psychologist's sinister inferences.

The other preliminary thing he tells us about the mind is more objective, though including a degree of pleasure consequent upon what he sees and describes. He sees, and is to proclaim,

> How exquisitely the individual Mind
> . . . to the external World
> Is fitted.

Now, what does this mean? Wordsworth is reminding us that since "the external world" is — for all practical purposes — composed of matter and physical forces, it might be supposed to have no means of contact with the mind, which is — so far as we know — immaterial. The impossibility of communication might seem to be more absolute than the famous dilemma that kept the elephant and the whale from getting at each other. We see the problem first in the fact — if it is a fact — that the immaterial mind has to operate through the material brain. And yet the mind does, somehow, in some inexplicable way, effect the operation, and so, in spite of the unbridgeable gulf of difference, the individual mind (and, as Wordsworth adds, "the progressive powers of the whole species") is able to appreciate, through the senses, by imagination, by analysis by a variety of approaches, every aspect of the "mighty

world of eye and ear" — is in short fitted most exquisitely to it. Wordsworth's qualification of his addition of "the powers of the whole species" by the words "perhaps no less" refers to the comparative coarseness of the general understanding beside the fine comprehension of the individual observer.

The extension of the idea—

> how exquisitely too . . .
> The external world is fitted to the mind

— does not seem to add much that is new, unless it means that the universe has been so made that we can, if we will, understand it — though this has to be reconciled with J. B. S. Haldane's irresistible suggestion that the world is so rum that we shall probably never know how rum it is. There can be little hesitation in accepting Wordsworth's final truth — that mind and matter in co-operation ("with blended might," he says) can achieve something which must be called "by no lower name" than creation.

These hints of a high and comprehensive purpose are placed in the last 107 lines of "Home at Grasmere." This lovely poem, some 900 lines in all, was composed and proudly if pathetically entitled *The Recluse,* Part I, Book I, in 1801, though Helen Darbishire thinks the "Prospectus" itself, the last 107 lines, was probably written in 1798, fresh from Coleridge's inspiration. I believe Wordsworth would have gone straight on in the further books of Part I to develop these hints into a full investigation of the powers and nature of the human mind. He had announced his intention of dealing with "Nature, Man and Society," and now he specifies the *mind* of man as his principal but of course not his only theme — "the *main* region of my song." Man would have been central to his purpose, giving unity to the three Parts. In Part I he would have dealt with the mind of man in isolation amidst the wonders of nature; Part II was to deal, and did actually deal, with man in the limited associations of friendship and a village community, still upheld by the companionship of nature (the minds of the Wanderer and the Solitary are fully explored); Part III would have shown man in society, "barricadoed evermore within the walls of cities," suffering "the fierce confederate storm of sorrow" (as even in "fields and groves" he would have known "solitary anguish"), yet experiencing "joy in widest commonalty spread." It is obvious that the special study of mind would be most easily effected in the conditions of Part I.

We have no reason to complain that after planning, with Coleridge,

the scheme of *The Recluse,* and writing Book I of the First Part, Wordsworth allowed himself to be drawn aside into lyric and into the enormous preparatory work of *The Prelude,* or that even when he returned to *The Recluse* he did so in concrete form, to write the delectable narrative poem, *The Excursion.* Yet if he had been a little more methodical, and had gone on to finish Part I before embarking on Part II, we might have had an interpretation of man and his mind to stand with those of Locke, Hume, Descartes. But Wordsworth would have needed no such proof of his existence as *cogito ergo sum.* By his passionate senses he knew he was not only a man but a poet: *sum ergo miror.* As a poet he was filled with wonder: wonder at the power and intricacy of man's mind, at the infinite solace of nature, at the certainty and mystery of God.

H. C. DUFFIN

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to hear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

—KEATS

BHAKTI YOGA IN THE "BHAGAVAD-GITA"

[**Professor D. S. Sarma,** Retired Principal of the Vivekananda College, Madras, gives a lucid exposition of the first step to all spiritual discipline, *bhakti* (devotion), as it is described in the *Bhagavad-Gita.*—ED.]

IT IS SURPRISING that, though *bhakti* is extensively taught in the *Gita* and indeed forms the final note of its teaching, the actual expression *Bhakti Yoga,* with which we are so familiar, occurs only once in the whole scripture. All religious life begins with *bhakti,* simple faith and trust in God. And therefore for the common man *Bhakti Yoga* is the easiest and the best path. Also, *Bhatki Yoga* is the basis of *Karma Yoga* and *Jnana Yoga.* For, unless a man has faith in God and looks upon all his duties as only so many opportunities for doing service to Him, he cannot be a true *Karma-Yogin.* Similarly, unless a man loves God and sees His presence in all things in the world, he cannot be a true *Jnana-Yogin.* The fact is, these three *yogas* are inseparable. They are only the three aspects of a single process of discipline. They are the three phases of a well-balanced spiritual life. So when we speak of any one of them singly we only mean to emphasize that aspect or phase for the time being. At any rate, the *Bhakti Yoga* that is taught in the *Gita* is a well-balanced manly feeling, supported by an enlightened knowledge of God on the one side and a ceaseless, selfless activity on the other. It is far from being the excessive emotionalism of our later *bhakti* literature.

The attitude of the *Gita* to the various levels of *bhakti* in the community is quite typical of Hinduism. The God of the Hindus has never been a jealous God. Accordingly the *Gita* takes a very tolerant and sympathetic view of all types of *bhakti,* low as well as high. It sympathizes with such lower types as the worship of petty gods, local deities and even ancestral spirits and the offering of sacrifices and gifts. At the same time it points out their limitations and urges the worshippers to move on to the highest type — the love and worship of the one universal *Iswara,* who is not one among the many, but the one behind all. It says that it is the ignorant who think "that the Unmanifested is endowed with a manifest form, not knowing His supreme nature which is immutable and transcendental."

The great problem of *Bhakti Yoga* in all religions is how to strike a balance between an infinite spirit and a finite form. Without the former one's *bhakti* would be lacking in magnitude and comprehensiveness, and without the latter it would be lacking in depth and intensity.

In adjusting the claims of both spirit and form all protestant religions are apt to go to one extreme and all popular religions to another. The best solution of the problem is seen in the idea of the *Avatar*, the Divine Incarnation, which brings together both heaven and earth. No wonder that this idea or something approximating to it has been such a great instrument of power in all those religions which have made it one of their fundamental doctrines.

Hinduism has still another solution to this problem in its doctrine of *Ishta-devata*. According to this doctrine the god or goddess of one's choice represents for the worshipper the supreme Deity. For instance, the great saint and mystic Sri Ramakrishna had for his *Ishta-devata* the goddess Kali of Dakshineswar. For him she was the living symbol of the Infinite. This convention goes far back to the Vedic age. In the Vedic hymns each god was by turns represented as the Supreme God. In the famous *Gayatri Mantra* the light of the sun symbolizes the uncreated Light. And the Upanishads are full of instructions for meditation on the same lines.

But the problem does not end with striking a satisfactory balance between spirit and form. The next step is to have a clear and constant recognition that, while the spirit is universal and eternal, the form is local and temporal, and even temporary, and that, while the spirit is one and the same, the forms are many and different. Without this recognition *bhakti* would be lacking in flexibility and might become rigid and bigoted and lead to fanaticism and intolerance.

The *Gita* further says that even at the highest level there are two types of *bhakti* — the worship of the personal God and the contemplation of the impersonal Absolute. Both are legitimate types. But the latter is the more difficult path, for "the goal of the Unmanifested is hard for the embodied to reach." However, in the final analysis, says Krishna, the *Avatar*, all roads lead to Himself, for He is "the Recipient of all sacrifices and austerities, the Lord of all the worlds and the Friend of all creatures."

Similarly, the *Gita* points out that there are different classes of worshippers, according to the motives which prompt them to approach God: those in distress, those who desire gain of some kind, those who seek knowledge and, finally, those who are Seers of Truth. It commends them all, but declares that the Seers of Truth, who are single-minded and are in constant union with God, are the best. It will be seen that, while the first three groups, though they are good devotees, desire

something from God the last has no desire at all for anything. A great Western mystic says:—

> Blessed, indeed, are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, but more blessed are those who hunger and thirst after the Presence of God, but most blessed are those who, having attained to the Eternal Now, hunger and thirst after nothing at all.

The goal of religious endeavour is conceived variously by saints and mystics over the world. Firstly, it may be conceived as a place of bliss, a heaven or a paradise or a *Brahmaloka*. In this case the aspirant is likened to a pilgrim and his progress towards his goal is described, as in Bunyan's well-known book, as the pilgrim's progress. Secondly, the goal may be conceived as a person — as a Redeemer or Saviour or an *Avatar* or a personal God. This is, of course, the most popular form and constitutes the basis of all theistic religions. In this case the aspirant looks upon the Divine Person as the Master and himself as the servant, or he looks upon Him as the heavenly Father (or Mother) and himself as the child, or again he may look upon Him as the Divine Lover or Bridegroom and his own soul as the beloved or the bride. These relationships are too well known in the religions of the world to require examples. Hinduism has systematized them into a set of *bhavas*. Thirdly, the goal may be conceived as a Spirit, either immanent or transcendent. In the former case the aspirant becomes a mystical poet like Tagore or Wordsworth who sees the Presence of God everywhere in Nature and to whom all objects in the universe are only symbols of the indwelling Spirit. In the latter the aspirant becomes a philosopher who regards the world not as something which reveals God, but as something which hides Him. He therefore tries to look beyond its snares and delusions for the ultimate Reality he is in search of. And, lastly, the goal may be conceived as a state or condition of one's own consciousness. In this case the aspirant, like the Advaita Vedantin, looks upon himself as a sleeper awakened — awakened from the illusions of time and space to the one Reality of the transcendental Self.

It is interesting to note that all these different concepts of the ultimate Reality, which is the goal of religious life, are mentioned in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, though, being predominantly a theistic scripture, it employs most frequently the concept of a Divine Person identified with the *Avatar*. In addition to terms like *Iswara, Purusha, Prabhu*, etc., it very often, of course, uses the first personal pronoun *aham*, as the speaker is the *Avatar* himself. The other concepts, of place, Spirit and State,

are also found in the *Gita* and are expressed by means of various terms. For instance, the concept of place is expressed by the terms, *loka, sthaana, dhaama, pada, gati,* etc. The concept of the Spirit immanent is expressed by such terms as *Atman, Jiva* and *Kshetrajna,* and the Spirit transcendent by *Avyakta, Akshara, Brahman,* etc. And the State of Consciousness is expressed by words like *sthiti, siddhi, Brahma-nirvana,* etc.

But what is most remarkable is that some of these different concepts are sometimes found side by side in the same verse without producing any sense of incongruity. Take, for instance, the following:—

> The unmanifested (*Avyakta*) is called the imperishable (*Akshara*). It is said to be the ultimate goal (*gati*). Those who reach it never come back. That is My supreme abode (*dhaama*).
>
> I am the goal and the support, the lord and the witness, the abode, the refuge and the friend.

It is well known that the *Gita* is a grand synthesis of various schools of religious thought — Sankhya, Yoga, Bhagavata and Vedanta — and of the several ways and means of religious life — *Karma, Bhakti, Dhyana* and *Jnana*. From what has already been said, it will be seen that it is also a synthesis of the various concepts of the ultimate Reality to be reached by all religious aspirants. However it lays special emphasis on union with a personal *Ishwara* as the end and aim of man's religious endeavour. In vivid and arresting phrases it speaks of a man of devotion "entering into God" and "living in Him." And what are the steps by which this glorious consummation may be reached? Apart from doing one's duties in the world in a spirit of service to God — which is what the *Gita* calls *Karma Yoga* — one should constantly think of Him and make one's mind dwell on His Presence. The *Avatar* says that He is easy of access to those who constantly think of Him and concentrate their minds on Him and that He will enter into the hearts of those who love Him and will "dispel all darkness born of ignorance by the shining lamp of wisdom."

The practice of concentrating the mind on God is called *Dhyana Yoga.* This is a higher phase of *Bhakti Yoga,* in which *bhakti* passes over to *jnana* and the two become one. It is described in Chapter VI in a remarkable passage beginning "As a lamp sheltered from the wind doth not flicker. . ."

But much more important than all these details of *Bhakti Yoga,* from the point of view of the common man, are those grand verses in

which the *Avatar* of the *Gita* gives His assurances to those who surrender themselves to Him and seek refuge in Him, verses which have given comfort and consolation to many an aching heart through countless ages in this country. They are well known, but they bear repetition.

> Fixing thy thoughts on Me thou shalt surmount every difficulty by My Grace. Those who meditate on Me and worship Me exclusively and who are ever devoted to Me — the responsibility of their welfare rests on Me. Proclaim it, O Arjuna, that My devotee never perishes. Giving up all rules of righteousness, come unto Me alone for shelter Do not grieve. I will release thee from all sins.

And these assurances are given to all without any distinction of caste or creed, sex or birth. It is one of the glories of the theism of the *Gita,* followed by all the *bhakti* teachers of later ages, that it does away with all social distinctions insisted on by the traditional teachers of the Veda.

Finally, it may be pointed out that the *Bhakti Yoga* taught in the *Gita* has had a marvellous development throughout our country, from the time of the *Mahabharata* to the present day, resulting in a passionate religion of love for Krishna. And this has flooded the land with the living waters of a vast *bhakti* literature of every conceivable kind in all languages — songs, poems, dialogues, plays, romances and systems of theology.

D. S. SARMA

THE WHOLE WORLD is the temple of the immortal gods.
—SENECA

LAUGHTER IS STILL THE BEST MEDICINE

[In our December 1961 number **Mr. David Gunston** wrote of the efficacy of tears. In this article he explains the truth of the homely aphorism "Laugh and be well."—Ed.]

Recent medical and psychological research has proved beyond all doubt what wise men have always known instinctively: that "laugh and be well" is no mere catch-phrase. To be unable, either through rigid inhibitions or sheer physical or mental tension, to explode spontaneously into rich laughter may well be a serious and lasting disability.

Modern medical science tends to look with mistrust upon anyone who cannot laugh, feeling with considerable justification that in spite of the absence of visible symptoms, such a person may be in a very sick state. There is growing support, too, for the view that the man or woman who cannot laugh rarely makes a good member of any community.

As Dr. Pierre Vachet, of the Paris Institute of Psychology, proclaims: "Laughter releases tonic emotions which, through the medium of the sympathetic nervous system, cause a sudden nervous discharge and change the physiological reactions of the individual." He once gave weekly lessons in the art of socially infectious laughter to large groups of people, and secured constant proof of laughter's wonderfully efficient respiratory means of levelling off super-charged emotions. Not only does laughter instantly relax us on the threefold levels of the physical, the mental and the emotional, and we laugh because we enjoy ourselves, but we also enjoy ourselves because we laugh.

At a recent experiment held at New York University two groups of students were formed and placed on exactly the same daily food. Group A had to occupy itself immediately after meals with serious scientific discussions led by an academic instructor, while Group B was regularly entertained by a light comedian. After only a fortnight it was found that the general health and spirits of Group B were indubitably better than those of Group A. Group B's digestions and over-all emotional tone were also noticeably improved over those of their less fortunate fellows.

Even on the purely physical level, a good laugh wonderfully relaxes muscular tensions in the whole body, especially in the chest and abdomen. By relaxing the diaphragm during the heavy breathing-out that accompanies all hearty laughter, inner tensions are speedily relieved. This in turn leads to a deeper rhythm in the respiration, allowing oxygen to

circulate more freely through the blood to every part of the frame. From the vocal chords to the soles of the feet we are stimulated and then relaxed. As Mark Twain put it: "Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand."

After even a short burst of laughter, then, a person has enriched and enlivened his whole organism in a unique way. As a notorious but still wise doctor, Rabelais, put it: "Burst with laughter and get well." He also wrote what might equally apply to our own times: "This age has a bad stomach. Purge it with laughter."

The medical world, however, has yet to get these truths across to everyone in the face of age-old restraints and inhibitions against both the guffaw and the giggle. There is still far too much pomposity abroad in the world. People — especially in this country — still fear too much for their dignity. There are even families where children are still brought up to believe that loud laughter is automatically impolite. In fact, of course, unless laughter is loud enough to be audible to others, it can do little good, either to the laugher himself or to his hearers. Laughter being the pleasantest infection in the world, audibility is its first essential. In the words of Dr. James J. Walsh: "All men laugh more or less, but those who laugh the most are the ones who live the longest and enjoy the best results. Laughter dissipates fears and apprehensions and certainly minimizes mental strains."

Laughter is the greatest enemy of worry. Ideally — and perhaps this is true of the majority of people — the more there is to worry about, the greater becomes our capacity for laughter. Certainly one's memories of war-time humour bear this out. The British National Association for Mental Health put this side of the matter succinctly in a recent booklet:—

> The sure enemy of worry is laughter. People who cannot laugh at themselves usually take themselves too seriously, or they may suffer from a sense of inadequacy which makes them refuse to admit that they can be foolish or wrong. A sense of humour is the greatest help in facing difficulties of any kind, and disproportionate worry is a common symptom among neurotic people.

There is, in truth, profound wisdom in William Cowper's dictum: "Laugh at all you trembled at before."

If a good laugh clears the air for the person who laughs, it may also do the same between people, bringing them back to feelings of stability and normality after tensions have been aroused. It is also

true to say that laughter is the great safety-valve for people in the mass as well as for individuals. Feelings of hatred, bitterness or malice may be instantly dispelled by a well-directed gale of laughter.

This aspect of laughter has not received the study its importance warrants, but, writing recently in a medical journal, Dr. G. K. Selborne commented:—

> Perhaps the most civilized and maturest form of humour is that known to all leaders of men, and to those interested in the now fashionable art of human relations. It is the humour which can be used to de-tense people in order to tide them over difficult or awkward moments. This is the sort of humour you will overhear in any British crowd. It explains why a British crowd never goes berserk and becomes a maddened mob; why Britain's great social and political revolutions have never been won at the barricades, and have never been hate-inspired.

The other day another doctor put it differently when he commented optimistically on the case of a small boy desperately ill in hospital, simply because he was still able to laugh. Most adults can usually summon up some sort of laughter in the face of adversity or sickness, but a child usually lacks this gift of social pretence. When things go really wrong with him everything looks black, and natural laughter disappears. So a sick child who can still laugh is already halfway to recovery. A French psychologist, Dr. G. W. Valentine, who has made a thorough study of laughter in children, bears this out. He also holds that an infant's first smile is its first true expression of well-being and pleasure, that infants begin to laugh at about the age of twelve weeks, though they may smile when as young as six days. The older baby laughs not because he is physically better able to do so than the new-born child, but because he is psychologically better equipped to do so. He laughs, content and happy, because he understands, in some obscure, instinctive way, that the general meaning of some uttered human sounds is good. Also, the development of laughter from the earliest age is connected with the development of speech, which seems to suggest that, like speech, laughter is a fundamental means of human communication.

Laughter maintains its importance among nations as among men, because it helps preserve a sense of proportion. "No man ever distinguished himself who could not bear to be laughed at," said Maria Edgeworth in a flash of insight. Those who laugh continually are sometimes condemned as frivolous folk ("silly gigglers," if women) with patently superficial minds. Yet, provided their laughter is always spon-

taneous, natural and genuine and not just a nervous affectation, they do indeed maintain a sense of perspective and proportion about the human condition that is far from superficial. Laughers generally are more sensitive and sympathetic than those who show only stiff, sad, unsmiling faces and dogged expressions to the world.

If laughter is the most pleasant of all the emotions, it is also the most useful. Above all, it is an interacting, social phenomenon which invariably exercises a humanizing effect upon all who practise or enjoy it. It is beyond all doubt "a sudden glory," the happiest convulsion which mankind can summon back again and again, as long as sanity prevails.

DAVID GUNSTON

OUR HUMOUR has relation to us and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance; it is a colour, taste, and smell, diffused through all; though our actions are never so many and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion, which though it may be disguised by art, yet cannot be wholly changed: we may paint it with other colours, but we cannot change the grain....

A man may change his opinion, but I believe he will find it a difficulty to part with his humour, and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those who perhaps innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the question, "Why are you not merry?" — "Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful?" then, instead of answering, could I ask such a one, "Why are you not handsome?" — "Why have you not black eyes and a better complexion?" Nature abhors to be forced.

—WILLIAM CONGREVE

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

Lamps of Fire: From the Scriptures and Wisdom of the World. Chosen by JUAN MASCARÓ. (Methuen, London. 279 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

This is one of the finest and most comprehensive of all anthologies of the inner life. It was first issued in 1958 in a limited edition, but is now made available to a larger public in response to the suggestion of some of its readers. The editor is already known from his translation of selected passages from the Upanishads in the volume *Himalayas of the Soul,* published by John Murray in the "Wisdom of the East" series. In his new book he includes many of his own translations, not only from the *Upanishads,* but from other sacred writings — the *Bhagavad-Gita,* the *Dhammapada,* the *Zend Avesta,* and more especially the *Tao Te Ching* — as well as from such authors as Thomas à Kempis, Dante and Ramon Lull. His translations are marked by their beauty of diction and their sensitiveness to the spirit of the original. The outstanding feature of the anthology is the width of its scope, which clearly reflects the compiler's catholicity of spirit. The opening section, entitled "The Spirit of Religion," is admirably designed by its quotation of passages from the Scriptures of the great religions to illustrate the unity of spirit which underlies their differences. Later sections are named respectively "Light," "Love" and "Life," and in each of them Mascaró gives us well-chosen passages from the sages and mystics of East and West, including not only those most widely known (Plato, Shakespeare, St. Teresa, Ramakrishna and many others), but such less known wise men as Proclus, Maimonides, Manikka-Vasagar and St. Peter of Alcantara. In most cases detailed references are provided, but in some instances — as in the case of extracts from the works of Ramakrishna, Gandhi, Suso, Father Baker — only the author's name is given. It may be hoped that in a future edition fuller references will be given in such instances. In any case Mascaró has done an excellent piece of work, which is deserving of the gratitude of all who care for the things of the spirit.

SIDNEY SPENCER

The One Work: A Journey Towards the Self. By ANNE GAGE. (Vincent Stuart Ltd., London. 139 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 21*s*.)

This is a fascinating book, beautifully produced. A superficial glance may lead one to assume that it is a travelogue of a person visiting for the first time some of the countries of South-East Asia — something which has been done before, not once but scores of times: in fact so often that a jaded reviewer is apt to put a work of this kind aside. However that may be, it is not an ordinary travelogue: it is something unusual, as may be judged by its sub-title: *A Journey towards the Self.* And it would be doing it a disservice to refer to it as a travel book at all. That the author did travel there is no denying: without contacting Thailand, India, Indonesia, and other countries of the East she could not have written this book. She does describe the sites and scenes that struck her most — some she found charming, others horrifying or disgusting. But the main burden is her quest for acquiring something infinitely more important than a mere acquaintance with eastern countries, namely, the inner poise which is the reward of those who strive to

find the meaning and purpose of Life. Her journey was for the discovery of her soul, and the book is a record of that journey, her spiritual pilgrimage to be re-born like a phœnix after an ordeal of fire.

SUDHIN GHOSE

The Book of Lieh-tzu. A new translation by A. C. GRAHAM. (The Wisdom of the East Series. John Murray, London. 183 pp. 1960. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Chinese philosophers, no matter how subtly they spin out metaphysics, seldom lose the smiling common touch. This collection of essays and stories, associated with the half-legendary Taoist, Lieh-tzū, is characteristic, and Dr. Graham's presentation nicely balances scholarship and popular readable interest.

He refers, in his Introduction, to "spontaneity" as one of the central concepts of the thought of Lieh-tzū and his contemporaries, *i.e.* acting "in the manner of natural processes," not forcing one's will on events. The anecdotal "seed-ideas" in this small book contain more common-sense psychology than do many learned volumes of the Western psychological schools. Among the amusing, yet quite profound, lessons thus illustrated by stories and dialogues is that of the right and wrong way of "stealing," the tyranny of memory, the importance of "when," as well as "what" and "how" and "why," in any course of action. Another question raised is how far we live in our minds. Dream and waking are both *experience.*

> A people awake for only one day in fifty would trust in dreams and doubt its waking consciousness A slave who dreamed every night that he was a rich man would lead the same life as a rich man who dreamed every night that he was a slave

The concept of *t'ien-ming* ("the decree of heaven") has affinities with *karma,* also viewed often in too fatalistic a way. Working with the "law" or "decree," rather than choosing according to personal preference is advocated by Hindu and Taoist alike. As Dr. Graham puts it:—

> . we can choose if we make the mistake of supposing that it will benefit us to do so ..The true Taoist empties his mind of all subjective principles, attends to the external situation with perfect concentration, and responds to it without conceiving alternatives

The ego-centred human being of our civilization could well do some thinking on this idea alone. In fact, Lieh-tzū's commonsense wisdom, presented so palatably by Dr. Graham, would provide many starting points for thoughtful discussion groups.

L. MARR

A Moslem Saint of the Twentieth Century: Shaikh Ahmad al-'Alawī, His Spiritual Heritage and Legacy. By MARTIN LINGS. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd, London. 224 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 28*s.*)

This account of the spiritual legacy of a modern Sūfī is derived from sources hitherto little known in the West, though his books are well known in North Africa. Born in 1869 at Mostaganem, in Algeria, al-'Alawī studied Ṣūfism under Shaikh Muhammad al-Būzīdī. He then travelled for a considerable period in North Africa and the Near East, staying in Tunis, Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus and Istanbul. Later he established a separate branch of the Barqāwī order of dervishes in his native place and thousands of dis-

ciples were attracted to his leadership. In addition to giving personal instruction to his followers, al-'Alawī wrote a number of books for the guidance of his disciples and also started a religious weekly newspaper.

The book includes an account of the Shaikh's teaching on the Ṣūfī doctrine, which he claimed to be orthodox, depending upon the Qur'an and orthodox Traditions, but much of his teaching is derived from Ibn al-'Arabi (died 1240), 'Abd al-Karīm Jīlī (died 1428) and he also quotes largely from the poems of the Egyptian Ṣūfī al-Fārid (died 1235), and these three were far from orthodox, and were accused of heresy by their critics.

There are selections given of the saint's poetry, some of which is very fine: it is a pity that the author has not given us some translations in verse. Of the Oneness of Being al-'Alawī wrote:—

Alone God was, and with Him naught else...
Inwardly Hidden Outwardly Manifest,
Without beginning, without end Whate'er thou seest,
Seest thou His Being. Absolute Oneness.
No "but" hath and no "except." How should God's Essence
Be confined with a veil? No veil there but His Light.

The Shaikh was quite sure of his own calling, as some of his predecessors had been. He writes:—

A manifesting of the Supreme
Presence Dominical am I,
Even as my state plainly declareth.
A river, I, of the o'erflowing
Mercy of the All-Merciful
In flood on earth for men to see

The author's claim that the book is self-sufficient and can be read "without any special knowledge of the subject, and even without any general knowledge of Islam" can hardly be accepted, but those who already have some knowledge of Ṣūfism and Islam or of mysticism, will find the book of great interest, as the account of a modern Ṣūfī, who is a worthy descendant of the great Ṣūfīs of old, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Martin Lings will write more for us on this great subject.

There is an appendix giving a list of al-Alawī's writings and another tracing the links of the Shaikh's spiritual ancestry.

MARGARET SMITH

International Institute of Philosophy and Indian Philosophical Congress. Edited by N. A. NIKAM. (Mysore University, Mysore. 166 pp. 1959. Price not mentioned.)

A joint session of the International Institute of Philosophy and the Indian Philosophical Congress was held for the first time in Asia, at Mysore. The *entretiens* discussed the Traditional Cultural Values, East and West, under UNESCO's Major Project, Mutual Appreciations of Cultural Values. In spite of Kipling's cynical pronouncement that "O, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," this symposium of the eminent philosophers of East and West has very greatly contributed to fostering and promoting mutual understanding of the traditional cultural values of East and West. It was veritably a living dialogue between living men. It has shown the way towards evolving one common hierarchy of cultural values. There is only one identical spirit of man which expresses itself in East and West. As there is only one mathematics and one physics for the whole of mankind, even so there ought to be one ethics and one metaphysics for the whole of mankind. In such a common human metaphysics

spiritual values will be the supreme end to which the biological, economic and ethical values will be subordinated. Dharma, Artha and Kāma will be only a means towards the realization of Moksha — perfect real freedom. While science analyzes, describes and explains, philosophic wisdom synthesizes and harmonizes knowledge and power with the right and the good. Such is the synthesis which will resolve the crisis of our own age arising out of the tragic divorce of highly advanced science and almost primitive and barbarous ethics.

The editor deserves to be congratulated on having brought out this precious book which offers an intellectual treat. One can unreservedly recommend the report to all those who are interested in comparative cultural values.

D. G. LONDHEY

[WE regret having to announce the sad news that our esteemed contributor, Dr. D. G. Londhey, has passed away since this review was written.—ED.]

Values and Intentions: A Study in Value-theory and Philosophy of Mind. By J. N. FINDLAY. (The Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 442 pp. 1961. 55*s*.)

Surely the time has come to speak out about the condition of academic philosophy at the present day. It has participated in a general debacle of culture. When Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Bradley wrote, they dealt with issues fundamental for humanity. In recent years, in the revolution against metaphysics, academic philosophers, who must publish, have taken refuge in ethics. As fundamental issues in ethics cannot be truly dealt with without metaphysics, the convention has emerged of writing long books whose *esse* is *obscurum per obscurius* — discursive discussions *ad nauseam* of subtleties, the invention of words like "probabilification" (in the book now before us, p. 421) and so on. Immensely wide reading is revealed unostentatiously-ostentatiously — in casual references. This has the advantage for the writer that it suggests depths beyond the reach of the reader. So philosophy has degenerated into the learned trifling confined to the philosophy schools in the universities.

The writer now before us confesses. He refers to "philosophical obfuscation, in love with its own beautiful difficulty." He realizes that the revolution in thought which began in ancient Greece turned philosophy to reason, the intellect, as the sole guide in life, and that it has been discovered that man is more than intellect and therefore intellectual methods, pure and simple, stultify. Professor Findlay is uncomfortably aware of this not only in philosophy but also in other cultural spheres. A really valuable observation is on p. 253: "It is the keeping of the way open to a better taste that is to be striven for, not the tormenting or baffling of a poor one." Professor Findlay realizes that form cannot be separated absolutely from content.

It is tragic to see his spirit imprisoned in the dreadful convention. It has the courage actually to peep out:—

> Very possibly the world is prevented from foundering in a morass of misery, error and wickedness owing to the continued efforts of a vast number of sanctifying agents, of varying degrees of insight, power and holiness, in whose work we may be privileged to share

Most astonishing is the motto on the dedication page:—

> For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.
>
> The Divine Logos according to *Matthew*, xi 30

R. F. RATTRAY

Lonely God, Lonely Man. By DEAN TURNER. (Philosophical Library, Inc. New York. 191 pp. 1960. $3.75.)

The aim of this work, so arrestingly titled, is "to expound the moral purpose of the burden of loneliness, to make clear what loneliness is and why it is . . . a something essential to life and to the moral development of the individual." It is a commonplace of all human experience that, in the final analysis, each one of us is alone. The most successful human relationship, however vital, intimate or enduring can only create an illusion of companionship. For, while two people may share the adventure of life, functioning on identical levels of consciousness and make of living "one grand sweet song," individuality cannot be transposed or forsaken.

The author, who is a lecturer in the Overseas Division of the University of Maryland, asserts that

> God is lonely for us when we do not love Him Because a proper relatedness of every person to humanity and to God has never been achieved all men are lonely and God is lonely He is lonely for loneliness is also essential to creation and to the act of love.

Mr. Turner illustrates by means of examples how loneliness has a moral purpose and examines it in its relation to Creation, Prefection, Power, the Morally Autonomous Man and to Jesus. He concludes by pointing out that the only perpetual objective in life is greater self-realization.

> The lonely person, who is properly aware of his loneliness, acts to overcome his loneliness. He acts to become more meaningful to himself, which makes him more worthy to others. By the grace of God he progressively conquers his loneliness Yet by the same grace he weathers loneliness, eternal loneliness, to forever grow, to forever become a greater person than he is....

Lonely God, Lonely Man like the many publications that the United States has poured out in recent years is yet another reminder that the race is not for the stars; that long after each heavenly body has been colonized there will still remain territories inviolate except to the Mahatma or the saint. For this as well as for its originality and lucid presentation the book will be found acceptable and worth while.

HILLA C. VAKIL

Great English Essays. Selected and Edited by JAMES REEVES. (Cassell, London. 442 pp. 1961. 30*s*.)

Omnibus volumes of English essays appear at fairly regular intervals. Mr. Reeves's solidly-constructed vehicle wheels with reliable dignity along the main road of English (including American) tradition. It stops at the classic essay-houses, starting with Francis Bacon for three tots, and longer libations from those who have something to advocate as opposed to a pleasant thought succinctly phrased.

This is, perhaps, the basic division in essay-writing, and may best be summed up as the polemical *versus* the literary approach. Mr. Reeves's representative assembly supplies the perfect occasion for picking out the kinds. It is noticeable that England in the seventeenth to eighteenth centuries favours the literary mode. We have the "characters" of Overbury, Earle and Fuller, then the polished reflections of Addison, Johnson and Goldsmith, leading onward to the stylized sentiments of Lamb. When the Americans arrive in the nineteenth century, fighting for possession and position in a newer country, they are earnestly exhortatory, caring little for shape and elegance. Emerson on "Self-Reliance" and Thoreau on "Resistance to Civil Government" each ex-

tend a forcible plea for individualism in page after page of combative argument.

Such emergent writers would dismiss as idleness the enchanting quips that overtook the English essayist in the eighteen-nineties — Butler, Chesterton, the incomparable Sir Max, touching off a thistledown into glory. Yet the English essay in its polemic mode is finely exemplified here by Newman's controversial paper on "Religion and Science"; and from the eighteenth century John Howard stands out for his practical, incontrovertible indictment of the treatment of prisoners. What about Swift, then, making a "Modest Proposal" to reduce beggary among children? No, Swift is the literary sophisticate, equipped with satirical savagery and a venom-pointed pen. His plan for cooking and eating infants is too cerebral, even as a goad.

The twentieth century, though so middle-aged, makes no decisive pattern in this anthology. Possibly Mr. Reeves has missed the best examples: or he intended to show us the Decline and Fall. His penultimate example is not essay but autobiography, and his last (no writer born after 1918 has qualified) was hardly worth reprinting.

SYLVA NORMAN

A Dictionary of Sanskrit Grammar. By K. V. ABHYANKAR. (Oriental Institute, Baroda. 416 pp. 1961. Rs 20.00)

There is a popular saying in Sanskrit that grammar is the gateway to learning. Traditional scholarship in India has always given the first place to grammar in the equipment of poets as well as thinkers, and regards a period of twelve years as not too much to attain mastery over it. This is not surprising when we realize how vast the field of *Vyākaraṇa-śāstra* is, with its history of over 2,000 years since Pāṇini, not to speak of other schools, each of them with an equally long history.

The dryness of the discipline, with the added difficulty of the code language of Pānini and the uninviting style of the mediæval scholiasts, baffles even the most earnest student of the present day. But the Sanskrit originals, sacred or secular, literary or philosophical, cannot yield their secrets to one who has not mastered this tool. The value of the present work cannot, therefore, be overestimated. MM. Abhyankar has really earned the gratitude of all Sanskrit students by providing a masterly reference-book which at once saves the modern student much labour and offers singular guidance in the maze of technical detail for which Pāṇini's grammar is noted.

The learned professor — a more competent person for such a stupendous undertaking it is hard to imagine — has arranged alphabetically all the technical terms in the Pāṇinian system and explained them lucidly and succinctly. Great care has been shown in including items much discussed by later authorities; with the result that the vocabulary of the *Vyākaraṇa-śāstra* ceases to be learned jargon and begins to make sense in the light of the author's exposition.

MM. Abhyankar has indexed also the names of all important works and authors in the *śāstra*, pre-Pāṇinian and post-Pāṇinian, and modern authors too, with historical notes. Here, occasionally, one might complain of certain omissions — Leibich included, but not Whitney or Lüders; Macdonell included, but not Max Müller; the chief terms of the Kātantra and Śākaṭāyana systems left unmentioned, etc. Though very rarely, loose usage is seen as in the mention of "rhetoricians" (p. 38a, l. 5) when perhaps "logicians" (*Tārkikas*) are meant.

These in no way detract from the unquestioned usefulness and uniform authoritativeness of the work. It deserves to be on the shelf of every Sanskrit library and on the desk of every Sanskrit student.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Re-incarnation. By GUENTHER WACHSMUTH. Translated by OLIN D. WANNAMAKER. (Philosophic-anthroposophic Press, Dornach, Switzerland. 308 pp.)

Re-incarnation has been a subject of perennial interest in human evolution. From the primitive and aboriginal societies to the most advanced civilizations man has tried to find out what happens to him after death. In the present work a systematic attempt has been made to record the whole history of the idea of re-incarnation. It is, however, based mainly on the extensive research and thought of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. The book deals with re-incarnation mostly as a phenomenon of metamorphosis. Steiner's distinction between the "psychic" and the "cosmographic" aspect of the process is clearly brought out. It is influenced by Goethe's theory of metamorphosis. Steiner's basic concept that man does not begin or end with physical birth and death is explained with a wealth of excellent reasoning. In this respect Steiner was perhaps echoing Fichte's doctrine that "every person preexists in his spiritual basic form, for no individual resembles another from a spiritual point of view, just as no species of animal resembles the other species." Indian philosophy, and the theory of re-incarnation, based on the law of Karma and desire, do not accept this spiritual diversity but argue on the basis of one indivisible and eternal spiritual unity giving birth to manifold manifestations according to different *karmas* and desires. Re-incarnation in Indian thought is the principle of crystallization and distillation of the essence of *karma* and desire.

The interesting connection between breath and re-incarnation which Steiner indicates is rightly emphasized. The scientific principle of breath is exhaustively discussed in the Indian Yoga Darśana, but unfortunately the book makes no reference to it. The Indian technique of conquering death, rebirth and re-incarnation is to die before death so that death when it does come can take away nothing from the individual. That is how death is defeated. It rests on a profound philosophy and science of breath control, the higher *Pranayama* and the *Kumbhaka* as the road to liberation and salvation. Rudolf Steiner's painstaking research into the unseen life between death and a new birth is carefully analyzed to show the character of the evolution that takes place during that period. Steiner's theory of "Chemistry of Thoughts" is explained to illustrate how the inner life of thoughts during life becomes the outer environment after death. Here again the book would have gained considerably by a reference to the Vedic and Upanishadic explanations available and by the wealth of knowledge that can be had from *Bardo-Thodol*, the Tibetan "Book of the Dead," to which Dr. Evans-Wentz has drawn the attention of the modern world.

From the book one gathers an idea of the sweep and range of Rudolf Steiner's view of the process and purpose of re-incarnation and its manifold effects on stature, physiognomy, gestures, individual organs, limbs, sensorium, health and disease. Even such fascinating but difficult subjects as re-incarnation in definite regions of the earth as selective re-action in the human being, and the nature and problem of human destiny, on which Steiner had definite views and conclusions, are dis-

cussed in this work with admirable clarity of thought and expression.

Survival after death, re-incarnation, the period of growth, development and evolution between one incarnation and another and the nature of experience gathered during that period still remain today, in the midst of the glamorous achievements of modern science, largely unknown, unexplored and debatable. Neither modern biology, nor psychology nor physiology, with its advanced neurology and psychosomatic medicine, has thrown any specially revealing light on these controversies. The solution still remains a long way off. Parapsychology and experiments in extra-sensory perceptions (ESP) are making commendable bids to explore this as yet unknown realm. But so far they have been unsuccessful in probing the great mystery. Professor E. R. Dodd's *Why I Do Not Believe in Survival* and Professor Broad's treatise *The Mind and Its Place in Nature* arrive at almost opposite conclusions as regards survival after death.

The present book does more in a single volume than any other recent treatise to reach some solution, however tentative, of this great mystery of life and death. As a philosopher and mystic with a scientific outlook, Steiner is in a class by himself. Endowed not only with a great intellect, Steiner was also blessed with some revealed knowledge and a vision open only to rare spirits of the human race. This book which reflects his philosophy is, therefore, unique in many respects. It is well-written and beautifully got up. Considering the depth and profundity of the subject, the style, expression, language and arrangement are simple enough to hold the interest of any reader.

P. B. MUKHARJI

Zoar: or the Evidence of Psychical Research Concerning Survival. By W. H. SALTER. (Sidwick and Jackson, London. 238 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

In this (as it might at first sight appear to be) somewhat strangely-titled book* Mr. Salter describes almost the entire array of recorded paranormal happenings from apparitions to "book tests," from telepathy to "out of the body experiences," examines each one of them critically and strives to find out "what it may mean." "Strives to find out" because no one could be less didactic than this author, and even now, after his long experience in this field of study (he joined the British Society for Psychical Research as long ago as 1916, acted as its honorary secretary for a number of years and as its president in 1947-48) he will still commit himself to few "the explanation must therefore be so and so" statements. His method, well known to the present reviewer, has always been to set forth all the possible interpretations of a given case that occur to him and to leave the reader to accept the one which seems to him most likely and reasonable — or to reject them all and urge one of his own, if he is so minded.

Thus, although this is a book which specifically examines "the evidence of psychical research concerning survival," the reader will not expect to find in it an explicit acceptance of the survival hypothesis. Indeed, the author's main purpose is to stress to the student the importance of giving full attention to "the functions of the subconscious [mind] as a creative agent," even when there may appear to be very strong evidence that an intelligence must be operative that is external to all the

* For elucidation see *Genesis*, XIX : 20-21; *Deuteronomy*, XXXIV : 3; and Chapter XVI of the book.

living persons who are involved in a given paranormal phenomenon. The difficulty of excluding the separate-intelligence hypothesis is shown by many of the cited cases. Take, for example, a class of experiment that can be rigorously controlled — one that I have named above, "book tests." Mr. Salter describes typical cases of a medium's "Control" correctly indicating the sense of something printed on a page of a book even before any book had been chosen for the purpose by the experimenter. I would have liked to mention some experiences of my own in this connection, but here I reach the end of my allotted space.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Exploring Inner Space: Personal Experiences under LSD-25. By JANE DUNLAP. (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London. 216 pp. 1961. 21*s.*)

Even with the best will in the world it is impossible to read this manifestly sincere but abysmally sentimental book otherwise than as a record, not of religious experience under the drug LSD-25 (which is what it claims to be), but of self-deception on the part of its author, and to some extent on the part of the clinical psychologist under whose supervision her experiments with this hallucinogen were made.

Miss Dunlap, a woman of Christian training, undertook these experiments, she says, in "the hope of overcoming spiritual poverty." In other words, she knew what she was looking for before she took the drug, one of whose properties is known to be that of demonstrating the mental content, and sometimes of fulfilling the wishes (though often in unexpected symbolic terms) of those who put themselves in its power. Miss Dunlap, then, was looking for God, and sure enough, she found Him with gratifying despatch. He looked, she tells us, rather like the Statue of Liberty, while later on universal worship of Him appeared to be summed up as "a glorious Eiffel Tower of golden mists" (whatever, *pace* Freud, such curious images may be said to signify). Meanwhile the psychologist with whom she worked, who contributes a foreword and an appendix to her book, specifically states that the subject under the influence of lysergic acid "is able to have the most fantastic dreams in a waking state," and thus inadvertently but cogently sums up Miss Dunlap's experiences. That she sincerely wanted her dreams to be religious experiences is not in question; but neither is it in question that they were in no real sense preternatural, mystical or transcendental, either in nature or in content. The most superficial comparison of mystical literature of the real kind with Miss Dunlap's record of her nauseatingly vulgar dream about Christ, "clad in soft robes of pale blue" and holding in His arms "a baby lamb of the purest white" (which lamb, incidentally, was Miss Dunlap herself), all too plainly refutes her claims.

Nor is her psychological mentor altogether innocent of some highly suspect, not to say irresponsible, notions as to the "religious" effects of hallucinogens on their subjects. The sooner it is understood that true religious experience, as opposed to fanciful religiosity, is not to be induced by such drugs as mescalin and lysergic acid diethylamide, the sooner, perhaps, will people be willing to seek enhanced consciousness by more traditional and better tried, though more difficult, means. Meanwhile Miss Dunlap's book will do something to expose some of the sillier and more dangerous claims made on behalf of hallucinogens: few will be as duped as she was by her technicolour and cinemascope "visions."

R. H. WARD

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[THIS is the second part of the talk on "Civilization at the Crossroads" delivered by **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, C.I.E., M.C., M.A., MD.(Cantab.), F.R.C.P. (London), F.R.S.(England), F.A.Sc., I.M.S.(Retd.)**, under the auspices of The Indian Institute of World Culture on August 24th, 1961.—ED.]

CIVILIZATION AT THE CROSSROADS

II

THE PRESENT PHASE of our civilization is the direct outcome of the Renaissance, which originally commenced in Europe, and later affected the rest of the world. Every civilization is an experiment in life, and when found wanting it is discarded. Nature then starts a new experiment with a different pattern. But the knowledge gained by the previous experiments is not lost. The wisdom and knowledge of the past enters into a new garb and inspires the further gradual evolution towards the purpose of history. The fact of progress is written plain and large on the page of history, but progress is not a continuous process. The ground gained by one generation may be lost by the next. The thoughts of men may flow into channels that lead to disaster and barbarism.

Besides Greece and Rome, there were other areas, as I said before, where civilization had reached a very high level: Egypt, Babylon, India, China and Persia participated in this supreme adventure of the ages. History shows that their cultures were not isolated phenomena but influenced one another in various ways. Of the living non-European civilizations, the most important are the Islamic, the Hindu and the Chinese. The Islamic has the same historical background as Judaism and Christianity. The humanist civilization of China was considerably influenced by the religious conceptions of India, especially the Buddhist. In India religion has been the chief interest of the Hindu mind. But Hinduism has not been so well known in Western countries as Christianity, Judaism and Islam.

Hinduism adopts what is truly a rationalist attitude. Religion is not so much a matter of a revelation to be attained by Faith as of an effort to unveil and pierce into the deepest layers of man's being. Religion is an experience to which the person attaches the highest value. Both Hinduism and Buddhism are alike in this respect. It is more a spiritual experience than a notion of God. As Dr. Radhakrishnan says, real religion can exist without a conception of the Deity, but not without a distinction between the spiritual and the profane, the sacred and the secular. *Bodhi* is the Enlightenment which Buddha attained, and his followers aim at it as an experience. Perfect insight (*Sambodhi*) is the end and aim of the Buddhist Eightfold Path. There are systems of thought like the Sankhya and the Jaina which affirm the reality of the spiritual consciousness. There are theists like Ramanuja for whom the spiritual consciousness, though not itself God, is the only way in which God can be known. Ultimate salvation no doubt is the final attainment of the true status of the individual. Brahma is the principle of search as well as the object sought, the animating ideal and its fulfilment. The striving of the soul

for the infinite is said to be Brahma. Our longing for perfection, and our urge towards the infinite are the sources of divine revelation. The very fact that we seek God clearly proves that life cannot be without God. God is life; recognition of this fact is spiritual consciousness.

To be spiritual is not to reject reason but to go beyond it. Philosophy and religion are two aspects of the same movement. To be religious is the natural development of a really human life. Truth, beauty, peace and wisdom are all its attributes.

Civilization today confronts a possible collapse. The world is partitioned between two great powers, headed by the United States and the Soviet Union, which cherish different ideologies that seem to be irreconcilable. And warfare in the nuclear age is capable of untold havoc. Along what path are we to look for the salvation of the human race?

It is observed that when a civilization declines, there is the rise of a new religion. Thus in the sufferings of the disintegrating Greco-Roman world, Christianity grew and spread. In the Far East the Tsin and Han Empires played the part of the Roman Empire, while the same phenomenon is observed with the rise of Buddhism in India. It would appear that the death of one civilization brings to birth another civilization. But there is some purpose behind it all:—

> While civilizations rise and fall, and in the falling give rise to others, some purposeful enterprise [Arnold Toynbee says], higher than theirs, may all the time be making headway, and in a divine plan, the learning that comes through suffering, caused by the failure of civilization, may be the sovereign means of progress

At the present critical stage, there are two important steps that we should take, namely, (1) to see that our education imparts training in the proper direction; and (2) to try and create a synthesis of science and religion.

Education should not be given only to impart information on various subjects and to train young people for different professions. Its purpose should also be to make them civilized in the truest sense of the word. It should teach them habits of good behaviour, so that they become dignified and good human beings, and look upon other men, whatever their caste, creed, race, nation or religion may be, with fellow feeling and respect. The parents, for their part, must see that the child is suitably cared for and trained, and made secure in an atmosphere of mutual love and affection in and around the home. This is vitally important, from infancy onwards. Schools, Colleges and Universities must organize their curricula to lay due stress on training in the humanities. Technological education, of course, is necessary, and should be developed in this country with all the resources at our command, for on this depends improvement in the economic life of the people. But it is not enough. It is not enough to be technically civilized, for man does not live by bread alone. This applies to all countries at the present day. We, as human beings, must be kind-hearted; we must look upon problems that trouble other people as our own problems. We must exercise tolerance and charity towards all, as members of the human race and not of this or that community, nation or religious group.

Most of the trouble in the world has been due to men's inhumanity towards other men of different ideologies or religious beliefs, or in a struggle for economic or political power. So far as our own country is concerned, I do sincerely hope that educational authorities will rise to the occasion and con-

tribute to the building of a new order of society and a new civilization.

Education has not yet succeeded in removing animosity and hatred from the minds of individuals and nations. It is the task of education to train the minds of men in such a way that they understand and tolerate each other. It is only thus that there can be any amelioration of the present dangerous situation in the world. The present atmosphere of cold war is but the shadow of mutual fear and hatred.

A revolutionary change has become noticeable in the sphere of religion, especially in the United States and Europe. There appears to be a more sympathetic understanding of different religions of the world. Judaism, Christianity and Islam are of course well known in Western countries, but now, owing to the work of certain scholars, they are getting to know more and more of Hinduism and Buddhism. Such studies are an increasing force in the West and there are many signs of their new influence.

In India the position is slightly different. Here we have had all these faiths for centuries and by a process of toleration and synthesis we have evolved a philosophy of life which is a blend of all these. India thus is in a happy position to give a lead to the world in the sphere of religious toleration and mutual understanding

Humanity has to learn that there is a fundamental unity of all religions, for they all lead us to the same goal, and that the ethical principles propounded by them all are the same. For instance, as Dr. Radhakrishnan has shown, Hindu theology can find a place for Christian theism. A deep enquiry into the philosophy of religion as a factor in human thought is necessary; for it will bring about harmony and mutual understanding, without any claim to superiority.

We should realize besides that the days of conflict between religion and science are rapidly passing away. There is no need for such a conflict. Both are essential for mankind's growth to its full mental and spiritual stature. One without the other would lead us to disaster and ruin. We hear of talks on the suspension of nuclear tests and weapons which come to no satisfactory conclusion even though the participants know that the alternative is unimaginable destruction. These failures are due to mutual fear and hatred. There is urgent need for a change towards making a spiritual and humanitarian approach to these problems. We have to construct a bridge across the gap that exists between science and the humanities. In our Indian tradition, this constructive approach already exists, and we should do all we can to present it for the good of humanity at this crisis. For example I may mention that Dr. Jagdish Chandra Bose, the renowned Indian scientist, was a harmonious blend of science, art and religion. So is our distinguished scientist, Sir C. V. Raman.

As Professor A. V. Hill rightly says,

> the so-called conflict between science and religion is usually about words, too often the words of their unbalanced advocates; the reality lies somewhere in between

"Completeness and dignity," to use Tyndall's phrase,

> are brought to man by three main channels, first by the religious sentiment and its embodiment in ethical principles, secondly by the influence of what is beautiful in nature, human personality and Art; and thirdly by the pursuit of scientific truth, and its resolute use in improving human life.

The history of human civilizations shows that fundamentally there is the same pattern in all, although there

are some variations according to geographic, claimatic and cultural differences.

Although history often repeats itself, this tendency towards repetition is one of the devices of the creative faculty, and it is for us to devise means to avoid catastrophe. What shall we do to save the situation? This is what we may plan to do:—

> In politics, establish a co-operative system of world government. In economics, find a working compromise (varying according to the practical requirements of different places and times) between free enterprise and socialism. In the life of the spirit put the secular superstructure back into religious foundations. (Arnold Toynbee)

If we did all this we might be sure that we had succeeded in saving our civilization.

On the political side, apart from other measures, we must give the fullest support to the existing international organizations, such as the UNO, UNICEF, WHO, UNESCO, FAO and others. They are all trying their best to bring about international good will and understanding. Through their efforts we are trying to build one world, but the goal is still very far off; for there is no proper understanding between man and man.

It is a happy sign of the times that we have an organization here, the Indian Institute of World Culture, which takes equal interest in all cultures of the East and the West and in promoting good will and friendship amongst all the peoples of the world, irrespective of their race, nation, caste or creed. This is indeed a noble task in which I wish the Institute the best of success.

Of the three steps mentioned above, the spiritual task is by far the most important, for it is only through this that the hearts of men can be changed, which would result in mutual good will and peace. The great benefactors of mankind are such teachers as Gautama Buddha, Krishna, Jesus Christ, Confucius, Mohammad, Zoroaster, the Prophets of Israel and Judah, and Socrates. If by any chance the existing civilization perished, the names of these benefactors would survive, and they may still bring some comfort and hope amidst the disaster that will result.

A close study of history leads us to theology, and we wonder what the ultimate goal is towards which civilized humanity is drifting by fits and starts. The answer is given by the study of theology, which also furnishes us with the highest ethical principles, which should guide mankind in its passage through this earthly existence.

At this difficult moment in the history of the world let us turn to the messages of some of the higher religions of the world. May I invite your attention to some sayings of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, of Jesus Christ and of Gautama Buddha:—

(A) In the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Chapter XVI, Krishna says:—

> Fearlessness, purity of mind, steadfastness in knowledge and concentration, charity, self-control and sacrifice, study of the scriptures, austerity and uprightness.
>
> Non-violence, truth, freedom from anger, renunciation, tranquillity, aversion to fault-finding, compassion to living beings, freedom from covetousness, gentleness, modesty and steadiness (absence of fickleness).
>
> Vigour, forgiveness, fortitude, purity, freedom from malice and excessive pride — these, O Pandava (Arjuna), are the endowments of him who is born with the divine nature.
>
> (Verses 1-3. Trs. by S. Radhakrishnan)

(B) Says Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount:—

> Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete,

it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote, out of thine eye; and behold a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

(C) Says Gautama Buddha:—

"He abused me, he struck me, he overpowered me and he robbed me"—those who harbour such thoughts do not still their hatred.

"He abused me, he struck me, he overpowered me and he robbed me"—those who do not harbour such thoughts still their hatred.

For hatred is never appeased by hatred in this world, by non-hatred alone is hatred appeased. This is the law eternal

(*Dhammapada*, Verses 3-5)

These are undoubtedly some of the highest ethical teachings. Similar teachings were given by Mohammad and other religious teachers. Nations as well as individuals need to take note of them, and follow them in their daily life and conduct.

In this critical stage of the world, I cannot emphasize too strongly that humanity should seek guidance from its spiritual teachers. It is only in this way that we can overcome enmity and hatred and develop towards our neighbours love and understanding. We must realize that above and within us all there is a higher power, which we call God, which blesses us and loves us all. So why should not we, God's children, love instead of killing one another?

In this campaign to promote mutual trust and fellow feeling the two weapons which are of paramount importance are *Charity* and *Humility*. These must be the basic rock on which we build the edifice of moral conduct. Faith in the God we seem to have forgotten must be revived. It will be a light to us in the dark paths amid which we are stumbling. I appeal especially to politicians and rulers who guide the destinies of nations to seek charity, compassion, humility and mutual understanding, and so steer clear of the course which would inevitably wreck us on the hardness of our hearts.

This is the choice that civilization has to make at the crossroads, if it is to survive and fulfil its mission of promoting wisdom, peace and happiness in the world. I do believe that where there is life there is hope, and that, with God's help, man is still the master of his own destiny.

S. L. BHATIA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, February 2nd, 1962

WE ARE in the midst of a series of controversies affecting politicians, trade unionists and even students. The year opened, to the dismay of many of us, with the decision of the post office workers to work to rule. Naturally until the decision was rescinded yesterday we suffered the frustration of having our mail delivered at irregular periods. The Government, it is stated, has lost one million pounds but the Postmaster General seems to be satisfied because he says he made some profit at the expense of the postal service. The tax-

payers were forced to rely on the telephone service owing to the erratic postal deliveries.

Since the Postmaster General has now agreed to meet the leaders of the Postal Workers' Union, they have called off the Union's decision to work to rule. The public has extended its sympathy to the workers' demand for higher pay at a time when the Government has been asking them to withhold the demand. Only last night there was a meeting of the Conservative 1922 Committee — a counterpart of the Labour Parliamentary Committee — which was addressed by the Prime Minister. He was criticized for his Government's failure to explain to the people the exact implications of the Chancellor's so-called pay pause. The nation knows that its economy is neither sound nor adequate and naturally the people would be ready to tighten their belts to meet the situation. But the failure of the Government to apply pay-pause theory to big business houses which declare fantastic dividends and pay four-figure fees to directors has made the workers and their leaders bitter.

Just as the postmen have convinced the public that they have a case in demanding a rise in their weekly wages, the Underground (Tube) railwaymen have secured the sympathy of the British public in their demand to the Transport Board for the revision of their wages. In spite of the fact that the new head of the Transport Commission, Dr. Beeching, was ready to confer with the leaders of the Tube men, the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, directed him not to do so. This irritated the Tube men so much that they decided, as the first phase of their protest against the Minister's conduct, to observe one-day strikes on Mondays. The first strike of this kind completely paralyzed London. Hurried steps are being taken by the Transport Ministry, in co-operation with the local police, to rearrange the road traffic for the days on which the Tube men will next go on strike. It took Mr. Duncan Sandys and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell nearly an hour to travel by car from the House of Commons to the Connaught Rooms in Holborn — a distance of not more than two and a half miles.

For more than six weeks, actors and actresses, who work for the Independent Television Service, which is run on commercial basis, are also on strike. Recently a meeting of these artists was held and despite urgent appeals by men like Sir Donald Woolfton, the decision to remain on strike has not been withdrawn. Here again the sympathies of the taxpayers are with those who have gone on strike. The I.T.V. made a huge profit last year, so much so that the Postmaster General, who controls it, directed the I.T.V. to pay something like half a million pounds to the British Treasury. Those who have gone on strike argue that if the I.T.V. could make such a great profit, it should be able to meet their demand for higher wages.

The students are conducting a campaign against the authorities for sending down a girl student from a university because she had spent an evening, during prohibited hours, in the room of a fellow male student. The students have accused the university authorities of being unnecessarily prudish. They have been told that if they do not want to be subjected to discipline it is time that they refrained from going up to the university for education.

A controversy that has been going on for some time now is over the publication of Volume 3 of the *Official History of the War Against Japan*, compiled under the direction of Major-unfavourable criticisms of Major-General General Woodburn Kirby. It contains

Orde Wingate, the Chindit Leader. Wingate's mother-in-law Alice Ivy Hay, as also many other men and women, have taken exception to Kirby's observation that "the moment of his [Wingate's] death may perhaps have been propitious for him. He was killed at the height of his career and was not called upon to face the inevitable fact that his dreams and ambitions could never be realized." As Alice Hay points out, a military historian who can describe as an "inevitable fact" his own idea of what would have happened if Wingate had lived, does not deserve to be taken seriously.

Another of Wingate's relations described Kirby's statement as a cold-blooded disposing of a man's life. "Is not life itself more important than whether one's plans were successful or not? The great thing was in doing one's best, not whether it brought fame or the reverse," wrote Mr. George Wingate in the *Scotsman*.

Postscript: A boy at St. Bede's secondary school was asked to put Mark Antony's speech in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* into modern English. The boy wrote: "Friends, cats and hipsters, I have come to drop Cæsar and not to dig him."

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

It is not always realized that slavery exists still, very actively, today, chiefly in the Middle East — real slavery (with right of ownership) as a legalized institution. The acquisition of the slaves is sometimes camouflaged as pilgrimages to Mecca, as surety for debt, as the so-called adoption of children, forms of marriage, or as serfdom to a landlord. But always women and children are the greatest victims. Even in some Member States of the United Nations, slavery is legalized, and the "traffic in women kidnapped, or tricked, or beguiled into Arabian harems" extends beyond international frontiers, even as far as Europe. One man in Cairo, prosecuted by his wife for selling her in this way, had, according to the evidence, sold 65 ex-wives similarly, over a period of time, at prices ranging from £2,000 to £3,300.

There is still a great deal of difficult work ahead for the Anti-Slavery Society, based in London. In 1956 the U.N. Slavery Convention bound "all Member States who ratified it" to bring certain forms of servitude legally to an end. Only 46 out of 101 U.N. Member States have acceded to the Convention. A Resolution made in the Economic and Social Council (July 20th, 1961) urged wider ratification, and, further, that reports should be submitted, as required by the Convention, to the U.N. Secretary-General — a procedure that has been too much neglected. It was also resolved to review the whole question of slavery at the next session, July 1962, and the Anti-Slavery Society is trying to arouse and harness public opinion for this fundamental claim by the helpless on justice and compassion.

The above facts, and others, are given, most objectively, by Commander T. Fox-Pitt, O.B.E., in the U.N. monthly *New World* (January 1962),

but they should stir some hearts, not merely to anger, but to constructive action.

An interesting survey of "The Seven Deadly Sins" by seven eminent writers has been running in *The Sunday Times* (London) during December-1961–January-1962. The last of the series (January 21st, 1962) is on "Anger," described by W. H. Auden with so much perception that it is worth quoting extracts, as thought-provokers. "Anger, even when it is sinful, has one virtue: it overcomes sloth." One can compare this with the Hindu concept of the three qualities in nature (*sattva*, light, truth, harmony; *rajas*, action, badness, passion; *tamas*, inertia, ignorance, darkness). Even *rajas* is better than *tamas*, since one may learn, in that state of (even unbalanced) activity, from the painful *karma* it is apt to produce.

"Righteous anger" is a dubious term. Does it mean anything more than that there are occasions when the sin of anger is a lesser evil than cowardice or sloth? I know that a certain state of affairs or the behaviour of a certain person is morally evil and I know what should be done to put an end to it; but, without getting angry, I cannot summon up the energy and the courage to take action.

Righteous anger can effectively resist and destroy evil, but the more one relies upon it as a source of energy, the less energy and attention one can give to the good which is to replace the evil once it has been removed. That is why, though there may have been some just wars, there have been no just peaces.

Auden wishes the clergy would not avoid explaining what the Church means by Hell and the Wrath of God, as the popular idea of God as an "Omniscient policeman" who leaves a human being to do what he likes till death and then sentences him to eternal torture is absurd:—

If God created the world, then the laws of the spiritual life are as much laws of our nature as the laws of physics and physiology, which we can defy but not break. If I jump out of the window or drink too much I cannot be said to break the law of gravity or a biochemical law, nor can I speak of my broken leg or my hangover as a punishment inflicted by an angry Nature. To speak of the Wrath of God cannot mean that God is Himself angry. It is the unpleasant experience of a creature, created to love and be happy, when he defies the laws of his spiritual nature.

Whether one agrees with an outside Creator, or sees this reaction to defiance as the natural tendency of Life itself to restore balance, the principle is the same. Auden draws a parallel between the man who defies his spiritual nature, and the neurotic, who suffers and who yet refuses to allow others to help him, "because his ego cannot bear the pain of facing reality and the diminution of self-importance which a cure would involve."

If there are any souls in Hell it is not because they have been sent there, but because Hell is where they insist on being

Anger and passion are disruptive, and though the laws of the spiritual life demand "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live," this merging of the personal life into the greater universal Life is totally different from the self-destruction of anger.

The attitude of children and young people to literature is considered in two articles in the November-December 1961 *Books*, the journal of the National Book League, London. One, by James Reeves, reviews Margery Fisher's *Intent upon Reading: A Critical Appraisal of Modern Fiction for Children* (Brockhampton Press); the other, by Frances Stevens, surveys the general field of reading by the young, as it is

and as it might be.

But both make it plain that the real development of literary taste and love of books in the young is held back or thwarted by the way in which, and the purpose for which, literature is presented The examination factor looms too large. The curriculum and range of books offered for study has become stereotyped. Even with fiction,

> .. the specialization of literature, and the subdivision of junior literature into a fearsome number of categories (for the convenience of the book trade), has resulted in one deplorable tendency· that of attempting to prolong the interest of adolescents to develop an adult literary sensibility.... These book-trade categories — the family story, the career novel, the pony tale — are in reality attempts to give a kind of collective importance to groups of books which, considered individually, are mostly third-rate. Books written according to a formula are the bane of children's literature, however much they may appeal to children's editors, overworked librarians and hesitant parents and relations Uncertain what to give twelve-year-old Jane, they hand her one more pony tale. thus encouraging laziness all round. Every type of story may become a habit-forming drug

Thus writes James Reeves. Frances Stevens considers the purpose and value of literature. She agrees with "Pater's declaration of the necessary autonomy of art."

> But contact with great novels and plays also deepens our sense of the polarity of self and society. Literature enlarges experience, gives a sense of social cohesion, awakens and feeds the imagination. It is a training in concept-formation and in the mastery of thought-processes. It is concerned with feeling and with the truth that is carried alive into the heart with passion. However it may be for the adult reader, for a child growing into adolescence these functions are not mutually exclusive — he must experience them all....
>
> In a society which is losing the sense of reverence, mystery and compassion and in which the areas of rich primary experience (from Bob Grachit's Christmas pudding "smelling like washing-day" to Wordsworth's "act of stealth" on Windermere) are contracting, the English teacher cannot remain an examination-feeder. He needs almost limitless versatility of mind. He must — there is no escape — know the language of science, art and history as well as of Chaucer and Milton English has to do with man as *homo faber* — the creator — neither exploiter nor exploited Its proper concern is coextensive with the modern world.

Life is indeed one, and any false separation must bring about a kind of deprivation. The National Book League's good work in its endeavours to encourage a favourable climate for literature, in its widest sense, deserves support.

The rapid advance in technology and scientific development in recent times has posed the question whether it is all an unmixed blessing; for one is not too sure whether scientific development, by making life easier to live, has not eventually led to certain decay in the human being. This formed the main theme of Prime Minister Nehru's inaugural address to the 49th session of the Indian Science Congress held in Cuttack recently, when he appealed to scientists to give greater consideration to this serious problem. According to a newspaper report (*The Hindu*, Madras),

> Mr. Nehru said that great men of wisdom had influenced the course of events in the past. Unless the power conferred by science was balanced by wisdom the very existence of humanity might be threatened.

In this connection, Prime Minister Nehru pertinently referred to the unique significance of Acharya Vinoba Bhave's message to the country that politics and religion have become out of

date and should be replaced by science and spirituality. The Prime Minister pointed out that

> Acharya Bhave was not a politician, but a man, who, one would [say], was of a religious type, a man devoted to certain values, certain standards of behaviour. He did not even take a vehicle to go from place to place but covered every State in the country on foot This he did in an age of science and swift means of transport. He must have walked thirty thousand, maybe forty thousand miles. Yet he had been going about saying that politics and religion had become out of date and should be replaced by science and spirituality... what the Acharya said impressed him. What perhaps the Acharya meant was that he wanted some element of direction to be given to science to prevent it from going astray.

The usual dichotomy drawn between pure and applied sciences was rightly discredited by Professor S. Chandrasekhar, the eminent astro-physicist, when he inaugurated in Madras the Institute of Mathematical Sciences. Both are different facets of the same pursuit; and any difference of opinion that prevails in the popular mind must be due to the fact that oftentimes scientists and intellectuals take an ivory-tower attitude in a world which demands their attention, thinking and co-operation. The fruits of their industry must naturally be given a practical application, as their achievements and research must be used in the factories and the fields. Pointing out the close relationship between pure and applied sciences, Professor Chandrasekhar said:—

> Many of the spectacular advances of modern living such as radio, television, air transport, atomic reactors had all resulted from specific results derived from the pursuit of pure sciences, effort devoted primarily to our understanding of our physical environment. So also, many of the advances in pure sciences, particularly in physical and biological sciences, had resulted from advances in applied and technical sciences.

While it was only natural that emphasis should be placed on applied sciences in a country like India, where industrial advancement was essential, Professor Chandrasekhar pointed out the dangers of a lack of understanding, encouragement and support of the pure sciences as well. Congratulating the Government of India for its initiative and purposeful drive as regards the development of various national laboratories, devoted to various aspects of applied sciences, in different parts of the country, he said:—

> On the other hand, if one compares the record of Indian science during this same decade, I am afraid the comparison is not only disappointing, it is even discouraging. In saying this I do not wish to deprecate in any way the very important work which groups and individuals are doing in their respective fields all over India. But among these groups and individuals I find very often a sense of frustration and constant irritation derived from it My feeling is that this frustration and disappointment among the men and women devoting themselves to pure sciences is largely due to the lack of appreciation and understanding of their efforts both at the Governmental and University levels.

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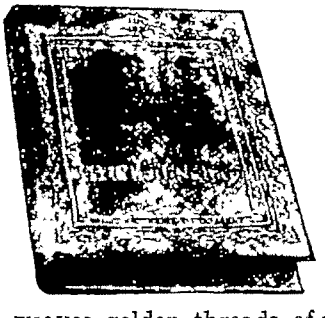
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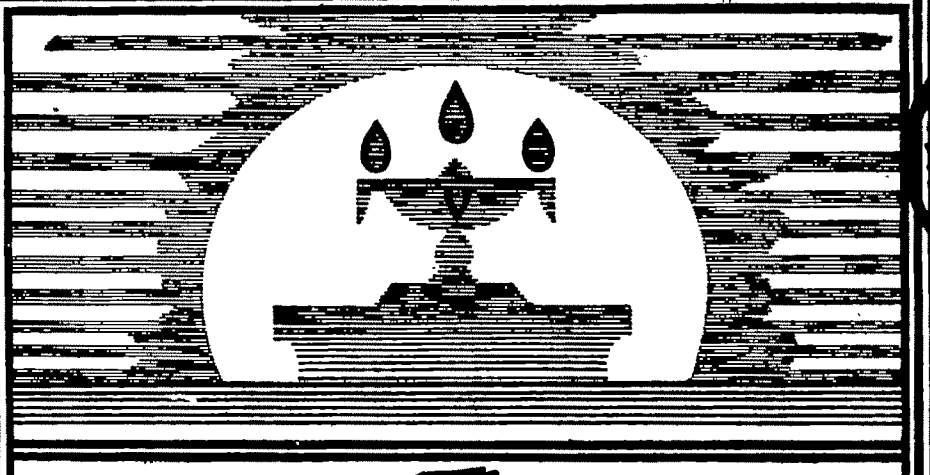
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THE ARYAN PATH



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. XXXIII APRIL 1962 No. 4

THE INDIVIDUAL AND RECONSTRUCTION

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, March 1943.—ED.]

IN the great deal of present useful discussion on the New World Order there is scarcely anything said about the place and the responsibility of the individual in creating and maintaining it. Just as economic and political aspects elbow almost out of existence the moral principles involved, so also the real strength and power of man, the individual, is not fully recognized; he is lost among classes and masses. His contribution, and he can make a real and substantial contribution, is not taken into account. Whatever plans the economist or the educationist may make, whatever laws the politician and the administrator may forge, it is the individual as citizen, learning at school or earning his livelihood, who has to work the plans and to carry out the programme made. Unless the highest interests of the individual are given the primary place in any programme of reconstruction, harmony and order will not result.

One of the most potent factors in post-war reconstruction, if not the most potent, is the present re-education of the educated adult. He has to learn to formulate and then to improve his own philosophy of life. This is a pressing task for each of us — to make clear to ourselves our own philosophy of life. By what principles do we live? Towards which ideals do we aspire? By what method do we work to realize them?

Every man lives by his own philosophy of life, his own inner religion — not by the creed of his birth. A true view of religion is necessary if the New Order is to be one of subjective peace and objective prosperity. World peace will not be established as long as members of our own constitution war among themselves, within us — as long as our greeds and ambitions, our lusts and passions, are active in the brain and in the blood. That is why rich individuals or rich nations enjoy not the peace

of heart and of mind, and why also their objective prosperity is not real and deep-rooted.

Organized religions are a bar to the world's progress towards lasting peace. We are not among the advocates of doing away with religions. But we fully recognize the necessity of doing away with the trading aspect inherent in every organized religious creed. The existing competition between religions is fostered by salaried priests. The individual should learn that one religion is as good as another, or as weak, for none is devoid of inspiring forces and none is free from the fetters of mental and moral slavery. The Great Instructors have always taught the self-same verities over which the dross of accretions has gathered; the future world-citizen must educate himself to absorb the wisdom of every religion, brushing away the dust of illusion that clouds each. The Wisest Minds have taught the self-same truths for ages and yugas — their constancy and consistency reveal their magnitude. These universal and immortal truths mellow the human mind, illumine the human heart.

Among these truths are two which may rightly be called primary fundamentals. They pertain: (1) To the real nature and constitution of the individual himself; and (2) To his relationship to his fellowmen and to the Great Mother, Nature.

The first raises the dignity of man in his own eyes and strengthens his sense of responsibility. Not by looking upon himself as born tainted with original sin and ineradicable weakness but by valuing himself as an unfolding divinity can man do not only great things but also righteous things. The former attitude makes him a weak creature dependent on the strength of some god or saviour and breeds in him innumerable falsehoods. The second enables him to go forward from strength to strength, not in arrogant isolation but in reverential realization of the Law of Interdependence.

The second of the two truths — man's attitude and behaviour towards his fellows and vast nature — has also been explained in one and the self-same way by Sages and Seers, ancient and modern. From the earliest times the doctrine of Non-Violence, of Harmlessness, of "Resist Not Evil" has been taught as an eternal law. Whether the warring clans of today, composed of politicians and soldiers, like it or not, the gospel of Non-Violence will prove dynamic, will become an Energetic Force if the New World now in the making is to enjoy lasting peace and real prosperity. Whatever the future of this gospel it has been made world-famous by the great son of India, Gandhiji; and once again credit goes to India for reintroducing this ancient truth in the modern

world. The consummation of Non-Violence is devoutly to be wished, and be it early or be it late when its recognition and practice are established, the sun of India will then shine with greater *ojas* and grander *tejas*.

On the foundation of these two truths — that man is divine and that hatred can be dissolved only by love and in no other way — can we erect the Temple of a New Civilization in which the formidable problems of economics, raw materials, national boundaries and the like will solve themselves. The World of Tomorrow must be free not only from religious sectarianism but also from the bias and the prejudice of narrow nationalism. What is needed then, and that immediately, is the education of the adult, which must put into each the right philosophy of life without which righteousness cannot become our permanent possession.

ROOMS

Rooms are people, all kinds of people;
Like you and me
They have their likes and dislikes,
They are hypersensitive
And can catch a mood
In the twinkling of an eye.
You will soon find out
If a room dislikes you,
But if you seem sympathetic
A fragrance like exquisite flowers
Will welcome your entry
And a mysterious presence will be felt
Rendering your solitude delightful.

HERBERT BLUEN

A MODERN MYSTIC'S DILEMMA

[**Mr. D. S. Maxted** has made a special study of mysticism, in the Vedanta, Islam and Christianity. He spent his formative years in the Indian Police, and after eight years there left in 1940 to devote himself fully to social-service work in India for ten years. The influences in his life that he warmly acknowledges are those of Kanai Maharaj, later the renowned Swami Lokeswarananda; then of the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna; and finally of Margaret Barr, the Unitarian minister and educator. He is now engaged in hospital work in Great Britain.

This lucid article conveys a perfect authenticity in its every phrase. Mr. Maxted leads us gently to a profound insight that, as he reminds us, great spiritual teachers have repeatedly urged upon us. In the priceless treatise *Light on the Path* it is thus expressed:—

> Desire power ardently.
> Desire peace fervently.
> Desire possessions above all.
> But those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united. Hunger for such possessions as can be held by the pure soul, that you may accumulate wealth for that united spirit of life which is your only true self. The peace you shall desire is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows as does the holy flower upon the still lagoons. And that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

—Ed.]

Believing as I do, that the purpose of this life is the evolution of our knowledge of God and so of our love for Him, I have been wondering why so many of us who have striven all our lives to this end should still not be free of frustration.

Twenty years ago it had seemed to me clear and beyond argument that, however we might abuse our growing powers, the one thing that was taking place inevitably and regardlessly was the development of our *capacity* to understand. We might not yet be able to stop wars, to love all our fellows, to be the perfect beings we would like to be. In many respects we seemed to be even less than we had been. But somehow we had acquired greater ability to understand, if we chose to use it. And this had come about despite our own failings.

It therefore seemed reasonable for me to believe that all the countless laws of life, which scientific probing was only beginning to uncover, had been flawlessly designed with this one aim in view. What was being evolved was not the peace and comfort we hungered for but first the

tree of knowledge, on which alone these fruits might grow. We sought these fruits in vain until our tree should reach maturity.

The more this thesis was considered the more life stressed its truth for me. Throughout history men had sought peace, happiness, escape from painful problems. Yet these problems, by their very efforts, had only been multiplied and intensified. Today we seemed further from what we wanted than we had ever been; face to face indeed with complete self-annihilation. Where was our vaunted progress? It could be seen in one thing alone: the unquestionable increase in our ability to understand, if we would; in our opportunities for grasping at last what life was all about, if we were willing to use them.

Such reasoning as this has come to many of us and, perhaps, many with me have been lured into thinking our way now clearer; our own way at least, if the rest would not heed. Surely if we co-operated with the laws of life and responded to them willingly, seeking the knowledge they were designed to produce, the whole machinery of existence must move us smoothly towards our destined goal. Yet though I could see this twenty years ago and though every event since has only strengthened my belief in its fundamental truth, I know today that this vision must be incomplete, and there are others sharing it who have been made to feel the same disappointment.

It is God that we seek, and we had thought we knew the way to Him. Yet though we go willingly, striving earnestly, we find Him ever withdrawn from us, demanding something more.

We would be free of our fellows, who seem to blame for our failure. Yet the harder we push towards Him the more we are thrown back on them.

We have not gone our own way blindly. The cause of our frustration is not so easy to find. We have tried to follow faithfully one or another of the great God-knowers; perhaps several in the order of history's unfolding them, Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, Sri Ramakrishna in turn, endeavouring to widen our own minds to embrace the whole diversity of mankind. We have studied hard all our lives, given our service freely to others for His sake. We feel He ought to come to us.

We long to end the struggle now; to feel God near and satisfied. But the peace we seek with Him evades us still.

If we kneel at the feet of a Saviour who has called to us, "Come unto me" — when he has comforted and strengthened us, what does he say? "He who would save his life shall lose it, and who would lose it for my sake and the Gospel's shall find it. I am the Way. Take up

your cross and follow me." And he leads the way to the death of self on the cross.

Sri Ramakrishna was not allowed to rest at peace with Mother Kali. Though inevitably he returned to Her he had first to press on to the realization of the formless God, which seemed to deny what he wanted for himself. It was through this death of self, this willingness to let go of everything for God, that he knew the God of all men, Muslim, Christian, atheist, and what that God craved: the loving trust of every man giving himself utterly.

Though we must tread carefully here, we must nevertheless go on now. Surely this is the point where many of us are being held up. Our sincere strivings after God have brought us before to this brink and we have always turned back fearful, mistrusting our whole way.

Yet we have been brought to it again and must always be brought back to it, for death lies at the end for every one of us. Shall we not consider it now, with open eyes and willingly, not, protesting, be dragged blindly?

Our nightly sleep is a constant dearly welcome preparation, a familiar assurance that we can let go of our selves in safety. And the guiding example of the great Teachers is clear to fortify us. If we are at last willing to follow them now it may be we shall find that, after all, nothing so dreadful is asked of us.

Sri Ramakrishna, like Jesus, required the "death" of our own selves, yet only, like Jesus, that we may rise again in truth. A perennial plant is not destroyed when its dead stalks and foliage are removed, though nothing remain above the surface to show it still lives.

The Prophet Muhammad preached a submission which was a recognition of this truth.

We must be willing then to let go of the familiar self, that our own ignorant inexperience makes us think is all we are. We must learn to do this before our true selves can grow. The "unripe" ego must be removed to give place to the "ripe." We have the solemn word and example of the Teachers for this.

We can also find out from them, now that we are ready to see, how this is to be done. Not by any unnatural form of suicide. Not by denial of life, by escape from its duties and problems; but by simple *self-forgetfulness*, by sheer unselfishness, by being so given up to loving God and genuinely loving man that we have no concern with what may happen to ourselves.

As I write this down, with my mind on others who may share my

bafflement, I see quite suddenly now where I myself have gone wrong. It is clear to me now that I have certainly never loved like this, though I have taken great pride in many acts of self-sacrifice.

The truth is, I see now, that whenever these became too uncomfortable I turned aside for the time from them, when I should have endured and pressed on. Sri Ramakrishna laid great emphasis on this pressing on. Could I really have loved so much if I could give up so easily? Could I have been thinking primarily of anything but my own self throughout, when its first slight pains could thus deter me?

Sri Ramakrishna spoke firmly against these fears for the self:—

> I said to Narendra, "Look here, my boy. God is the Ocean of Bliss. Don't you want to plunge into this Ocean? Suppose there is a cup of syrup and you are a fly. Where will you sit to sip the syrup?" Narendra said, "I will sit on the edge of the cup and stick my head out to drink it." "Why?" said I. "Why should you sit on the edge?" He replied, "If I go far into the syrup, I shall be drowned and lose my life." Then I said to him: "But, my child, there is no such fear in the Ocean of Satchidananda. It is the Ocean of Immortality. By plunging into It a man does not die; he becomes immortal!"

Is not this the crux of my problem and, perhaps, of the problems of many today? All our fears cannot hold off the nuclear bombs if we persist in clinging to the blindness they alone can destroy, though our fearless seeing now may yet ward off this blow.

Suppose all life has been moving purposefully to the point where man in the mass, like countless other phenomena in nature, must take the long-prepared leap now and become something so much more than he has been? May not the mere threat of the horror we abominate be the needed spur to our new life? If God exists at all and the explosive power that flung the stars out is His, He is in perfect control. Their flawless motion now proves that.

We ought to trust Him. We should scrap our own vain plans and look up with awe at His.

What sort of a God is this that I have been seeking, who must abandon his perfect scheme for all, to satisfy my own unformed desires; who can only be reached by the favouritism of special talents, special knowledge, special opportunities? These are His blessed gifts and they must be employed, but surely when they belong to all mankind they can have no true value for me, if I use them for myself or with self-deception feel they are mine to disburse. What God do we seek, who makes the innocent orphan dependent on our charity?

A man's success in this most vital of all enterprises must lie in something else that is the birthright of all men.

What is this most precious thing, that God has given to every man?

Is it the ability, if he choose to employ it, to look out and away from himself?

The simplest savage, when, in terror from the horror of his life, he calls out for protection to a higher just Power, is taught from the beginning to use this faculty. When he looks out on his fellows' needs and insists on such a Mercy for them, this faculty grows, and its use determines his whole life.

What can a man do today, hemmed in on all sides, bed-ridden perhaps or shut in a cell? He cannot march. He cannot serve. He can do nothing at all, it seems. Yet, brought thus face to face with himself and his own apparent powerlessness, he may paradoxically find himself freed at last to uncover the greatest of all power. As the might of an atom was unknown till man looked for it in the least likely place, seemingly beyond all life, so the divinity absorbed into every one from the life-giving breath of God's own being remains a hidden mystery till we are dead to all else.

I have known this truth in theory for many a year. It is only today, when knowledge of my own failure has quite humbled me, that I am allowed at last to know its reality.

I see it now surely, this power in every man; and how, as he forgets himself, it must grow and reveal itself. As he looks out at all men, at their needs not his; as he yearns for a loving God that must be for them, regardless of him; in this highest moral attitude he achieves death to himself. And in this death of his own desires now he lays hold on true life.

When I sought God for myself He seemed a million miles away. When I truly sought Him for all others, I felt Him inward looking out with me.

D. S. MAXTED

SUNNY FARMER

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** is well enough known to our readers by his monthly notes upon that world of literature, art and cultural interchange in which he moves happily. This is a contribution of another kind, a story. It is simple and rich, after the fashion of folktales. Deep is the soil from which such tales spring.—ED.]

MEN say that the *Ashwattha,* the eternal sacred tree, grows with its roots above and its branches below, and the leaves of which are the *Vedas*; he who knows this knows the *Vedas*.... When one hath hewn down with the strong axe of dispassion the *Ashwattha* tree with its deeply embedded roots, then that place is to be sought after from which those who there take refuge never more return to rebirth. For it is the Primeval Spirit from which floweth the never-ending stream of conditioned existence.

—*Bhagavad-Gita,* Ch. XV

IN A NORTH PANJAB VILLAGE of many spreading trees and a river across the fields, there lived a farmer who brought gladness to every heart. He had a word of good cheer for all who crossed his path. Many knew he talked to animals or birds, who came up to him without a trace of fear, for it was as clear as a day in spring that he knew their language. Some believed he could even talk to trees and plants and, by the touch of his hand, restore many drooping ones to life. As to his age, even the oldest inhabitants had known him and yet no one really knew for certain how many summers or winters he had seen. It did not really seem to matter.

The farmer gave counsel in a way that fitted the person, the problem and the hour. He did not try to find a solution; the right answer just came to the person, like a revelation. Sometimes it was a parable or a fable that helped; at other moments, the truth was laid bare, simply and lovingly, for him to accept. The villagers, ever so close to the soil, found much truth in the flutters or reverberations of nature. Were not the changing fortunes of the seed always at the mercy of torrents and sandstorms? Here the land was tender and green, and just across the path it was stony and barren. Nothing — sun, hail or rain — dismayed the farmer; not even the losses he had borne would rob him of his calm. Always he sang and always a smile lit his face, causing his eyes to sparkle. It was like a ray of sunshine. No wonder the children called him Sunny Farmer. They had given him a dozen other names, but Sunny Farmer seemed to stick.

Sunny Farmer was a friend to every living thing. Great pity he had for the sedentaries of the heart; for he knew that those who barter

nothing of themselves become nothing. Only he who shares his bread and spinach when already he is shrivelling in the sun, or his last crust when famine stalks the village, can do things in the world.

He seemed to know and speak the language of the heart. They responded to him, for he was as gentle as he was stern. Children flocked to his little hut or wherever they thought he would be an hour before the setting of the sun. They came, scampering, whistling, singing to be in time to hear one more tale from Sunny Farmer's inexhaustible fund of stories. Often would he tell fables, old or new, as he squatted bolt upright upon a fallen tree trunk. Scores of children would run a race to see who would reach the perch first. But the farmer was never impressed by who came first or last in the race. So he would always change his seat while he told the story, or sometimes, forming a semi-circle, he would sit in the centre. Once he walked the whole excited bunch to a flowing stream into whose waters he gazed silently for a minute or two before saying a word. He liked the children to be still and all of one mind before he spoke. Words were sacred to the farmer; so he only spoke choice words and never for their own sake.

One day he took some children to the river and unfolded the story of its life-giving waters. One boy, after he had heard the tale, said: "Oh, how I wish I were like this winding river!"

"Why?" said the farmer.

"Because a thousand paper lanterns sail over it on Puja days."

"And I wish I could float on this flowing carpet of flowers, petals and leaves," said a little girl.

It takes everything with it, not only the fragrant things, but the dust and the decaying things too, indeed the living and the dead, ceaselessly on.

When the story was ended, the children scrambled from their seats and ran back to their huts with words of singing farewell to Sunny Farmer, who stood there waving to them as the deep crimson of the setting sun gleamed upon his face.

"Tell us about this village," the children once asked in chorus.

The village, he said, was often blessed with so much golden corn when the season came that its brightness excelled the lustre of diamonds and their usefulness, for it nourished the blood. He told how every acre of land had to be tended, for these long stalks were more precious than ivory in that when eaten with spinach they caused the teeth to shine and the eyes to glisten. What jewel could match these?

A little girl's anklets jingled as she stamped her foot upon the green.

"These keep time with the rise and fall of the plaits of your long and lustrous hair."

"Oh, I wish I had hair like her," said another girl.

"Are you not the potter's daughter?" said the farmer, "who enchants the birds with her song?"

"Yes, I know the birds of the village."

"I can see that."

The farmer was a born teacher. He felt it his bounden duty to quicken whatever is great in man. Thus he knew most children, save the slothful, have some gift to be enriched.

"Oh, how I love to sleep when the sun is out," said a boy.

"Perhaps that is why the sun plays hide-and-seek behind the clouds," the farmer said. The children laughed merrily and the little boy stood crestfallen. The farmer cautioned them to sleep.

"The sun is both gentle and stern," said the farmer. As he spoke these words, the day was drawing to a close. The children were off again; some scrambled, some walked away and a chorus of voices sang their good-byes to the farmer. A jingle of anklets chimed in the distance, and a voice that lulled the birds to sleep.

Came the day of a great festival. The children were told by the village folk that any of their wishes would be granted, for on that day the sun, the moon and the stars who control our fortunes would hold concourse. Wishes spoken in silence and from the bottom of the heart would on that day be fulfilled.

The children put on their colourful costumes and came to the farmer. They ran excitedly through their long list of wishes.

"I would like to be the eagle," said one, "tearing through space!"

"I would sooner be the boy from yonder village who comes in his carriage with twin black steeds faster than any man can run."

"I would like to be the rain," said one girl, "to come in torrents when the earth is dry. I'd love to soothe the wounded earth."

"That's a funny wish," someone said.

"I'd like to be the gold in the rain when the sun streams on every falling drop."

"And I would like to have the strength and wisdom of the elephant!"

"Tell us, Sunny Farmer, do wishes really come true?"

"They do indeed," said the farmer; "you can ask for anything under that hoary Peepul Tree."

"Is that a magic tree?" asked the children in chorus.

"It is not a magic tree. It is as old as the village and is sacred. It grants all wishes."

"You mean that spreading tree under which many farmers sit and eat their midday meal?"

"The very same," said the farmer. "And if you make your wish in silence, and keep it to yourself, your wish, whatever it is, will come true. One can make a wrong wish, too. One often does."

"We shall all make our wishes," screamed the children as they made off for the great tree. They had all seen it a hundred times. Some had bent its leaves for pipes, others had snapped its branches. Many had run up the tree to see the birds in their nests. No one knew, not even the older people of the village, that it was a Wishing Tree. The children had all gone very silent and awed. They went round the tree a dozen times, wondering where to stand and make their wish. Each one chose a place away from the rest. They all made their wishes. One boy just stood there and went on looking into the distance. Soon darkness had set in. One by one the children left the tree. The boy remained. Long he stood there, dazed at first, then utterly happy. He felt in his pocket, took out his flute and played. The music of the flute could be heard late into the night. Tired, he fell asleep.

That night was over and many moons had come and gone. Time passed on. Everyone had forgotten the wishes they had made. But the Peepul Tree caught every one of their wishes — even the faintest whisper — into its leaves and branches. It would not tell which wish was good or bad or sane or proper. It would fulfil each and every one of them.

Many summers went by and many winters were wasted and the children had become men and women. They went their several ways in their differing occupations; some took to towns, others went off to far-off countries. But the Wishing Game had begun. The Peepul Tree set every one of these children on an unending chain of wishes. They were all caught in the web, tangled and woven like its tortuous roots, into wishing one thing and then another. They could never have enough. At first they asked for trifles: little bracelets, a pony or something magical — the gift of wonder such as being the yellow or orange rainbow. But then — and here the Peepul Tree spread its wizardry, not because it wanted to, but because the wishing game could not be stopped — they asked for power, prestige, possessions. And they also kept on changing their wishes. What they wished today they had no use for tomorrow. But they

could do nothing to change all that, for the flame of wishing had been lit and the fire grew and raged like a furnace. This is what happened after the first tiny spark, the first simple child's wish had been made. No one really thought there was anything strange in wishing. Indeed, they were told it was quite natural. Only cabbages did not wish, or pumpkins. Those who did not wish at all were not much use in the world . . . they would stagnate. After all, did not one have to make good, to go ahead? They were not content with their lot. As the people who mattered always said: you must want more of this and more of that.

But it does not cost to wish.

Long ago, they had made their wishes under the Peepul Tree. All except one boy, Gopal. He did not join the wishing game, but played the flute instead. That evening, when everyone had left, he stood beneath the Peepul Tree, whose branches swayed like the ocean's billows in the breeze. At first he stood still and then slowly brought his flute to his lips. Soon he found himself swaying with the branches and being carried away across the distance. The music of his flute struck a chord in every root that grew in the soil. And then everything was still. The boy's pipe drooped in his fingers and the tree loomed large before his eyes. It stood there, tall, majestic and mighty, revealing to him its own true nature. No longer was it the Peepul Tree beneath whose shade people took shelter. Gone was the sacred Tree of Wishes. Instead, it was the *Ashwattha,* the great Tree of Life whose roots hold the world together. It was the tree that was always there, with its branches reaching the stars, the tree without beginning and without end. This little secret, suddenly revealed to the child, was kept hidden. He kept it locked in his heart as a child, he cherished it as a grown man, and it remained with him to the very end. He never squandered his breath in wishing this or that thing. He just was in all things. For the little boy who played his flute was so enraptured with the loveliness of the scene, the hugeness and mightiness of the tree, the tenderness of the leaves, the sweet-scentedness of the breeze, that he felt he was part of every twig and branch. What should he wish, and why? How could he wish, when, or so it seemed to him, his wishes were granted there and then in the miracle of the wonder and beauty of the world before him? He had forgotten to wish.

Going his darkling ways, he could discern his prayer rising above the odours of nightfall, wherein all things are ripening and taking form, in silence, slowly, secretly, almost unawares.

One day some young people saw Gopal, now grown to man's estate. He reminded them of someone they had known. They greeted him. He returned their salutation with a glow upon his face. Something came back to them. Where had they seen that smile before? Then they knew: it was the smile they had known well, the smile of Sunny Farmer.

BALDOON DHINGRA

"I ACCEPT the universe," is reported to have been a favourite utterance of Margaret Fuller; and when someone repeated this phrase to Thomas Carlyle, his sardonic comment is said to have been: "Gad! she'd better!" At bottom the whole concern of both morality and religion is with the manner of our acceptance of the universe. Do we accept it only in part and grudgingly, or heartily and altogether? Shall our protests against certain things in it be radical and unforgiving, or shall we think that, even with evil, there are ways of living that must lead to good? If we accept the whole, shall we do so as if stunned into submission — as Carlyle would have us — "Gad! we'd better!" — or shall we do so with enthusiastic assent? Morality pure and simple accepts the law of the whole which it finds reigning, so far as to acknowledge and obey it, but, it may obey it with the heaviest and coldest heart, and never cease to feel it as a yoke. But for religion, in its strong and fully developed manifestations, the service of the highest never is felt as a yoke. Dull submission is left far behind, and a mood of welcome, which may fill any place on the scale between cheerful serenity and enthusiastic gladness, has taken its place

—WILLIAM JAMES

VALUE, APPRECIATION AND MEMORY

[THE first part of **Mr. Kenneth Dutfield's** very suggestive article appeared in our March issue; below we print the second and concluding part.—ED.]

II

IN WARTIME, when our capacity for seeing only what we want to see becomes hypertrophied, we select for our picture of the enemy all his bad qualities. These, we say, are typical of him. A part of the truth becomes the whole truth. We are blind to his good qualities. In our own case, we do just the opposite: relevant are only our good qualities, and entirely beside the point our bad ones. In each case, man ceases to be man.

Envy, in which we overlook our present advantages and wish we had those of someone else (who for his part often overlooks his and wishes he had ours) is an allied attitude. Thus we pursue wealth in the illusion that it can bring us happiness; the poor man has at least one substantial advantage over the rich man, in that the latter can no longer find comfort in this illusion. Things can never be possessed in a pure form; when the desire is realized, they are always found to be mixed with alien elements, which disturb the ideal forms.

Aldous Huxley has written of the delights of sexual love as they can be ideally experienced (perhaps we can use the cliché "platonic" in this sense without doing violence to Plato's spirit) in erotic literature, and concludes that living experience always falls sadly short of its poetic treatment. Today, at any rate as far as the visual ideal image is concerned, we enjoy, thanks to photography, hitherto undreamed-of opportunities for taking refuge in an ideal vision, free from the blemishes of physical reality. Those defenders of modern abstract art who argue that photography has made reproductive art superfluous are right to some extent: formerly the rare eye of genius alone could pluck the delicate flowers of truth; now, a lucky chance, or careful cutting and selection from very large numbers of pictures, can perpetuate a fleeting moment. Sometimes, the result is just as happy, especially where portraiture is concerned, for woman's beauty fluctuates enormously in quality and degree; presumably only goddesses are constantly and invariably lovely. In the event, our fondness for selective idealization is encouraged once more: we choose the best of many photographs and label it "good," typical, representative, and the rest is scrapped. But are they less true? Do they not also form parts of the whole truth? And does not the real inferiority of photography to great art lie in the fact

that the camera cannot observe the living steadily, searchingly, inwardly, reflectively, over a long period of time, and concentrate it, synthesizing the play of changes miraculously in the portrait's changelessness? In the photograph, the flashing stream is frozen. True, the cinema sometimes succeeds where the still photograph fails, and the fascination the cinema has for us lies precisely in its capacity for following the flux of time.

In love, we experience in the now what we otherwise merely remember, dream of or anticipate. The world is transformed for us, and we are indifferent to the outsiders, even to those simple souls who find beauty-queens always the most irresistible and desirable of women, and who wonder therefore what on earth we can see in our beloved. Lovers are blind to what they do not want to see. Faults and shortcomings vanish, or become in themselves aspects of beauty. There are perhaps absolute standards of feminine beauty, though they are so intricately bound up with the non-physical attributes of grace, charm and personality that they are extremely difficult to define, and so it is not indisputable that the blindest of lovers, infatuated — as we, dispassionately observing him, say — with an apparently commonplace girl, in fact sees her as she really is, finding a beauty in her which is there all the time, and which we as disinterested onlookers are blind to. Moreover, to love and to be loved can make a plain woman beautiful; to an astonishing, marvellous extent it can endow her with grace and charm even where physical beauty according to the generally accepted norms is lacking. On the other hand, the perfection of physical beauty seems insipid, superficial, soulless to us and leaves us cold if its possessor cannot strike a responsive chord in us. And this again seems to suggest that those qualities in the world which warm our hearts are always present in the world, and that it merely depends on our attitude towards them whether we enjoy them. Love awakens, revivifies and embellishes that which was dormant, lifeless, not yet beautiful. It can bring grace, conjure charm into being. But were they non-existent before? Were they indwelling? Or are they present in the loved one only as slumbering potentialities which love can realize, or as a musical score which love can play? One is forced to ask the questions, for the matter is much more subtle than it at first appeared to be. In a state of grace, I find the world transformed; where I had once found myself surrounded by sullen, morose, ugly, unhappy people, I now see only the blessed. Am I blind to the others? Have they ceased to exist? Have I wonderfully changed them? Do they still exist for the others, less blessed than I am? Or has

the world been absolutely transformed? There are men and women of whom we say that the world would be a paradise if it were peopled by their likes. There is an innocent goodness, more often found in women than in men, which seems to be of almost unmixed purity; its source, like the source of human freedom, seems to lie beyond phenomena and yet to have the power to mould phenomena into its true likeness. Is this beauty, too, the obverse of a necessary evil? Or is it new, uncaused, not a reaction but something given?

The question of questions is whether the spirit of delight can be conjured up by an act of will, or rendered permanent by a technique. Must we always, like Chesterton's Innocent Smith, first travel around the world to see our home as we ought to see it, bathed in the golden twilight of a dream? Can we see the world today as we remember it once was?

The kingdom of heaven must be a condition of memorylessness, an eternal beginning eternally renewing itself from out of itself, not trailing or contaminated by any past with which it could be compared. There are some dreams — they grow rarer, unfortunately, as we grow older — which are perhaps foretastes of paradise.

We speak glibly of past, present, future. But the present, it seems, is a dimensionless point, or a line without thickness, the boundary or plane of junction between two infinities. The present's moment of awareness, the point of consciousness, can be reduced to practical non-existence, but that is not our experience. There is neither past nor present except as a consequence of consciousness, and consciousness does not dam the current of an objectively flowing time, separating past and future, but navigates, floats on or swims in it. The moment is a living light afloat on the dark river. The farther the point of present awareness advances into the future, carrying with it our sensuous experience to live on as memory, the more diffused its colours become, the softer its voices. During a certain period of time, the recent past, the remembered experience is vivid; the more distant past fades as it recedes, becomes vague, loses its outlines. We set to work on it and idealize it, gladly remembering what was pleasant; willingly banishing to oblivion what was unpleasant. Neither winters nor summers, nor the flavour of food or wine, nor the personalities of our fellow men, are ever what they were. Memory brings about an imagined steady deterioration, due in fact to our idealization of the past. The shadowy scenes arise again, paradoxically, in a new light: the past becomes enthrallingly romantic. Therein lies the fascination of the study of history: the world is not a stage, but

it becomes one, in which mighty symbolic figures, impelled by a deep-rooted awareness of the cosmic importance and grandeur of their actions, pose, gesture and declaim, pronounce in deathless phrases the fates of empires, or as fools or villains (but none the less tragic and noble, quite as remote from banality as the heroes are) suffer their well-deserved downfall. Fundamentally our view of our past is modelled on similar lines: today, we are too much distracted by everyday cares to be able to lose ourselves in our rôles, but we like to remember our past selves when we in holy simplicity many years ago renounced or won a longed-for prize. How much destiny there was in either case — in our own history or in that of the world — is a problem we cannot solve. Neither Spengler nor Toynbee has succeeded in proving that there is a clearly knowable sense in history: they both contradict Schopenhauer, who held that if there is destiny at all, it plays a rôle only in the individual's life (*Ueber die anscheinende Absichtlichkeit im Schicksal des Einzelnen*). In recollection, we sometimes feel that if we have any freedom at all it is limited to the present (we can of course change neither the past nor the future) and that our actions in the past were determined by an inexorable fate. But this inexorable fate was in all probability the development of irrevocable decisions made at certain turning-points, which remain vividly in our memory, because they stand out in sharp relief against the background of the banal everyday. But *which* decisions were the irrevocable turning-points is usually something of which we become aware only in retrospect.

We tend to adopt a naïve and unreflecting attitude towards the question of what happiness actually is, to forget that it cannot support itself, but feeds on its opposite. Unless unhappiness is there to be overcome, unless there is a challenge to be met, all the prerequisites for bliss fail to have any effect but a perpetuation of monotony. That we complain of monotony as if it were inherent in things, failing to see that we ourselves put it into the things, hardly affects the truth of this statement. Monotony is there in things as if it indwelt in them, and it is overcome by the sudden appearance in them of an interest they previously lacked. The polarity is thus less one of happiness-unhappiness, than of monotony-interest, or custom-novelty. Against the background of monotony, great sorrows and great joys have their mutual affinity revealed. That the world constantly nags at us is something which causes us much more suffering than the great blows of fate, for these strangely dissipate anguish, have a chastening effect. Why? Because they occur in a plane where extremes meet, where the fundamental con-

flict is resolved. The measure of the greatest art, music, poetry, is their capacity — for they also have arisen in this plane — for awakening in us this awareness of something transcending both joy and sorrow.

KENNETH T. DUTFIELD

THE EMERGENCE OF THE UNITED MAN

AN ARTICLE in the *International Philosophical Quarterly,* December 1961, "The World-Vision of Teilhard de Chardin," is of unusual interest. Here we have an account of a modern thinker — he is a palæontologist, a philosopher and a theologian — reviewing the whole course of universal history and visualizing the future course of development.

Teilhard

> observes man in the totality of his world, subject to the dimensions of time and space; he sees him against the backdrop of the universe in a perspective stretching from the atom to the limits of interstellar space.

His important conclusion after a survey of prehistory is that

> the history of life reveals a progressive ascent of living being towards more complexity, towards greater unity and towards increasing independence of the environment.

One important reflection is that

> there is no such thing as inert matter; but all matter is capable of life and life is only a higher unity into which matter can enter.

Three phases of evolution are traceable — divergence of different species of monocellular beings, convergence of colonies of cells and emergence of the multicellular organism. Humanity has passed through the stages of divergence and convergence; the next question concerns emergence:—

> Though the emergence of humanity in a new and superior state belongs to the unknown future, still we can discern the lines of force pointing to the future.... Not only has man to decide for himself as an individual, but he must answer for the whole of humanity and for the entire universe.... It is up to him whether or not the flowering of the universe will result in an expansion of life or a miscarriage.

What stands out in his analysis is the clear and inescapable necessity of a spiritual centre of gravity. Humanity requires a centre of unification, a focal point for evolution:—

> So we must at one and the same time broaden the immanent focus of evolution to include the infinite dimension of the universe and centre it on the dimensionless point of an infinite person.

D. GURUMURTI

THE ARTIST AND HIS RESPONSIBILITIES

[We are glad to welcome **Professor S. K. Prasad** to our pages. After a fine career as a student of English literature at the University of Patna, he returned to it as a teacher, and for over twenty years now has been one. At present he is Assistant Professor of English at the Patna College, Patna, Bihar. He has been profoundly influenced by Sri Aurobindo and regards himself as a disciple. He is engaged at present on a D.LITT. thesis on "The Poetic Criticism of Sri Aurobindo."

His thoughtful essay may be said to take its departure from the Shelleyan insight that the poet is the unacknowledged legislator of the world. It pursues a complex train of reasoning with admirable balance in emphasis on various elements. It respects the artist's integrity, honours society's claims to filial duty, and does not forget the sovereign universals that govern art irrespective of time, place and social context. The artist of his conception is neither wayward bohemian nor submissive tool; he has both individual integrity and hieratic grandeur: his art "lives both in and out of history and geography."—ED.]

IT IS SELF-EVIDENT that like any other human being the artist is both an individual and a member of some community or society. He is also the most conscious, the most sensitive and responsive focal point of a society; he is its true *élite*. If that is so, then one cannot help arguing that in a society it is the artist who of all others must be expected to discharge his responsibilities with the greatest care and integrity. It is really he who without wearing any crown upon his head or holding a sceptre in his hand or being voted to power comes to exercise a high authority and play a responsible rôle in society. Indeed, much of the direction and regulation of the inner life, the heart and spirit, nay, the very destiny, of both the individual and the collectivity lies in his hands. It is, then evident that if such a person becomes indifferent and self-complacent or selfishly degenerate and purely commercial in his motives and dealings, he becomes a source of danger not only to himself and his art but also to the community or society as a whole, though he might enjoy both popularity and reputation for the time being or even during his lifetime. The position of the artist thus carries both responsibilities and grave risks as well as rich possibilities.

Yet art cannot be, and certainly is not, merely "social," in the sense in which we ordinarily understand this term, though it is not something purely personal and individual either. When a work of art is born and

sent out into the world to take its chance, like a philosophical or scientific truth released to the world, it becomes the property of all and neither the creator nor its publisher, advertiser or reviewer, not even the particular society as a whole which directly or indirectly was at the back of it, can lay an exclusive claim to it. For it ceases to be the monopoly of anybody in particular, though legally, of course, it may be subject to copyright and other laws obtaining in the land of its birth. Once you create and communicate a work of art, it belongs to all mankind and may be regarded as the property of everyman.

Such being the case, to talk of the artist's "social responsibilities" with the emphasis on the word "social," as we usually understand it, would really be to take a narrow view of both the work of art and the artist. The most that can be said about the artist's social obligations is that he cannot altogether afford to ignore the contemporary social needs, urges and demands of the community of which he is a member. But he has to consider, no less, his own individual seekings and aspirations as well as the general laws and conditions, the actual principles of beauty and truth, for example, under which a work of art operates and produces its effect. Art is really a living but fairly complex and dynamic activity, and an artist must have an adequate understanding of the laws and conditions under which it operates and grows and flourishes, and also changes its significance and value in time and space; otherwise, the artist is likely to run after his own whims and idiosyncrasies or after strange gods and find himself cut off not only from the general traditions of the various arts which have come down to us through the ages but also the particular forms and qualities which each branch of art comes to evolve in course of time. Of course, it is quite legitimate to make new experiments, if one feels so inclined, and attempt, for example, the musicalization of fiction and fictionalization of music, the pictorialization of poetry and the poetization of painting. A mixing of the different forms and techniques, or of the *genres*, has always been one of the delightful adventures of the artistic mind and is in itself perfectly valid at all times. Still, it is always prudent, if one aspires to be an artist, to know the specialities and distinctive features and laws of the different branches of art and learn with patience the precise demands and techniques of the particular art-form one has chosen.

Nevertheless, in order that this evolving organism of art (whatever the form chosen) should receive at the artist's hands a fresh impetus or a new direction in its many-sided growth, or profit by a distinctive pattern in which he has been able to conceive it at a particular moment of his

awareness, it is necessary that he should have evolved within himself a personality and individuality, a vision and a faith and a certitude of his own. Yes, art should be both for its own sake and for the artist's sake, but this can only happen harmoniously and enduringly, giving pleasure and satisfaction as well as sustenance and health to the maximum number, when one's little, limited personality becomes large and subtle enough to embrace and imbibe the ever-living universal and eternal principles as well as the periodically changing values and standards, both of which are at work behind every artistic creation.

Only thus can the apparently antagonistic theories of "art for art's sake" and "art for my sake" be reconciled. And yet even this cannot be the end of the story; for around both the self of the artist and the self-evolving organism of what we call "art" there is the distinct presence of what is known as "society." Whether the artist is deliberately conscious of this presence or not, it exerts its own influence, even something like a pressure, upon him and his creation. No artist can really ignore altogether the society he belongs to. Even if he is a dreamer of dreams which have hardly any social significance or even material reality for others, he is doing so against a certain social background. He may like to "arise and go now" to some ideal world of his making and clearly betray a desire to escape as completely as possible from the society that exists around him at the moment. But how can it be ignored that it is the social reality around him which has produced the reactions of disgust and escapism within him? Indeed his escapism may be itself one of the ways of building a new society for himself and for people of his way of thinking and feeling; to this end may serve his releasing and creatively organizing his dreams through his art. And it is possible that what are the dreams of an artist today may become after a few decades, or centuries, the increasingly settled social reality for the artist who is to be born tomorrow, perhaps producing in him once more the reactions of dissatisfaction with, and escapism from, the material reality obtaining around him at the moment and a fresh desire to dream new dreams for himself and the coming humanity or society.

It is in this way, more or less, that the artist, his work of art, and the social world to which both belong have been developing all these centuries, through the mechanism of an open clash and conflict or close mutual collaboration or a patchy, temporary, make-shift compromise. At any rate, it is out of some such trinity of forces and factors — artist, art and society — that the world of art is made. And it has ever been a moving and changing world, creating changes, sometimes colossal and

epoch-making, not only in its own values but also the values and standards of man's life and thought.

It is, thus, with no intention of making any hair-splitting distinction that we are here trying to emphasize the inevitable presence of society behind every work of art, whether apparently social or not, in the same breath as we seek to point to the futility of narrowing a work of art to any particular society or even the particular person who happens to be its physical creator at the moment. It cannot be, as we have hinted before, anybody's exclusive monopoly or property; hence today or tomorrow it is bound to outreach any particular individual's or country's exclusive claims and rights. Even the so-called bad or vulgar or commercially motivated work of art has this advantageous mobility. Neither political nor moral power can ultimately check its circulation in the world at large. For the one important and fundamental truth about all art is that it is something global and human, and not merely national or continental, in its appeal and sphere of influence. It lives both in and out of history and geography. And if "social" is a word which we must use of it, it can only be the general human society to which it ultimately belongs.

In consequence, the so-called "social responsibilities" of the artist can only be ultimately resolved into the general, universal human responsibilities and obligations. For the time being it may serve, if its creator has so designed it, the ends of any particular social or political group or party and its programme. But if it has any real artistic substance and worth in it and does not merely nurse a blatant social and political "palpable design" (such as Keats was repelled by), it is sure to outwit the intentions of the social and political propagandist and escape from the prison-house of any time-and-fashion-bound creed or dogma.

This is possible, however, only when the artist concerned is genuinely, sensitively and constructively interested in the deeper urges, aspirations and demands of the social community he has been born and bred in. Or he may be inflamed with the impulse of creativity by the deadly presence of a lack of true social awareness in his own society, by apathy, cynicism and despair or naked ego-antics pirouetting around him. If so, the artist will find it particularly profitable to go deep into his own spiritual self — "spiritual" not in its loose, lazy connotation of something having to do with a religion or a fixed code of belief and conduct. This will mean for him the hard, Promethean task of finding and tending the hidden but immense creative fires of his truer and larger self.

The more he comes to discover and patiently understand this larger self and its inner law of existence and manifestation, the more will he be able to realize that his spiritual self is co-existent, nay profoundly and indissolubly identical, with the equally true and abiding self of the physical and psychological society to which he belongs. He will perceive, further, that these two deeper selves, the individual and the collective, are, together as well as separately, but the twin manifestations of one cosmic and even transcendental Self. Such a patiently exploring and increasingly spiritually conscious and developed artist begins to realize more and more that he, the individual human being, the fugitive and fragmentary representative of a vast physical and social collective reality, and the universal cosmic personality of all times are all One Integral Being and Reality; and that the art which he produces through so many different artistic forms and styles under the impact of particular social and cultural traditions and backgrounds, is, in fact, an art meant for all mankind, because it is ultimately born of one, integral human-spiritual reality and not this or that physical individual, society, race or nationality. This is the great truth which begins to unfold itself before his expanding vision and imagination with an increasingly intense power and beauty. And it is then that he is able to discharge his ultimate responsibilities best, whether these appertain to himself, the single individual or to the work of art which yearns to be born through him, or to the society which maintains and moulds both as well as presses for its own distinct self-expression and self-evolution through both.

S. K. PRASAD

I but open my eyes — and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

—ROBERT BROWNING

GREECE AND THE ISLANDS

[**Mr. F. Seymour Smith** is a qualified librarian and bibliographer, living in London, where for thirteen years he was Chief Librarian of a small group of public libraries. Since 1950, when he accepted an invitation to join the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, booksellers and newsagents, he has acted as editorial-bibliographer for their export and home trade. Many of his subject bibliographies have been sent, on request, to booksellers and book collectors in India and many other countries. He is the author of some popular guides to English literature, of a volume called *The Classics in Translation,* and of a bibliography of "Know How Books."

In this vivid article he conveys something of the very atmosphere of Greece and tells us of some fine books on the subject.—ED.]

ACADEMIC CONFLICT between the classical and the romantic ideal is resolved in Greece. At first thought, it may seem ironic that the most glowing response to our Hellenic heritage in poetry and prose came from the "romantic" English and German poets. But on reflection one comes to understand the singular appeal that "the glory that was Greece" had for creative artists of the nineteenth century. For them, as for succeeding generations of philhellenes, Greece was an emotive word as well as a national place name.

From Byron and Shelley, Goethe and Hölderlin, to Giraudoux and Robert Graves, there stretches a line of literature inspired by the legends and the literature of ancient Greece and by the civilization centred in Athens during the centuries of its flowering and greatest glory.

Archæological discoveries from the time of Heinrich Schliemann, who in 1876 uncovered the site of Mycenæ, and Sir Arthur Evans, to whom the world owes so much for his excavations of the Palace of Minos at Knossos in Crete, have extended our appreciation of the civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean from the Ionian Sea to the Ægean, the Sea of Candia and the Dodecanese, backward in time to the legendary era of Theseus and Ariadne, the Homeric world of Agamemnon, and the Achæan civilization.

If the achievements of the relatively short Golden Age of Athens inspired English and German poets, it is probably our current knowledge of the whole of the Greek story, going back four thousand years, that draws so many travellers, as a magnet, year after year, to the land of Greece as it is today.

A sojourn in Greece and the islands is a search for the past, to make a living background to our reading and our ever-growing wonder at

what Greece has meant to the world from the Renaissance onwards.

The terms "Greek" and "the land of Greece" would have meant little or nothing to an Athenian of the time of Plato. Only after the Romans had conquered and ruled the Greek world, thereby enriching their own culture almost immeasurably, did the words generally take on something approximating to their modern meanings. To Matthew Arnold the Renaissance was "an up-rising and re-instatement of man's intellectual impulses and of Hellenism." And it is perhaps as Hellenists that contemporary philhellenes travel to Athens today. Visiting Greece for the first time one sees it as the symbol of the culture that is the foundation of Western philosophy, art and way of life. The imposing array of those little green volumes that make up the Greek section in the Loeb Library is astonishing in variety, profound in its permanence and without parallel in the world's literature. Significant, too, is the fact that we owe the Loeb Library to the generosity of an American millionaire: the wealth of the New World has helped the twentieth century to appreciate and to learn from the wisdom and thought of the ancient world.

It is perhaps only in times of peril and crisis that we realize the magnitude of our debt to the great Greeks. Spiritual nourishment as well as solace is to be found in volume after volume as we take them down from the shelves.

Few writers have expressed this so cogently as Sir Richard Livingstone in his brilliant introduction to the selection in translation from *The History of the Peloponnesian War*, by Thucydides, that forms a volume in the "World's Classics," published by Oxford University Press. What better description of the meaning of the term "a democratic state" is there than that offered to the Athenians by Pericles in his funeral speech, perhaps, as Sir Richard implies, "in its line... the greatest speech in literature"?

> The gates of our city are flung open to the world. We practise no periodical deportations, nor do we prevent our visitors from observing or discovering what an enemy might usefully apply to his own purposes....[1]

There is no country in Europe, except Italy, that requires more "background reading" for the full enjoyment of a visit than Greece. And, quite apart from the great classics of Greek literature, there are now so many good books to choose from that the traveller is able to select from a wide coverage. My own introduction came from a truly

[1] From SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN's rendering in "World's Classics," No. 494.

delightful survey entitled *Portrait of Greece* by Lord Kinross (Max Parrish, 1956). Here we have a most readable sketch of Greek history, with vivid pages describing the unique "lucid, liquid clarity" that "the light of the Eastern Mediterranean pours down" on this mountainous land. Lord Kinross writes for the average traveller, and his volume is one to be read before a visit and re-read at home. Further, the beautiful colour photographs by Dimitri embellish this quarto in a style that recalls sharply the thrill of discovery and first sighting after one has reluctantly said farewell to Greek friends and landscape.

Nearly all tours start and end at Athens. And it is fitting that this should be so; fitting too, that Lord Kinross's book should have as its coloured frontispiece a superb photograph of the Parthenon, still, he says, "after two thousand years, the noblest work of art created by the hand of man."

What Athens and its civilization meant to the Greek world and thus has meant to succeeding ages from the Roman Empire to now is discussed in a brilliant book by Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. It is pleasing to hear this book recommended by educated Greek guides when they conduct parties of tourists to the Acropolis. Such visits are usually made in the early morning or late evening, because of the great heat and the lack of shade on that famous hill. Both periods have their moments of magic, when one's fancy again peoples the ruins with Athenians of the golden age. It is not without awe that one walks where Socrates and Plato, Æschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes walked.

Bowra's *The Greek Experience* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1957) is a great scholar's book, to be enjoyed not only by students but also by general readers. The learned author surveys the whole Hellenic era from the Homeric age to 404 B.C. He writes of people "who gave to mankind its most imaginative myths," and who now "have themselves become almost mythical." He presents the ancient Greeks in all their "Olympian isolation fraught with mystery and splendours beyond the common lot of peoples." But it is one of the great merits of his book that he explains to us what the Greeks really were; shows us how they appeared each to the other. When he emphasizes "that art and philosophy cannot be fully understood apart from the conditions which create them," he surely has every educated reader on his side. And by this early statement he underlines the special attraction of his book for readers who have not devoted years of study to the subject. This remarkable volume, therefore, is for many visitors to Greece the most essential background

reading, enabling even the hurried traveller to take in the meaning of much that he will see under guidance, and to fall even more swiftly under the spell of such sites as Agamemnon's Tomb at Mycenæ, the marble metopes from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, the ruins and the groves there, and above all, such places of magic and charm as Delphi. Few can visit this celebrated shrine of Apollo without being deeply moved by its magnificent mountain setting, and the sense of quiet, remote sacredness that pervades its precincts. Here, at the centre of the world, the oracle gave her strangely worded prophetic utterances. No oracle speaks now to help a troubled ruler or statesman, but eagles still circle above the mountains, across the olive woods of the valleys; and the almost indescribable blue-toned vistas remind the visitor that here little has changed since the days when the Greeks believed that Zeus himself had used the eagles to discover where exactly the centre of his universe lay.

For nearly all visitors, Delphi and the Athenian Acropolis are the two greatest experiences of a Greek tour. But those who do not leave the mainland miss much. Corfu, for example, is one of the most beautiful of all the Greek islands. True, it is not visited for its antiquities, but nowhere else in Greece is there such verdant loveliness. The coastline is truly magnificent, especially on the south-east and the west sides. Such villages as Paleokastritsa, where the Club Mediterranée once founded a *bébé* village of straw huts or *cases,* are amongst the most charming and lovely in the whole of the Adriatic seaboard. This is a place to idle and daydream in until time becomes an unreal concept; here the underwater swimmer dives into blue, calm seas, to live for a while with strangely beautiful fish and to bring up for study some of the wonderful sea plants and living organisms with which this littoral abounds.

In Corfu, too, one is reminded of the modern history of Greece rather than the ancient. Some of the grace of its Venetian days and of its period under British government during the Regency still remains in the capital, and there are few better pleasures than those offered by leisurely walks and gossipy cafés in this quiet, spacious city port.

Here the peasants, often described by their more lively compatriots on the mainland as inclined to be lazy, are in fact delightful, easy-going and courteous companions. They live on very small incomes; their livelihood from small hillside farms and olive groves is on a very modest scale by current standards — they seldom are able to afford meat or such luxuries as cigarettes and wine; yet they retain a proud

reserve, mingled with a courtesy that is now, alas! referred to in many other parts of Europe as "old-world" or "old-fashioned."

One instance of this comes to mind. It was a hot afternoon, and the writer, with police permission, had climbed the highest mountain in the island. On the descent the way was confusing, for hillside streams were dry and one track looked very much like another in the white glare of the sun. But halfway down a steep slope the writer was aware that he was being watched by a young girl. It later appeared that her father and mother had sensed the climber's confusion, and had sent the girl to a point where she would be able to meet him. This she did, and beckoning in the curious Greek fashion, by waving as if she were saying goodbye, she led the traveller, hot, tired, dusty, thirsty and hungry, to a small cottage. There he was received like a monarch; seated on the best, the only, chair, while the family, now assembled to greet the stranger, from grandma to son and daughter, seated themselves on the bed. Soon the father brought goat's cheese and water, a small cup of coffee and black olives with bread. One suspected that this was the daily and regular diet of all who worked on this small farm.

Refreshed, the traveller tried to make himself understood, but merely succeeded in emphasizing that he certainly was not an Italian (for the Corfiotes have memories, and certainly have nothing to thank either Germans or Italians for) but was an Englishman, "out in the noonday sun." This he did by uttering the magic word "Churchill." All smiles, the family rose to say goodbye, each member shaking hands in a dignified but affectionate manner. With some diffidence, the traveller offered cigarettes, but was met with a firm refusal, although he noticed a gleam of regret in the young son's eyes. So, with pardonable subterfuge, he managed to slide a carton of twenty under the tablecloth, and left to go on his way, pointed out for him by all. One just had to follow the dried-up bed of the river, and this would surely end by the sea, near a tiny bay, where wine and further food could be had at a seaside *taverna,* and where a caique would take one back to Ipsos.

Scarcely had he walked out of sight and farewell handwaving (this time, in the curious Greek fashion, taking the reverse form of beckoning, as if calling him back), when he was hailed by the little girl, who came running towards him, packet of precious cigarettes in hand. She explained by mime that they had been inadvertently left on the table. But this time the traveller was firm, and not only pressed back the packet into the girl's hands but put with it the largest note he could find in his pocket book (about 50 drachmas). The girl's eyes gleamed

with joy, and she ran off excitedly clutching both money and cigarettes.

It may be true, as Jasper More declares in his excellent survey of the whole of the Mediterranean coast, *The Mediterranean* (Batsford, 1956), that "it is unfair to any country to make a first call at a place so beautiful as Corfu," but so unforgettable are some of the other islands of Greece that one ceases to assess their merits comparatively. In the Ægean Sea, for example, are most lovely islands where time stands still. Here, as in Delos and Mykonos, natural beauty may not be so rich, verdant and varied as in Corfu, but the antiquities, fitting into the white, calm background of small towns and villages, have their own magic and unique charm. One departs from their shores with regret, hoping to return some day, and to find the ageless pelican, answering to the name of Pierre, still playing about with the lazing fisherman on the beach at Mykonos. Delos, the island of Apollo, is desolated by contrast, but there the antiquities are so profoundly interesting that one scarcely notices the absence of hotels and *tavernas*. There are hundreds of islands in the Greek seas, but alas! a single lifetime is not long enough to explore them all. Nevertheless, so rich is Greece in wonder and charm that, for one traveller at least, a month in that country yields more than two in any other European land.

Last year, enticed and interested by Vincent Cronin's delightfully written *The Golden Honeycomb: A Study in Sicily* (Hart-Davis, 1954), the writer spent some weeks in that legendary island, only to find himself once again in search of Greece exploring the Græco-Roman antiquities in the beautiful city of Syracuse, the scene of the greatest disaster of Athenian history and the cause of the twilight of the Hellenic gods.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

. . . for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
Her dew is on the flowers.

—WORDSWORTH

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE BASIC WRITINGS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL"*

LORD RUSSELL's has been a rich and full life. Born an aristocrat, he happens to be one of the most energetic champions of democratic values. Gifted as he is with an astonishingly fertile mind, his interests have ranged from the technical issues of mathematical philosophy and symbolic logic to the problems of sex and marriage, education and peace. He is a writer with literary grace and a thinker who can make himself intelligible even to men who rarely think. In recent times the potentialities of nuclear warfare have made him seriously concerned with the future of our race and have led him even to court arrest to make his voice effective in the world.

The selection of the editors covers the period between 1903 and 1959. It is not confined to any specific field of inquiry but extends to almost all the disciplines of human knowledge in which Lord Russell has been interested. We find in this excellent selection pieces ranging from his writing on professional philosophy and the philosophy of mathematics to controversial issues of social life. We may here read and re-read his famous essay on "A Free Man's Worship" or his more recent one on "The Expanding Mental Universe"; take delight in his "Outline of Intellectual Rubbish" or "The Metaphysician's Nightmare"; and pause for solemn re flection on what he wrote in his open letter to Khrushchev and Eisenhower.

What strikes one most is his sincerity. As a philosopher he hates dogmatism and contends that occasional changes in the views of a philosopher do not deserve any adverse comments but reflect the growth of knowledge and indicate that his mind continues to work. There is no denying the fact he has exercised a tremendous influence on more than one generation and most of those who differ from him on all crucial issues will not hesitate to acknowledge the impetus that they have received from him in the formation of their thought.

This selection dispels two great misunderstandings about philosophy and philosophers. First, philosophy need not be obscure and repellent in expression and style. Second, philosophers need not be visionaries and dreamers with little concern for the future of their fellow beings. Of course, some of us may have our own doubts about the significance or the lasting value of Russell's positive contribution to the persistent questions of philosophy and religion and find his best service to philosophy to have been done more in his capacity of an iconoclast than in that of a creative thinker. He has raised many of us from our "dogmatic slumber," without helping us to formulate a philosophy of life which can satisfy the totality of our being. We must admit frankly that a philosophy which cannot appreciate religious aspirations and which holds every religious dogma suspect is no less dogmatic than dogmatic religions. However, we may wonder whether the man who is so much haunted by the fate of his kind and who considers every demand a prison and glorifies the wisdom which asks for nothing is really as indifferent to religion as he appears to be. Perhaps our

*_The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell._ Edited by ROBERT E. EGNER and LESTER E. DENONN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd , London. 736 pp. 1961. 42s.)

whole approach to philosophy is different from Lord Russell's. But all this does not detract from the significance of Lord Russell for our generation. If philosophy means anything it means the courage to differ.

The editors, Professor R. F. Egner and Mr. L. E. Denonn, must have taken really great pains to make a selection which does justice to the rich variety of Lord Russell's thought, and they truly deserve the compliments which the philosopher has paid them in the preface that he has written. No one who cares to know the intellectual climate of this age of crisis can afford to ignore the valuable selection which we now have from the writings of one of the most analytical intellects of the century.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

Zen Showed Me the Way: to Peace, Happiness and Tranquillity. By SESSUE HAYAKAWA. Edited by CROSWELL BOWEN. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 255 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 21*s*.)

Sessue Hayakawa was born a samurai of a noble Japanese family, and became one of the most distinguished screen actors in Europe and Hollywood. His performance in 1957 as the disgraced Japanese Colonel Saito in *The Bridge on the River Kwai* crowned his film career. In this autobiography he discloses that he himself tried to commit *hara-kiri* at the age of 18, with thirty self-inflicted knife wounds.

A wise Zen Buddhist priest, Eichi, extricated him from the spiritual crisis into which he was thrown. After spending a year alone in a small ruined temple, the youth emerged strengthened and at peace, and this experience remained with him all his life.

Eichi impressed on him: "There is no 'I.' There is only the fusion of self into life until they are one."

Meditation played, and still plays, an important part in Hayakawa's mastery of the mind. He meditates for at least an hour every day. He claims that age is a state of mind, and that people are conditioned to grow old as much by what they habitually expect of increasing years as by the wear and tear of the conflict of existence. To live peacefully and happily and keep young one must rid oneself of all the unnecessary and destroying emotions, he says.

The book is absorbing on any level, but it is particularly so to those who seek a practical introduction to Zen, and who want to understand the intelligent Japanese mind. Hayakawa has a sense of humour, and while there are some shortcomings in literary presentation, the book conveys what he wishes to say very lucidly. Credit must be given to Croswell Bowen for what appears to be some excellent editing and adaptation to help the Western reader.

It is interesting to observe that in applying Zen to his film and stage work Hayakawa comes very close to the Stanislavsky method of concentration on the character being played and elimination of all thought of self.

At the age of nearly 70 Hayakawa played the Buddha in *The Life of the Buddha* on the stage in Japan, and was created a priest of Zen by his spiritual *confrères*.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Muhammad: Prophet and Statesman. By W. MONTGOMERY WATT. (Oxford University Press, London. 250 pp. Maps. 1961. 25*s*.)

The main sources for the life of the Prophet Muhammad are the *Qur'an* itself, the early biographies — in particular the *Sirah* of Ibn Ishaq (d. 768) and the *Maghazi* of al-Waqidi (d. 822) — and also the Traditions, *i.e.*, the stories about the activities and pronouncements of the Prophet. The

Qur'an, although it offers authentic historical information, is often difficult to interpret. As to the other material — Western scholars have tended in recent times to regard it with dubiety, since much of it has been undoubtedly coloured by and even fabricated in accordance with the needs and circumstances which arose in the centuries immediately following the death of the Prophet. Dr. Montgomery Watt takes a less pessimistic view of this material and is a staunch advocate of the belief that, when analyzed with care, it can provide a solid basis of data relating to the career of the Prophet.

The present volume, designed to afford an objective account of the life and achievements of Muhammad, with special reference to the social and political milieu within which he carried out his prophetic mission, is in fact an abridgement of two earlier and more elaborate studies, also by Dr. Montgomery Watt, namely, *Muhammad at Mecca* (Oxford, 1953) and *Muhammad at Medina* (Oxford, 1956). In compressing, and presenting in strict chronological order, the substance of his larger volumes, Dr. Montgomery Watt has given us a lucid and compact book which cannot fail to be of interest alike to the specialist historian, to the student and to the general reader.

V. J. PARRY

Thoughts and Meditations. By KAHLIL GIBRAN. Translated from the Arabic by ANTHONY R. FERRIS. (Heinemann Ltd., London. 117 pp. 1961. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The mind, when it is young, knows truth and beauty; it knows its Home. Then, as its perception of environment grows, as more and more it enters into the world of Nature and of man, it gradually loses sight of the vision splendid and finds that there is much that is clay-footed, even hostile; that there can be no remaining with carefree personal happiness. The more it sees of life the more it realizes that problems exist on every hand, which must be faced, and if possible solved; that there are burdens to be carried, some with the help of others, some quite by oneself, unaided.

Many would not describe the process thus about themselves, and there are those who, too soon, "forget their youth," while many more are hurried into continuous activity by the pressure of events and can only react, instinctively and in sheer self-preservation, to what impinges upon them, moment by moment.

Kahlil Gibran, the Prophet of Lebanon, was one who retained, undimmed, that early sight of "the light that never was on sea or land," and for that very reason he was deeply affected, sorrowfully ravaged, by the spectacle of what *is*, compared with what could be — by man's ignorance and selfishness, by the injustices and cruelties and exploitations of the world. And this flagellation of a fine mind, an acutely aware and sensitive soul, has caused him, from his early manhood, to cry out against such things, and the present slender book of essays and prose-poems enables one to see again, as one saw from his previous works, how movingly he can "teach in song" what he has tragically "learned in sorrow."

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Refugee World. By ROBERT KEE. (Oxford University Press, London. 150 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 15*s.*)

For all its vaunted civilization the twentieth century sees a greater number of refugees than any preceding age in history. In *Refugee World* Robert Kee, who has himself been a prisoner

of war, approaches the problem as a problem of actual human beings.

Greater progress was made in the resettlement of refugees immediately after the war than is being made now, Several hundred thousands of displaced persons who refused to be repatriated to their Communist-governed homelands, despite the inducements offered, automatically became refugees, but the American people, motivated by the sentiment that their own nation was founded by the voluntarily displaced, passed in 1948 the Displaced Persons Act, which, in a little over three years, enabled 300,000 to resettle in the United States alone.

The author gives, in this very interesting and outspoken book, innumerable heart-breaking instances of the thousands of refugees, labelled the "hard core," who through no fault of their own had failed to pass the immigration laws, and were still not settled. Statistics are given, but the imagination baulks at visualizing the numbers in terms of human beings, and the author points out that if in the first instance these unfortunates found themselves in their pitiful situation through the tyranny of Communist régimes, it was Western democratic bureaucracy which was perpetuating their plight.

He writes with sympathy and insight of the mentality engendered by long years spent in the miserable hutments of refugee camps. The author holds bureaucratic lethargy responsible for this, and in paying a tribute to the Françoise Rigby British Adoption Committee arrives at the conclusion that the quickest solution would be for individual enterprise to take up the matter.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

Dealing with Delinquents. By W. L. HERBERT and F. V. JARVIS. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 208 pp. 1961. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Although this is a work concerned with the treatment of delinquency it is in fact a most helpful guide to the making of human relationships where these might be difficult. Most of us have problems at times in our dealings with other people, and it would be a sorry day if we all became completely rational in our responses to the changing moods of our friends and neighbours, but we can learn to control our feelings.

The delinquent represents human problems in a more than normally acute form, and he presents also a threat to the established order. We tend therefore to adopt defensive attitudes towards him, and to demand punishment or his removal from our circle. But this is not the answer to his problem, and this book is written to help all those who may have to meet delinquents in the course of their duties. It is, however, of value to everybody, for its lesson is really one of understanding.

The delinquent individual is often a disturbed, unhappy person, unable to understand himself or to make himself understood. He must be met in the first place "where he is" — at his own level — by those who will accept him. As the authors say:—

> In the relationship with the delinquent, concern for him as an individual is vitally important; but, while he is "accepted," his delinquent behaviour is not. . .The process is not one of repression but of growth

This lesson is not only for social workers. We have all to try to offer to the misfit in society our patient and sometimes painful understanding, leaving ourselves for ever vulnerable, until we have led the delinquent or other disturbed person, from however poor a start, to growth and development as a person.

The book is addressed to social workers, including teachers. It is truly

a tract for the times of great value to anyone, for those who read it may not only learn to understand, but also to see something of their own reactions and how to deal with them. In the end there is no delinquency; there are only delinquent individuals. For the meeting of the challenge they provide, this is an excellent guide.

FRANK DAWTRY

Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo. Second series. Recorded by A. B. PURANI. (351 pp. Rs. 8.00); *Prières Annuelles* (New Year Prayers): 1933-1961. By LE MERE (the MOTHER). (41 pp. Re. 1.00); *Where the Wings of Glory Brood.* By M. P. PANDIT. (61 pp. Rs. 1.50) (All Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1961); *Education and the Aim of Human Life.* By PAVITRA (P. B. SAINT-HILAIRE). (Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Pondicherry. 85 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.50).

Sri Aurobindo's many-splendoured genius was seen often to relax in the company of his chief disciples, laugh and argue with them, and even his silences must have been profoundly significant. Shri Dilip Kumar Roy's interviews with Sri Aurobindo are already familiar to us, being recorded in *Among the Great* and *Sri Aurobindo Came to Me.* Shri Nirodbaran's notes have been released in *Mother India* and have been collected in a volume. Shri A. B. Purani's two volumes record the talks between Sri Aurobindo and his disciples in 1923-1926, and again in 1938-1950. The first volume[1] provoked great interest, and the second is sure to be hailed as a worthy successor. Shri Purani has made the reader's task a pleasant one: after initiation into the atmosphere of the inner circle, we race through discussions on politics, *yoga-sadhana,* Vedic terminology, education, miracles, psychology, and the reality of the Cosmic Gods. The Guru and the *chelas* build between them an academy like no other. Each talk is a splendid voyage of discovery. The informal atmosphere is captivating, and before we quite realize it, we have already touched the many delectable layers of Sri Aurobindo's thought. Even a concept like "Supramental Truth" is rendered with simple conversational ease:—

> . . the Truth that is coming down is not mental, it is an infinite Truth. . What we are doing at present is to make ourselves fit instruments for the higher Truth, so that when it comes down there would be the proper instrumentation for its working. We won't reject life; we have to bring a new consciousness into the external work

The "talks" educate through discussion and a seeming diffusion of thought; but the Mother's "prayers" achieve the same purpose through meditation and concentration. The Mother indites a "prayer" on every New Year's Day, and on certain special occasions, and they have a cumulative force when they are presented together. Pithiness, directness and classic simplicity often gleam and glow in her words.

In the third of these books, Shri M. P. Pandit presents succinctly the main principles of *Tantra,* distinguishes between Tantra and Integral Yoga, and sums up the latter thus:—

> Aspiration for the Higher Light and all that it carries with it; rejection of all that stands in its way; surrender of all that one is and has to the Power that is invoked.

Integral Yoga is no misty exercise in daydreaming but really a high, serious and total endeavour to achieve self-transcendence. Sri Aurobindo and the Mother accept the material body as indispensable for a "total perfection and divinization of man" because

[1] Reviewed in the November 1960 issue of THE ARYAN PATH.

the body not merely provides the base but actually it is a fortress as it were in the safety of which the individual soul can organize itself and develop its own individuality without being helplessly exposed at every moment to the invasion of the other individualities and forces of the Universal Life around.

Shri Pandit's "letter" on "Our Yoga and Ashram" is a candid piece of writing, and must help to dispel the doubts of the uninitiated.

As for the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, the aim of this "examinationless" system is to make a *man* out of the child — and not a mere cog in the soulless machinery of modern society. The soul too needs to be fed and helped to grow and blossom into its full splendour. Shri Pavitra's book discusses this problem of the child's education in its wider perspectives. After making a rapid sketch of the world's changing economic and social institutions, the author points out that not material prosperity but the quality and fullness of the spiritual life alone can give us the peace that passeth understanding. Shri Pavitra's pen moves with an easy facility and accuracy, and the long quotations from Sri Aurobindo's writings stand out in impressive grandeur. It is a notable contribution to contemporary educational thought.

All the books have been brought out with the care and taste that we have by now come to expect in the publications of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

In Search of the Supreme. Vol. I. By M. K. GANDHI. Compiled and edited by V. B. KHER. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xx+388 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00).

This is a compilation of 256 articles and notes written by Gandhiji from time to time in *Young India, Harijan,* etc., on religion, spirituality and allied subjects. He was essentially a man of religion with a deep and abiding faith in God, whom he described as Truth, and sometimes as Goodness: and his worship consisted of the service of mankind, of daily prayer, weekly silence, a strictly regulated diet and occasional fasts for self-purification. "I enter politics," he wrote once, "in so far as it develops the religious faculty in man."

He was unique in that he had no *Guru* who guided him in his quest. He disciplined his daily life so as to perfect himself day after day by reducing to practice Truth, *Ahimsa, Brahmacharya* and other precepts. His indomitable will enabled him to undertake vows and fulfil them in letter and spirit, and his humility and sincerity gave him courage to own to his "Himalayan Blunders." He called the *Bhagavad-Gita* his mother and his Dictionary of Life, and the *Ramayana* of Tulsi Das was his manual of devotion. He subjected all customs and practices and even *shastrik* injunctions to the scrutiny of reason; and yet he said, "Reason must not usurp the heart." He was a man of faith, which he defined as "the appropriation of the reasoned experience of people whom we believe to have lived a life purified by prayer and penance."

Gandhiji was an amazing combination of meditation and action, "whose head was in solitude and hand in society," to use Emerson's phrase. "One step enough for me," he said with Newman, and lived his full and strenuous life, without being deflected from his path by praise or scorn, always buoyed up by the "practice of the presence of God within him," and implicitly obeying his inner voice, but disclaiming any "vision of God." He said once that *Rama-nama* was in his heart all the twenty-four hours; and gave up his life with the name of Rama on his lips.

The writings of such a spiritual researcher are of inestimable value to all

religious aspirants living an active worldly life. The volume enables the reader to know the reactions to numerous life situations and the approach to many social, political and religious problems of one who ceaselessly strove to apply spiritual values to the affairs of human life in all its aspects.

One wishes, however, that the compiler had made the volume more compact and telling by a somewhat more relentless exclusion of material of doubtful relevance to the main theme of the volume.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO

Mr. Gandhi. By RANJEE SHAHANI. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 211 pp. 1961. 34*s.* 6*d.*; $4.95)

Thirty years ago Millie Graham Polak's *Mr. Gandhi the Man* was reissued in time for the Round Table Conference (it deserves a reprint). In it the author explained that Gandhi had, during the years of their friendship in South Africa, always been known as Mr. Gandhi. Mr. Shahani, whose affectionate yet truly perceptive sketch, published early in 1961, may be read as an excellent enlargement upon Mrs. Polak's study, can have had no such reason for retaining the "Mr." Neither is it explained by his casual reference to Shaw on p. 119. Why, then, the "Mr."?

A couple of other oddities occur: Gandhi did, in fact, join the Theosophical Society, for six months, as an associate member (p. 36); Kallenbach's name was Hermann and not Henry (p. 62); and Gandhi was a member of the London Vegetarian Society's Committee and never its Hon. Secretary (p. 35) (though he did for a while try and form a Bayswater branch). These minor inaccuracies hardly detract from Mr. Shahani's percipience and understanding of his subject, particularly in his essay in Chapter IX on Gandhi's obsessions about food and sex. His tributes to certain eminent but less known — in this respect — European champions of Gandhi during his South African period are overdue and just.

Except for an occasional lapse into flowery banality, as where he speculates on Gandhi's fate had he not gone to South Africa in 1893 ("he might... have ended his days as a man of some property, his breast starry with the dishonour of British titles... he would have gone down in history as one of the many hangers-on of white imperialism"!) Mr. Shahani writes amusingly and with conviction. He is refreshingly free from reverence and his intelligent assessments of Gandhi's character and motives are perhaps the book's best contribution to Gandhian literature. His publishers must be faulted on not providing an index, and on the prohibitive price for a short, unillustrated work.

IAN LE MAISTRE

Pāda-Index of Vālmīki-Rāmāyaṇa. Vol. I. By G. H. BHATT. (Gaekwad's Oriental Series, Oriental Institute, Baroda. 174 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.60)

This is an alphabetical index of each *pāda* or quarter of verse in Vālmīki's *Rāmāyaṇa,* accompanied by the reference to book, canto, verse and line It has been prepared on the basis of the edition of the *Rāmāyaṇa* issued by the Gujarati Printing Press, Bombay (1912-1920), which, by the by, also forms the Vulgate Text for the critical edition of the *Rāmāyaṇa* under publication by the Oriental Institute, a fascicule of which has already been reviewed in these columns.

The first volume of the Index under review stretches up to *au* and the Index will prove, when completed, of inestimable value to researchers as an aid-book for tracing any quotation from the

Rāmāyaṇa to its source. The Oriental Institute deserves the thanks of scholars for having undertaken such a useful publication.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Shakespeare the Dramatist and Other Papers. By UNA ELLIS-FERMOR. Edited by KENNETH MUIR. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 188 pp. Frontispiece. 1951. 25*s.*)

Of books about Shakespeare there is no end. But there would have been a place for the late Una Ellis-Fermor's study of *Shakespeare the Dramatist.* That this was left unfinished at her death was due not least to the unselfishness with which she devoted her help to those whom she chose as her collaborators in the New Arden edition of Shakespeare, of which she was the distinguished General Editor. One of these, Professor Muir, has now given an outline of the proposed book, edited the completed parts of it, and brought together some of her other published and unpublished papers.

The quality of her thinking about poetic drama emerges clearly enough. But perhaps those can best appreciate it who heard her deliver some of these papers. Una Ellis-Fermor brought to the qualities of a highly-trained academic mind a personal and feminine integrity and intuition that gave a rare imaginative aura to her best work. The range of this intuition may be briefly illustrated from the volume under review. Writing of the paradox of the poet's impersonal sympathy for each of his characters she says:—

> ...in his vast, impersonal sympathy lies one solution of the problem so long familiar to mystics: "Teach us to care and not to care." And the dramatist having, like the great mystic, in some measure solved this problem, speaks as one having authority.

And her amplification of her meaning is too important not to be quoted in full:—

> . . I take truth, which the great artist communicates, to be a part or parts of a complete and irreducible reality, such as might be discerned by an unerring and all-including intelligence, which some of us find it briefer and less cumbersome to call God. I consider further that the spiritual universe affords the means for the knowledge of this truth; that it is part of its nature to do so. I believe this knowledge to be possible under certain conditions to human faculties, to such faculties, for instance, as are possessed by the great poets and the great saints. I believe, that is to say, that in this continuum of experience, of which we have spoken, it is possible to either of them to discern certain significant elements, unnameable perhaps by either and for the artist certainly better undefined, which so work upon the imagination as to produce awareness of form, of the presence of intention, of the operation of underlying law. Provided, that is to say, that the poet has within his power the means of transmission... he is capable of transmitting truth, and that truth is there to be communicated.

ROY WALKER

Tales from the Calendar. By BERTOLT BRECHT. The prose translated by YVONNE KAPP, the verse translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER. (Methuen and Company Ltd., London. 124 pp. 1961. 15*s.*)

As the title of the book deliberately suggests, Brecht compiled in it all sorts of entertaining, instructing, satirical, moralizing and topical stories and poems on his return to Germany in 1947. Some poems and anecdotes had appeared before or in 1933: *e.g.*, "The Soldier of La Ciotat." The whole collection is

a most welcome publication. It contains amongst other important stories "The Augsburg Chalk Circle," which was the forerunner of Brecht's celebrated play *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (1941).

A special feature of the book is the "Anecdotes of Mr. Keuner," written, like the other stories, in a vivid, uninhibited style. As an example of Brecht's brilliance, wisdom and power of suggestion we single out "Form and Substance," the story about a man's wild striving for form at the cost of substance: a laurel bush is pruned into the shape of a ball, but by the time the desired shape has been achieved, the laurel is trimmed off to non-existence. The gardener sadly remarks to the over-zealous Mr. K.: "Yes, that's a ball, but where's the laurel?"

In other sketches satire and humour are blended in equally successful narratives. Brecht does not only feed the appetite of the sophisticated but also appeals to the common non-intellectual reader: *e.g.*, in the story "Socrates Wounded" the hero is brave, though not in battle, only afterwards when Alcibiades comes in person to honour the alleged heroism of Socrates, who then admits the facts of the martial feat against the Persians. A thorn in his foot prevented the Greek philosopher from moving on until the Greek cavalry turned up.

The book offers much entertainment and searching criticism of human follies. It reads well and is brought out in a handy edition.

A. CLOSS

Himalayan Pilgrimage. By B. N. DATAR. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, New Delhi. 103 pp. Illustrated. Rs. 5.00)

"Look upon the hills and ye shall gather strength" is an injunction universally justified by human experience As one gazes at massive peaks raising their heads into the clouds, one is lifted by awe and wonder into a kinship with these elemental forms and to a sudden realization of the potentialities of the human spirit. The fascination for dwelling on summits, the ache to reach out to whatever gods there be above, around, are part of human life, crucifying or liberating according to the dimension to which one vibrates.

Since the earliest days of our known history [Dr. Rajendra Prasad points out in his Foreword] the Himalayas have cast on our people a peculiar spell mixed with awe and wonder. They have gone to the Himalayas for solace, strength and inspiration. Thinkers, spiritual seekers and gifted writers from the days of Vyasa and Valmiki right to present times have alike drunk deep of the beauty of the Himalayas in their effort to raise themselves from the mundane level.

The author touches on these and other aspects of the Himalayas, and points out how the pilgrims to the Himalayas helped to spread religion, to create and maintain a certain unity of outlook all over the country and brought about an exchange of trends in art, literature and the sciences. He gives detailed information about the great centres of pilgrimage, Badrinath, Gangotri, Kedarnath and Jamnotri, as well as the holy rivers of the Himalayas, together with relevant passages from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, and from Kalidasa, who, he affirms, shows a rather detailed and exact knowledge of the geography of the region.

The second part of the book concerns itself with the regions of the Himalayas and gives a great deal of topographical and other information regarding these areas. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of the enchanting beauty of various Himalayan peaks, which lend additional interest to a publication on one of the most fascinating regions of our globe.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, March 5th, 1962

You have just completed your third general election which gave Prime Minister Nehru another term of office for the next five years. While he is, I presume, musing himself as to the composition of his Ministry to last for another five years, the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, finds himself in a situation which must cause him considerable worry. If he can get over the various knotty problems that he has on his plate, he may succeed in not being forced to resign.

The big issues that are currently being debated at Westminster and in the country are: (1) how to bring about a Summit where the leaders of the Free World and the leaders of the so-called not-free world can sit and discuss their problems; (2) how to deal with Sir Roy Welensky, who came here a few days ago like a bull in a China shop; (3) how Britain, without offending the countries of the Commonwealth, can join the Common Market; and (4) how far the people of the Commonwealth will hold together once the implications of the Commonwealth Immigration Bill become clear as the various clauses of the Bill are put into operation.

The British political parties are divided practically on all these issues. But the Government, so far as Parliament is concerned, is not unduly worried about the vote in the House. It has always, in spite of the so-called rebels in the Government party, a sure majority of over sixty on any issue that it desires to get through the House. With this steamroller majority to back it, the present Government has also been invoking the aid of the guillotine to prevent the Opposition from delaying the measures which it desires to put on the statute book. This has been an unprecedented experience. It has invoked this form of suppressing the Opposition at least four times in the last six months. It makes you wonder whether it is a good thing that a Government should have such a large majority, which enables it to do what it likes irrespective of the views of the Opposition, which, after all, does represent a large section of the community.

The decision of the American and British Governments to start nuclear explosions in outer space has caused general consternation in the country. Though the Labour Opposition is in favour of these explosions, following the private talks that Mr. Hugh Gaitskell had in Washington with the American President, public opinion detests these tests.

The Committee of One Hundred is, therefore, intensifying its campaign not only in London but in other big provincial towns. The recent sentences passed on some of the members of the Committee of One Hundred under the Official Secrets Act have left a bad taste in the mouths of all those who believe in fair play. Objection is taken to the refusal of the judge to allow the defendants to call as witnesses eminent scientists like Sir Robert Watson Watt and Professor Linus on the question of possession of nuclear arms being prejudicial or beneficial to the safety of the State. It is freely felt that the evidence of these scientists would have been embarrassing to the authorities and acceptable to the jury and perhaps have moved the latter to acquit the accused.

The efficacy of a civil disobedience campaign to attain the aim for which it is being started is also being stressed. To re-emphasize this view, very often we find reference to Gandhi's campaign in India and Africa and the more recent Negro movements in the southern U.S.A. against segregation in public transport. Advocates of civil disobedience point out that these campaigns

have achieved what years of prayer and legislation have failed to achieve. A correspondent in the *Scotsman* pointed out that in most cases the campaigns for civil disobedience were led by clergymen.

This correspondent further reminds the readers of the *Scotsman* that on the question of war in general, and nuclear weapons in particular, the churches are split wide open. Both sides pray with equal sincerity that their view might prevail. Both sides accuse the other side of lacking faith. The H-bomb is a complete denial of faith, since it represents the belief that "might is right."

There are those who advocate the need to trust God in preventing the use of nuclear weapons. This is a considerable section of the community and to them the supporters of Earl Russell, who is an agnostic, say that prayerful Japanese Christians were among those many thousands incinerated, or still alive and suffering in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The spectacle of Hiroshima and Nagasaki must make the words "we must trust in God and keep our powder dry" seem blasphemous. Despite their agnosticism, the opponents of nuclear weapons have a higher respect for their fellow creatures than is implicit in the phrase "we must trust in God and keep our powder dry." For the nuclear "powder" of today has hideous ramifications and no true follower of God could sanction even the stockpiling, let alone the use, of such powder.

In view of the wide-spread agitation against nuclear explosions, a movement is set on foot to demand a national plebiscite on the question of nuclear weapons. With all the talk of fall-out deterrents, testing, bases and NATO commitments, the real issue that is before the British people is: Should Britain retain nuclear arms, or not? If a decisive vote is given on this fundamental question, the British Government would know whether it had the people behind it, while the minority would have had the chance of proving its strength. The British Government should not refuse to hold such a plebiscite on the ground "we don't do such things in this country." Since these are highly critical times a free vote would do away with the necessity for any particular section of the community to resort to civil disobedience in order to propagate its views.

A petition against nuclear tests signed by 42,000 women was presented to the Prime Minister at the Admiralty House The petition originated in a letter published in the *Guardian* from a few mothers who were desperately worried about their future. None of these writers belonged to any nuclear disarmament organization, nor was their project allied to any political party. They simply asked any women who wanted to plead for the lives of their children and for a future free from the threat and horrors of nuclear war to sign the petition. This is an interesting document worth reproducing:—

> We the undersigned women, electors of the United Kingdom, alarmed by the threat to our families and to all humanity contained in the international situation as it has developed in the last few months, implore the governments of the Great Powers, while there is still time, to reconsider their policies and to take urgent steps to secure:—
>
> (a) an agreement to stop the testing of nuclear weapons,
>
> (b) an immediate resumption of negotiations which will lead, under a system of international inspection, to the reduction and ultimate abandonment of nuclear weapons and the reduction of conventional armaments,
>
> (c) a rethinking by every government of its policy on these and other points of controversy so that all considerations of pride and prestige, whether national or personal, may be laid aside in an attempt to reach agreed solutions.

The signatories to the petition do not

intend to set up any organization. The signatures to the petition had been spontaneous in that collectors had not pestered people or approached strangers. Many of the women who signed the petition had not felt able to join in the organized unilateralist protests, but wanted to support an effort for agreed international policy.

A few months ago, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, complained that the representatives of the Afro-Asian countries at the United Nations had become parties to resolutions which were reckless and were in support of the Communist bloc. The *Guardian*, in its issue of March 5th, has given a summary of the voting records of the second part of the sixteenth session of the General Assembly which has recently ended.

The paper reminds us that Czechoslavakia and Rumania wanted the Political Committee to "appeal to the Government of the United States to put an end to interference in the internal affairs of Cuba." Only the Communist bloc and Cuba voted for this resolution. Fifty members, which included African and Asian members, voted against the resolution. Poland and Bulgaria wanted the Security Council to consider sanctions against Portugal for her action in Angola. Only twenty-six countries supported this move and it was easily defeated. The African and Asian countries also refused to support the Soviet Union, which demanded the withdrawal of Belgian troops by the time independence for Ruanda-Urundi was proclaimed. Ghana and the United Arab Republic also refused to support the Soviet Union when it asked for a debate on the Congo. The *Guardian* is inclined to the view that these newly emergent nations "are on the watch for any attempt to use their votes as weapons in the cold war."

SUNDER KABADI

NOISE AND MALADIES

How noise can lead citizens to suffer from "nerves" and other maladies such as palpitation, rise in blood pressure and stomach upsets is described by Fritz Wahl in a recent article in the *Times of India* (Bombay). Millions of people all over the world are now in danger of peacetime shell-shock, being victims of noise from rattling trains, bellowing lorries, grinding cars, chattering motor-cycles, deafening jet planes, shrilling telephones, trumpeting radio sets, clanking machinery and clattering typewriters. Fritz Wahl describes this as enemy number one of mankind and refers to a recent conference in Munich where a hundred noise suppression experts met and discussed ways and means of reducing noise to a bearable level. He says:—

> Medical researchers found that the peak load of what the human nerve system can withstand continuously is a noise level of eighty phons, measured in German DIN standard units. Continuous noise of this intensity can cause serious psychic and physical trouble; irritation, nervousness, lack of concentration and an increased inclination to act without thinking and recklessness. Even the tendency towards excessive use of alcohol and addiction to narcotics and drugs result from the racket of the city. Noise, again, is responsible for the increasing number of street accidents as nerves are continuously irritated.

Several suggestions for reducing the noise of traffic are put forward, the chief of them being that city and traffic planners should lay out ever more noise-protected zones such as exist now near churches, schools and hospitals. Further, city planners should re-route traffic from densely populated areas by

building limited motor-ways by-passing cities. Unless these steps are immediately taken, there is no doubt that the perilous consequences of these "acoustic traumas" will increase; for, according to the writer, a crucial point has already been reached. He says:—

> In the streets of large cities with their long queues of cars, motor-bicycles and trams, however, measured values go up to over one hundred phons. Even more intense noise is generated in the vicinity of international airports by modern turbo-prop and jet airliners.... The permitted maximum noise level since 1953 has been increased five times

S. SUNDER RAJAN

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

In the *New York Herald Tribune* of February 18th, 1962, Martin G. Berck writes an article, "Buddhist Homage — for an American," that is soundly informative as well as dignifiedly appreciative, on the recent honours paid throughout Buddhist Ceylon to the memory of Colonel H. S. Olcott, one of the colleagues of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in the launching of the Theosophical Movement, who died on February 17th, 1907.

After a sketch of H. S. Olcott's early career. which included many good services to his country, Mr. Berck writes of how "stressing the fundamental similarity of all faiths, and the spiritual nature of man and the universe" led Colonel Olcott to serve in many ways the sadly declined Indians and Ceylonese Buddhists. Under his Theosophical inspiration, he organized an exhibition of Indian crafts; he founded a first school for untouchables; he founded a library of Sanskrit palm-leaf MSS.

It was in the service of Buddhism, however, that he did his best work, "to restore Buddhist cultural institutions." Since 1505, Mr. Berck points out, the pressure of intolerant Christian occupying nations against Buddhism had scarcely relaxed. "So complete was this educational monopoly [of Christian missionaries] that until 1925 the evidence is that every professional man in Ceylon was a Christian."

Colonel Olcott laboured hard to organize Buddhist schools in Ceylon. He lectured and collected funds; he organized a Buddhist Theosophical Society in Colombo which still is a large educational organization and has fostered hundreds of schools; he prepared a Buddhist Catechism.

While he is describing with proper pride the gratitude of Buddhist Ceylon for his fellow countryman's labours, Mr. Berck takes occasion to state clearly and accurately the Four Noble Truths and the steps of the Noble Eightfold Path. It is no small matter that these should be spoken of in even the popular journals of the West. To this result the inspiration of the Theosophical Movement, which lay behind the work of Colonel Olcott for Buddhism (and also behind the work of another little-known great American, William Q. Judge, in the interpretation of ancient Hindu philosophy), has contributed incalculably.

The Parliamentary Group for World Government has published an international survey of "History Syllabuses and

a World Perspective." This includes a comparison of examination syllabuses in different parts of the world, a report on the teaching of world affairs in teacher-training colleges, and the results of a competition for the best "One World" examination syllabus in modern studies. A prize-winning essay by Mr. Sulwyn Lewis of Swansea Grammar School has been reprinted.

One point the survey makes is the danger of either of the two alternatives — an ideological commitment to the Marxist interpretations of history, or (apart from a minority linked to religious dogmas) a complete lack of any "framework of reference" or integrated point of view. If our generation is to make sense of history, or survive, it must evolve one or more points of view "applicable to its predicament." An attitude of mind is even more important than knowledge, and for this a study of Basic World Civics is most suitable. How to combine national and international consciousness is the problem for any syllabus of history, geography, or even of physics. It is the middle way between a biased version and a colourless, "neutralist" presentation that is needed. What is to be aimed at is this:—

> Recasting the whole content of and reorientating the whole approach to history teaching, so that pupils are enabled to begin to develop wider interests, to begin to be inspired by a broader outlook, and to begin to grow in tolerance and human sympathies, while appreciating something of the difficulties in arriving at informed and wise judgments on the many problems of the modern world.

But *how* shall we reorientate the teaching of history, how demonstrate, logically, philosophically, metaphysically and even scientifically, that mankind is indeed of one essence, whether we call it God or Nature, spirit or matter, and that nothing can affect one nation or one man without affecting all the others? Any orientation less than that can only lead again eventually either to limitation and prejudice, or to unsatisfying emptiness.

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor of London, the Council of Christians and Jews celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the Mansion House, with a gathering of nearly three hundred people, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderators of the Church of Scotland and of the Free Church Federal Council, the Chief Rabbi, and such outstanding figures as Viscount Samuel, Sir John Wolfenden, Mr. Justice Karminski and many other notables (*Common Ground*, Winter 1961-2).

As befitted the purpose for which the Council was founded, the theme of toleration (and the need to define it) was a recurring one during the speeches. As Dr. Robert Birley, Headmaster of Eton College, said, it was no use arguing about toleration; it had to be tried out in practice. This had been done successfully for many years in the City and Common Council of London, and indeed, "the moves towards toleration in our country have very largely sprung from them." The Lord Mayor referred to an analogy made by his father, between tolerance as "an essential ingredient of a civilized society" and vitamins as essential for bodily health. Yet tolerance without mutual understanding was not enough. Lord Radcliffe spoke of "the saving grace of toleration," because "the truest expression of the human spirit lies in love and not in hate"; while the Archbishop of Canterbury, quoting Lord Samuel ("It is easy to tolerate other people's principles if you have no principles of your own"), drew attention to the real "tolerance that springs from the possession of deep convictions" and which makes self-dedication to tolerance "a great creative task."

Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, President

of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the U.S.A., made the same distinction between real and unreal tolerance. The first is "based on understanding and sympathy with people of other faiths and racial backgrounds," but there is the so-called tolerance of condescension, and also a kind of indifferentism, not caring for anything. The Conference he represented was founded in 1928 to combat the outrageous persecution of Jews, Roman Catholics and Negroes by the Ku Klux Klan. But it was not confined to Christians and welcomed help from all "religiously motivated people," since the most important task today was to formulate with sufficient clarity "a moral consensus among all our religious diversities" so that it could serve to guide our conduct in public affairs.

Common Ground also announces a series of "Standard Lessons" on the subject of "Race Relations in the Classroom." Sponsored by the Council on World Tensions (Fraternité Mondiale), an off-shoot of the American Conference of Christians and Jews, they offer to teachers examples of objective and scientific methods of overcoming race prejudice. They are being widely distributed in the educational field, and will be welcomed as practical aids in the great battle for tolerance.

Though the discussions at the Commonwealth Educational Conference, which held a fifteen-day session in Delhi recently, were mainly connected with questions arising from the Oxford Plan, some of the decisions reached there were of great importance making a new chapter in the long history of Commonwealth co-operation. Apart from its purely educational value, one has to realize that the scheme for closer Commonwealth educational co-operation decided upon at the Delhi Conference has a cultural aspect to it. For teachers from the English-speaking regions of the Commonwealth who may come to this country can be of great help in popularizing the Indian classics by collaborating with Indian scholars in translating into English the major literary works in current Indian languages.

Much has been done to popularize Western literature in this country; it is high time now that Indian classics should be circulated thoughout the world though the medium of an International language like English. Such exchanges must pave the way to a new kind of world literature.

It is refreshing to note that Sir David Eccles, the British Minister of Education and leader of the British delegation to the Conference, emphasized the importance of looking at education not merely from the point of view of economic growth but also from that of the development of the human personality and human values. He said (according to a report in *The Hindu,* Madras):—

> The fashion of the modern world, East and West, is to proclaim economic growth as the imperious end for which ever-increasing resources must be poured into the service of education Should we follow suit? If we did and decided that economic growth was our only priority, and that nothing else mattered to the Commonwealth countries, our choice would be well enough understood and widely applauded, but there would be nothing distinctive in such a policy, nothing to make the outside observer say "only the Commonwealth would act this way."

Deploring the tendency in certain circles to copy the example of countries which trained all their young people to serve the ends of the State, Sir David appealed to the educationists to be loyal to the older principle of education, namely, the faith that man is more important than his positions and that the human spirit is more valuable than the prestige of the State. He added:—

> In spite of the political errors and lapses

to which even Commonwealth countries are prone, the principles of education in the Commonwealth are still sound and demonstrate that we stand as a family of nations for a just order in human values and have set our hearts and minds on building a good society for all men and women.

The true end of an educational system, he felt, depended on the quality of human relationships, which simply meant that the benefits and resources of education should be used in the service of a good society. He concluded:—

Education is the instrument of death or life; it is for us to choose life.... The history of the post-war Commonwealth will be judged in an important respect by the manner and degree in which its member-countries advance the cause of education.

In a similar vein did Professor K. G. Saiyidain, Special Educational Adviser to the Kashmir Government, define the objectives of true education in the course of his convocation address to the Aligarh Muslim University recently. According to a report in *The Statesman*, Delhi he said:—

There are only three things that really educate—the company of good and great men, the study of good and great books which act as a bridge between the thought and achievements of generations, and work without which there neither is, nor can there ever be, anything worth while in life. Work which is done in the spirit of worship and with the pride of craftsmen, work into which one pours the best of oneself and out of which are forged character and personality and art and beauty and power. A university must provide this threefold sustenance for the growing mind....

On the subject of the standards of education in India, he deplored the enormous wastage in University education inasmuch as more than sixty per cent fail to receive the minimum intellectual training expected from graduates and added that

what was even more alarming was the tendency during the last decade or so for the proportion of such candidates to increase year by year. In such a situation, the universities had no business to admit students who were incapable of profiting from higher academic education or to admit more students than they could effectively educate with due regard to the facilities and resources at their disposal.

Professor Saiyidain then spoke with feeling of the eminent men—"those sources of inspiration"—who had come to the University in unbroken succession and left their deep impress on all and who made one feel that life was more meaningful than the sceptics imagined.

When he thought of them and others like Tagore, Aurobindo, C. R Das, Motilal Nehru. Mohammad Ali, Maulana Mahmudul Hasan, Ansari, Ajmal Khan, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad and Radhakrishnan, he was tempted to ask himself, "where are their successors who will be able to fill their places worthily now or later? And the echo answers in a melancholy voice, "I do not know." "I raise this question here [said Professor Saiyidain] because it is pre-eminently the concern of the universities to educate a superior type of individual who will have the moral and intellectual resources to reshape this sorry world nearer to his heart's desire"

Quoting a verse from the *Koran*, Professor Saiyidain concluded his Convocation Address thus:—

The foam on the surface of water is washed away but what is of enduring benefit abides in the earth. It should be our constant endeavour to throw the dross overboard and to preserve and add to whatever is of abiding value in our heritage.

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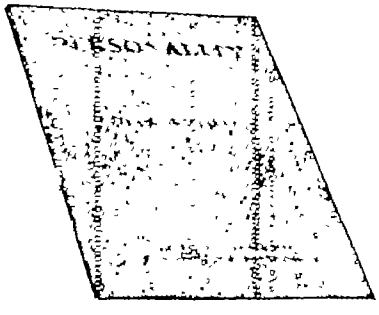
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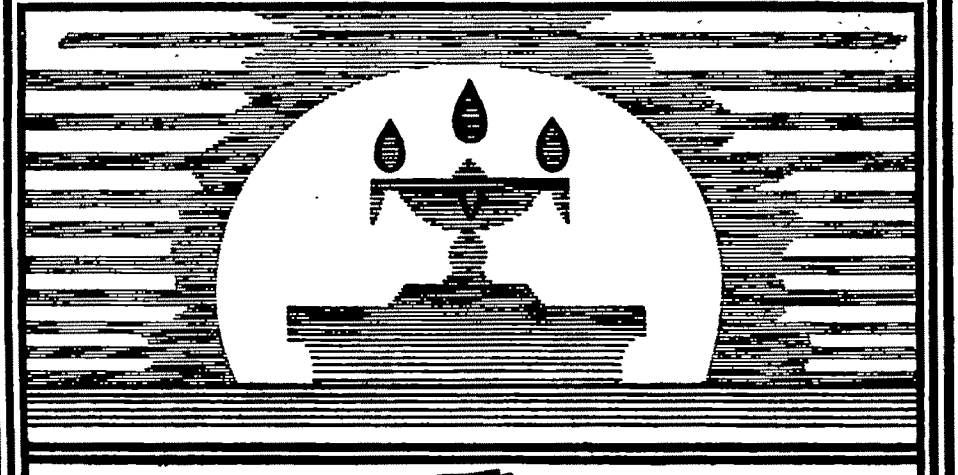
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THE ARYAN PATH

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. XXXIII MAY 1962 No. 5



THE KARMA OF NATIONS

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, February 1943.—ED.]

THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT operates universally and impersonally. Not only in the visible but also on the moral and mental planes where its workings are not so easily determinable as on the physical. Just as chemists have determined how two elements, Oxygen and Hydrogen, combining in certain proportions produce the effect, water, so can superchemists know the causal forces which produce, as effects, psychical and psychological phenomena of love or lunacy, charity or miserliness. The ancient Sages named the Law Karma, which term means "effect-producing cause." As it encompasses the mind and the heart of man it is defined as the unerring Law of Retribution. One important aspect of this Law is related to nations. Nations, like men, have their Karma. No nation or nations can escape their Karmic fate any more than can units or individuals.

Karma has been mistaken for fatalism, which implies a blind course of some still blinder power; but man is a free agent during his stay on earth. Destiny may be described as the effects of actions performed in the past, but destiny is *self-made*. To take a homely example, having freely chosen to eat a particular kind of food, a man is compelled to digest what he has eaten. Indigestion may awaken him to secure a prescription to alleviate the pain but, if he has not been intelligent enough to connect his discomfort with the food he has taken, he very likely will go again to the same menu and again will experience pain.

The same process obtains in the operation of National Karma. A nation's destiny is the effect produced in the present by causes generated in the past. Neither angels nor devas punish or reward, with or without God's or Allah's permission or order, but man himself — his deeds or

Karma, may attract, individually and collectively (as in the case of whole nations, say, at the present time), every kind of evil and calamity.

Knowledge of the Law of Karma enables us to understand such events as the present war which directly affects some nations and indirectly all others. Absence of that knowledge misleads us in evaluating the cause and meaning of this ghastly experience. Those who have studied not only the general principles but also the detailed workings of the Law and are capable of calculating the nature and mass of the forces set into motion by any nation are in a position to predict or prophesy the fate awaiting it; yet in the prognostication of such future events no psychic phenomenon is involved. Wrote H. P. Blavatsky in 1888:—

> It is neither *prevision, nor prophecy*; no more than is the signalling of a comet or a star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge and mathematically correct computations which enable the WISE MEN OF THE EAST to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; France, nearing such a point of her cycle, and Europe in general threatened with, or rather, on the eve of, a cataclysm, which her own cycle of racial *Karma has led her* to.
>
> —*The Secret Doctrine*, I. 646.

But does this imply that the evil and wickedness of this war must be silently endured and that nothing can be done? That would be following the philosophy of Fatalism, not of Karma. Fighting Hitlerism may be compared to the man's securing a prescription for his pain; the overthrow of Hitlerism may bring this particular war to a close, but will not teach the United Nations the cause of the prevailing ghastliness, any more than their defeat will bring sense and wisdom to the Axis Powers. If the cycle of war and strife is to end in Europe, in the Occident or in the whole of the world, that aspect of Karma which is related to Brotherhood must be understood.

Causation and Unity of and in Nature are most intimately connected. In a man's personal life, as also in a nation's life, evil and suffering can be overcome only by uprooting the weeds of competition, of ambition, of lust, of wrath, of greed. The great Buddha's axiomatic teaching, which He named the Eternal Law, is that "Hatred ceases not by Hatred but by Love." This is recognized by any thoughtful and intelligent observer of events in his own life. It is not so easy to perceive the working of this principle in national and international affairs. And yet if, putting aside only for an hour the details of bombings, of ration tickets, even of ideologies, we contemplated the principles of life and

evolution we should readily see that the Law of Nature cannot but work incessantly to restore disturbed harmony, no less in collective than in personal life.

> The only decree of Karma — an eternal and immutable decree — is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or — break them. Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of those ways — which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate; while another sees in them the action of blind Fatalism; and a third, simple chance, with neither gods nor devils to guide them — would surely disappear, if we would but attribute all these to their correct cause.... Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, nations, tribes, societies and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the "ways of Providence." We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high-road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark....
>
> This state will last till man's spiritual intuitions are fully opened ... until we begin acting from *within,* instead of ever following impulses from *without*; namely, those produced by our physical senses and gross selfish body. (*Ibid.,* I. 643-4)

This "acting from within" implies a new attitude to international problems. Only those minds which free themselves from the prevailing disease of false patriotism, which see the immorality of benefiting one's country at the expense of another, which recognize that humanity is one and that injury to a single part, however small, means harm to the whole body — those minds alone are the true benefactors of humanity. Every leader in every nation is a channel for the manifestation of the national Karma. The manner in which he meets the evil now enveloping his people must determine the future of his nation and unless he turns it into a force for good he will ill serve them. To transform evil into good he must abandon on behalf of his nation the old mistaken path of selfishness, ambition and competition and take to considering the good of the whole, including the part which his own country is. If "the whole past of the Earth is nothing but an unfolded present," as

Büchner pointed out, the converse is equally true — tomorrow in its turn will be the unfolding of today. And so what is thought and planned now, what is said and done now, will unerringly produce in time its harvest of sweet fruits or poison plants.

It is a fashion nowadays to point to the Peace of Versailles as the cause of the present carnage. But unless the point is driven home and plans are made to abandon the ideas which created Versailles, there can be no lasting peace. What created Versailles? Pride, ambition, greed on the part of the victors; and their folly brought to birth Mussolini and Hitler and their like. The ancient doctrine of Karma needs to be studied by modern men if a truly New World Order is to arise.

For never, to my knowledge,
Did you, you heavenly powers,
Like mortal masters, aim
To lead me the smooth way.

Let man try everything, the Gods say;
Strong from earthy food learn thanks for everything;
And let him know his freedom
To set forth where he will.

—FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN

THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE

[**Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita** of the Triyana Vardhana Vihara, Kalimpong, is an esteemed friend and a contributor well known to our readers. We print below the first part of his long study. In this part, after introducing his subject, he deals thoroughly with two of what Buddhist philosophy calls the four *viparyāsas* or mental "perversities," *i.e.*, reality-distorting tendencies — the tendency to treat conditioned existence as *śubha* (auspicious-beautiful) and that to treat it as *nitya* (permanent). The second part, to appear next month, will deal with the other two.—ED.]

I

BESIDES provisionally distinguishing between *saṁskṛta* and *asaṁskṛta dharmas*, the conditioned and the Unconditioned, Buddhism, like the great metaphysical idealisms of the West, also distinguishes the conditioned as it exists in reality from the conditioned as it appears, that is, as presented to the senses and interpreted by the unenlightened mind. In reality conditioned existence is painful (*duḥkha*), impermanent (*anitya*), insubstantial (*anātman*), and ugly (*aśubha*). Owing to our habitual self-centredness and our deeply rooted attachments, however, we imagine it to be pleasant (*sukha*), permanent (*nitya*), substantial (*ātma*) and beautiful (*śubha*), thus falling victims to what are known as the four *viparyāsas* or (mental) "perversities." Of course, most religious people, including even those who are nominally Buddhists, profess to regard the world as a vale of tears, a house of sorrow, a "battered caravanserai" in which man passes but one night and moves on; but, observing them in the affairs of daily life, one will be able to detect little difference, if any, between their behaviour and that of their admittedly worldly brethren, and it will soon transpire that the principles on which their actions are based, and which therefore constitute the real though concealed mainspring of their being, are usually the very opposite of the ones professed. They, no less than other men, live as though the world was on the whole a pleasant enough place, as though whatever they acquired could never be taken away from them, and as though they were going to live for a few centuries at least, if not for ever.

Everyone will smile at the portrait, and perhaps recognize himself in it; but none but will continue to act as before. This is because the mental perversities are not just a matter of incorrect information, like thinking that the Buddha was born in China, but attitudes as deeply rooted almost as sentient existence itself. According to the Buddha's Teaching they can be extirpated only by prolonged systematic medita-

tion on the fact that the world as we know it is unreal. As an ancient and famous verse incorporated in the *Vajracchedikā Sūtra* exhorts us:—

> As stars, a fault of vision, as a lamp,
> A mock show, dew drops, or a bubble,
> A dream, a lightning flash, or cloud,
> So should one view what is conditioned.[1]

In order to assist such meditations, *sūtras* like the *Laṅkāvatāra* and *ācāryas* like Asaṅga and Vasubandhu not only multiply such similes but explain them elaborately. Conditioned things are like stars, for instance, because having no real existence they cannot be got at or grasped; because they are insignificant in comparison with Absolute Reality, even as the stars in comparison with the vastness of space; and because when the Truth is realized it is no more possible to discern them than it is to see the stars after the sun has risen.

In their zeal to uproot the *viparyāsas* both *sūtras* and *ācāryas* sometimes went to the extreme of declaring that the world was not only unreal but absolutely non-existent. According to the older and more widely accepted tradition, however, systematic meditation on the unreality of the world does not involve impugning its existence but consists in viewing it simply as painful (*duḥkha*), transitory (*anitya*) and insubstantial (*anātman*). These are the three "marks" or "characteristics" (*lakṣaṇas*) of conditioned existence with which we are now concerned. They correspond with the first, second and third of the four mental perversities. The *locus classicus* of this most important doctrinal formula is the *Dhammapāda*, verses 277-79, according to which the vision, by means of wisdom (*prajñā*), that all *saṁskāras* are *anitya*, all *saṁskāras duḥkha*, and all *dharmas anātman*, constitutes the Path of Purity (*viśuddhimārga*). As the third characteristic applies not only to the conditioned but also to the Unconditioned, in this case the all-inclusive term *dharma* is used instead of the word *saṁskāras*, which denotes only the conditioned. Sometimes a fourth *lakṣaṇa*, "Nirvana alone is peace," is added to the original set of three. This obviously applies only to the Unconditioned. For convenience of exposition we shall review the marks attaching to conditioned existence, and their corresponding mental perversities, not in the traditional order but in that of the ugly, the impermanent, the insubstantial and the painful.

Aśubha, which means not only ugly but also horrid, disgusting, repulsive or impure, is best understood by referring to the word from

[1] EDWARD CONZE; *Buddhist Wisdom Books* (London, 1958), p. 68.

which it is derived by the addition of a negative prefix. *Śubha,* literally purity, really means beauty, though beauty of the spiritual rather than of the sensuous order. It is Pure Beauty in the Platonic and Neoplatonic sense of something shining in a world of its own above and beyond concrete things, which are termed beautiful only because they participate in its perfection. When Buddhism insists that all conditioned things are *aśubha,* it does not mean that we have to regard a flower, for instance, as essentially ugly, but only that in comparison with the beauties of a higher plane of reality those of a lower plane are insignificant. Beauty and ugliness are relative terms. We cannot really see the conditioned as *aśubha* until we have seen the Unconditioned as *śubha.* Similarly, within the conditioned itself, in order to see the ugliness and impurity of objects belonging to a lower plane it is necessary to ascend, in meditation, to one which is higher. This is the significance of the well-known episode of the Buddha's cousin Nanda and the heavenly nymphs:—

> The Lord said to the venerable Nanda: "You admit it is true that without zest you fare the Brahma-faring, that you cannot endure it, and that, throwing off the training, you will return to the low life. How is this?"
>
> "Revered sir, when I left my home a Sakyan girl, the fairest in the land, with hair half combed, looked back at me and said: 'May you soon be back again, young master.' Revered sir, as I am always thinking of that, I have no zest for the Brahma-faring, can't endure it, and, throwing off the training, will return to the low life."
>
> Then the Lord, taking the venerable Nanda by the arm, as a strong man might stretch out his bent arm or might bend back his outstretched arm, vanishing from the Jeta Grove, appeared among the Devas of the Thirty-Three. At that time as many as five hundred nymphs were come to minister to Sakka, the lord of devas, and they were called "dove-footed." The Lord asked the venerable Nanda which he thought the more lovely, worth looking at and charming, the Sakyan girl, the fairest in the land, or these five hundred nymphs called "dove-footed."
>
> "Oh, revered sir, just as if she were a mutilated monkey with ears and nose cut off, even so the Sakyan girl, the fairest in the land, if set beside those five hundred nymphs called 'dove-footed' is not worth a fraction of them, cannot be compared with them. Why, these five hundred nymphs are far more lovely, worth looking at and charming."[2]

The Heaven of the Thirty-Three Gods is only two *kāmaloka* sub-

[2] *Udana,* 22–23.

planes above the world of men; but regarded even from this level the loveliest human face is repulsive. The *rūpaloka* sub-planes, corresponding to the four *rūpadhyānas*, are higher still. Viewed from these levels the five hundred nymphs called "dove-footed" are ugly. Thus objects are *śubha* in comparison with those of a lower and *aśubha* in comparison with those of a higher plane of existence.

The type of meditation exercise that will help one to realize this personally by ascending into the *dhyānas* and actually seeing the lower ranges of conditioned existence as *aśubha* differs according to temperament. The *lobhacaritra* or "passionate temperament," which tends to concentrate on the bright side of life, ignoring the dark, and in which greed and attachment therefore predominate will find the *aśubhabhāvanā* helpful. This method consists in contemplating the ten progressive stages of decomposition of a corpse. The *dveṣacaritra* or "malevolent temperament," which sees the bad side of everything, and in which aversion predominates, on the contrary, will be helped by concentrating on discs of pure bright beautiful colours such as those of flowers. One of passionate temperament should never begin by concentrating on attractive objects, which in his case will stimulate greed; or one of malevolent temperament on repulsive objects, which in him will excite hatred; and greed and hatred are hindrances to meditation. On attaining the *rūpadhyānas*, however, both see the *rūpaloka* as beautiful and the *kāmaloka* as, in comparison, ugly.

Unfortunately, the specific function of those practices which focus attention on the repulsive and disgusting aspects of existence, as well as their special relation to one type of temperament, is not always understood even by Buddhist writers, some of whom appear to believe that according to Buddhism ugliness is real and beauty unreal, and that one progresses in the spiritual life merely by seeing more and more ugliness and less and less beauty everywhere and at all levels of existence. As a well-known Ceylonese Thera remarked to the writer once when shown an album of Tibetan religious paintings, "I'm afraid that being a monk I'm not allowed to appreciate beauty." Such strange misunderstandings, though current in some modern Theravādin circles, are easily refuted even from the Pali scriptures. Addressing a non-Buddhist recluse the Buddha says:—

> Now, Bhaggava, ... certain recluses and brahmins have abused me with groundless, empty lies that have no truth in them, saying: "Gotama the recluse and His brethren have gone astray. For Gotama the recluse teaches this:

'When one reaches up to the Release, called the Beautiful, and having reached it abides therein, at such a time he regards the whole (Universe) as ugly.' "

But I never said that, Bhaggava. This is what I do say: Whenever one reaches up to the Release, called the Beautiful, then he knows indeed what Beauty is.[3]

However necessary a negative approach may be at first for those of passionate temperament, it is clear from this notable passage that, in principle, awareness of beauty, the positive factor, predominates in the Buddhist spiritual life over awareness of ugliness, the negative one. In the absence of any awareness of and delight in the "beauty" of the Unconditioned, all our efforts to convince ourselves rationally that conditioned existence is *aśubha* are likely to remain unfruitful, with the result that despite our protestations we shall continue to wallow in the mire of the *kāmaloka*. Their failure to appreciate this fact is one of the reasons for the spiritually moribund condition of most parts of the Theravāda Buddhist world today.

"Sabbe sankhārā aniccā." The characteristic of all conditioned things being impermanent, the first *lakṣaṇa* according to the traditional order, and the second *viparyāsa,* occupies a position, as it were, intermediate between the characteristics of *anātman* and *duḥkha,* the one representing a higher, the other a lower degree of generality of the same truth. For this reason, perhaps, personified Impermanence, and not Insubstantiality or Pain, is the monster shown in Buddhist art as clutching the Wheel of Life in murderous fangs and claws. The idea thus concretely expressed is not, of course, peculiar to Buddhism: in one form or another it is a commonplace of all higher religious and philosophical thought, as well as the oft-recurring theme of poets and mystics in every age and clime. What distinguishes the Buddhist treatment of it from that of other teachings is the relentless thoroughness with which it pursues, explores and exhausts the topic. In traditional Christianity, only the more remarkable and catastrophic changes in human life, in history, and in nature were ever taken into consideration. Towards the end of the mediæval period the crudely macabre vision of the Dance of Death, representing the transitoriness of mortal joys, haunted the imagination of the age; but, however much a prey to worms sublunary things might be, for mediæval thought all above the sphere of the moon rested in immutable perfection. Bodies might rot, but then, as now, the soul was a simple, incorruptible and immortal substance.

[3] *Dīgha-Nikāya,* III. 34–35.

No such exceptions to the law that all conditioned things are impermanent have ever been recognized by Buddhism, for it sees clearly that whatever has a beginning must also have an end. Whether in the physical universe without or in the psychic world within, nothing is so huge or so minute that it can escape the clutches of the demon Impermanence. As its cosmological background Buddhism has infinite space and infinite time wherein universes unnumbered rise into existence, persist and disappear, the life period of each one covering thousands of millions of years. At the opposite end of the cosmic scale Buddhism shoots a penetrating glance at the tiniest conceivable unit of "matter," the so-called atom, and sees not a microscopic billiard ball, static, homogeneous and eternal, but a continuously changing dance of forces about a common centre. Again, plunging into the spiritual depths of the universe, instead of everlasting abodes of eternally tormented spirits it beholds mental states objectified as perceptible worlds which, even though enduring for thousands of æons, are still as finite as the healthy or unhealthy volitions that first conjured them into being. Heaven, the ultimate goal of so many faiths, since it is a mode of contingent, and hence of transitory, existence, is accounted no more than a pleasant interlude in a pilgrimage fundamentally of more serious import.

Deep as such insights into the impermanence of the conditioned go, and destructive as they are of cherished delusions, there is yet one which penetrates deeper still and destroys what, by reason of the natural resistance of the human mind, is the greatest delusion of all. Turning from the physical to the psychical, and focusing its gaze within, the Eye of Enlightenment pierces the depths of the human personality itself. Where common sense posits a real "I," idealist philosophers the residual self and theologians an immortal soul, that undeceivable Eye beholds not any such unchanging entity but, instead, an uninterrupted flow of mental events which, themselves arising in dependence on conditions, in turn function as conditions for the arising of further states.

For Buddhism, no less than for modern physics and psychology, all the apparently stable and solid material and mental objects in the universe are in reality temporary condensations of energy. Hence, despite what some have assumed the use of such words as "states" and "elements" to mean, seeing conditioned things as impermanent consists, not in conceiving them as chopped up into bits (which would raise the artificial problem of how the bits were to be joined together again), but rather in seeing them as so many phases of one or the other of two pure, absolutely continuous, interdependent streams of energy which can be

locked up in the atom, in the one case, and trapped in the individual mind, in the other. Whether the energy which is the reality of "matter" and the energy which is the reality of "mind" are ultimately one energy Buddhism does not at this stage of its analysis enquire. But according to some of the later developments in Buddhist thought, material is reducible to mental energy and both to the transcendental outpourings of the ineffable Void.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

(To be concluded)

My little-worlded self! the shadows pass
In this thy sister-world, as in a glass.
Of all processions that revolve in thee:
Not only of cyclic Man
Thou here discern'st the plan,
Not only of cyclic Man, but of the cyclic Me.
Not solely of Mortality's great years
The reflex just appears,
But thine own bosom's year, still circling round
In ample and ampler gyre
Toward the far completion, wherewith crowned,
Love unconsumed shall chant in his own furnace-fire.

—FRANCIS THOMPSON

SELF AND SUFFERING

[**Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Q.C.**, is a distinguished lawyer and a figure so eminent in the study of Buddhism as to need no introduction. Among his books are the well-known *Buddhism*, *The Wisdom of Buddha* and *Zen Comes West*. He has written prolifically books, pamphlets and articles on Buddhism, Meditation, and similar subjects. He writes with perfect lucidity of the SELF, the Self and the self as all these are penetratingly examined in Buddhist thought.—ED.]

So IMPORTANT IN BUDDHISM are the doctrines of no-self and of the omnipresence of suffering that it may be of help to consider the nature of each and the close relation between them. The average man admits the existence of suffering, for he cannot ignore it; but he does his best to keep it from his mind, and if religion insists on its recognition he firmly imputes it to the will of God even though he cannot explain why God, who is Good, permits Evil. In the same way the Western mind admits that selfishness is a blemish in character, but continues to act on the assumption that the one reality in life is that which grasps all it wants in the name of "I"! Buddhism teaches otherwise: that every thing, and "thingness" itself, is inseparable from suffering in some form, and that the false, ingrained illusion of "I"-ness is the cause of the greater part of it.

Let us look again, then, at the SELF, the Self and the self, for it is idle to deny this trinity. As Dr. Evans-Wentz says:—

> Unenlightened man, being far from the Full Awakening, believes himself to be possessed of an individualized mind uniquely his own; and this illusion-based belief has given rise to the doctrine of soul. But the Tibetan Teachers declare that the One Cosmic Mind alone is unique; that, on each of the incalculable myriads of life-bearing orbs throughout space, the One Cosmic Mind is differentiated only illusorily, by means of a reflected, or subsidiary, mind appropriate to, and common to, all living things thereon, as on the planet Earth. (*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation*, p. 12)

And this Tibetan teaching is basic to the whole field of Mahayana Buddhism

The SELF, or One Mind, or Absolute, changes in form from the ONE to Two, from Two to Three, and from Three to the Infinite Many. Yet the One and the Many are ONE, and never cease to be so, a fact which is the basis of all mysticism, Buddhist and otherwise, as of all compassion. Each part of this stupendous Whole is an essential part of the Whole, and partakes of the wholeness. As the Whole would not be Whole

without each part, each part is, in a super-rational sense, itself the Whole. To this extent each part, and here we are speaking of "you" and "me," is a "divine soul." Can we not rightly say, then, that somewhere within us is a divine soul which is my soul and your soul respectively? No, says the Buddhist, very much no. If the distinction is subtle it is profound and basic. Every drop of the ocean is wet, but is the drop immortal, and does it own the wetness? Each lamp shines in the room with electricity, but does it own the electricity with which it shines? You and I are alive with the same Life; we do not own it. It uses us, as forms of its expression; then it kills us, as forms, and passes on to new forms of expression. In brief, that in me which is of the One is not mine; that which is "mine" is fleeting, perishable, suffering, and of the Many.

What, then, is the difficulty of the *Anatta* or "no-self" doctrine? It lies in the fact that it is usually misunderstood. The Buddha never said, "There is no self." Indeed, he most expressly refused to say any such thing. What he did say is that certain specific things are not the Self, being subject to change and suffering. These are the five *skandhas* of physical body, feeling, perception, mental conformation and consciousness. But when the self as we know it is thus taken to pieces and analyzed, what is left to say, "I"? Only Mind-Only, functioning through the intuition, the faculty in every mind by which that Self or awareness of Wholeness contacts and is aware of the Whole. By this alone man moves to Enlightenment; without it the part could never rebecome the Whole.

Each self is an illusion, and the illusion must be purged from that "Higher Self" which consciously moves on to its own and the world's Enlightenment. Miss I. B. Horner has collected seventeen references to this natural duality within each mind in the Pali Scriptures (*The Middle Way,* Vol. 27, pp. 77-9), the most famous of which, perhaps, is that in the *Dhammapada*:—

> Self is the lord of self. What other lord could there be? With self well tamed one gains a lord which is hard to gain.

But the selflessness of all things, carried to its logical extreme, produces the doctrine of *Sunyata,* the Voidness of all manifestation, and this Void, bereft of attributes, is the One-mind which is the first fruits of the Absolute.

Now let us look again at suffering. Suffering, like self, was born when the One became Two, when God limited himself in order to be

God. For when God held up a mirror wherein to see himself and to know that he was God he became Two, not One, and yet the mirror, too, was God. But the mirror, believing itself to be the Whole, fell into the illusion of believing itself to have its own particular Wholeness of a soul, and all the rest of us are subject to the same illusion. There is in fact no such thing as self: only SELF or the "Essence of Mind," and all its aspects sharing it.

The *Anatta* doctrine, then, is not only a statement of fact but obvious. Why, then, do we not live accordingly? Because the self in which we have been trained to believe has grown very powerful, and like all parasites has no desire to be slain. Yet it causes most of our unhappiness. Look again at the doctrine of Suffering (*Dukkha*). All *sankharas* (aggregates, compound things as distinct from the Indivisible) are *dukkha, i.e.,* filled with and inseparable from suffering, whether as actual pain, or in the emotional sense of lust, or hate or fear, or as incompleteness, imperfection in the mind. None doubts it, and if it is true it is not pessimistic but intelligent to face it. Said the Buddha: "As the sea has one savour, salt, so my Teaching has one savour, deliverance from suffering." Suffering and deliverance from suffering — deliverance by removing self.

Let us face it, perhaps for the first time. First, metaphysically, for as already pointed out, suffering was born with the universe, and only in the awareness of Oneness will suffering end. In daily life it is all around us. On the physical plane, it appears as illness and injury of body, limitation of expression, a lack in a thousand forms in the body's circumstance. It appears as fear and hate and desire, three brothers who camp extensively, and with some degree of comfortable welcome, in our minds. In our thinking minds, it appears as ignorance and narrowness of viewpoint and a general sense of inferiority. And even in the "spiritual" sphere, there is the awareness of a Light above us that we cannot reach.

What do we do about it? The Buddhist approach is to suffer it — not nearly as simple as it sounds. Yet the word "suffer" means to bear, to endure, and hence to "take" it — if need be on the chin. There should be a genuine acceptance of suffering as a fact inseparable from life. But here the illusion of self, in the sense that self is an illusion, divides our attitude to the suffering we are learning to accept. Our own pain we just suffer, learning to remove the constant cause of it, the desire of self for self. But others' suffering is more and more our personal concern, and it is a fact to be faced that as we climb the ladder of Self-expansion and

self-elimination we suffer not less but more. For, as we increasingly become aware of Oneness, of the One Life breathing in each brother form of life, we learn the meaning of compassion, which literally means to "suffer with." Henceforth the suffering of all mankind is daily ours, and as the sense of oneness grows so does the awareness of "that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men." Here is the glory of the Bodhisattva ideal, to turn aside at the entrance of Nirvana, and to postpone that ultimate guerdon of a thousand lives of effort "until each blade of grass has entered into Enlightenment."

But note that the awakening of the Buddha-heart that feels in its own suffering that of all mankind comes when the self that thought of itself alone is dead. Compassion wakens when the drug of selfishness has been purged from the system. Only then can the suffering of others be seen dispassionately in the full extent of its nature, and in the simple nature of its cause. The self is utterly self-ish, striving for itself oblivious of the needs of other selves and of the Whole. It is like a swimmer who swims upstream. For a while his strength will fight the current; in the end the current, the will of the river, will prevail. Such suffering by the part that fights the Whole explains the suffering of the part and provides a criterion for right action. That which serves the Whole is good, and that which opposes it is evil.

Thus self and suffering are inseparable, and the heart's release is to remove the pair of them. How, then, do we slay the self? First by watching it at work, and this is the province of mindfulness. Then, by analyzing its desires and the futility of their achievement. It has been often said that the trouble about desire is that one achieves it, and then there is ashes in the mouth indeed. Compare "the strength of no desire," and watch it in operation. Who is the strongest man in any gathering convened to effect a common purpose? The man who has no axe to grind, who wants nothing. Then, self must be allowed to die, that the total Self within may raise its head increasingly and in the round of vast endeavour know itself again as One. Meanwhile we suffer from the illusion of our self-hood. To remove the cause we must tread that Middle Way which leads to the end of self, and hence to the end of the suffering of self. Compassion, the will to end all others' suffering, will die with the need of it, when the Many is again the One, and not before.

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS

DICKENS'S NOVELS AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL

[**Mr. K. J. Fielding** is Deputy Principal of the C. F. Mott Training College, City of Liverpool, and the author of *Charles Dickens: A Critical Introduction* (Longmans, Green and Co., 1958). He writes thoughtfully of a strain in Dickens's writing that deepened towards the end of his life-work: that concerned with man as a prisoner who might come to his freedom and discover himself.—ED.]

IN HIS OWN DAY, Dickens was more than once denounced as the sort of man to whom religion is "a system of mild and sentimental prettiness." Much more recently there have been critics who have repeated that he used religion as a form of emotional self-indulgence, and that he "had absolutely no conception of sanctity." It has been said that his own faith was both cut off from tradition and lacking in consistency. Yet this would never have been recognized by Dickens himself; it is strongly contradicted by the experience of many who read him; and though it may be that there is sometimes a certain technical superficiality in his art as a novelist in expressing his faith, it is evident that he came to have a deeper concern with the spiritual view of life than many of his more critical readers allow.

It is a concern that deepened with experience; yet, just because he was not communicative about his inner life, this is something that has seldom been recognized. Biographers are rather naturally attracted by the outward incidents of his private life, his public appearances, and his separation from his wife and love for another woman. His own concern with these things, as Dickens recognized, was bound up with the nature of his life as a writer of fiction who perpetually seeks "realities in unrealities," and whose mind finds a "dangerous comfort in the perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it." But he was never a superficial writer, and, as he passed his fortieth year, the very practice of his art as a novelist led him to become more and more concerned with the nature of personality and the purpose of life.

It began to show in *Bleak House,* which in one way can be read (like all his novels) as a satire on his times, and in another way as the writer's vision of a world which is purposeless, disordered and ugly. Only in connection with its central character who tells the story, the young girl Esther Summerson, are we given glimpses of a beneficent world in which prayer may bring strength from a Providence which has

not entirely deserted Man. For others, clarification comes only at the point of their leaving life: Richard Carstone sees his mistakes and understands that his life has been "a troubled dream." It is only at the death of Jo the crossing-sweeper, that light breaks at last (says Dickens) "upon that dark benighted way." Yet, even in *Bleak House,* we are left with the impression of a fictional world, the apparent realities of which seem very different to different men; and its author-creator does not finally commit himself as agreeing that the true view of this world is necessarily the one taken by those of his characters who have most faith.

Bleak House was followed by *Hard Times.* This was, again, closely concerned with contemporay hapenings. Yet the essence of the novel is not simply the contrast depicted between the soulless and soul-destroying industrial world of Coketown and any society in which men are bound together by respect and affection. Though this was what Dickens wrote of best, the message of his novel is also partly conveyed in the words of the wronged and self-sacrificing Stephen Blackpool, who dies gazing at a star which he thinks of as the same as the one which guided the wise men to the birthplace of Christ, and who dies praying that all men in the world may come together at last and understand each other better.

Even so, it might not be unreasonable to suggest that in such accounts as the death of Jo, in *Bleak House,* or of Stephen Blackpool in *Hard Times,* Dickens was simply giving his public what it wanted, not what he genuinely believed. Against this must be set the fact that this strain in his novels continued to deepen, and that we happen to know from notes and jottings he made in preparation for his next book that he was thinking of it more and more. For it was just at this time that he began keeping a notebook in which one can trace his preoccupation with the themes that he was to take up in his next novel, *Little Dorrit.*

A few entries in the notebook seem to reflect what he had come to think of as his own predicament: he thinks of himself as the man,

> always, as it were, playing hide-and-seek with the world and never finding what Fortune seems to have hidden when he was born;

and he writes of

> the man who is incapable of his own happiness. Or who is always in pursuit of happiness. Result, where is happiness to be found then. Surely not everywhere? . . . Is *this* my experience?

He was anxious to escape from self-preoccupation or attachment, and writes with contempt of

> the man whose vista is always stopped up by the image of Himself.... Looks down a long walk and can't see round himself.... Would be such a good thing for him, if he could knock himself down.

He dreams of a novel he might write called "Time" or "The Great Wheel," or "Fallen Leaves"; and he seems to contrast himself with the figure of the Ferryman on "a peaceful river," who never leaves his post but grows old by the unchanging river, while "the same tune is played by the rippling water against the prow." Such thoughts as these were closely linked with his next work.

Everyone who reads *Little Dorrit* recognizes that the central theme of the novel is imprisonment. The central character is a young woman born in a prison to which her ruined father had been consigned for debt. She knows no other life, but remains unspoilt by this. He, on the other hand, adopts a new way of life in prison, and becomes morally as well as financially bankrupt. Even when wealth comes to the old man and he is released from prison, he is never spiritually free. We are shown, moreover, that he comes out into a world in which politics, society, finance, and even religion are all part of the prison that men make for themselves. Two of the chief characters are Miss Wade, a "self-tormentor," who is bound within a tight circle of hatred for herself and everyone else, and Mrs. Clennam, who has shut herself up in one room — for more than twenty years — and has confined herself to a faith dominated by a belief in punishment.

So far, one might read all this only as if it were another of Dickens's novels in which he questions the values of contemporary society and shows his scorn for all who turn themselves away from "the light of day" and "a thousand natural and healing influences." Yet it is not simply left to the reader to allegorize the story, or to try to read into it, bearing Dickens's notebook jottings in mind. Explicitly as can be, Dickens says at one point (Part II, Ch. 30) that as the rising sun slants its "long bright rays" across the awakening city, they were "bars of the prison of this lower world." There is another world, in other words, but in this one we are shut out from it even by the brightness of the sun. Dickens's "shades of the prison house" were thus conceived by him as of the same kind as in Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." Read in this way, the toil of the world as shown in the working of the government Circumlocution Office, the suffering we see in Bleeding Heart Yard, and the strange passing and repassing of the numerous characters who are "restless travellers on the pilgrimage of life" which are duly contracted with the foreshadowed scene at the ferry, all have

a new and deeper significance. It is by the ferry that Clennam has a vision of the meeting of the two worlds, "fraught with solemn mystery of life and death," and sees that as "between the real landscape and its shadow in the water, there was no division." It is only as old Dorrit dies that we see the two worlds meet again, as

> quietly, quietly, the ruled and cross-ruled countenance . . . became fair and blank. Quietly, quietly, the reflected marks of the prison bars and of the zig-zag iron on the wall-top, faded away.

For years the old man has selfishly sacrificed his daughter, Little Dorrit, and scorned his broken but patient brother. That night, the brother also dies, after blessing his niece; and the two brothers are then "before their Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities."

These were not entirely new themes and insights for Dickens, but they had come more to take the central place in his novels. As he grew older, he had come to have a greater sense of eternity on looking back in time. So, now, Dickens turned to another idea prefigured in his notebook — a novel which might have been called *Time* (as he proposed) instead of *A Tale of Two Cities* (as it became), and which has as a central character the person he forenamed in his notes as "Memory Carton."

A Tale of Two Cities is the story of two men, Sidney Carton and Charles Darnay, who are associated only by chance but who happen to be astonishingly alike. Beneath the surface they appear to differ chiefly in that each shows the other what (under different circumstances, either for good or for evil) he might have become. They both love Lucy Manette. Once again, images of prison-life dominate the novel. Lucy's father has been shut in the Bastille for half his life; and her husband is saved from imprisonment and execution only by the intervention and self-sacrifice of Sidney Carton, who takes his place at the guillotine. It is not a mere melodrama, as it has become on the stage and screen; for running through the whole of the latter part of the book are references and phrases recalling the reader to thoughts of the resurrection and to understanding that the sacrifice that had been shown to be made by Little Dorrit in serving her father might become a demand for the sacrifice of life itself. At death Carton, too, has a vision of the man and woman for whose peace he has died, as they may be when they come to die themselves, and he knows that each will not be "more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both."

It is a work with a richer and more intricate meaning than can

easily be shown or seen; and so, too, is the novel that follows, *Great Expectations*. This is the story of a boy who befriends an escaped convict, and who is aghast to discover (many years later) that it is the convict who has been his lifelong, secret benefactor. As in the other novels, a truer understanding of himself, and of Magwitch the convict, comes only when the latter dies in the prison hospital, clasping the young man's hand. It is his final release.

Similar themes inform his two last novels, *Our Mutual Friend* and the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. They seem to have been forced into Dickens's consciousness by dissatisfaction with all the circumstances of his life at the very height of his success: it was then that he wrote to a friend that "Nothing can put *them* right until we are all dead, buried and risen." Such efforts as he made were, in fact, unsuccessful. But, in publicly pleading the cause of his art, in 1858, he spoke in words that can justly be applied to his own work as a novelist:—

> Knowledge [he said], as all followers of it must know, has a very limited power indeed when it informs the head alone; but when it informs the head and heart too, it has power over life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the universe.

K. J. FIELDING

THE GAY ADVENTURERS

To the waters and the wild
They consigned themselves,
A raft and a sail
Was all that divided them from eternity;
Intrepid, those gay adventurers,
The snarling ocean was their chosen adversary.
Of such stuff are heroes and pioneers,
Men who seek not gold
But the conquest of fear in their hearts,
Men ready to risk all
In a futile yet noble achievement.

HERBERT BLUEN

PAGAN GONE WEST

MORE OF HIS MUSINGS

[In our July 1961 issue was published "Pagan Gone West" by **Shri Baldoon Dhingra.** There he set down some of his musings over his early thoughts and his long stay in the West. Here he gives us some more —Ed.]

I should fail miserably if I were to reconstruct the past in the way Proust sets out to do. Like the narrator in *A la Recherche du temps perdu* I would repeat everlastingly banal and sterile phrases.

I have to keep looking at the past with the eyes of today. Time is not all-powerful. Our life is a river rolling on to death, but scraps of existence, islets round which a sandy deposit gathers, stand firm above the general process of a slow destruction. Something, I know, lives deep down in the unconscious memory. Deceived by habit, we are not aware that this is so, but always think time moves on in one direction only. Sometimes, however, a day comes when we are brought to understand that the flow of time can move backwards. We renew the knowledge of ourselves as people embedded in a past which is suddenly more real than any present of our surfaces can be, a past which we did not realize might be released from the tyranny of temporal duration. If we have the courage to let the corpse which was once us rise to the surface, and to make an effort to swim against the current, then, we believe, we shall find salvation. We give up all attempts to gain eternity by delusive means. Our interior emptiness becomes all of a sudden something rich and fertile. The work of art proliferates in memory, grows and spreads until it comes almost to devour us.

The narrator in Proust says:—

> We draw but little profit from our lives and leave uncompleted, in summer dusks or the early oncoming of winter nights, the hours which we have felt might contain something of peace and pleasure. But those hours are not wholly lost. When new moments of pleasure sound a brief song, moments which seem to be no less frail and linear, those earlier times give them a foundation, and a rich density of orchestration.

And so it is that, before becoming a dogma, memory serves as a means of experiencing life, of finding it again, long after it has been first tasted, loved and thought of as something lost for ever. Thanks to memory the Bois de Boulogne in winter puts on a cloak of white; a Paris street, crowned by a distant dome, is bejewelled as the sun gleams. A haunting tune might just as well plunge us into winter or the world into

spring and swell the heart with a sudden gust of happiness. No landscape but is wrapped in a multiple overlay of feeling, no world but is enriched with unexpected harmonies.

Baudelaire found in smell the master-key to "correspondencies." Proust counted on sound to fulfil the same function. Some will declare Proust's work and his world to be wholly true; others, who recognize other gods than art — sincerity, for instance — would declare that he is responsible for as monstrous a lie as any man has ever constructed.

During my Cambridge days, a German friend, Gerda Ramme, gave me *The Story of San Michele* to read. It struck me with great force. One passage in the introduction I read with delight and dismay. "If it is true," Axel Munthe says, "there is no heaven for animals when their sufferings are at an end, I, for one, am not going to bargain for any heaven for myself." Munthe declared he would be willing to go down to merciful extinction in their mysterious underworld. I was moved by this great love for all dumb creatures, dismayed this writer saw no hope for animals ever to enter heaven.

Prince Yudhishthira faces a similar predicament when he is asked to discard the dog if he is to enter heaven. To him and to all who know, the dog is a symbol of devotion and loyalty. How can Yudhishthira forsake him, even for a place in Heaven? He refuses of course, point-blank. Moved by his devotion to truth, Dharma, who has taken the form of the dog, reveals himself, the portals of Heaven open and Yudhishthira enters to the rhythm of heavenly music.

In Axel Munthe's world, with no myths to guide him, great gaps exist between the world of men and of animals. No dog, however devoted, could be admitted to heaven, no horse finds entrance to the gates of heaven and is freed from the shackles of *samsara*. Yet in the pagan world I have grown in, the world of myths, the bird Jatayu could ascend to heaven for having served Rama, and Prince Siddhartha thus bid farewell to his great horse Kanthaka: "My horse, noble and gentle, your good deeds have gained their reward. No rebirth awaits you, this I know." I have never read these and other accounts without being moved to tears. I have always known animals can enter my world even as I can enter theirs.

Myths and analogies are quite often sounder statements of objective truth than any rational theory or scientific hypothesis. Paganism is not confined to any particular hemisphere; it is the ageless eternal religion of mankind.

This emphasis on objective truth or objective proof is what pre-

vents me from seeing eye to eye with the West or with the East wherever in it such a notion has found a niche. There is no such thing as objective truth or absolute proof. Einstein once said: "No amount of experimentation can ever prove me right. A single experimentation may at any time prove me wrong."

Spengler was wrong when he talked about the Decline of the West. Yet, if the total emphasis in the West is on science only, he may prove right. Pitrim A. Sorokin expressed it so well:—

> We trusted that Science could and would bring us everything we need for guidance in our life, but Science has delivered us to destruction by reducing us to an "electron-proton complex," to "a combination of physico-chemical elements," to "an animal related to the ape or monkey," or "a variety of stimulus-response relationship," to "a special adjustment mechanism," to psychoanalytical "libido." Some indeed go as far as to deprive man even of mind, or of thought, or consciousness, reducing him to a purely behaviourist mechanism of unconditioned or conditioned reflexes.

Its advances, whatever you do, mean ships, mechanics, airplanes, rockets, parties. Are these realities? These are perishable things which must wither, decay and come to nothing. The songs of Homer, the Sermon on the Mount, the poems of Rumi and the verses of the *Gita* still will reverberate in our hearts when man's last missiles have been consumed by fire, when the skyscrapers have been ground to dust, destroyed by his own hands.

Our frontiers of ignorance have not receded one millimetre. There is an infinite number of truths and forces of which we as yet know nothing. It may not be long before we set foot on the moon, but we have not come a step nearer to what Sri Anandamayee calls "the golden sun in all of us." This brings to my mind the words of Christopher Dawson:—

> Endless invention, endless experiment,
> Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness;
> Knowledge of speech, but not of silence,
> Knowledge of words and ignorance of the world.
> All our knowledge brings us nearer to our ignorance,
> All our knowledge brings us nearer to death,
> But nearer to death, no nearer to God.

My pagan heart rejoices to find that, as Jung put it,

> the East with its psychic proficiency is throwing our spiritual world into confusion. We have never got upon the thought that while we are over-

powering the Orient from without it may be fastening its hold on us from within.

It may be, but the process is very slow indeed. But Jung also said that the West was turning the material world of the East upside down with its technical proficiency.

It is very difficult to be a true pagan today. I have only some very slight intimations of paganism. A true pagan is the Great Fool, the Jack in a pack of cards. He belongs nowhere and anywhere for he is part of the great Whole.

BALDOON DHINGRA

YOU NEVER ENJOY the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you can never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the way of God in all ages as with your walk and table; till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made; till you love men so as to desire their happiness with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all; you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house; till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it; and more rejoice in the palace of your glory than if it had been made today morning.

—THOMAS TRAHERNE

ASTRONOMY IN VEDIC INDIA

[**Dr. H. G. Narahari, M.A., M.Litt., Ph.D.**, writes with authority and exact documentation upon this interesting subject.—ED.]

ANCIENT INDIA did not believe in the creation of watertight compartments of Arts and Sciences, and it is no wonder therefore that both these branches of knowledge spring from a common source, the Veda which is the foundation on which the entire Hindu tradition is based. The science of astronomy comes under *Jyotiṣa,* which is among the six ancillary Vedic texts (*Vedāṅga*) so essential while understanding in full the teachings of the Veda.

For one who would wish to enjoy heavenly delights or for any other achievement which can be considered the *summum bonum* of mundane existence the Veda prescribes sacrifices like the New-Moon (*Darśa*) and the Full Moon (*Pauṇamāsa*), which must be performed on specific occasions. Without a careful observation of the heavenly phenomena it would indeed be difficult to determine the exact time when these sacrifices are to be performed. It is in such observations rather than in the love of barren speculation that we must look for the birth of the science of astronomy in ancient India.

Even so early as in the age of the *Ṛgveda* the term *nakṣatra* is known to denote a "star or constellation"; but since the term has been employed sometimes to designate a planet like the sun in expressions such as that the sun is the "star of heaven" (*ṚV.*, X.111.7), it is often believed that the early Vedic seers could not clearly distinguish between stars and planets and that the idea may be a foreign one borrowed from the Semitics[1] or the Chinese[2] or the Babylonians.[3] Such conjectures become unnecessary when we see that, in one passage of the *Ṛgveda* (III. 54.19), the sun and the stars are actually mentioned separately and that there are many other passages which show a good knowledge of the nature of the stars. One verse of the *Ṛgveda* (I.24.10) asks what becomes of the stars during the day while they are so brilliant at night. And, as if in a poetic answer, another (*ṚV.*, I.50.2) replies that they skulk away then, like thieves, before the all-beholding sun (*apa tye tāyavo yathā nakṣatrā yanty aktubhiḥ*). Another poetic verse (*ṚV.*, X.68.11) speaks of the stars as the pearls adorning the dark steed that is heaven (*abhi syāvam na kṛśanebhiraśvam naksatrebhih pitaro dyām apiṁśan*). The

[1] ZIMMER: *Altindisches Leben*, p 356 ff.

[2] BIOT: *Etudes sur l'astronomie Indienne et l'astronomie Chinoise* (1839-61)

[3] WEBER: *Naxatra*; WHITNEY: *Oriental and Linguistic Essays*, II. 418 ff.

description of the moon (*soma*), in yet another verse of the same Veda (X.85.2), as on the lap of the stars (*nakṣatrāṇām upasthe soma āhitaḥ*) should suggest that, even in Ṛgvedic times, "stars" already meant "lunar mansions." [4] The idea is clearer in the following verse (*ṚV.*, X. 85.13), which refers to the constellations *Maghā* and *Phalguṇī* by their most ancient names, *Aghā* and *Arjunī*: *"Aghāsu hanyante gāvo'rjunyoḥ paryuhyate."* And two verses[5] at least seem to refer to the constellation *Puṣya* by its ancient name *Tiṣya*.

These seers seem to be aware of more constellations than these three when they allude elsewhere (*ṚV.*, X.22.10) to the great numerical strength of the constellations. And it is not impossible that in the symbolical reference to the 34 ribs of the sacrificial horse or to the 34 lights there is a veiled allusion[6] to the 27 constellations. It is indeed true that in another verse (*ṚV.*, X.19.1) the terms *Revatī* and *Punarvasū* need not be proper names, but it is not at all impossible that the Vedic poet intended a *double entendre* here.

The other Saṁhitās show undoubtedly a greater knowledge of the constellations. In the earlier books of the *Atharvaveda* there is a particular reference, not only to most of the stars mentioned by name in the *Ṛgveda*, but also to the constellations *Mūla*, *Jyeṣṭha* and *Kṛttika*; the first two are referred to (*AV.*, VI.110.2) by their ancient names, *Vicṛtau* and *Jyeṣṭhaghnī*, and even the close connection between them is noted; and there is a definite and indubitable reference to the constellation *Revatī*. And in Book XIX the following list of twenty-eight constellations is given, and it should be of interest to note that it includes *Abhijit*:—

> The *Kṛttikas*, *Rohiṇī*, *Mṛgaśiras*, *Ārdrā*, *Punarvasū*, *Puṣya*, *Āśleṣas*, *Maghās*, *Pūrva Phalguṇyau*, *Hasta*, *Citrā*, *Svāti*, *Viśākha*, *Anurādhā*, *Jyeṣṭhā*, *Mūla*, *Pūrvāṣāḍhas*, *Uttarāṣāḍhas*, *Abhijit*, *Śravaṇa*, *Śraviṣṭhas*, *Śatabhiṣak*, the two *Proṣṭhapadas*, *Revatī*, *Aśvayujau*, and the *Bharaṇyas*.

The Saṁhitās of the *Yajurveda*, especially the *Taittirīya*, *Maitrāyaṇi* and *Kāṭhaka*, not only know all these *nakṣatras*, but even find them essential in connection with the *Agnicayana* ceremony. The bricks which are piled up in this ceremony are believed to be symbolical of the number of the constellations. And in order to facilitate the calculation, each of the Saṁhitās enumerates the *nakṣatras*; the *Maitrāyaṇīya*,

[4] Cf. MACDONELL and KEITH: *Vedic Index*, I. 409 fn

[5] *ṚV.*, V.54.3, X 64.8.

[6] LUDWIG: *Der Rigveda*, III.184 ff.; ZIMMER: *op. cit.*, p. 354.

which includes the *Abhijit,* speaks of 28 of these, while the other two, which omit that constellation, are content with 27. Multiplying the two numbers, we arrive at the number of the bricks, which is 756. Another method[7] of arriving at the same figure is to multiply the number of the main constellations with the secondary, taking each to be 27, and add to the result the number of days in an intercalary month. Speaking of the possible times for the *Agnyādhāna* ceremony, these Saṁhitās mention the *Kṛttikās, Rohiṇi Phalguṇyas* and *Hasta.* For the *Punarādheya* ceremony the names of the constellations recommended are *Punarvasū* and *Anurādhās.* These ideas are elaborated even further in the *Brāhmaṇa* literature.[8] The *Taittirīya Saṁhitā*[9] which speaks of *Bṛhaspati* as the deity of the constellation *Tiṣya,* seems really to anticipate the relationship in later literature between the planet Jupiter and the constellation *Puṣya.* And the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa*[10] shows knowledge of "The Great Bear" when it interprets the seven *Ṛṣis* to mean really the seven stars in this constellation.

Of the *Vedāṅgas,* the *Vedāṅgajyotiṣa* is the oldest known tract on Hindu Astronomy. It is known in two recensions, one connected with the *Ṛgveda* and the other with the *Yajurveda*; the former is the shorter, containing thirty-six verses, while the latter is the longer, containing forty-four verses. The longer recension of the Yajurvedins is often believed[11] to be the result of the handiwork of the *Adhvaryu* priests, who added to the text certain annotatory verses for which they found ample use in sacrifices. The avowed purpose of this work is to determine the time when sacrifices are to be performed:—

Vedā hi yajñārtham abhipravṛttāḥ
kālānupūrvyā vihitāsca yajñāḥ;
Tasmād idaṁ kālavidhānaśāstraṁ
yo jyotiṣaṁ veda sa veda yajñān.[12]

It therefore lays down rules[13] to calculate first the fortnightly and then the daily positions of the sun and the moon. This includes the ascertainment, not only of the *nakṣatra* at the end of a *parvan* or *tithi,*

[7] MACDONELL and KEITH: *loc. cit*, p. 412

[8] See, for instance, *Taittirīya Brāhmana* 1.5.1; *Śatapatha Brāhmana,* II.1.2.1, etc.

[9] IV.4.10 1

[10] *loc. cit*

[11] R. SHAMA SASTRY: *Vedāṅgajyautiṣa* (Mysore, 1936), p. i.

[12] *Ibid.,* Verse 3

[13] For a detailed study see B. G. TILAK: *Vedic Chronology and Vedāṅgajyotisha* (Poona, 1925).

but also of the time elapsed between the entry of the sun or the moon into that *nakṣatra* and the end of the required *parvan* or *tithi*. The first is done by the determination of the *aṁśas* of the *nakṣatra*, and the second by ascertaining the daily *kalās* of the moon and the daily or hour-angle *aṁśas* of the Sun. It would appear from the calculation of the *Vedāṅgajyotiṣa*[14] that

> in a period of five solar years, that is, in 366×5 or 1830 civil days, the Sun makes five complete revolutions of the Zodiac, and that, in the same time, there are 62 lunar (synodical) and 67 lunar (sidereal) months.

Though this work was known to early Orientalists like Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, Davis and Bentley and even its *first* edition came out in 1834 through Captain Jervis, a number of its verses remained unintelligible for a long time. So disturbed was the eminent American Orientalist, Whitney, by these difficult verses that he complained that the *Vedāṅgajyotiṣa* was "filled with unintelligible rubbish" and "left us quite in the lurch as regards the valuable information." Thanks to the labours of scholars like S. B. Dikshit and B. G. Tilak, to whom we owe a full interpretation of all the verses, it is now clear that the difficulty with them is that they are sometimes corrupt and sometimes ambiguous. It is indeed true that, looked at from the point of view of modern astronomy, the calculations of the *Vedāṅgajyotiṣa* are, at best, only "approximately true." But it has to be remembered that they were originally meant to be only "rough and practical rules" for the use of the Vedic priest who could not always be expected to possess anything more than an "elementary knowledge of Arithmetic."

Notwithstanding these deficiencies from the present-day point of view, there is no gainsaying of the fact that the *Vedāṅgajyotiṣa* is among the chief bases of the later astronomical treatises of Garga, Āryabhaṭṭa, Varāhamihira, Brahmagupta and Bhāskara. In the light of these facts it is difficult to agree with Macdonell[15] when he says:—

> Of Astronomy the ancient Indians had but slight independent knowledge. It is probable that they derived their early acquaintance with the twenty-eight divisions of the moon's orbit from the Chaldeans through their commercial relations with the Phœnicians. Indian Astronomy did not really begin to flourish till it was affected by that of Greece; it is indeed the one science in which undoubtedly strong Greek influence can be proved.

[14] *Ibid*, p. 22 ff.

[15] *History of Sanskrit Literature* (London, 1900), p. 425.

Some of the ideas in ancient Hindu Astronomy might be those which were derived from the Greeks; but this cannot mean that the entire science was taken from the Greeks since it is a fairly good knowledge of the stars and planets. There is no doubt of the fact that in the ancient world intercourse between "people, even when they lived great distances apart, was much more general than is usually supposed." And if travel was "less frequent" or "less speedy" than in our own times, it was at any rate "more profitable"; for people found time then to "study the countries they visited." Exchange of ideas was only inevitable during such valuable travels and, if the Greeks taught the Hindus some branches of astronomy like what is called *Horā*, in return they learnt from them some branches of mathematics like arithmetic and algebra. These remarks apply in an equal measure to other ancient civilizations like Phœnicia, Babylonia, Chaldea, Arabia and Persia, which also should have exchanged many ideas with the ancient Hindus.

H. G. NARAHARI

THE ASTROLABE of the mysteries of God is love.

—JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A GREAT IRISHMAN: RECALLING Æ*

As A RULE I do not care for collections of private letters. It seems too much like spying on the individual and trying to catch him off guard. But Æ's letters one can enjoy without reservation. There is no other man I have known whose public and private personalities harmonize so exactly.

During the period when he edited *The Irish Statesman* in Dublin I enjoyed his friendship. I wrote many reviews and articles and used to see him weekly at his Plunkett House watchtower. He was a man of very generous mind. In these letters one can read of his encouragement to younger writers, how he wrote to publishers and interceded for their work.

He was not only generous to individuals. Whenever he saw injustice he sprang to the side of the weaker group. His outspoken attitude at the time of the great 1913 Labour struggle in Dublin is revealed by his two letters in the *Irish Times*, contained in this volume Never a rich man, Æ risked his livelihood; for there were many in the co-operative movement who blamed him for his partisanship. Yeats took the same side and in a letter congratulating him (p. 91) dated November 5th, 1913, Æ says, "I felt all my old friendship and affection surging up as I read what you said."

It may not be sufficiently known that Æ's social beliefs were reinforced by his own early experiences. When I wrote a little book about industrialism, Æ kindly wrote a foreword in which he spoke of his clerical work at a big Dublin drapery, where he saw the carmen come in and slump down on the seats exhausted after driving all day and most of the night. He illustrated how they sat slumped in a heap with all their vitality drained away. The foreword was never used, for the book appeared only in serial form. But I treasure it. He sent a characteristic little note with it saying he hoped it would do and offering to alter it if I wished. But I would never have dreamed of asking Æ to alter a word. His kindness and consideration shine out through all these letters.

As I read I was conscious of touching the many-sided personality of Æ. It was a pilgrimage of memories for me. His lovely coloured verse so mystical and tender, his eagerness and his eloquence are all evident. The last time I met Æ he was going by the doorway of Trinity College, Dublin. It was a chance meeting some years after *The Irish Statesman* had ceased publication. His wife had died and he had gone to live in London. I saw his broad forehead, his kindly eyes looking at me out of the stream of passers-by. His mood was one of melancholy. "I belong to the vanished Ireland!" he said. He vanished and I never saw him again. But this book of letters makes him live and gives him a permanent place.

It is well produced and well indexed, with copious biographical notes. Some

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**Letters from Æ*: Selected and edited by ALAN DENSON. With a foreword by DR. MONK GIBBON (Abelard-Schuman, London. xlii+288 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 30s)

of these are not accurate.* Of Eve Gore-Booth it is not true to say that she remained in Manchester till 1913 "when ill-health forced her retirement to Ireland." I knew her in London during the First War, where she remained until she died. Also it is incorrect to say of her sister, Constance, that she "commanded the Volunteers whilst they occupied the College of Surgeons, Dublin." The commander was Michael Mallin. But such blemishes do not affect the letters.

R. M. Fox

AN UNPUBLISHED Æ MANUSCRIPT

[WE are glad to be able to print below that foreword to which Mr. Fox makes reference in his review: the circumstances of its writing are explained by Mr. Fox in his introductory note.—ED.]

WITH the recent publication of a volume of letters by Æ attention has been called to the personality of this remarkable Irishman. Æ (G. W. Russell) wrote the following foreword for my study of modern industrialism which was serialized in the *New Leader* (London), then under the editorship of Mr. Fenner Brockway. There were six instalments, which ran from June 20th to August 8th, 1930. This foreword was written not very long before the *Irish Statesman*, which Æ edited, ceased publication. It is undated but I have the original MS. in Æ's own handwriting. The study was never published in book form; so the foreword was not used. It has, however, considerable value as revealing Æ's attitude to industrial problems and showing that his conclusions were determined in great measure by his own youthful experiences as a clerk in what he describes as "a great business organization."

R. M. Fox

I LIKE my friend Mr. Fox's book because he is not one of those terrible bigots of theory who feel that nothing worth while can be done unless our existing human society is wrecked so that a new society can be built on new theoretical foundations, communist or fascist. He writes out of experience. Because he has known for himself and of others how deadening to human life the vast mechanisms of modern industry may be, he has thought much how humanity may be preserved in those "dark Satanic mills" which were only beginning to arise when William Blake wrote his famous lyrics and which have since grown to monstrous developments by some inevitable economic logic inherent in our industrial system.

When I was a boy I knew for myself how a great business organization can draw the soul into itself and dull it to its own inhuman image. I revolted and ran away to fight in poetry and painting the mechanism by which I had been confined. But every now and then, as in a nightmare, I would remember the past, the fierce inhuman activity of body and mind and the exhaustion of energy when the day's work was over. Mr. Fox, who endured far more than I did and whose knowledge is

*Among these we must protest against that on Madame Blavatsky. It says nothing of the quality of her writings, and revives an unfounded accusation. Anyone who wishes a just idea of her should read what W. Q. Judge, of whom Æ speaks so highly (pp. 14–15), had to say after long and intimate knowledge of her.—ED.

far greater, has brooded on the problem of how life in these "dark Satanic mills" might be humanized. I supplicate interest in his ideas of amelioration.

We may be certain that humanity will revolt against any system which does not take account of its own nature. Almost any system may endure if the spirit of human kindness, which can reconcile things otherwise incompatible, is present. An autocracy can endure so long as it is benevolent, aristocratic rule so long as the spirit of *noblesse oblige* is a reality, even oligarchies if the spirit of human kindness is there. But if the machine is made dominant and human nature is not considered then it is certain there will be upheavals.

It may be that the suggestions made by Mr. Fox could be bettered. It does not matter. The main purpose of his book is, I take it, to draw attention to a problem and once it is faced, the right solutions inevitably will be found. If people can be made to realize the importance of the problem, that in itself would be a great achievement. I like to think of human evolution not as economic or mechanical progress but as the perfecting of our own humanity.

The best Heaven I know is that imagined by William Blake at the close of his *Jerusalem* where things which before seemed awful and terrible, Lion, Tiger, Elephant, Eagle, Dove, Fly, Worm and Serpent are *Humanized* and men are reflected in each other. This book is written out of the impulse to Humanize and there can be no better impulse in human activity.

Æ

Imagination. By E. J. FURLONG. (The Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 125 pp. 1961. 18*s*.)

This brief work by the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin is scholarly, lucid, and provocative. Intended as a contribution to contemporary philosophical debate, it should receive a warm welcome as such.

Yet, far-ranging as it is, its central philosophical theme is not easily apparent, not even with the summary on p. 120. Nor, perhaps, does it gain in this regard by its attempt to combine in so limited a space a consideration of problems with an interpretation of what seems relevant to them in Hume and Kant and many others. Admittedly, its especial concern throughout is to illuminate and apply the distinctions between imagination as "in imagination," imagination as "supposal," and imagination as "with imagination." But though I may be persuaded that these are interesting differences in actual fact, I am still left perplexed as to their philosophical significance.

And why is it of philosophical importance that a man does or does not entertain images when he thinks, that he does or does not imagine and feel while he is actually producing what later comes to be recognized as a work of art? It is obviously a different matter when Professor N. Malcolm asks whether we can logically say of a man that he dreams when he sleeps.

But above all I should have been grateful for a closer wrestling with this familiar question: Can we logically establish that what we call our world of perception is otherwise than a world "in imagination"? For it is at least conceivable that I should be able to imagine, with perceptual vividness and continuity, our perceptual world of conversation and communication, and so of that "public verification" which receives so much emphasis in the theory of scientific method. However, I quarrel with Professor Furlong because he does not give more. What he gives is exciting.

M. KAYE

The Oxford Ibsen. Vol. V: *Pillars of Society*; *A Doll's House*; *Ghosts.* Translated and edited by JAMES WALTER MCFARLANE. (Oxford University Press, London. 499 pp. 1961. 30*s.*)

This second instalment of one of the most important undertakings of its kind consists of the three subtly related plays that Ibsen himself regarded as a series: *Pillars of Society* (1877); *A Doll's House* (1879); and *Ghosts* (1881). This trilogy of Ibsen's prose dramas includes his most controversial work, for they are all on themes belonging to sociology, offered by this great iconoclastic playwright to his contemporaries to shock them into new thinking.

They were dramatic bombs thrown with courage and wisdom into the stuffy drawing-rooms of nineteenth-century middle-class society and on to the boards of conventional theatres. By their very nature they must date in all countries that have profited by the master's lessons; yet they remain dramatic masterpieces for the study, and useful didactic pieces in many countries where the position of women or the curse of inherited disease are topics and problems that have still to be faced.

Mr. McFarlane's translations can only be judged by his equals in Scandinavian scholarship, and they must be few. But they are obviously not "too good to be good translations," as G. K. Chesterton said of FitzGerald's englishing of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyām. They read easily, in the modern English idiom, yet one is conscious that one is reading a translation This is the standard the translator has set himself, and right well has he attained it, as any reader who possesses the pioneer versions by William Archer may judge for himself.

The debt to William Archer's work will never be overlooked by any reader of English, or any theatregoer, but it was time that a monument of scholarship and something approaching a definitive edition of the whole of Ibsen's work should be published as a tribute worthy of this great Norwegian poet and playwright. When *The Oxford Ibsen* is complete we shall have it. Meanwhile we have this new volume, and Volume VI, published in 1960, with long, scholarly introductions; bibliographies; the texts of earlier drafts and, where they exist, alternative endings; detailed commentaries on each play; and a chronology of Ibsen's productions in English.

Added to which, the Oxford University Press has also published acting editions of each play as paperbacks, for the modest sum of five shillings each. Thus, although all libraries and scholars will need the complete and handsomely produced set, the ordinary reader and student, as well as producers of the plays, will be able to use the reprints in handy, cheap format.

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

Interpretations of History: Confucius to Toynbee. By ALBAN G. WIDGERY. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 260 pp. 1961. 28*s.*)

What is the nature and meaning of history? The American philosopher, Professor Widgery, has been interested in this question for many years, and has promised to give us his own answer one day. But here he first gives us an orderly and comprehensive account of the views of others. He goes back to the early thinkers of India, China and the Middle East, of Ancient Greece and Rome, and to the religious and cultural systems that enshrined their values; he then makes a sweeping survey of the main theses of selected

Western philosophers and historians, who reflected and stimulated that remarkable growth of a sense of the past, the "historical mind" of Western civilization, from the Renaissance to the present day.

To compress such a universe of thought and assumption into a readable and short study for laymen is a brave ambition, and readers must expect the limitations of much potted philosophy and some disappointments in selection. For the task is almost impossibly difficult: on the one hand, when dealing with the great historical religions and philosophies rooted in the past, Professor Widgery must first expound them and their schemes of values, before he can show, almost entirely by deduction, what significance they give to history. And, when he deals with more modern philosophers and historians, their sheer number and prolific output, as well as their individualism which defies easy categorization, are overwhelming. Hence, in the first case, we get rather an overdose of lucidly summarized philosophies, not bearing directly on any ideas of history with which one can intellectually wrestle with profit because their exponents were in large measure denying the significance of history, attached no value to historical fact as such, or to the sequence of events in time. And, in the second half of the book, we rush in quick succession, with a minimum of critical comment, through a rich field of challenging, rational and analytical ideas, starting up a host of lively hares, none of which we can follow up satisfactorily.

Moreover, to make a rather Occidental reflection, the effect of exposition interlaced with spasmodic criticism somehow misses the spirit of debate that in real life enlivens this absorbing and fundamentally important subject. In little Britain alone today, the post-war air has been filled with the voices of Toynbee, Namier, Carr, Barraclough, Butterfield, Popper, Isaiah Berlin, Trevor-Roper, and not a few others, asking, answering and debating with heat and learning this very question So, while welcoming this timely, ambitious and informative contribution by Professor Widgery, we await his powerfully armed entry into the arena itself, in combat with many protagonists he here describes, and with some (including most of the British "school" above) which he does not, and we hope with good reason for a spirited and wise intellectual exercise.

ALAN DE RUSETT

Osiris: The Egyptian Religion of Resurrection. By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. (University Books, New York. 440 pp. Illustrated. 1961. $15.00)

The theme of death-and-resurrection has been of perennial interest to mankind, constituting, as it does, a distinctive feature of many religions of antiquity, of the Egyptian religion centring round the figure of Osiris as well as of the Greek cult of Adonis, and underlying the Christian myth itself. Sir James Frazer, in his famous book *The Golden Bough*, brought to light a wealth of analogies bearing on these cults — Asiatic and Greek as well as African. The present work is a single-volume reproduction of the original text which first appeared in two volumes exactly half a century ago. Apart from the fact that it naturally leaves out of account the phenomenal developments in the understanding of mythology which have occurred during the past fifty years, its merit as well as its shortcoming is that it deals with the ancient Egyptian cults centring round the figure of Osiris as if exclusively

African in origin and to be elucidated only by the evidence afforded by the religions of the modern peoples of Sudan in particular, and of those who live on the great rivers of East, West and Central Africa in general. The author, Dr. Wallis Budge, was the late Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum and an eminent specialist in his own line. But he keeps to his speciality in a somewhat rigid fashion and takes no account of kindred cults and practically ignores the remarkable analogies contained in Frazer's monumental work.

The strength as well as the weaknesses of the book have been ably brought out in the Introduction adapted from an article from the pen of that well-known classical scholar, Jane E. Harrison, which appeared soon after the first publication of the work; and it is difficult to improve on it. She also stresses the contrast between the eternal and immutable gods like those of the Greek Olympus "who in their 'brazen heaven' have stood for a now somewhat discredited conceptualism" and those year-*daimons* who die each year in order that they and their worshippers may live anew. She points out especially that in appraising any ancient religious figure it has first to be seen how much of it forms part of universal human experience, and then how much may be due to variations in local social structure, which Dr. Budge fails to do.

It would be interesting for competent scholars to examine what light may be thrown on these conceptions by comparison with Indian deities, *e.g.*, *Prajapati*, who is depicted in the Upanishads as being the personification of the year (*Samvatsaro vai Prajāpatiḥ*), or *Purusha*, who was immolated in the cosmic sacrifice (*Yajna*), as a result of which the whole of creation came into being, according to the celebrated *Purusha Sukta* of the *Rigveda*; and the crucial significance attributed to seasonal and cyclic events, and particularly to the function of the time-measurers, the Sun and the Moon. But, these side issues apart, Miss Harrison's judgment of this book as constituting "a major contribution to revolutionizing current views of the original development of ancient religions" is essentially just and well-deserved.

K. GURU DUTT

Ancient Egypt: A Cultural Topography. By HERMANN KEES. Edited by T. G. H. JAMES. Translated from the German by IAN F. D MORROW. (Faber and Faber, London. 392 pp. Illustrated, and Maps. 1961. 42*s*.)

This book, by a former Professor of Egyptology at the University of Göttingen, explains how the history of Ancient Egypt was influenced by the unique geographical characteristics of the land.

It is divided into three parts. The first part, consisting of one chapter only, is a general survey of the Nile Valley and of those who settled there from palæolithic times to the fourth century B.C.

In the second part we learn how almost every feature of life in Ancient Egypt was linked with the peculiar behaviour of the Nile.

Our author first treats of the countryside: the Nile and the seasons, soil and irrigation, ownership and use of land, farming and horticulture, and domestic animals. He then passes on to the Nile as a means of transport, and the ships that linked Egypt to the other civilizations of the ancient world. The caravan routes across the Eastern and Western deserts are de-

scribed in detail, and this leads naturally on to a discussion of Egypt's imports of raw materials, her balance of payments and her foreign relations.

The theses of part two are illustrated in part three by a detailed consideration of certain cities and districts. Among the cities are Memphis, Heliopolis, Heracleopolis, Abydos, Thebes, Amarna, and Napata. The districts are the delta, the Fayum, and the frontier region. These have been chosen to give as much contrast as possible in a relatively homogeneous country.

The book concludes with a summary outline of Egyptian history, a bibliography, a list of abbreviations and an index.

There are 11 maps and 23 excellent illustrations.

Almost everything that careful investigation has discovered about Ancient Egyptian life, with the exception of religion, dealt with by our author in another work, is here presented concisely yet in considerable detail. One might quite fairly describe it as a guide-book to Ancient Egypt, remarkable for its thoroughness and scholarship.

C. A. WINYARD

Judaism and Islam. By ERWIN I. J. ROSENTHAL. (Popular Jewish Library. Thomas Yoseloff, London. xvi+154 pp. 1961. Paper, 7*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 15*s.*)

The author has for many years been an enthusiastic and assiduous student of Jewish culture in all its aspects, with particular reference to its relationship with Islam. This book is intended for non-specialists and does not pretend to be a scholarly work; and, like most popular works offering a comprehensive and panoramic survey, it tends to skim the surface of the problems and to lapse into generalizations. But it would, of course, be unfair to dismiss the work on these grounds, because, being written specially for the Popular Jewish Library, the author could hardly proceed otherwise. The field covered in this volume is a highly technical one, presupposing a prolonged and detailed study of a singularly complex subject which has now been going on for well over a hundred years.

Dr. Rosenthal generously acknowledges his indebtedness to other scholars whose works he has consulted. He divides his material into two parts, the first of which deals with "Judaism in Islam" and the second with "Judaism under Islam." Chronologically these two chapters between them cover the time from the seventh to the seventeenth centuries and deal with the influence of Judaism on Islam and *vice versa* in the fields of beliefs, practices, law, philology, scriptural interpretation, medicine, theology, philosophy, poetry and other aspects of Jewish spiritual life. According to the author Islam succeeded "thanks largely to Jewish ideas and institutions skilfully adapted to Arab needs" — a somewhat sweeping statement with which not all scholars would agree. However, Dr. Rosenthal also emphasizes the more or less deep influence of the institutions of mediæval Islam — the product of Arab and Jewish, as well as Hellenistic ideas — upon the various aspects of Judaism mentioned above.

For all the erudition which he displays even in this popular little work, Dr. Rosenthal's concern is not merely academic. In writing his book he has in mind the problems of the present day relating to Jews and Arabs, and he calls upon readers "on both sides" to look beyond the struggle for what is, after all, merely political and physical, and to consider their common spiritual heritage.

P. WERNBERG MÖLLER

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Vol. 4: Health, Mental Purification, The Mind-World. (Published for International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 288 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 32*s.* 6*d.*)

This fourth volume of the Hazrat's teachings is a remarkable and thrilling book. Here we have from Islam a musician, a healer, a completely universal teacher drawing as freely upon Hindu and Christian texts as from Muslim. It will be an eye-opener to many (including some Muslims) who have only known a narrower exposition of Islamic truth. Beautifully clear, it is in the language of Sri Ramakrishna and Christ; of the same all-embracing Spirit which breathes deep into every soul.

This world is a "mirror-land," but the mirrors are alive, absorbing what they reflect, and thus growing in consciousness. Man's task is the development of this consciousness, till it can grasp the whole of the life, which is God's. Yet this is not achieved by exercising only the mind. Reason must be used, but its driving power is feeling: and when these two work in controlled harmony there is progress towards truth.

Thus, when the feeling in a pure heart longing for God insists on a form for the Beloved, reason must serve and not deny this need. The Sufi understands as well as anyone the Qur'anic injunctions against worshipping form, but he sees them in their full Qur'anic context, which expresses God's loving concern for all men's needs.

> The process that the wise consider best for the seeker after truth to adopt is the process of first idealizing God and then realizing God....
>
> Make God a reality and God will make you the truth

This is the way; the way of Christ and Ramakrishna.

He tells the story of a woman who enshrined all she knew of truth and beauty in a statue that she made; then was willing to drink a cup of death to herself that it might live. She died, but the Beloved, for Whom she had given herself, raised her to immortality.

Ramakrishna used such a cup to propound his greatest truth. And Jesus, in Gethsemane, stressed exactly the same necessity.

D. S. MAXTED

Problems of Education in India. By K. L. SHRIMALI. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 194 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.50)

This book is a valuable collection of the utterances of the Union Minister of Education during the last five years and more. As such the book covers a wide field and constitutes an authoritative exposition of the Government point of view on most of the problems connected with education in India.

In these addresses Dr. Shrimali refers to the role of the Central Government in educational policy and achievement, the expansion of elementary education, the place of Public Schools, the value of the Gurukula system of education, the New Education, the vital importance of Basic Education, the value of Rural Institutes and their role in national life, the place of the teacher in society, the plight of youth in an era of rapid social change, the burning question of student indiscipline, national service as an integral part of education, social service as a means of youth welfare, the care and rehabilitation of the handicapped, the value of psychology

in education, the importance of libraries, better book production and, lastly, reorientation of educational administration.

Special attention must be drawn to the constitution of the University Grants Commission, which is a great landmark in the annals of University education, and the Commission's vital role in guaranteeing the autonomy of Universities and vigilance in maintaining high standards of University education.

On all these questions, Dr. Shrimali reveals a well-informed mind with a sober, balanced outlook, and these addresses give an insight into the depth and extent of the education situation in this country — a truly valuable compilation worthy of earnest study by all interested in education — parents, teachers and administrators alike.

D. GURUMURTI

Ten Saints of India. By T. M. P. MAHADEVAN. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 147 pp. 1961. Rs 2.00; 3*s*.; 90 cents)

This is a study of ten Indian saints, all of whom, except for Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, who belonged to Bengal, hail from the southern region of this country. The story of their lives and teachings has been told tenderly and with great simplicity by an eminent author. There is much here on the personal contribution of the several saints to the religious and philosophical life of the country, and a sober estimate of the value and the essentials of saintliness is expounded ably in the Introduction.

Written in a lucid and graceful style, Dr. Mahadevan's book aims at acquainting the general reader with the lives and teachings of some of the great philosopher-saints that India has produced in the past. Today when our moral life is threatened, and our intellectual life is quickened and enlarged, by the rapid disintegration of ancient customs and beliefs, Dr. Mahadevan's book will go a long way towards kindling the spark of faith in divine virtues.

It will help us in understanding what harmonious life is, because it is self-discipline, not imposed from without but from within, which lifts us to serenity and freedom.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

Swami Shraddhanand. Edited by M. R. JAMBUNATHAN. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. viii+176 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00)

This book is a collection of a series of twenty-six autobiographical articles, written originally in Hindi by Swami Sharaddhanand, a free English version of which appeared in *Swarajya* of Madras. The editor, a personal friend of the late Swamiji, has compiled the book in its present form, to which he has added a prologue and an epilogue which provide a unity of events and incidents. An appendix contains the tributes and homages paid to the late Swami by many eminent contemporary Indians and outstanding newspapers.

A pioneer of Indian culture and a great patriot, Swami Shraddhanand's contribution to Indian nationalism and social reform has been second to none. Swamiji was a man of action and determination. The book shows us how, in response to the call of the great Swami Dayanand, Swamiji consented to a life of austerity and spent himself to further the cause of the Arya Samaj and to raise the Indian people, a cause for which he died a martyr's death. What sort of man was he? How did he impress those who were lucky

enough to come in contact with him? An answer to these questions is found in the pages of this book. The editor has, in his simple and forthright manner, described Swamiji's untiring zeal and enthusiastic efforts in the cause of education, the fruit of which was Gurukul Kangri, at present a renowned seat of learning. The Gurukul attempts to teach young men to appreciate and live up to the eternal values of the Vedic culture.

The style throughout the book is lucid and simple and the narration of events interesting. However, in the prologue one feels that there are two or three incidents which appear to be out of the context. The get-up and the printing of the book are in uniformity with other publications of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Book University Series.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

Mira in Brindaban. By DILIP KUMAR ROY. (M. J. Shahani, Poona. 66 pp. 1961. Re. 1.00)

In the Preface the author informs us:—

> I present here, in the form of a play, a few scenes she [Indira Devi] saw re-enacted in Brindaban along with some communications she has had from Mira, who comes to her daily.

We learn that this play, in two acts, embodies the accounts given by Indira Devi in trance — in *bhava-samadhi* — of her mystical communion with Mira Bai, the great devotee of Krishna. To convince the readers of the reality of such experiences the author has quoted a letter from Sri Aurbindo: "There is nothing impossible in Mira Bai manifesting in this way through the agency of Indira's trance." The author rightly declares: "I am concerned, first and last, with spiritual seekers as against mere investigators who cannot possibly assay the truth of such experiences as happen on the mystic plane for the simple reason that they have not been there." With this background and mental preparedness a reader should proceed through the pages of this drama of deep devotion and spiritual revelation. Shri Dilip Kumar Roy has presented four characters through whose words he has sought to unfold the "Golden Silence where they [words] dissolve in bliss," although he is fully conscious of the fact that "words cast more shadows than light." Ajit is the questioning and doubting intellect, "an ignoramus" who "must question to be enlightened." He has been depicted as a man of a "self-sure habit of measuring, dissecting, testing and judging from the mind," which can help "but not until it learns to be subservient to the soul." Sanatan, the Guru of Mira, to whom the Lord comes and "plays hide and seek," tells Ajit that

> Pundits can talk till doomsday even as parrots can go on twittering but 'tis given only to Light — and not to heat — to repeal darkness.

As against his intellectual approach, Sanatan preaches humanity and complete self-surrender and says:—

> So once you have on bended knees accepted our Lord's eternal gospel of love and beauty and hailed His glorious Lila of delight, once you have turned to the orient lead of Faith [your doubts will disappear].

Mira, explaining to Ajit, says, "Nay, the last touchstone of the Truth that rules the world and life is the experience of the soul blest by His Grace, no reason can explain." Ajit is passing through a dark phase, but ultimately he is transformed by Mira into a humble devotee. The play is a serious and successful attempt not only to provide

incentive and support to spiritual seekers but also to help the skeptic and the critic to realize the power of intuition and faith as against intellect and knowledge. The last twenty pages of the second act, in which the mystical experience is described by Mira, will convince even cynics and skeptics of the possibility of revelations and mystic experiences. The poetry is melodious and sweet, reflecting a transparent sincerity and emotional depth.

INDUPRAKASH PANDAY

The Soul of India. By MOTILAL DAS (Aloka-Tirtha, Calcutta. 341 pp. 1961. Rs. 12.00)

The story is told of a young Indian student who, after passing out of a local missionary school and college, went to Paris for a doctorate in French Literature. The Professor in charge of her studies happened to be a famous Orientalist steeped in the culture of the East and his reaction to her ignorance of her own heritage was somewhat violent. "Mademoiselle," he said, "before you begin studying the culture of a foreign country, you must learn something of your own." Arrangements were made for the student's admission to a School of Oriental Studies in the French capital, where she was introduced for the first time to various aspects of Indian culture.

The Soul of India provides an acceptable solution to such a predicament, which had its origin in an accident of history victimizing a considerable cross-section of "educated India" under the British *raj* In this collection of essays the reader is introduced to Vedic culture, its essence its ideals and its poetry and to the Upanishads, especially the *Ishopanishad*, in a manner which compels further cultivation. To the Buddhistic revelation, its ethical and atheistical aspects, to the *Gita* and to the age of Vaishnavism, to which he devotes a number of essays, Dr. Das brings a facility for clarification and for evoking the underlying spiritual values which is truly remarkable.

Unlike many writers who have dealt with the Indian heritage in a spirit of exaggerated emotionalism Dr. Das is not unaware that the once-silver haloes have changed to cardboard in our time. But he ends on a note of hope and asserts that

> the nightmare of the present will be over soon and that History will forget the temporary triumph of little minds.... Our culture and tradition must lead the way to the new regeneration We must take our rightful place in the federation of the world. We shall welcome and absorb other cultures as we did in the past, but we must do so rooted in our own past and anchored in our undying culture.. .

The Soul of India bears the stamp of sincerity and of a consciousness which consistently upholds "life's ultimate values."

HILLA C. VAKEEL

Satyam Eva Jayate. By Shri C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Bharathan Publications, Kilpauk, Madras-10. Vol. I 560 pp. 1961. Rs. 6.00)

This is an omnibus volume of interesting articles by Shri Rajagopalachari on various topics ranging from religion and philosophy to democracy and opposition and from foreign policy to land problems.

Rajaji is ripe in age, experience and wisdom. He ranks highest amongst our elder statesmen. It is difficult to decide how to designate him; as a statesman turned philosopher or a philosopher turned statesman. He is a philosopher-

statesman *par excellence*. In this volume are to be found the sincere outpourings of his heart.

Rajaji is a deeply religious man. Over a score of articles on religion and philosophy are included in this volume. What Rajaji emphasizes is that one cannot divorce religion from one's daily life. "There are people," says Rajaji, "who believe that morals can be taught and sustained without belief in a Supreme Being." Rajaji disagrees. To him religion and morals are like the warp and woof of a well-balanced and socially useful life. There is no doubt that a firm belief in the Almighty and an acceptance of the doctrine of responsibility for all one's acts in the individual to lead a moral life and to act in a spirit of dedication and service to his fellowmen.

In numerous articles in this volume Rajaji expounds the philosophy of the Swatantra Party of which he is the founder-leader. He attacks governmental regimentation and totalitarianism with unassailable logic. He is a champion of human dignity. He correctly points out that the human personality can evolve to its highest in an atmosphere of freedom. He makes it abundantly clear that free economy is essential not only for orderly economic progress but also for safeguarding human rights. He is opposed to what he describes as "an unrestrained course of compulsion ruling the policies of the Government of India." According to Rajaji these policies are based on state violence as opposed to the Gandhian concept of non-violence.

One may not agree with all that Rajaji writes, but there is no doubt that the volume is characterized by sincerity, deep conviction, logical analysis of various topics and a lucid exposition.

PHIROZE J. SHROFF

Prevention Is Better Than Cure. By J. M. JUSSAWALLA. (Jaico Publishing House. 208 pp. 1961. Illustrated. Rs. 10.00)

This book more than justifies its claim to be a text-book on health.

The author is the President (and Director of the Indian branch) of the International Federation of Scientific Research for the prevention of diseases by drugless methods, and this lucidly written treatise promulgates the art of "keeping fit without really trying." Aimed at both layman and specialist, it includes most revealing chapters on deep breathing, exercise and correct posture; rest, recreation, relaxation and sleep; food and regulated diet; and cure of the skin, hair, nose, throat, teeth, tongue, eyes and feet.

Of particular interest to the Indian readers will be the mineral and vitamin tables, the calorie chart and the grouping of balanced diets, which not only obviate the painful guesswork inherent in attempts to glean dietary tips to suit the Indian palate from articles in foreign publications, but also help one to shed generally prevalent wrong notions. The human anatomy and the functions of each of its constituents including the glandular and other systems are also dealt with in great detail.

The author's unbounded devotion to the cause of general well-being expresses itself in a liberal use of aphorisms. One, however, wishes the proofs had been better read, but it must be stressed that this in no way detracts from the usefulness of the volume. A collection of plates on simple physical exercises, detailing the benefits to be derived from each, concludes this handy guide. This is without doubt a healthy investment.

B. K. NAGARAJA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, April 3rd, 1962

THERE WAS a storm in a teacup a few days ago in Fleet Street because the Duke of Edinburgh was reported to have stated at a press conference in Rio de Janeiro that Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* was a "bloody awful newspaper." He was even supposed to have described it as a newspaper full of lies, scandal and imagination. In short it was a vicious paper.

The storm did not last long as the Duke made another statement to say that what he had said earlier did not, in fact, refer to Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* but to another newspaper not printed in the British Isles. Of course, before the Duke's explanation reached London, most of Lord Beaverbrook's rival newspapers gave prominent display to His Highness's opinion about the *Daily Express*. This had naturally annoyed that newspaper and it took every possible step to prove that it had been wrongly criticized by the Queen's husband. It had many friends in Fleet Street: "dog does not bite dog."

Hardly had we recovered from this excitement when the Queen herself proved by a gracious act that Royalty, which has been subjected to so much criticism in the columns of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers, is alive to modern requirements The Queen, who a few years ago introduced an innovation at Buckingham Palace by inviting men in public life irrespective of their rank and status, took a new step to hold informal meetings at the Palace to give her an opportunity to talk to the Permanent Secretaries at a number of Ministries. These men and women of immense power, earning as much as £7,000 per year, are responsible for implementing the decisions of their Ministers, whose salaries are not more than £5,000.

The Queen wanted to see the workings of her Government at the administrative level. This was the purpose of her invitations to these Secretaries at the various Ministries. Each of them had a twenty-minute chat with her.

The recent unsuccessful attempts by I.C.I. to take over Courtaulds resulted in the 150 members of the latter's staff holding a thanksgiving service for their deliverance from the I.C.I. threat. From their chairman to the charwoman they filed into a City Church at the back of their offices. The chairman, Sir John Hanbury-Williams, sat in a pew and behind him were directors, typists, canteen workers, liftmen and chauffeurs. They joined in Hymn No. 298:—

> Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
> To His feet thy tribute bring,
> Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven...

This was followed by the singing of another Hymn: No. 379:—

> Now thank we all our God
> With heart, and hands, and voices.

When some one, after the Service, asked the inevitable question whether it was not a case of mixing God and Mammon, the Rector of the Church said:—

> Had I thought the idea was objectionable I would have had nothing to do with it. The service was asked for by the employed people of Courtaulds and many wanted to give thanks for the successful outcome of a personal crisis in their lives. The crisis may have been caused by the take-over bid, but for them it had nothing to do with high finance.

Mr George Courtauld explained:—

The desire to give thanks came from the hearts of the staff They, and I, are feeling really rather moved, rather grateful to God for what has happened. We are a funny old firm. We come of Huguenot origins. It is entirely appropriate that, on an occasion like this, we should worship in our own parish church.

But Canon John Collins, Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, registered his protest against "this extraordinary service of thanksgiving." He did not believe that Courtaulds' people were justified in conducting a "blasphemous" service to thank the Lord for their deliverance from weeks of nervous anxiety brought about by the I.C.I. attempt to take them over.

While the British Government has decided to control immigration from the coloured countries of the Commonwealth reports are reaching newspapers that it is officially backing the flow of Britons to overseas countries. Although one should favour migration, it appears that no one has taken into consideration the harm that the Government's policy is doing to the country's economy in the long run. This justifiable fear was expressed recently in a letter to the *Reynold's News* — a Sunday newspaper published by the Co-operative Society. The writer pointed out that the migration policy is encouraging experts, top technicians, scientists, doctors and professional men to leave this country. According to M.P.s one in three of Britain's doctors is leaving the country to seek his fortune abroad. In defence of its policy the Government's spokesmen say that these men and women are going to underdeveloped countries of the Commonwealth to help them grow, to take their place in the world's economic map. But what has worried the *Reynold's News* writer is that these top men and women will not return to Britain. They will become such an important part of their new communities, so well paid, that they will want to stay abroad.

The report that the Government has decided to pour down the drain 2,000,000 pints of milk because nobody in the country wants to drink them has angered many people. One newspaper, the *New Daily*, which is independent of Combines and Trade Unions, has called this a cruel folly. All over the world — in the Congo, in China, in South-East Asia, in South America — it reminds its readers, children live on the verge of starvation. It is well known that milk is an essential food for babies. It is therefore shameful that the free world, with its vast resources and its high standard of living, cannot come to the aid of these hungry babies.

A few days ago an American official, connected with President Kennedy's Food-for-the-Hungry campaign, told me that it was not true that the American Administration under President Eisenhower had burnt surplus wheat because it could not be sold. Whoever spread that report did not realize that it was a myth. But the decision of the British Ministry of Agriculture to send down the drain this vast quantity of milk is not a myth. The Government has justified its action by stating that British cows have produced more milk each spring than the people can consume and so the older stock has to be poured away. This year, the method adopted to get rid of the surplus milk is to dump it in abandoned coal-mines.

Comments the *Daily News*:—

We cannot hope to hold up our heads in the world or to set an example to underdeveloped nations while we persist in this cruel folly, when children are crying for food in less fortunate countries than ours All sorts of excuses are offered, of course. We have not sufficient plant to convert the surplus milk into condensed or powdered

form. And yet last year we imported 33,000 tons of milk powder from abroad. This is simply crazy. We are not alone in our madness. In America the taxpayer contributes vast sums each year to store food for which no market can be found. And still hundreds of millions of human beings live close to starvation level, and often actually starve.

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The idea of Karma, particularly in its aspect of the law of moral cause and effect, is to be found in Western Christian teachings as firmly as in Eastern, but too often it is ignored by the majority of people in their lives, and it comes, therefore, as something of a shock when the idea comes up in unexpected places, treated as *something that really works* — we do reap what we sow.

Katherine Whitehorn, in her regular feature "Roundabout" in *The Spectator* (March 23rd, 1962), London, deals with the plight and problems (both practical and psychological) of widows, and with the views and experience of Mrs. Torrie, founder of the Cruse Clubs to help widows to come to terms with life. Materially, the Welfare State's measures about pensions are inadequate and unrealistic, and surrounded by a maze of complications. There is also the unimaginative selfishness of too many working-class husbands, who see no need to make provision for their wives, in the event of widowhood (with or without families), other than the obligatory National Insurance premiums.

It is normally, however, the inner deprivation that is the hardest to cope with Those who suffer most are those too dependent on their partners, too sheltered, and now (in the swing of the karmic balance) feeling defenceless. So too where there has been an *égoisme à deux*, there are no other ties of affection, no other sources of interest to call upon for support.

There is also the smugness that looks upon marriage as an end and achievement in itself, so that the married woman regards her spinster sisters as inferior beings. Mrs. Torrie bitterly accuses the large mass of women's magazines of fostering this selfishness of limitation, this intense preoccupation of women with "themselves, their homes, their husbands."

One knows, of course, in general that moral equations have a way of adding up that honour thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the earth means that if you support a society where parents are honoured your own children may get the message and honour you What is shattering is the ruthlessness with which such equations can work out even in particular, if Mrs. Torrie's observations are right The couple that took in lame ducks, that bothered about other people's troubles is the couple that leaves a widow first of all with the kind of friends who do not evaporate at the first sign of trouble, and secondly sufficiently acquainted with grief to know how to face it. "Do as you would be done by" is a cosy and harmless precept; when it becomes "Do as you are going to be done by," it is terrifying

Terrifying only to the selfish! For others, it means a universe on which one can rely. Our world is sick because

it has lost this sense of stability, and it is good to find — at the level that an ordinary man and woman can understand — this affirmation of the fundamental balance and justice of life.

A new quarterly educational journal, the *Unicorn Review*, has appeared above the horizon. It has a Scottish tang, as befits the Edinburgh home of its publishers, W. and R. Chambers (publishers of the famous reference books), yet its aim is the reverse of provincial. As "an independent review of education in all its aspects," it plans to emulate another eminent son of Edinburgh, the philosopher Hume, in being "a good European and a citizen of the world."

One praiseworthy characteristic of its first number (Spring 1962) is the emphasis given, throughout various articles, to pupils (and teachers) as individual human beings. Schools are seen "as places to grow in, not merely places to learn in."

> More important than buildings or systems are people The fundamental problem in education today is to find enough teachers of the right sort.
>
> If, as has been asserted, all education is basically moral education, then this field must receive its full share of consideration.
>
> A teacher may shut her mind . . . and teach arithmetic or reading or grammar instead of teaching children, but woe unto the system that tolerates her!

Other articles also incline towards the "human" aspect — questions as to whether scientists can remain neutral as regards their discoveries and, if they see some responsibility for the applications of these, what they can offer. The experimental augmented Roman alphabet, as an aid to reading, is geared to the children's need to distinguish between the differing pronunciations of an arbitrary and confusing alphabet.

Among the items collected from various sources is the diagnosis by Dr. Kurt Hahn, of the Outward Bound Trust, of "five social diseases, which affect the youth of today":—

> 1. The decline of fitness due to modern means of locomotion;
>
> 2. the decline in initiative due to the widespread disease of spectatoritis;
>
> 3. the decline in skill due to the weakened tradition of craftsmanship;
>
> 4. the decline in self-discipline due to the ever-present availability of tranquillizers and stimulants;
>
> 5. the decline in compassion.

In a world where so much value is put upon paper qualifications, technical skills and commercial success, and human beings are mere material units, it is good that educationists stand out for man as a whole, "body, mind and spirit," and recognize that schooling must be related to all three.

In the pamphlet *Africa Calls*, issued by UNESCO, a picture is presented of the enormous task of educational development in the African continent. With a population of 170,000,000, 80 per cent of whom are illiterate, the emergence into modern civilization of this variegated texture of human life has posed a tremendous problem to the new nations. The heroic efforts that are being made by these nations with the active help and co-operation of UNESCO and allied organizations are narrated in this brochure by a UNESCO observer, Richard Greenough. The translation from pre-civilization into the noonday glare of the mid-twentieth-century age of science and technology has been so sudden as to make true for these people with poignant urgency H. G. Wells's dictum, "Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." Every thinking man and woman in the world will feel sympathy with the herculean efforts that are being made by

fellow human beings in this erstwhile "dark continent," newly emerging into light, and this booklet evokes an answering response to the calls for help.

The problems that face the newly independent nations of Africa

> relate to the building of schools, the production of teaching materials, recruitment and training of teachers, methods of financing and developing national systems of education, and, above all, the necessity of ensuring that all educational planning marches in step with the country's blueprint for economic and social development

Because development of education is a basic factor of economic and social development, the study of the best method of getting the highest return from this human investment is all-important.

Difficulties have to be faced at all points. All

> plans for social and economic development depend upon an adequate supply of teachers, technicians, agricultural assistants, nurses, book-keepers, secretaries, medical technologists, clerks and other secondary-level skills. To achieve all this, secondary and higher education must be expanded and to expand you must not only get the teachers and learners, you must also provide adequate places where they can live and work.

An idea of the situation is given by the fact that in some rural schools, for example,

> 23 slates had to suffice for 44 youngsters learning to read and write, where paper exercise books were so precious that each page was used over and over again until erasing pencil marks finally rubbed away the paper, where one blackboard had to be moved from classroom to classroom, the many cases where scores of youngsters sat cross-legged on the earthen floor because there were neither chairs nor desks

Teaching aids and material for scientific study must be bought abroad, calling for large outlays of foreign exchange.

Another difficulty is the

> continual drift from the teaching profession to others which are more attractive or profitable ... Since independence, in several African states, teachers have been lured away either into the more exciting fields of politics and diplomacy or to the more rewarding branches of the civil service and of commercial life.

Further, the students who leave a school, having widened their horizons, expect a higher standard of living — a better house, pure water, easy access to medical and other public services — and hence are subject to an understandable urge to make for a white-collar job in the nearest big town. An agricultural bias in rural schools is essential to avoid depletion of educated personnel from village life and to increase opportunities for jobs in rural areas.

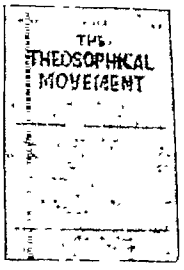
The education of girls and adult education are two fundamental necessities to transform society. Further, the development of the African personality in the context of the new age calls for careful planning.

The Addis Ababa Plan formulated by the conference of thirty-four African states in May 1961 took into account the full situation and put forward two schemes: one a short-term plan for the five years 1961-66; another a long-term plan for the twenty years 1961-1980. In the implementation of both these plans, UNESCO and allied world organizations have pledged their active help and co-operation. To focus the attention of the thinking world on the burning question of education in Africa is a worthy objective ably served by this brochure — *Africa Calls*.

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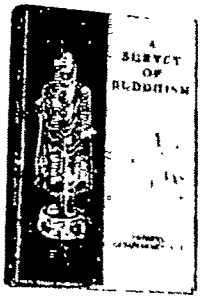
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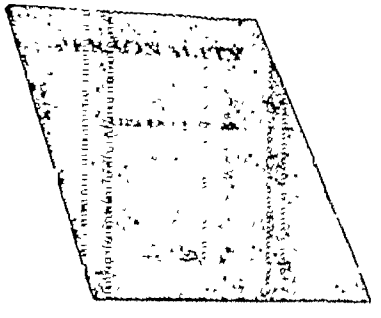
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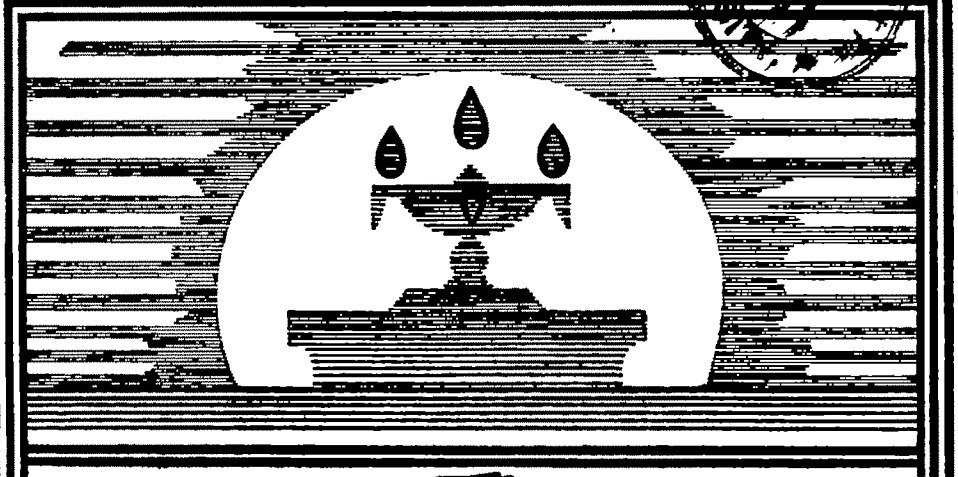
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The ARYAN PATH

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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. XXXIII JUNE 1962 No. 6

THE RE-EMERGING PATTERN

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, December 1942.—ED.]

THREE CENTURIES ago this year saw, on January 8th, the death of one great scientist, Galileo Galilei, and the birth of another, Isaac Newton, on Christmas Day, 1642.

Galileo with his heliocentric theory, and Newton with his theory of gravitation, have exerted a profound influence on modern thought. All honour to both for their honesty, their open-mindedness, their courage and their industry! It is not to detract from any of these to recognize that the discoveries for which posterity honours both were not original but were restatements of truths once well known. For, as Newton himself wrote, "Restatement is a service only less valuable than inspiration itself."

Galileo's theory of the elemental vortices had been taught by Anaxagoras two thousand years before. The law of vortical movement in primordial matter was in fact learned by the Greeks from the Egyptians. They had it from the Chaldeans, who in turn had been the pupils of the Brahmins of India. Aryabhatta, the earliest astronomer of India, calculated the revolution of the earth as scientifically as Archimedes and the modern astronomers. The Greek astronomer Aristarchus of Samos in the third century B.C. taught that the earth revolves around the sun and "moveth circularly about her own centre." Pythagoras had brought the teaching three centuries before from Middle Asia where it had been taught for many ages.

Galileo availed himself of the Pythagorean manuscripts, with whose doctrines Newton also was familiar. Galileo, moreover, was anticipated nearer his own day in some of his theories, not only by Copernicus but also by William Gilbert of Colchester. Newton found most valuable

clues in the writings of that mediæval mystic and "nursling of the genii" Jacob Boehme. Newton's profound mind, reading between Boehme's lines, was able to fathom his spiritual thought and to translate it for the scientific thinker.

Sir Isaac, one of the most religious men of his day, could fortunately not foresee the uses to which his teachings would long be put by the upholders of a mechanistic universe. Newton held to the Pythagorean corpuscular theory, and what is his "exceedingly rare ethereal medium" but the Ether of the ancients? The direction in which his great mind was working is evident from his leaving open the question whether the agent causing gravity is material or immaterial. This, with a liberal interpretation of his personal *working* God, opens the door to the ancient conception of guiding and operative *intelligences* behind the natural forces. His theory of gravitation itself, faulty because incomplete, echoes however feebly the doctrine of magnetic attraction and repulsion.

The great Pattern of the manifested universe, and of the evolutionary scheme in the impersonal and universal Mind, was grasped by the first Scientists. It was handed down in trust to their successors and by them recorded. But time and superstition made a jigsaw puzzle of the Cosmic Plan, as far as the perception of men in general was concerned. Since then, the effort of successive generations of seekers, who inherited the pieces without the Pattern, has been directed chiefly to study of the separate bits.

The original Pattern, however, was never lost to the consciousness of the Self-realized Ones. But for long ages they have had to work in secrecy and silence, dropping hints, like precious pearls, far and wide apart, into minds prepared to receive them. Such minds of larger vision have attempted synthesis and have found that certain facts dovetailed with others. Those who followed, using their findings, have carried further the reconstruction of a portion of the Plan. The work of none is independent of his predecessors' efforts, and so the credit for no achievement belongs wholly to one man.

This continuity of knowledge and this interlinking of effort and of thought afford most powerful proof of human unity. So the harmonious Pattern, still only dimly sensed but gradually re-emerging ever farther into public ken, bears its own evidence, beyond gainsaying, that the world is one. Science has discovered many parts and correlations of that Pattern since Isaac Newton's day. But each is still only a rediscovery, a restoration of the lines perceived how many ages since!

THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE

[THE FIRST PART of this long article by **Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita** of the Triyana Vardhana Vihara, Kalimpong, appeared in May. There he dealt with two of the four *viparyāsas* or mental "perversities." In this second part he deals with the other two — the tendencies to forget that all component things are subject to decay and that among them no untrammelled happiness is possible but pain must lurk near all pleasant experiences.—ED.]

II

"Sabbe sankhārā anattā." From the impermanence of the conditioned to its insubstantiality is a short step; so much so that to penetrate at all deeply into the former is ultimately to find oneself in the midst of the latter. Like other doctrinal formulæ, that of the three marks is by no means best understood when understood most literally, and it would be well to remind ourselves that in it we have to deal, not with three distinct properties of the conditioned, but rather with so many ways of penetrating into its true nature.

One of the most convenient methods of making the transition from *anitya* to *anātman* is by considering the notion of change. We say, "The leaf changes from green to red." In terms of the traditional grammatical-cum-logical analysis this is a sentence-proposition predicating in a certain subject-substance the succeeding of one attribute by another. Such an analysis implies that in some sense it is possible for a substance to exist without its attributes — that a leaf can hang on a tree without being red or green or yellow or blue or any other colour. In *what sense* this is possible has not always been clear, though. Quite a number of philosophers have treated what is evidently a purely linguistic convention, useful enough as a means of facilitating the acquisition of a language, as a real distinction between things. An extraordinarily large number of philosophical and religious doctrines are in fact based on this fallacy, including the conception of God as Absolute Being (that is, as being abstracted from all particular existent things), of the individual as embodying an immortal soul or changeless self independent of the sum-total of psycho-physical states, the dogma of the Trinity (unity of Godhead or substance distinct from plurality of persons), and the dogma of Transubstantiation (change of the substances of bread and wine into the flesh and blood of Christ while their accidents remain unchanged). Other philosophers have sought to evade the obvious difficulties of real-

ism by maintaining that the distinction between a substance and its properties is conceptual, that it exists, but only in thought.

Buddhism, however, goes to the root of the matter and declares (as modern studies in the subject have established) that a phenomenon viewed dynamically is the totality of "its" conditions and viewed statically the totality of its parts, and that over and above these conditions and parts no phenomenon exists. Abstracted from its green and red colour a leaf is not an independent entity but only a name. When it changes its colour what really happens is that, as the traditional formula would have it, in dependence on a green leaf a red leaf arises. This does not mean that the green leaf and the red are discrete, much less still that one is the "cause" of the other, for the change from green to red is a continuous process. What it really means is that while the first *lakṣaṇa* affirms only that all conditioned things change, the second *lakṣaṇa*, penetrating far deeper, affirms that there is nothing which changes. To abstract the "thing" which is changed from the process of change itself and set it up as an independent entity upon which change impinges, as it were, from outside is fallacious.

The difference between *anitya* and *anātma* can also be expressed by saying that whereas according to the former the conditioned changes, according to the latter it *is* change — the implied distinction between subject and predicate, substance and attribute, being merely verbal. Further, since the change is continuous we are not to think of conditioned *dharmas* as entities lying as it were in a row side by side. They are in fact only so many sections marked off in the continuum of conditioned existence. In other words, the existence of the *dharmas* into which Buddhism resolves the so-called personality is in the final analysis as much nominal as that of the personality itself. This understanding receives explicit formulation in the doctrine of the twofold *nairātmya*, of *pudgalas* and of *dharmas*, advanced by the Mahāyāna to counteract the pluralistic realism of the Sarvāstivāda, an influential early Hīnayāna school, which, while agreeing that personality, as a congeries of conditioned *dharmas*, exists only nominally, maintained that the substance of these *dharmas* persists unchanged through the three periods of time. Such a position, as its critics saw, and as from the positiveness of their denials we may infer even the Sarvāstivādins felt, logically results in a species of substantialism. Occasional deviations of this kind apart, Buddhist thought as a whole adhered faithfully throughout the long course of its development to the strict nominalism inherent in its doctrine of

insubstantiality, for which reason it was able, not only to root out from the minds of its true followers the last vestige of attachment to self, but also to remain free from the sort of confusions which arise from the uncritical assumption that the structure of reality must conform to linguistic usage.

The meaning of *anātma* is by no means exhausted, however. As we have seen, not only the conditioned, but also the Unconditioned, is insubstantial. But in what does its insubstantiality consist? Conditioned things are *anātma* because they are no more than the totality of their constituent parts or functions and because, when they change, there is nothing which changes apart from the process of change itself. But the Unconditioned, the *asaṁskṛta* or uncompounded, is by definition impartite and unchanging. How, then, can it too be designated as *anātma*? On the face of it the term cannot be used in the same sense in both cases. The Unconditioned is *anātma* in the sense that it is *niḥsvabhāva* or devoid of determinate nature. It cannot be pointed out as this or that. All descriptions, such as that it is eternal and blissful, are true in the conventional sense only. In reality it is ineffable. Consequently it cannot be defined as existent, or as non-existent, or as both existent and non-existent, or even as neither existent nor non-existent. Carried to its logical conclusion, this means that it cannot be defined even as the Unconditioned, for such a definition limits it to being something other than the conditioned. Just as freedom, in order to be truly free, must liberate itself from the freedom that is opposed to bondage, so the Unconditioned, to be really such, must transcend the opposition between what is conditioned and what is not.

At this point the insubstantiality of the conditioned and the insubstantiality of the Unconditioned overlap. As we have already seen, the *dharmas* into which analysis resolves the so-called *pudgala* have themselves ultimately only a nominal, not a real, existence. Conditioned existence is in reality a pure continuum. The more deeply we fathom this continuum the more we realize that its true nature, too, is ineffable and that even as by penetrating into *anitya* we ultimately emerge in the midst of *anātman*, so by knowing the conditioned in its depth we know also the Unconditioned. Thus, although at the level at which the two orders are seen as different *anātma* is used in one sense for the conditioned and in another for the Unconditioned, at the level where this difference is seen to be nominal the two kinds of insubstantiality resolve themselves, on sufficiently deep analysis,

into a third, profounder kind. For *anātma* in this wider and deeper sense of the indescribable "thusness" (*tathatā*) which constitutes the ultimate reality of both conditioned and unconditioned *dharmas*, Mahāyāna thought generally appropriates the term *śūnyatā*, literally "Voidness." Nirvana, the fourth or supplementary *lakṣaṇa*, broadly coincides with the Unconditioned as cessation of the conditioned and hence as the goal of their aspiration for those to whom the surface of conditioned existence appears as permanent, pleasant and real.

"Sabbe saṅkhārā dukkhā." Though all the characteristics present difficulties to those who seek to understand Buddhism from a point of view other than its own, it is with regard to the statement that all conditioned things are suffering — corresponding to the second *viparyāsa* and the first Āryan Truth — that they are apt to become most acute. On account of this characteristic do its critics complain that Buddhism is morbid, pessimistic, cynical, a lover of the shady side of the street, the enemy of harmless pleasures, an unfeeling trampler on the little innocent joys of life. At the same time they are confounded by the indisputable fact that the peoples of Buddhist lands seem happy; and often the more Buddhist the more happy. Some try to explain the anomaly as simply a case of Far Eastern cheerfulness breaking in through the Indian gloom of Buddhism; others dismiss it with irritation as a sheer perversity. In either case the critics remain uncomfortably aware of a plain contradiction between what they represent as the pessimistic principles of Buddhism and its optimistic practice. According to them, apparently, Buddhism being a pessimistic teaching, its followers ought always to look sad.

In reality Buddhism is neither pessimistic nor optimistic. If compelled to label it in this way at all we should borrow a word from George Eliot and call it melioristic; for though asserting that conditioned existence is suffering it also maintains, as the third Āryan Truth teaches, that suffering can be transcended. The mistake of the critics lies in assuming that according to Buddhism the conditioned is painful *under all circumstances and from all points of view*. Despite the loftiness of its thought, however, Buddhism is not so absurdly remote from ordinary human life as to deny that for the average man a glass of beer, an evening with his girl friend or a new motor car are pleasant things. What it does is to point out that life also contains a number of undeniably unpleasant things, which nobody would ever pretend were enjoyable, such as old age, disease, death, being separated from what we like

and associated with what we dislike. The latter make up the dark, painful side of existence which most of us do our best to ignore, and it is because we act in this ostrich-like fashion, not because, as sometimes alleged, it considers pain more real than pleasure, that Buddhism recommends various spiritual exercises which by bringing this dark side of life more prominently into view will give us a less one-sided picture of existence. Having done this, it goes a step farther and points out that the pleasant things and the painful things, the sweet and the bitter experiences of life, are interconnected, so that it is impossible to enjoy the one without having to suffer the other.

This is not to say merely that a glass of beer may result in a headache, a girl friend prove unfaithful or a ride in a new motor car end in a hospital, though of course all these things may happen. Pleasure and pain can be connected in much subtler ways than this. The repressed awareness that we are enjoying ourselves at someone else's expense, as nearly always is the case, gives rise to an unconscious sense of guilt that spoils the enjoyment. Pleasant things are tied up with worry and anxiety, because we are afraid of losing them. Enjoyable experiences, whether of body or mind, strengthen our attachment to the psychophysical personality that is the basis as much for suffering as for enjoyment. Moreover, pleasures differ not only in kind but in degree of intensity, and what was once pleasant may become less pleasant, or insipid, or even positively painful, in comparison with something more pleasant, or within the context of a wider range of experience. Vajrayāna tradition recognizes four stages of bliss: that arising from the senses (*ānanda*), from the *dhyānas* (*paramānanda*), from the attainment of Nirvana (*viramānanda*), and from the realization of the non-duality of the conditioned and the Unconditioned (*sahajānanda*, literally "congenital," *i.e.*, innate or natural bliss). On experiencing the bliss of a higher, one naturally loses interest in that of a lower, degree of intensity. Thus, although not maintaining the absurd thesis that all conditioned things are painful under all circumstances and from all points of view, Buddhism certainly does most vigorously maintain that no conditioned being can be pleasant under all circumstances and from all points of view.

It goes even farther than this. It maintains that even if one could carve out from the variegated web of life the bright parts of the pattern, leaving aside the dark, and assemble them into a single blaze of unmitigated brightness, the resultant experience would not even then be one

of unmixed enjoyment. In the depths of the heart there would remain a void which no conditioned thing, but only the Unconditioned, could fill. This profound truth is echoed at a lower, theistic level of thought by St. Augustine's famous apostrophe, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee." It is illustrated by Goethe's great and complex philosophical poem *Faust*, wherein the hero promises his soul to Mephistopheles if he can give him one permanently satisfying experience:—

> And heartily
> When thus I hail the Moment flying:
> "Ah still delay — thou art so fair!"
> Then bind me in thy bonds undying.
> My final ruin then declare.

Knowledge, love, wealth, power, fail to pass the test. Like Māra in the scriptures, Mephistopheles has at his disposal only conditioned things. The Unconditioned, which alone can satisfy the deepest longings of the human heart, is beyond his power, and Faust therefore never pronounces the word that would seal his doom. What the third *lakṣaṇa* really means is, in positive terms, that Nirvana alone is peace, and, negatively, that conditioned things are painful because we seek in them for that absolute bliss which only the Unconditioned can bestow and have, therefore, inevitably to experience disappointment and frustration.

To learn to see the conditioned as ugly, impermanent, insubstantial and painful, instead of as the opposite, is not, of course, the work of a day. It can be thus seen only by means of *prajñā* or wisdom, a purely transcendental faculty that does not spring into existence all at once or by accident, but which has to be systematically nurtured, cultivated and developed on the twofold basis of an ethical life expressive of healthy mental attitudes, and a purified, concentrated and meditative consciousness. These categories, the first and second of which are covered by the terms *śīla* and *samādhi* respectively, together constitute the three great stages underlying all more detailed subdivisions of the Path of Enlightenment.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

SRADDHA AND JNANA

THE RELATION OF FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

[**Mr. Frank Fowler Conlon** is a graduate student and a member of the Department of History in the University of Minnesota, U.S.A. He offers a thoughtful commentary on the teaching of the *Gita* verses that appear at the head of his article. Faith is a mighty engine, of which we lose the benefit if we think of it as a resistance to reason in the sphere of reason. Mr Conlon emphasizes its place in bringing into action that perception which belongs to Man as an integrated being, not any one of his faculties —ED.]

The man of faith gets knowledge
Intent solely upon it, restraining his senses.
Having got knowledge, to supreme peace
In no long time he goes.

The man unknowing and without faith,
His soul full of doubt, perishes.
Not is this world, nor the next,
Nor bliss, for him whose soul is full of doubt.[1]

IN the fourth chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, entitled "Discipline of Knowledge," the above passage offers the vital key to the proper understanding of the means by which a man may fully realize the potential powers of knowledge or *jñāna* in attaining the ultimate goal of complete freedom. The relation of *śraddhā* to *jñāna*, that relation of faith to knowledge, has continual significance in the understanding of the true message of the *Gītā*. Yet often it would appear that the nature of this relationship is obscured in inaccurate translations or interpretations. I have attempted to suggest an interpretation of the above passage which will agree with the total context of the *Gītā*.

The modern reader, especially in America, may receive an inaccurate view of the nature of the passage in several translations. For example, Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan's version as it appears in *A Source Book in Indian Philosophy* begins "He who has faith, who is absorbed in it...."[2] This suggests initially an idea that Radhakrishnan states elsewhere: "We must have a positive basis for life, and unwavering faith

[1] FRANKLIN EDGERTON (trs): *The Bhagavad-Gita*, Chapter IV, verses 39-40; Part I (Vol. 38 in "Harvard Oriental Series," Cambridge, Mass., 1944), p. 51

[2] SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN and CHARLES A. MOORE: *A Source Book in Indian Philosophy* (Princeton, N. J., 1957), p. 119.

which stands the test of life."[3] It is important to realize that within the *Gītā* faith, in itself, is not the end man should seek. Nor is faith merely a tool or mental trick which, by improving the individual's attitude, and thereby his social personality, will create a more pleasant atmosphere in his day-to-day life.

Rather, faith must be understood to be a necessary means to the greater realization of *jñāna* (knowledge), which is one of what Aurobindo has called "the two wings of the soul's ascent" towards complete freedom. Vinoba Bhave suggests the true nature of faith in his discussion of *karma-yoga*:—

> Action is... the wick of the lamp of knowledge.... When the inner feeling goes with the action, the latter is transformed into something unique. When the flame is applied to the wick in the oil, light is born.[4]

This inner feeling, this flame, is faith — a force that is absolutely necessary for the adequate grasping of the knowledge which may bring the individual closer to the goal of *mokṣa*. We must never forget that the knowledge the *Gītā* would have us seek is not just a product of human intellectual exercise, but is far above and beyond that range, transcending individuality and possessing a quality of the infinite. "*Jñāna* as wisdom is free from doubts while (in) intellectual knowledge where we depend on sense data and logical inference, doubt (and) scepticism have their place."[5] Aurobindo suggests that *jñāna*

> is the light by which we grow into our true being, not the knowledge by which we increase our information and our intellectual riches; it is not scientific or psychological or ethical or æsthetic or worldly and practical knowledge. These, too, no doubt help us to grow, but only in the becoming, not in the being; they enter into the definition of Yogic knowledge only when we use them as aids to know the Supreme, the Self, the Divine....[6]

The faith necessary for gaining wisdom and true knowledge is not a blind belief, but rather lies within the aspirations of the soul to gain the highest wisdom. Without the realization that this faith is tied both to ritual and to the perfection of attitude, we cannot begin to comprehend the necessity for completely giving up one's self to the pursuit of the higher forms of knowledge which will lead eventually to complete

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[3] SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN: *The Bhagavadgita* (New York, n.d.), p. 172.
[4] ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE: *Talks on the Gita* (New York, 1960), p. 53.
[5] RADHAKRISHNAN: *The Bhagavadgita*, pp. 171-172.
[6] SRI AUROBINDO. *Essays on the Gita* (New York, 1960), p. 182.

freedom. Thus, the "man unknowing and without faith" may indeed perish and not attain the ultimate goal, the bliss of *mokṣa*, the bliss of freedom, either in this world or the next. The doubter perishes for his lack of faith. While doubt and scepticism have definite values in the lower orders of worldly intellectual knowledge, still they are transitory in nature, and are seen in the *Gitā* as stumbling blocks and obstructions. For in higher knowledge perhaps the vital kernel of the *jñāna* is not a balancing and weighing of truth and error, but rather is a constantly progressing realization of the revealed truth. In intellectual knowledge there always appears "a mixture of falsehood and incompleteness" which has to be removed by "subjecting the truth itself to sceptical inquiry." In the higher realm, however, falsehood by definition will not enter, and

> that which intellect contributes by attaching itself to this or that opinion cannot be got rid of by mere questioning, but will fall away of itself by persistence in realization.[7]

Whatever inconsistencies appear to the individual's mind may be explained not by questioning the basic roots of that knowledge which has already been attained, that is to say, revealed, but rather by accepting the revealed knowledge and proceeding further, full of faith, toward a more complete and satisfying realization, "through a deeper, higher and wider living within the Spirit."

This is not a process akin to empirical problem-solving — there is no puzzle or riddle which will be dispatched by a quick and clever answer. The realization of such potent knowledge is a complex and necessarily lengthy process for most men — perhaps even spanning more than one lifetime. Certainly the fundamental *śraddhā* or faith must be held in patience and devotion, for *jñāna* cannot be acquired merely through the exercise of the intellect. In fact, it might even stand in opposition to ideas and concepts in which "reason" and logic become entangled. The *jñāna* which must be sought with faith is not a truth that is to be proven empirically, but instead must be lived inwardly. The truth must encompass the individual in all things — a greater reality into which the individual must grow.

The "man unknowing and without faith" cannot really attain a truly satisfactory role, even in this life, for nothing of a decisive nature may be achieved in this world — even on the most prosaic levels, and certainly not in the realm of progress toward the realization of complete

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 183.

freedom for the soul — without faith. "The merely sceptical mind loses itself in the void."[8]

Why is this all-pervading faith necessary for the true and complete comprehension of *jñāna*? It lies within the very nature of *jñāna* and creates the definitive outlines of *śraddhā*. For *jñāna* has such potentials that Krishna can tell Arjuna that even if he be the worst of all sinners, "merely by the boat of knowledge all (the 'sea' of) evil shall thou cross over."[9] The scope of *jñāna* is actually beyond the pale of empirically testable definition.

> It is in itself a self-existent truth and would be self-evident if it were not for the sorceries of ignorance in which we live; the doubts, the perplexities which prevent us from accepting it and following it, arise from that ignorance, from that sense-bewildered, opinion-perplexed heart and mind, living as they do in a lower and phenomenal truth and therefore questioning the higher realities.[10]

The means to an adequate realization of the truth of *jñāna* must arise from something which is vitally a part of man's greatest potentials, the "inner feeling," the flame of faith.

FRANK FOWLER CONLON

THE MIND'S WINDOW

Sometimes a mist
Or torrential rain
Obscures the view
Beyond your pane.

Shut in by walls
Of selfhood, I
Yearn for expanse
Of earth and sky.

Then, gradually,
Oh, blessed sight!
Your pane grows clear,
Lets in the light.

HERBERT BLUEN

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[8] *Ibid.*
[9] EDGERTON (trs.): *The Bhagavad-Gita*, Chapter IV, verse 36, p. 51.
[10] SRI AUROBINDO: *Essays on the Gita*, p. 183.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

[**Dr. Indra Chandra Shastri, M.A., Ph.D.,** has already contributed more than one scholarly article to our pages. In this one he describes that inner attitude which is necessary to a spiritual aspirant, and he does so using mainly the exhaustive Jain classifications on the subject.—ED.]

RIGHT ATTITUDE (*Samyak Darshan*) is the first and foremost qualification of an aspirant. Whether the aim is mundane or supermundane, the goal material or spiritual, it is important as a requisite of success. Every system of religion has prescribed it as the starting point of the spiritual journey. It consists in the right selection of, first, the ideal; secondly, the preceptor, one who can show the way in both theory and practice; and, thirdly, the way itself. In the solutions of political, social and other problems also it holds an important function.

The Vedanta prescribes the following four requisites for an aspirant:

1. Perception of the distinction between what is permanent and what is temporary. In the field of valuation, this is the distinguishing of permanent values from temporary ones.

2. Detachment from all objects of the temporary values, attainable in this world or in the next.

3. A calm temperament, undisturbed by external effects, which consists of: (i) mental equilibrium, (ii) control of sensual desires, (iii) being unaffected by external inducements, (iv) tolerance and fortitude in hardship, (v) concentration and (vi) faith or devotion.

4. A desire for release (*mukti*).

Of actions, Vedic tradition mentions three types:

1. The actions to be performed as daily or occasional duties, such as daily prayers or purificatory baths to be taken on certain occasions. These acts do not yield any positive result but neglect or non-performance of them is a sin. They protect the person from the accumulation of new "dirt" obscuring the spiritual qualities.

2. Acts performed with a particular motive, such as the sacrifices performed for obtaining kingdom, wealth, progeny, etc.

3. Acts prohibited by the scriptures, which bring sin to the doer.

The aspirant is required to give up the last two types and continue the first for long. Gradually his heart will be purified and he will have an inclination towards higher values. His aim will shift from the temporary to the permanent.

Patanjali compares the mind to a river having a shifting current.

Sometimes the current is directed towards lower values and sometimes towards the higher values. There are five states of mind, of which the first three express the lower tendency and the remaining two the higher. The first three are: (1) the state of engrossment in external objects; (2) the state of ignorance or obscurity; and (3) the state of fluctuation when the mind is unsteady, inclining sometimes inward and sometimes outward.

The two higher states are: (1) the state of concentration and (2) the state of control when the mind is absolutely free from thought.

Buddhism describes the two groups of states as respectively that of a layman (*puhujana*) and that of one who has entered the current of higher values (*sotapanna*).

In Jainism the right attitude has been described elaborately. Its constituents, causes, perversions and other things have been discussed in detail. This is useful to an ordinary aspirant also. According to Jainism, the right attitude has two aspects — the internal and the external. The internal aspect is related to the requisite purification of soul.

The soul is compared to a traveller wandering in the forest who has lost his way. Sometimes he is far from the path and sometimes comes near and enters its borders without realizing it. In spite of a physical contact with the path he is not conscious of it; consequently the next moment he loses it and goes astray. Perchance it happens that when he enters the border through the instruction of a preceptor or the direction of his inner voice he comes to recognize the path. This is quite a new incident in his career. Jainism analyzes this process into three "feats." The first is "the accidental feat" (*Yathāpravratikaran*), *i.e.*, touching the path accidentally without consciousness of it. The second is "the novel feat" (*apurvakaran*), one which was never experienced before. The third is "the feat of non-return" (*anivratikaran*), when the aspirant is fixed on the path and cannot be misled.

This is possible only when the *karmas* or the matter polluting the soul are reduced to within a reasonable limit. This pollution is known as *moha,* illusion, or perversion, which is again divided into two, *viz.*, perversion in attitude and perversion in conduct. The latter is elaborated into four types of passions: anger, conceit, crookedness and greed. Only when the effect of the two types of *moha* is reduced to below a certain maximum, and the inner light of the soul therefore begins to pierce it with its rays, does the right attitude dawn.

The external form of right attitude consists in three "adoptions":

of a right ideal; of a right preceptor and of the right path. In Jainism the ideal is represented by the perfect soul free from the obscuring, debasing or weakening pollutions. This ideal is personified by the *Arihanta, i.e.*, the perfected soul in physical existence, and the *Siddha, i.e.*, the same out of physical existence. The right preceptor is not only cognizant of the way but is a traveller on it who has renounced all other ambitions and activities and made this journey the sole aim of his life. He voluntarily imposes on himself all the disciplines, restrictions and rigours required for progress in that journey. The path is that taught by the perfected souls, those perfect in knowledge and perfectly free from attachment and hatred or other passions.

Though Jainism also deteriorated later into a sect and the above three constituents of right attitude were identified with particular personal beings, in the beginning they were stated in a form absolutely free from that bias. Pure Jainism is the worship of pure principles, unalloyed and unbiased. The Jain hymn of salutation recited at the beginning of every auspicious undertaking is free from any personal name. Out of the five salutations mentioned in it the first two go to perfected souls and the remaining three to the followers in that journey in their different functions.

The effect or creative power of the right attitude varies according to the strength of faith and detachment from lower values. Three types of faith are distinguished according to their comparative creativity.

1. Creative (*kārak*). The faith or attitude which impels a person to action. Action is the standard by which to judge the strength of belief. If we sincerely believe in an idea, we must act accordingly; otherwise we lack in belief.

2. Appreciative (*rochak*). The inclination towards a noble object to the extent of mere commendation. The person with this type of faith tries to induce others to act and puts the proposal forward in an attractive manner, but he himself is not impelled to act. We might compare him with an artist who can move the audience with music, dance, dramatic acting or some other performance full of pathos but who is unmoved himself. Much modern leadership can be thus classed.

3. Illuminative (*dipak*). A lamp shows the path to others but itself does not get any profit. Similarly, a person who can explain the subtleties of the spiritual path to others, who helps others in the journey by illuminating the path, without moving himself, belongs to this type. It is mere scholarship without life.

There are five perversions of attitude obstructing the way to righteousness. As a matter of fact, they are mental weaknesses.

1. The perversion of attaching secondary importance to righteousness (*ābhigrĕhic*). Many persons adopt the path of righteousness for some other ulterior motive. To adopt a principle to please an influential person, for wealth, for fame or for any other motive except the principle in itself is a perversion of this category. Religious systems have adopted the method of inducement in their propagation. They pointed out the future pleasures of heaven and this world as the result of their renunciation in this life. The person was promised hundreds of beautiful damsels as the result of celibacy in this life. A drunkard was promised a heaven where fountains of wine are flowing. These inducements divert the attention of the aspirant from the supreme values to lower desires. Similarly to adopt political life not as a career of service to the nation but with a view to occupying chairs, gathering influence or with some other ulterior motive is a perversion of this type.

3. The perversion of egotism (*abhiniveshic*). To follow a path merely to satisfy an egoistic temperament. A person knows that the path adopted by him is wrong. Yet he sticks to it because any change hurts his sense of pride. This perversion is common among religious preachers in high positions who continue the same preaching even after ceasing to believe its truth. It requires great courage to correct oneself, particularly in an esteemed position after the accumulation of fame and popularity. It is really a tragedy that the person, though aware of his mistake, is not allowed to correct himself. This is why the seeker of truth is enjoined to run away from fame or other egoistic fascinations.

4. The perversion of doubt (*sāmshayic*). To be continually doubtful in mind, without resolution or determination leading to action. The progress of a person with this perversion is hampered by fluctuations. He does not gather enough force to rise to his feet and move.

5. The perversion of undeveloped consciousness (*anābhog*). This is found among the animals, who are devoid of any consciousness of lower or higher values, creatures of instinct.

Jainism holds further that knowledge without a right attitude is a perverted knowledge and conduct without it is a perverted conduct. Knowledge is no doubt a power which can be used for a good as well as a bad purpose. When the object is bad, the power or instrument leading to its attainment also comes in the same class. Similarly if a power is used for a good purpose, it becomes good. Power in the hands of a devil

is known as *āsurī shakti* (devilish power) and the same in the hands of a god becomes divine (*daivī shakti*). Thus the perversion or purity of knowledge is not intrinsic but pragmatically determined, according to the attitude of the knower. The same rule applies in the case of conduct also. Thus attitude is the main standard of valuation. A person with the right attitude but devoid of knowledge and conduct shall get them in due course, but the person far advanced in knowledge and conduct but with perverted attitude may or may not reach the right attitude. In other words, sincerity of purpose, purity of aim and a sense of correct valuation are the foundation of individual as well as national character. Any nation without this sincerity may express its religiosity in high-sounding terms but cannot make any real progress. A religious preacher may possess a beautiful art of expression but cannot purify himself without this sincerity. And scholarship without it is merely a tormenting of words.

I. C. SHASTRI

PERENNIAL MUTINEER

The infinite precision of the mind of God
The prismed luminosity — the plumb-lined depths —
The ape, the atom, and the diametric spheres
Pin-pointed in the All-Pervasive-Consciousness;
And frustrate man, perennially the mutineer,
Strutting his insignificance — straining to usurp —
Reducing the immeasurables to his dimension —
A barbed-wire fence and neon sign for every sun —
His blare and glare blot out alike bird song and stars.

DOROTHY ELLIN FLAX

FROM RELIGION TO HUMANISM

[**Shri Noshir Bilpodiwala** is a young Field Officer in the Life Insurance Corporation of India at Poona. He finds the human side of his job profoundly interesting and has no regrets at having taken it up at an early age. He is also drawn to the Sarvodaya aspect of Gandhian thought and influenced by Acharya Vinoba Bhave. He contributes frequently to *Bhoodan, Mira* and other journals.

This essay is interesting for its fresh feeling and plain speaking. Shri Bilpodiwala's "humanism" is, of course, simply a concern for human good irrespective of separative dogmas and extra-cosmic deities. He does not commit himself to the exact doctrines of the movement academically known as "humanism." He is profoundly right, in any case, in criticizing religious creeds for becoming theologies as opposed to philanthropy.—ED.]

THERE is a pretty little parable about a certain Guru and his two disciples who massaged his legs every night. After some years, a record of rights was established and one disciple took charge of the left leg; the other of the right. These legs now no more remained the Guru's; they became the sole monopolies of the two disciples. The legs were always referred to as the property of one of the disciples. One night, while massaging their "respective legs," the two disciples quarrelled over a petty matter. Hot words were exchanged and they came to blows. But these disciples were very brave. They did not hit each other. Instead the leftist took the rightist's leg, and gave it a sound thrashing. The other fanatic could not stand this insult; so he took the Guru's left leg and started beating it, saying: "here you so-and-so, tit for tat!" The poor Guru (who was sleeping) woke up with a start and then the disciples realized that they were hurting the Guru who had nothing to do with their petty quarrel.

This is, very likely, a fairy-tale and we need not believe it; but our religious fanatics are very much like these devout disciples. The Zoroastrian community is a small one, but its religious zeal is great. The missionaries din into our ears: "Christ is the only way! There is no salvation except through Him!" Some Christians, in fact, are more catholic than the Pope. Muslims are much the same. There are, of course, broad-minded exceptions, but, on the whole, religions have become chaos incorporated!

Teachings are forgotten; Prophets have become important. In their zeal and fanaticism people have forgotten that the Prophets were mere

signposts who showed the way. They stick to these signposts and worship them, instead of forging ahead on the beautiful paths that are shown. This is how every religion of the past has degenerated into dogmatism. It has been made essentially a theology, not philanthropy. It has more to do with ceremonies, temple-going, praying and several other superfluities. It is governed by superstitions which have nothing to do with right thinking. It has come to be indissolubly connected with a belief in the existence of a God. Superstitions and religions have usually gone hand in hand. But the impulse to participate in the struggle for human improvement is not dependent, as many instances indicate, on whether a man believes in the existence of a God or not.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave says: "Religion and Politics are out of vogue ... these are the days of Science and Spirituality." Religion and politics, the two monsters, have been the main sources of conflict;-religion, perhaps, more of the two! It has been maintained that "a man without religion is like a ship without a mast." Like many other proverbs this one has proved to be both faulty and dangerous. If there were only ONE religion on this earth, such a saying would have had its value, but we have been having so many "masts" and trying to break one another's, that the ship has begun to sink.

Once a person acquires a scientific attitude, dogma begins to melt like a piece of ice melting in the sun. The scientific attitude reverses the order of thought channels and introduces men to the rare process called "thinking." It is indeed a wonderful experience, for in this attitude, FACTS come first; then one employs his reason to draw inferences from facts. If there are no facts, there can be no useful concepts. The dogmatist on the other hand uses his reason to select or torture the facts in support of his ideology. Dogma comes first; facts afterwards.

Search after Truth, important though it be, is not the whole aim and end of life. The truth is not a mummified corpse to be placed in a museum when found, to be labelled, classified, catalogued and left in the holy books, dry and sterile. This is just what happened to the teachings of most of our religions and Prophets. Truth is something vital, which has to take root in men's hearts and bear fruits in their lives, before they reap the full reward of their search. An instinct, born out of the necessities of living in a world full of uncompromising soul searchers, tells us to beware of the citizens who go about with blueprints of THE TRUTH in their pockets.

It would, I should think, be in keeping with reality if religions

were to concentrate our powers upon that which is within our reach to do; and that is to make this world, with its tremendous potentialities for beauty and happiness, a place in which *every* man, woman and child will truly be able to say: "We are grateful that we live, for Life indeed is good."

There have been many superstitions connected with religion in the past as well as in the present. Many, for instance, have tried to prove, by means of a chain of reasoning concocted out of the Old Testament, not only that the rich nonconformist merchants were thoroughly virtuous but also that workers, peasants and, in general, all the poor were thoroughly vicious and so deserved the miseries they suffered. "The surprising thing about the industrial revolution," as Aldous Huxley says, "is not the bad behaviour of the entrepreneurs, but that they were so serenely convinced of their perfect goodness." This, one might say, was in the past; but let us take our sense of values at present. Ours is a society which honours the mill-owner growing on sweated labour but which is horrified by sexual impropriety. Our lopsided morality is such that a man might grind the faces of the poor under all sorts of pretensions; but so long as he leaves alone his neighbour's wife and daughter he is regarded as virtuous. This is not written to justify or advocate promiscuity. I am only emphasizing the fact that the exploiter is as immoral as the "sexploiter" and must be regarded as such.

> Every human life is a unique adventure [writes Sir Arthur Keith]! And if our stock of beliefs depends on the early pilgrimage we make, then there must be as many shades of beliefs as there are human beings.

As long as Man remains an enquiring animal there can never be a complete unanimity in our fundamental beliefs. Most men and women take the way in Life which happens to be open to them. They have neither the leisure nor the inclination to mark and digest the experiences which come their way. Only a few are free to select their paths and choose those which yield the richest harvest of experience. No creed is final. Every creed must grow and change as knowledge grows and changes.

The scientific attitude is not restricted to scientists only. It is now taken even by broad-minded theologians who have the truthfulness to see the wrongdoings of Religion. Dr. S. H. Miller, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, for example, says:—

> If religion is to have any real place in the modern world, it will have

to undergo a radical revolution. The only religion that counts is one which is radical enough to engage in the world's basic troubles. If it cannot do that, then it can do nothing to merit God's concern or the world's respect. (Quoted from *Sarvodayanagar*, July 1961)

It is a welcome sign to see that the younger generation is not inclined to accept any religion in the old groove of thought. Reason demands that we now follow just One Religion — and that is the religion of humanism.

NOSHIR BILPODIWALA

LINEN AND INKHORN THE WRITER

Testing words against the teeth of experience
Turning them within his mouth
His tongue tastes afresh his language
Made young with new meaning.
He lisps with wonder speech which lends
His lips the sweetness of sense released.
By the delicate embroidery of ink,
The silken thread of thought,
He articulates the wholeness of the page;
Uniting in the beauty of pattern,
Plain cloth and intricate desire
He works the miracle of metamorphosis.
Relations are created and cherished
With words. Words are presences.
They witness what we signify. We
Keep the words of those we care for:
What we are to each other
Is the import of all speech.
The word is recognition; the word is realization.
Words assess. The way of the word
Is beyond our comprehension.
It wears away the fetters of spirit.
The spoken word brings song to birth:
The written word can wait and work.
Skies fill with light, fields brim with grain,
Lakes rise with water. Light spills
From skies, grain bursts from fields.
Waters overflow. Language,
Welling on the lips of living men,
Issues from the inkhorn of linened scribes.

LILA RAY

JOHN DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

[**Shri Shamsuddin, M.A., B.T., M.Ed.,** is particularly interested in the problems of education and has contributed essays on the subject to several periodicals. His simplified outline of John Dewey's theory of education will be of interest especially to the layman As a metaphysic, pragmatism has limitations that have been widely debated; but it is beyond doubt that Dewey's respect for the child as a learner and his firm grasp of the necessary relation between educational conditions and social reality are virtues needed in any system, to whatever more transcendent wisdom it hopes to open a path for its pupils.—ED.]

AMONG those responsible for shaping the system of American education, two names stand foremost. They are John Dewey and Horace Mann. Neither of them, single-handed, altered the educational scene. Together, they formulated some of the major philosophical concepts which underlie the whole system of education in America. In fact Horace Mann, a lawyer who later turned educator, laid the foundation upon which John Dewey erected the structure of the system of education.

John Dewey, whose books have been published in many lands and languages, is essentially a pragmatist and an experimentalist. He is extremely practical in thinking and is mainly concerned with practical success in life. He defined the educational process as one of continuous growth, and said:—

> Infancy, youth, adult life — all stand on the same educative level in the sense that what is really learned at any and every stage of experience constitutes the value of the experience and in the sense that it is the chief business of life at every point to make living thus contribute to an enrichment of its own perceptible meaning....

Regarding the purposes of education he further said:—

> Government, business, art, religion, all social institutions have a meaning, a purpose. That purpose is to set free and develop the capacities of human individuals without respect to race, sex, class economic status. And this is one with saying that the test of their value is the extent to which they educate every individual into the full stature of his responsibility. Democracy has many meanings, but if it has a moral meaning it is found in resolving that the supreme test of all political institutions and industrial arrangements shall be the contribution they make to the all-round growth of every member of society.

To John Dewey, philosophy is not merely a passive contemplation but something which helps to solve the problems of life. To him "Truth" or "Reality" is not abstract but something closely related to man and his life in social environment. It works in life and satisfies man's wants. In his opinion, there are no absolute moral principles or fixed values of life. Being created by men, they go on changing. Man thus becomes the experimenter and the creator of values. To do this successfully it is necessary that the individual should develop himself fully, not as a solitary self but as a social being. Dewey has also deep faith in democracy. which implies co-operative activity, group relationships and equal opportunities for all.

John Dewey defines education as "the development of all those capacities in the individual which enable him to control his environment and fulfil his possibilities" For him education means the realization of practical ends. He lays stress on two important aspects of education — one the psychological and another the sociological aspect. The first is concerned with the child, the study of his nature, interests and activities, and the second is concerned with the study of the social conditions in which the child's powers are interpreted. Thus Dewey emphasizes the study of the child through a social medium as he has to live in and for the society and his powers can be fully developed only in society.

Considering the aims of education, Dewey says that they cannot be decided beforehand and are not fixed in advance. They will differ from child to child. Education tends to make the life of the child richer and fuller. Thus Dewey claims education to be part of life itself and not merely a preparation for life.

Regarding the functions of education Dewey says that it fills the gap between the innate nature of the child and the social standards of life according to which he has to live. The main function of education therefore is to enable the child to live a socially desirable life. At first an attempt is made to study the innate impulses of the child and then after proper direction and guidance they are sublimated for the socially desirable life of the child. Thus the child learns to control his innate impulses as well as his environments, to form proper habits useful for life in society. In this way education takes the form of a process of continuous growth. This growth is from within the child and not imposed from above. The teacher only helps and facilitates the process. Dewey emphasizes one thing more, and that is the constant reorganization of human experiences according to the needs and demands of the changing

society and world. The ever growing personality of the child selects and reorganizes his ideals according to the needs of the time.

In Dewey's philosophy of education a school is not merely a place for imparting instruction to the child but something more important than this. It has to take the form of a social institution to help the child to grow social consciousness by its co-operative living. The training which the child gets at home is further enlarged and developed in school in a more scientific way and with better equipment. Thus the school is in continuity with the home and the family. The school has to plan its work in such a way as to create a social environment to afford social experience to the children. In this way the school also helps the society to attain its aims of modern life and progress. As regards the teacher's place in Dewey's scheme of education, it can be said that he is not prominent but still he is important in the whole process of education. He is not to thrust his personality and his ideals of life on the child but to maintain such a social order and create such an environment as to give natural guidance to the child's experiences.

In Dewey's scheme of education the curriculum is not something to be fixed in advance and rigidly forced into the children's brains. It is very informal and changes according to the needs and interests of the children. It reflects the social life and activities of the child and takes the form of conversation and communication, inquiry, construction and beautiful expression. Stress is laid not only on the intellectual side of the child but on the development of his whole personality. Knowledge is imparted not for its own sake but for the sake of the child's better life in society. The child is made to learn critical thinking and ability to reason out things. The subjects are not taught separately, independently of each other, but as closely correlated with each other in a whole knowledge.

As regards teaching method, Dewey replaces the word "teaching" by "learning." He believes in the activities of the child and his gaining of experiences for himself rather than in books and exposition by teachers. He lays greater emphasis on self-education, play and creative activities resulting in self-government and self-discipline. Co-operative living and group activities of children in Dewey's school of education help them to inculcate proper habits, interests, aptitudes and morals in themselves. Dewey's approach finds its best expression in the Project Method, which lays stress on the child's purposeful activity and learning for himself.

Dewey has also great faith in the principles of democracy. He says

that "every individual should have a share in determining the conditions and aims of his own work." He also advocates full freedom to the teacher in the organization and administration of the school and the methods of teaching. He desires that there should be free communication between the teachers and the parents through conferences and meetings. They should have free discussions and help each other in solving the common problems of the children.

In short John Dewey has advocated a philosophy of education which is needed today. The child is to develop into a self-directing personality, strengthening his powers to shoulder greater responsibilities of life in future. The pragmatic outlook of Dewey, if adopted intelligently, will really go a long way in realizing the real aims of education in the present-day world.

SHAMSUDDIN

A proper and sane system of education should produce the most vigorous and liberal mind, strictly trained in logical and accurate thought, and not in blind faith.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS PROTOTYPE

REFLECTIONS ON FICTION AND REALITY

[WE ARE GLAD to welcome again after some time an old and esteemed contributor, **Mr. R. L. Megroz.** His examination of the similarities and differences between Alexander Selkirk and Crusoe and his comments on the element of "unacknowledged fiction" in even biography and history are of much interest.—ED.]

WHAT is the difference between a "character" in fiction and a "real" person known to us, in actual life or as having actually lived in the past? This question is not easily answered. At least it proved difficult to me when articles and lectures were commemorating the tercentenary of the birth of Daniel Defoe (1660-1731).

To the literary historian Defoe is important as the influential first real journalist and first true novelist in English literature; he was also a perceptive and constructive forecaster of a more civilized society. But Defoe's fame is more widely based than these great achievements could account for. He became world-famous eventually for his romance about the "strange surprising adventures" of Robinson Crusoe.

His story of a castaway on a deserted island had precursors and was to have successors. I do not refer to mere imitations inspired by the popular success of *Robinson Crusoe,* success which led Defoe himself to follow up the original book with increasingly dull additions, full of piously Puritan moralizing. The solitary castaway story, involving some degree of religious allegory, was probably known first in the Orient, not improbably in India or the East Indies. A later version was the twelfth-century tale of Hayy ibn Yaqzan (Alive, Son of Awake), who grew up alone on his island and somehow acquired the highest degree of knowledge and wisdom. The tale was written by a Muslim scholar, Ibn Tufail, famous Wazir at the Court of the Caliph in Marrakesh. An English translation appeared in 1708. Defoe might well have read this example of the parables about man in solitude and it would have encouraged his tendency to moralize.

But another book undoubtedly triggered off in his professional writer's mind the idea of the "strange, surprising" adventures of a Robinson Crusoe. Defoe was fond of reading the literature of sailors' voyages to strange regions, and he would naturally have been interested in *A Cruising Voyage Round the World* by Captain Woodes Rogers, published in 1712; for this book became a more than nine days' wonder be-

cause of the true account in it of a Scots seaman rescued by Woodes Rogers' privateering expedition against the Spaniards in "the South Seas." The seaman, Alexander Selkirk, himself became a celebrity in London, when his commander introduced him to people like Richard Steele, the essayist.

Woodes Rogers questioned Selkirk when he had been taken off the island of Juan Fernandez (now called Mas-a-Tierra, in the Juan Fernandez group) 360 miles west of the Chile coast. He records the astonishment of the reconnoitring party when they saw the castaway on the beach — a "man cloth'd in Goat-Skins, who look'd wilder than the first owners of them."

Practically all the factual account of Selkirk's solitary life on his island reads like an original sketch for the "adventure" element in Robinson Crusoe; but the differences are usually significant. Defoe could freely invent and make his invention plausible, even convincing, by his perfectly suited prose style, even when he was ignoring probable or certain truth. An example of this is in Robinson Crusoe's loquacity after twenty-eight years on his island, the later years being with his faithful black Man Friday, who had to listen to the sermons. Woodes Rogers's observation on talking to Alexander Selkirk was that after being on his island alone for only four years and four months he was apparently losing the ability to speak properly.

Again, we are reminded of Crusoe when we read Woodes Rogers's report that Selkirk, on being marooned,

> had with him his Clothes and Bedding, with a Fire-lock, some Powder, Bullets, and Tobacco, a Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, some practical Pieces, and his Mathematical Instruments and Books.[1] He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against Melancholy, and the Terror of being left alone in such a desolate place.

But Defoe was all set to make the reader revel in a feast of acquisitiveness. Robinson Crusoe is the virtuous capitalist, as often imagined by his creator in more critical contexts, though what is meant by capitalism was only just developing, as if waiting for the start of the industrial revolution half a century later.

So Crusoe, unlike Selkirk, is not confined at the beginning of his solitude to a few personal belongings. Crusoe, for the trouble of collect-

[1] He was a qualified Sailing-Master —R L.M.

ing and fetching them from the convenient wrecked ship, has a pretty comprehensive range of goods, from food to tools and timber. One is strongly reminded of Defoe's real interest in trade, markets, shops and mercantile shipping as one rereads his hero's industrious collection of useful things.

Of course both Crusoe and Selkirk have to do some manual work, especially to secure good shelter, but later on Crusoe becomes something of a farmer, and his good use of some grain to grow increasing supplies is a typical Defoe story of industry and thrift.

The real man, Selkirk, reared in the industrious little fishing port of Largo, on the north coast of the Firth of Forth, where a local industry was getting salt from sea-water, complained of how badly for a long while he missed salt on his island, where both fish and goats were obtainable. He never attempted to make salt from the sea. While still despondent he made use of the ramshackle shelter that had been made years before by an American Indian who had also been left alone on the island.

Where it closely and obviously concerned his comfort and health, Selkirk could take trouble, but never more than was essential. When his boots were quite finished, though his father was a shoemaker and cobbler, he made no attempt to make any substitute footwear but went bare-footed. On his temperate island this was a help to his agility, which was such as to cause his rescuers astonishment. The wild goats (descended from domesticated animals left by previous visitors) frequented the high and rocky part of the island, but Selkirk, having used up all his gunpowder, soon was able to catch a goat with his hands and carry it down to his hut.

Being bare-footed was no doubt to Selkirk an almost pleasant reminder of childhood, but when he was picked up Rogers recorded that

> when his Clothes wore out, he made himself a Coat and Cap of Goat-Skins, which he stitch'd together with little Thongs of the same, that he cut with his Knife. He had no other Needle but a Nail; and when his Knife was wore to the back, he made others as well as he could of some Iron Hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon Stones. Having some Linen Cloth by him he sow'd himself Shirts with a Nail, and stitch'd 'em with the worsted of his old Stockings, which he pull'd out on purpose. He had his last Shirt on when we found him on the Island.

No less important were Selkirk's taming of some kids and rearing

domesticated goats, so that he had milk as well as flesh. Cats and rats brought to the island by other ships had increased greatly, and the rats quickly became a pest around and in his huts (he had eventually built a new one). So he tamed some of the cats also, and they kept the rats away. He enhanced the feeling of having company by singing and talking, and even pretending to dance with them.

The full story of Alexander Selkirk not only reveals him as a more interesting person than Robinson Crusoe but also includes dramatic experiences after his return home and receipt of a large sum as his share of prize money in the later part of Rogers's privateering expedition. As I noted long ago,[2] by keeping to the desert-island theme for his long romance Defoe soon exhausted the possibilities of psychological truth, though he enjoyed and made his readers enjoy extra invented details, and the startling intrusion of Friday. The poor black "heathen," who was to be taught by Crusoe, appears when Crusoe has been about fifteen years alone and had, according to Defoe, developed into a skilled and, one might say, wealthy agriculturist, an economist and a philosopher. In actual life Crusoe would probably by then have been as savage as Friday. So we can see that the parrot-like academic view of Defoe's story as being realism is a distortion: the popularity of *Robinson Crusoe* is due to the masterly presentation of prosaic fancy and "adventures," with two or three tense moments, such as Crusoe's discovery of the one footprint on the sandy shore.

By concentrating on the early eighteenth-century *Robinson Crusoe* romance, and the true biographical story of Alexander Selkirk, I realize that one gets only half-way to answering the question I started with. Defoe was perhaps the simplest of the great novelists, and in famous novels with more depth of characterization and many more characters it might be puzzling to estimate what is "real" or "true," and what is a kind of daydreaming and self-expression. This last would include most of the extremely popular but often quite bad and short-lived fiction. On reflection, however, it can be seen that the "truth" in the best novels of character must be in some degree an expression of the author's mind, and his chief characters will get their imaginative vitality through his deepest feelings or convictions. Among the evidence for this is the difference as a whole between the fiction of one author and another.

What we are pleased to call 'real life," seen actually as we go about, or in biography, is not necessarily any truer (and probably less true)

[2] *The Real Robinson Crusoe*, 1939.

than fiction that is imaginatively more sensitive and profound than Defoe's. How often do we discover that our own view of another person is very different from the view held by somebody else? Do we even know ourselves so surely? Let us never forget either the poet's comment on what it would mean "to see ourselves as others see us."

Anyhow it is undeniable that biography can distort the truth about a person as easily as any work of fiction. In fact the subjective element in biography, as in history, ensures that an element of unacknowledged fiction is always present.

R. L. MEGROZ

Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us — the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE ABIDING PROBLEMS*

VALUE JUDGMENTS comprise an area of human discourse which has proved itself among the least tractable to the linguistic analysis so fashionable among philosophers in our day. The theory of Kant remains a seminal exposition for those who find value judgments irreducible: he speaks for those in every age who find the moral imperative an ultimate feature of their environment, and who are willing to act upon the reality of its existence. Yet, of course, the monumental thought-system of Immanuel Kant cannot influence the reader without considerable effort on his part, and for this reason Professor Paton's *The Moral Law*, a new translation of Kant's *Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals*, is particularly welcome. The value of this work lies particularly in Professor Paton's useful and full (pp. 13-52) analysis of the argument, and also in his helpful notes and index It is altogether a very handy edition of a work which, since it first appeared in 1948, has established itself as an essential textbook for the student of philosophy and a sound presentation for the intelligent layman.

In his discussion of the moral law, Kant took his stand on certain fundamentals: that obedience to the moral law is to take action for its own sake, for its intrinsic goodness; that the will is autonomous, assenting to the moral law without any ulterior end; that moral judgments are universalizable with respect to the subject. The extent to which philosophical approaches to the question of morality have diverged since Kant's day is clearly revealed in Pepita Haezrahi's *The Price of Morality*, a work comprising a thorough, carefully-arranged and well-documented enquiry into the nature of "goodness," of right moral actions and decisions, in human affairs, and of connected philosophical problems.

From a treatment of the non-naturalist view of ethics, with particular reference to Moore's *Principia Ethica*, Miss Haezrahi turns to the naturalist and pluralist views. The limitations of a relativist and subjectivist approach to the understanding of goodness, depending on personal approval; the concern to establish the primacy of moral worth over all other values; a full discussion of the nature of values, as "correlates of judgments of approval" or "correlates of desire, will, and action"; and the conclusion that "the notions of 'good' and 'value' ... are incapable of supplying a self-sufficient and secure basis for a system of ethics," all deserve careful examination. The relationship between "good" and "right" is comprehensively examined with special reference to the systems of Sir David Ross and E. F. Carritt; pluralism is rejected in favour of the need for

> a satisfactory system of ethics constructed solely on the idea of "the right" ... a "pure" morality of right.

The major attempt at such a system

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* *The Price of Morality* By PEPITA HAEZRAHI (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd , London 286 pp. 1961. 35*s*.), *The Moral Law*: KANT'S *"Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals." A New Translation with Analysis and Notes.* By H. J. PATON. (Hutchinson University Library, London. 151 pp 1961. 12*s* 6*d*)

was made by Kant. His ethical notions are fully examined by the author, who carefully criticizes the shortcomings of such interpreters of Kant's thought as Rudolf Otto. Kant's problems and solutions are illuminated with references to the ideas of Rousseau, J. S. Mill and Sartre; many other aspects of twentieth-century thought, ranging from biblical theology to nihilism, are brought into the author's discussion of the central issues of morality.

It is a discussion notable for its imaginative approaches no less than for its comprehensiveness. Miss Haezrahi's treatment of the abiding problems of human existence can be read with profit by all those in Occident and Orient who seek to choose for themselves — as the author insists they must — a satisfying understanding of goodness and morality.

B. G. COOPER

Comparative Religion. By GEOFFREY PARRINDER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 130 pp. 1962. 16*s*.)

> Unless all existence is a medium of revelation no particular revelation is possible. ... Only if God is revealed in the history of Syrians and Philistines can he be revealed in the history of Israel.
>
> By the word of God — that is to say by Jesus Christ — Isaiah and Plato, Zoroaster, Buddha and Confucius uttered and wrote such truths as they declared. There is only one Divine Light, and every man in his own measure is enlightened by it.

These words of the late Archbishop Temple are among the many quotations from leaders of the whole family of living faiths used in this balanced and comprehensive book to show how the best-informed interpretations of those faiths make religion a power to unite, not divide, mankind. World harmony can only be achieved through religious faith, but it must be the true religion of an open, honest mind that is not directed to destroying what it cannot understand, but, in charity to all men and a desire for the truth of them, to seeking greater understanding of other beliefs and growing in awareness of the wide wonder of the One God's manifold revelation.

The Christian asks to be judged by the best in his faith. If he himself is true to it he must accord the same treatment to others. It is not for any to seek to reform another's religion but to recognize and applaud the reforms which are all the time being carried out from within.

What is needed at this challenging time of "the confrontation of religions" is not so much a new synthesis as a new outlook, which will wean men from talking about other faiths in terms of "we" and "they," and lead them to discuss the whole glorious diversity of God's colourful garden of beliefs in terms of "we" and "us."

D. S. MAXTED

The Upanishads, an Anthology. By D. S. SARMA. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. xvi+307 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00)

If the Upaniṣads mean to the Hindu the final phase of the Vedic doctrine (*Vedānta*), if a Schelling or a Schopenhauer finds in them satisfying answers to some fundamental problems in life, it does not mean that philosophy forms their entire content. Matters of minor importance abound in them, and these are "likely to puzzle and vex the modern reader" anxious to benefit from their main teaching. To weed

these out and preserve most of the passages therein of "deep insight, beauty of expression and profound understanding" is the object of the present anthology.

The famous *ten* Upaniṣads (*Daśopaniṣads*) are subjected to this treatment along with the *Śvetāśvatara*, and the Sanskrit text is accompanied by a fairly readable translation into English. The *Notes* at the end give explanations based on Śaṅkara's commentary on these Upaniṣads. In the valuable Prolegomena of the veteran author it is refreshing to find that he has at length realized the true spirit of Hindu tradition and modified many of his earlier views. The present reviewer in particular feels flattered by the endorsement here of some of his own efforts, for about two decades now, in his *Ātman* (Adyar, 1944) and elsewhere. Here is really an able and reliable introduction to the very foundations of all our philosophy. A few printing mistakes have crept in both in the Sanskrit and in the English portions, and these need correction. Adoption of the well-known system of transliteration would have helped the Western reader especially.

H. G. NARAHARI

Saint Francis of Assisi. By ELIZABETH GOUDGE. (Hodder and Stoughton, London. 287 pp. 1961. 3*s.* 6*d.*); *The Life and Thought of Kierkegaard for Everyman.* By JOHN A. GATES. (Hodder and Stoughton, London. 155 pp. 1961. 5*s.*)

No two men could be more dissimilar than Francis of Assisi and Soren Kierkegaard — the one reflecting the mediæval world, the other the modern; the one ascetic, yet enjoying the simple things of everyday life and joyous in religion; the other sharing the social amenities of his time but almost neurotically dwelling upon the darker experiences of the soul.

They are of course complementary and neither can be fully understood apart from his environment, circumstances and experiences. It is not enough to read the sayings of Francis and the anecdotes recorded by his followers or the books that Kierkegaard wrote. Miss Goudge and Dr. Gates enable us to know the men themselves and so to gain insight of more than a purely intellectual kind into their interpretations of human nature and of God. These authors have not been content to light upon interesting subjects and to throw off popular, superficial sketches which people read and forget. The two studies can indeed be read with ease and enjoyment, but they are contributions of permanent value for all who would appreciate the character, spirit and achievements of the saint and the thinker whose influence has become world-wide.

Both had a practical purpose, which was to enable common men to follow Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life. From the humble beginning that Francis made there grew a great movement within the Church, reaching out to the secular world, and Miss Goudge, being historically minded, provides us with a rich picture of what this meant in those early days. Kierkegaard, despite his own primary intention, has been regarded as the theologians' writer. But Dr. Gates, in his exposition and his careful selection from Kierkegaard's writings, makes us realize how much the layman also may find to stimulate and enlighten him.

BASIL A YEAXLEE

The Relevance of Whitehead: Philosophical Essays in Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Alfred North Whitehead. Edited by IVOR LECLERC. (The Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London; The Macmillan Company, New York. 383 pp. 1961. 42*s.*)

This substantial addition to the famous Muirhead Library of Philosophy is of a nature which is excellently indicated by its title. Its fifteen essays are related to one another only in so far as they are all in some way related to Whitehead, whether Whitehead be the object of interpretation, or the object of comparison, or the source of inspiration or direction. That the academic writers of distinction who contribute to the volume come chiefly from the United States, although also from Canada, England, Scotland, and Germany, makes one recall that Whitehead, at the age of 63, became Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, after retiring from the Chair of Applied Mathematics in the University of London.

The range, depth and audacity of Whitehead's thought; the length, indefatigableness and vast productivity of his life of intellectual adventure; and not least his faith in the subjugation of force by persuasion receive here impressive testimony, although little is said on his influential thoughts on education, despite a linguistic reference on p. 126, and an empiricist reference on p. 336, to his *Aims of Education* (1929).

The volume is a fitting commemoration of Whitehead by its scholarship and thought in the fields of metaphysics, epistemology, linguistics, philosophy of science, philosophy of history, æsthetics, ethics and theology. For in his Gifford Lectures, *Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology* (1929), Whitehead sought to expound his *Philosophy of Organism*, which would supplement a "criticism of detached questions" by "a more sustained effort of constructive thought" designed

> to frame a scheme of ideas, the best that one can, and unflinchingly to explore the interpretation of experience in terms of that scheme,

thereby also coming

> to construct a system of ideas which bring the æsthetic, moral, and religious interests into relation with those concepts of the world which have their orgin in natural science (Preface to *Process and Reality*).

But in this same preface Whitehead admits that, for all its realistic basis, his cosmology finally approximates to the absolute idealism of F. H. Bradley. This alone, evidently, must make him suspect to contemporary positivism. But today also our human world feels more threatened, and sees futility more ubiquitous, than in 1929. In the doctrine, therefore, that "the creative advance of the world is the becoming, the perishing, and the objective immortalities of those things which jointly constitute stubborn fact" (*Process and Reality,* p. ix), it might be expected to find something too obscure, and in any case too arid, for its spiritual salvation. In all the inventive and eloquent elaboration of this doctrine, in all the tormenting vagueness of its rich and magisterial context, even what might be finally interpreted as the main jewel might be found insufficient. It is doubtful whether *The Relevance of Whitehead* will do much to make its hero seem more convincing. But it should do much to reveal his inexpugnable relevance to the diverse streams of recent philosophy, and even to establish him as an intellectual giant.

M. KAYE

The Teachings of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi in His Own Words. Edited by ARTHUR OSBORNE. (Rider and Company, London. 200 pp Frontispiece. 1962. 21*s.*)

For fifty years Sri Ramana Maharshi was visited by Europeans, including many from this country, and an account of his teaching was given in a previous book entitled *The Collected Works of Ramana Maharshi* (Rider and Company). Mr. Arthur Osborne states that his object in this book is to build up a general exposition of the Maharshi's teachings by selecting and fitting together passages from conversations with him and extracts from the previous book.

In his preface Mr. Osborne gives us an account of the Maharshi's first mystical experience, when a youth of seventeen. It was an experience which had a lasting effect on him. Like many other moments of illumination it came to him after brooding on the subject of death, and on the nature of the "self." Death clearly entailed the disappearance of the body and of the mind.

> The body dies but the Spirit that transcends it cannot be touched by death . . I perceived directly, almost without thought-process [that] "I" was something very real, the only real thing about my present state, and all the conscious activity connected with my body was centred on that "I." From that moment onwards the "I" or Self focused attention on itself by a powerful fascination Fear of death had vanished once and for all Absorption in the Self continued unbroken from that time on

The first chapter of this absorbingly interesting book is devoted to the basic Hindu teaching of the greater "Self" (spelt with a capital). This is a Self which can be equated with pure consciousness. And this greater Self is the only Reality within ourselves. "It underlies all limitations." "It has no names or forms. . . . It transcends speech and is beyond description. . . ."

In so short a review as this one has to be it is impossible to do justice to Mr. Arthur Osborne's book. All that a reviewer is able to do is to recommend the book to readers of THE ARYAN PATH.

KENNETH WALKER

Precepts for Perfection: Teachings of the Disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. Compiled by SABINA THORNE. (Ganesh and Co., Madras. 234 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

This book is a rosary, as it were, of seven hundred brief precepts on religion and its practice by fourteen of Sri Ramakrishna's sixteen monastic disciples, three of his householder followers and his consort, Srimati Sarada Devi. Specially designed for the American devotees of the Master, it will certainly appeal to all who maintain an attitude of respect for every religion, never allow themselves to be swayed by the diversities of human tendencies and cherish eternal truth. The counsels are multifarious but whatever may be the theme, the language always is precise, simple, terse and homely. Each utterance is stamped unmistakably with the personality of the preceptor, each of whom under the watchful influence of the Master grew spiritually to his full stature, without distorting his individual temperament.

The sentiments collected together in this book are heart-warming. One would like to linger long over this definition of happiness: "Happiness is the reflection on the mind of our blissful or divine nature undisturbed by desires, passions or activities." A great man, according to one of the preceptors, is one who keeps calm in danger; has the power to say the right thing in the

presence of many people; in prosperity has forgiveness; in battle shows his prowess; in learning, desire; and is always intent upon doing good.

The chief merit of this absorbingly spiritual anthology is that it is ideally suited to all types of men — it has a message for all. To practise these precepts one must have devotion, love for truth and humility — "Be sincere in your practice, words and deeds — God wants sincerity, truthfulness and love."

The unostentatious get-up of the book has a charm of its own and the large type used is easy on the eyes. The unfamiliar Vedanta terms have generally been italicized upon first use. ("*Nirvikalpa samadhi*" on p. 21 certainly deserves this treatment.)

The book is meant rather as a guide to be picked up often and read, a maxim or two at a time, as the occasion demands, and will certainly convey to all weary and trouble-racked ones the encouraging message of secure hope.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

One's Own Good — And Another's. By DAVID MAURICE. (32 pp.); *The Four Sacred Shrines.* By PIYADASSI THERA (21 pp.); *How to Teach Buddhism to Children* By HELMUTH KLAR. (22 pp.); *The Greatest Buddhist Festival (Vesak)* By D. T. DEVENDRA. (14 pp); *The Light of Asia,* Books VI-VIII. By EDWIN ARNOLD. (61 pp.); *Women in Early Buddhist Literature.* By I. B. HORNER. (22 pp.); *Manual of Insight.* By LEDI SAYADAW. (87 pp.); *Advice to Rahula.* (40 pp.); *The Four Noble Truths.* By FRANCIS STORY, ANAGARIKA SUGATANANDA. (63 pp.). (Buddhist Publication Society, Kandy, Ceylon. 1961.)

One's Own Good is an excellent piece of writing. There is no room for wishful thinking here. The author has certainly succeeded in helping us to "formulate some thoughts on the real and lasting good of yourself and others, and of the Buddhist teaching thereon." *The Four Sacred Shrines* gives us information on the four important places to be visited in India by Buddhist pilgrims and tourists. The article includes historical notes on the Emperor Asoka, the work of British archæologists and the link between India and Ceylon In *How to Teach Buddhism to Children,* the author, a devout and learned follower of the Master's Teaching, has been able to write such an article from practical experience with his own children and "so of Western children in general." Parents and teachers should find sound guidance in this article. The pamphlet on the Vesak Festival is indeed a happy little article. D. T. Devendra tells us how the people of Ceylon celebrate the three important events in the life of the Buddha.

A little brochure gives us Books VI-VIII of the famous *Light of Asia.* Books I-V will be issued in due course, but in the meantime we can follow the Poet's inspiring rendering of the Teaching, which culminates in the Buddha's Enlightenment.

Women in Early Buddhist Literature was given as a lecture to the All-Ceylon Buddhist Women's Association, Colombo, in January 1961. The President of the Pali Text Society has set out some basic facts with regard to the social position of women in those far-off days in India. Many women entered the Bhikkhuni Order of Nuns (now unfortunately extinct) to seek for peace, self-mastery and the light of knowledge. About forty Nuns are said to have been contemporaries of the Buddha.

Manual of Insight is of course highly technical, dealing with the profound subjects of *Vipassanā Dīpanī* Great care has been taken over the translation from

Burmese. This valuable treatise should be of considerable help to those not familiar with the Pali language. It includes a summary of the lifework of the Venerable Sayadaw.

Advice to Rahula contains four discourses of the Buddha addressed to his son. Each discourse has an Introduction, followed by explanatory Notes on the Pali terms used in the discourses. A useful publication for self-study on the *Dhamma*.

The Four Noble Truths gives us the Foundations of Buddhism. The author has written very fully around the Four Noble Truths; a lucid and comprehensive essay.

SISTER VAJIRA

Nachiketā. By SUDHAKAR DIKSHIT. Hindi. (Chetana, Ltd., Bombay. 80 pp. 1960. Rs. 3.50)

"What happens after death?" is an eternal mystery which has troubled the enquiring mind ever since it started enquiring. The solution is not yet in sight in spite of the advancing strides of science. Man continues asking himself, "What is life?" "Must every good thing come to an end?" "Is there no stopping to this end?" — "*Kabhī kyā hogā ant anant?*" in Sudhakar Dikshit's words.

The self-same mystery is at the root of the spiritual lore of the seers of yore. It has been the pivotal theme of the *Upanishads*, especially of the *Katha Upanishad*, recording the dialogue between Yama (the god of death) and Nachiketā, the young son of the sage Vājaśravā. The rippling poem in Hindi under review has been inspired by this very *Kaṭha Upanishad*. It does not claim to be an exact translation of the original Sanskrit. It is merely an echo, an outcome of the response and appreciation of the author. His adaptation is to be taken as "a mere tribute of adoration, set in verse," "*padya-baddha śraddhāñjali mātra*," as the poet puts it. Being an artist as well, his appreciation has found expression in a few pictures, too, that illustrate the mystic poem. Two of them are particularly impressive: one depicting the stream of life, and the other of the universe, conceived, after the *Upanishads*, as a peepul tree upside down, the *ūrdhvamūla adhaśśākha aśvattha*.

Sudhakar Dikshit is to be congratulated on introducing this new vein into the growing body of Hindi literature. Even in the present-day glamour-ridden world there is no dearth of people who delight in such serious and soul-searching poems as the present one is.

B. CH. CHHABRA

The Tyranny of the Majority By E. W. MARTIN. (Pall Mall Press, London. 164 pp. 1961. 17*s*. 6*d*.)

Mr. Martin's theme is that, in our mass society, cultural, spiritual and business life is controlled by what he, rather confusingly, calls "the middle-class majority." This

> is engaged in persuading and hypnotizing the no longer poverty-stricken mass to believe in myths and accept false business standards to bolster up the cracking image of a secular and bourgeois society.

Since this means the imposition of conformity on the mass it is a tyranny but "opportunity for the renewal of democracy through the application of equality" remains. Such renewal "will be dependent on a movement towards radicalism." The urgent task is working out a "people's culture, to ensure that the worker is to take part in the mental

life of society."

These ideas are developed with a wealth of quotation, historical background and reference to authorities — especially de Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill (whom he reveres) and Marx (whom he sometimes misrepresents). He is excellent when discussing culture or nineteenth-century radicalism; weakest when assessing socialism or working-class organizations.

It is a stimulating book. Every page contains something to applaud, to quarrel with or to think about. So it is a pity that the lively profusion of ideas sometimes becomes disarray, and that some words, including "majority," are used in confusing and even inconsistent ways. More specific steps for combating his "tyranny" would have been welcome, and it is surely too easy an optimism to suggest — as he seems to on p. 153 — that it has only to be recognized to begin to yield.

H. J. FYRTH

The Greatness of Man: An Essay on Dostoyevsky and Whitman. By PERRY D. WESTBROOK. (Thomas Yoseloff, London. 175 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

The author of this frankly states in his Preface that there can be nothing new left to say about the two writers discussed: the Russian Dostoyevsky and the North American Walt Whitman. But, as he points out, there "is the newness of . . . first impact on each generation of minds." And on the preceding generations, too, so far as they are still alert and questing but have missed the two contributors to the world's literature and thought.

The ones who have missed, as well as those with most of their reading before them, are advised to read this Essay first, more especially in its study of Dostoyevsky, who may be not so well appreciated in Western Europe and the United States as Whitman. The general viewpoint of these two men does offer a definite hope for the future of humanity as it breaks away from old (but not always *ancient*) limitations of thinking, feeling and action.

Professor Westbrook points out that "love to Dostoyevsky and Whitman was the most powerful force in the world — more powerful even than hate." And he claims that what they say "must not be blurred by irrelevancies . . . Whitman's sexual orientation and Dostoyevsky's epilepsy." These should be seen apart from the spiritual love

I leave you to read the book.

E. V. HAYES

Jane Addams: A Centennial Reader. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 330 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. $6.00)

Social work has had a very patchy growth, but now it seems to be coming into its own, with the social worker being accorded something approaching professional status. It is, however, still suspect, and especially in the beginning the wrong sort of people were often connected with it. In many cases where such work was done from the starting point of "charity" — in the most superficial sense of that term — the results were often the opposite of what was hoped. It has been said that to expect gratitude for a kindness done is to ask for more than is given.

Jane Addams learnt all this, and more, in her pioneer work at Hull House in Chicago. The Social Settlement is her unique contribution to this developing science, and her paper, "The Subjective Necessity for Social Settlements,"

published in 1892, is a classic. In it she defines a Settlement as

> an experimental effort to aid in the solution of the social and industrial problems which are engendered by the modern conditions of life in a great city.

Jane Addams came from that upper-middle-class mould which seems to have produced so many of the best social workers. Her influence began to spread outside her immediate locality, and she became active in demanding legislation to curb such abuses as child labour and "sweat shops." In addition she grew sympathetic towards Trade Unionism, and eventually became a Pacifist, taking the leading part in establishing the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, a very fine organization still extremely active.

This book is useful for social workers of all nationalities and beliefs. It shows how effective social service can be, once it is liberated from the stigma of "charity," and is endowed with that openness of heart and mind which judges not, but ever strives to understand.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON

Poor Kit Smart. By CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN. (Rupert Hart-Davis, London. 200 pp. 1961. 16*s*.)

The madness of poets is a disquieting subject to contemplate, and not least for its uncertainty. Did these finely adjusted spirits really topple into the mental chaos that their humdrum contemporaries allege? Cowper and John Clare — despite the latter's luminous asylum poems — seem undoubted cases; Blake's madness consisted in a visionary expression too personal to be understood. But Christopher Smart has long been something of a mystery. The immortal "Song to David" was published after seven years in a madhouse; few knew what to make of it, and none knew from what deep brooding it emerged. The discovery in the 1930s of an incoherent liturgical fragment, "Jubilate Agno," confirmed — for a while — the verdict of total insanity. Its odd juxtapositions chimed like glorious nonsense to the uninitiated. (And that meant most of us.) In our own century James Joyce and Gertrude Stein were not put in mental homes; but Smart lived in the Age of Reason, when atom-splitting by poets, physicists or painters was yet unforeseen.

Scholars have censured Smart for alcoholism, exhibitionism and persecution-mania. Sir Russell Brain explained him recently as a cyclothyme. Father Devlin tackles the problem from another angle in his biographical study. He is competent, as few are, to interpret "Jubilate Agno" in the light of such intimacy with the Apocryphal books as Smart himself possessed. Many passages, so expounded, now yield a meaning that points to the fanatic rather than the lunatic. Religious fervour had produced obsessions of a divine and messianic mission. This was, to be "the Reviver of ADORATION amongst ENGLISH-MEN," and to replace the Roman by the Anglican Church — a conviction that led to a breach with his Catholic wife. A more appealing aim was to extend God's kingdom to the whole creation, so that animals, birds and flowers, and not least his worshipful cat Jeoffrey, shared the blessing. The finest features of his mania were to blossom in the triumphant "Song to David."

> Unfortunately [as Father Devlin comments], no sooner was it produced than he threw away his "Franciscan" gladness and began to assume the unnatural, wry-necked posture of the misunderstood prophet

For such a mind there could be no lasting peace. His outer life became

more troubled and penurious; his friends wrote him off despairingly, and he himself lost faith in his messiahship. The story is sad on any interpretation; but Father Devlin has approached it with so much intuitive sympathy that it appeals with a far deeper, closer sadness. We feel nearer to Smart and to humanity. The distintegrated mind is dead to thought, but the organism that can suffer, reason and aspire around its one half-glorious deception is a case that strikes home poignantly. There, but for the Grace of God — which Smart so coveted — go many of us, blindly, at all epochs, nursing the aberration without the genius. *Poor Kit Smart* is in size a modest volume, but its overtone and queries fill the air.

SYLVA NORMAN

Tennyson: The Growth of a Poet. By JEROME HAMILTON BUCKLEY. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. 298 pp. 1960. $5.75)

During his own lifetime, Tennyson was to many more than a poet, more even than the Poet Laureate; he was the Bard, he was a Prophet. Then came the violent "reaction," and Tennyson seemed to offer a ready target to the devaluers and the debunkers. The time for a sober revaluation has come, and Professor Buckley has seized his opportunity. Tennyson's poetry necessarily grew out of his life, and his life in its turn was moulded by the climate of thought and opinion and controversy that prevailed during the Victorian Age. On the other hand, poetry is more than biography or history: while it may have its origins in both, once it has achieved triumphant release, it is itself, it is its own law — it is autonomous, sovereign.

Professor Buckley has made good use of all the new material that is now available and also some important unpublished material, and by studying Tennyson's poems in their chronological sequence he is able to picture the "growth of a poet" from the hesitant first attempts, through experiment, partial success and failure, to the "one clear call" that became the distinctive Tennysonian note of metrical adequacy and emotional urgency. Professor Buckley has really been able to read Tennyson afresh, resolutely keeping at bay the critical allergies of our time. There are unexpected, but rewarding, comparisons: for example when he compares Tennyson's "sense of dissociation from the darkened earth" with the "loneliness, the *isolement*, of Berlioz," or when he finds in Kierkegaard's *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* an "apposite gloss on the faith of *In Memoriam*." The entire gamut from the squall of despair to calm of mind is covered in the crystalline stanzas of *In Memoriam*. The unconventional *Maud* is neither "mad" nor mere poetic "mud" but rather the vivid recordation of the impact of beauty and love on a resentful and maddened temperament. The *Idylls*, although it fails to impress as an epic creation, has nevertheless its great moments; and, notwithstanding its structural weakness, it does build "somewhat like [Shakespeare's] *Troilus* to a tragic denouement, which the temper of a whole civilization rather than the sin of any one individual makes inevitable." Professor Buckley thus sees Tennyson, not only as the gifted poet of moods and moments, but also a major poet:—

> Tennyson cannot be denied the essential attributes of majority: dedication to the poet's calling, command of his medium, range of vision, capacity for growth, magnitude of performance, and place in a tradition as one who, consciously indebted to a literary past, in turn influences the course of subsequent poetry.

Like the other great Victorians, Ten-

nyson too was earnest without stint, and a like earnestness and solidity of performance also characterize Professor Buckley's scholarly and authoritative memoir. It is likely to remain the standard study of the poet for many years to come.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The New Year of Grace: An Anthology for Youth and Age. Compiled and edited with personal commentaries by VICTOR GOLLANCZ. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 510. pp. Coloured Frontispiece. 1961. 15*s*.)

The New Year of Grace is something more than a reprint of the previous Gollancz anthology (*A Year of Grace*). Whereas the purpose of the original volume was "to express a mood about God and man," the anthologist seeks to make this new collection of particular interest to young people. This he would seem to have succeeded in doing Moreover, the addition of valuable explanatory linking passages from his own pen also enhances its appeal to older people, for the book thus becomes a more homogeneous whole meant to be read straight through from beginning to end.

Quotations range from the *Bhagavad-Gita* and *The Voice of the Silence* to writers such as Péguy, Proust and Walter de la Mare. Of particular interest is the inclusion of a number of Hasidic stories and sayings.

Some idea of the calibre of this noble book can be gathered from Martin Buber's lines on Humility:—

> . . the purer a man is and the more perfect, the more intensely is he aware of being but a part, of but having a place in the great community of his fellow human beings. This is humility To feel the universe as a sea, and oneself as a wave in it — this is humility.

H. M. LISHMAN

India and the West. By BARBARA WARD. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Delhi. 247 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00)

India and the West is a challenge to the West, to the moral conscience of the West, to do the just thing by India. The old polarization in a democratic society of the increasing wealth of the few and the growing impoverishment of the many has reappeared at the world level. The West should not lay the flattering unction to her soul by a gesture of charity but set right her folly by an act of justice. The West should envisage a Marshall Plan for India for her to achieve an economic "take-off." What is half done is ill done and what is ill done is a writing on the wall in this indivisible world where social justice and neighbourly concern are an imperative method of self-preservation. Unneighbourly prosperity is a fatal cancer and co-operative travail is a vital equity. The economic battles of the West have to be fought in the slums of India, ragged with appalling proverty, with the vision of Christianity and the tenacity of Communism. In men's imagination Communism cuts deeper than Christianity and in the ex-colonial territories the good that is done by the West is attributed to the West's fear of Russia. India's planning is a gigantic experiment in economic growth within a liberal framework, unlike the militarized modernization in some other countries which is impressive but suicidal. If India is subjected to the harassing and humiliating help of three steps forward and two back, and fails — Asia fails, the U.S.A. fails, Britain fails.

Britain has a special responsibility to complete her half-finished task in India. Barbara Ward is half apologetic about

Britain's failure; the author's impartiality sounds almost like a vindication of the *laissez-faire* of the English. As the saying is, the snake does not die nor does the stick break. Though the book is a very fine and sympathetic, fervent and cogently argued appeal for India, the writer seems to think often that anything good in India today, like a sense of social justice, for instance, was an imported commodity. "*Sarve janah sukhino bhavantu*" or "*Vasudhaiva kutumbakam*" are not from a book of quotations in some European language but the pervasive texture of Hindu Dharma, to which the State and the Church bowed — a concept unparalleled elsewhere. Granting the power of the catalyst of the West in the cultural advance of India, it is to be recognized that any *coiffure* is possible if there is a rich braid of hair.

This excellent and lucid book is a reprimand to the West for her moral immobility; it is a challenge to India to tighten her belt and set her house in order.

There is a misprint on p. 220: "resorted" for "restored." The author and The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, deserve to be congratulated on the production of a book which breathes such affectionate concern for India.

K. VISWANATHAM

Sotto Voce. Second series: Our New Rulers. By VIGNESWARA (N. RAGHUNATHAN). (B. G. Paul and Co., Madras. 396 pp. 1961. Ordinary ed., Rs. 5.00; library ed., Rs. 6.00; abroad, 10*s*.; $1.25)

Vighneswara (pen-name of Shri N. Raghunathan, formerly of *The Hindu*) was a familiar figure to readers of *Swatantra* (edited by the late Khasa Subba Rao) to which he contributed a weekly column, *Sotto Voce*. The articles reprinted in this volume cover the period, February 1949 to August 1952, and deal with a diversity of issues that came under public discussion during that period. Vighneswara, however, discusses them as a free lance, unfettered by the demands of conventionality.

The *tour de force* of Vighneswara's writings is their versatility and their brilliance. They exude scholarship, a sly and not too boisterous humour, which delights but does not offend, and above all a far-sighted and astute judgment of men and matters. He is a literary craftsman of a high order.

These articles were written during a period when our Constitution was in the initial stages of its working and the Congress party had, as it still has, the sole direction of affairs. Much of what Vighneswara said in his articles in that singularly significant period of our country's history on the doings of the Congress as our "New Rulers," its policies and programmes, can, in a remarkable degree, be regarded as applicable to contemporary times. The years have gone by; but the policies have not changed much, neither have the men behind them. In fact, with the years, both have become stereotyped. Willy-nilly, the policies have the effect of constricting the scope of the freedom of the individual and extending "Statism."

All in all, the volume makes delightful reading, whether one agrees with everything that Vighneswara says or not; but with most of what he says, many of us would probably agree.

C. V. H. RAO

The Black Death: A Chronicle of the Plague Compiled from Contemporary Sources. By JOHANNES NOHL. Translated by C. H. CLARKE. (Unwin Books

No 21. 160 pp. Illustrated. 6*s*.); *An Idealist View of Life*. By S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Unwin Books No. 24. 279 pp. 9*s*. 6*d*.) (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 1961.)

The intelligent "middle-brow" is again catered for in these further Unwin paperbacks. *The Black Death* is reduced "without expurgation or distortion" from the original 1926 edition, the compiler's purpose being "to demonstrate the devastating inroads made in former times by epidemics into the spiritual and social life of the various nations." The term "plague" includes other epidemics (dancing manias, etc.) and the terrible history refutes those who bemoan the troubles of their own century as the worst known. The book chronicles, however, simply the animal-personal, vital life, and we move to a different atmosphere with *An Idealist View of Life*. Dr. Radhakrishnan's luminous synthesis of the "Two Cultures" surveys the challenges and claims of various viewpoints, and the validity of religious experience; his outstanding chapters on "Intellect and Intuition" and "The Spirit in Man"; his consideration of the destiny of "human personality" and its working relations with nature; his reverent acceptance of the ultimate reality, ever-beyond and ever-within the cosmos; all these make the book indeed as claimed "a complete philosophical education in itself." It is good to have it re-issued.

L. MARR

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, May 1st, 1962

ON THIS FIRST DAY OF MAY 1962 men and women all over the world have been demonstrating their desire for peace. Instead of workers marching in procession carrying Trade Union banners, the people of Britain have been sitting and squatting outside the American Embassy in London and its Consulates in provincial towns to protest against the decision of the Great Powers to resume nuclear tests. But one fact remains. As the *Daily Herald* pointed out, the world has changed out of recognition since the struggle of the trade unionist was for simple basic rights. we are now in the midst of revolutionary changes which in a generation will make our present world seem as remote to our children as the world of Keir Hardie already is to us. Today there is full employment in Britain. Many working men drive their own cars and take their families for holidays in Europe. In fact there is general freedom unimagined even fifteen years ago.

In spite of this rosy side of life there is still a dominant fear of the sack which is haunting Britain's factories. And unemployment in 1961 is a heavier burden than it used to be before the war. This is because most of the workers have hire-purchase commitments, pay high rents or mortgages, spend heavily on clothes and are accustomed to many home comforts which their fathers and grandfathers never saw. Therefore a Labour M.P., Mr. John Diamond, has introduced a Bill in Parliament which proposes minimum standards of compensation for men declared redundant. His Bill suggests that a redundant worker should get a basic severance pay-off of one week's money for every year of service to his firm.

According to the Ministry of Labour between 3,000,000 and 3.500,000 workers are at present covered by some kind of redundancy arrangement out of a total labour force of 24,000,000. And even if Mr. Diamond's proposal were ac-

cepted it would still leave Britain far behind most Continental countries in legislating against the harsher effects of redundancy. This is because immediately after the war many European countries adopted legal codes to protect their workers against redundancy. For instance, Italy introduced, as early as in 1924, a law for salaried workers providing two weeks' pay for every year of service. This was extended in 1942 to cover all workers and in 1960 the severance pay was stepped up to one month's pay for every year of service.

In France, West Germany and the United States, there are no laws to govern redundancy compensation. But their workers are better covered by industry-wide agreements than in Britain. In America the motor-car industry has its guaranteed annual wage scheme which assists its laid-off workers with up to 75 per cent of normal wages, including State benefits, for up to a year. And about a half of the larger manufacturing companies in the States have some form of severance pay scheme.

A minimum notice carrying cash compensation is laid down by law in Belgium for manual and white-collar workers. A similar labour code was introduced in 1960 in Austria. In Greece severance payments are the law for salaried employees. In Yugoslavia workers with fifteen years' service in the same firm are entitled to four months' pay if they are redundant.

Although Britain may lag in this respect behind the Continental countries, it does not necessarily follow that she is not becoming politically more progressive than she has been. Lord Boothby, who belongs to no political party and can be said to be a detached observer, told the *Scotsman* representative that there are signs of a more Radical element coming into present British politics. He thinks it is that element in the Liberal Party which accounts for their progress now. People are weary of reactionary Conservatism and doctrinaire Socialism.

According to Lord Boothby the Tories are over-tired. British democracy is not working well at the moment. It is absolutely dependent for its functioning on an effective alternative Government and that seems to be missing.

We have had ten years of Tory rule [he said], and what is lacking is a sense of freshness and of new minds thinking of new policies. It is very different across the Atlantic The new American Government has given a zip to the whole country with fresh minds and fresh ideas.

Lord Boothby has doubts about the Labour Party's ability to win the next General Election with a comfortable majority.

I admire Gaitskell's courage and strength of character tremendously [he said], but what he does lack is the kind of flair for politics which the young Lloyd George had. And even in the 1920's Lloyd George was still a glamorous figure in the House of Commons. The last corresponding figure in the Labour Party was Aneurin Bevan.

If Labour after the next General Election does not have a clear majority and is dependent on a stronger Liberal group in the House of Commons, Lord Boothby thinks, the Liberals will rightly insist on a Coalition Government.

I do not see why Labour should object to that It would probably mean only one Cabinet job for Jo Grimond and a few undersecretaryships

Lord Boothby thinks Jo Grimond is a charming man but he doubts if he has the fire and flambovancy which is so desirable in politics. Grimond is better outside the House than in it. Also, said Lord Boothby, the Liberal policy is still slightly blurred. People are apt to

wonder what the difference is between a Liberal and a member of the Tory Party's Bow Group — or even what the difference is between Gaitskell and Grimond. That is not helping the Liberals, although they continue to gain support from people in search of something new in British politics.

Lord Boothby deplores the present tendency to be uninterested in politics unless excitement is whipped up by by-elections. One reason, he thinks, is that the great issues which used to divide the parties are no longer present. Home Rule for Ireland used to rouse all the passions. House of Lords reform was a fierce battle. The class war itself is now finished. Another reason is the absence of great personalities and great orators in the Commons. There used to be more than a dozen of these — people like Lloyd George, Jimmy Maxton, Aneurin Bevan, Robert Horne and John Buchan.

The latest report of the Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation on drink offences, based on police information, makes one shudder. Those who held the view that modern forms of relaxation, such as listening to the radio, watching television programmes, playing golf and driving cars have contributed to reduction in drinking and drunkenness will find that the Foundation's report shows exactly the opposite.

Prosecutions for drunkenness on foot or in cars have risen steadily since 1956. It is estimated that in 1961 there were 82,000 — the highest total since 1920. There has been a marked increase among young people. In 1913, before World War I. there were 189,000 drunks, or more than twice as many as in 1961, when the population was 25 per cent larger. After the splurge of 1920, the year of post-war gratuity spending, drunkenness declined, until, with 30,000 convictions in 1932, it reached a peacetime low point. After that it rose until the war and the austerity 1940's — and now it has picked up fast again.

Drunk-in-charge cases have doubled in six years, which is nearly twice the rate of increase in the number of vehicles. The Foundation thinks that this is due to more persons "prone to excessive consumption of alcohol" becoming drivers.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son Adrian has taken issue with UNESCO for suggesting that the works of Jules Verne, Dostoevsky and Agatha Christie have been translated into more languages than those of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. He reminded UNESCO: "My father's works have been translated into more languages than any other except the Bible and the works of William Shakespeare." He also reminded UNESCO that his father's works have been published in 38 countries, for which he, no doubt, continues to collect royalties.

The young Russian poet, Yevgeni Yevtushenko, was asked if he considered himself an "Angry Young Man." He said he was not sure what the phrase meant. But he had enjoyed John Osborne's "England, I Hate You" article in the *Tribune*, edited by Michael Foot. He said: "A real person is always against what is bad in his country and for what is good." Although he was not a member of the Communist Party, he supported its principles. One of his best poems was called "Consider Me a Communist." Yevtushenko is here as the guest of the British Council and is being given every opportunity to do what he wants in Britain.

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

This is a transition age in every subject. Theology — the German Lutheran Church in particular — is in a state of flux as regards the question of the historical Jesus. Dr. John Macquarrie, Lecturer in Systematic Theology at the University of Glasgow, stated in a wireless talk (*The Listener*, April 12th, 1962) that there are not a few theologians who, faced with "the negative result that followed from a century of intensive historical research into the facts about Jesus of Nazareth," have realized that no "factually accurate biography" is possible. It is not merely a matter of necessity, but an actual change of viewpoint, influenced by the rise of existentialism, that has made these theologians accept, in place of a human, historical figure, the kerygmatic ("proclaimed") Christ of faith, as "God's Word addressed to man."

When this existential interpretation of history is applied to events described in the New Testament, say the Cross and Resurrection of Christ, attention is shifted from the question about the actual observable facts, such as a public execution and the resuscitation of the victim, to the pattern of life and action disclosed in the events — a pattern which may be described as losing one's life so as to find it. . . The Christian life consists in the re-enactment of the pattern in present existence, in a dying and rising with Christ, as St. Paul already expressed it in the New Testament In such re-enactment, the Cross is experienced as reconciliation and the Resurrection as new life. Thus the theological significance of these events is not something that is arbitrarily added on to a bare happening in the past, but is rather the historical possibility of existence disclosed in the events and repeatable in present historical existence.

Not all those who are reaching to this conclusion feel that this means the Gospels should be treated simply as parables, representing a way of life, without any factual basis at all. Dr. Macquarrie is of the opinion that men need living examples of what is preached, otherwise the ideals held up are merely make-believe, if viewed only as fiction. Rudolf Bultmann, one of the German leaders in the controversy, holds that we can go no further than to recognize the existence of a Jesus, a crucified teacher, whose life and personality remain unknown. That is, as Dr. Macquarrie puts it, there must be "a minimum core of factual history" to give reality to the *kerygma*, even though the "essential pattern of Jesus's life" has been "transformed into a mythical drama." In this way the theologian is sufficiently independent of the historian's activities to be able to insist that Christianity is a matter of "faith-commitment." "Thou art the Christ."

It is tantalizing that the talk did not touch upon comparisons made with the lives of the teachers "proclaimed" in other religions, the details of whose mythical life-stories often parallel that of the New Testament. For these parallels give a universal, not sectarian, note to the *kerygma*, and make it, therefore, of that much more value.

Something of a sensation is being caused by a new system of basic mathematics which has been increasingly in demand since it was first published in

America about two years back, and which educationists who have studied it consider could eliminate orthodox basic mathematics within ten years. Its creator, Jakow Trachtenberg, Russian-born but resident in Switzerland, was imprisoned in a German concentration camp during the war, and there devised this speedy system in which no tables (multiplication or division) are needed. Those with less than average skill at figures, it is claimed, achieve almost complete accuracy in the most complex multi-digit problems, at a speed "faster than modern mechanical computers." A Trachtenberg Institute of Mathematics has been opened at Zurich and the system has been adopted by Swiss banks and some government departments. The national press in various parts of the world are making much of it. Doubledays, the American publishers, reckon over 150,000 copies distributed in two years. The British publishers, Souvenir Press (according to *Bookseller*, April 21st, 1962) had to hold back publicity until the fourth printing (total to 34,000 copies) because "since the book was published it has never been in stock for more than one day." Allen and Unwin also have a book in hand on the system, and this, first published in Denmark just before Christmas, sold immediately over 30,000 copies.

Though the invention is an aid to "means," not "ends,"—that is, it has no moral implications — nevertheless it raises one or two philosophical questions. If Herr Trachtenberg had not been driven back upon his own resources, when in the camp, would he have found the impetus to make the discovery, or would the day-to-day life's demands have been too great? How much are "good conditions" a help or a hindrance? Secondly, it makes one realize how largely the whole act of living is dependent on numbers. And, though the essential figures that we grapple with, in the daily transactions, and at the crudest level of matter, may seem mere abstract conventions and conveniences, yet dimly through their emblems we can discern something of the divine Number and Numbers of the mystical Pythagorean and the Indian Sānkhya systems: Numbers as the prototypes of which the whole manifested Cosmos is an ectype.

It is interesting to observe many "cultures" interpenetrating this mundane existence on different wave-lengths, so to say. One world, for example, that of the devotee of "culture" pure and simple, is increasingly catered for by the growth of international Festivals, combining music (primarily) with drama, ballet and "tourism" delights, both urban and scenic. The European Association of Music Festivals (and there are many additional ones outside it) empties out its cornucopia yearly, starting from the beginning of May, with the festivals — ranging from a week to six weeks in length — of Wiesbaden, Borceaux, Prague, Florence. Then come Vienna, Zurich, Stockholm, Helsinki, Strasbourg, Bath and Holland (in which the whole country is engaged). Then follow Epidaurus (Athens), Granada, Aix-en-Provence, Dubrovnik, Bayreuth (the Wagner cycles), Santander, Athens, Munich, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Besancon, Perugai and Warsaw, ending with West Berlin at the beginning of October. Wealth enough to bring music-lovers together from everywhere!

Another "world" animated by the "get-together" spirit, but otherwise very different, is that of the "International Marches" of the various peace movements engaged in the campaign for nuclear disarmament. *Peace News* (April 27th, 1962) headlines the numbers that took part, over the Easter week-end

holiday, in these protest marches, in the different countries — West Germany, 50,000; U.S.A., 20,000; Canada, 10,000; New Zealand, 800. Denmark, 30,000; Italy, 5,000; and Holland, 4,000 —and describes the reactions of the general populace, as well as the activities of the various groups in their work of non-violence and non-co-operation as a means of controlling the various forms of political violence. The London Hyde Park Rally boasted, as far as could be roughly estimated, an attendance not far short of 150,000.

There are, because of human nature, quite strong divergencies of opinion as to aims and methods, among the groups of nuclear disarmers, but one interesting trend is showing — a growing realization that action simply *against* an evil is insufficient in itself, and that creative, regenerative action must complement the negative aspect. Groups are being built up and trained to give constructive assistance in any large-scale emergency — floods, accidents, etc. — as well as help in other social needs. To work as well as to march together gives scope to the creative instinct, as to the urge for unity that, in their own field, the musicians satisfy when they come together to make music.

In *The New York Times* of March 18th, 1962, appears a striking report of how a farmer's son, forced by the family's circumstances to give up his schooling at fourteen, was suddenly discovered to possess extraordinary mental powers. At twenty — last year — Jean Frene was called up for military service under French law, and given the customary tests to measure his ability to learn. The results were astounding; the officers administered tests again for corroboration: Jean Frene did even better. The director of the career guidance centre in Lyons was called in by the colonel in charge, and found on examination that never among the 40,000 persons he had studied had such mental potentialities occurred.

The colonel did something extraordinary, particularly from the French point of view: he sent the boy back to continue his education, postponing military service. In five months, the boy completed, without any sign of strain, a course designed to fill six years.

Besides the pleasure at this instance of even the military machine being appreciative and generous, one is stirred to reflection. What is the source of such powers? Not heredity; not environment and its influences; only some source within the person can explain them. And, if extraordinary powers are congenital, where was the prior field of causation in which they were developed? A source both inward and pre-existing is indicated: an immortal soul that in some prior existence developed by effort powers that are now natural.

INDOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS OF DISTINCTION

I. THE VISHNU-PURANA: A System of Hindu Mythology & Tradition (By H. H. Wilson)

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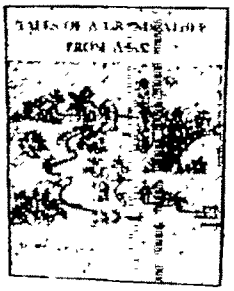
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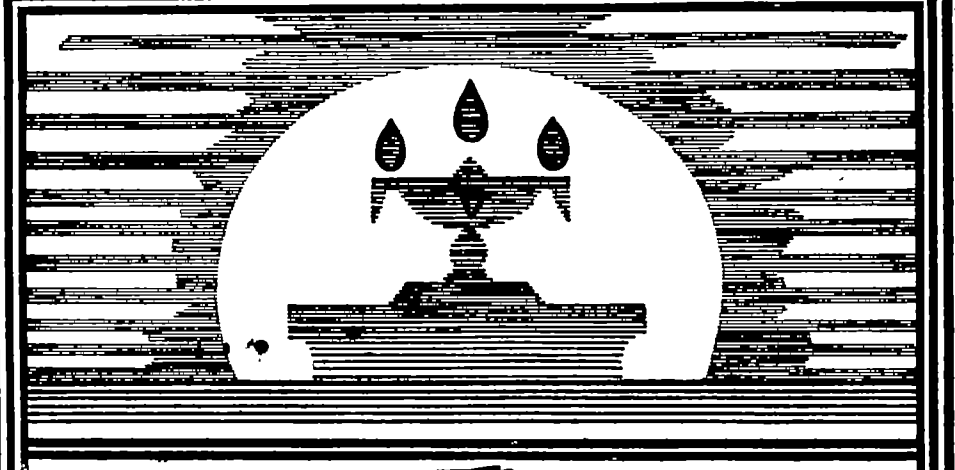
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CENTRO

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. XXXIII JULY 1962 No. 7

SOCIALISM—WHAT KIND?

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for August 1943.—ED.]

Once make the feelings of confidence and affection universal, and the distinctions of property and power will vanish.

—SHELLEY

THOSE who are at present engaged in preparing blueprints for a new world order admit, though sometimes grudgingly, that socialism in one form or another will enter into the political make-up of the future.

The discussion of the subject of socialism has received a new impetus because of the step taken by the socialist nation *par excellence,* Russia, to which we made reference in our last number.

The idea which naturally presses upon so many minds is of importance: If in the name of democracy, systems of government arose which made for the failure of democracy, is it not possible for a type of socialism to arise in the world which would make for the failure of real socialism?

What is of moment, therefore, is not whether socialism is going to prevail but whether socialism of the right kind is going to prevail. When we say the right kind of socialism, we have in mind not merely the political and economic aspects — these are aspects which loom too large in popular imagination to make a proper understanding of socialism possible — but a wider concept, more comprehensive and more dynamic. Socialism has been so frequently associated with the problem of providing equality of economic opportunities that its true moral and spiritual implications have hardly been heeded. We always think of economic inequality, social injustice and proletarian squalor and of the problem of removing these by a system of political and economic plan-

ning which we facilely term Socialism. In fact, socialism has become almost synonymous with a political philosophy which seeks to level down all economic and social barriers and to push the proletariat to positions of political power. No doubt the growing intensity of capitalistic exploitation has greatly accentuated this trend of thought. The capital-owning class has set a poor example by sensuous living and by enhancing the value of material comforts and reducing that of spiritual, idealistic and cultural pursuits (we say this not overlooking the benefits conferred by the Carnegie, Rockefeller, Nuffield and other Foundations); this has encouraged the tacit assumption that if once the economic ills are remedied, all will be well. That is the basic error which accredited socialists as well as others fall into; they forget that man does not live by bread alone!

True socialism is essentially an ideal of sociality, and it involves a conception of life lived with and among other men; that this living with other men in understanding co-operation is a basic and fundamental part of the concept, not even those who would emphasize the economic aspect only will deny. That it is not a system but a way of life in relation to others is admitted by no less a socialist than Mr. G. D. H. Cole himself. The very word suggests the principle of sociality, of association, of fellowship and fraternity. True socialism has its roots, therefore, not in any system imposed from without but in the hearts of men. For its effective working it has to depend not upon the external, the coercive machinery of law but upon the spontaneous willingness of every individual to look upon every other as he would look upon himself — as first and foremost a *human* being. That is real equality — to be inspired by a consciousness of human unity and to be aware that there is no injustice save what man himself would create through selfishness. Such a sense of individual responsibility and the feeling that what help we can give others is but help given to our own brothers and sisters can draw together mankind into a real unity and thus dissipate all ills, including the economic. True socialism is more a spiritual ideal than an economic creed and draws its sustenance from the innate human tendency to fraternize.

The erroneous belief has persisted long, and still persists to a considerable extent, that socialism and democracy are concepts imported into India from the West. One has but to turn back, not only to the philosophic concepts of the *Shrutis* and the *Smritis*, but also to the actual working in practice of the Village Panchayats, to see how people

managed their affairs without pretentious labels for forms of government. One has only to open one's ears to the teachings of the *Upanishads* and the *Gita*, which realized the spiritual basis of all humanity — the basis that always makes for true socialism and true democracy. Nobody has taught this more clearly than India's saintly, much misunderstood and much maligned leader, Gandhiji. In *Harijan* of 2nd January 1937 he wrote (we are indebted for these quotations to *The Gandhi Sutras* by D. S. Sarma):—

> Real socialism has been handed down to us by our ancestors who taught, "All land belongs to Gopal, where then is the boundary line? Man is the maker of that line and he can therefore unmake it." Gopal literally means shepherd; it also means God. In modern language it means the State, *i.e.*, the people. That the land today does not belong to the people is too true. But the fault is not in the teaching. It is in us who have not lived up to it.
>
> I have no doubt that we can make as good an approach to it as is possible for any nation, not excluding Russia, and that without violence. The most effective substitute for violent dispossession is the wheel with all its implications. Land and all property is his who will work it. Unfortunately the workers are or have been kept ignorant of this simple fact.

Turn next to Gandhiji's commentary in *Harijan* of 30th January 1937 on the great verse of the *Ishopanishad*: "All this — whatever there is in this universe — is pervaded by Deity. Renounce it and enjoy. Do not covet the wealth of another." He comments:—

> This mantra tells me that I cannot hold as mine anything that belongs to God, and if my life and that of all who believe in this mantra has to be a life of perfect dedication, it follows that it will have to be a life of continual service of our fellow creatures.

Put this side by side with what Gandhiji stated in *Young India* of 6th October 1927:—

> The art of amassing riches becomes a degrading and despicable art if it is not accompanied by the nobler art of how to spend wealth usefully.
>
> Generally speaking, it is the experience of the world that possession of gold is inconsistent with the possession of virtue; but though such is the unfortunate experience in the world, it is by no means an inexorable law. We have the celebrated instance of Janaka, who, although he was rolling in riches and had a limitless power, being a great prince, was still one of the purest men of his age. And even in our own age I can cite

from my own personal experience and tell you that I have the good fortune of knowing several moneyed men who do not find it impossible to lead a straight and pure life.

The West has blundered into the present disaster because of its failure to recognize this spiritual basis of humanity and as a result it is toying with ideologies, in essence materialistic and unphilosophical. The concept of socialism today betrays a superficial concern for the inessential, neglecting the true basis and the spirit which teachers like Krishna and Buddha, and emperors like Asoka, taught and exemplified. Socialism is but a new-fangled and unfortunately much-abused name for what informs the entire heritage of Indian philosophical thought. The mode of life which India — true to her past — can name as socialistic is one which gives more than it receives; which loves and knows no hate; which seeks peace and enlightenment for *all* rather than for the privileged few; which aspires not towards political power for the masses but aspires towards drawing together the whole of humanity in ties of brotherliness. It does not attempt to pull down those on the upper rungs of the social ladder but strives to raise the lowly and the down-trodden. Is not that a nobler socialism?

DEPARTED

A face is no more seen,
A room seems dead
And all those things we now would like to say
Are left unsaid,
But we recall a voice,
Its fumbling for words,
Moods that were fickle as an English sun,
Steps quick as a bird's.
We wish we'd kindlier been
And soothed distress
Behind the wistful charm ... too late, for now
There's one friend less.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE SERIALISM OF J. W. DUNNE

[**Shri S. Subhash Chandra** was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy at Osmania University. In September 1960 he was awarded a Research Fellowship by the West German Government for research work in the German Universities. He is at present attached to the Universities of Cologne and Bonn.

We print below the first part of his long essay. It outlines the background and the experiences of the late J. W. Dunne. The second part, to appear next month, will offer critical comment. The subject is of endless interest; for Time enters into all human experience, and yet is not known in its intrinsic nature.—ED.]

I

A NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of twentieth-century philosophy has been its unusual preoccupation with the problem of time. Bergson and Alexander, Einstein and Whitehead, Wells and Priestley, are the more well-known of a large number of writers who have made significant contributions to the contemporary knowledge of time. Thanks to the insistent efforts of these thinkers, time has ceased to be a diversion of the philosopher and has begun to exercise the mind of even the man in the street. The contribution of Dunne represents a significant phase of this contemporary approach to the problem of time. This article is intended to elucidate critically within a brief compass the salient features of the unique Serial Time and the consequent Serial Universe of J. W. Dunne. Our plan of presentation shall be first to provide an outline of the *Weltanschauung* of Dunne, and then to outline some criticism of it.

Unlike most contemporary writers, surprisingly enough, very little is known of the life of Dunne. Even his posthumous work *Intrusions?*, which is a near approach to an autobiography, provides only scanty and scattered bits of information about his life. Dunne appears to have spent a major portion of his early life in South Africa. He seems to have been an unusually precocious boy given to metaphysical reflections. He writes:—

> I used to lie for hours indulging in — odd though it may seem — metaphysical speculations. By the age of nine I had worked out for myself, in order to get rid of the apparently endless "inwardness" of matter, the theory of atoms.... I could read Euclid as easily as a grown-up person reads a novel; but my father despised mathematics.... I was not allowed to play games, so the sense of inferiority persisted. But I had

compensations in a great power of imagination.[1]

We also know that he had a serious accident when only six years old, which confined him to bed for three years and for two more years made him dependent upon crutches. Dunne also claims that he had a "terror of conceit." He also appears to have had an early interest in psychical research. It is clear from his writings that he had long served in the armed forces of Britain. He was also endowed with an inventive genius and he had acquired several patents in the field of aeronautics. He had written several short stories, though they did not evoke any appreciable interest or attention. Perhaps he had some interest in journalism too He died in 1949. This, in brief, is the picture we get of Dunne, the man.

Dunne's theory of time is rooted in a background of close association with psychical research. He was evidently endowed with unusual and precocious powers in the psychical domain. In his book *Intrusions?*, published posthumously, Dunne observes: "Between the ages of twelve and thirteen I experienced on three or four occasions the curious thing which is called, I understand, 'ecstasy'."[2] During his early youth, spent in South Africa Dunne was greatly fascinated by the various facets of psychical research, and had attended several sessions with psychical mediums. His initial reaction was one of profound disappointment. He was convinced that in a séance "nothing occurs which is not the most obvious self-deception."[3] A later séance, however, in which the medium, referring to Dunne, prophesied, "There is a young man here tonight who will be the greatest medium that the world has seen," constrained Dunne to revise his drastic rejection of the psychical phenomena. He now felt that further and more sustained research was needed. He decided to adopt an attitude of watchful attention.

A remarkable dream in 1899 appeared to confirm the prediction of extraordinary powers of mediumship. Several other dreams, which "mimicked to perfection many classical examples of alleged 'clairvoyance,' 'astral-wandering,' and 'messages from the dead or dying,' "[4] followed in a steady succession. In *An Experiment with Time,* Dunne cites eighteen unusual dreams. Of these, he deals with eight dreams at considerable length, and of others he provides an outline. It is neither

[1] *Intrusions?*, pp. 84-5.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 86.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 95.
[4] *An Experiment with Time*, p. 37

possible nor necessary to summarize the content of these dreams here. It will suffice here to remark that all these dreams embodied, to use a felicitous phrase of Dunne, a "chronological aberration." They suffered from a transposed temporality. They were occurring on the wrong nights. According to Dunne, these dreams were merely displaced in time. In these dreams the future seemed to have leapt rearward, thrusting itself upon the drowsy consciousness of the dreamer. These dreams appeared to testify to an extraordinary linkage of the past, the present and the future. The three aspects of time seemed to mysteriously fuse together.

Dunne was sorely perplexed by these dreams. All reasonable explanation seemed to be far too feeble to account for these instances of displacement in time. Clairvoyance and telepathy were of no avail. Dunne asserts:—

> Clairvoyance is not an explanation. It is a meaningless expression, a mere admission of inexplicability. And telepathy required an enormous amount of stretching before it could be made to fit the facts.[5]

How, then, was one to explain these dreams? Could it be that Dunne was a victim of a series of delusions, and that "mental aberration" and not "chronological aberration" was the real culprit? Perhaps he was suffering from what the psychologists would call "Identifying Paramnesia," *i.e.*, he had had no such dreams at all, but, after reading a newspaper account of some unusual news, he was letting himself believe that he had earlier dreamt of it. A very upsetting thought! Dunne, however, soon rejected this theory. As a precaution against such a possibility, he used to write down carefully the details of his dreams upon waking up and only after that open his newspapers.

But, if he was not a victim of delusions, then he could well be a psychological freak endowed with a unique capacity for leaping in and out of the various dimensions of time. For some time Dunne seriously entertained this view, though it was no less disturbing to be regarded as a freak than as a neurotic. Soon, however, Dunne resolved to challenge this hypothesis. He asked some of his friends, his brother and sister and a cousin to collaborate with him in his experiment. He asked them to record their dreams and then to look for any future event corresponding to the content of these dreams. The results of these experiments were very encouraging. All the subjects reported having dreamt precognitive dreams. It was evident that Dunne was neither a freak nor a

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 47.

neurotic. These transpositions in time appeared to be wide-spread phenomena. Years later Dunne carried out similar experiments with twenty-two volunteers from the University of Oxford. Here too the evidence was in favour of Dunne's theory. Furthermore, Dunne points out, if we take into account those numerous cases where people visiting strange places for the first time yet encounter a feeling of familiarity, then we find scarcely any ground for rejecting the possibility of a displacement in time.

So, then, the dimensions of time seemed to be capable of intruding into one another, and the evidence for these intrusions was provided in the dream state. But were these intrusions, reflected Dunne, indissolubly linked to the dream state, or could they take place even when one was awake? In other words, was the relationship between the dream state and the intrusions of the future into the domain of the present a necessary or a contingent one? Could we have "pre-views" of the future independently of the dream state? The query was a vital one. If such intrusions could be shown to take place even in the waking state, then a drastic revision of our conception of time would be inevitable. To cite Dunne:—

> Every solution which could reduce Time to something wholly present ruled that the pre-images should be just as observable when one was awake as they were when one slept. So, why only in dreams?[6]

Dunne resolved to settle the query. He turned himself to an exploration of this aspect of the problem.

His researches were based upon the following *modus operandi*. He would pick up a book which he intended shortly to read and then concentrate deeply upon and reflect deeply over the title of the book. This would, to begin with, provide him with some associational links, which he would then, by the process of simple association, develop into a network of images. He would then open the book and start reading it. The success of the experiment would depend upon the extent to which the contents of his images (developed, be it noted, before opening the book) corresponded to the actual contents of the book. Among the books which he used for the experimental purposes were R. F. Burton's *Book of the Sword,* Baroness von Hutten's *Julia,* Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps,* Mason's *House of the Arrow,* Lord Dunsany's *The King of Elfland's Daughter,* and a book of Snaith's. It is not possible to discuss

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 98.

here the details of these experiments. It will suffice to note that they proved eminently successful. In Dunne's words:—

> These experiments showed me that, provided one were able to steady one's attention to the task, one could observe the "effect" just as readily when awake as when sleeping.[7]

So, then, these intrusions of the future were no mere covert trespasses instituted when the vigilance of the mind was slackened, but were a peculiar feature of time, which had hitherto in some mysterious manner remained undetected. There was nothing stealthy or subterranean about these phenomena. They embodied certain perfectly normal idiosyncrasies of time. But these idiosyncrasies, it was palpable, involved a fundamental revision of our conception of time, and to this revision Dunne now applied himself.

Before we enlarge upon this theory we should like to say a word or two about the background of Dunne's theory. Dunne's reflections upon the problem of time coincided with a wide-spread interest in the same problem both among the philosophers and among the scientists. The dreams of Dunne constitute chronological parallelisms to the main writings of Bergson, and Dunne's emergence from the dream state to the waking state (no flippancy meant here!) almost coincided with the early publications of Einstein. In the formulation of his theory, however, Dunne appears to have been hardly, if at all, influenced by these two thinkers. Dunne was familiar with *The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells, but was not quite satisfied with it. In truth, C. H. Hinton seems to be the only writer to have influenced in the real sense of the word the time theory of Dunne. The impact of Hinton's *What is the Fourth Dimension?* on Dunne's *An Experiment with Time* is unmistakable. C. D. Broad even goes to the extent of asserting that the theory of Dunne is "simply an extension of Hinton's suggestion."

S. SUBHASH CHANDRA

(To be concluded)

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[7] *Ibid.*, p. 101.

VEGETARIANISM AND THE EVIL OF PREDATION

[**Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** has contributed many fine pieces of thinking to our pages. In this article he sets the question of vegetarianism in a wide perspective, and commends vegetarianism not for physiological or other benefits but as "a standing protest against predation." On certain ancillary questions such as whether Nature has been guided by "a foreseeing, benevolent mind" one might have a philosophical difference of opinion with Dr. Skutch; but on the main thesis he argues with breadth of vision and a lucid and earnest feeling.—ED.]

NATURALISTS are greatly concerned with predation. As zoologists and ecologists, they try to identify and count all the prey which each carnivorous animal devours. They minutely describe the form and functioning of the structures that predators use to seize and overcome their victims — the teeth, talons, beaks, poison fangs, tentacles and other weapons of the more aggressive kinds; the insidious traps and pitfalls of the weaker sorts of predators. They are likewise immensely interested in all the methods which the hunted creatures employ to escape capture, from direct flight to cryptic coloration and other modes of concealment, from protective armament and forbidding spines to nauseous odour and repellent taste. The interrelations of predators and prey and their effect on the evolution of animals make a fascinating study for one who preserves a purely objective attitude. Those who conjecture about the terror and pain of the victims, the distress of parents whose offspring have suddenly been snatched away and of young animals slowly dying of hunger and exposure when deprived of their parents — these more sympathetic naturalists are likely to find predation a melancholy subject.

Although naturalists have investigated predation in vast detail, philosophers have failed to give it due attention. Yet the problems which predation poses for the philosopher are hardly less important than those which it presents to the naturalist. For theology, cosmology, psychology and sociology, predation has implications which must be taken into account in any thorough discussion. The theologist has not gone to the root of his problem if he has failed to ask how it is possible to reconcile the existence of a powerful, intelligent, benevolent Creator with that of a world in which a myriad animals must daily mangle and devour countless other sentient creatures in order to live. The cosmologist who is not a theist must consider how a beneficent, constructive

process, which he must postulate in order to account for all the order and beauty in the Universe, could become involved in the vast strife which afflicts our planet, chiefy in consequence of the fact that many animals nourish themselves on the flesh of others. The psychologist should consider how the passions, attitudes, and behaviour of men and other animals have been affected in the course of many generations by the killing and callous exploitation of creatures more or less like themselves. That the passions and attitudes which predation foments powerfully influence the form of society among humans and other animals is a fact so obvious that we wonder why it is so often overlooked.

To the thoughtful mind, evil is one of the greatest of enigmas. Why the Universe should be infected with evil is, as Amiel said, a problem second in importance only to that of its existence. In broadest terms, evil is disharmony and the pain and sorrow therefrom arising. In the living world, the chief cause of strife, with all the suffering and loss that it brings, is predation, especially if we include under this heading not only the crude form exemplified by the shark and the tiger but likewise that more subtle form that we call parasitism. The parasite is a predator which lives upon or in the body of its host, sometimes causing its death after an acute and agonizing illness, but in other cases permitting it to live with more or less discomfort or pain — a course advantageous to the parasite which benefits by the continued existence of the organism that supports it. Possibly, as some have believed, parasitism causes more suffering throughout the animal kingdom than crude predation. Without attempting to solve this problem, we may recognize that predation, in the broad sense which includes parasitism, is life's greatest evil. Whether we consider the psychic attitude of an animal that strikes down and rends the flesh of another or the hideously mangled carcass that results, predation is the most revolting aspect of nature, the cause of the greater part of the ugliness no less than of the suffering which afflicts the living world.

But the evil of predation, it may be objected, is merely physical, and some philosophies have held that bodily pains, even mutilation and death, are not evil at all, if we view them rightly. Real evil is moral evil, which exists only in the mind, in the form of hatred, anger, malice, vengefulness, envy, and similar affections, along with the deliberate intention to injure one's fellows to which these disruptive passions often give rise. But, contrary to what certain religions have taught, one who accepts the evolutionary view must recognize that physical evil, in the

form of destructive clashes between lifeless and then living things, was rife in the world long before the advent of animals capable of the forethought and choice without which moral evil, in the strict sense, cannot exist. Moral evil is not the cause but the result of physical evil. The violent passions which so often impel men to wicked deeds grew up among animals overshadowed by the horror of predation. The fangs and claws with which predatory animals seize and tear their victims would be useless without the fierceness that corresponds to them. So thoroughly has the predatory habit impregnated the whole life of raptorial birds that nestling hawks and owls, only a few days old, not infrequently attack and destroy their brothers and sisters in the nest. Such fratricidal impulses have not been detected among the young of frugivorous and insectivorous birds.

Not only does predation strongly affect the psychic life of the predators themselves; it also powerfully influences that of victims which, if capable of emotion, must fear and hate the enemies that menace them. Anger, rage and vengefulness can hardly fail to stir an animal of some intelligence who is constantly threatened by a cruel death, who perhaps has seen its mate or offspring killed and eaten by a predator. Man, who for countless generations was not only a predatory animal but likewise the prey of the larger carnivores such as tigers and wolves and the frequent victim of serpents, inevitably became infected with the whole gamut of violent passions to which predation gives rise both in the predators and their victims. This is a principal source of that heavy burden of disruptive attitudes which we must cast off in order to live righteously and fit into a good society.

The long, cruel struggle to survive in a competitive world has not been the only influence to mould our psychic life. Not only must animals eat and avoid being eaten; since in any case they are not immortal, they must reproduce their kind. Although many of the lower animals deposit their eggs and forget about them, the careful nurture of the young so greatly increases the efficiency of reproduction that parental care has been widely adopted by the higher branches of the animal kingdom. The nurture of helpless offspring promotes the growth of a set of emotions that contrast strongly with those engendered by predation. Love, tenderness, sympathy and compassion are the exquisite flowers which the nurture of offspring at last brought forth in the more highly developed minds. These affections seem to be the direct expression of the true and inmost nature of a creature formed by the beneficent, con-

structive process of harmonization, of which organic growth is an example; whereas the opposite passions of hatred, rage and the like are antithetic to this inmost nature and were imposed upon animals by the harsh struggle to survive.[1]

As civilization mitigates the individual's struggle to exist, the disruptive passions associated with predation tend to weaken. In the measure that they dwindle, the love and tenderness which are the true expression of our inmost nature reach the surface and increasingly influence our lives. Finally there may come a day when we are shocked and outraged by the harshness, the callousness, the ugliness of the old predatory life. We rebel against it. We reject whatever bodily satisfactions it might bring us. We will not accept the flesh of slaughtered animals, even if they were killed and dismembered far beyond our sight and hearing. Like many of the men and women most sensitive to their inmost nature in all the more advanced cultures since the dawn of history, we become vegetarians.

At first, no doubt, we refuse to eat the flesh of animals simply because we will not be responsible for the suffering and death of a sentient being, nor accomplices in the brutality and ugliness of the slaughterhouse. We find no pleasure in food that has cost another creature's life. But, as we continue to reflect upon the course we have taken, we see that it has wider implications. We have revolted against the régime of predation which has not only brought immense suffering to animals but has also fostered their most disastrous passions. We have refused to participate in the greatest evil which afflicts the living world. If we cannot abolish this evil, we can at least oppose it. *Vegetarianism is a standing protest against predation.*

After long abstinence from the flesh of slaughtered animals, we find that the attitudes associated with predation tend to fade from our minds. Rage, anger, hatred, and destructive violence arise in us less frequently and are more easily subdued. To exploit any creature, human or otherwise, becomes increasingly repugnant to us, and we take no delight in "sports" which consist in killing or harassing animals. Mildness and benevolence displace harshness and aggressiveness from our souls. We grow steadily in those moral and spiritual qualities which the good and the wise have ever sought for themselves. *Vegetarianism is part of a discipline for freeing our minds of the violent passions and*

[1] See the present writer's *The Quest of the Divine* (Forum Publishing Co., Boston, U.S.A.), especially Chapter VIII.

selfish attitudes associated with predation. I say "part of a discipline" because it would be fatal to suppose that merely by abstaining from flesh we become perfect in spirit. Our flaws and limitations of character have multiple sources and are not to be corrected by any single procedure. But a vegetarian diet helps us greatly to overcome some of our spiritual defects.

Some writers have supposed that a large share of our most dangerous passions are fomented directly by a diet of flesh, and accordingly abate when we abstain from it. On this view, the undesirable psychic effects of eating flesh would appear in one who had never heard of butchering but had been led to believe that the meat served to him was the fruit of a tree. When we recall that herbivorous animals, as, for example, stallions and bulls, can be very savage, it becomes doubtful whether a diet of flesh is the direct source of the fierceness of carnivores, which seems to be correlated with their violent method of procuring their food rather than caused by the food itself. Similarly, it is doubtful whether change in diet is the immediate cause of the spiritual improvement which the adoption of a vegetarian regimen often effects. I believe that the alteration owes more to mental than to physiological factors. By denying ourselves what many people eagerly seek, we prove that we are capable of restraining our appetites for an ideal end. We have refused to enjoy a pleasure at the price of another creature's pain. This resolution, steadfastly followed from day to day, often in the midst of people who indulge in flesh and perhaps urge us to share it with them, can hardly fail to affect our outlook profoundly. We form the habit of regulating our activities with some consideration for the welfare of other beings of many kinds. This, I believe, is the principal way in which a vegetarian diet improves character. Nevertheless, when we consider the subtle interactions between body and mind, it is probable that our food directly influences our thoughts and emotions in greater or less degree; but we need to know far more about this.

Every generous man wishes that he could do something to mitigate the world's ills. But they are so vast, and the result of such complex factors, that he rarely knows how to proceed to carry out his good intentions. Yet there is one evil, the greatest and farthest-reaching of all, which we may increase or diminish by our personal habits — the primordial evil of predation. *Vegetarianism is the daily reaffirmation of our determination to use intelligence pervaded by love to overcome some of the horrible predicaments into which life has blundered because its evolution has not been guided by a foreseeing, benevolent Mind.*

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

ROBERT GRAVES

[**Shrimati Prema Nandakumar** is a frequent contributor to *The Indian P.E.N.* and THE ARYAN PATH on literary topics. Like her father, Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, she has devoted her interest to such studies, and already has a remarkable output of lively and appreciative critical writing to her credit at her young age.

Her study of Robert Graves was a long one, and limitations of space made it necessary to remove a long section dealing with Graves's autobiography and fiction. This will appear, however, in *The Indian P.E.N.* very soon. We print below the major portion of the essay, dealing with Graves as poet and thinker on the poetic myth.

Shrimati Nandakumar suggests a parallel between Kali and the White Goddess traced by Graves through early poetic myth. It is the pathos of twentieth-century civilization that its minds of courage and integrity have encountered (in many ways, in anthropology, in psychoanalysis, in artistic experience induced by the quality of the age) Kali, in whatever name, a Nature fascinating but terrible, for ever loathesome to Apollo. Would to great Karma they could turn to lore more ancient still and know the Great Mother as she is — Kali, the Dark One, on occasion, for the necessary destruction of evil; but in the heaven of Shiva the Contemplator, Gauri, the White One; *ṛtām patnī*, Queen of Cosmic Order; the Maya of *Prakriti*, Power of Illusion, who nevertheless humbly serves the Logos of Spirit, putting those who seek Godhead to the minor and major tests.—ED.]

THERE ARE certain visible milestones in the lives of the living great, and each new milestone prompts us to survey the hero's career again and attempt a new assessment of his work. Robert Graves's recent election to the Oxford Professorship of Poetry is one such. He is no sudden luminary by any means, but has long had an established reputation. He has published a good deal, being a master of the twin harmonies of prose and poesy. The poet and novelist is also a well-known critic, though a critic with a difference; no wonder, then, that he should be called the "hydra-headed genius" of our time. There is a core of stern purposiveness in all his work, and there is a vigorous intellect engaged all the time. More than anything else, perhaps, it is his reinterpretation of ancient legends and projection of his vital theories on poetic myth that make him a special and rewarding subject of study. Whence, then, this astonishing phenomenon, this solitary reaper on the highlands of modern literature?

Robert Ranke Graves was born on July 26th, 1895, the son of an Inspector of Schools, an Irish poet and song-writer, and a parent with a large family. After being educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, young Graves joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1914 and saw war at first hand, Siegfried Sassoon being one of his comrades in arms. Graves experienced the full impact of the horror of trench warfare in France. On the night of July 20th, 1916, he was badly wounded in the Martinpuich sector, and was promptly listed as having died of wounds. But life was not extinct in the seeming corpse, and Graves lived to write to *The Times*:—

> But I *was* dead, an hour or more:
> I awoke when I'd already passed the door
> That Cerberus guards . . .
> "Life, life! I can't be dead, I won't be dead:
> Damned if I'll die for anyone," I said . . .
> Cerberus stands and grins above me now. . . .

Returning to life thus, Graves served in various posts (and once even returned to the trenches), but in his spare time he wrote poetry. Presently he married, went back to Oxford and took his degree, and began struggling for a livelihood. In 1926 he proceeded to Cairo as Professor of English Literature, but this "brief attempt at academic respectability" (as George Steiner describes it) lasted only one year. After various experiments in living, Graves finally settled down in the island of Majorca so as to be able to have a niche all his own far from the madding crowd. His published books up to date number almost a century, and he continues to write as fast as ever. He is now working on the Hebrew myths, and his *Symptoms of Love* has just been published in the *Observer*. In spite of his many-sided literary activity over four decades, posterity will, perhaps, judge him mainly as a poet; and Graves knows this too.

As far back as 1926 (that is, thirty-five years ago), Graves brought out his *Collected Poems*; for he had already published several small volumes of poetry. He has since revised his *Collected Poems* frequently, adding and omitting poems from time to time; the latest edition came out only in 1959. Since Graves's seal of approval is reserved only for this collection, our job is made rather easy. The book is in ten parts, the poems being arranged in chronological sequence. Seldom does Graves attempt a long poem; when he wishes to write at length, he is content to resort to prose composition. Graves might almost subscribe to the

view that a long poem is a bad poem! For the most part, these pieces included in his *Collected Poems* are brief jets of song, ejected quanta of compressed feeling. The early poems have an easy lilt, while the more recent ones have a maturer — perhaps even a ruggeder — grace; but all are marked by a freshness or piquancy in their utterance. Graves is continually alert, and every poem is to him a "fresh experiment." Poetic occasions, of course, are never wanting. Events happen; for Time never stands still. Beauty and sadness invade the lives of all. All see the movements, hear the groans. But the poet alone observes with alert imaginative attention, and only he is gifted with the capacity to record what he has seen and heard, what he has shared and suffered. Graves is such a poet, and he exemplifies in his work Goethe's words that "a particular event becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet."

Graves's themes are varied and rich: war, sex, mythology, magic, mystery, man, Nature — all are drawn into the current of his poetry. Eager-eyed and responsive, he faithfully assimilates his impressions, and through the interplay of imagination and intellect produces finished, haunting verse that leaves us awed and satisfied. Take, for example, "Children of Darkness":—

> Is Day prime error, that regret
> For Darkness roars unstifled yet?
> That in this freedom, by faith won,
> Only acts of doubt are done?
> That unveiled eyes with tears are wet —
> We loathe to gaze upon the sun?[1]

Or this simple passage from "The Furious Voyage" (an evocation of the final voyage of Ulysses?):—

> In ballast only due to fetch
> The turning point of wretchedness
> On an uncoasted, featureless
> And barren ocean of blue stretch.[2]

Speaking with reference to technique alone, we can very well see that Graves is a superb craftsman who takes a great deal of trouble in revising and re-editing his poems. Perfection is his goal, and even if perfection should be unattainable, he is at least approaching it, getting

[1] *Collected Poems* (1959), p. 55.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 81.

closer and still closer to it. No dead perfection for him either: his lines quiver with primordial energy. There are no mere thorny edges to startle or scratch us, but finished poems to marvel at or memorize. "Angry Samson" will serve to illustrate this:—

Are they blind, the lords of Gaza
In their strong towers,
Who declare Samson pillow-smothered
And stripped of his powers?

O stolid Philistines
Stare now in amaze
At my foxes running in your cornfields
With their tails ablaze,

At swung jaw-bone, at bees swarming
In the stark lion's hide,
At these, the gates of well-walled Gaza
A-clank to my stride.[3]

The old myth mingles with the intended new message, and in the mingling is the poem born.

As may be inferred from the later Parts of his *Collected Poems*, Graves has now apparently come into his own. In the very recent *Symptoms of Love*, the sheer earthy is thrown away and the theme of Love achieves a brilliant efflorescence. There are twenty-three poems here, all very short and quivering with the inner throb of feeling. The "symptoms" are described, the choice is given, the confession is made:—

We never would have loved had love not struck
Swifter than reason, and despite reason:
Under the olives, our hands interlocked,
We both fell silent.

Is the poet (the hero? the protagonist?) *worthy* of being chosen? Can such happiness be real? We cannot help remembering the sonnet-sequences of the Elizabethan Age, and Shakespeare's own sonnets, when such heart-searchings, self-lacerations, sudden poutings and alternations of despair and hope continually merge to produce the effect of a prolonged monologue like *Symptoms of Love*. The beloved — she is the sea, she is also the mirror:—

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 35.

Why should I fear your element, the sea,
Or the full moon, your mirror,
Or the halved apple from your holy tree?

Again, uncertainty claws at the poet. He is thrown by her laughter, her kiss, her smile, into an anguished sea of doubts. How difficult is the practice of patience to a lover! There is the whirl of despair and hope — and, suddenly, the wheel comes full circle, there is the image of the White Goddess, embracing all the moods, all the situations:—

How am I more than a man-lion
To you a goddess, the world's queen?
Ten thousand champions of your choice
Are gone as if they had not been.

"Moon" and "sea" recur often in this short sequence: quite obviously the "moon" is the symbol of the White Goddess; and Graves, living in Majorca, contemplates often the roaring sea washing the rocks of the island. The theme of Love gathers its mysterious graces through the association of these two symbols that have themselves a close affinity. It is the passionate poet-lover rising like the sea at the sight of the beloved, beautiful and seductive as the moon. Interpretations like these must not be stressed too far, however; and, besides, Graves remains a difficult poet when we go too near to him! Like all true poetry, Graves's too should only be generally — and not too closely — understood. Has not Graves himself frowned at the inquisitive critic?

I am a proud spirit
And you forever clay. Have done.

Autobiographer, novelist, critic, poet; Graves is all these — but there is still another Graves as well, the "grammarian" of Poetic Myth. He has made a revaluation of the old mythology, going back to the home of mystery and magic where poetry was first born. *The White Goddess* is described by Graves as a "Historical Grammar of Poetic Myth"; and, in fact, his poetry and his "grammar" have strong filiations, the binding force being the "White Goddess," she from whom all poetry is born, she for whom all poetry is made. "The function of poetry," says Graves, "is religious invocation of the Muse; its use is the experience of mixed exaltation and horror that her presence excites."[4] Graves's is unquestionably a formidable thesis, something al-

[4] *The White Goddess* (1952), p. xii.

most entirely new in contemporary literature and criticism. He takes a few old Welsh ballads and interprets them as the descriptions — or invocations — of the White Goddess, thus opening before us the endless vistas of an ancient mythology. A startling picture follows to arrest the reader's attention:—

> The Goddess is a lovely, slender woman with a hooked nose, deathly pale face, lips red as rowan-berries, startlingly blue eyes and long fair hair; she will suddenly transform herself into sow, mare, bitch, vixen, she-ass, weasel, serpent, owl, she-wolf, tigress, mermaid or loathsome hag. Her names and titles are innumerable. In ghost stories she often figures as "the White Lady," and in ancient religions, from the British Isles to the Caucasus, as the "White Goddess." I cannot think of any true poet from Homer onwards who has not independently recorded his experience of her. The test of a poet's vision, one might say, is the accuracy of his portrayal of the White Goddess and of the island over which she rules. The reason why the hairs stand on end, the skin crawls and a shiver runs down the spine when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright and lust — the female spider or the queen-bee whose embrace is death.[5]

This is verily the core of Graves's argument. Graves tries to show that the original truth of myths came to be shadowed and confused in later ages that depended more and more upon "prosaic methods of thought." According to Graves, mythology is truer than the so-called reason-based science; for, after all, science may know everything, but it understands nothing. With a sudden flash-back, Graves goes back to the childhood of the race, the life on the lap of naked Nature, and enunciates this bold hypothesis:—

> Poetry began in the matriarchal age, and derives its magic from the moon, not the sun. No poet can hope to understand the nature of poetry unless he has had a Vision of the Naked King crucified to the lopped oak, and watched the dancers, red-eyed from the acrid smoke of the sacrificial fires, stamping out the measure of the dance, their bodies bent uncouthly forward, with a monotonous chant of "Kill! kill! kill!" and "Blood! blood! blood!"[6]

Incredible as it may appear, this is the Gravesian thesis: the Moon — the death-pale White Goddess — Poetry. All the cauldrons of Car-

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 10.
[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 445-6

ridwen and the esoteric meanings of old, old romance meet in this one image alone: the White Goddess, in whom contraries repeatedly mingle, and we meet dread and joy at once. And Graves has tirelessly sought her, and (having presumably found her) he can now sing her praises:—

> All saints revile her, and all sober men
> Ruled by the God Apollo's mean—
> In scorn of which we sailed to find her . . .
>
> Whose broad high brow was white as any leper's
> Whose eyes were blue, with rowan-berry lips,
> With hair curled honey-coloured to white hips.
>
> Green sap of Spring in the young wood a-stir
> Will celebrate the Mountain-Mother,
> And every song-bird shout awhile for her . . .[7]

The "White Goddess" — who is she but the supreme creatrix, the home-of-all and the womb-of-all, the preserver and the destroyer? Isn't she Kali and Urvasi in one — Kali decked with a garland of skulls and Urvasi rising from the foam in her transcendent beauty? She is mistress and madonna and murderess! The passionate abandon with which Graves worships this fearful and terrible and beautiful White Goddess is revealed even in *Symptoms of Love,* his latest work. All the old fervour of awed ecstasy and surrender is here:—

> Goddess of Midsummer, how late
> You let me understand
> My lines of head, life, fate
> And heart: a broad M brand
> Inerasable from either hand.

A romantic in his agony and ecstasy who is also a classical writer in his poise and austerity, Robert Graves ramains an enigma to us when we try to analyse the changing moods of his poetry. Many of his poems are obscure, characterized by a packed density of thought. And what sort of "criticism of life," after all, does he offer in his poetry? Critics have called him a pessimist. Cohen, however, thinks that "on the whole, measured optimism outweighs pessimism in the poet's whole production." On the other hand, G. S. Fraser observes in his *Vision and Rhetoric* that Graves is only "pessimistic about the world that exists." The streak of pessimism found in Graves's poetry may be

[7] *Collected Poems,* p. 249.

traced either to the war years when many of his intellectual companions died or to the intermittent invasion of pathos; or to his seeing in this world a self-destructive passion which is the result of forgetting the ancient heritage and going madly towards the "conquest" of Nature through science. Yet one thing is certain. This pessimism does not scream itself out like the vitriolic couplets of a Pope. Instead Graves both rouses and consoles, both pierces and heals us with his delicately fashioned lyrics contrived to achieve the right cathartic effect. His is the healing, the wounds are the world's; thus, if we must blame at all, we should blame the current human situation, not the poet. For, as the poet asks,

A song? What laughter or what song
Can this house remember?
Do flowers and butterflies belong
To a blind December?

Not a bright message, by any means; yet the courage and the integrity are admirable. To have the courage to face the worst is the beginning of learning to master and exceed it. In this sense at least, Graves's poetry is a needed tonic for our terror-haunted times.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE, the Realm of the Divine Mind — beautiful; the most beautiful of all; lying lapped in pure light and in clear radiance; the original of which this beautiful world is a shadow and an image; tranquil in the fullness of glory since in it there is nothing devoid of intellect, nothing dark or out of rule; a living thing in a life of blessedness — This must overwhelm with awe any that has seen it, and penetrated it, to become a unit of it.

—PLOTINUS

THE CHILD IN SOCIETY

[THIS ARTICLE is based upon a talk given by **Mr. M. A. Langdell, B.Sc., A.R.C.M.,** Headmaster of Markfield County Secondary School, London, to the Indian Institute of World Culture, London Branch, on October 5th, 1961. He brings home the great need for adults to assume conscious responsibility for all the influences that are brought to bear upon a child in society. If the adults do their duty thoroughly, he feels, many of the problems of the juveniles will be attacked at the roots.—ED.]

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLMASTERS has maintained throughout the forty years of its existence the great importance of the family unit in the field of education and in the wider areas of society generally. The whole history of mankind reveals the necessity of the continuance of the security, the comfort, the educative forces to be found in the sound family unit. The word itself derived from the Latin has great significance when seen in relationship to *familia* — household *famulus* — servant or attendant. One member of the household bears a responsibility for the rest. The responsibilities of parenthood are fundamental to the establishment of the true home.

Mr. Harry Bell in his presidential address to the Association at Blackpool last Easter said:—

> Though marriage is essentially a partnership, I am firmly of the opinion that the roles of the respective partners can be clearly defined and are determined by the differing physical and emotional characteristics of the two sexes. Thus by virtue of his greater physical potential the male is the provider and by virtue of her greater capacity for patience, love and understanding the mother is the administrator. Thereby we can see quite clearly the quality of the impact that these two profoundly important people should make upon the growing child. Mother the sheet anchor, the giver of love, comfort, security; by her constant presence, the figurehead of stability in the child's changing world. The wise Solomon of the home to whom the young child may turn to seek solutions to its many problems, in fact, the one person who can best provide all the ingredients of healthy physical and mental growth. There is no need, therefore, to emphasize the profound importance of the mothers in our society and the outstanding part that they play in the moral, emotional and physical development of our future citizens. Yet it is true that, in the main, young women enter upon this sacred work unskilled, untrained, unprepared and often quite unaware that a woman can find her deepest satisfaction in the development of the skills and character necessary in homemaking. Alas,

it is true also that so often these days she is not there in the home with her children, rather is she engaged in the pursuit of tawdry, material improvement for the home. On her return she is too tired, too jaded, too preoccupied with her other life to give herself wholly and unselfishly to her children. And what of the father in this situation, is he able to maintain his position as head of the house, thus presenting to his children an image of strength and wise leadership? Is he still able to assert that essential control and discipline in the home from which grows self-discipline and self-control? Or is it more likely, as so often is the case, that he will make a futile endeavour to take over, quite inadequately, where his wife has failed, then give the whole thing up as a hopeless task and seek solace outside the home?

The education of the child, by which I imply the full preparation for life in the testing world of the latter half of the twentieth century, begins in the home. It may be said to begin in the warmth and security of the womb. Certainly the roots to full and healthy growth are established and sent deep before the child reaches school age. The infant needs love, security, warmth, routine and two parents with "one voice." Inevitably crises occur in every child's life — the change from home to school, the arrival of another baby in the home, the change from primary to secondary education, the stirrings of adolescence and others which are part of the family life. On such occasions the home is the refuge, the source of comfort and guidance. I quote again:—

Many of the anti-social characteristics which become apparent in some adults can be traced back to unhappy childhood caused through inadequate family life. Those of us who spend our working days in the world of children are frequently made aware of the awful tragedies brought about by the unhappy and broken home and by the refusal or inability of parents to face up to their responsibilities. All too often we are brought face to face with some of the serious consequences arising out of disturbances in a child's early human attachments. We see the small child unduly worried and bewildered by some slight change in its school programme and we know that it is unhappy and insecure at home. We witness the sad decline of a child's standards of conduct, honesty and loyalty and we know that it is inwardly worried by parental conflict. The belligerent, unpopular boy who bullies his way through school is probably unwanted and unloved at home. The child who shows no regard for discipline and scant respect for persons or property is likely to be living in an environment where these attitudes are part of everyday living. Most of all we are concerned that in all probability these children, spending

their most formative years in an environment where doubtful values exist, will themselves one day become unsatisfactory parents.

It used to be accepted that three educative forces supported the child in its growth towards the establishment of the mature social being. Like three legs of a tripod they held up the structure. They were the home, the school and the church. Sadly it is true that the influence of the last has gone in many cases. My experience in a large secondary school in an industrial area reveals that most families have little contact with organized religion. One support has gone. The influence of home and family is much less apparent for good than ever before. Children get themselves off to school; they return to empty houses; they are part of the "latch-key army" or, worse, they run the streets until someone comes home. Some come to school too tired, unfit in body and spirit, to learn The responsibilities that are the parents' for even the bodily welfare of children are in some cases shrugged off and passed to the school.

The remaining leg of the tripod is the school which continues to teach fundamental values and does not confine itself to the narrower duty of imparting knowledge. The good school teaches the inherent value of work, the necessity for truth and honesty in daily life. It attempts to develop a sense of responsibility and a social conscience. The teacher sometimes feels abandoned, wonders whether his is a voice crying in the wilderness and his proclaimed values alien in an age when current slogans include — "I'm all-right Jack" — "Couldn't care less" — "Never had it so good." Self-interest, material things, Pools, Bingo, the "fast buck" — are these the modern values? If society as a whole condones or ignores these things how can it blame the young, the adolescent, flush with money as he is, when he goes off the rails? He is walking on shifting sands and overhead — who knows? — the atom bomb. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow... ? The adults of today carry the burden of blame for our young people who go wrong. Perhaps our desire for liberty has opened the door to licence. Perhaps in a fully educated society of mature beings, the temptations of our age, the salacious, the meretricious, the bad book, film, play and television would be spurned and cease to be big business. Until such time as society is educated and mature, surely the State has a responsibility to protect its future citizens:—

In 1934 there were 195,000 indictable offences known to the police, in 1959 there were 675,600. This is a threefold increase and represents,

with the exception of 1954, a steady annual rise. Perhaps the most distressing feature of this dreadful trend is the fact that last year, very nearly a half of all those found guilty of indictable offences were under 21 years of age More disturbing still is the knowledge that the biggest single group of those before the courts was that between the ages of 14 years and 17 years. Now these delinquents are mere children and are either still attending or have very recently left our educational establishments. To that section of our society which concerns itself with moral welfare, and this group must include all connected with education, this startling evidence of the growth of crime must be taken as a measure of failure. We cannot afford to be complacent while crime and violence increases, while the prisons of this country are full to overflowing because one in sixty-eight of the population is committing an indictable offence annually.

No section of the community can escape part of the censure which the previous statement reveals. These young people were in our schools until recently; and teachers, I am certain, are not complacent. That they feel depressed is certain; that they feel a little let down is not surprising: classes are too large, trained teachers are too few, dilapidated schools too common. This nation can only afford apparently 3 to 4 per cent of the national income for education. Russia devotes 10 to 12 per cent and the United States 9 to 10 per cent. Educate on the cheap and inevitably this nation will decline in the modern world to the third rate. A new look at education with a hand on heart would be the foundation of preventive medicine against the present sickness in our society.

Such measures are vital but will not cure the present epidemic, and one feels depressed as does Mr. Foster of the Central After Care Association, Borstal division, when he says, "We are trying to present as acceptable standards that must seem farcical when compared with their manner of life in their natural habitat," and "We are trying in a brief period to reshape a pattern of conduct that is the product of years of sordid experience." Police, magistrates, probation officers, psychologists, after-care officers and other excellent people are heavily engaged in this struggle against the criminal and anti-social activities of so large a section of our young people. A good deal of research is being made into the reasons for the behaviour, and explanations are offered as to why the individual is anti-social. Is not the answer simple? They have not been taught the difference between right and wrong. They have no social conscience.

May I in conclusion suggest that the depression need not be entirely unrelieved? There are some thin rays of light to break here and there the gloom. If one takes a very long view historically civilization has developed, and society with it, not as in a straight-line rising graph, but by a complex curve ultimately climbing but with its periods of depression. The morals of 1961 theatre are attacked — what of Restoration plays? Can we forget Hogarth's exposure of social conditions as he saw his England or Dickens's commentary on nineteenth-century society? Such cycles as are hinted at are not confined to this country — Margaret Trouncer's novels on eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century France are revealing — nor will they be. It will be necessary to take an international view of social responsibility and conscience in ever increasing measure in the next few decades. There have always been bad parents, not necessarily restricted to the social level associated with poverty. Remember the sons of Eli or the tyrant Barrett of Wimpole Street. Our difficult children today are those born under the shadow of a violent war; their parents were born in the shadow of the first world war. The threat of a third is ever present. What may be surprising, and we must not forget this, is the splendid calibre of the majority of young people today. Many are achieving standards of responsibility and scholarship unsurpassed. Our schools are dealing with "the first generation" in full secondary school education. More young people are remaining in these schools beyond the compulsory span of education. The national average is 25 per cent and rising. Parents are gradually becoming mindful of the need for education and association between parent and teacher more positive and mutually beneficial. I believe that if we are spared a "hot war" then the nation will come to reject those influences which threaten the character of its people; lasting values will again support through home, school and church the solid structure which will be a nation's pride and a world's example. The uncertain period of "adolescent growth" of a large section of our social order will have been successfully negotiated.

M. A. LANGDELL

A JOURNEY TO HELL

AN ALLEGORY

[**Shrimati Anasuya R. Shenoy** has written a simple and perfectly true story. It has happened not once but many times; and it has happened in a *loka* we all know. For the true name of the hell she describes is Myalba, our earth.—ED.]

ONCE a Dweller of Heaven looked down and said to himself, "I must see what Hell is like." But when he came near the gates of Heaven in order to go out the watchman stopped him, saying, "Where are you going? If you are going on a journey to Hell you had better take a friend with you. He will remind you when the time is up, and bring you back safe here."

So the Dweller of Heaven went towards Hell with a friend by his side. And he saw strange sights.

He saw a dilapidated structure, worn out, full of decay and in ruins. Men went round it worshipping. And he asked, "What is this hollow thing that you worship?" And they replied, "Don't you know, this is our religion. We worship what is true and glorious." And pity filled his heart, and he said, "Alas! alas! You worship but the shell, the decayed moth-eaten remains. Alas!" And the men were angry and said, "Who are you to tell us so? Go your own way."

And he went, and saw an altar, high and pure, but the men around it besmeared it, cutting it into pieces and each taking one piece for himself, so that the whole altar was debased and looked crooked and weak. And he asked, "What are these tiny pieces that you hold in your hands and worship so?" "It is Truth. We worship the Altar of Truth," they replied. Then he asked again in surprise, "Why do you worship only a piece, and not the Whole?" "You ask such silly questions! You really must be a stranger here. What we take is the Whole. There is nothing besides. Don't you see?" The Dweller of Heaven turned away, his heart stirred to the depths with pity.

Then he saw a group of men collected around an idol with a grotesque shape and an unclean mien. It had a shape and at the same time it was without a shape. It brought a smile to his face and he asked, "What is this ridiculous thing?" And the men replied, "We are worshippers of Beauty. This is the Beauty which we will absorb and recreate again." "Alas, alas!" cried the Dweller of Heaven, "If only you knew! If only you knew what is Beauty and the meaning of Beauty!

Alas, to worship so an Imperfection!" And the men were angry and cried, "Who are you who say so? What else is there that is more perfect? We know of naught, except this." And tears rose to the eyes of the Dweller of Heaven.

And then he saw men sitting on a cluster of trees the branches of which entwined with one another and had made themselves into a large and wide platform. But the branches overhead were broken and were ready to fall on them and suffocate them with the heavy and bitter fruits, and he saw the roots of the trees eaten away by tiny insects until the trees stood as though supported by tiny threads which might give way any moment. But the men sat smiling and self-contented, engrossed in themselves. "What madmen are these," cried he, "to sit so, smiling, when peril is upon them!" They replied, "We are those who have found happiness. We smile because we are happy." And the Dweller pointed up and pointed down, saying, "Alas, alas! You perish tomorrow! How blind you are!" And the men threw sticks at him saying, "Go your own way, traveller. It is you who are blind." And the Dweller wept.

Next he saw men going about in masks, one not knowing another. "Why do you wear masks?" he asked. "Masks? We know not of any," they replied. "But you hide your faces," he said. "Oh! that!" they said, "That is our Morality. We have to have a Morality."

"But why different types?"

"We have to adopt one that suits us. What sort of simpleton are you that you do not know?"

"Alas, alas! a Morality that hides your true self, and one that is so false!" And the Dweller turned away his face in sorrow, and went forward.

And he saw men searching a sandy waste, dry with heat and scorched by the sun's rays. "What do you seek here?" he asked. "Go away, we have no time," they replied. "We are searching for the Fountain of Peace. When we succeed, we proclaim our find and thus serve others." "Oh! what pathos!" cried the Dweller of Heaven, "to search a desert for life-giving waters! Alas, what a pity!" The Dweller wept in compassion and walked on.

Then he saw strange men walking round in circles looking neither this side nor that. One wide circle they had drawn around themselves and were intently looking on the ground muttering, "Whither, Whence?" "Who are these men?" asked the Dweller loudly, looking at this strange spectacle. They looked at the ground and replied, "We are those who

have lost our memories. We are trying to find the whither and whence of ourselves."

"But why don't you look upwards? Heavenwards? And why don't you come out of the narrow circles into the wide open spaces?"

"Heavenwards is a void. Everything else is a void. Only here can we find the answer."

"You are wrong," cried the Heaven-Dweller, "Your memory will come back when you look up, not down. At your feet there is only earth and clay. Look up."

But the men went on, and never answered or took notice of the Dweller of Heaven. And the Dweller sat down, his face wet with tears, and sobbed in pity for these men.

Then the friend by his side gently touched his shoulder and said, "The time is up, friend. Now you must return to Heaven. You have seen enough."

But the Dweller of Heaven answered, "How can I, O Friend, leave these creatures in this Hell of Ignorance and come away? How can I have peace any more, or joy, knowing there live men in such a hell? I would rather I might come down to them and show them their folly and teach them other ways of wisdom. Oh! how can I any more dwell in Heaven?"

His friend asked, "Would'st thou forsake the joy and peace of Heaven and stay in this place full of stupidity? Come, let us go back."

But the Dweller of Heaven did not move. "I will not come, Friend," he replied.

His friend sighed. "This happens to some who leave Heaven in order to come and see Hell. I see that the Great Compassion hath descended on thee, and it is futile to dissuade thee. I depart hence."

And the Dweller of Heaven, with tears in his eyes, rose and mingled with the men of Hell.

ANASUYA R. SHENOY

. . . compassion speaks and saith: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

—*The Voice of the Silence*

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE TRINITY*

THIS IS an outstanding book, far from the customary theological thinking. It offers an original interpretation of the true essence of the Bible. The Bible is a revealed scripture and all revelations use symbolism more than mere language of words. The words of the holy Bible also have a symbolism which must be understood before its true meaning can be obtained. It is such an interpretation which makes the author's work profoundly significant.

The central theme of the author's interpretation is the biblical Trinity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The book takes its title from this theme. The Key to the profound biblical allegory of the truth of life is this Trinity. Mind, Thought and Bodily Form are said to represent the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. God the Father is the Mind, not the Brain but the Spirit, soul, consciousness and life. The Son is the Thought, the activity of the Mind. The Holy Ghost is the Bodily Form or the Ghost or the Shadow of life. According to the author, life and existence are primarily and essentially mental or spiritual in nature. Life and Intelligence are qualities of spiritual Mind and Thought and not of the material body and the brain. Thought governs all aspects of life, wholly and completely. Therefore by virtue of a higher standard of Thought based on the purely mental concept of life, improvement automatically takes place in the individual health and circumstances to correspond with the improved state of mind.

The creation and the exile from the Garden of Eden are explained in the light of this view. They who lose their true conception of life as mental find that they lose eventually also the ideal material condition of life — the Garden of Eden that arises from this concept of life. Self-exiled humanity is at liberty to return to its ideal material condition of life at any time it is ready and willing to exalt its thinking to the higher and spiritual level. The "serpent" which beguiles is the mistaken belief that manifestation is itself life. The Fall begins with the process of identifying life with matter and its manifestations. The author, unknowingly, gives the Vedanta view. This mistaken but almost universal belief that life and creation are material does not make them so, but makes man lose control over matter and become its slave and prisoner. Mankind will have to change its belief to correspond with truth. If it does not, it will break itself to pieces while it is dragged at the chariot-wheels of materialism — which it is doing today.

Christ's birth, metaphysically interpreted, therefore, is not a physical birth but a spiritual rebirth. Metaphysically speaking there is neither physical birth nor physical death for the simple reason that there is no physical life. Life is not physical. Life is in the Mind, not in the body, which is the shadow or image of the Mind. Therefore, a spiritual rebirth, which Christ's birth represents, is always virginal.

This Trinity is also signified by the

*_Trinity Key_. By H. B. STEPHENS. (The Author, Cascais, Portugal. Available at Thacker and Co., Bombay. 251 pp. 1961.)

Three Wise Men. "The Star in the East" which they followed was the mental concept of life which guides them to the ultimate truth. Of the Three Wise Men, the one who brought the gift of gold, the pure and enduring metal, was representative of God the Father or the Mind. The second, who brought the gift of fragrant incense, was representative of the Son or Thought. Thirdly, the one who brought the gift of raisin or myrrh, with a sharp, bitter taste, was representative of the Holy Ghost, the physical body. Mary stands for the meditative way of life. The Christ idea of truth, the Child, was born of meditation. Joseph is the representative of the Father or Mind, Mary of the Son or the Thought and Christ of the Holy Ghost or bodily form: Herod stands for a material sense of life; Egypt means bondage to that sense. The biblical saying that Christ was born at Bethlehem is also symbolical. Bethlehem is a Hebrew word meaning house of bread and food. As food is to the body, so thought is to the mind. So the true nativity of Christ is in Thought.

New illumination is thrown on prayer. Material creation is always an inadequate and often a perverted reflection of the real spiritual creation. In praying or mentally working out the solution of the problems of life, we should not attempt to influence material creation directly. In attempting this our standard of thought sinks to the material level and loses in efficacy, power and strength. Mind is the cause of matter. We should improve our mind and thought, and inevitably, as a necessary sequel, material conditions will improve. That is the true meaning of "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (*Matthew*, 6:33).

Every wrong thought that mankind entertains, every idle word that men shall speak, shall work itself out in time in strict conformity to the eternal law of life and to the detriment of the wrong-thinking people. "They shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." The day of judgment is an individual matter as well as collective. It is every day for everyone.

The author sounds profound depths in his analysis of the Sumerian religion of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian empires in Mesopotamia. His comments on Judaism and Zoroastrianism are stimulating and original. His lack of reference to the rich treasures of Indian religions and spiritual literature on "Trinity," probably shows his unawareness of this branch of knowledge. In the Vedas, the Upanishads and the *Gita* of India, this spiritual trinity is not merely a trinity of concepts but of functions and purposes, explaining the triune phenomena of creation, preservation and dissolution of the universe of time and space. The metaphysics of Sound or the Word as exemplified in the *Om-kāra* is a trinity of Sounds. The same trinity is explained in a trinity of qualities in positive, negative and neutral. According to Indian metaphysics the Trinity is the very basic device by which the noumenon impresses itself on the phenomenon of the universe of time and space.

Few books in recent times have done so much as this short but profound interpretation, notwithstanding the defect which the reviewer has just mentioned. In interpreting the essential message of Christianity in the light of the modern age, the author has done a great service to the cause of right thinking in present-day confusion. The author's general conclusions are in accord with the ancient teachings of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Tantras of India and her many spiritual disciplines and systems of philosophy. In this age of materialism,

this book holds up a mirror to show the true nature of materialism. If this book arrests even a small part of the current intellectual fashion of the glamorous adventures of the physical sciences and their concomitant materialism, it will serve towards a much-needed revision of human thinking. It was time for someone to say that the Bible is not unscientific as the scientists would have us believe, but rightly understood, is more scientific than the most advanced physical sciences of the modern age. This book is at least on the verge of saying this.

P. B. MUKHARJI

The Bhagavad Gita. Translated from the Sanskrit with an Introduction by JUAN MASCARÓ. (The Penguin Classics. Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, England. 122 pp. 1962. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Sir Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial* first made me aware of the wonder of the *Gita*. Then the excellent translation by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, *The Song of God,* with its illuminating Introduction by Aldous Huxley. helped me to understand it better Now comes *The Bhagavad Gita* put into English by Juan Mascaró.

This valuable work by the compiler of *Himalayas of the Soul,* which established his qualifications for the task, has clearly been carried out with the greatest care and reverence. The Introduction gives a most useful background to the study.

Enough cannot be written about the *Gita* — its truths are so momentous, presented in a form so brilliantly and concisely a summary of all scriptural teaching, and it is so easy for us to take from its context one or other that appeals to our own desire. A little learning is indeed a dangerous thing when it leads us to do this. Certain selected verses might tempt us to believe that all we had to do was to strive to identify ourselves with the One Self and detach ourselves from the workings of Nature, which deny our union with God.

The whole burden of the *Gita* is against this belief. The goal held out to man is not escape from life and its often painful duties, not self-extinction in God, a return to his previous nothingness, but an advance to self-fulfilment, when the material mould is struck away and the separate soul it has shaped and trained stands facing God still. The union that is open to us is the perfected communion of this immortal soul with God.

We may not, except at our peril, ignore the purpose of God's creation, which is to enable the Infinite to enjoy the experience of relationship. This can only be achieved by Its willing submission to a framework of existence, especially designed (and upheld by faultless law) to cloak Its all-pervading unity. When one, like Ramakrishna, sees the God in all, he sees this truth too, and he himself submits to it God winks, and the "game," from its delicious new height, develops eternally.

Prakriti (Nature) cannot be overcome till we accept it, see it not as the enemy in our search for God, but the one essential to our separate existence at all Then we seek not to escape, but to control and use it, to further God's plan for infinite self-expression, infinite self-knowing.

When we know what we are we shall not oppose Nature's perfect design. We shall work it out to its glorious end, rejoicing in our freedom there. Juan Mascaró's work is a blessed help on our way, and we ought not to fail to profit by it.

D. S. MAXTED

The Ancient Worlds of Asia: From Mesopotamia to the Yellow River. By ERNTS DIEZ. Translated by W. C. DARWELL. (Macdonald, London. 240 pp. Illustrated with photographs and maps. 1961. 30*s*.)

Herr Diez must be almost unique in his scope and versatility in the vast field of Asian prehistory and early civilizations. This translation by Mr. W. C. Darwell of *Entschleiertes Asien* is, oddly enough, from a French version by L. Mézeray, apart from a chapter added since the Dead Sea Scrolls emerged. The English is suave enough, with very few flatnesses.

It is interesting that this book has reached British readers simultaneously with M. André Parrot's lordly *Sumer*, which covers a period from the sixth millennium to 1,150 B.C. M. Parrot stresses the origins of all art with the Sumerians; and if there is one strain linking or unifying Herr Diez's rather confusing (for most readers) synopses, it is his thesis that primitive art was shaped by primitive cosmology. This is stressed ably in his tenth chapter, especially the "god on a mountain" theme, occurring from Babylonia to Cathay. Amid the bewildering and long drawn-out interactions of these remote peoples, their rises and clashes and falls and strange survivals, Herr Diez's erudition does substantiate this one theme and convince us that art, literature and science began with the Sumerians.

His survey covers a vast amount of archæological discovery in Iran, Burmah, China of several dynasties; and he has much comprehension of vanished Assyrians and surviving Buddhists. There are some good photographs, though, like the "Suggestions for Further Reading," they must necessarily seem arbitrarily selected. The tone of the volume as a whole is perhaps rather versatile than scholarly: it is irritating that the date of the original is not given, which can hardly be an oversight. The chapter "The City of Peace," by the way, must be recommended to the comparatively numerous readers fascinated by Baghdad.

H. P. COLLINS

The Philosophy of Compassion: The Return of the Goddess. By ESME WYNNE-TYSON. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 282 pp. 1962. 30*s*.)

This book is designed to recover so far as possible in our day the truths of the Higher Wisdom with which the great spirits of the distant past were familiar but which have been forgotten, wilfully denied, or wickedly distorted in recent centuries. These truths must now be recovered and re-enthroned in the heart and head of modern man if spiritual self-destruction is to be averted. The strong appeal that it will make lies as much in the immense force of its author's moral earnestness as in the richness of her spiritual perception. She is that rare being, an imaginative moralist who feels with the mental and human immediacy of the artist conscious of the modern necessity for the solution of the problem of selfless living.

If man is to evolve to a higher sphere, which is believed to be his eventual destiny, he must first curb his present aggressive male propensities and subject them to the higher claims of the more perfectly balanced compassionate instincts embosomed in the Feminine Principle. The theme that recurs repeatedly, as in a musical fugue, is that Woman is the true Civilizer. In the light of history it would seem that the case for woman in this rôle is unassailable. At the same time, however, sight must not be lost of the comple-

mentary and compensatory masculine function in the order of things.

Occidental thought in recent centuries has over-glorified the qualities of aggressive power, will, intellect, strength, and so on, which gave rise to the conception of God as an all-male deity. The call today must be for a reversion to the conception of the combined Father-Mother principle that once held sway in the past. In our present state of evolution, the balance between the sexes can only be restored when the Feminine Principle draws level again with the Male. The late Pope Pius XII showed himself actually aware of this need to reinstate the Wisdom-Goddess, both externally, and internally in the heart of the race, when he wrote of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary being made dogma in 1960:—

> It was recognized even in prehistoric times that the primordial divine being is both male and female. But such a truth eventuates in time only when it is solemnly proclaimed or rediscovered.[1]

By its moral depravity and spiritual poverty. the race has almost forfeited its right to exist. Esmé Wynne-Tyson supports her argument by citing Shakespeare as providing an example of the requisite Divine Equipoise in his play *The Merchant of Venice,* where justice, symbolized by Shylock, is shown to be an evil without the balance of Mercy, symbolized by Portia. "For the course of Justice none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy. . . . " Using the simile of the chrysalis and the butterfly, Esmé Wynne-Tyson suggests that

> the masculine aspect might be said to regulate the life of the chrysalis, while the feminine aspect aids the butterfly to emerge from its limiting sheath. The masculine perpetuates the *status quo*, the feminine is the way of evolution to a higher state. The masculine is for the man who is content to remain a Centaur. the feminine is for the initiate who aims at the status of Perfect Manhood.

This book must be read with eyes cleared of all intellectual prejudices and deeply pondered with a mind open to its all-important message and implications for this unbalanced generation. Her book is not only a storehouse of profound spiritual insight but a "way-book" for the soul aspiring to divine wisdom. It frankly faces the difficulties which are bound to beset the seeker, but it also reminds him of the fact (too often forgotten) that the mystical life is not really some abnormal condition of consciousness, or the prerogative of a few select spirits sheltered from the experiences and duties of normal existence, but a veritable state of inner enlightenment which can illumine all the business of ordinary external existence.

VICTOR RIENAECKER

Gnosticism: An Anthology. Edited by ROBERT M. GRANT. (Collins, London. 254 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

Much has been written in modern times of Gnosticism, and many accounts have been given of its teaching. Recently fresh interest has been aroused in the subject by the discovery in 1945 of a Gnostic library at Nag-Hammadi in Egypt. The library comprised forty-four treatises written in Coptic, the great majority of which have not yet been translated. Now Dr. R. M. Grant, Professor of New Testament at the Uni-

[1] Quoted in *Answer to Job.* By C G JUNG Trs. from German by R. F. C. HULL. (Routledge and Kegan Paul).

versity of Chicago, already known for his work on the subject, has issued a most useful anthology of Gnostic writings. He includes in his book translations of extracts from the works of the Church Fathers which contain an account of the various Gnostic schools, together with translations of Gnostic writings found in Egypt in the nineteenth century and some of the newly discovered treatises. Among these are *The Gospel of Mary, The Secret Book of John* and *The Gospel of Truth* (attributed to the great Gnostic leader of the second century, Valentinus). Dr. Grant also includes in his anthology four tractates from the Hermetic writings, which he describes as "semi-Gnostic," and an abridged translation of the chapter in the *Enneads* of Plotinus containing his criticism of Gnostic teaching and a brief extract from Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*. He commences his work with an Introduction summing up the leading features of Gnostic teaching and discussing briefly its origins, and he concludes with a glossary of Gnostic names and terms and a comprehensive bibliography.

Dr. Grant has made accessible in a handy form the main sources of our present knowledge of Gnosticism, and his book is an indispensable introduction to the study of the subject. Anyone approaching the matter in the expectation of finding in the writings of the Gnostics much evidence of profound spiritual illumination is bound to be disappointed. A great deal of work still remains to be done, but the books so far known to us are a strange blend of profound thought and fantasy. There was, no doubt, a mystical element in the "gnosis" of these teachers, but for the most part that "knowledge" consisted in a series of elaborate myths concerning the intermediate beings (or "Aeons") believed to be responsible for the creation of the physical world. Plotinus criticizes the Gnostics for ascribing to the Creator "the character and experience appropriate to partial beings," and the criticism is amply justified by their writings. The newly discovered *Gospel of Truth* is an exception to this. So are the extracts from the Hermetic books, which afford far greater evidence of spiritual enlightenment than the majority of Gnostic works, but they are not properly Gnostic.

SIDNEY SPENCER

Journey into Burmese Silence. By MARIE BEUZEVILLE BYLES. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 220 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 25*s*.)

This reviewer has spent a sunny but cold Sabbath indoors with a vile cold (*Maya* or not) reading this tantalizingly fascinating book. The author says that the Burmese dread the cold weather; so there is a true contact between them and this Ego — in spite of No-Ego worth mentioning. To most Westerners in the West, Buddhism appears as a form of Esoteric Rationalism rather than as a vivid religious expression, but in true livingness this narrative of actual response to its philosophy and practice can be placed high on the shelf of the library to be found in most human temples. It owes as much to the personality (though a metaphysical illusion) and to a gift of writing, as it obscurely owes to the theme studied.

"Peace" is overstressed as a word, just as "Love" is mangled in Personal-God religions, but a quotation from Vinoba Bhave (p. 50) adjusts: "True Samadhi is not merely stillness of the mind, but a perennial state of perfect

equanimity. . . ."

Some methods of yogic development in these Buddhist retreats in Burma cannot be endorsed. Some are definitely Hatha-Yoga, as on p. 36. An undercurrent of callousness with regard to suffering seems to be part of the training. Relief comes to the author under training while suffering. "Did you get relief?" asks the Instructor. "Yes." "It is a pity you got relief. . . . When you try to escape from pain it only returns . . . ask yourself who feels the pain, you find there is no self. . . ." It is yourself who tells you there is no self!

Many of the pleasant people so well described are better than their philosophy, being just human, kindly and helpful — a little spoilt by monkery — but letting Truth come of its own accord. The book is recommended for just that, and its natural charm.

E. V. HAYES

Madhva's Teachings in His Own Words. By B. N K SHARMA. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 180 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 90 cents)

This summary of Madhva's works is exhaustive, accurate and authoritative. But in maintaining that all that Madhva says is philosophically sound the author lays himself open to several objections. Here we can point to a few.

The author has stated and defined all the kinds of evidence accepted as valid and indispensable in philosophy but he gives disproportionate importance to only two of them — perception and *Sākṣī*. Daily experience shows that the first is frequently unreliable and the second is much too arbitrary to be raised to the position of highest authority. The other evidences of inference and analogy are essential and more useful in establishing what is real.

Madhva's conception of permanently dependent and independent reals is inconsistent with the absolute supremacy of Brahman. Madhva accepts that the soul is self-luminous and partakes of the nature of Brahman. Suffering is due to attachment to the world and is real. The Advaitin's theory that suffering is due to ignorance, he holds, is wrong and, if it were true, would reduce the struggle for liberation to a farce. Our answer is that the dream analogy is perfectly sound and suffering through ignorance or fancy is just as intense as suffering which is actual. Consequently, removal of this ignorance will lead to liberation of the soul

Again, Madhva considers that the grace of the Lord alone is necessary for liberation. If this were so the idea of self-realization would lose its force. The Scriptures emphasize the paramount importance of individual effort.

Next, all the scriptures declare that whatever has name, form or attributes must come to an end. Therefore the conception of Brahman who has attributes must give place to the higher one of Brahman without attributes. Moreover, it seems to us that the state of the soul after liberation according to Madhva is not very different from what it was before liberation, as liberation means the attainment of a place called Vaikuṇṭha and dwelling there for ever in the presence of Vishnu, who is equated with Brahma (of course, having attributes, and ever singing His glory).

Now, speaking of *maya* or illusion, the impartial and universally acknowledged view is that Śaṁkara considers the world neither altogether real nor altogether unreal. After self-realization, that is, the realization that the soul is

Brahman (of course, without attributes) the world is seen to be unreal.

Coming to the sublimest doctrine ever conceived by men, the doctrine of the identity of the soul with attributeless Brahman, we notice that scriptural passages in support thereof are legion. While it is logical to explain the smaller number of separateness-texts on the principle of empiricism approved and adopted by all philosophers, to declare with Madhva that the identity-passages, which in content and expression represent the high-water mark of Indian philosophy, are but specimens of exaggeration natural to an abnormal state of our soul is to indulge in a piece of unpardonable sophistry.

The note on devotional literature is deeply interesting. The author has done great service to Karnataka by pointing out that scholars here have yet to produce an authentic history of the lives of such saints as Purandaradasa, who lifted the masses out of the quagmire of outmoded ritual.

D. M. SUBRAHMANYAM

Samadhi: The Superconsciousness of the Future. By MOUNI SADHU. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 182 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

Certain kinds of superconsciousness, as practised in India, have encouraged the idea that realization of what we truly are means a total absorption and abstraction in the realm of the unconditioned, hardly distinguishable from cataleptic trance. But the true teachers have never approved such doctrine. Admittedly there have been exceptional men, such as Sri Ramakrishna, who frequently passed into a blissful subjective state in which they were oblivious of their surroundings. Such men can be regarded as spiritual lighthouses or powerhouses through whom the vibration of the higher realms can pass to those capable of receiving them. But abnormal extremes of spiritual experience are easily parodied by charlatans and if realization consisted only of this, how much of life would be left unredeemed by understanding!

In this book, the third of a trilogy which began with recollections of his Master, Ramana Maharshi, Mouni Sadhu emphasizes the cost of transcending the dualistic condition and bringing the mind to rest in the true Self. And he offers himself as a guide to those who are ready thus to seek enlightenment. As a disciple of Ramana Maharshi he particularly favours the methods of "Self-enquiry" and he agrees with his Master that in true *Samadhi* "nothing relative remains, only the *Absolute*," or, in other words, that "the mind is completely dead."

Such statements are apt to be misleading. Certainly the new vision is born of the death of all false mental activity. But it should not, surely, involve the extinction of our human faculties, but rather their creative coordination. No one is more wholly Self-possessed than he who has dissociated himself from his body and its desires and from all the conditioned thoughts which distract. But when heart and mind are become responsive organs of the Spirit and its pure light, they can still relate us to the world in which we live, but in a new non-dual way. Then we become centres of harmony and creativeness in a world of division.

Mouni Sadhu is so concerned with the unconditioned essence of *Samadhi*, with its being "beyond any space, time, feelings and thoughts," that he has little to say about the outworking of such enlightened being in all the relations and responsibilities of our human existence. But if his book concentrates

rather too exclusively on "the ultimate Truth, which is the final goal of everything," it is full of helpful advice on such matters as control of physical, astral and mental vibrations; on building up an inner sanctuary by means of meditation on a series of bases; on strengthening the true will, dealing with obstacles, defeats, downfalls and hostile forces; on nourishing hope and discrimination; and on the necessity of patience and endurance. Few are yet ripe for the supreme attainment, the complete merging in the Central Light, of which he writes in his last chapter. But all can advance and evolve towards it. This simply written book will encourage them along that path and guide their feet.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Kauṭilīya Arthaśāstra. Part I: A Critical Edition with a Glossary. By R. P. KANGLE. (University of Bombay. 8+283+80 pp. 1960. Rs. 10.00)

No ancient Indian text has excited more curiosity in modern times and created a greater stir in the world of scholars than the "Science of Polity" by Kauṭilya, which was first published in 1909 by R. Shama Sastri of Mysore on the basis of a single MS. European scholars were loth to credit its authenticity and antiquity (*viz.*, fourth century B.C.), and for over half a century, these problems have been academically discussed and Indian scholars have been vindicating the genuineness of Kauṭilya's work in the teeth of charges of chauvinism.

Vigorous attempts at unearthing fresh MSS. were made, leading to new editions, commentaries, and translations in English and German. Valuable studies in the *Arthaśāstra* have appeared from time to time and several books on ancient Indian polity have been published explaining Kauṭilya's theory of the State and his account of government, justice, taxes, etc.

Yet a definitive critical edition of this work, faithfully recording all the variants in extant MSS., was so far not available; and Professor Kangle has earned the gratitude of scholars by this edition of his which meets a very keenly felt need. His Introduction shows how some of the MSS. available two or three decades ago are now already untraceable, and how this edition, a result of over twenty years' labour, is an improvement upon them. The value of this edition is enhanced by the readings given here for the first time from the only fragmentary Northern MS. now discovered. The glossary is both accurate and useful, and reveals the author's profound knowledge of the text. However, the use of Sanskrit figures for sections of the text — sections sometimes running to several lines — and reference to these by Arabic figures broadly in the footnotes while recording variants, are not conducive to easy reference.

The printing is excellent and we are grateful to the Bombay University for inaugurating their Sanskrit Studies with this outstanding publication.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Dag Hammarskjold. By JOSEPH P. LASH. (Cassell, London. 304 pp. 1962. 21*s.*)

The Hammarskjold who emerges from this timely biography is a wholly admirable character. The timeliness of the book is a matter of coincidence rather than design; it was completed in all

essentials before the Secretary-General's death in September 1961. Clearly, Dag Hammarskjold, as Mr. Lash portrays him — and there is no reason to doubt his judgment — is the man of the future, the new type of hero: more anti-hero than hero, more humanist than patriot, even perhaps more symbol than human being. (At Hammarskjold's own request, this biography is bare of personal anecdote.)

Hammarskjold was the perfect international civil servant and he consciously built up his office in this image. This was his strength in warding off partisan attacks from power blocs of whatever hue; this, and his belief that the U.N. existed for the weak rather than the strong. Thus Soviet hostility to his Congo policy, culminating in a demand for the replacement of the Secretary-General himself by a "*troika*," fell on deaf ears in the General Assembly. Alone among public figures of his time, Hammarskjold had the faculty of "speaking truth to power," as the Quakers have put it — and ensuring that truth prevailed.

Mr. Lash's masterly elucidation of the complexities of the Congo operation must vindicate Hammarskjold from any charge of using the U.N. as an instrument of violence. (What happened after his death may be another story.) Again and again Hammarskjold insisted that the U.N. was not a "fighting force":—

> I do not believe . . that we help the Congolese people by actions in which Africans kill Africans, or Congolese kill Congolese, and that will remain my guiding principle for the future

What in fact was this guiding principle of Hammarskjold's? Mr. Lash equates it to Schweitzer's "reverence for life." For, of course, Hammarskjold was much more than a world civil servant. Beneath the correct *façade* throbbed a complex consciousness, as sensitive to the mysteries of nature and the symbolism of art as to the need of the nations for a stable international order. Mr. Lash's book is a worthy tribute to a rare and seminal man.

MARGARET TIMS

Jadunath Sarkar āṇī Riyāsatkār Sardesai. By S. R. TIKEKAR. (Marathi) (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. 156 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00)

This is a twin biography, dealing with the personalities backgrounds and achievements of two eminent historians, who were also friends and collaborators for more than fifty years. There is probably no other instance among scholars of such team work, between types as divergent as Jadunath Sarkar and G. S. Sardesai. Shri Tikekar has the privilege of having been on intimate terms with both his illustrious subjects, and has made significant use of his opportunities for the purpose of this critique.

United by their common passion for research in Moghul and Maratha histories, these two, one from Bengal and the other from Maharashtra, came to be knit in a life-long friendship, despite their dissimilar conditioning and employments. Sarkar was born in a *zamindar* family, while Sardesai rose from poverty. Sarkar was a University Professor, and Vice-Chancellor, beloved of students, while Sardesai had to accept the first job that offered economic security, though it meant serving an autocratic Prince and tutoring his sons, who despised studies and treated their teacher with contempt.

A layman can hardly realize what patience is needed for historical research, to sift fact from fiction, to identify persons, places and dates, amidst

a babble of languages and a plethora of calendars. It is innocently believed that the lives of scholars are invariably tranquil and serene. But it is not always so. Malice and rivalry do not necessarily leave them alone. According to Shri Tikekar's well-supported testimony, men from Maharashtra indulged at one time in a smear campaign against both these scholars. Time, however, saw ultimately that justice was done, and honour bestowed where it was due.

Shri Tikekar has unfolded the two life-stories with great precision, zeal and loyalty. His style is attractive and forceful. The printing is excellent and the get-up leaves nothing to be desired.

N. R. DEOBHANKAR

Studies in Three Literatures: English, Latin, Greek: Contrasts and Comparisons. By M. R. RIDLEY. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. xii+177 pp. 1962. 30*s*)

Vast as the literature of one's native language may be, one can be sure that there are territories of experience — spiritual, intellectual, sensuous — remaining unexpressed. This is true even of a literature as old, copious and varied as English. The explanation of this is linguistic. The English language from its very nature, is incapable of communicating some kinds of experiences that (say) Italian can communicate with ease. The reverse is equally true. In English one can say things which in Italian one cannot.

Mr. M. R. Ridley's book is based on lectures he gave over many years before student audiences in Oxford and at London. He begins by describing in turn the strengths and weaknesses, in relation to each other, of the Greek, Latin and English languages, and then proceeds to compare the characteristic achievements in lyric, epic and drama within each of these languages with respect to the others. Thus Mr. Ridley treats us to a course in comparative literature. He illustrates his judgments by placing distinguished English translations besides their Latin or Greek originals, and his comments on these originals are lucid enough to profit and delight the Greekless, or even the altogether non-classic, reader and offer him new insights.

Students of English often restrict their interest in poetry to the language to which they are professionally obliged. This is an unhealthy insularity. To read Mr. Ridley's book is to undergo an exercise in the enlargement of sympathies and enjoyment. This reviewer has only two complaints: the author's underrating of *Beowulf* and an account of English which only describes the modern language. English is a plurality of tongues, and there are many varieties in time and space, a fact for which we should be grateful.

FRANCIS BERRY

Tagore: A Master Spirit. By K. CHANDRASHEKHARAN. (Triveni Publishers, Madras. 164 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00)

Floating on the tide of Tagore centenary celebrations came the book *Tagore: A Master Spirit* by Shri K. Chandrashekharan. The name of the author is not new to the readers of THE ARYAN PATH. The book is marked by clarity of thought and expression. The author has a full appreciation of the range and spaciousness of Tagore's poetic inspiration.

The author believes that brevity is the soul of wit; but, while brief, his book is not sketchy. At the very outset the author takes care to dispel some current false notions about Tagore.

Throughout he maintains a balanced outlook regarding the suggestiveness and mysticism of Tagore's literary output. The thought underlying the whole of the work is that Tagore is essentially a poet at heart, and a "Hindu" poet: in his mysticism, his conception of womanhood, of love and of sacrifice, and his suggestiveness.

The author has also admirable appreciations to offer of the poet's stories. His evaluation of the story "Vision" is scintillating and suggests that Tagore's stories are not mere photographic representations of reality but rather interpretations of the cosmic order. The poet's insight into child psychology does not pass unadmired by the well-read author.

The book gives a general impression of thorough study. His outlook is sane, his style simple and lucid. Although the chapter on Kalidasa has more to say about Kalidasa than Tagore, yet, on the whole, the views expressed throughout are balanced and compact.

R. M. RAI

Praveshako: Part II. By B. K. THAKORE. Gujarati. (Maharaja Savajirao University of Baroda. 185 pp. Second ed., 1961. Rs. 2.40)

Poet, scholar and critic, Professor B. K. Thakore was the first and foremost among the Gujarati "moderns." He was not a revivalist or an interpreter of Indian institutions and ideals as many of his contemporaries had been. He was an intellectual without inhibitions. He valued and praised what was beautiful and noble in things Indian but he also decried what was banal and mean. He owed his historical sense and rationality to Western influences.

A reader of these critical essays, which read like addresses, will have some idea of the author's personality. Professor Thakore's mind is full, almost loaded with information, ideas and words. His style is unique. Though not exactly beautiful, it is always vigorous and often lofty.

These seven prefaces reveal a variety of Professor Thakore's academic interests: Jain literature, folk literature, Hindi literature, history, philosophy, criticism. He advocates a particular sanity of approach in the appraisement of all old literature: it should be judged in a historical perspective. A people's literature again should reflect the feelings and aspirations of all its sections. Criticism should not lose sight of the ideals, but in the consideration of actual examples it should be objective and concrete. In this respect his critical analysis of Govardhanram's essay on the functions of a man of letters is very illuminating. The ideal man of letters, according to Govardhanram, is a judicious observer, a searcher for truth, a man who rediscovers eternal principles embedded in visible forms and institutions. Professor Thakore's own lifework is an illustration of what the free spirit of a man of letters could achieve.

V. R. TRIVEDI

Even Behind the Bars. By KAKASAHEB KALELKAR. Translated by SAROJINI NANAVATI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 98 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.25)

"A little book of jail experiences," says Sarojini Nanavati in her Preface. This is a correct description of the book in the strictly limited prosaic sense. But *Even Behind the Bars* is much more. Kakasaheb takes us to his own world of imaginative identification with na-

ture, and very soon the crows and kites, the sleeping blankets and eating utensils, the flowers and the jailors, become the inhabitants of a richer and rarer world projected by him.

For Indian patriots jail experiences have proved a divine boon. Tilak wrote his *Gita-Rahasya* in Mandalay; Gandhi spent his time in translating Sanskrit verse into English; Nehru wrote his *Glimpses of World History* and *Discovery of India* and Sri Aurobindo had his *Narayana Darshan* in the Alipur Jail. Likewise Kakasaheb's one year in the Sabarmati prison was not in vain. The nature lover found joy behind the prison bars: in the "birds and beasts, the changing world of trees and flowers and grass or the regular but ever wonderful transition from one season to another." The mist-covered autumn morn, the accidental death of a red ant, the starlight night, the new young leaves on a *neem* tree — all whisper suggestive messages to him. In this beatified atmosphere the heroism of the mother squirrel becomes symbolic of the spirit of humanity. Kakasaheb's fellow prisoners move with compassion and friendship, and even the worst jailor loses his ferocity. All this is possible because Kakasaheb himself is a strange simple soul, always in tune with life. What shades of the Inferno dare approach him who sees in the lowest mud the rays of the spirit's paradise? For such is the nature of Kakasaheb that, as he stepped out of the prison gate, he spontaneously murmured the line from the *Gita*: *kṣīṇe puṇyē martyalōkam viśanti* (their spiritual merit being exhausted, they enter the mortal world).

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Readings in Education for All. By S. C. SARKAR. (Modern Book Agency, Calcutta. 1961. 232 pp. Rs. 7.00)

These "readings" are actually not an anthology of extracts but the author's own work. Shri Sarkar exhibits a wide range of knowledge on all educational themes such as the use of psychology in education, modern trends in education, the concept and aims of education, the modern idea of a school, the play of heredity and environment, the play-way, curriculums of studies, the training of teachers, educational projects and the place of examinations. A very vast sweep is attempted; as a natural consequence in the treatment of the individual sections one senses an attempt to do too much. This has its cost in depth.

The second section of what is called recreative reading consists of two playlets which help to relieve the serious tone of the rest of the book and is original and entertaining. The third section consists of articles contributed by the author to various educational journals at different times and cover a large range of educational themes. The author is seen to be a close student of all aspects of the educational problem in India with a penchant for analysis of the defects. The wealth of his vast reading and experience might have been better utilized in the positive production of a manual of education.

The author reveals an astonishingly wide range of studies in the theory and practice of education, and this book will have a stimulating effect on teacher-students undergoing training in teaching colleges.

D. GURUMURTI

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, May 31st, 1962

"THE THING I LIKE MOST about modern youth is its uninhibited frankness. You know exactly where you are with them," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey. This prompted the London *Daily Mirror* to investigate the attitude of British youth to the Church. Its report is that the great majority of youngsters in Britain accept the Church, its teaching and its beliefs.

More than eight out of ten believe in God or some kind of God. They believe in the Bible and consider themselves members of some church. The strength of their belief goes further. Most young people accept the value of prayer or at least its usefulness. Three out of four pray at some time or other. Half of them have been "in such a tight corner" that they have stopped and prayed. Broadly they profess these denominations: out of every ten, Church of England — 5; Protestant nonconformists — 2; Roman Catholic — 1.

Two out of ten do not belong to any church, and the Church of England is the weakest of the denominations. The *Daily Mirror* report suggests that the young people who say they belong to it generally accept the fundamental beliefs of that Church but in the practice of their faith fall short of those of other persuasions While a half of Roman Catholic youngsters and a third of nonconformists attend church regularly, less than one in ten Church-of-England members do the same. They also fall short of other denominations in the strength of their beliefs.

According to the investigation more than 9 out of ten youngsters think that most people believe in a kind of God. Among themselves, 85 per cent believe without any qualification; 4 per cent have some qualified belief; 6 per cent are undecided; and another 6 per cent do not believe.

Personal belief is greater among girls than boys and also greater among Roman Catholics and nonconformists. More than one member in ten of the Church of England either does not believe or is undecided. This is double the proportion of doubting Catholics and five times the number of doubting nonconformists.

One young person in four prays every day or most days. 4 out of ten pray sometimes; 1 in ten prays when he is in a tight spot or worried. But more than half the youngsters have been in such a tight corner that they have stopped and prayed. Use of prayer is highest in Wales and Southwest England. Girls pray more than boys; young people in better-off homes pray more than those in poorer homes; married youngsters pray more than the unmarried; Roman Catholics and nonconformists pray more than Church-of-England members. But only a quarter of the young people who believe in God pray to Him daily or on most days. Another quarter of all believers never pray at all or do so only in adversity.

When young people were asked when they last went to church their answers brought this analysis: a third had been within the last month; a third had been within the last year; and a third had not been in church for more than a year. Young people go to church most regularly in Wales, Southwest and Northwest England and Scotland. And more girls than boys go to church; so do more teenagers than young people in their twenties. More youngsters from better-off homes attend church than those from

poorer ones. More single people than married couples attend church. Of course, Roman Catholics are the most regular churchgoers in Britain. Church-of-England members are the least regular. Nearly 7 out of every ten Catholics had been to church within the last month — against only one in four in the Church of England.

Mr. Tony Miles, who conducted the investigations on behalf of the *Daily Mirror*, says that the verdict of youth is that the churches should not tell people how to live their lives. Two out of three young people regard religion as a private affair, a question of individual conscience. But the young do not dismiss the Church message as "Square." They think that the churches have something to say, something to offer. Seven out of ten think that the teaching of the churches has meaning for young people today; 6 out of ten feel that the churches understand young people; 5 out of ten believe that sermons are relevant to everyday life.

The *Daily Mirror* reporter asked young people about three topics, namely, capital punishment, the H-bomb, and the colour bar.

Out of every ten 5 think that the churches should take a stand on capital punishment; 2 think they should preach abolition; 1 thinks they should advocate retention in one form or another. The remainder are undecided.

As to the H-bomb, 6 out of every ten young people think that the churches should speak out; 3 say the churches should be against the bomb. Less than one in ten think they should be for it. More than two in ten do not know what stand the churches should take.

On the colour bar, 6 out of ten youngsters say the churches should speak up; 5 out of ten think the churches should be against it. The rest either think the churches should be for it or they make other remarks.

Dame Kathleen Lonsdale, the Quaker and scientist, told B.B.C. listeners that a few weeks ago she had a letter from a lady who asked her to send her a short note saying whether she did or did not believe in God. Her correspondent wanted a straight "I do" or "I don't" on a piece of paper, for which she enclosed a stamped addressed envelope. This was one of those loaded questions like "Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer me 'Yes' or 'No'!" which carried with it all sorts of hidden implications.

Dame Kathleen Londsdale reminded her listeners that early this year she had visited India and one of her scientific colleagues, a sincere but very tolerant Hindu, whom she respected greatly for the simplicity and obvious goodness of his character, arranged for her to have the privilege of entering some Hindu temples, usually forbidden to non-Hindus. In one of them Dame Kathleen saw a number of people worshipping what looked to her like a large black egg. If she had been asked, "Do you believe in this god?" her reaction undoubtedly, as a scientist and as guest would have been to hesitate. There it was. very real, in front of her eyes. She could not deny its existence. Yet many of her young friends in Britain seemed most anxious to ask, "Does God exist?"

They must have some picture in their minds, of course, to ask such a question at all. And Dame Kathleen does not suppose the picture is that of a large black egg, although that mysterious object, with its implications of creation or perfection, and yet of the unknown, was undoubtedly a symbol of some of the qualities people would expect to find in God.

As a scientist, Dame Kathleen said she realizes how much our thoughts as adults are influenced by our childish upbringing, and yet of course we each react to or against our upbringing in our own way. She went first to a little

school in Southern Ireland where she learned to count and to read. The counting was assisted by chanting in unison: "One yellow ball and two yellow balls makes three yellow balls." Nothing very difficut about that. "I expect that we had coloured balls in front of us and soon realized that one, two and three were definitions of quantity; and that one red ball and two green balls still made three balls but not all of the same colour."

This was something very different from the Trinity, the threefold God about which Dame Kathleen heard in the little Church of Ireland that she attended on Sunday morning. There was nothing simple about this, nothing that a child's mind could grasp, except in the form of ideas or symbols that were so much simplified as to have become caricatures.

It is extraordinarily difficult for me, even now [said Dame Kathleen] not to think of God as some great big superman living somewhere outside this Universe but able to assume different forms so that he can penetrate anywhere within the Universe or even within ourselves to see what we are thinking, or who could, if he so wished, disguise himself as a human being And yet this is a caricature, so much like one of the Arabian Nights stories, that I instinctively reject it as magic or superstition, inevitable perhaps at an early stage of civilization, but impossible to take seriously now.

And so when Dame Kathleen is asked, incredulously "Do you, as a practising scientist, really believe in God?" or when her correspondent asks her to tell her plainly whether she believes in God or not, she has to try to know what picture of God is in the mind of her questioner.

This is not quibbling [said Dame Kathleen]. It does make all the difference to my answer whether they are thinking of some kind of superman fashioning stars or pulling strings from some kind of fifth dimension, or an impersonal pantheistic abstraction, or a large black egg, or something or somebody quite different from all these.

Dame Kathleen concluded:—

I rather think that the God whom Jesus described as Spirit, Lawgiver, Judge and King, but whom he most often called just "Father," was different from all these; so different, that the followers of Jesus were puzzled and said to him, 'show us the Father."

SUNDER KABADI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The policy of *The Twentieth Century* (London) since its appearance as a quarterly, a year ago, has been to present special subjects, incidentally safeguarding the magazine from the fate of most ephemeral publications. Under the Editorship of Richard Findlater, it has adopted the plan of featuring one special subject in each issue — with, in addition, a quarterly survey, poems and book reviews. In this way it retains the interest of topicality and yet remains of use for reference on the permanent bookshelf.

The Spring 1962 number considers "Private Lives," *i.e.*, to what extent do the press television interviewers, the law, etc., invade private rights? The various aspects are taken up, by a Fleet-Street editor, a journalist, a front-

rank novelist, a legal expert, a former police officer, also a writer, a multi-millionaire, a psychiatrist, a teenage idol of the entertainment world, literary and television critics, a French film star known the world over, all of whom have been either close observers or the victims of "invasion." The plaint of the visibility of the black man as a target in a white society, the plight of those who do not conform to "rule," the dangers to freedom from the secret police or from the law itself, are also taken up. It is all thought-provoking, and bears re-reading, lest we become habituated to victimization and forget that the price of freedom is a constant struggle for it. Future issues promise surveys of architecture and planning, new trends in medicine, the book world and international cinema. Such syntheses are valuable in a world swamped with information, but too often insufficiently co-ordinated.

The April 1962 issue of *Hibbert's Journal* contains a thought-provoking comparison between Indian and Western æsthetic speculations, made by H. H. Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Maharaja of Mysore. He considers that "the Western approach is chiefly pragmatical" though the spiritual aspect is not necessarily thereby excluded. Certain broad conclusions have been reached, and beauty has been equated by different speakers with goodness, or truth or morality, while physical beauty has been also viewed as the mirror of the spiritual. Art itself has been "the handmaid of religion."

In India even more, he writes, all questions of beauty lead ultimately into the metaphysical. External artistic delight is felt to resemble spiritual experience, in that its end is "the creation of joy" (*Ananda* or *Rasa*). These Upanishadic terms are applied primarily to "the transcendental experience of *Brahman* or the ultimate reality." In *Vedanta, Ananda* (one with Brahman) is the inner universal harmony in all, and is to be experienced with the help of the "inward eye." The removal of false knowledge reveals the bliss of the Self, yet still with detachment in the joy. Therefore, the article indicates, the aim in Indian æsthetics is to reach through the transient joy of the ordinary arts to the permanent beauty of the Ultimate. It discusses poetic intuition, imagination, discipline and learning, and also the various endeavours of Indian thinkers to diagnose "the soul of poetry," whether it lay in style, in suggestion, in the element of delight, and so on.

Art, it is said, teaches and guides with a loving approach, whereas the *Veda* does the same thing by commands, and the *Puranas* by friendly advice. Imagination is seen as the chief instrument of poetry, the creative power that "turns the world of realism into one of idealism."

Indian æsthetic speculation really reached its pinnacle when it saw God as the real object of all arts.

This article is enhanced in value by appearing where it is needed, in a Western journal. One only wishes it could touch Western artists of today, since, in some quarters, it is already being said that the reason why so many people do not find satisfaction in modern paintings, etc., and so go back to the "Old Masters" is that the former lack the "soul," the sense of the spirit, that gives to its artistic expression whatever of value and permanence it has.

The New York Times of May 18th contains a thought-provoking report by Murray Illson. It summarizes the observations of Dr Viktor E. Frankl, President of the Austrian Medical Society for Psychotherapy and a professor of neurology and psychiatry at the University of Vienna, at the third annual

meeting of the Academy of Religion and Mental Health.

At this distinguished meeting Dr. Frankl dwelt on a form of psychological disorder that does not respond to treatment along the usual psychiatric and medical lines: it springs from the profound doubt that life has any meaning. Dr. Frankl calls this an "existential vacuum." He interprets its markedly more frequent occurrence in Americans to mean that it is "apparently a concomitant of industrialization." Nothing can cure this frustration of the soul, in his view, except the attaining of a sense that life has meaning, not only in action or the experience of values but quite richly in suffering too.

These are remarkable and, in a profound sense, reassuring ideas to come from a distinguished member of the Viennese school of psychoanalysis. How thoroughly they approach the perennial spiritual intuition of the lofty nature of man and how far they go towards refuting the popular-scientific devaluation of high human aspirations can be seen more completely in his article "Collective Neuroses of the Present Day," reprinted in *Universitas* (No. 3 of 1961) last year.

Dr. Frankl explains therein that "collective neuroses" are not clinical neuroses but extremely wide-spread traits in the character of contemporary man which are "similar to neuroses." Four striking traits that he examines with great subtlety there are: an ephemeral attitude to life, living for the day, and not striving to organize one's life round a definite purpose; fatalism, which sees man as wholly determined by external circumstances or internal conditions, a product especially of popularized misconceptions of what psychoanalysis implies; collectivist thinking, which tends to submerge the individual in the mass instead of knitting genuine individual uniquenesses into real community; and fanaticism which "denies the personality of others."

Dr Frankl considers that

> all the four symptoms can be shown to derive from fear of and flight from freedom and responsibility; yet freedom and responsibility together make man a spiritual being. And nihilism should in my opinion be defined as being weary and tired of the spirit....
>
> ...nihilism is that attitude towards life which says that Being has no meaning... there is also a practical, as it were "lived" nihilism: there are people... who consider their life meaningless... and therefore think it valueless.

This nihilism Dr. Frankl believes to run counter to man's "deep-seated innate striving and struggling for a higher and ultimate meaning to his existence." When this striving is frustrated, the resulting "spiritually-rooted neurosis requires a psychotherapy hailing from the spiritual." Dr. Frankl takes the view that psychotherapy must definitely renounce that biologism, psychologism and sociologism which reduce man respectively to " 'nothing but' . . . an automaton of reflexes, a bundle of drives, a psychic mechanism, . . simply a product of environment."

> Man is not "driven" — man decides. Man is free. But we prefer to speak of responsibility instead of freedom: responsibility implies something for which we are responsible... quite specific values the realization of which can be achieved by him alone....
>
> ...we have thus not only the possibility of making life meaning-full by creating and loving, but also by suffering. So that when we can no longer change our fate by action, what matters is the right attitude towards fate....
>
> ...the so-called life not worth living does not exist. And even the trappings of psychosis conceal a real spiritual person, unassailable by mental disease Only the means of communication with the outside world are inhibited by the disease — but the nucleus of man still remains indestructible....
>
> Life has an absolute meaning — and we need an absolute belief in the meaning of life.

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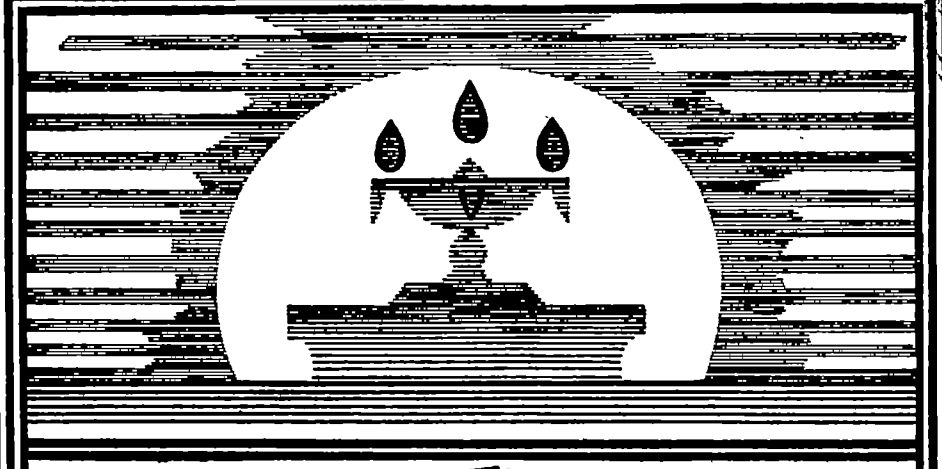
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THE ARYAN PATH

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. XXXIII AUGUST 1962 No. 8

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW

[WE reprint this Editorial from THE ARYAN PATH of April 1944.—ED.]

THERE ARE no miracles in nature. Everything that happens, happens under law, eternal, immutable and ever active, however veiled its workings are from ordinary sight. Probably not a statesman could be found who would demur to those propositions in theory. And yet it is as miracle-workers extraordinary that most planners of new orders stand forth on the world stage. A "new world" with the same prejudices and pettiness in all of us? A "new world" with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as before? Will that not be the same old world, behind however smiling a new mask?

Man, alone among beings, having free-will has the power to break the fundamental law of harmony that underlies all life. But, having broken it, he does not have the power to side-step the reaction. That will follow, as inevitably as the living bough pressed down springs back.

The world today presents a study in reactions — all the sufferings in which so many are involved, the reaping of old poison-crops long sown. But if old scores are being paid in misery, new bills are being run up with a recklessness that threatens future moral bankruptcy. The voices raised against indiscriminate bombing and the other horrors of war are not the voices of sentimentality but of practical common sense. But they are few and faint and they are quite drowned out. The one such voice which could make itself heard above the tumult of our times is forcibly silenced. It is posterity which will have to pay the bill that we are running up, for the excesses committed by both sides in this great war. What will be the verdict of posterity on the long denial of Gandhiji's guidance to the world which so sorely needs it? Time will show.

Meanwhile the world-planners are trying to solve their problems and ours without taking adequate account of the primary factor of continuity. It is true but to a limited degree that each dawn represents a fresh beginning. We start that day afresh, but we start inevitably from the point that we had reached the day before. Every morning represents an opportunity to further the successes and repair the faults of all the yesterdays. But it is never a clean slate the new day offers us. Why hope therefore that victory will serve as a damp sponge to wipe out all our errors and the foolishness that sometimes breeds more woe than wickedness itself?

The makers of tomorrow can no more build a new world out of nothing than could the Deity Itself. It is the attitude of the true scientist that they require. *Ex nihilo nihil fit,* he doggedly maintains. What can any world, any situation, be but the result of permutation or of combination of pre-existing elements? Ideal solutions made *in vacuo* can be of little practical avail.

When a new material structure is to be erected, the plan must take account of the materials available. And a sorry lot of materials are our world architects confronted with! Timbers half eaten through by the white ants of race and colour prejudice. Girders half rusted away by superstitions and animosities in the name of religion and by materialism in the name of science. To use these as they are is to invite disaster. We cannot scrap them altogether; they are all we have. But they must be treated, the depredations of the rust and termites checked. If they are adequately treated and reinforced with the concrete of right intent and brotherly good will we can yet raise a better edifice than any that humanity has known in modern times.

But the foundations must be well and truly laid. Unless the superstructure rests on justice, they will labour in vain that build it. As Lincoln truly declared, "Nothing is ever settled that is not settled right."

The most critical moment of this war will come when the leaders sit down at the peace table. Upon their attitude, their breadth of vision, their will to even-handed equity, their freedom from vindictiveness and prejudice, or the reverse, will largely rest the future of the world for many years to come. And right attitudes are not gained overnight. We must begin their cultivation now, and that not in world figures only, but also in the rank and file, without whose moral support any leader is a general without an army at his back. *We* are the makers of tomorrow — all of us.

Thread by thread the web of the present could be traced back to the past. Thread by thread in the present we are weaving the web of the future. Let us not weave the old unhappy pattern, but plan with vision and begin today to make a better, happier tomorrow.

PRAYER

This is my prayer to Thee, My Lord. Give me stimulus
To serve the cause for which Thou sent me to this universe:
To have faith first in this humble self which is Thy abode
And, then on, have faith in Thee and Thy magnificent Code:
To love my avocation howsoever menial,
But ever to keep my head aloft to a height real:
To labour incessantly without waiting for the fruit
But keeping the mind ever and ever fixed on Thy flute:
To love men and serve, but yet remain unattached and free
And to keep myself free from the greed of the Forbidden Tree:
To keep myself ever away from all habit unchaste
And all frivolous and evil talk and uncanny haste:
To embrace whatever happens and hug it as Thy Grace
And ever to remain calm and content and sing Thy praise!

A. B. GHOSAL

THE SERIALISM OF J. W. DUNNE

[**Shri S. Subhash Chandra** was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy at Osmania University. At present he is attached to the Universities of Cologne and Bonn upon a Research Fellowship from the West German Government.

This is the second part of the essay; the first appeared last month. —ED.]

II

HAVING dealt with the intellectual background of Dunne, we shall now present a concise account of his work. According to Dunne, reality, in whole and in part, is regressive in character. Every facet of the world is founded upon a perpetual regress. The theory of the infinite regress is the very corner-stone of the doctrine of Dunne. Unlike other systems of thought which envisage all forms of endless regress as dangerous fallacies to be avoided at all costs, Dunne postulates the regress as the sole substratum of reality. In the regress Dunne locates the key to an understanding of every branch of life. Allied with this regress is another feature of the philosophy of Dunne, *viz.*, the serial nature of the universe. The reality is not only regressing perpetually, but is also doing so in the form of a series. The regress of Dunne consists not just of a simple recession; it takes place in a serial framework.

In his writings Dunne has presented a very incisive analysis of the concept of the regress. He even claims that his work contains "the first analysis of the Time Regress ever completed." According to him, the infinite regress, which is the hallmark of the universe, is the most compelling fact of our life. The infinite regress is characterized by a "damnable logicality." The infinite regress, Dunne asserts, is mathematically inevitable. This inevitability stems from the very character of a regressive series stretching endlessly. The word "series" connotes a basic recurrence of relationship. The series embodies a peculiar linkage of the items concerned. Dunne avers: "A series is a collection of items linked together, chain-fashion, by some recurrent relation."[1] Now when we study any series, we are struck by a remarkable fact, *viz.*, the immense importance of the second term in it. In fact, the very nature of the series is revealed in the second term. Pointing out this fact, Dunne observes: "It is essential that we consider the series so far as to include the second term, otherwise the serial relation will not be fully disclosed."[2] In any series

[1] *Serial Universe*, p. 23.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 24–25.

the first term is a bare assertion, a mere premise; the third term is a sheer repetition of the second one. In other words, not only does a series take shape in the second term, but it is also to all intents and purposes completed therein. Dunne elucidates this noteworthy feature of a series by several examples. To take only one illustration: in a genealogical series we find that a child is a creature who had a parent, etc., etc. Here the child is the first term, the father is the second term, the father's father is the third term, and so on *ad infinitum*. It will be seen that the first term is just a premise and the series is not yet formed. In the second term, the series is formed, *i.e.*, a certain recurrent relationship is formed. It is also palpable that the third term is fixed by a mere repetition of the relationship formed in the second term. To sum up with Dunne:—

> The extension of a simple series to infinity involves some necessarily dual character in its terms. But, to discover that dual character, we must trace the series so far as its *second* term.... And it may be noted that the third and remaining two terms do no more than repeat the information already asserted by the second term.[3]

Before we deal with the application of the infinite regress to time and the universe, we should like to mention one other point. The regressive series of Dunne involve not just a bare repetitious recurrence, but a recurrence that is, aside from its own status, inclusive of all terms lower than itself. In other words, any term in the series of Dunne is neither a reproduction nor an aggregate of the preceding terms, but is all those terms plus its own self. In short, the series of Dunne are ascending and inclusive in nature.

Dunne establishes the serial nature of the universe primarily by showing the inevitability of the infinite regress of time and consciousness. His argument for the regressive character of time is based upon the view that we endure *in* time and not *with* time. In other words, we pass through time and not ride upon it. Our temporalities are not contemporaneous with time, but find a passage through it. It is this view of time that enables Dunne to propound the maxim: "Motion in Time must be timeable." Now, if this axiom is true, then we clearly get two times, *viz.*, the time of the temporal movement (endurance) of anything and, secondly, the time which times this temporal movement itself. But, then, only a little reflection will suffice to show that this time which times the temporal movement in the first instance requires another time to time it, and so on *ad infinitum*.

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 24–25.

Now we approach Dunne's argument concerning the infinite regress involved in self-consciousness. The argument is an old one. It had occurred to Descartes, but was rejected by him due to the regress involved. *Cogito ergo sum,* declared Descartes, and Dunne is pleased to agree with the French philosopher. But, he asserts, you cannot just stop there. You are not only a self-conscious creature (a "thinking thing" as Descartes would put it), but you are also conscious of your self-consciousness. But the receding trend does not stop even here. It must perforce stretch to infinity.

Now, the common view of reality consists of four dimensions (length, breadth, depth and duration) and the self-conscious observer. The four dimensions represent for the self-conscious observer its field of presentation. This self-conscious observer observes time as something composed of three pivotal phases, *viz.,* the past, the present and the future, and he inhabits the perpetually shifting "now" or the present moment. We have already seen that both the time dimension and the observer are regressive by nature. We have also seen that a peculiarity of the regress both of time and of consciousness is that they are inclusive of all the terms of the series lower than them. Consequently, we find, firstly, that the time and the observer of the common-sense view of the world are not ultimates of existence, but are ultimately merely $time_1$ and $observer_1$, and that they must regress to $time_2$ and $observer_2$, who in turn regress to $time_3$ and $observer_3$, and so on *ad infinitum.* Secondly, we notice that $time_2$ is inclusive of $time_1$ in such a manner that the observer comprehends the past, the present, and the future of $time_1$ as constituting his present moment. Similarly, $time_3$ envisages the three phases of $time_2$ as representing his "now," and so on *ad infinitum.* We also notice that $observer_2$ who finds his field of presentation in $time_2$ comprehends in an inclusive fashion all that is present to $observer_1$; and $observer_3$, it is palpable, contains all that is present to $observer_2$ (and, therefore, $observer_1$ also, since $observer_2$ is comprehensive of the consciousness-content of $observer_1$), and so on *ad infinitum.*

Having presented a sketch of the outstanding features of the theory of Dunne, we should like to refer to some criticisms made upon it by various writers. The writings of Dunne, whatever other merit they may have, are certainly provocative enough to incite a ponderous body of comment and criticism. We shall here allude to only a few of the important criticisms made upon it. The critical observations of C. D. Broad are well known. The core of his criticism is that the regress of Dunne is basically vicious and that it proves, if it proves anything at all, the un-

THE RHYTHM OF ACTION IN THE DRAMA OF SHAKUNTALA*

[**Shri V. K. Chari**'s examination of the *Śākuntala* was made first, as he explains in a footnote, for an American university audience. It contains a thoughtful tracing of the element of pattern, of the large significant outline, from indications in the text. The suggested use of the concepts of *sattva, rajas* and *tamas* is interesting. The *Śākuntala* is inexhaustible in human truth and craftsmanship alike; Shri Chari elucidates his chosen aspect with care.—ED.]

FRANCIS FERGUSSON, borrowing Kenneth Burke's phrase, has traced a threefold progression "from purpose, to passion, to perception" in the drama of *Œdipus Rex*.[1] This threefold movement is basic to all dramatic development — particularly to that of tragic drama, which proceeds from complication (purpose), to crisis (passion), to resolution (perception). This rhythmic pattern may be found to accord with the laws of organic behaviour. Granting that all organic behaviour is purposive, we have in any organic experience, especially when that experience is such that it yields a climax of satisfaction, initially a purposive start or the excitement of purpose, followed by an acute condition of that experience (crisis) and its final fulfilment following the climax. This concept of triadic structure is best developed in the Hegelian dialectic: thesis, antithesis and synthesis; position, opposition and reconcilement; stated in terms of dramatics: complication, crisis and resolution.

The Sāṃkhya theory of *Guṇas* (properties) is also a triadic structure: *sattva* (a state of illumined poise born of the inner harmony of impulses); *rajas* (activity, or a springing into "kinetic" action from the former "potential" state of poise); and *tamas* (literally darkness — inertia, manifesting itself as a certain blinding or dulling of senses and perception as in anger, infatuation, drunkenness, etc.). Again, *sattva* may be interpreted as the primal state of tranquillity or *Śānti, rajas* as a perturbation of that state, itself in turn leading to *tamas* or a crisis of blinding passion. All *rasas* or dramatic emotions are a manifestation of the two latter conditions (*rajas* and *tamas*) and result from an agitation of the original state of poise: *sattva*. The drama of emotions springs from a

*This paper, based on lectures delivered at New York State University College, New Paltz, for the G E. 101 (World Literature) course for 1960–61, is dedicated to the students of that course, who provided the occasion for this study. The translation of the Sanskrit play followed is that of Monier-Wilhams.

[1] *The Idea of a Theatre*, Chapter on *Œdipus Rex*.

perturbation of the primal poise. The *Śānta rasa* or the mood of serenity, which corresponds to *sattva*, is of course not one of these dramatic moods, for it is not a state of activity or *rajas*, but a cessation of all activity or a state prior to activity; it is not, strictly speaking, a *rasa*. Hence Bharata's *Nātya Śāstra* enumerates only eight *rasas* (*nāṭyē ṭvaṣṭarasāḥ smṛṭāḥ*), though later commentators added *Śānta* as a ninth one.

The action of the *Śākuntala* would seem to follow a threefold development. Though the play is not strictly a tragedy, the tragic emotions are fully exploited; it is a powerful drama of emotions. But these emotions arise as a perturbation of an original state of serenity. The whole rhythm of action in the drama resembles the rippling on the surface of a pool, caused by the pelting of a stone into its still water; soon the ripples widen into spreading circles till they grow faint and disappear on the edges and the pool is once again still. Love comes as a great perturbation in the serenity and stillness of the hermitage. It develops into a crisis of passion causing self-obsession and forgetfulness. In the Repudiation scene and the King's anguish following it the rhythm of feeling develops into a genuine tragedy. Finally, with the calming down of the tragic perturbations, reconciliation is effected and serenity and poise are restored.

Thus, there are three points in this movement: Love, Repudiation and Reunion, which correspond to the three *Guṇas* and elaborate three major *rasas*. Thus *sattva* (poise, serenity) is embodied in the life of the hermitage; *rajas* (passion) is manifested in the love of Shakuntala and Dushyanta; and *tamas* (darkness) in Shakuntala's distraction and the King's forgetfulness; and finally, a restoration of *sattva* with the transformation of passions. In terms of the *rasas*, the action moves from *Śṛṅgāra* (love) through *Karuṇa* (tragic pity) to *Śānta* (serenity). These three are the basic moods elaborated (*sthāyībhāvas*); *Vīra* (heroism) and *Hāsya* (humour) are also introduced as incidental or transitory moods (*sancāribhāvas*). Thus we have:

Śānta: serenity prior to the action (*sattva*)

Śṛṅgāra: Love (*rajas*)—Acts I–III

Karuṇa: Repudiation, tragic passion (*tamas*)—Acts IV–VI

Śānta: *Reunion, serenity* (*sattva*)—Act VII

Let us now follow out this threefold development in some detail. The Prologue introduces the sense of atmosphere and imagery appropriate for the first movement in the rhythm, namely, *Śṛṅgāra*. The enchanting song of the actress is also beautiful poetry and introduces the

dominant symbolism of the play: that of the flower and the bee.

> Fond maidens, chosen of their hearts to please,
> Entwine their ears with sweet Śirisha flowers,
> Whose fragrant lips attract the kiss of bees,
> That softly murmur through the summer hours.

The opening of the First Act is a marvel of poetic description — the realistic portrayal of an action, the hunt — and of dramatic propriety. The sentiment elaborated is the "heroic." But the arrival on the scene of the hunter-king comes as an impingement on the sylvan world of the hermitage, as a devastation. This is brought out by a most striking image in the remonstrance of the hermit: "like fire upon a heap of tender flowers." The same sense of invasion of the holy retreat is later in the Act suggested by the account of the frightened elephant in its mad career.

With the entry of the maidens of the hermitage there is a transition from the heroic *rasa* to *Śṛṅgāra*. The scene that follows is incomparable for its beauty, and is a marvel of dramatic skill. Dushyanta's encounter with Shakuntala must be an unexpected one, must come to the hero as well as to the audience as a complete surprise. Hence the dramatist prepares a context for the encounter. The thrill of the king's encounter with Shakuntala is realized when we remember that the king, frustrated in his chase, runs into an altogether unexpected kind of game, in a most unexpected quarter, in a completely unexpected way. The initial chase of the deer (also symbolic for the meaning of the scene) turns into a different kind of chase after new game! The poet creates the atmosphere for an incident by means of suggestive or symbolic devices. The "marriage" of the jasmine creeper and the mango tree is such a device, intended to prepare the bee incident which provides the dramatic context for the encounter, and further acquires symbolic significance in the scene. The bee's assault on Shakuntala is the symbolic presage of the male's entry upon the scene. Dushyanta's own symbolic self-identification with the bee is felt completely when he enviously looks on the bee sipping

> Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip!
> While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,
> Thou dost the fullness of her charms enjoy.

But the scene also marks the beginning of a perturbation. "From contact springs desire" (*Gita*, II. 62). Shakuntala feels this perturba-

tion in her heart: "How is it that the sight of this man has made me sensible of emotions inconsistent with the religious vows?" By the end of the Act the King is already in the grip of a powerful emotion: "Shakuntala has taken such possession of my thoughts, that I cannot turn myself in any other direction." Then follows a most exquisite simile which provides the most appropriate objective correlative of the king's mood:—

> My limbs drawn onward leave my heart behind,
> Like silken pennon borne against the wind.

Act II is only a sequel to Act I and contains little action; it may be considered a protracted interlude linking Acts I and III. In Act III the *Śṛṅgāra rasa* receives its fullest elaboration. Love develops into an overpowering passion; it becomes a distraction. Consumed by their passion, the lovers present a piteous spectacle of emaciated frames. The pangs of their love are indeed felt so acutely that they can be suggested only by the fire of Shiva's wrath or the smouldering flame in the secret depths of the ocean. The second encounter between the lovers is rendered with extreme delicacy and sensitiveness. But the highest moment comes when the King takes Shakuntala into his arms and raises her face to kiss her:—

> ... to allay
> The raging of my thirst, e'en as the bee
> Sips the fresh honey from the opening bud.

But the timely (or untimely) arrival of Gautami on the scene breaks up the union. The whole experience, by the elusive quality of its beauty, partakes of the nature of some exquisite dream shattered at the very point of fulfilment. And Shakuntala is left bitterly repenting:—

> Oh, my heart! Thou didst fear to taste of happiness when it was within my reach. Now that the object of my desires is torn from thee, how bitter will be thy remorse, how distracting thine anguish!

The Interlude to Act IV is a turning point in the drama. Shakuntala's love has been consummated, but now with Dushyanta's departure it becomes an obsessing thought and causes self-forgetfulness in her. As her friend Priyamvada reports: "She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger." As the *Gita* says: "From infatuation arises loss of memory; from loss of memory the destruction of intelligence" (II. 63). There are ominous hints and tragic forebodings. Anasuya says:—

> Although, dear Priyamvada, it rejoices my heart to think that Shakuntala has been happily united to (her) husband . . . nevertheless, I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

The curse of Durvasa casts the spell of tragic doom. The Farewell scene (Act IV) is a poetic elaboration of the *Karuṇa rasa* and prepares the mood for the Repudiation. The tenderness and pathos of the Farewell serve to accentuate the tragic pity of the Repudiation. The loss of recollection that Dushyanta suffers is caused by a temporary obscuring of his mind by the clouds of *tamas* (darkness). The rhythm of action reaches a point of tragic crisis, almost catastrophic in character. But the knot of the situation is cut by supernatural intervention. Shakuntala is borne up to heaven by the nymph. Act VI is an aftermath of Act V brought about by the token of recognition, and develops the King's anguish of remorse and tragic obsession. But recollection has dawned on him and he feels that the strange veil of delusion that overcame his spirit has been lifted:—

> It is past,
> Whatever the spell that bound me.

He also recognizes that his forgetfulness was caused by his "infatuation." "But, hard-hearted man that I was, I forgot to fulfil my promise, owing to the infatuation that took possession of me."

In these scenes, no doubt, the drama develops into a genuine tragedy. But the dramatist does not allow a tragic ending. Of course, Sanskrit drama does not permit tragedy; it has no genuine tragic view, no conception of sin and retribution, or of tragic fault or *hamartia*. In the Indian view human life is not doomed to disaster, nor is human nature irredeemably sinful. Though mistakes arise they are but a temporary obscuring of the vision by the forces of *tamas* or darkness, and when the veil of ignorance and infatuation is removed the mind shines out in its crystal purity. Error and evil do not pertain to the essence of human nature, and are in fact alien to it. King Dushyanta's forgetfulness is described as a passing spell of delusion, a dulling of the senses, and its removal is followed by recognition.

> Soon as the spell was broken, and his soul
> delivered from its darkness. . . .
> So on the tarnished surface of a mirror
> No image is reflected, till the dust
> That dimmed its wonted lustre is removed.

The clouding of recollection in the King is, of course, caused by

the Sage's curse. But the curse itself is not, like the Fate in Greek tragedy, an inscrutable force, but is produced by Shakuntala's inattention to spiritual duties, and is intended to awaken her spirit from infatuation. There is also the philosophical attitude of the Hindus which regards passion as an evil — a manifestation of *rajas* — and holds its subduing as the ascetic ideal. With the passing of the infatuations, the person is restored to a state of *sattva* or serenity, stillness and reconciliation. The love of Shakuntala and Dushyanta, at first arising as an infatuation, is purified in the fire of separation and emerges at the end in a highly chastened form. Act VII consummates Reunion. The drama ends in a pure and tranquil atmosphere. Quite significantly, the scene of this joyful reunion is Kashyapa's sacred retreat. The action which arose as a perturbation of the quiet of Kanva's hermitage has completed its cyclic motion and now ends in the blissful retreat of Kashyapa.

Certain other points that are essential for a correct appreciation of the drama might also be considered. Perhaps one other reason why the drama does not end tragically is that tragedy could not have proceeded from the character of its protagonist; Dushyanta is not a tragic character. One clear demonstration of this fact is in the Repudiation scene, in which the King, during his critical confrontation with Shakuntala, exercises remarkable self-restraint and acts according to what he deems to be proper (*dharma*). He exhibits no symptoms of any fatal flaw. With Œdipus or Othello in his place tragedy might have resulted.

The scene of Reunion (Act VII) is another supreme example of Kalidasa's dramatic sense. During the King's meeting with his child the dramatist deliberately delays revelation and exploits the suspense of the situation to the maximum. The recognition is effected by slow degrees. One is reminded, though of course in a different way, of the Agone in *Œdipus Rex* in which Œdipus gains perception of his identity by gradual steps, in a manner that excites the greatest amount of dramatic suspense. But when Dushyanta is united to Shakuntala after a long and painful separation, their meeting, though packed with the greatest excitement of joy, does not give rise to scenes of passionate exclamations or outbursts, but is treated in a much subdued tone with extreme delicacy. When Dushyanta reveals his identity and addresses her, all that Shakuntala can say is:—

> May my husband be victorious — (she stops short, her voice choked with tears).

Another vital aspect of the drama is its poetry. As in most of Sanskrit drama there is in the *Śākuntala* an abundance of verse. But the important question to be asked is whether all this verse is dramatically required, whether it possesses strict dramatic utility. The only excuse for poetry in drama is that it has a dramatic function, that it is dramatically adequate. T. S. Eliot has laid down the test for us:—

> It [poetry in drama] will only be poetry when the dramatic situation has reached such a point of intensity that poetry becomes the natural utterance, because then it is the only language in which the emotions can be expressed at all.

Judged by this a large part of the verse in *Śākuntala* would seem to be purely decorative, and not inevitable. That all of the poetic passages in it, though they may be beautiful poetically, have a functional justification is to be doubted. Such are some of the verses in the opening of the First Act, in the Second Act, in the opening of the Seventh, to mention but a few. These are purely descriptive verses. (The love of the Sanskrit poets for description or *varnana* is of course notorious.) Sometimes, the verses in the *Śākuntala* convey no intense lyrical feeling, and in such cases are hardly distinguishable from prose and might as well have been put in prose. To pick out but two at random: the verses in which the King reads out his proclamation to Vetravati (Act VI) and the last verses of the same Act are not poems by any standard, except that they are in the verse form; and they serve no dramatic purpose. Conversely, sometimes prose passages are highly poetical in tone and image. Any passage picked out at random will substantiate this. Such is the following from the Seventh Act:—

> KING: Tell me, Matali, what is that range of mountains which, like a bank of clouds illumined by the setting sun, pours down a stream of gold?

On the whole it would seem that in this play Kalidasa has achieved a degree of artistic balance between the dramatic and poetic qualities, by subduing the poetic element in the interests of dramatic utility. For one thing, the poetic descriptions, as in Shakespeare, invoke before the eyes of the audience a vivid picture of the scene and the sense of atmosphere, and thus make up for the absence of scenery on a relatively simple stage. Moreover, the poetic medium is best suited to the evocation of *rasas,* which is the object of dramatic representation in Sanskrit drama. The poet-playwright dwells on each situation or mood in the play and entices from the audience a series of emotional responses. The essence of

drama lies not in the mere telling of a story or straight enactment, but in this poetic elaboration of the sentiment. Much of the verse in the play may be justified from this point of view. But then, this elaboration is often carried to the point of saturation. Moreover, the heavy overlay of poetry tends to retard the speed of action, as the poetry invites a rather static mood. For example, while Dushyanta and Matali ride in Indra's chariot (Act VII) all movement is apparently under suspension for the long space of over two hundred lines. But this delay (which is nothing but a lyrical digression) might be practically required to render the surprise of the Reunion scene all the more effective. The dramatist seems deliberately to postpone the climax of reunion to render it all the more intense.

V. K. CHARI

THUS SPAKE BHARTRIHARI

Know Thyself

The skies may all their secrets yield to thee
And empty all their treasures Earth and Sea;
All this alas! Poor Soul, availeth nought.
Know Thyself and all blisses thine will be.

Translated by R. C. SHAH

TOLSTOY'S "BREAD LABOUR" AND THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

[**Mr. Michael Byrom** writes as usual with complete frankness and with some force. This article may sound stark in places, but it puts forward an important idea. It would be a pity to suppose that Mr. Byrom is making or this journal publishing an attack upon the greatness of Tolstoy: Mr. Byrom rather elucidates the context of Tolstoy's earnest thought, and brings out the utter need today of the deeper truth urged by Jesus: that the concerns of the earth are not to be allowed to enchain the soul, whether of the rich man or of the poor. The health and comfort of the masses is a proper ideal; but its value is only in that it can set free from obsessive concern with trivial matters the minds of those whose lot is so bettered. If it breeds instead a brazen scorn of the things of the mind, the soul and the spirit, can we be sure that their last state is not worse than the first?—ED.]

"TAKE YOUR PLACE in the ranks, set to work with your weak unskilled hands at that primary work which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked: at bread labour, the struggle with Nature." Thus wrote Leo Tolstoy seventy odd years ago, haunted by the appalling economic conditions of Tsarist Russia in which a handful of idle aristocrats and government officials lived splendidly at the expense of the destitute peasantry. The contrast between the pitiful plight of the over-worked and poverty-stricken peasants and the corrupt, frivolous and self-indulgent ruling class was inevitably the chief obsession of every man with a conscience and a private income in the nineteenth century, to whom a walk in a public street was an agonizing personal reproach. Tolstoy's income was no greater than that of the average landowner, but his conscience was, and remains, one of the noblest to have emerged from the human race. His mature works, which include *Resurrection* but not *War and Peace* or *Anna Karenina* (which latter two the novelist himself did not value highly in later life), are the living expression of moral anguish. In a civilization more remarkable for its scientific ingenuity than for its moral vitality, these works remain unnoticed except by a small minority who are often classed as cranks, as was Tolstoy himself. The publication of much of his writing was prohibited in Russia.

The secret of Tolstoy's greatness is his magnificent consciousness of good and evil, while the secret of his greatness as a writer is the directness and simplicity of his mind. There is a childlike quality about the greatest geniuses which is especially noticeable in Tolstoy. For him,

life was not complex; it was a simple matter of conduct; the choosing of good, or right action, and the rejection of evil. It puzzled and anguished him to see that men could live lives of appalling cruelty and selfishness and yet believe themselves to be virtuous. The Russian peasantry was ruthlessly exploited, starved, imprisoned and scourged by self-respecting officials who were often good husbands and kind fathers in private life.

The explanation of this paradox is simply that the problem was a matter not only of morals but also of economics, which was not understood by Tolstoy, who was exclusively a moralist. The answer has proved to be not "Bread Labour For All' (which is "Poverty For All") but "More Machines" (which is "Enough For Everybody"). Although Tolstoy was Darwin's contemporary, he did not comprehend the basic evolutionary law that scarcity results in the domination of the many by a small autocratic class. When a decent standard of life is only possible for a few, everybody will struggle for it and those who succeed must subjugate the rest to maintain their position. Christian morality or modern socialism cannot take root in such a soil, which is to say that agricultural and industrial development must precede moral development in the evolutionary programme.

Yet this fact does not make life any easier for the man with a sensitive conscience living at a time of social injustice, and he will oppose the injustice although his own decency probably depends upon its continuance. For, paradoxically, at such a level of social evolution, there can be no high culture and thus no more than a primitive morality without a leisured class, which means, without the subjugation of the working people. Poverty may suit saints, yet it should be noticed that most of them come from the well-to-do and from backgrounds where it is possible for the finer sensibilities to develop. It is hard to imagine a saint among Neolithic men.

Again, without culture, there can be no science and thus no deliverance from slavery. Nine-tenths of any leisured aristocracy will consist of selfish idlers indifferent to the suffering of their victims, whom they will see, quite accurately, as a menace to their security; but from the remaining tenth, the inventions which alone can improve conditions will spring. Tolstoy, exclusively moralist, tended to dismiss art and learning as superfluous because it did not benefit the peasantry; that is, because its price was their demoralization. He did not see that where there is no art and learning, everybody is demoralized.

The quickest way to emancipate the masses in a pre-scientific

society is to exploit them, because it is only through the concentration of leisure within a select class that any progress is possible. Tolstoy was born leisured and so never had to struggle for leisure; yet like any other saint, he would no doubt have resorted to beggary and chastity had he been threatened with the necessity for continual bread labour. Leisure, for Tolstoy in daily contact with the decadent life of the Russian ruling classes, meant "idleness." In fact, it means "freedom," freedom for self-development. The man of talent struggles for leisure as ruthlessly as any aristocrat who has nothing more in mind than frivolous amusements. Genius is notoriously egotistic and never neglects its development through moral considerations; for that would be like a flower refusing to open to the sun out of sympathy for the weeds in the garden. Such selfishness is really self-sacrifice, and although they may not spare others, men of this sort are equally regardless of their own welfare.

In short, Bread Labour for Beethoven, Edison and other liberators of the human mind is no solution either to poverty or social injustice, while it would cripple culture. Literature has sustained an incalculable loss through Tolstoy's lamentable practice of making his own boots, and, if the pioneers of modern technology had followed his example, half Europe would still go barefooted. Jesus's advice to consider the lilies of the field, which is a beggar's belief in beggary as being a better means of subsistence than working for a living, is more sensible than Tolstoy's. Unlike some of his contemporaries, no one would call Jesus an egotist today, yet he preferred to devote his life to preaching salvation of the soul rather than to abusing his energies by undertaking manual labour.

Today we can see where Tolstoy was wrong and why Jesus was right. A prosperous multitude may be an improvement on a degraded multitude, but without spiritual enlightenment, it remains as far from salvation as a corrupt aristocracy. By itself, too much prosperity simply increases the capacity for self-indulgence. This is why Jesus, in the midst of want, had the audacity to emphasize the importance of the inner life. Without an inner spiritual change, outward material prosperity must lead through a mounting crisis to catastrophe. The depressed masses of the nineteenth century, pitiful in their poverty, are seen today in their increasing luxury as a menace to culture and a danger to civilization, which is being sedulously poisoned by their low tastes, gross materialism, and incontinent breeding. The thousands of family people sprawling along the sands at any summer resort and differing from each other scarcely more than mosquitoes, are clean, literate, well-

fed, well-dressed and happy, but are as spiritually damned as the Jewish multitudes or the starving Russian peasants. The detached Tolstoyan conscience no longer contemplates them with shame; it contemplates them with fear. The fear is not a bodily fear but a spiritual fear; for the virtual abolition of poverty is resulting in the gradual asphyxiation of culture by the poisonous gas of the mass-mind. (This is even more true in Russia than in the West.) The danger is known but cannot be over-emphasized, as the diagnosis amounts to a condition of spiritual decadence for civilization.

The liberating power of science has resulted in the rejection of religious belief, for which it has substituted a philosophy of materialism, the worldly religion of the masses. For the disciples of scientific materialism consist mainly of the common people themselves. Science is proving a cultural menace because in addition to robbing life of its spiritual values, it has released the destructive force of the mass-mind, previously rendered impotent by its poverty and degradation.

The materialist notion implicit in the ideas of so many economic reformers that regular employment plus education and a decent standard of living can transform a labourer into a philosopher, is a fallacy. Legislation, education and automation are not magic wands capable of producing a Golden Age. The Golden Age or the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and without an inner rebirth, the common man can only develop and refine his existing vices until he has become as rotten with "good living" as a company director. A taste for *pâté de foie gras* is merely the love of fish-and-chips or Lancashire hot-pot refined. The stomach is the relevant organ in both cases.

Psychologically, the common man is an animal; that is, he lives primarily to breed and indulge his various carnal appetites, stupefying the human consciousness which prevents complete animal oblivion by means of alcohol and perpetual distractions. He can develop and refine this psychological capacity, but to transcend it, he would have to cease to be what he is.

At the end of his life, H. G. Wells made the following remarkable pronouncement:—

> Man must go steeply up or down, and the odds seem to be all in favour of his going down and out. If he goes up, then so great is the adaptation demanded of him that he must cease to be a man. Ordinary men are at the end of their tether. (*A Short History of the World*)

Like the dinosaur, the carnal man has exhausted his evolutionary

possibility and must give way to a new biologically dominant group — or civilization will collapse. In terms of evolution, mankind must produce progressive genetic mutations or perish. In terms of the New Testament, the Way of Life is for the chosen and the wicked shall be cast into Hell.

The rising tide of mass-mind animalism and materialism is a swirling flood of the forces of darkness which threatens to extinguish the lamp of the spirit and to plunge the world into another Dark Age of the soul. Previous Dark Ages have been characterized by barbarism, brutality and lawlessness; but, assuming that nuclear war is avoided, the current relapse is more accurately one of civilized indulgence and complacent intoxication, which is spiritually more dangerous because it is physically less dangerous; in fact because, physically, it is positively pleasant.

Yet this phase was inevitable. A lasting civilization founded upon human degradation and slavery is mercifully impossible. Liberation from Bread Labour can only be achieved through science, which it is futile to oppose because of its morbid effect upon culture. The true evolutionist is not as pessimistic as H. G. Wells because he is not so short-sighted. The New Man in the present age must suffer and perhaps perish under the pressure of his isolation. But this has often been his destiny and does not mean the final triumph of evil. In a prehistoric community, individuals manifesting the first signs of sensitivity and introspection must have perished at once, which did not seal their extinction but merely confirmed that their appearance was premature. In the meantime, there is much good work the New Man can do by awakening the spirit of Truth.

MICHAEL BYROM

PUZZLE

Above the city
The clouds are pieces of a puzzle
Scattered by hands unknown
While pigmy people
Swarm Lilliputian streets
Far below,
People, clouds, and streets
All parts of some great puzzle.

HERBERT BLUEN

BRITAIN'S GREEN BACKGROUND AS A SYMBOL

[**Mr. C. D. Dimsdale** writes informatively and with a pleasant, unobtrusive feeling of an aspect of Britain that the generalizations about "industrially advanced" Britain are apt to forget. The countryside has been a very potent force in the making of the genius of Britain. Not even when he was thinking of building Jerusalem could the great William Blake forget that it was to be in "England's green and pleasant land."—ED.]

AS A NATIVE OF ENGLAND I most readily think of some aspect of its incalculable weather when tempted to generalize about the country. After the unusually fine stretch of 1961 weather from early spring to August, enough rain was mingled with "bright patches" to restore to the autumnal countryside a green hue rivalling the spring, and more noticeable as tree foliage thinned. Many visitors were struck by this particular phenomenon, and compared the drier and sear grasslands of their own country at the approach of summer's ending.

The people of Britain on the whole do appreciate their country's green of grasses and trees, that owes much also to the silver meshes of small streams and rivers that never have to travel far (by Continental standards) to reach the encircling sea. All too often, however, as is the sea itself, they are polluted by industrial effluents.

Popular appreciation of the countryside for its own sake has not prevented wide-spread and often irreparable damage to rural beauty with the growing influx of visitors and "commuters" from the towns. So, whatever they may feel about the beauty of the country, you are more likely to hear people grumbling about wet weather, though this is rarely and never regularly very excessive. Fine dry weather for only a fortnight ranks as a "drought." If such a drought lasts a few weeks longer than a fortnight there is a chorus of complaints about disaster threatening crops. (Actually some of the crops seem to benefit by the fine spell. Agriculture in Britain, long before the coming of machinery, had been adapted to the mild but changeable climate.) And the dry spell always causes shortages of water supplies in many areas, though it is said that nobody in Britain lives more than ten miles from water. In spite of many large reservoirs today, conservation of water is still lagging behind need, and so is irrigation. These facts are probably as puzzling to people in other countries as their problems are to the British. The modern farmers in Britain are catching up with some results of long neglect,

but there is still a curious official and public inertia, only to be explained by the fact that the much abused climate is a very kind one.

But, again turning the coin over, the people are at heart close to the land still, and have given impressive support and co-operation to various organizations devoted to preserving especially fine countryside and historic buildings.

Most striking since the last world war has been the growth of interest in "nature," a popular term for both the beauty and the rich forms of wild life in the country. A great deal has been done to check the worst damage of indiscriminate shooting of birds and animals, the careless starting of fires and the application of certain noxious chemicals to the land, whether as fertilizers or as pesticides.

The enormous damage that can be caused by the misuse and overuse of chemicals in agriculture to increase production has been realized most drastically in the United States, where, in obedience to scientific advice, severe restrictions are now being observed. Perhaps it is characteristic of Britain that the most positive results have recently been achieved by the continued investigations and publicized reports of naturalists concerned at the destruction of insects, birds and mammals, all part of vital chains of natural processes that make a land fertile. The naturalists rouse public conscience and sentiment first; then the government may take action, supported by an official economist.

Educational propaganda, on the whole well supported by the press, has thus been remarkably successful in impressing the majority of people. But such success was prepared for long since by the popular feeling for growing things, possibly a reaction originally against the rapid industrialization of so many areas in the machine age.

The huge London area is the most obvious example of this. Both in the central region and in the seemingly endless suburbs there are hundreds of thousands of small carefully tended house gardens, and also a fair number of "allotments," patches of ground allotted to private growers of vegetables. Many of these have been closed and restored to the public park or other recreation ground which they formed part of before they were taken during the last war for food production. I well remember the startling changes made in many places by the activities of Tom, Dick and Harry, who seemed to get results by hand-work with a speed worthy of a big mechanized vegetable farm. Yet the gardeners were usually workers in factories and offices.

If the allotments are less noticeable now in the London area there are still countless window-boxes (especially favoured by the people with

no garden of their own), and the owners usually keep these window-boxes bright with flowering plants of some kind for about three-quarters of the year.

The impression of greenery in London, which best evokes a general picture of the country as a whole, is largely due to the many public gardens, and little old churchyards, too. A few of the larger parks, usually dating back to the last century, were creations of fine landscape gardening originally. It is noteworthy too that many of the famous country mansions and smaller dwellings like manor houses, once belonging to a local landowner, have gardens that are often as fine as the mansions, and to which the public goes on certain days for a small entrance fee, such money often being intended for some good cause like the fund for help to members of the nursing profession, or another for old gardeners. It is, to be honest, just as typical of today that some of the largest mansions and grounds open to visitors in return for the owner's charge of, say, half-a-crown to five shillings are means of collecting revenue. The owners, with titles of aristocratic landowning families, often seek with business enterprise publicity to encourage new "record" totals of visitors for the season.

These perhaps confusing pictures of apparently contradictory attitudes and actions are certainly elements in the character of England, if not applicable in quite the same way to the smaller branches of Britain — Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. But that is, for the present, another story.

In the past two years I had occasion to visit various parts of rural Britain, and I realized that an important piece of the jig-saw pattern is due to the farmers. With the increasing influence of economics in modern government, the importance of increasing home-grown food was at last attended to after the lessons of a second world war. Agricultural operations range from comparatively primitive to highly mechanized methods, and from "manure" or compost to a prevalence of artificial preparations, either for the soil or to control harmful pests. So also one may find still the old craftsmen of the land, such as hedgers and ditchers, relying on manual skill and knowledge of local conditions; but also there are increasing "career" landworkers, often good mechanics to deal with the farm machines, usually reaching their first farm after a course of study and practice at an agricultural college, for modern agriculture is ever absorbing new scientific knowledge and technical methods. Although the large and well-mechanized farms are efficient, most of the small farms (which greatly outnumber the rest) achieve sometimes

wonderful results through craft and hard work. It is noteworthy, and probably surprising to many people, that this little country's agriculture earns £1,500,000,000 a year.

Very interesting, as a sidelight on the restored status of agriculture, and its new attraction for the young who for so long drifted into the towns, is the rapid spread and the activities of the so-called Young Farmers. There are more than fifteen hundred Young Farmers' Clubs organized into a National Federation, the members ranging in age from ten to twenty-five. It is hard to generalize about the studies and recreations in the Clubs, and the keenly contested regional competitions in all kinds of skills related to agriculture, from ploughing to jam-making. Both sexes of course are in the Clubs, and many of the most successful farmers in England today are in fact women. I do not know what this signifies, but perhaps somebody in a country where this is very unusual could hazard a guess?

The many-sided interests of the Young Farmers have always included the "country" in general, and I have seen for myself how interested students of agriculture from overseas are by the methods and activities of the Clubs. Visitors in the last two years have included young organizers of similar activities or projects in their own countries (especially from India).

The big proportion of pasture in the country up to the second world war was not due to the demands of flourishing livestock farmers, but rather resulted from a long neglect of agriculture. Most of the pastures were (some still are) of poor quality, and many were left to be submerged by ranker growths of the bracken or heather from which new, cultivated grasslands are steadily being reclaimed today.

One of the interesting booklets issued by the National Federation of Young Farmers is devoted to grasslands. In it this popular subject is made practical for cultivators, and botanical for those more interested in natural history. Some of the leading pioneers of research and experiment to improve grasslands were British scientists like the late Sir George Stapleton. This work included not only the study of the species of grasses and *légumes* best suited to various conditions and purposes but also the character and treatment of the soil. There is today a tendency to pay new attention to the advocates of humus (vegetable mould) and compost (including manure), not to mention the utilization of sewage by processing it instead of polluting land and water. One is reminded here of Sir Albert Howard's energetic work in India in the last century, and his campaigning for improved cultivation and treatment

of the soil. This was early in the "biological movement" for more "natural" fertilizers.

These are matters that concern all countries as long-range economic fundamentals, though the chemist as well as the biologist must still be called upon to meet the universal demands for food.

The generally conceived image of Britain as intensely industrial is only half true, for it rarely includes agriculture. It also omits other aspects, such as the concern with nature conservation and ecology, in which British representatives have also been very active in the fast developing international sphere, through both UNESCO and the International Union for Conservation of Nature. Perhaps the conclusion is one of those platitudes that are excusable: to be sure of seeing both sides of the medal one must have been in direct contact with the country and its people. Only so can one safely judge the amount of truth in a general image.

If much of this can be applied to any other country, so much the better. But Britain in its complicated character and its green background of long memory, and its crowded smallness that seems so disproportionate to its prominent history — in many curious features that would overrun my space to describe, Britain is a convenient symbol of humanity growing conscious, in a shrinking world, of material and spiritual needs that depend on applied energy and a clearer vision.

C. D. DIMSDALE

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

—WILLIAM BLAKE

THE REBIRTH OF KILMAINHAM GAOL

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** writes of another incident in the interesting history of Irish nationalism. The spontaneous decisions and sustained work of the Irish who felt the significance of Kilmainham Gael are a lesson in the right kind of public spirit.—ED.]

IN IRELAND, as in India, the struggle for national independence led to some of the best and bravest of the people serving terms of imprisonment. It has been written, "Woe to the Cause that has not passed through the Gates of a Prison." No prison in Ireland has earned a more evil repute than Kilmainham Gaol, situated on the outskirts of Dublin. National history may not only be found in the books but even in the crumbling stones of this old disused prison and behind its massive gates.

The Kilmainham story began in 1787 when the gaol was built and it reaches back to an older dungeon not far from its site which the new building was intended to replace. After the ill-fated Robert Emmet Rising in Dublin in 1803 his faithful maidservant, Anne Devlin, was imprisoned for two years and a half, part of the time in the old gaol. There was an imposing roll of national prisoners held there up to 1924, when it was decided to close the gaol.

It was here that Charles Stewart Parnell — best loved leader of the Irish Nationalist Party — was held during the Land League troubles in Ireland and here he signed an agreement with W. E. Gladstone, British Premier, calling off the land agitation. This became known in history as the Kilmainham Treaty.

The last prisoner in Kilmainham was Eamon de Valera, who was held there after the disastrous civil war following the London Treaty of 1921 setting up the Irish Free State. It was not the first time that de Valera was in Kilmainham; for the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rising were held there after they surrendered. The signatories of the 1916 Proclamation were shot in a yard of the gaol now overgrown with coarse grass, thistles and weeds. Two leaders escaped death — the Countess Markievicz, who had her sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and Eamon de Valera, who would have been shot except for the lucky chance that he had been born in the United States. All the cells along one corridor were occupied by the 1916 leaders.

A new chapter has now been added to the history of the prison with the official visit made recently by Mr. de Valera, as President of the Irish Republic. He was invited by the Kilmainham Gaol Restoration

Society. Representatives received him and he was conducted round the prison, where he found his old cell — Number 59. For many years, as the gaol mouldered away, the roof fell in, and briars and nettles grew over the broken walls, an agitation continued to urge the Government to put the place into some kind of repair as a National Memorial. The reply was that it was in such a state of ruin that this would cost too much.

This seemed conclusive till Mr. Lorcan Leonard, a consulting engineer in the city, approached a group with the idea of voluntary restoration and offered to act as consulting engineer on the site. This scheme was pushed forward and the Government granted a lease of the premises to trustees who undertook to repair the gaol and turn it into a National Memorial by voluntary effort. This idea was taken up with tremendous enthusiasm.

Firms, organizations, individuals from all over the country have supplied money and material to a total value of thousands of pounds towards the scheme. More important still, hundreds of men — and some women — including veterans who were formerly prisoners there, have given their evenings and week-ends to the work of reconstruction. This is no easy task. They have regular hours of work for week-nights and Saturdays. The job is planned out with their own foremen and organizers.

Walls have had to be knocked down and rebuilt. They had to work on the roof — broken in many places — in the bitter winter weather. The chapel was a mass of ruins, with trees growing through the walls. Yet gradually the plan is taking shape. The gaol will be substantially as it was but there will be a hall for concerts or meetings. It is hoped to make a National Museum there.

Workers include skilled building operatives, painters, electricians, carpenters and others. The women helpers are in charge of the canteen for the workers and also conduct parties round on Sundays. Visitors come from all parts of the country. A film unit used the prison recently for a film of prison life. They wanted certain reconstructions carried out quickly and suggested that they hire a contractor and pay him a thousand pounds for the job. The Restoration Committee decided that no paid labour should come into the prison. The film director pleaded, but they stood firm. Finally they offered to do the work in the time needed if the film company would give the thousand pounds to the Fund. The film director asked what guarantee he would have. "Only our word!" the Committee answered. The men worked overtime till midnight every

night until it was ready for the film to be shot. Not only was the work completed at the specified time but they were able to begin filming two days before schedule.

Some years ago I took a Scottish Labour M.P., who was interested in Irish history, over this prison. It was a scene of desolation. Tangled briars and broken stones filled the yard where the executions had taken place. Where the roof of the prison had caved in, pigeons were roosting among the broken rafters. Their droppings covered corridors and rusty railings. We saw the treadmills in the half-darkness of the dungeons where prisoners were kept at exhausting labour. There was a punishment cell with a sliding cover over a grating which could plunge this underground place into total darkness.

Everywhere along the corridors and over the cells could be seen defiant slogans chalked or painted. Some of the cells had names of prisoners written on the doors. Two were decorated with paintings by Grace Gifford, who was a well-known artist and also one of the women prisoners held there in post-Treaty days. Grace Gifford had been there before; for she was married to Joseph Plunkett, a 1916 leader, at midnight, not long before he was shot at dawn. They were married in the prison chapel with British soldiers holding candles. After the ceremony she had an hour or so with her husband in his cell. "We who always had so much to talk about," she told me bitterly in later years, "found we could hardly speak to each other because of the young officers who crowded into his cell."

The national cause passed through the gates of this dread prison. Now it is passing through Kilmainham once again — this time victoriously. In France during the Revolution they burned their Bastille. In Ireland they are restoring it by voluntary labour. Which is the better way?

R. M. Fox

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE ABSOLUTISM OF FINITUDE*

[EXISTENTIALISM is an important subject in understanding contemporary man: and informed criticism of it is valuable in correcting the rather arid biases of modern philosophy. *Beyond Existentialism* is, therefore, an important book. After our esteemed friend, **Shri K. Guru Dutt,** had written his review, we received also an extended note on it and its theme from **Dr. P. T. Raju,** whose philosophical distinction is well known to our readers. We append this to Shri Guru Dutt's more formal review.—ED.]

THE SCEPTICISM AND RELATIVISM which infected the intellectual life of Europe prior to the two great World Wars had ignored the intimate questions of man's existential being, of his true inwardness. It was against this background that the aftermath of the Wars produced that intense heart-searching mood of reversal represented by the several types of existential philosophies. The influence of the movement testifies that it not only was something more than a passing phase of disillusionment but also was itself the most characteristic expression of the fundamental thought and feeling of contemporary Europe, which had its repercussions all over the civilized world. Its extreme formulations, no doubt, provoked justifiable criticism; but even they gave voice to legitimate human concerns Today we are sufficiently far from the origins to be able to distinguish the genuine insights from the aberrations, and to recognize and acknowledge the essential contribution of Existentialism to the pool of philosophic thought.

The present work seeks to show up the weaknesses of Existentialism, particularly its affirmation of finiteness and its effort to posit even the concept of transcendence in "deepest finiteness"; it deplores the existential refusal to express in philosophical terms any definite objectively valid contents; and tries to demonstrate that one can assimilate whatever is valuable and valid in Existentialism without turning one's back on the great historical tradition which created Western culture. The ontological approach of Martin Heidegger, especially his later thought as influenced by Hölderlin, and Karl Jaspers's existential understanding are subjected to elaborate scrutiny; as also the poetry of Rilke and the thought of the French exponents of Existentialism, Jean-Paul Sartre and Gabriel Marcel.

The book makes tough reading. This may partly be due to the well-known difficulty of translating from German into English; but the author's own complicated style and highly involved mode of presentation, which make every paragraph a jungle of bristling references, add to it substantially. But for all that, the hardy reader who perseveres will find himself amply rewarded.

K. GURU DUTT

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* *Beyond Existentialism*. By J. VON RINTELEN. Translated from the German by HILDA GRAEF. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd , London. 264 pp. 1961. 30s)

THE TWO IMPORTANT TRENDS of contemporary Western philosophy, logicalism and existentialism, may be regarded as the outcome of taking the finite as the Absolute itself and thereby denying real transcendence, which the classical philosophies accepted. The finite is what a thing appears to be. Real transcendence is not an object of direct perception, but of metaphysical reasoning. But metaphysics has to be given up. Reason, which served the functions of decision in inference (ratiocination), of conferring existence on the object of cognition (decision in perception), and of discovering values objectively valid, is now allowed only the first function and deprived of the other two. Plato's view of reason as the highest and eternal part of the soul has no meaning for the contemporary thinkers, except as an illustration of the nonsensicality of so-called metaphysics. Positivism, logicalism, dynamism, historicism, existentialism and such other schools of thought are the results of the denial of real transcendence and of the acceptance of finitude itself as the absolute fact. One comes across the words infinite and transcendence in the works of these philosophers; but the infinite belongs only to the finite, and transcendence is found only within immanence. The words acquire a different meaning within the framework of finitude.

The book *Beyond Existentialism* is one of the earnest attempts to expose not only the defects but also the dangers of this philosophical attitude, which is the result of a cultural crisis and has created a philosophical crisis also. The book is an abridged English translation by Miss Hilda Graef of Professor F. J. von Rintelen's *Philosophie der Endlichkeit* (Philosophy of Finitude) in German. The translator must have struggled hard to bring out in English the meaning of the original German, which is certainly not an easy task so far as existentialist terminology goes.

Professor von Rintelen is the author of several works and is one of the profound critics of existentialism. Every student of contemporary philosophy should read the present work if he wants a critical understanding of the motives and inner workings of existentialist thought. The author is not in this book concerned very much with the school opposed to existentialism, *viz.*, logical positivism and empiricism, to which he turns only incidentally. He deals mainly with existentialist philosophers, particularly Heidegger, although giving some space to Jaspers, Sartre and Marcel, and to the existentialist poets like Rilke and Hölderlin.

The main difficulty, Professor von Rintelen points out, is that neither from the standpoint of logicalism nor from that of existentialism can the objective validity of values be defended. Reason as ratiocination has been shown to be incapable of saying anything about existence, either subjective or objective. It deals with symbols or pure concepts and cannot say whether they mean anything existing. The objectivity of values also is beyond its power to establish. For the existentialists, on the other hand, existence is completely enclosed within itself. It is essentially and absolutely finite. Since it is only our subjective being, we find that it is always changing, going beyond its present moment to the next without end and stop — only death stops its process — completely isolated from the external world, making choices and acting without any bearing to objectivity, into which it is thrown from nowhere and without any support and reason. Consequently, existence is only living into death, a continuous becoming without established objective goals, choosing and acting in absolute freedom as it likes, pushed forward by in-

nate chaotic urges, originating from Nothing as it were, and suffering from the sense of guilt, anxiety, care, dread, disgust and the absurdity of living itself. Existence is certain of itself in these unhappy miserable moods. Reason and rational life are of no help for the elucidation of existence. Reason is mere ratiocination. Rational life is only levelling down, quantification of oneself, living an unauthentic existence, a falsification of oneself. What has man to do then? He has to find pleasure in surrendering himself to the irrational, to the *Weltinnerraum* (the inner space of the world — p. 118), which we may call the "womb of Nature," glorifying the absurd, contradictory, historical finite as the Absolute itself, and affirming and intensifying the finite in "heroic defiance" and with a vengeance, because, as Nietzsche said, God is dead. Infinitude is only the infinite possibility of the finite itself, its absolute freedom to choose whatever it likes in utter defiance of all conventions; and transcendence is the power of the finite to step out of itself into its own future possibility until death. For the theological existentialists, like Kierkegaard and Marcel, transcendence is a paradox and is only emotional; in any case, it is not rational. It is either the final irrational choice of surrender to God or the love of God and men, to whom reason cannot even point.

There are strikingly interesting differences among the existentialists, which the reader can find in *Beyond Existentialism* and the works of the philosophers themselves. Professor von Rintelen says:—

> Existence philosophy is, rather, an honest human impulse and call, but it has not yet become anything greater" (p. 120).
>
> It goes without saying that man is no simple datum like a thing or object (p. 237).

The analysis of human existence which existence philosophers have given contains important truth, particularly against all types of logicalism. But, unfortunately, the premises from which they both start, *viz.*, their conception of the status of reason and the rejection of real or metaphysical transcendence, are false. These false assumptions vitiate the structure of existence philosophies, from which one would expect a proper explanation of the grounds of human existence and of the objectivity of man's ethical life. Logicalism has done little or no justice to the reality and objectivity of values. Their reality and objectivity have, again, become the rock on which existentialist philosophies have foundered.

Professor von Rintelen says, therefore, that a realism of values should be the standpoint for philosophy, and he shows in different places in the book how and why the idea of objective value is necessary for a satisfactory explanation of some of the concepts brought to the forefront by the existentialists. Even to explain choice, which is one of the central ideas of the existentialists, the idea of objective value is indispensable. Why should a man choose, if one object or act has no more value than another? Man does not choose merely to express his freedom but for a purpose that has a basis in the objective world.

And furthermore, why should the existentialists use the undesirable and tragic moods and feelings for elucidating existence and Being? Can not love and joy also elucidate them? In this connection, we may, from the Indian side, point to the doctrine of moods and sentiments as revealing basic Being. Every feeling and emotion, raised to the height of its intensity, when it subsides, approaches Being. But the intense mood itself is not the revelation of Being; it reveals Being only after sub-

siding, when our existence becomes equanimous and placid. Further, the moods are not limited to dread, disgust and anxiety. They may be love and joy also. The three moods given the highest place are love (*śṛṅgāra*), compassion (*karuṇā*) and placidity (*śānti*). This Indian doctrine may interest those who think with the existentialists that our moods can elucidate our existence and Being. But it should be added that Indian thought has associated with this doctrine the idea of the Logos. Placidity in emotional disturbance belongs to the rational Logos.

Professor von Rintelen's book is a profound inner criticism, by a German thinker, of existentialism, particularly the German.

P. T. RAJU

Fellowship of the Spirit. By SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN. (Harvard University Press, U.S.A.; Oxford University Press, India. 42 pp. 1961. $1.50)

The Harvard University authorities decided to establish a Centre for the study of World Religions as an adjunct to their School of Divinity. Looking round the world for the most suitable personage to inaugurate it they fixed upon Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-President of India. He has long been acknowledged a thinker of international standing and an outstanding contributor to the study of World-Religion. This book, containing his address, strikes the keynote of all study of religions, which, in the author's luminous phrase, consists of the "passionate search of the human soul for the Divine Reality."

Starting with a glance at modern life, he remarks:—

> If millions of our people are in a neurotic condition, if mental hospitals are overcrowded, if the demand for psychiatrists is on the increase, if a sense of boredom and the use of sedatives are the constant companions of most of us, it shows that where an ideal or a purpose should be there is only a vacuum.

There is an increasing awareness of an emptiness of human life. People are shut off from the Universal Spirit by a hundred artificial barriers. "We must recover the spiritual dimension of life, the lack of which has cramped and darkened the culture of the modern world." This can be done only by realizing the difference between belief and religious experience. Instead of stopping with observance of rites and acceptance of dogma we must work for the purification of the soul, for the transformation of our being.

The apprehension of spiritual reality is possible only through a life of austerity and self-control. This is emphasized by the Eastern concept of Yoga, which is a psycho-physical discipline, by which "we silence the clamour of the senses and forms of the intellect, and awaken the spiritual in us." Awakening is the personal experience of the essence of religion. "If we renounce the Ego, our nature will become the channel of divine energy, the instrument of divine action."

Dr. Radhakrishnan, in a rapid survey of the chief religions of the world, traces out, from the vast mass of ideas and practices, certain patterns which are more or less alike, holding out a promise for the future of the world. The Hindu ideal of integrating the Self to divinize human nature, the message of Buddhism, Jainism and Islam, the evolution of Christianity culminating in the experiences of the mystics, are all brought out with a characteristic lucidity and wealth of apt quotation. The final paragraph of noble eloquence affirms:—

> The different religions are to be used as building stones for the development of a

human culture in which the adherents of the different religions may be fraternally united as the children of the One Supreme.

D. GURUMURTI

The Gospel of Buddha. By PAUL CARUS. Illustrated by O. KOPETZKY. (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. xiv+252 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.00)

This classic, originally published in 1894 by the Open Court Publishing Company (Illinois, U.S.A.), has been reprinted now as a National Book Trust book. The Government of India have indeed chosen a fine book: it has already run into twelve editions and appeared in Japanese, German, French, Spanish and Dutch.

The book is in fact an anthology of selections from several books on the Buddha and Buddhism edited and integrated. The author has relied mostly on English renderings of the Pali and Sanskrit texts, and he presents them here with an eye for the ancient touch. At places he has abridged or recast the selected passages, retaining the original sense and essence. The book vividly brings out the brilliant personality and career of the Master, whose techniques have furnished light for Asia.

The worth of the book would have been considerably enhanced had the author taken the trouble to consult the passages in their Pali and Sanskrit originals, instead of relying entirely on translations. This inadequacy becomes especially apparent when the consolidation of the doctrine is described (sections XXX to XLVII, pp 73-106). The author's ignorance of the original has led him to make poor selections and retain superficial renderings. Along with this defect must be mentioned the careless juxtaposition of the Sanskrit and Pali forms, as for example *Parivrajaka* (for *Paribbajaka*) and *Titthiya* in the same line in p. 80. But otherwise, the language is elegant and the presentation lively.

A word about the illustrations. The line-drawings made by Olga Kopetzky are good as drawings, but the artist has placed the Buddha in Persia and has made him in the image of Christ. She has announced (on p. 249) that three years were spent in study on these illustrations. The study, however, was either misguided or futile. The scenes are thoroughly un-Indian and the costumes are all picked up from the illustrations of *Arabian Nights*. She should have studied, apart from the Ajanta frescoes, the Sanchi sculptures and the human reliefs at Amaravati and Nagarjunakonda for a correct grasp of the dress, ornaments and hair-styles that prevailed during and soon after the Buddha's days.

Despite this error, the publication is a welcome one.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Change: Eight Lectures on the "I Ching." By HELMUT WILHELM. Translated from the German by CARY F. BAYNES. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. x+111 pp. Diagrams. 1961. 21*s.*)

The *I Ching* or Book of Changes is an ancient Chinese classic which was taken up by the School of Confucius in the late Chou period (fourth century B C.) and has had immense influence on Chinese thought ever since. It is neither a book of oracles nor a philosophy: it might better be described as an instru-

ment for understanding man's relationship with the world and men by means of both these.

The book consists of sixty-four hexagrams. If one combines three broken or unbroken lines as a trigram, there are eight such combinations which give the eight trigrams. If the eight trigrams are variously combined, one obtains the sixty-four hexagrams of the *I Ching*. Now each hexagram is considered to hold the essential meaning or character of events as seen by an individual at a given moment. The world is in flux, conditions are continually changing; by means of the sixty-four hexagrams one can gauge a situation and whether it is evolving, declining, or at a standstill.

In the Book, a short text is affixed to each hexagram, called the "Judgment," which sums up the chief attributes of the situation. Added to this is a second text, called the "Image," which indicates further the symbolic meaning of each hexagram in terms of human, social and cosmic relationships. A third text is concerned with the changing aspect of the situation delineated by the hexagram. To these three basic texts later commentaries have been added to form the Book; which itself has been the subject of many commentaries down the centuries.

A passage in the Confucian *Great Commentary* shows the general sort of way in which the *I Ching* was regarded. "The Master said: Writing cannot express words completely. Words cannot express thoughts completely." When asked whether it was then impossible to perceive truth, the Master replied that the hexagrams, images and commentaries of the Book were an attempt to do just this.

It is evident to anyone who has studied the *I Ching* that it only begins to have meaning when it is used, which means manipulating the yarrow stalks or throwing coins. Its power of focusing the mind on an indeterminate situation and revealing the desires, fears and apprehensions projected by the mind is extremely interesting. To study the *I Ching* in action means to become aware of one's own subjective, unconscious world, and perhaps to go beyond this. One of the chief difficulties lies in the images and symbols used in the ancient Chinese text:—

> He treads on the tail of the tiger.
> The tiger bites the man.
> Misfortune ...

One obviously has to know what was the old cultural context of "treading on the tiger's tail," and a host of other images, such as the dragon, horse, cow, fox, the four points of the compass, the different colours, etc. Wilhelm's lectures help us a little in this, besides acquainting us with a good deal concerning the history and lore of this Book. But they do not constitute a good introduction to the *I Ching*. The reader should already be acquainted with an adequate edition of the Book, such as the two-volume translation by Richard Wilhelm (Helmut's father), which is obtainable in English.

The lectures help to clarify some basic conceptions about the *I Ching* and to correct certain misconceptions. For instance, on the idea of "change" itself:—

> The opposite of change is neither rest nor standstill, for these are aspects of change. The idea that the opposite of change is regression, and not cessation of movement, brings out clearly the contrast with our category of time.

A few of the old oracle readings are given, including one recorded from the seventh century B.C. Wang Fu-Chih, "the greatest *I Ching* scholar of the Ch'ing era," is quoted in a most revealing passage (p. 97). Perhaps the clearest in-

sight into the understanding of the *I Ching* is given by the brilliant Wang Pi (third century), who is quoted on pp. 87-88.

G. WINGFIELD DIGBY

Toehold on Zen. By JEFFREY SWANN. Illustrated by EKON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd, London. 103 pp. 1962. 16*s*.)

Some time ago it became, all of a sudden, a fad among the fashionable people in the U.S.A. to discuss Zen Buddhism. Fabulously priced, richly bound volumes came out to satisfy the curiosity of the thirsty at the more elegant cocktail parties. The interest Zen then roused in a section of the reading public remains apparently unabated. For the standard works by well-known scholars are now being supplemented by booklets of vulgarization by new initiates and popular journalists. The present publication contains barely eighty pages of reading matter, and though its chapter headings are impressive, *e.g.*, "Knowledge and Its Significance," "The Nature, Function and Scope of the Intellect," "Insecurity, Collective and Otherwise," etc., it should be stated straight away that it can lay no claim to being a scholarly treatment of the subject-matter. The author has had, one understands, the opportunity of hearing and entertaining such distinguished Zen scholars as Professor Ogata, Dr. D. T. Suzuki and others. He has, the blurb says, studied psychology, philosophy and Zen for twenty years. So it is natural to expect something strikingly original from him. In this we are disappointed. However, the book is easy to read. It is not necessary, the author points out, to give up one's religion to practise Zen: after all, Zen is an attitude of mind that leads to creative discovery; it implies cultivation of insight rather than memory, and so on. In brief, know thine own self and thou shalt know all.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Protestantism. Edited by J. LESLIE DUNSTAN. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 255 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This is the third volume of a six-volume series on great religions of modern man, originating from Braziller's of New York, which has received a good welcome. It is significant that Protestantism appears as one of the religions separated on the one hand from Hinduism, etc. and on the other from Catholicism. Moreover, Dr. Dunstan recognizes that there are some who would regard even Protestantism as too broad a field to be covered as a whole in one book. He wisely disregards this and argues that the stress on "salvation by faith alone" is the common criterion whatever the changes in appearance and form of the denominations and sects. The concern of the book is to trace the rise and development of Protestantism, in its four centuries of existence, with the help of the writings of representative leaders. Hence he prefers to call himself "editor" rather than author. The task as so defined may err on the side of oversimplification, but Dr. Dunstan has done his work with no little skill and has shown rare discrimination in his citations. He has succeeded in demonstrating that amid the bewildering variations there is a central and determining life-pattern at once common to them all and distinguishing them from what is called "Catholic" It may be thought that present-day tendencies

in both branches of Christianity encourage the hope that before long it will be possible to produce a similar volume covering Christianity as a whole.

MARCUS WARD

Common Sense About Sexual Ethics: A Christian View. By SHERWIN BAILEY. (The Common Sense Series, No. 13. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 175 pp. 1962. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

No one is better qualified to write on this subject than Mr. Sherwin Bailey. As university Chaplain, as guiding the studies of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, and now as a parish priest, he has given much of his time and energy to talking sense about sex. The treatment, as indicated by the subtitle, is limited. The background, well adumbrated in about fifty compact pages, is that of the Western, and, nominally, Christian tradition. Yet it is not strictly limited. There are some, of narrower and more conservative persuasion, who will question whether the author has always kept to a particular strait path, conventionally regarded as Christian. There can be no doubt at all that the basis of the whole argument is solidly Christian, in the best sense, but the application and conclusion have a much wider reference, being broadly humanistic, again in the best sense of the term. Indeed, all that Mr. Bailey has to say about the many problems connected with sex in modern times derives from a deeply perceptive understanding of the meaning of man and the divine purpose in creating "man" male and female. Many passages may be cited in illustration, but let this suffice:—

> True manliness and womanliness are not attained by seeking to conform to stereotypical notions of what is manly or womanly, for that is essentially self-regarding and sterile Just as I am most human when I forget myself and cease to be self-centred and self-sufficient, so I am most manly when I lose all false or artificial sex-consciousness in relationships of sincerity and integrity with the complementary half of humanity Then I discern that manhood means much more than maleness — which is simply sex in isolation. The significance of manhood consists, not in what I am in myself, but in what I am for another — this particular woman, whom I encounter in this particular relational context; and the same is equally true of womanhood

The note here struck, that sex involves obligation, rings through the whole book. Here is a common sense many could well learn.

MARCUS WARD

Tagore Centenary Volume. Edited by MAHENDRA KULASRESTHA. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. xvii+385 pp. 1961. Rs. 16.00)

Among the significant souvenir volumes published in this country on the occasion of Tagore's Centenary, the one under review is worthy of special mention. To present the many-sided genius of Tagore by including a few representative selections from his work (in translation) as well as outstanding critical opinion in a bare 150 pages is no easy task. That the editor has eminently succeeded in this in the first part of the Volume redounds to his sensibility in selection and ability in securing eminent contributors, Indian and Western, like Professors Humayun Kabir, Buddhadeva Bose, C. A. Moore and Louis Renou, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand and Dr. Agehananda Bharati. Most of

the studies in this part are unbiased and illuminating, penetrating and profound.

Professor Humayun Kabir's brilliant "Foreword" has packed into five pages what he has elsewhere developed into fifty and adds to the value of the Volume.

Part II is named "Aspects of Indian Culture" and contains a selection of general articles on Indian philosophy, religion, culture, history and society, literature and arts. This part is of more scholarly interest. Many of the expert articles are culled from the back volumes of periodicals, including THE ARYAN PATH, and cannot be regarded as exclusively written for this volume. Yet the editor's care in selection makes them hang together. Indologists will thank the editor for having rescued from old files some of these refreshing studies of Indian art and culture. However, the connecting thread between the two parts is rather thin.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Undiscovered Country. By EDMUND ROBERT MORGAN. (Edward Arnold (Publishers), Ltd., London. 247 pp. 1962. 15*s*.)

Dr. Morgan's interests as scholar and as pastor (he is a former Bishop of Southampton and of Truro) meet in a concern with the nature of the life to come. The study and meditation of many years have gone to the production of this anthology of "evidence." A discerning Preface relates the theme to a background limited on the one hand by complete unconcern for man's eternal destiny and on the other by the insatiable curiosity which would chart the unseen world with the precision of the geographer. Like C. S. Lewis, Dr. Morgan has no desire "to arouse factual curiosity about the details of the afterworld." He hopes simply "to hold the door ajar for a brief glimpse into the mysteries of human destiny."

To this end passages of verse and prose have been chosen from a very wide range of reading. In order to help understanding, the compiler concludes his Preface with a list of recurring statements, convictions and guesses. This brief induction of evidence is one of the best things in the book.

As will be expected, the slant in selection, presentation and content is Christian, and the resultant impression wholly so; but evidence from the folk mind of simple peoples, from the noble paganism of the Classical writers, and from seekers, mainly scientific, both ancient and modern, is not lacking. What is lacking, and strangely so, is any reference to Eastern religions. After citing relevant material from the Bible and from Prayer Books (with one Jewish reference), Dr. Morgan comes to the largest and most interesting section, entitled "Seers and Interpreters," and ranging widely from an Irish barmaid to Dante. Here the reader will find much that is familiar and not a little that is more recondite.

Of course, no anthology is perfect, but this, for all its limitation and omissions, is one of the better ones. It is not for reading at a sitting, but whoever browses in it for long is likely to gain some insight into the mysteries of the undiscovered country.

MARCUS WARD

When the World Was Young. By VERRIER ELWIN. (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 82 pp. 1961. Re. 1.50)

Dr. Verrier Elwin, the dedicated an-

thropologist, has here strung together some tribal stories, gathered all over from India. From the first imaginative flights of earth's children issued the legends and myths bearing a close relation to man's life. Faced with the mystery of nature, man in his bewilderment asks several questions: How did it all begin? Who were the first men? When was fire discovered and clothing invented? Are animals related to men? And how about man's adventures in life? How will all these end? And is there an end? Generations of tribals have kept alive their own answers to these tantalizing questions. Verrier Elwin retells these beautiful primal myths in his own lucid English. Arranged in six sections and spiced with fun and frolic, with an occasional dose of serious intent, this book would make an ideal gift.

Of the many achievements of any people, their repertoire of myths and traditional stories alone forms a rich and permanent heritage. India is a vast country, and is dotted, even today, with groups of aborigines and tribals, totalling about thirty million. Within their limited range, they show a wide diversity of culture and have varied explanations for the phenomena that surround us. Again, there is also inter-influence, and so we come across parallel theories which would offer a fruitful field for the literary researcher concerned with ancient Indian myths. Baigas may say that God created the world from the mud brought from the bottom of the ocean, but other tribals would affirm that the universe was hatched out of an enormous egg. The origin of man, too, is explained variously: God made man out of clay (more like the myth of Brahma at his workshop); or, there was a big crack on the earth and men came out; or a goddess gave birth to man; or men were born of animals (shades of Darwinism and the Evolution theory!). The Saoras of Orissa would insist that men had tails in the beginning. The Murias of Bastar recreate a land of Lilliputians for the prehistoric past. The stories thus retold have a childish, naïve and quaint air about them, so much so that one can see Innocence itself smiling at us from these guileless figures untainted as yet by civilization. The coming of death is elevated to sheer poetry, when the tribals say that death was granted to man because he had the wisdom to know that "as one grows old, life becomes intolerable." It is only these "uncivilized" that can in their pure faith face the inevitable end with dignity.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Poetry and the Physical Voice. By FRANCIS BERRY. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 205 pp. 1962. 28*s*.)

In *Poetry and the Physical Voice* Mr. Berry advances the intriguing theory that a poet's voice influences his work. If we agree, then reading poetry will henceforth become more exciting and informative.

There is much food for thought in Mr. Berry's observations on Tennyson, Shelley, Milton, Shakespeare and Marlowe. Mr. Berry believes that what he calls Tennyson's central or deepest voice was reserved for the expression of grief in such poems as "In Memoriam." As for Shelley, when Hogg, who later became his close friend, first met him at Oxford he was so disconcerted by the poet's shrill discordant voice that he was tempted not to see him again. Shelley's poetry may indeed reproduce that shrillness, but it does so without discordance.

Mr. Berry believes that Milton's voice and temperament had grown graver when he wrote *Paradise Lost* and that such changes were necessary pre-

liminaries to his greatest poetic achievement. On the other hand he believes that Shakespeare, unlike Shelley or Milton, did not compose for his own voice except in his non-dramatic work such as the sonnets, but that in his plays he wrote lines for other men to speak whose capacities and unique vocal qualities he knew well. He compares Shelley with Marlowe and concludes that although both poets use the same "soaring" imagery Marlowe's voice is altogether different from Shelley's.

Turning to more recent poets such as Yeats, Eliot and Auden, who have broadcast their own poems, Mr. Berry says:—

> Though this is an age of broadcasting, tape recorders, amplifiers and record players we cannot say that the poet's condition has yet very much changed in consequence.

Yet, as Mr. Berry says later:—

> What would we not give for a gramophone record of Wordsworth reading his poems aloud during the period covered by Dorothy's journal? or of Keats saying his Odes? or of Hopkins declaiming *The Wreck of the Deutschland*?

Despite occasional circumlocutions *Poetry and the Physical Voice* is invariably interesting.

HERBERT BLUEN

Has Man a Future? By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, England. 123 pp. 1961. *2s. 6d.*)

Bertrand Russell states clearly and succinctly the fearful impasse to which stupidity and fear combined with great technical knowledge have brought us and follows with some practical suggestions of ways in which present tensions might be eased with the ultimate object of establishing world government. He disturbs us, yet conveys a breath of sanity and concern for humanity for which we gasp amidst the insane posturings of national leaders. We should be grateful for the words and deeds of warning of one who has reached an age at which he might well abandon posterity to its own devices.

He writes bravely of the unique possibilities of future greatness for the human species if it survives its present folly; of the inward visions of poets, composers and sculptors; of the moments of lyric beauty in the love of man and woman which could embrace the whole world. But he leaves us strangely dissatisfied. He accepts without question the postulate that man is the product solely of the same evolutionary processes as have produced the other species. Strange paradox: he is not unique, but he is unique. Of what stuff are imagination and the beauty of love? Chemical secretions? Electron configurations? In the immense reach of cosmic time, how much more is ten million years of survival as species than ten minutes?

G. H. BROWN

Science and Spirit. By S. V. RAMAMURTY. (Author, Madras. 140 pp. 1961. Rs. 7.50)

This little book of essays attempts a solution of a perennial problem, the "reconciliation of science and spirit at a fundamental level," and also suggests ways of reconstructing various phases of man's life, such as education and economics.

Dr. Radhakrishnan says in the Preface that science and spirit are not opposed because "the recent advances in science compel us to recognize that the real world cannot be captured within the categories of science," whereas the author on the contrary asserts that there is no reason why "European science should not reach the position corresponding to Vedanta" (p. 12).

Such a divergence of views makes it obvious that no rapprochement between the two is valid which ignores the difference between them — of both subject-matter and attitude: religion being concerned with ultimate reality which can serve as a source and guarantee of man's demand for deliverance from suffering and the efficacy of moral action; and science, on the other hand, with its reliance on empirical observation and logical inference, occupied with particular facts and with the "whole" only in so far as it emerges from such an approach Whatever the matrix out of which the universe has evolved, science does not, and I think cannot, at any time, think of it as Brahma or *sat-chit-ananda*. Because modern science is no longer materialistic, it does not follow that it accepts the spiritual nature of the universe.

There are some statements which require much further clarification before they can be understood, e.g., "spirit is measurable by pure number" or "a straight line is an expression of spirit." A weighty topic such as is tackled in this book deserves a more sustained and systematic handling.

A. K. JIANDANI

Letters to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur. By M. K. GANDHI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 248 pp. 1961. Rs. 2.50)

To attempt to review this book which contains 288 letters written by Gandhiji to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur on almost as many topics is to try to empty the ocean with a mustard spoon. In the intimate association of personal correspondence one finds fresh evidence of the thousand and one facets which distinguished the personality of the most purposeful and fascinating man of our age. Beginning with a formal note of thanks written in 1934, the letters reflect over the years an intense and sensitive relationship which enriched both lives. Gandhiji's affection, admiration and concern for his correspondent are obvious. He employs a tone of affectionate banter; he advises her on the various issues arising from the innumerable projects on which they worked jointly; he is firm and gentle, wise, persuasive; and when he sometimes disagrees with her point of view this is what he says:—

> This is no rebuke to you. You have done all this with the best of motives for the love of me. But without a knowledge of the manner of doing things, all our love may miscarry Love waits, prays and is infinitely patient. You have been impatient to do good. If you have understood this you will dance with joy that you have in me a knowing friend whose love knows no bounds.

These letters written during the most significant period in our history take us, as it were, behind the scenes and provide interesting sidelights on the events which led to our Independence. But what they reveal chiefly is a personality with its sublime height, its depth, its capacity for suffering, its penetrating insight into human nature, its monumental self-discipline and dedication. If, as they say, "the penalty for laziness is second-rate friends" one can only conclude that Rajkumari Amrit Kaur must be one of the most industrious persons alive. In allowing the letters to be made public she has done us a service for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

I Meet Rajaji. By MONICA FELTON. (Macmillan and Co., London. 193 pp 1962. Rs. 15.00)

This is not a biography of Rajaji, though Monica Felton intended to write one. The intention was not realized and

in the event the book has become a record of her sporadic meetings and talks with Rajaji on different occasions from 1956 to 1959. The record shows that during these meetings Rajaji consistently discouraged and dissuaded Mrs. Felton from attempting to write his life story.

The Rajaji that emerges from Monica Felton's record is a person with a contrariness of attitudes and outlook. We get a picture of one who is inclined to be secretive about his own work and achievements; of one who while conscious of his own importance is yet modest to the point of self-denigration. During the period covered his main preoccupation was opposing the language policy of the Government, exposing the dangers of nuclear warfare and dissuading the big powers from proceeding with nuclear tests. The effect of his campaigns on these subjects cannot be precisely judged but that he was successful in rousing public opinion on them cannot be doubted.

But all of Rajaji's contrariness and the feeling of self-pity and cynicism that the record reveals suddenly change with his announcement of the formation of the Swatantra Party. "I had never seen him so radiant," says Mrs. Felton. She gives up the project of writing the biography with Rajaji triumphantly asserting: "You will never do it." "How can I," she says, "when you start a new chapter in your life every day?"

Nevertheless an authentic and documented biography of Rajaji, who played a notable part during a crucial period in the country's history and occupied the highest official position as the last of the Governors-General of India, will be welcomed by the public. But will Rajaji himself ever approve of it? Possibly not.

C. V. H. RAO

Off the Beaten Track: Adventures in the Art of Living. By WILFRED WELLOCK. (Sarvodaya Prachuralaya, Tanjore. xii+203 pp. 1961. Rs. 3.00; 10*s*. 6*d*.; $2.00)

In his foreword to this book, Shri Jayaprakash Narayan writes:—

> Here is a testimony of an Englishman which should be read, pondered over and digested by every educated Indian, particularly those who are young and eager to modernize their country

Mr. Wilfred Wellock's name is familiar to many in India and in the pacifist world. He has written forty or fifty pamphlets as tracts for the times and hundreds of articles in the journals of many countries. He is one of the greatest living interpreters of Gandhi's ideas to the West.

From early youth his life has been a continuous adventure, a continuous series of experiments in the art of living. *Off the Beaten Track* is his account of these. His profoundest early lessons were learnt not in school but in the home from the hard lives and austere habits of his parents. There is hardly any aspect of life and living to which he has not been a witness — having been a factory worker; a student at the university; a preacher and teacher in a wide variety of nonconformist churches; and a conscientious objector during the First World War. His periods of imprisonment and of associations with journals devoted to the study and propagation of peace and pacifism, his most frustrating experiences as a Member of Parliament, his travels in Europe, including Russia, and in India, all enrich his book. In his evolution as a pacifist, he has been a witness to the wide contrast between the outlook and premises of 1913 and the upheavals of the last fifty years and the present outlook. He has been a rebel against the materialistic tornado released by the Industrial Revolution and dreamed of a new heaven

and a new earth, where science and philosophy, technology and spiritual values, wealth and wisdom, achieve the unity of an all-inspiring synthesis.

His objective analysis of the degeneration of Western society under the impact of industrialization deserves careful study from those who are busy with planning in our country. His analysis again of both communism and capitalism. showing how both of these "isms" are deeply rooted in a materialism that is the enemy of justice and freedom and peace, cannot be dismissed easily.

It is in this context that he brilliantly builds up the case for the small village republics of Gandhi's conception and shows how India, standing at the threshold of a new era, can make one of the most momentous decisions in her history and follow the Gandhian path. Students of Gandhi will be amply rewarded to find the various points of similarity in the author's experiments and conclusions.

Mr. Wellock ends his story with an "Appeal to India." Are we really ready to accept the moral responsibility? I have my own doubts. In the meantime, Mr. Wellock deserves the gratitude of every thinking man and woman who is still pioneering in any direction off the beaten track, and is not yet caught up in "this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry and divided aims."

SATYENDRA KUMAR DE

Eighty-four, Not Out. By R. P. PARANJPYE. (A National Book Trust Book. The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 184 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.75)

This is the interesting autobiography of a leading Indian intellectual. Starting his career with great promise when he became Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, Dr. Paranjpye has lived through what may be considered a typical success story. Having held many high positions in life such as the Principalship of a famous College in the footsteps of G. K. Gokhale, membership of the legislature, a Senatorship of the Bombay University and a Ministry under the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of Reforms, later he adorned the glorious but futile membership of the India Council, the Vice-Chancellorship of two Indian Universities and a High Commissionership to a British Dominion.

Through all these high offices, he maintained his independence of mind and high integrity and performed several useful services within the limits of his office. But the lifelong adoption of the Liberal Party's outlook with its intellectual aloofness and insensitiveness to mass feeling made it necessary for him to oppose the methods and policies of the Non-co-operation Movement which brought about a great national awakening under Gandhiji's leadership. Though this author lived in a remarkable era of national revival, he dwelt in his ivory tower unaffected by the psychological and moral revolution wrought by the great maker of men. Even in his estimate of the effect of the great revolutions of the 1930's and 1940's there is a trace of understatement, if not of belittling, of the achievements of Gandhiji's leadership of the nation.

But, taken all in all, this life is one of great usefulness and a worthy example of the deliberate forging of a great career. Dr. Paranjpye in the late evening of his life can look back with some satisfaction on a busy, well-lived life, with perhaps a tinge of regret that it was not given to him to have played a more vital rôle in the rebirth of the nation, which he could very well have done with his undoubted talents and opportunities.

D. GURUMURTI

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Loneliness, the ever-increasing social sickness of today, has been brilliantly and humanely surveyed by a young London journalist, Susan Cooper (*The Sunday Times*, London, May 27th, June 3rd and June 10th, 1962).

She shows how the honeycombing of buildings into small units (flats or bed-sitters) has produced the highest suicide rate in central London.

Her survey shows that social indifference and loneliness flourish in the big towns, North and South, as much as in the rigid compartmental village and small-town life. Loneliness has no symptoms and evokes no sympathy, like blindness.

But it is itself a symptom of something much more sinister. We are forgetting how to communicate, how to form proper relationships.

She admits that some fault lies in those who fear to make contacts, withdrawing into a shell of hyper-sensitivity and shyness. Often their roots go back to childhood — deprivation of the "give and take" of a family; too exclusive a dependence on a few; too many prohibitions or sapping of confidence. University students, drawn from different social strata, often fall into a vicious circle of isolation, inhibited from responding to friendly overtures, until those making them feel repulsed.

She casts a glance at the "short-term anodynes," radio, television, books, pets, cinema and crowds, and the more dangerous ones of sex affairs and drink. These last bring inevitable deterioration, since the loss of the external moral authority of Church and Society makes the individual conscience vulnerable to all the lower instincts. The suicide rate in Great Britain is 100 a week out of four times as many attempts. She draws most welcome attention to one notable endeavour to deal with this, the Telephone Samaritans, founded in the City of London by the Rev. Chad Varah. Anyone drawn towards suicide or desperate for a sympathetic listener can phone MANsion House 9000 and find a "befriender" always there, answering the phone — as 3,000 people did last year. Similar groups are running in Europe, India, Pakistan, Turkey, while plans are going ahead in the U.S.A. and elsewhere. (An article by a New York correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, June 17th, 1962, maintains that the problem of loneliness is worse in the U.S.A. than in England.)

The remedy for the loneliness both of "circumstances and of temperament," Susan Cooper writes, lies in intangibles, *i.e.*, a friendlier attitude all round. New towns and planned housing estates lack the organic warmth of the old slums. A negative impersonality is the outcome of a more mobile society, since the old security of forms and sense of degree has broken down.

Within the illusion of easy communication given by the motorcar and the telephone, real communication has grown less.

As for remedies and preventives, the new patterns for social relations, whatever they be, must avoid the danger of becoming new cliques. The existence and activities of clubs and associations (though the label "organized" should give way to a warmer human note) ought to be better known. *The Sunday Times* most helpfully offers a list of these to inquirers. Preparation for retirement should be made beforehand.

The unrealistic public image of loneliness, whether glamourized by mournful "pops" or made "shamefaced" by snob advertising, should be discouraged, as well as the ambivalent cult-condemnation of the individual. As for the individual, she writes, there should be, for the children, a better training in unselfishness, generosity and thoughtfulness for others, as well as the cultivation of various intellectual and creative interests. Finally the lonely themselves must make the effort to go out towards others — but not simply to get friends, since this defeats its own purpose.

It is to be hoped the survey will find more permanent record in pamphlet form. The one necessity, as always, is a change in the minds and hearts of people. If they think they are inherently separate from others, they will act separately. Both the West and the modern East need to get back to the Upanishadic wisdom, the recognition that all selves are part and parcel of the One Self, the Real, the Eternal

> Who sees all beings in his own Self, and his own Self in all beings, loses all fear.
>
> When a sage sees this great Unity and his Self has become all beings, what delusion and what sorrow can ever be near him
>
> —*Iśa Upanishad.* Tr by JUAN MASCARO: *Himalayas of the Soul*

Among the many current endeavours at creating a more international attitude, especially by cultural exchanges between young people, is that reported by the *Times Educational Supplement* (June 22nd, 1962). For some ten years now the Netherlands Office for Foreign Students Relations of Leyden, Holland, has been running sailings from New York to Rotterdam, using liners left over from the war (too old-fashioned and too slow for ordinary "tourism") for the purpose of "orientation" programmes for the students they carry. Whether the students' intentions be vacational or serious, there will be something for all in the nine-day programme — language classes, travel, political or cultural lectures, followed by discussion, or recreational activities, such as dancing, classic or folk (with voluntary student orchestras), drama and cabaret, table-tennis, chess, etc. Help is also given in planning travel and so on, in Europe Except for a permanent nucleus, the workers in the organization are voluntary helpers, and the teams aboard each liner are carefully balanced both as regards nationalities and particular subject. The lecturers are handpicked for versatility and vitality, since the programmes are not rigidly fixed, and fluctuate according to demand. Further spontaneous and informal discussion, by individual and small groups, occupies a great deal of time. An encouraging point made by one of the chief organizers of the scheme is that, though an academic approach is disliked by the students, they much prefer a programme with some depth to a purely light, superficial one.

One hopes the "deep" programme reaches some of its roots down to soul culture (which is not to be confused with religious activity). Being concerned with the real rather than with the transient, it is, in the long run, the only satisfying sustenance, which will help in creating a bond of unity in a way no amount of intellectual and cultural interest (however valuable in its own sphere) can do. There is a notion in some quarters that this last alone is sufficient for mutual understanding and tolerance, but history has, many times over, shown this to be a fallacy.

At this high moment when the human race is literally faced with the dilemma: "To be or not to be," the Anti-Nuclear Arms Convention, which met at Delhi recently, has come none too soon nor could the organizers of this conference

possibly have thought of a more impressive auspices than the Gandhi Peace Foundation. Whatever may be the fruits of the conference, none can gainsay that it has brought a Gandhian perspective to bear upon the nuclear menace to the life and health of the world.

Ever since its establishment in 1959, the Gandhi Peace Foundation has been seeking to promote "the acceptance by all peoples of the principles of truth and non-violence in the conduct of social, national and international affairs." Although the conference was organized at short notice, many distinguished delegates from foreign countries not only graced the occasion but made effective contributions to the debate. In these days of deepening obscurity of politics in practically every field of human endeavour, the Delhi Convention had the distinction of bringing together leaders from different countries and varied political shades, all eschewing partisanship, parochialism and prejudice.

Reviewing the proceedings of the Anti-Nuclear Convention, Shri K. Santhanam, in an illuminating article in *The Hindu* (Madras) characterizes it as an unqualified success and singles out Dr. Rajendra Prasad's address as one of the most important events of the conference. Pointing out that Dr. Prasad's quotations from authoritative U.S. sources left no room for any doubt that immediate cessation of tests and elimination of any possibility of nuclear war was the imperative need of all mankind, Shri Santhanam writes:—

> Freed from the trammels of office, Dr. Rajendra Prasad spoke as the authentic advocate of Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence. "So far as the Gandhi Peace Foundation is concerned, the line of unadulterated non-violence or *Ahimsa* is the only line that it can take It cannot seek palliatives by compromising on this point or by speaking in an uncertain voice for the sake of expediency. World peace is its goal but the means for its attainment also have to be peaceful, *i.e.*, truthful and non-violent. It cannot associate itself with the use of force even for the attainment of peace."

The most striking part of Dr. Rajendra Prasad's address was the passage advocating unilateral disarmament which

> would break this vicious circle of mutual fear and distrust and pave the way for universal disarmament Such a nation would go down in history as the benefactor of mankind and the world will not allow it to fall a victim of aggression.

He went on to add logically that

> India has had the unique privilege of engaging in a successful non-violent struggle for independence under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. She should set the example if her appeal for unilateral disarmament is to carry any weight. I consider this to be a legitimate challenge.

Referring to the Government of India's participation in the Anti-Nuclear Convention, Mr. Santhanam details the difficulties faced by the country and the danger of aggression on her borders and adds:—

> The Government of India's connection with the Gandhian philosophy of non-violence is historical and personal and not spiritual, ideological or practical. The Government of India are not pacifist, as the Prime Minister explained, though they are devoted to the ideals of peace and democracy.

Emphasizing that no Government could afford to ignore dangers, the writer asks Gandhians to realize that

> the battle for absolute non-violence has to be fought in this country no less than in others and that they should not expect from the Government anything more than, perhaps, a greater degree of toleration.

Where fundamental interests are at stake, India, he adds, is as national and resolved to protect her national interests

as any other country, and pointing out that present-day trends are forcibly taking India away from Gandhism, he concludes:—

> World disarmament first and national disarmament only afterwards is the formula of power which governs the Government of India as well as all other Governments. Power and responsibility go together However much we may lament the evils of nuclear testing and dread the possibility of human destruction by a nuclear war, let us understand and be charitable to those who, by a freak of destiny, have become the possessors of nuclear weapons. They will abandon their weapons only as a result of agreement. Their peoples will not permit them to do otherwise. So the only thing to be done is to bring about this agreement and let us hope the delegation which the Gandhi Peace Foundation is to send to all nations who possess nuclear weapons will be able to bring nearer the day of their abandonment.

An interesting proposition for producing "a nobler breed of men" is reported to have been put forward by Sir Julian Huxley in a recent speech to the British Eugenics Society. According to Shri Sunder Kabadi, the London Correspondent of several Indian newspapers, the first step towards improving the human race would, in Sir Julian Huxley's words, be

> the decision by a few enlightened couples to have recourse to artificial insemination from some admired donor to "father" their children . . . The deep freezing of sperm will make it possible to utilize a smaller number of more outstanding donors as parents even after their bodily death. ("London Letter," *The Indian Express*, June 24th, 1962)

It is rather surprising that Sir Julian Huxley, in his enthusiasm for eutelegenesis, should forget that we are human beings and begin to treat us as racehorses or cattle. If it were only the question of promoting bare physical qualities, Sir Julian's thesis may well have merited some consideration. But the human mind is undeniably of an unknowable and indefinable quality, which certainly cannot be fashioned by planned breeding any more than it can be manufactured in a scientist's laboratory.

The scientist-philosopher is only aware of the legal difficulties that will have to be surmounted to put his plan into action and he seems to be convinced that

> the certain success of the experiment, in the shape of outstanding and happy children, would soon be decisive in inducing an increasing number of couples to adopt similar methods and eventually making it the accepted and approved practice of society.

How can scientists really predict the direction the life-stream will take by simply insisting on a planned breeding? Is it not fallacious to consider that heredity is the sole determining factor of human characteristics? The noblest among men were not surely the synthetic products of any special breeding process. Have they not achieved their greatness by sacrifice and service, love and compassion? The bane of modern civilization is its excessive materialism, with the consequent increase in selfishness, greed and other vices largely responsible for the degeneration of mankind. The remedy is to be found not in inventing any new breeding processes as Sir Julian's fancy suggests, but in sincere efforts to cleanse ourselves of the impurities that poison our life blood.

No greater threat to an infant democracy can be thought of than administrative and parliamentary corruption. It is in this context that Shri M. Ruthnaswamy, M.P., asks of what avail all progress and laws can be without morals. In a cogently argued article in

The Sunday Standard (Bombay), he discusses the causes of corruption and suggests ways and means to cure the disease eating into the vitals of Indian society.

According to Montesquieu, it may be recalled, the characteristic attribute of a republic is virtue, even as honour is of the monarchy and fear of despotism. And this virtue that will keep up a democracy is the virtue of its citizens, as they are the rulers as well as the subjects. As virtue consists in placing the interests of the public, of the country or of the State above those of oneself or one's family or one's caste or community, it is obvious that the genesis of corruption lies in desire and greed, referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gita* as among the Gates of Hell, which destroy the soul. It is refreshing to see Shri Ruthnaswamy arguing likewise:—

Egoism, selfishness avarice are the evils to be guarded against by the citizen as well as by his rulers It is from avarice—the desire to become rich and to become rich quick—for in parliamentary democracies the time to become rich is limited—that the practice of bribery and corruption comes.

If bribery flourishes in Government service, it is argued, it is because of its extensive prevalence in other spheres of public life in the form of tips and commissions which are common in trade and business circles. Holding that the cure is suggested by the diagnosis, the writer adds:—

The remedies to be used are, first, restoration and maintenance of salaries at levels ensuring a life of comfort and ease. The salary of a public servant must be such that it will be to his interest to earn it rather than so low that it will be to his interest to earn illegally so that he could afford to lose it on detection. Opportunities for making money on the sly must be reduced; it is useless to expect in these days of *Etatisme* (Statism) to reduce the number of State activities and thus the number of opportunities for bribery—but a code of conduct for officials in all departments might be drawn up and strictly enforced by departmental action or public prosecution.

Although the need for drastic remedies and the use of the surgeon's knife to cut down the cancerous growth is urged by the author, he concludes:—

We may have all the laws we want against bribery and corruption; they would be vain and unprofitable if the moral sense of the people does not back them.... To gather and consolidate and strengthen public opinion against corruption and to take effective action against it, anti-bribery leagues ought to be founded in India, one for all India in New Delhi and one in each of the States, formed and acting on the lines of the Anti-Bribery and Secret Commissions League in England.

THAT MIND, the divine, which ... is the far-reaching light of all lights, ... by which the active and the wise perform the duties in sacrifice and intellectual activities, that which is the wonder-being inside the beings, ... that which directs men like a good charioteer directing the reins, ... may that Mind of mine be of good intent.

—*Shivasankalpa*

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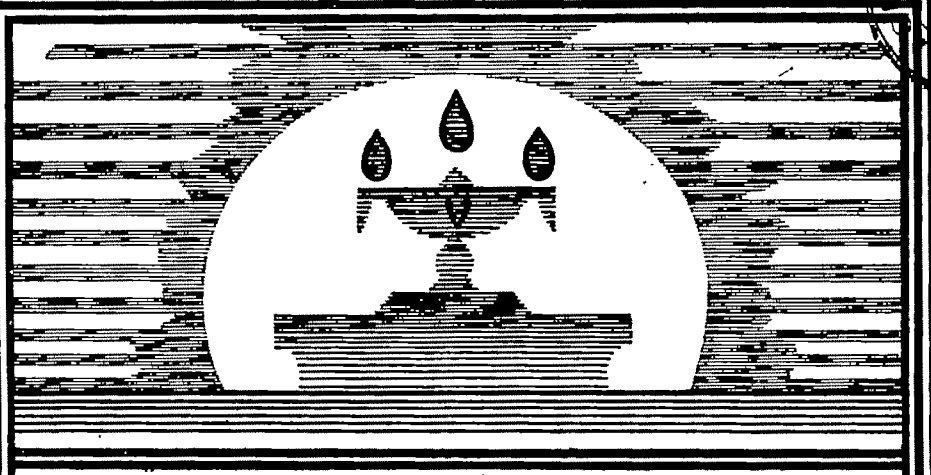
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CUTTA

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

VOL. XXXIII SEPTEMBER 1962 No. 9

THE FRONTIERS OF THOUGHT

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, June 1944.—ED.]

IT IS the nature of frontiers to change. But at a time like this the rate of change is faster. Frontiers as boundaries between political units of general cultural parity are shifted back and forth as moves on the international chess-board, by which the human pawns are put in better or in worse positions. Of greater symbolic significance, however, is the frontier between a settled area and a ruder hinterland, such as the U.S.A. had until recent years. For long the wilderness represented a safety-valve for society, offering free scope to the adventurous, a refuge for the malcontent, a chance for the diligent to improve his station. Conflict of interests and demand for *Lebensraum* arise only when limits of expansion have been reached and there is pressure, real or fancied, to be threatened, on the means of subsistence.

But limitations to physical expansion fortunately set no barriers to the advancing mind of man. This is a period pre-eminently of mental change and flux. Long-accepted social and economic patterns are being challenged, ethics called upon to justify themselves, old sanctions flouted. Orthodox moulds of thought are breaking from the pressure of the new ferment. The old tacit assumption that our concern is with the visible and the tangible alone has been rudely shaken and with it the sense of stability that rested on it. Psychical research, so long cold-shouldered by the orthodox in science no less than in religion, is bringing out disturbing powers and capacities in man that call for a complete readjustment of outlook upon life. A mental need that is becoming as insistent as the body's demand for food, is for synthetic knowledge, for an ample frame, religious, scientific, philosophical, that shall have room not only for all facts now known but also for those adumbrated by the recent work on the frontiers of thought. We must, like Oliver Wendell

Holmes's chambered nautilus, leave our "low-vaulted past" and build "more stately mansions" for our souls.

Analysis has been rightly called the thought-form of our age. The achievements of modern science — and they are great indeed — rest largely on it. Hypotheses there have been and are, or all the facts of science would be a jumbled heap. That, they are not; but, lacking an all-embracing synthetic philosophy, they are a wall of bricks with no cement to bind them.

In the modern industrial system, parts are made by many different workers, perhaps in widely different places, but those in the assembling-plant must know the place of each part in the finished product. Scientists in different lines are like the isolated makers of the parts, the only real significance of which is relational. The need for correlating efforts has been widely recognized and workers use each other's findings to a great extent. There are national research councils, national academies of science that cut across the boundaries between scientific fields and international associations of specialists that cut across national boundaries, but so far there is nothing in the scientific world that compares with the industrial assembling-plant.

Specialization is often in the interest of efficiency and, especially in stable conditions and in normal times, the specialist, be he scientist or artisan, often considers getting on with his task more important than seeing its relation as part to the whole. But conditions are not stable nor are these times normal. The world is advancing, in the person of its intellectual leaders, on the frontiers of thought. And the frontiersman cannot specialize too narrowly; he has to be a man of many skills and of broad vision. We are going forward, out of the familiar into the wilderness that looms portentous on the borders of the known. An outline map is greatly needed to make a cosmos out of seeming chaos, a map such as the ancient scientists evolved and handed down, an outline map to fill in which each new discovery can help.

There is no place on the frontiers of thought for the devotee who is not also a scientist and a philosopher, no place for the philosopher who is not both a humanitarian and a man of science, no place for the scientist who is not also a mystic and a lover of his kind. None of these specialists can clear a way through the confusion for the millions who are stumbling after them. Only an all-embracing synthetic philosophy of life, embracing man and nature, can make advance on the frontiers of thought harmonious and safe. For only when the interdependence of man and man and of man and nature are recognized will ethical practice

overcome its present dangerous lag behind our intellectual advance. A complete science of philosophy and a complete philosophy of science are what is needed — and the two are one.

THUS SPAKE BHARTRIHARI

In Praise of Sages

The Yogi walked; they started and beheld;
All sort of idle sneers on him hurled.
The Yogi heard and smiled and heeded not—
He — Master of himself and all this world!

Blest are the saints who from all passions free
Possess their souls and live in ecstasy.
With boundless space as garment and a bowl
Of rice as food and trees as company.

If thou art a king, we have our grandeur too.
The radiance of our minds will quite outdo
That of thy gold; thy fame is put to shame
Before our Thought that builds the world anew.

Translated by R. C.

THE PATH OF THE SOUL

[THE late **Claude Houghton** was an honoured name in contemporary literature and an esteemed friend of THE ARYAN PATH for many years. Miss Sylva Norman paid a very perceptive tribute to his work in our issue of May 1961.

In this brief article he writes in simple fashion of an insight that has lain at the core of many profound philosophic visions. The Soul, the precious central reality, for whose sake, as the Upanishad says, is all dear, which for its own sake would be nothing — this Soul, how fares it on its path of Life? Is it alone for ever? Is it to be extinguished? Neither, the great ones have said. Mr. Houghton brings out that final reunion can come about only through separation. Meanwhile there is left the heroic moral struggle sung in the great scriptures. Madame Blavatsky wrote in a splendid passage in *The Secret Doctrine*: "In order to progress upwards and homewards, the 'God' has now to ascend the weary uphill path of the Golgotha of Life. It is the martyrdom of self-conscious existence. Like Visvakarman he has to sacrifice *himself to himself* in order to redeem all creatures, to resurrect from the many into the *One Life*."—ED.]

LIFE is pain. It is also joy, but that is another matter. Human existence implies pain, and to be alive is to suffer. It is pain to be born; it is painful to live; and it is pain to die, though perhaps the last is the least painful.

And the pain of life is the pain of growth. For the essential nature of the spirit is stillness, and its desire is to remain in a state of contemplation, possessing an awareness of its divine oneness with all things, but without that self-consciousness, the acquisition of which requires effort, and the possession of which involves responsibility, separate, particular, individual. On the other hand life is motion, activity; inactivity is death. Hence there are two opposing tendencies or forces acting on the soul, one backwards and one forwards; one craving original stillness, the other demanding unceasing change — and it is the guiding and co-ordinating of these to one common end which is the most difficult achievement, as it is perhaps the sole purpose, of human existence.

Among the greater part of humanity the individual is still unconscious of this conflict but the effects of it can easily be seen. He is afraid of effort, as he is afraid of freedom and of responsibility; he restricts the range of his free individual activity by creating a fixed set of laws, of beliefs and of rules of conduct; he may assert himself very definitely and defiantly, but it will be along the orthodox lines; he may shout that he is king in his own castle, but he will first make sure that his castle is

a very small one, and that it is built and conducted in a similar manner to everybody else's; he has to develop but he tries hard to do it in company with his neighbours. Under these conditions the soul progresses — steadily perhaps — but very, very slowly.

Sooner or later, however, the soul comes into a realization of its individual freedom, and then comes pain, real pain, the agony of conscious conflict, the responsibility of free will.

There is pain in the world other than this, but it is of a different order, it is the blind suffering of the driven beast; but this is the pain of the knowledge of good and evil, and of the power to choose. Then the soul becomes aware of the conflict within itself.

On the other hand it craves for its original oneness with all things; it desires again not to be separate, to withdraw, to shrink back, to become reunited with God and with oblivion as it was in the beginning, to be at rest, not to strive any more, only to be inseparate. But on the other hand it *is* itself, separate, particular, individual; it cannot deny itself, however much it may wish to, but also it does not wish to: it desires to attain to greater and greater realization of itself, to grow in its own strength and consciousness, until itself shall have gathered all things in, and made all things one with it. Thus in this way it would attain again to its original state, yet with something added. Both the beginning and the end are God; the innate impulse of the soul is to go back to God and at the same time to go forward to God; the first is called decay, the second growth; nevertheless the motive is the same, differently directed.

The pain of life is caused through the need for effort, and all activity can be traced to this dual desire. And it is where the two tendencies are most clearly opposed and distinct that the pain is greatest, for it is probable that it is often just those who are most conscious of their ultimate destiny, and who are therefore most desirous of achieving the fullest self-consciousness, who at the same time yearn most terribly to deny their separate existence, that they may enjoy again the sublime bliss of unconscious, effortless, inseparate oneness. Thus it is that the very fact of a body, distinct, separated off, gathered into itself, implies pain. For the individual cannot deceive itself, and however much it may believe in its ultimate oneness, it cannot deny its immediate present isolation. But it will rebel against such a state, and, while on the one hand trying with all its strength to realize itself, it will at the same time struggle with the frenzy of despair to destroy its separateness.

And this conflict is a terrible thing because, though the tendency

towards disintegration and decay must ultimately become subordinated and sublimated, it may be that for a long time it will continue in a hundred ways to sap and waste the energy of the individual in fruitless but exhausting attempts to merge and to be submerged.

Final reunion can come only through separation — this is the lesson of life. At present we desire with half our being to be drawn unto all men, but it is only when we have learnt to stand alone, and to know ourselves not as one, but as each one, that we shall begin to draw all men unto us.

As parts we must perfect ourselves that, as a reunited whole, we may be perfect. This is the offering we make our God; we leave everything that we may gain everything. God of Mercy, we can do no more — it is our all.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

HOTEL LOUNGE

Through swing doors in and out
The people come and go,
A microcosm of
The city's ebb and flow.

The smoke from choice cigars
Rises above the chatter,
The chandeliers like stars
Their myriad jewels scatter.

From out the dark unknown
Like moths round candlelight
Briefly to life we cling,
Then, back into the night.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE ONE-WORLD PHILOSOPHY OF K'ANG YU-WEI

[**Shri O. K. Ghosh** is Chief Accounting Officer of the High Commission of India in London. He is also a scholar, author and lecturer. The following full and interesting account of the life and philosophy of K'ang Yu-Wei does persuade us that his One-World Philosophy, for all that it has some quaint limitations, is "a freeing and liberating work which widens our horizons."—ED.]

LITTLE IS GENERALLY KNOWN in India of the intellectual effect of the impact of the West on China in the nineteenth century. With a sudden sharpness the Chinese were forced to accept the fact, as the noted Chinese philosopher Fung Yu-Lan has observed, that their country was neither the whole world, nor even indeed the centre of the world, but simply one among many different nations. The intellectual challenge was of a fundamental nature and K'ang Yu-Wei was one of the greatest of the Chinese men of thought to respond to the challenge. He did it by trying to modify Confucius to suit the needs of the time, and by using Western ideas for new and daring speculations. This is best shown in his *Ta T'ung Shu* or "One World Book." Let us, then, have a glimpse of the man and of his ideas.

Our knowledge of K'ang Yu-Wei has been largely gleaned, at least for his first forty years, from his autobiography — *Self-Compiled Chronology of the Gentleman from Nan-hai.* K'ang Yu-Wei was born on March 19th, 1858, at a place slightly south-west of Canton. His father was well-to-do, but he died when K'ang was eleven. K'ang was brought up by his grandfather, a mandarin, and he spent his early life mainly in studying. In this his work was facilitated by his great-grandfather's huge library. His early studies were in the classical Chinese tradition. At the age of twenty-one, however, he had a great vision when he saw that "the ten thousand creatures of Heaven and Earth" and he himself "were all of the same body." He received great enlightenment and laughed with joy; then he perceived the sufferings of life and cried with melancholy. This mystic vision had a great effect on him. He gave up his classical studies, and retired to the mountains to study Buddhism and Taoism. But he came back to the world, visited Hong Kong in 1879, and read works on foreign lands and foreign history. He was deeply affected. He was convinced that the West had much to teach China and that a reform of Chinese society was essential if China was to take her

place among the leading peoples of the world. In 1883, when only 25, he founded an Anti-Footbinding Society in his native place, soon to be followed by the South China Anti-Footbinding Society. His studies also continued. And by 1885 he had prepared the first draft of *Ta T'ung Shu*. In 1889 he became a mandarin. His studies, however, did not abate. In 1891 he brought out a book trying to prove that many works attributed to Confucius were really forgeries. He was attacked and his book burnt.

In 1896 K'ang participated in politics. The Japanese had defeated the Chinese and a humiliating treaty was being negotiated. The officials in Peking were highly agitated. K'ang and his disciple, Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, organized mass meetings which resulted in a petition to the Emperor asking for the rejection of the peace terms (which involved a loss of territory) and for a general reform of the laws. But this came to nothing. K'ang consoled himself by studying Western culture, largely through translations from the Japanese made by his eldest daughter. He also became concerned with the problem of over-population in China and sponsored a scheme of emigration to Brazil.

His days of glory came in 1898. His writings had influenced many young Chinese, including the heir to the throne, Kuang-hsu. In 1898 Kuang-hsu became Emperor, and K'ang became his chief mentor. The result was the famous "Hundred Days of Reform" (June 11th–September 20th, 1898). Kuang-hsu issued a series of decrees aimed at modernizing (Westernizing) China militarily and industrially while revitalizing Confucianism. But the time was not yet ripe. The forces of reaction, led by the old Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi, struck back; Kuang-hsu was deposed and imprisoned, and Tzu Hsi resumed her former position as regent. Six of Kuang-hsu's chief counsellors were executed. K'ang, however, fled to Japan. Thence, up to 1913, he led a wandering life, visiting many places and countries — Hong Kong, Japan, United States, England, Germany, Penang, Singapore, India, Burma, Java, etc. In 1912 he was allowed to return to China. His life from then to 1927 consisted of a series of private sorrows and constant failures in his attempts to reform and modernize Chinese society. But through all sufferings and sorrows he remained constant to his high principles and ideals, a 'peak of peaks, deep and clear," as one admirer put it.

His most important work, *Ta T'ung Shu*, was first thought out when he was but a youth of twenty-six. Its main principles were discussed with his students, including the famous Ch'en T'ung-fu and Liang Ch'i-ch'ao,

in his school: the "Thatched Hall in Ten Thousand Trees," near Canton. But the draft was finally completed only in 1902, when K'ang was in Darjeeling. K'ang was now forty-four years old.

The influence of Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and the West on *Ta T'ung Shu* is clear. K'ang's starting point was the thesis of Mencius that "men have compassionate natures." Mencius had observed that if a child fell into a well the observers at once felt alarm and distress. Why? Not because they wanted to gain the favours of the child's parents, or the praises of their neighbours and friends, or for any other ulterior reason; but because, by nature, they had "compassionate feelings." And why? K'ang traced this to the very origin of the universe. He postulated that in the beginning there was a vast primal energy-stuff, the creator of Heaven and Earth. This energy-stuff, essentially spiritual, is electricity possessed of consciousness. It activates everything and to whoever possesses consciousness it gives the power of attraction, like that of the magnet. The inability of men to see, unmoved, the sufferings of others is a manifestation of this force of attraction. The existence of this spiritual substance in everyone is the reason why both all-embracing love (*jen*) and wisdom are stored in the mind. The doctrine of "brotherly love" or *jen* is an old Chinese one and similar to such teachings elsewhere in the world. What K'ang added was the speculation about electricity as the primal matter-spirit energy.

But if the nature of man is compassionate and directed towards *jen*, why is the world so imperfect? This is because of various sufferings which form part and parcel of Life itself. K'ang here is thoroughly Buddhist. He classifies and enumerates the sufferings. The sufferings associated with man's physical life are seven: (1) being implanted in the womb, (2) suffering premature death, (3) suffering loss of a limb, (4) being a barbarian, (5) living outside China, (6) being a slave, (7) being a woman. The sufferings associated with natural disasters are eight: (1) famine resulting from flood or drought, (2) epidemic, (3) conflagration, (4) flood, (5) volcanic eruptions, (6) collapse of buildings, (7) shipwreck, (8) locust plagues. The sufferings associated with the human relationship are five: (1) to be a widower or widow, (2) to be orphaned or childless, (3) to be ill and have no one to provide medical care, (4) to suffer poverty, (5) to have a low and mean station in life. The sufferings associated with human institutions are seven: (1) corporal punishment and imprisonment, (2) unjust taxation, (3) military conscription, (4) social stratifications, (5) oppressive institutions, (6) the existence of the state, (7) the existence of the family. The human feelings which

cause sufferings are six: (1) brutish stupidity, (2) hatred, (3) fatigue, (4) lust, (5) attachment to things, (6) desire. The things which cause suffering because of the esteem in which they are held by men are five: (1) wealth, (2) eminent position, (3) longevity, (4) being a ruler, (5) being a god, sage, immortal, or Buddha.

How can mankind get out of this morass of suffering into a world of *jen*? And what can this world of *jen* be? What is the ideal world? K'ang here makes use of another concept about human nature. The nerves of the brain react favourably to those objects which suit it, unfavourably to those which do not. In more popular terms, men try to get pleasure and avoid pain in all their actions. Even the painful activities carried out by ascetics or self-sacrificing heroes are for the purpose of obtaining greater pleasure through lesser pain. This pleasure-pain concept leads to the principle: "Whatever is injurious (painful) to man is wrong; whatever is not injurious is right." This gives us the objectives of a world ruled by *jen*. We can now draw the picture of an ideal world and see how best it can be attained.

We come back to the sufferings. According to K'ang they can be classified into nine groups; and the world of *jen* can be established by abolishing these nine groups of suffering, having always in mind the underlying principle of "whatever is injurious to man is wrong, whatever is not injurious is right," in working out the detailed objectives. The first of the nine groups of sufferings is that of the nation — the political divisions between lands and peoples; the second, that of class; the third, of race; the fourth, of sex; the fifth, of family — father, son, husband, wife, etc.; the sixth, of occupation; the seventh, of unjust institutions: the eighth, of species — the demarcation between men, birds, beasts insects, and fish; the ninth is that of the fact of suffering itself, the suffering which begets further suffering!

K'ang finds the solution to the problem of human happiness in abolishing the nine groups of suffering. First, the abolishing of national boundaries and uniting the world. Second, the abolition of class boundaries and equalization of all peoples. Third, the elimination of racial boundaries and the amalgamation of different races of mankind. Fourth, the abolition of sex boundaries, and the establishment of absolutely equal rights between men and women. Fifth, the abolition of family boundaries, and the becoming of "Heaven's people." Sixth, the abolition of livelihood boundaries, and making occupations public. Seventh, the abolition of political disorder and administrative boundaries. Eighth, the elimination of differing species or boundaries of kind, and the extension

of love to all living things. And finally, the abolition of boundaries of suffering and the attainment of utmost happiness.

K'ang was certain that the world of *jen* could be achieved. In this belief he was fortified by his interpretation of Confucius, especially of the *Spring and Autumn Annals*. In this book Confucius preached the "Doctrine of the Three Ages." First there is the Age of Disorder. Then of Approaching Peace. And finally of Universal Peace. Confucius himself lived, according to K'ang, in the Age of Disorder. In K'ang's own time he saw Europe and America, through vast changes, evolving towards the Age of Approaching Peace. And he saw the vision of the Age of Universal Peace, when there will be no longer any nation, no racial distinction, and customs everywhere will be the same. K'ang did not confine himself to vague dreams. He gave a concrete picture of this world, a world to be brought about by following his programme of the abolition of the nine groups of sufferings.

What does the ideal world of K'ang look like? K'ang postulated that in two hundred to three hundred years' time a world state would emerge, the final result of a series of amalgamations of states, themselves the outcome of wars and disarmament conferences. There would be no "nation" then. The whole world would be divided into 3,000 administrative squares or "degree governments," each bounded by degrees of latitude and longitude. The degree governments would have assemblies elected through universal suffrage. These assemblies would rule the degree regions but there would be no political parties or political leaders. The actual local self-governing units would consist of farms, factories and stores. There would be a world parliament, also elected by universal suffrage. The world parliament and the degree parliaments would exist only to ensure equality and efficient planning on a world-wide scale. Otherwise power would be decentralized.

Anti-social behaviour would be treated by "dishonouring the name." Only if one plotted to revive the State, or military forces, would there be punishment by imprisonment.

Throughout the world there would be a universal language, a universal calendar and a universal system of weights and measures.

Through migration and intermarriage there would be only one race throughout the world. Class distinctions would disappear. Women would enjoy the same rights as men, perform the same tasks, and even wear the same dress. Marriages would be for one-year periods only initially, renewable for as long as the partners choose to agree. The family will

disappear. The functions of the family would be performed by state-operated nurseries, schools, hospitals, old-age homes, etc. People would live in huge air-conditioned public apartments and eat in common dining halls seating thousands of persons. K'ang is in favour of vegetarianism. But at the same time he is not unsympathetic to man-made synthetic foods.

Employment would be assured to everyone. All enterprises — agriculture, industrial production and commerce — will be "commonized." Honours will go to those who help to advance the arts and the sciences and to those who are outstanding for their *jen* (goodness) in every sphere of life. The competitive instincts of man will be channelized into constructive action.

In this world the most important people will be the doctors. This will be so as the maintenance of health and hygiene would be the really weighty tasks. Everyone would be examined daily.

K'ang postulates that in a world full of *jen,* institutional religions would wither away. First Christianity and Islam, and then Confucianism. K'ang was a Confucianist but held that in his world the historic work of Confucianism would have been completed. Men would then turn to Taoism and after this to the "higher wisdom" of Buddhism. This will also give place to a state of things where minds will "roam in Heaven."

Such is the remarkable world of K'ang sketched in very bald outline indeed. It is significant that K'ang used the same word, *Kung ch'an,* for "common production" as the rulers of China today do for "communism."

K'ang's philosophizing is remarkable for its mixture of Chinese and Western Utopian thinking. He believes in Confucius' Three Ages, in Mencius' view of human nature in Taoism, etc. At the same time he is a fervent believer in science, technology and universal progress. His *Ta T'ung Shu* differs from Plato's *Republic* or More's *Utopia* or Butler's *Erewhon* by giving a much more detailed blueprint of future human society.

Along with much astuteness and liberality of views, K'ang combines strange *naïveté* and pride of race. He seems to believe, for instance, that the ultimate universal language will be Chinese. He also seems to have a sense of colour lumping the white and yellow races as superior to the brown and black ones. He visualizes the latter two being swept away from the earth. He seriously advocates the wholesale movement of black

races to Canada, Sweden, Norway, etc. — so that they might become fairer! His ideas about the removal of all distinctions between men, birds and beasts is obscure. So are his speculations about the abolition of the very concept of suffering and the "roaming in Heaven."

But after everything has been taken into account no unbiased person will refuse to admit that the book *Ta T'ung Shu* is of fundamental importance. Not only as an example of China's intellectual response to the challenge of the West, but, much more important, as a freeing and liberating work which widens our horizons and makes us think on an altogether higher level of historical consciousness than is common even today.

OROON GHOSH

THE evil of egoism, of a man regarding himself as the centre of everything, does not come from his unduly high opinion of himself, nor from his claim to unconditional importance and immeasurable worth. Since every individual human being can ultimately become perfect and, at any moment here and now, can receive absolute truth into his mind and introduce it into his life, he cannot be valued too highly. Seen rightly, every man has an absolute importance and value; he is irreplaceable, and therefore of immeasurable worth. (Is it not said in the Gospel: What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?) The failure of a man to recognize his own unconditional importance would be equivalent to his abdication from the dignity of man. Here is the root of all error, and the death of all faith. For how can a creature so poor and weak that it has lost faith even in itself, find the courage to believe in anything? No, the basic lie and evil do not come from the individual's self-awareness and self-esteem. They come from his unwillingness to extend to others the recognition of an absolute worth rightly perceived by him in himself, but wrongly refused to others when, seeing himself exclusively as a central fact in life, he banishes all others to the outer edge of his own existence, and ascribes to them only an accidental value dependent on himself.

—VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV

RADIANT LIFE

[**Mr. Pierce Egan** has had an unusual life. Born in England of Irish parents, he went through the War years as a non-combatant, found wide experience in several vocations, especially as teacher of languages and writer, married an Iranian lady of a well-known family of Meshed, and now lives in Cyprus. His chief interests are mysticism and comparative religion, and he writes himself a lover of these and of mankind. The very lucid thoughts on the Self and its destiny, the need to subordinate our partial unruly consciousness to the fullness of the inner Self and yet the correlative need to fail not in our work in the world — these should provoke careful thought; there is in them a fine liberality combined with earnest awareness of spiritual needs.—ED.]

DARE YOU go forward in life depending solely upon your own powers?

Few people can answer with a positive "Yes" to this question, and a majority are influenced by the advice of parents or of friends; by the ministrations of doctors and physicians, or the need to seek support, comfort and reassurance from this or that school of mental or psychic study — to say nothing of concern for what others may think!

Yet the bold truth is that *all power* lies within each one of us: in you and I, in him and her — in everybody. This power for self-fulfilment may be tapped directly by the individual and does not need the interposition of either doctor or teacher. It only needs our own steadfast courage to look deep within our soul and draw forth its radiant light.

How can this be done?

By "letting go," a complete mental and psychical relaxation — possibly the most difficult thing in the world to achieve in all its fullness. But first there must be developed an acute consciousness of self, in order that this may be relinquished, preceded by a more vivid awareness of what that "self" is. These are three radical stages along the road of self-development.

I. SELF-EXAMINATION. Man has become so fascinated with the wonders modern science has revealed to him that he is largely unconscious of the even more marvellous system concealed within himself. What is this "self," this I, this, say, John Smith? A mass of bones and organs enclosed in skin, upon which a suit of clothes is draped? No! A minute's thought will convince us that we are not the body. We can view all that happens to us, and even bear the pain we may be called upon to suffer, while yet remaining apart from it. Then are we Mind? Again, it does not take long to see that we cannot be; thoughts pass

before us like photographs on a screen, but there is a watcher within who can regard both the thinker and the thought, and who can be brought to the level of consciousness, after a little practice and meditation, in any individual. The same is true of the emotions. If we say that mind is the faculty of thinking, however, we are closer to the mark — but only if we limit thought to the one vital thought of self-recognition: "I am."

Mystics and psychologists go deep into the subconscious and obtain more detail about the "true self," but still they do not define its reality, its exact nature. For our present purpose it is enough to say that the self or soul is in character a simple element, and, as such, indestructible. If we remain aware of our real nature, we obtain an entirely different perspective regarding life and the order of importance in which things may be placed.

II. SELF-CONCERN. This can be best expressed as the concern of the higher self for the tools it uses, the organs through which it functions, for the lower self, in its two aspects of body and mind.

Such concern involves each one of us in a critical consideration of what we feel to be the purpose of life and what steps we propose to take in order to play our part in harmony with a life that is universal.

Our previous self-consideration will have established that we are not the body; therefore our purpose in life will have been elevated above the pursuit of material satisfactions for their own sake. It will have also convinced us that our true self is above the mind, and we can now begin to get a glimmer of the greatest secret in the world: the goal of life!

"Life," as far as we are personally and subjectively concerned with it, consists in our response — negative or positive — to phenomena; our feelings about such phenomena and the changes we may make in ourselves as a result of experience. Life is, ultimately, a school of experience, and its true purpose the building of a noble, pure, radiant, spiritual, philosophic — use whatever term you please — character. The best means we have of accomplishing this — the one that, through all history, has produced those characters that have been regarded as models of human greatness — is by concern for our neighbour, and the establishment of as much social harmony as lies within our power over as wide a field as possible. The Golden Rule of all religions, "love thy neighbour as thyself," is just this.

In addition, of course, life on earth has to be lived fully; we cannot opt out, and life as a hermit dwarfs and does not enlarge the character.

The thousand and one problems and decisions of every day have to be made, the future provided for to some extent, and allowance made for the eternal unexpected. Yet, possessing this deeper knowledge of our own essence, and being able to select aims and goals that are of lasting value, we need never be deluded by the transient and ephemeral propaganda of materialism. At this point we arrive at the last stage of our journey.

III. SELF-FORGETFULNESS. Having discovered so many "supernatural" qualities in ourselves and seeing, too, that Nature and the universe are in the grip of a mighty law, it is impossible for us to accept the hypothesis that the part possesses qualities of which the whole is deprived. That being so, a conscious, almighty power — most people call it "God" — is an essential premise; for without such a reality nothing would be able to exist.

The qualities God generates in each stage of creation are different. In the mineral, cohesion; in the vegetable, growth; in the animal, sense-perception. But in man a new quality exists — that of love; not only personal love, but the capacity to love God Himself. This is the foundation of order, progress and advancement in the world of humanity, and it is because this basic reason for existence is so largely forgotten today that the moral and social fabric of the nations is disintegrating. Each one of us who becomes aware of this master-purpose in life can be a beacon of light, hope and affection in his own circle, sending out rays of positive living that will extend their influence all over the world.

We must take care not to become proud; not to feel superior because we have climbed a little higher up the mountain than our brother. Philosophy will aid us here. If action be right, then that very rightness need be the only reason for executing it and is all the reward we require for so doing. We cease to be caught up in the scheming pettiness of "Who's to be the first?," and place our hand in the Hand of God, accepting everything that comes as an opportunity for service. Sure of our goal, confident of the future, detached from the appearances of life and holding steadfastly to its kernel and essential purpose, we have "let go" — and in that relaxed, unworried state, seeing the good in all and any bad there may be as only the privation of good; constantly striving to achieve our best, but not limited by the desire for any preconceived result, our life has become, and will stay, for ever radiant!

PIERCE EGAN

"THE COMING RACE"

[**Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green** is an author sufficiently distinguished in his calling not to need further introduction. We have pleasure in welcoming to THE ARYAN PATH's pages this well-known author, critic, and above all perfect re-teller of old legends for modern young people.

In this article he unfolds the various strands of prophecy, satire and human wisdom that make Bulwer Lytton's late novel *The Coming Race* a work to be amazed by and pondered over.—ED.]

"HE missed being in the first rank of novelists," wrote Andrew Lang of Bulwer Lytton, "and the bloom is very early off the rye of novelists who fall short of that rank."

To a great extent Lang was right, and Lytton is now unread, and remembered only when his most notable historical romance, *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), is used for the basis of a film — each time at one remove further from its original. Even *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings* (1848) is no more than a name; and who has heard of *A Strange Story* (1862), of which Lang wrote in 1912 "there is no better romance of the supernormal," or of *Kenelm Chillingly* (1873), the only novel which moved Rider Haggard to tears?

References to Lytton in histories of literature simply speak of him as an example of the ponderous historical fiction popular a hundred years ago, so soon to be superseded by the lighter touch of Stevenson and his contemporaries — and now unreadable except by students plodding painfully through the undergrowth to explore and map the period. His best, and most uncharacteristic book, the surprising venture at the end of his life into what we now call science fiction, called *The Coming Race* (1871), is seldom even mentioned.

Yet it was so well known nearly thirty years after publication that Kipling could refer casually to "the levin-rods of the Vril-ya" in one of his articles in the daily press collected as *A Fleet in Being* (1898); and at much the same time a new beef extract, still in familiar daily use all over the world, could be called "Bovril" (*i.e.*, life-force from beef, combining the Greek *Bos* with Lytton's *Vril*).

The Coming Race seems to have faded out of memory in the years between the wars, though it was obtainable until 1939 in the World's Classics edition, where it shared a volume with the best of his shorter stories, *The Haunted and the Haunters* (1857). Had it survived less than ten years longer, its readers would have found in it an astonishing prediction come true, when the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

For Vril is the nearest approach to atomic energy in early science fiction, and Lytton's Coming Race, the Vril-ya — those who possessed *Vril* — found themselves faced with the present world-situation of the arms-race and found a solution which, on a rather different level, most nations today seem to be stumbling towards in the dangerous darkness that could precede some such Utopian dawn as Lytton prophesied.

His tale appeared anonymously, told in the first person by the hero, a young American mining engineer who fell down the shaft of a mine and found himself in a world inhabited by a people whose knowledge and habits of life had progressed far beyond anything even imagined in 1870 by those who lived on the outer surface of this globe.

As is usual with stories of Utopias or "other worlds," most of the book is taken up with careful descriptions of the Vril-ya, their way of life, their mechanical inventions, buildings, even their language. And many of the conversations between the narrator (who is called "Tish," or "Little Frog," by his hosts) and several of the Vril-ya are of a satirical nature: Tish extolling the civilization of the United States at the stage which it had reached by the middle of the nineteenth century, and the wise Vril-ya comparing all that he tells them with their own early ages of barbarism, or with that of the few savage tribes still living in distant parts of the world within the Earth.

The whole civilization of the Vril-ya turns on the knowledge, possession and use of *Vril,* which is described at some length when the narrator is instructed by the beautiful princess Zee, "who, as an erudite professor in the College of Sages, had studied such matters more diligently than any other member of my host's family." *Vril*

> is capable of being raised and disciplined into the mightiest agency over all forms of matter, animate and inanimate. It can destroy like the flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it can replenish or invigorate life ... and on it they chiefly rely for the cure of disease, or rather for enabling the physical organization to re-establish the due equilibrium of its natural powers, and thereby to cure itself. By this agency they rend way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps, finding it steadier, softer, and healthier than the other inflammable materials they had formerly used.

The effects of *Vril* were, however, most remarkable in their influence on the social polity of the Vril-ya. As its use and application

> became familiarly known and skilfully administered, war between the *Vril*-discoverers ceased, for they brought the art of destruction to such

> perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers, discipline, or military skill. The fire lodged in the hollow of a rod directed by the hand of a child could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. If army met army, and both had command of this agency, it could be but to the annihilation of each. The age of war was therefore gone, but with the cessation of war other effects bearing upon the social state soon became apparent. Man was so completely at the mercy of man, each whom he encountered being able to slay him on the instant, that all notions of government by force gradually vanished from political systems and forms of law ... now there was no longer either the necessity of self-preservation or the pride of aggrandisement to make one state desire to preponderate in population over another.

The Vril-ya, therefore, divided themselves into small communities of about twelve thousand, and built their cities, using *Vril* for light, heat and most of their labour. In course of time they outgrew all the worries and emotions of ordinary mortals, living placidly for a century or so, and dying without pain or the discomforts of old age, serene in their certainty of a future life. This they believed to be a reincarnation, though in what form or where they left to the will of the All-Good, convinced both of His existence and of the impossibility for mortal man of learning anything about the likeness or will of the Supreme Being.

They needed virtually no government, for they possessed all that was needed, and had reduced passion to a logical process. They did, however, elect "a single supreme magistrate styled Tur," with "a Council of Sages" to debate on the well-being of the community at large. For there were still "the ruder tribes without the pale of the Vril-ya" and if they showed any signs of causing trouble would be ruthlessly exterminated without any danger:—

> ... on the report of some observer in an air-boat, any member of the *Vril* department can estimate unerringly the nature of intervening obstacles, the height to which the projectile instrument should be raised, and the extent to which it should be charged, so as to reduce to ashes within a space of time too short for me to venture to specify, a capital twice as vast as London.

It will be obvious, even from these few quotations, that whether intentionally or not, Lytton had postulated a steady spiritual progress in his Coming Race. And on the surface his story seems to be one of the simple Utopian variety where such a postulate must be made and accepted tacitly.

Again, taking the story for its value as imaginative romance, we

cannot but echo Rider Haggard's lament when listing *The Coming Race* as one of his two favourite works of fiction (the other being Dickens's historical novel *A Tale of Two Cities*):—

> Both these books I can read again and again, and with an added pleasure. Only my delight in the last is always marred afresh by disgust at the behaviour of the hero, who, in order to return to this dull earth, put away the queenly Zee's love.

For Tish felt himself overawed and terrified by the superhuman personality of the Vril-ya sage Zee, and scorned her love for that of the less exalted sister of his child friend Tae — on account of which Tae was commanded to exterminate him painlessly with his Vril-staff, and he was only saved by Zee, who, scorning jealousy, carried him back to the mine from which he came, and closed the passage between them for ever.

Possibly Haggard, with his own romantic preconceptions, did not realize the subtle satire that lurks throughout *The Coming Race*. "It is no crime to slay those who threaten the good of the community," says Tae; yet the state is not one of socialism such as we know or dream of it, for the Vril-ya are always ready to exterminate democracy when they come across it.

> Koom-Posh is their name for the government of the many, or the ascendancy of the most ignorant or hollow [we are told]. Koom-Posh may be loosely rendered "Hollow-Bosh." But when Democracy or Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into that popular passion or ferocity which precedes its decease, as (to cite illustrations from the upper world) during the French Reign of Terror, or for the fifty years of the Roman Republic preceding the ascendancy of Augustus, their name for that state of things is Glek-Nas ... [which] may be construed, "the universal strife-rot."

Throughout the book democracy and the popular politics of the United States and of the more advanced European countries are satirized with the remorseless insight of an author who had spent most of his life in Parliament. And few other follies of the age are spared either, from exaggerated Darwinism to extreme Biblical Fundamentalism.

With so much satire of the peoples crawling on the outer crust of this Earth, it seems natural to take the book at its face value as a simple Utopia — and share in Haggard's scorn of the miserable Tish who was longing to get back to the world he knew.

But a careful reading will show that Lytton is fighting fairly. By

the end of the book the world of the Vril-ya has come to seem as empty and soul-destroying as any that have been pictured, from Percy Greg's *Across the Zodiac* (1880) to George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1950). If the Vril-ya have no use for Koom-Posh, they are equally contemptuous of Glaubs (poetry) and all other art-forms, except dancing, which is retained for the sake of exercise. "Do you not perceive," remarks Aph-Lin to the poor Tish, "that a literature such as you mean would be wholly incompatible with that perfection of social or political felicity at which you do us the honour to think we have arrived?" And the Vril-ya arrived at no substitute: even philosophy (Pah-bodh, or "stuff-and-nonsense") was frowned upon, and theological speculation forbidden.

The background to the satire is given by the Earl of Lytton in the short biography of his grandfather published in 1948:—

> *The Coming Race* was not merely a story of adventure, such as might have been written by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells — it had a definite political object. At that date (just after the Franco-Prussian War) there was much talk in advanced political circles of universal peace, the brotherhood of man, equality of all kinds, the dignity of labour, the mechanization of industry, etc. Lord Lytton (he had been raised to the Peerage in 1866) was rather scornful of all these radical panaceas, and he set himself to imagine a community of human beings in which they were all realized — not here and there by a few specially gifted people, but universally and of necessity — and to demonstrate what the result would be. . . . The first object of the book was achieved by the conclusive evidence which it contains that all the radical panaceas conceived by the most ardent idealist were completely realized by the Vril-ya. The second object was demonstrated by the boredom and fear which gradually overwhelmed the young American who accidentally found himself among this most enlightened, but terrible community. It was an inevitable consequence of the existence of *Vril* in every individual that all human emotions which might conflict with the well-being of another had to be eliminated. Passion, hatred, jealousy, ambition — in fact all feelings other than that of cheerful subservience to the general welfare — would lead to the instantaneous elimination of the individual expressing them. From such a society, in spite of its admirable efficiency, the young American was glad to escape as soon as an opportunity could be found.

In spite of his professed intentions, the book ran away with Lytton, as works even of minor genius have a way of doing. The world of the Vril-ya is so closely and powerfully imagined that we can find hope in it as well as warning, a summit to be achieved as well as a pit to be

avoided, as we struggle from the Koom-Posh of our distracted world towards an A-Vril, a True Civilization for which the spiritual values have not been sacrificed.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

GRATITUDE or thankfulness is another virtue of great lustre, and so esteemed by God and all good men. It is an acknowledgment of benefits received, to the honour of those that confer them. It is indeed a noble sort of justice, with this difference though, that since benefits exceed justice, the tie is greater to be thankful than to be just; and consequently there is something baser in ingratitude than injustice. So that though you are not obliged by law to repay, your virtue, honour, and humanity naturally pledge you to be thankful, and by how much the less you are under external ties, consider your inward ties so much the stronger.

—WILLIAM PENN

THORNTON WILDER

[**Shri K. Viswanatham** must be remembered by our readers for his impressive contributions on the *Shakuntala* and on Tragedy In this long study, of which we print below the first part, he examines the novels and plays of Thornton Wilder. This part deals especially with the novels. Shri Viswanatham is concerned particularly with Wilder's strange quality of being at once American and at home "wherever he uncaps his pen." He studies Wilder clearly and persuasively as "the novelist of morals, as distinguished from the novelist of manners."—ED.]

I

Literature is an orchestration of platitudes.—WILDER

IMAGINE the face of Philip or Alexander, wrote Arnold long ago, at hearing of a Primer of Macedonian Literature; there is only Greek literature. There is of course English literature. Is there anything like American literature? Good American is good English. You cannot write bad English and say it is American English. Culturally America is John Bull's other island, a colony of Europe.

The remark is ascribed to Shaw that England and America are two countries separated by the same language. When we hear English spoken by the Americans then we fear for its integrity, wrote Basil Selincourt. The one foreign language from which English has suffered, says an authority, in recent times is American English. The Germ theorists ignore the Americanness; the frontier theorists shut their eyes to the Europeanness. Hence both Palefaces and Redskins wage a futile fight like the knights in the story near the gold-and-silver statue. Linguistically the battle was fought between Webster and Pickering. Now Americanism (as coined for the first time by Witherspoon) is an established fact in the family of languages, in the republic of letters.

All this has to be mentioned not as a commentary on American Literature (inaccurately called American) but as a prelude to Wilder. In a sense Wilder is not an American at all; he is the most European of American novelists. In a sense he is not a novelist at all but a most interesting story-teller. He is not just a story-teller but America's most popular playwright. *Our Town* is more frequently produced, it seems, than any other. *The Skin of Our Teeth* had a historic success in Central Europe. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* had a sale of three lakhs of copies. He gained the Pulitzer Prize thrice; he was awarded the Gold Medal of the National Institute. His very popularity seems to have prejudiced

his critics against him. Malcolm Cowley in a very fine preface to *A Thornton Wilder Trio* tries to account for the sad neglect of this excellent writer. Wilder has not been taken up as material for doctoral theses in the States — a country where, as Lin Yutang puts it breezily, you can get a doctorate for counting the hairs in a square inch of a rabbit's skin.

In modern English literature we have two similar puzzles: the Maugham enigma and the Forster puzzle. Does Maugham never cease? Why did Forster put the cap on his pen? One is supposed to be quantity minus quality; the other quality minus quantity. If Maugham's life is prefaced by "Nothing succeeds like success," his various achievement is signed by "Nothing fails like success." Maugham's blaze of popularity and round of success have demoralized his critics who think that there is the stamp and superscription of genius on what is caviare to the general and what is multitudinously successful is 100% vulgar. Shaw remarked that a book which was read by nine-tenths of the people deserved to be burnt. We have a secret distaste of others' success and a secret pleasure out of others' failures. The public laps Wilder as a cat laps milk and panditry asks: Can a popular judge, a popular novelist, and Cæsar's wife be above suspicion? Wilder's fatal facility fails in felicity and his brash brightness burns not with beauty — according to critics.

Wilder is like Maugham in his popularity; he is like Forster in his output and quality. Artistic integrity is not sicklied over the pale cast of popularity. The name of Wilder means to the reading public the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*; it was hailed as the work of a genius. Arnold Bennett said: "The writing has not been surpassed in the present epoch. It dazzled me by its accomplishment." *The Cabala* is an album of brilliantly etched characters. Wilder is the biographer of individuals, not the historian of a group. It is a rich and finished book. *The Woman of Andros* is a gracious pastoral novel about Greece in the first century. *Heaven is My Destination* is brilliant and sharp. It is recommended to all Indians. It is given to an American to write a fine novel about Gandhism; it is regrettable that no Indian has succeeded in writing a great poem or a successful novel about Gandhiji. The U.S.I.S. should sufficiently publicize this book. It is a remarkable feat of Wilder that he makes Brush's essential saintliness moving; Brush makes converts of us all. Of all forms of genius goodness has the longest awkward age. The book seems to be meant for Indians; one fears the Western reading public fails to appreciate this saintliness when it compares Brush with Don Quixote; it is an unintelligent comparison unless

we hold that all saints are Don Quixotes in a way. Just as the stupid and unimaginative Chorus in a Greek tragedy fails to hep-hep-hurrah the Hero, we cannot size up Brush. His goodness undoes him. He rides in a Jimcrow car to establish racial equality and gets incarcerated. By causing a run on the Bank which he regards as immoral, he gets incarcerated a second time. A third time he helps a hold-up man and gets incarcerated. He tells a lie and goes to the friend the next day to tell him that he uttered a lie, strikes Bill Cronin for insulting Miss Simmons and repents for the breach of pacifism, writes Bible mottos on blotters, reproves women who smoke. The tenth chapter is a moving one; even Judge Carberry is changed; he advises him to go slow; we are reminded of Gandhiji's trial after the Chauri-chaura happenings when a great Judge spontaneously rose from his seat to honour the culprit. The Mother Superior of a convent in Ohio paid fine tribute to the work: she said it was an allegory of the stages of spiritual life. Cunliffe at the end of his book on the literature of the United States writes: "One would like to see more novels of the type of Wilder's *Heaven is My Destination.*" *The Ides of March* is a Roman triumph, a noble tremendous book, a *tour de force*. It is of the Seven Hills, one critic says, but belongs to the Seven Seas. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is the dramatic allegory of the present age; it is a modern Everyman Play. And *Our Town* has been always a favourite of the amateur companies.

The chorus of praise counters a nipping east wind of criticism. Critics find in *Cabala* precious writing; it is all done wrong, according to one. *The Woman of Andros* is said to be mawkish and pale; it ends hastily. The breath of the characters in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (says one) won't disturb a feather; his figures are clothed in chlorine. Wilder was even denounced for making fun of sacred things as even Shaw was reproved by Tolstoy. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is incomprehensible to some. The plays lack any real bite. If the new Humanists hailed him as a New Prophet a most blistering attack was made by Michael Gold in 1930 in the *New Republic*. Wilder seems to turn a Nelson eye to the heartbreak and misery of this world, the passion and death of the coal miners, stock broker suicides or labour racketeers and child slaves of the beet fields and the cotton mills. The Americans are duped and doped and deceived by pictures of far-off Peru and Greece. The pathos and beauty of exotic lands of imagination may be a sedative for sick Americans; so runs the impeachment.

But let us be thankful for what the Gods have given us. If we quarrel with Jane Austen's two square inches of ivory we are asking

of the authoress what she is not prepared to give, perhaps cannot give also. A mere economic interpretation leads to sorry results just as the "agricultural" interpretation of the *Ramayana* by the earlier Orientalists seems to us a sad mockery and travesty of a great poem. Calling one names does not explain; it is not even effective abuse; labelling Wilder as a midbrow is suspension of judgment.

The uniqueness of Wilder is that he is different from all other American writers as Malcolm Cowley explains so unimpeachably. He is an American whose home is wherever he uncaps his pen. He is not tied to any particular region as Hemingway is to Michigan Wood, as Faulkner to Mississippi, as Wolfe to North Caroline Mts., and Scott Fitzgerald to Summit Avenue. He represents continuity and tradition. He is not afraid of acknowledging borrowings; his creative activity is a series of infatuations for older writers. *The Bridge* owes something to Merimee; *The Woman of Andros* is based on a comedy of Terence (which is derived from Menander). *Finnegans Wake* is the source of *The Skin of Our Teeth. The Matchmaker* plagiarizes unashamedly an English playwright and a continental one (a German dramatist) and Wilder points out to us where Molière was cut out in the acting version. He is not a victim of isms; his is the classic ideal. It is very difficult to convince others, writes Professor Baugh, that Americans can express themselves without using slang. Here is Wilder whose pages read like the Spectator Essays. He is more Greek than American, more Roman than Greek, more Augustan than Roman. He is the inheritor of eighteenth-century prose and the heir of the Transcendentalists: Addison and Emerson explain him to us. It is suggested that the concentration on the eighteenth century at Yale, when he was there, was responsible for moulding Wilder. He is the novelist of morals as distinguished from the novelist of manners; the latter deals with a group and the former with individuals. He is quite happy whereas others flaunt the bleeding pageantry of their hearts. Is he of the family of Dr. Pangloss?

In other words Wilder is a great unsocial and anti-historical novelist. He is the artist of anachronism; he abolishes time and space. Of course it is not just correct to say with Cowley that he abolishes time What he abolishes is man-made division of time into past, present and future. No artist can abolish time and exist. And if we have some understanding of Count Keyserling's *Philosophy of History* we cannot with any attempt at truth say glibly that Wilder is the artist of anachronism. "I am sure," writes Keyserling, "there are still Chaldeans, Sumerians, Phœnicians; only it is difficult to discover them.... This world is filled

by ghosts. And they are abroad most noisily where their existence is denied most definitely." In a later context of *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* he relates an experience which can be regarded as a relevant commentary on Wilder: "Fundamentally it seemed to me as if I were no longer confined to Space. It was that strange condition of externalization which I have only known on the verge of death when an intense consciousness of existence goes hand in hand with the volatility of reality." Wilder ranges from the Ice Age to the Atomic, from the Andes to the Isles of Greece. He is a student of archæology who sees fragments of earlier civilization similar to our own, not a historian believing in continual and irreversible change. On the roaring loom of time like a swift shuttle he flies to and fro. The Rome of 45 B.C. is the New York of 2,000 years later; Grovers Corners of New Hampshire is another Herculaneum. In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the telegraph boy rubs shoulders with the dinosaur and the mammoth. Henry is Cain and Napoleon; Noah's Flood is figured in the million-dollar pier, Atlantic City.

A well-known saying of Wilder expresses the man pithily: "Literature is the orchestration of platitudes." Some books live because they contain permanent truths and any one can restate them. Literature deals with tremendous commonplaces. Every great book, he says in another context, is written this morning. There is nothing new under the sun. Keats's celebrated Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty is a commonplace from Plato downwards; only in the hands of Keats it achieves inevitability, finality, definitiveness. Wilder would thoroughly approve of Pope's "What oft was thought but never so well expressed." Who steals my purse steals trash — cannot be applied to Literature and Love. Wilder repeats himself unhesitatingly. Captain Alvarado in *The Bridge* and the crippled navigator Philocles in *The Woman of Andros* are described in exactly the same words: "His eyes are used to seizing the appearance of a constellation between a cloud and a cloud and the outline of a cape in rain." In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the great philosophers are characterized as hours: Spinoza is 9 o clock, Plato 10, Aristotle 11, and the Bible 12 o'clock. Ivy observes wisely: "Just as stars and hours go over us, ideas and thoughts by great men are in the air all round us." We may remember that Mr. Antrobus's telegram to his wife directs her to burn everything except Shakespeare; his Brush is a lover of *King Lear*. Wilder has a style characterized by vitality, zest for life, direct and sharp. Look at the fine openings of his books:—

> It was Virgil's country and there was a wind that seemed to rise from the fields and descend upon us with a long Virgilian sigh. (*Cabala*)

> On Friday afternoon July 20, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below. (*The Bridge*)
>
> The Earth sighed as it turned in its course; the shadow of night crept along the Mediterranean and Asia was left in darkness. (*The Woman of Andros*)

They have the rightness of authority. His characterization is sharp and suggestive. Bogard in *Cabala* is thus etched: "His face was delicately tinted by exquisite reading and expensive food. His eyelids and hands fluttered like petals about to fall upon the breeze." Keats in *Cabala* is awfully "adjectival"; that single word seems in a way to sum up Keats. Calpurnia in *The Ides* says about Cæsar: "I find a new husband every day" — a magnificent tribute from a wife to a husband's versatile and multi-faceted genius comparable in its subtle suggestion to the Countess': "In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband."

It is Wilder's vitality, zest for life, a sense of mystery that makes him impatient with sceneries and theatrical properties. He brings in stage properties only to laugh at them. This crusade for reality replacing verisimilitude blunts the edge of his plays. The audience, the stage manager, the actors and the actresses act and live simultaneously; there are free exchanges and interferences. Sabina is Miss Somerset and Sabina at the same time. The action is interrupted to inform the audience that some actors are in the hospital. This is outrageous in one way and in this Wilder is largely indebted to the Noh Plays of Japan.

K. VISWANATHAM

(To be concluded)

THE PRESENT STATE of the world calls for a moral and spiritual revolution, revolution in the name of personality, of man, of every single person. This revolution . . . should place the value of human personality above the idols of production, technics, the state, the race or nationality.

—BERDYAEV

ANOTHER BLUE DAY

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** has contributed to our pages many articles of sound information and surpassing good sense on the question of education, especially of the younger children. This is another. She has title to speak with authority, since she has been a Froebel-trained teacher for many years; taught for six years at Bertrand Russell's coeducational Boarding School; has travelled; and has written on her subject. Where she bids us take heart we may take heart indeed. The great hope of human improvement after all is that what the elders attain with labour and pain can, with wise treatment of the young, be imparted to the latter so that it becomes second nature. Miss Cross describes some charming episodes among children wisely taught.—Ed]

> See, here hath been dawning another blue day.
> Think! Wilt thou let it slip useless away?
> Out of Eternity this new day is born,
> Into Eternity at night will return.

This quotation expresses, I believe, the faith of a large number of teachers all over the world. It expresses a faith in Today, and also in the unknown and unknowable past and future. Somehow or other, whatever our official religion (or some might say, lack of one) we have faith in Good — good deeds, good works of art, good creative activities. And the quotation does more than express our own faith; it also defines our aim for our pupils.

So often quite young people profess to be puzzled about what they call "modern education," as if it were something extremely new and different from anything they had experienced themselves. I just don't believe all their horror tales, about sitting still, no talking, punishments and so on. I think it is just one of those things people like to pretend about . . . that they have undergone startling hardships and that it would be all to the good if the next generation did the same. Certainly there have been dull and stupid schools run by equally dull and stupid teachers, and no doubt there will be similar ones in the future; but that does not mean that all past methods were bad, or that they were so very different, in essence, from present ones.

However, just to clear the air *and* to provide subject for argument, here is a brief account of my particular teaching aims, and those of many of my colleagues.

First of all we want to get the children busy. Yes, "active," if you like. Lots of people dismiss the idea of activity because some over-

enthusiasts have put capital letters to "Activity Methods" and used it to cover any old state of confusion, play in the worst sense of the word, noise, laxity and "Do as you please." Activity, from the point of view of the child, means that he or she is definitely learning by trying to do something for himself, instead of passively listening or watching. The very young child is usually physically active nearly the whole of his school day. He learns to count by sorting out materials, helping with the dinner money, or by "playing at shops." He learns to read by actually making little books or notices for his handwork. He learns to write at the same time. A wise teacher varies her methods from week to week, discovering the strange enthusiasms of her class and the individual children. However hard and discouraging the work may be, now and then there is a wonderful moment when you can look up from helping some child in difficulty and see, before you, about forty happy, *good* children, all extremely busy and making real efforts to do the job of the moment just as well as they can. True it does not happen often, for in an average class you have at least five awkward customers who have a temporary grudge against life because of home conditions or hereditary qualities and who are going to take it out of you and their companions.

Just before Christmas I had such a moment... a blue day in which the sun shone brightly through the cold air, and every child was busy and happy. It had come, certainly after more than twelve weeks' determination on my part — determination to be kind, firm, well organized, enthusiastic and patient. Come too, after various battles with rude children, fussy children, spoilt children, quarrelsome children. Come after I had been a very unpleasant old lady at times, sitting sternly and staring hypnotically at children who had to sit still and wait *quietly* before any nice lessons or stories could begin! Still, we had come to be friends, and allies. They knew just where everything was kept in the little cupboards, they knew what to get out, how to tidy up, how to count the scissors and other equipment, how to be proud of their room and to make it pretty and tidy after we had had a wonderful messy "Making Time."

I looked up. It was during a long "Making Time" (that means a morning when the children could go on for a very long time with any sensible worth-while project, and pack it up tidily when they felt they had done enough or finished it, and then get another sensible job; a time when, if they were painting a picture, making a Christmas present for Mother, writing out a carol and making it very beautiful, they did not have to stop half-way, as we do on most mornings. All the children

were busy. Some were absorbed in an individual job; a few small groups had got together to make something in common. A few other groups were busy with some quite difficult arithmetical games in which they were helping each other. Some were writing stories, and they too were helping each other, as I could hear various murmurs of "I know how to spell squirrel.... Well, I know where to find the book that has it in. I'll show you."

"I'll be back in a minute," I said to the room in general, but nobody heard or noticed. I went along to the kitchen. "Come," I said to the cook and her helpers, "come and see some good children, you mightn't get the chance again!"

They came along and we stood in the passage, looking through the long windows that line my classroom. Fortunately for me no one had broken the spell (or upset any jars of paint). There was Rachel solemnly trying on a hat she had made out of an old stocking. There was John, reading out an instruction card to Tony, and Tony was carefully measuring cardboard with his ruler in order to make a Christmas-present box for his small brother. All the rest were working like nest-building birds, steady, determined, satisfied. No one was putting a foot wrong. It was that magic moment when all energy was being put to proper use.

The cook and her helpers were suitably impressed. "You wouldn't think they could be such demons would you!" exclaimed the cook. Then I had one of those rare compliments that comfort me when other parents are hostile. One of the kitchen helpers, who used to have a child in my class, said:

"Ah, Miss Cross knows how to get the best out of them. My David was a different boy after he'd been with her for a bit... He said that they all called her Miss Bossy-Boots before they came into her class... but once they were there they thought the world of her!"

But of course school is not all handwork and busy little children. No. But it *is* work and busy children, however big and old they may be. It may not all be easy and interesting, but, taught properly, *all* children will endure the dull and tedious parts of work in order to achieve their ends. But they must be ends that are comprehensible to the child: a teacher must be able to inspire, to point the way. Discipline must be a mutual thing, not something imposed by a dictator. The teacher should be, quite certainly the leader, perhaps the shepherd, certainly the helper, of her pupils. But best of all she should have that perpetual optimism and enthusiasm that makes the children eager to explore each new blue day, to be grateful to be alive and to find life

exciting and worth while.

We have found that the methods first used in the Nursery and Infant school are just as successful, adapted suitably, in the Junior and Senior schools. Children want to know things, to do things, to find out. Once they can read, write and count a certain amount then there are endless possibilities for fruitful activities. No, not "play" in the adult sense of the word, but certainly fun and of such absorbing interest that the children take immense trouble to do the tasks well.

The old division of "subjects" is really artificial — history and geography and maths and so on. They can all be learnt in just as thorough a way when tackled as a "project" or used in some "activity." For example, our Juniors are busy with these sorts of things: the weather — they keep official records day by day of wind direction (our kind caretaker helped make a real working weathercock and is making a sun-dial) and of maximum and minimum temperatures, of the amount of rainfall and of barometer readings. They run the school biscuit-shop at lunch time, and take care of the money and stock. They deal with the delivery to all classrooms of the school milk, and keep records of the number of bottles delivered to each class. They collect the teacher's tea-money. They run the school library and do it in exactly the same way as the County Library (who lend us the books) with proper library tickets, records, etc. They take care of the school athletic equipment, check and record all the stock of balls, ropes, sports gear, etc. They help put out equipment for the younger children. They help stack away dinner chairs, beside acting in turn as "Mother and Father" at each dinner table.

The older children are constantly organizing exhibitions of interesting things, having displays of pictures and writing, stories, poems, etc. They act plays and give concerts, not only to parents but to other classes. They take turns each morning to present a short service of inspiring reading of prose, poems, hymns and music. The smallest children do this too, but only once a month, as they take their service so earnestly that it is a good month before they are ready to take it!

This is the way it goes in no end of schools today, and the way it will go in more and more, we hope. The children are ready to value each new day dawning, but we need more teachers, in school and out; in fact all the grown-ups to *think* and to make sure that they too value our days. Let us stop our stupid habit of boredom. Let us look about us with fresh eyes and see how wonderful are the bird's feathers or the neat little footmarks of the mice in the snow. Above all, let us enjoy our

days. I will end with another remark — this from a small, very much deprived little boy whose parents cannot find a house for their family and who lives with a kind but stern foster mother. One afternoon, just before home time, we were ending up with a music lesson — no piano, no radio, just ourselves singing and me tapping rhythms with a pencil. I tapped out his favourite song, and said, "Guess?" Billy's face lit up. He sang with vigour; then, with a sigh of pleasure, he said, "Oh, I *am* enjoying this singing. I just *am*!"

Let us all, as much as we can, become as these children and welcome another blue day.

ELIZABETH CROSS

A MAN WHO DESIRES TO HELP others by counsel or deed will refrain from dwelling on men's faults, and will speak but sparingly of human weaknesses. But he will speak at large of man's virtue and power, and the means of perfecting the same, that thus men may endeavour joyously to live, so far as in them lies, after the commandment of reason.

—SPINOZA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A SURVEY OF TIBETAN RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT*

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY Tibet, the Land of Snows, has aroused greater interest and curiosity among those in the West than almost any other country. This interest has been reflected, especially during the last decade, by a constantly increasing flow of publications, not all of them of unquestionable authenticity. Gradually, however, as more and more material becomes available, old misunderstandings are being corrected and new insights incorporated into the steadily growing body of reliable, scientifically documented knowledge about this fascinating but no longer mysterious land and its people.

The present book is characteristic of this process. Unlike India, Tibet, especially Buddhist Tibet, possesses a vast wealth of historical records of all kinds, and from such of them as are now accessible to modern scholarship Professor Hoffmann, a specialist in the Bon tradition, has given a historical survey of religious developments from the earliest known times down practically to the present day.

First, of course, comes an account of "The Old Bon Religion," that is to say, of what the author characterizes (pp. 14-15) as

> the national Tibetan form of that old animist-shamanist religion which at one time was widespread not only in Siberia but throughout the whole of Inner Asia, East and West Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, the Tibetan plateaux and even China

Then follows a brief account of "The Development of Buddhism in India and Its Penetration into Tibet." In this chapter the strong resistance with which Buddhism, despite royal patronage, at first met, is well brought out. As Padmasambhava, along with Śāntaraksita (whom the author always calls Shantirakshita), was the first effective Indian missionary to Tibet, this leads to an interesting excursus on "Padmasambhava and Padmaism" or, in other words, on the so-called unreformed Buddhism of those who became known as the Nyingmapas or "Old-Style Ones." "The Religious Struggles of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries" graphically describes the grim tussle for ascendancy between the Bon and Buddhism which eventually brought about the collapse of the monarchy and the political and cultural disintegration of the whole country. At one stage the victorious Bonists "took a malicious pleasure in forcing the ex-monks to perform humiliating and unsuitable tasks, making them slaughtermen for example and send [-ing] them out with bows, arrows, and dogs to hunt" (p. 82)—a type of persecution which has its parallels in Tibet today.

In "The Systematized Bon Religion" the author clearly depicts the desperate and ultimately unsuccessful efforts of the old faith to establish itself as the national religion with the help of lavish borrowings from its hated rival, the borrowings ranging from the biography of the Buddha to the doctrine of the Void.

**The Religions of Tibet* By HELMUT HOFFMANN Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd, London. 199 pp 1961. 25*s*)

The remaining chapters, dealing respectively with "The Rebirth of Buddhism," "The Rise if the Lamaist Sects" and "The Tsongkhapa Reformation and the Priest-State of the Dalai Lamas," exhibit a process of consolidation, efflorescence and expansion which continued with only minor setbacks until the rude irruption of Red China in 1950. This is the greater period, to which belong such figures as Atīśa and Milarepa, Tsongkhapa and the Fifth Dalai Lama.

Throughout the chequered fortunes of Buddhism in Tibet two factors constantly recur and seem to have been of special importance. One concerns the relation of Buddhism to the secular power; the other, the place to be allotted in the economy of Tibetan Buddhism to the "unreformed" doctrines and practices stemming from Padmasambhava. Much of the history of the religion, in its outer vicissitudes and inner development, would seem to be ultimately traceable to the necessity of settling these two issues.

As the general character of the book is admittedly historical, one cannot fairly complain of a deficiency of general spiritual and doctrinal interest. Nevertheless the latter cannot be entirely excluded, if for no other reason than that a doctrinal misunderstanding may result in a distortion of historical perspective. Thus the author treats what, following certain Continental scholars, he terms "Padmaism" as an independent religion on the ground that Padmasambhava taught the people of the countries he visited in terms of the beliefs already current among them.

> This method [he rightly says] is strikingly reminiscent of that adopted by Manichaeism, which, without changing the core of its own teachings, nevertheless took the local religious concepts and the names of local gods to present its own great mythos... (p. 59).

But surely it is no less reminiscent of Buddhism, especially in its Mahāyāna form? The same type of misunderstanding causes the author to speak of "Lamaism" itself as a special religion produced by an "amalgamation with native religious elements" (p. 28). There are also several other doctrinal misunderstandings, though some may be merely infelicities of expression. Karma is defined as "the law of retaliation" (p. 29), and "emptiness" or "voidness" is characterized as "purely negative" (p. 32). The *krodha* or wrathful form of Avalokiteśvara is wrongly described as "the evil Avalokiteshvara" (p. 59). Rahonuśāsaka is not "'Teacher of Secrets'" (p. 113) but "Privy Instructor": he is the monk responsible for questioning the candidate for ordination regarding various disabilities. Moreover, Kazi Davasamdup was not a Tibetan (p. 62) but a Sikkimese; and *rkanggling* is a horn made not from a human skull (p. 62) but from a human thigh-bone.

Though best utilized in conjunction with works dealing with the more spiritual side of Tibetan religious life, Professor Hoffmann's book is a most valuable accession to our understanding of a field wherein speculation and fancy have only too often usurped the place of knowledge.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

Mysticism and Philosophy. By W. T. STACE. (Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London. 349 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

Recognizing that the utmost that can be expected is not certainties but tentative hypotheses, Professor Stace sets out to examine the nature and validity of mystical experience and to enquire what light, if any, it may throw upon such questions as the nature of

the self, the philosophy of logic, functions of language, human immortality, the source of the moral sense and the problems of ethics and religion.

Recalling Bertrand Russell's view that union of the mystic and the man of science marks the highest eminence in the world of thought and that the mystical emotion inspires whatever is best in man, he nevertheless regards the essence of mysticism as being more perceptional than emotional. It has, of course, to be critically considered whether mysticism is objective or subjective in the sense of revealing anything outside of the mystic's own mind.

Among many useful distinctions drawn is that between introvertive and extrovertive mystical states, the inward and outward ways. While the former is usually devoid of imagery and sense objects, the latter (which more often occurs spontaneously) involves transfiguration of actual sense perception. On this point, however, one cannot follow the author's assertion that the extrovertive experience is "vastly less important than the introvertive, both as regards practical influence on human life and history and as regards philosophical implications."

As being less abstract, more concrete and more accessible to most people, one would have put it the other way round, though complete fulfilment might imply an integration of both states. Indeed Professor Stace himself goes on to recognize that "it is an essential and explicit part of the message of many mystics that the external and the internal unity are identical" or that, in Mahayana terms, *nirvāṇa* and *saṃsāra* are ultimately one and the same. The inward "one" illumines all outward manifestations of multiplicity. In Taoism and Zen this seems also made clear.

Paradox is one universal characteristic of all mysticism, of which the vacuum-plenum, "both empty and full," is one example, seen most plainly in Hinduism. In not shirking paradox Eastern mysticism is more true to itself, profound and all-embracing. That of Europe is "an amateur affair" compared with that of Asia. In the author's view we should follow the East in this matter, admitting that mystical experience is beyond logical understanding. The mystic's difficulty with language need not then be confused with ineffability. An experience in itself nonverbal may, as remembered, be conceptualized and therefore described in words.

While mysticism affords no unambiguous evidence for personal survival, note is taken of a possible link between this doctrine and the individualism of Western political democracy. From a Hindu or Buddhist viewpoint this might merely signify the greater egoism and aggressiveness of Western man. The mystical theory of ethics and the source of moral sentiments is found to be at least in no worse a position than other theories. Passive acceptance of social evils in the past history of India cannot, he thinks, be blamed upon mysticism; the main cause is just as likely to have been climatic. Regarding religion, although in any culture the mystic's experience tends to be interpreted in terms of tenets in which he has been reared, mysticism is essentially independent of creeds and can exist without them.

Even if mysticism were wholly subjective (which is not here maintained) it is still enormously important for human life — "is nevertheless the way of salvation."

> It is possible that the direction of human evolution . . . — if the human race survives — will be towards the spread of mystical experience to most men . that the superman of the future is to be the mystic man.

Perhaps these are among the more committal statements in an otherwise non-committal book.

DION BYNGHAM

Discipline Without Punishment: An Account of a School in Action. By OSKAR SPIEL. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited with an Introduction by LEWIS WAY. (Faber and Faber, London. 171 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

This record of twenty years of running a Boys' Secondary School in a poor quarter of Vienna is both helpful and heartening to those who believe in treating children as persons — never mind how large the class or awkward the conditions.

Professor Spiel, as he says in his Foreword, believes in the value and nobility of the teaching profession, and he feels strongly the need for technique as well as good intentions! He is an ardent disciple of Adler's system of Individual Psychology, and shows clearly how this can be of service to the teacher.

The story is of his teaching of boys between ten and fourteen, told in fascinating detail; but, as he says, the "method" can be adapted to all ages. Indeed most practising teachers will agree that they are working along similar lines for themselves today and this account will strengthen them in their determination to persist.

In an Introduction Lewis Way explains the peculiar difficulties faced by Spiel in Vienna at the end of World War I, and emphasizes his great success in dealing with "problem" children in large classes.

As teachers today are so often faced with equal, although different, difficulties this very practical book is of particular and helpful interest. The Introduction states:—

> Individual Psychology is not so specialized a science as to be unapproachable by the layman On the contrary, it was presented by Adler deliberately in such a way as to become of maximum service to the teacher in his profession.

It is true that the author seems to have had great success in getting the co-operation of the parents — and as many teachers know this is so often our stumbling-block. However, here the details of conversation may be of help to us. Certainly it is heartening to note how his loving truthfulness when talking to the children bears fruit. Many of us have similar experiences. In fact he had remarkable success in altering these difficult children by persuasion and understanding instead of punishment, and also by holding "Group discussions" with the whole class, rather in the same way that psychiatrists do today with adults.

Finally there is a useful Appendix dealing with the Austrian System of Education, and a good Index.

ELIZABETH CROSS

Hara: The Vital Centre of Man. By KARLFRIED, GRAF VON DURCKHEIM. Translated from the German by SYLVIA-MONICA VON KOSPOTH in collaboration with ESTELLE R. HEALEY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 208 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 21*s*.)

Not the least remarkable thing about this very remarkable book is the fact that it is written by an Occidental psychotherapist who says that the study of psychology can yield valid results only if it is based on an understanding of metaphysics; for this is the measure of

the difference between the Graf von Dürckheim's insight into man's nature and that of the majority of Western psychologists.

The Japanese word *Hara* literally means belly, but comes to mean that vital centre in man, known to the West as the solar plexus, in which resides his essential wholeness, at once physical and metaphysical, the point of stillness at which his being has its feet firmly planted upon the earth while his head is free in the heavens.

The earlier chapters of the book are concerned with *Hara* as it is traditionally understood in Japan; and in this connection the chapter called "Hara in the Japanese Language" contains some fascinating suggestion and revelations. But *Hara* expresses a reality which is universal, and in the later chapters the author relates it, both as idea and as practice, to Western man and his way of life.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that this book performs the greatest possible service; fulfils, indeed, the greatest possible need for Western man, who has lost his way, both physically and psychologically, in the misinterpretation of the Christian religion as a dualism of body and soul, and in their later and deeper dichotomy in the "scientific" attitudes of rationalism and intellectualism.

There are many echoes in this book of that understanding of man and of the world which is the common basis of all religions once they are stripped of their dogmatic accretions; so that it is continually borne in upon the reader that he is confronting a rare phenomenon: as nearly an expression of the ultimately inexpressible Truth as a book may be. One aspect of this Truth, which the Graf von Dürckheim makes abundantly plain, is that the "divine being," which the Christian knows as the Kingdom of Heaven, is indeed within us, and not only within us, but active there and striving to make itself manifest in human life and behaviour. Somewhere within himself man is in a permanent state of beatitude; that is his essential nature and his birthright. But he habitually sells his birthright for the mess of pottage demanded by the unnatural egocentrism of his Western training. *Hara* is a way of remedial, or redemptive, training. As Kanako Shoseki points out in an appended passage, man lost his Paradise through becoming conscious of himself, and can regain it only by achieving a new kind of Self-consciousness. The point is a subtle one but it is the point.

It is a pity that so important a book should not have been more felicitously translated, and that the proofs, especially as regards punctuation, should have been so carelessly read.

R. H. WARE

Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin No. XIII. Edited by DOROTHY HEWLETT. (Keats-Shelley Memorial Association, London. xiii+47 pp. 1961. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

Five of the nine essays in this volume are on Shelley or on related topics. Neville Rogers's 'Shelley and the Visual Arts" is an absorbing study of Shelley's poem "On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery" and of the Head of Medusa attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. He finds the Shakespearian quality of "sheer *rightness*, resulting from combined poetic command of observation and expression" in the lines

> Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
> And their long tangles in each other lock,
> And with unending involutions show

> Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
> The torture and the death within, and saw
> The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

The reproduction of the painting helps the reader to follow the argument, which gropes through the *Æneid* for the snake descriptions and glances at the words that Shelley used in the poem —his repetitions and blank spaces— in the context of Shelley's seeing and his recording mind. With the poem and the painting juxtaposed for our gaze, we find Neville Rogers's essay very perceptive, and we are reminded of Leonardo's clear-sighted observation:—

> There is the same difference between the poet's and the painter's representation of the human figure as there is between dismembered and united bodies Because the poet in describing the beauty or ugliness of any figure can only show it to you consecutively, bit by bit, while the painter will display it all at once. . .

Among other articles, "Shelley's Orsino: Evil in *The Cenci*" by Joan Rees is an attempt to see in the insignificant Orsino a principal agent of evil in the play. Professor S. R. Swaminathan throws a revealing light on Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and his Odes generally. Dorothy G. Wayman, R. A. Lusty, Phyllis G. Mann, H. M Dowling and Eugene J. Brzenk offer further biographical notes about the relatives of Shelley and Keats. Despite the detractors, the Romantics excite as much interest as ever. The lake is not still, nor are the boats idle, after all.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Social Philosophy of English Idealism. By A. J. M. MILNE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 320 pp. 1962. 28*s*.)

Ernest Gellner in *Words and Things* has said of linguistic analysis that it

> is the last ditch of a tired and secularized ruling elite which wants to be sceptical and anti-metaphysical and yet at the same time to avoid any of the dangerous social results that are consequent on scepticism

The book before us reveals in mild form the reaction that is taking place against the philosophy that has been hitherto fashionable. It argues for Humanistic Idealism as against Absolute Idealism. It is sad to have to plough through book after book of academic verbiage, the result of much hard work and great care. All this is due to a philosophy fundamentally wrong, based on assumptions that are wrong. We can follow the consequences of this mistake in the author's preliminary analysis. Like most other people, he ignores the fact of heredity, including mental heredity. Heredity that is common to a number of individuals constitutes something like a universal, and it is a reality.

The same error is revealed in the following sentence:—

> The organs of an organism carry out their functions blindly and automatically without consciousness of themselves or the system to which they contribute.

How does Mr. Milne know this? On the contrary, the organs have been produced by efforts repeated so often by the ancestry that they have passed below the consciousness of the organism as a whole but continue to act with what Aldous Huxley has called "organic intelligence" It is untrue that "there is nothing given ready-made in human experience prior to and independent of the work of thought." Mr. Milne is under the all but universal mistake of

having substituted the conscious mind, reason, the rational, for the whole experience.

The fact is that it is the job of philosophy to interpret experience, and the moral experience is a fundamental fact. The truth is that Bradley was right (as the Vedanta had been, long before him):—

> We still believe that the universal Self is more than a collection or an idea, that it is reality, and that, apart from it, individuals are fictions of theory. We still have the fact of one self particularized in its many members, and the right and duty of gaining self-realization through the real universal.

R. F. RATTRAY

Islam. Edited by JOHN ALDEN WILLIAMS. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 256 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This book is perhaps best described as a useful collection of basic material about Islam. It consists of six chapters dealing respectively with the Qur'ān, the Traditions (together with the life of Muḥammad), the law, ṣūfism (or mysticism), theology and the major sects. Each chapter has a number of translated quotations from the original sources, usually taken from already published English translations. There are introductions by the editor to the various sub-divisions of the chapters, and also, where necessary, connecting paragraphs.

Since the editor presumably had the general framework prescribed for him, he must be complimented on what he has achieved. He has covered the main aspects of Islam as a religion without any serious omissions and without excessive emphasis on any point. Here and there some of the statements in the introduction are misleading. Most open to criticism is the failure to distinguish the *sīra* or biography of Muḥammad, where the interest was chiefly historical, from the collections of "sound" Traditions, where the interest was chiefly legal.

There is also the wider question whether a book of this kind is likely to give the casual reader a genuine impression of Islam. So many of the primary Islamic documents are foreign to the contemporary European and American outlook, and cannot be appreciated without much more help to the reader than can be given in a work of this kind. A book covering less ground, but in greater detail, would probably have been more satisfactory. For instance, a much more adequate picture could have been given of al-Ghazālī, had the space given to al-Juwayni been added to that allotted to him. Perhaps a book of this kind will prove most serviceable when used in conjunction with lectures or tutorial instruction.

W. MONTGOMERY WATT

The Mediæval Myths. By NORMA LORRE GOODRICH. (A Mentor Book. The New American Library, New York 22. x+222 pp. 1961. 50 cents.)

In *The Mediæval Myths*. Norma Lorre Goodrich has re-created seven famous stories.

Beowulf, first in this volume, was composed in *circa* 725 A.D. It is a thrilling saga of bravery, when warriors paid back favours received with the weight of their deeds, and in the absence of written history a man's prowess was recorded in heroic song.

As to the Peredur myth, the author subscribes to the theory that the origin

was Druidic and not Christian, and that all Peredur's adventures are related to the secret initiation ceremonies of the Druids. There is a strong similarity among primitive cultures, and the resemblance to the rites observed in the ancient festivals of Adonis, or Tammuz, are very marked.

The Song of Roland is the oldest masterpiece of mediæval French literature. Composed at the time of the Crusades, Roland is the epitome of chivalric knighthood, combined with the religious fervour that pervaded all France at that time. Its popularity is due in a great measure to the tremendous impact it had on the French Romantic poets of the nineteenth century.

Berta of Hungary, also a French epic, has the distinction of being one of the few known compositions written by a minstrel. Couched in simple and moving words, it tells of the mishaps that befell Berta, Queen of France, mother of the great Charlemagne.

The Austrian myth of Sifrit, summarizing a part of the *Nibelungenlied*, is an amalgamation of history, Scandinavian mythology and Oriental legends. In connection with the latter the author notes the resemblance between the warrior-maiden Brünhilde and Gurdafrid of the *Shah Namah*.

The raid of Prince Igor into Quman territory in 1185 provides the subject of the sixth myth, which though historical is a valuable testimony to the pagan beliefs which prevailed among the Slavic people.

The last of these fascinating tales, *The Cid*, was probably written in 1140, and coincides with the birth of the Spanish language. It immortalizes the deeds of Rodrigo Diaz, Spain's best-loved hero, whose magnanimity towards the vanquished earned for him from his enemies the name of *Mio Cid* (My Hero or Champion).

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

Immortal India. Vol. IV. By J. H. DAVE. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 1961. xxxii+168 pp. 24 illustrations and 1 map. Rs. 2.00)

Few Indians know how vast and varied India is. The institution of *tīrthayātrā*, which in olden days provided a golden opportunity of realizing it, has practically died out. It is now confined to a very small section of the society, and there, too, it has lost its pristine significance. Tourism is offering a substitute for *tīrthayātrā*, but that would be a privilege of the rich alone.

Shri Dave's *Immortal India* comes in handy as a guide. It is neither history nor geography. Yet, in a sense, it reflects both, and contains current information into the bargain. This, the fourth and final volume, concludes the survey of prominent rivers, mountains, shrines, sacred spots and holy places on the banks of rivers scattered throughout the country. The material contained in the four volumes had earlier appeared as articles in the *Bhavan's Journal*.

As many as 88 items have gone into the first three volumes. The present one begins with Item 89, which concerns the holy river Ganga, or Ganges, and ends with Item 120, which treats of the sacred hill Sameta-Sikhara or Parasnath Hill. The treatise does not claim to be exhaustive but is all the same highly instructive. The writer has drawn upon such sources as the Vedas, the Puranas and other scriptures as well as upon tradition, history, epigraphy, archæology etc.

One fails, however, to appreciate the selectiveness on the part of the writer, when, for example, describing the Sutlej (Item 98), he closes the account with a fair narrative of comparatively

rcent archæological finds at Rupar on its basis, dating "from the time of Harappa"; whereas in the description of the Ravi (Item 113), on whose banks the now ruined city of Harappa once stood, he does not mention Harappa at all, let alone its far-famed archæological excavations. Nor can we understand his preference for using *f* instead of the more common *ph* in transcribing Sanskrit names, as in Falgu (p. xxxi) and Uttarafalguni (p. 161).

B. CH. CHHABRA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, July 15th, 1962

PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN'S astonishing and wholesale Cabinet shake-up has started a fierce debate and a guessing game about the future of the present Government. The General Election is not in the offing for another eighteen months, but it is said that the Prime Minister's decision to massacre some of his Cabinet colleagues has been taken in order that the Conservative Party should do better in the coming by-elections. And the dismissal of trusted men like Selwyn Lloyd is looked upon with great misgivings about the Prime Minister's sense of loyalty to his tried colleagues.

Even Mr. Macmillan's supporters are inclined to the view that he is now facing the biggest crisis in his political career. Two of his ministerial colleagues assessed that the Prime Minister has staked his whole future on the strength of a ruthless purge to stop the Government's electoral sinking. If it fails he will face irresistible pressure for his own resignation.

Commenting on Cabinet dismissals, a senior Conservative said: "The old man panicked when the Conservative Central Office warned him at the beginning of the week that the Conservative candidate at North-East Leicester by-election faced disaster." The way Mr. Macmillan carried out his Cabinet purge has further lent colour to the belief that behind the charges lies a sharp clash between the Prime Minister and his former Chancellor of the Exchequer over financial policy as the General Election approaches. Mr. Macmillan, it seems, wants to get rid of the unpopular image of the pay-pause in order to revive the Conservative Party's prestige in the country. But Mr. Lloyd refused to endorse this change of line by staying in the Government. He holds that it will give too obvious an impression of bribing the electors.

One fact emerges from the wholesale changes. Mr. Richard Crossman, Labour M.P., and the Sunday newspaper *Reynold's News*, representing the vast Co-operative Movement in Britain, have referred to the state of affairs inside the Conservative Party leadership. Writing in the *Sunday Pictorial*, Mr. Crossman states that the fact that Mr. Macmillan can treat his Cabinet colleagues in this way shows that he is still complete master in his own house. It also reminds us that the British system of democracy has long since ceased to be Parliamentary Government or even Cabinet Government and has degenerated into Prime Ministerial Government. Until Macmillan himself chooses to go to the country he can do what he likes in Westminster and Whitehall, provided only that he maintains his personal ascendency over the Party machine.

Reynold's News refers to the shattering admission of failure of the Government on the economic front and to the succession of by-election defeats. It ad-

vocates that political decency should have made Mr. Macmillan seek the judgment of the people at a General Election. His new Government can now have little influence at home, and even less abroad, particularly in the European Common Market negotiations, when everyone knows that its policies are a failure and the bulk of the electorate are turning against it. The paper reminds its readers that it is the Conservative Party, not a small group of individual members, that is responsible for the economic decline and moral apathy of Britain today. The new men whom Mr. Macmillan has chosen may hand out a few bribes. But without a change of heart of which the Conservative Party is incapable, they cannot give the country a new efficiency and sense of purpose.

Those who have been critical of the American policy of wanting to deprive her Western allies of independent nuclear deterrent have criticized the Prime Minister for the dismissal of Mr. Harold Watkinson and replacing him with Mr. Peter Thornycroft as Defence Minister. It has been acknowledged that Mr. Watkinson had stood up to American pressure and had always insisted on maintaining Britain's independent nuclear deterrent. He had also resisted powerful American pressure to commit more and more British troops in Germany. Mr. Watkinson's successor — Mr. Peter Thornycroft — says the *Sunday Express*, has shown himself the most pliant in placating foreign interests. At the Ministry of Aviation it was his policy to turn over momentous projects for space research and supersonic flight to European committees. He could see nothing whatever wrong in relying on American aircraft when the British industry is languishing for lack of orders. According to *Sunday Express*, there is no doubt that Mr. Peter Thornycroft will prove the most popular British Defence Minister for years in Washington, Paris and Bonn.

Lord Lambton, who has been a Conservative critic of the Government in the House of Commons, agrees with the general belief in the country that the Cabinet shuffle has taken place in order to give a new look to the Government and bring back to the Conservative Party its lost national appeal. But, looking at the changes unsentimentally, he thinks it is difficult to believe that the changes will have the effect of increasing the popularity of the party. What fundamentally disturbs Lord Lambton about the changes is that they may well have the effect of shaking even further the country's confidence in the Conservative Party, and cause it to believe that they are another stratagem designed to win votes at the long-term national expense.

A report, one of the series on Commonwealth immigration by the Economic Intelligence Unit (*Social Integration and Housing*, 2*s*. 6*d*.), deals with the problem of the overcrowding of immigrants in Britain. It says that 13 in every 100 Pakistanis and 5 in every 100 West Indians were sharing their accommodation with 10 or more people. But only 4 in 100 Pakistanis thought they were overcrowded. Most immigrants had only one room when they first came to Britain. The West Indians seemed more inclined than the others to buy houses to let to their fellow countrymen. Birmingham authorities estimated that about 6,000 coloured people owned houses in the city. The average price was about £2,000. Of all immigrants, Pakistanis seemed to suffer most from homesickness: 40 in 100 said they intended to return to Pakistan.

Canon Jon Collins, who attended the Moscow Peace Congress, has returned to London feeling both hopeful and depressed. Hopeful, because he is convinced of Mr. Khrushchev's sincere de-

sire to avoid war. But he was filled with the deepest misgivings by the power-political approach to world affairs. Canon Collins told us on his return that so long as statesmen clung to outmoded concepts of national sovereignty and rational security it was difficult to see a way forward. In such a situation, where humanity itself, or at least human civilization as we know it, is in danger of annihilation, any attempt to find ways of easing the tension and of thawing, however slightly, the frozen attitudes of the Cold War, is to be encouraged. With all its drawbacks, the possibility of a thaw was evident in the Moscow Congress for Peace — more, perhaps, in the private conversations and meetings which went on all the time than in the public arena.

Canon Collins says that he spent one of the most stimulating hours when he had an interview with Mr. Khrushchev. "Mr. Khrushchev is a warm and humorous person, as well as a remarkably astute politician. Our conversation was extremely frank, but also extremely good-humoured," said the Canon

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[APTLY, on his return to Paris after some time in India, **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** sends us his musings on Paris streets—their different qualities and histories, and the memory of them in literature.—ED.]

THE OTHER DAY, quite by chance, I picked up a book by Balzac I had never read, and flicking aimlessly over its pages came across a passage which held my attention.

> There are in Paris certain streets [says Balzac in *Ferragus*] as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy, then there are noble streets, also streets that are simply honest, also young streets concerning whose morality the public has not yet formed any opinion; then there are murderous streets, streets older than the oldest possible dowagers, estimable streets, streets that are always clean, streets that are always dirty, workingmen's streets, students' streets, and mercantile streets. In short, the streets of Paris have human qualities, and impress us by their physiognomy with certain ideas against which we are defenceless.

If one considers the many homes and therefore streets in which Balzac lived — and I have been at some pains to study the plaques on some of them — one can imagine he had time to observe with his seer-like vision a score at least. But then Balzac lived in places outside Paris too — in Sevres, in Versailles, in Ville d'Avray; and there is the Maison Vauquet which Henry James once referred to as the most portentous setting in all literature.

If one walks today the streets which Balzac named the magic only seems to have gone if you wander about during the busiest hours, for then the din of cars would rob any corner of its charm. The best time, if one can wake that early, would be, summer or winter, before seven, for the cafés, except those that keep nightlong vigils, are about to open. At half past six, if one is up, the pails of water are on the floor, the scrubbing is in progress and the shutters are down. That is the best time to look at the streets. For in the morning, with the sun out, the gloomiest street puts on a garment of brightness. Not far from where I live is a famous avenue, the Mac Mahon, one of the twelve that form the Etoile. In the morning, in sunlight or in rain, it has a wholesome look. There is an incline and the side streets have a charm of their own. At night, when the lights are dim, the appearance

the street puts on is bleak. Under the lamplights, some painted females stand awaiting customers, and as one goes down, with the Arc de Triomphe floodlit, the street takes on an eerie look and the women, with umbrellas or with sticks, look like ghosts. I have often thought, as Balzac did, about streets but when the sun's rays are upon them, the streets, like our minds, change.

No man is ever himself, nor are streets the same. They could not be. As words never twice describe the same objects, and take their meaning only from the context of the circumstances in which they are uttered, so no man is ever himself, but assumes an identity which exists only in relation to the multiple situations in which chance has placed him. Accident is the sole key to his behaviour.

But there is so much history in some streets if one can remember them. I can never cease to be fascinated by the rue de la Bucherie, a small winding, hundred-metre street, close to the Eglise St. Julien le Pauvre, or the rue Moufetard. What about the rue de Seine where Oscar Wilde spent some time? Some quarters of Paris have kept their atmosphere even though, here and there, with no loss, some "face-lifting" has been done for them and the new looks are now always in progress. There are some streets which, with the slightest familiarity with even two or three of Balzac's books, one still remembers if one has time to walk that way. When one thinks of Le Pére Goriot, the rue St. Genevieve comes to mind. It is there the good man suffered and died

On the site occupied by the Sorbonne was the famous restaurant of Illusions Perdues where, as Balzac relates, you could have a dinner of three dishes and a *carafon* of wine for a franc. It was a famous little place and several English writers, notably Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton, have described it at length. The street has not greatly changed; a few new restaurants, a Vietnamien, a self-service place and, across from it, a bookshop are quite new. Perhaps the main street is now somewhat broader, to judge by the old descriptions. The rue de la Sorbonne has the smell of books and Chinese food. There is nothing sad or dreary about it all.

But something does happen to some streets. Take the rue de l' Abbaye, just behind the Eglise St. Germain des Pres. On the main road one has all the Cafés of the pseudo-intellectuals, the Lipp, Le Flore and Les Deux Magots. Just because Sartre once wrote in Le Flore (during the Resistance, it was) the café, if not the street, becomes a place of pilgrimage. Now you can see there all the long-haired and bearded beatniks exerting their right to dress and walk the way they please.

The sinister streets of Paris, thanks to much spring cleaning, are fewer, but they do indeed exist. Some streets have their dingy, mouldy structures and their broken, uneven roadways. They might appeal as picturesque to a few people, but many such would make of Paris a vast slum, which it is not. People who want the slums are thinking of Eugene Sue's novels, which few seem to read today. One is inclined to think of the notary — the villain of the piece — who was a really sinister character, for it was he, like Tartuffe, who, under the guise of assumed sanctity, spun his webs and wrought his villainies until the day when he was inflamed and outwitted.

I have often wandered by day and twice, I think, by night in what is known as the underworld of Paris, the rue Lepic and other streets. And yet, a few years ago, this was not a sinister street, whereas by contrast a walk in the Champs Elysées, now the most brilliantly lit of all Paris streets, and the most snobbish, offered more adventures than the plain of Marathon: the most

adventurous stopped at the Place de la Concorde.

Today, some streets, say, those close to the rue de la Faisanderie, which is near the Bois de Boulogne, are dangerous at night. It will be a brave man who will stalk that way, pass the Metro Port Dauphine and go past the lake, away from the Cafe D'Armoneville and plunge headlong into the thickest part of the Bois. He will walk that way to be sure, and perhaps even arrive with his wallet or his watch at the other end. He may walk with firm tread and go unmolested, but the chances are he will not venture forth alone, much less with a female companion. Yes, but these are not weird or ghostly streets. Often men associate a street with books they have read. What about Poe and the rue Morgue? And there are other streets, well known here, where, as no guide will fail to point out, a great murder took place. Sometimes the street bears the name of a Balzac or a Romain Rolland or a Proust. I remember with some joy that I lived in the same house, 44 rue Hamelin, where Proust worked for some time.

And yet, talking of street names, I have known different people refer to the same street in lyrical or angry tones, depending on how they saw them. One person I know has gone into raptures over a small street in Montmartre and another has dismissed the same street as drab, dull and dismal. It is all a question of language, with which you can seemingly destroy a place or create it.

Such is the paradox of language. Men innocently believe that words are a means of communication. They are within an ace of believing that the universe, and the words which make it possible to describe it, were created simultaneously. Actually it is not words that designate objects, but the subjective knowledge of those who use them. Fed on the deepest substance of our being, and referring only to an individual experience of the world, language is, to some extent, an enlargement of the self. This explains how it is that two speakers discussing the same subject, whose lips turn about, emit the same words, are at no single moment talking about the same thing. They think they are conversing when they are doing no more than giving expression to meanings of their own. Is their interchange ever anything more than a dialogue between deaf men?

BALDOON DHINGRA

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone
no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries,
querulous critcisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road. . . .
The picture alive . . .
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay
fresh sentiment of the road . . .

—WALT WHITMAN

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

On July 12th, 1962, the University of Mysore held a Special Convocation to confer the Degree of Doctor of Laws on His Highness Shri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, the Maharaja of Mysore. In his citation, presenting His Highness to the Convocation, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor N. A Nikam, expressed the merits of the honoured recipient of the degree as follows:—

Noble ancestry, intellectual eminence, dignity and majesty of person, piety and devotion, self-restraint and inner serenity and uncommon courtesy have made His Highness a notable personality and symbol of the values of the old and the new order.

His Highness in a well thought-out and felicitously expressed speech made some valuable observations:—

University education has been assigned a prominent place in our planning, and the talent that is fostered, shaped and stimulated in our seats of learning is finding fruitful scope and employment in the expanding avenues of national service.

Wise selection of teachers, research scholars and students, an uncompromising emphasis on quality in all things, the maintenance of high standards, both academic and moral, and the cultivation of a spirit of peace and orderliness will always ensure maximum success in our University effort We look to our Universities to furnish precepts and examples in the task of eradicating parochialism and narrow-mindedness, regional, linguistic or other, and of helping society achieve the broad and œcumenical outlook which is an imperative necessity under modern conditions of life and culture in the world.

Bharata Ratna Dr. Sir C. V Raman was specially invited to deliver the Convocation Address for the important occasion. Paying a tribute to the Mysore Royal House, he said:—

Anyone who has seen the countryside of the State would be familiar with the remarkable manner in which its former rulers had transformed an aric and thirsty highland into a flourishing contryside by the construction of an immense number of barrages built of stone and earth across every dip in the land which could be used for a set purpose, namely, that of conserving the precious gift of water falling as rain and storing it for use as and when needed. These sparkling sheets of water which we see everywhere in the state are like the eyes in a human face They lend both beauty and animation to the landscape

Speaking of His Highness's public statements he said:—

His pronouncements have always been remarkable for the practical wisdom they embodied combined with a clarity of thought and a happy choice of language that is the mark of true scholarship. . .There is in the Sanskrit language a word, *Rajarishi*, meaning one who is both a ruler and a sage, which aptly describes the personality and attainments of His Highness

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Certain ideas seem to be "in the air" at certain times. The July 1962 issue of *The Hibbert Journal* has its contributors searching for the reconciliation where "opposites" are seen, not as contrasts, but as indivisible complements. In "Search for Meaning" Dr. Eugene Exman, Vice-President of the publishing firm, Harper and Brothers, writes that this search has been generally turned towards the material universe, but that this is not enough. Teilhard de Chardin had emphasized the need to bring into union the points of view of the *without*

and the *within* of things. And Dr. Exman continues:—

> The outer world merges into the inner world. The rational comes face-to-face with the intuitional. In our search for meaning, therefore, we find justification in asserting that there is . . . a significant, non-objective world demanding exploration. Perhaps we are moving out of the eclipse which science has thrown across the non-objective.

Next, in a translation and summary by H. C. Snape of Maurice Goguel's "The Witness of a Historian," we come again across: 'Are these two attitudes 'to understand' and 'to live' a religion, mutually exclusive, and are we reduced to choosing between them?" Or " . . . as all religion is both collective and individual, there is no real opposition but rather a difference in polarization." H. P. Rickman gives an acute and sympathetic study of the work of Dorothy Sayers, "one of the masters of detective fiction" who later became known for her theological writings and dramas, and for her scholarly translation of Dante. Eventually she found the ideal of the Age of Enlightenment — reason, lucidity, humour, sound sense and humaneness — that she embodied in her detective-scholar-aristocrat to be insufficient; eventually for her, the light of rationality had to be integrated with the illumination of Christian faith. One of the problems that engaged her continually was that of suffering and justice, "how good and evil often seem inevitably interlocked."

The title of "The Paradoxes of Freedom and Authority," by Professor Lou H. Silberman, again endeavours to show that opposites cannot exist without each other. The lives of Socrates and of Joan of Arc and the figure of the runaway slave in Mark Twain's novel *Huckleberry Finn* are used to present the value of tension between the two concepts. The purpose of "The Social Dimension of Theravāda Buddhism in Burma," by the Rev. Trevo Ling, is to show that the contemplative religion of the title is not opposed, but is complementary to, the life of human society, and influences it vitally. The opening article, however, "What Ails Our Philosophers?" by another American philosopher, Arthur W. Munk, presents a different facet of duality, when he compares our dull modern philosophers to "the ass that starved between two haystacks" because it could not make up its mind. They cannot define *precisely* what "standards" are, still less take the responsibility of setting them up for the world's guidance. He instances a whole afternoon's session at a philosophical convention devoted to analyzing the statement "The radio is on the table."

> Coupled with the modern, philosophical preoccupation with symbolic logic and linguistic analysis, there is an amazing lack of vision. While Plato spoke of the philosopher as the spectator of "all time and all existence," most American philosophers are so *conditioned* and *enslaved* by their materialistic and hedonistic ways of thinking, that . . they never get beyond grasping at a world of shadows. Nothing could be more tragic in a time such as this — when the world, in its race with unparalleled catastrophe, so desperately needs that larger vision which philosophy is capable of providing.

The choice before man is that of "an inglorious end" self-produced by ignorance and stupidity, or "the real possibility of a world civilization." Munk is optimistic enough to see signs of a change towards this, in the influence of Bertrand Russell's endeavours for world peace (whether one agrees with his philosophy as such); in the inspiration of Radhakrishnan, and in such books as *The Coming World Civilization* by W. E. Hocking, and in Dr. Schilpp's presidential address to the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association, 1959.

The Hibbert Journal is always a valiant upholder of what Professor Munk calls "the great intangibles (the things that matter most)," and this issue, the last of those edited by the Rev. L. A. Garrard, B.D., M.A., for eleven years is a fine farewell. His successor is the Rev. H. L. Short, M.A., Tutor and Librarian of Manchester College, Oxford, who will carry with him the good wishes of readers for an ever-greater opening of "the single eye of wisdom."

From the bitter working conditions of the early days of the last century, it is a far cry to the present era when the Trade Union movement — though suffering at times from threats of hardening of the arteries, or of cancer in the system — can begin to consider not only the basic material needs of workers, but also their leisure-needs as intelligent human beings. The pattern of the stages of development in Great Britain, up to 1959, is comprehensively described in the illustrated volume *The Foundry Workers*, by H. J. Fyrth and Henry Collins, published for the Amalgamated Union of Foundry Workers as a 150th-year commemoration. As the authors say, it is "to some extent a history of the British Labour Movement" since the Union was one of the earliest created. Jim Gardner, the "grand old man" of the Union, writes in the Preface, of learning from past experience, to "be better equipped to assess what is needed in the present and the future."

It is a tale of pitiless treatment or pitiless neglect, due to the cupidity or thoughtlessness of those who failed to recognize employees as human beings. It is also a tale of unspectacular heroisms, sacrifices and efforts to lessen working hours, and to increase health and safety precautions; and this despite, in many instances, the selfishness, apathy and greed among the union followers themselves. The multitudinous ramifications of the struggle are lucidly presented, building up a picture that brings us up to the Unions' education schemes since the last war, and the need for seeing the wider economic background. There is, perhaps naturally, still the feeling of "we, the workers" against "them, the capitalists," reminiscent of the old fable of the body, whose limbs went on strike against the demands of the stomach, though eventually both found they could only work as one unit. It may be that the new phase of Trade Union activity now appearing in the leisure field of culture, will help to destroy some of the type-labels that impede understanding.

A talk by Arnold Wesker, the dramatist, to the National Union of Students at Oxford, about a couple of years back, was published as a pamphlet and sent to every trade union in the country. It accused the Labour movement of claiming to be for the benefit of the people, yet ignoring the real contribution the arts could make to satisfy their needs. The Trade Union Congress 1960 passed Resolution 42 calling for an inquiry on the matter, and eventually "Centre 42" was formed. It put forward the scheme of the community as itself patron for festivals of the arts, instead of being fed on the cheapened mass-media of what Wesker calls "An Age of Trivia" (*Sunday Times Supplement*, July 8th, 1962). Six such festivals are planned in English, aiming to create "a new cultural framework" drawn from indigenous and live influences. Granville Eastwood, General Secretary of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, shows a similar concern about "Leisure — The New Problem for Unions" (*The Observer*, July 8th, 1962). He, too, fears the psychological domination of the workers by "high-powered commercial enterprises" that condition their whole outlook on life and leisure simply to benefit private profit. His plea is that trade union-

ists should plan for "a long-term policy of cultural education," especially for those millions who do not even realize what they are missing. Concern about wages and conditions should now be supplemented by concern as to the cultural climate in which the workers live.

The Saturday Review of New York dated May 26th, 1962, contains a challenging article entitled "Are Americans Over-Medicated?" which warns the public against the misuse and abuse of medical drugs and operative procedures, most of them not required in a large number of cases. The emphasis on research and technological improvement has outrun the human aspect of therapy, and the modern man is led to expect that the specialist with his test-tube and microscopic slides and intricate techniques is the only adequate physician. Professor Herbert Ratner, Professor of Preventive Medicine and Public Health in the Loyola University, Chicago, points out in this article:—

> Modern medicine — and I am thinking of patients as well as of physicians — is geared not really to health but hypochondriacal. .. We talk about health all the time Yet, for the most part all that has been accomplished is an increase in imaginary illnesses....

The Americans as a people think of health as something that can be bought, a commodity in the market-place. People have forgotten what Hippocrates, the father of Western medicine, said a long time ago: "Use leads to health and disuse to disease and premature disability." It is not sufficiently realized that the prime function of the physican is " to work with nature, to assist, support and minister to her."

The author gives two glaring examples of unnecessary interference by the doctor. The wide-spread increase of "dermatitis" in America is due to over-treatment. Another example of treatment for the sake of treatment is the indiscriminate use of tranquillizers. Says Professor Ratner:—

> We are becoming a pill-swallowing civilization. None of them are innocuous, and the damage they do frequently far outweighs the good intended.

The author, while fully cognizant and full of admiration for the tremendous advances in medicine, heart surgery, brain surgery, antibiotics and immunizing agents, makes the point that

> we are also increasing morbidities and anxieties We do much for the dying but less for the living and in some instances we directly convert the living to the dead by therapeutic misadventure.

Finally, the questions to be faced are:—

> What is the nature of medicine? What is the physician's work? nature's work? their relationship? What is the role of science, art and experience, the role of the patient, the significance of homœostatic forces for man as a social animal; the concept of the normal, the nature of a profession?

I FIRMLY BELIEVE that if the whole *materia medica*, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

—HOLMES

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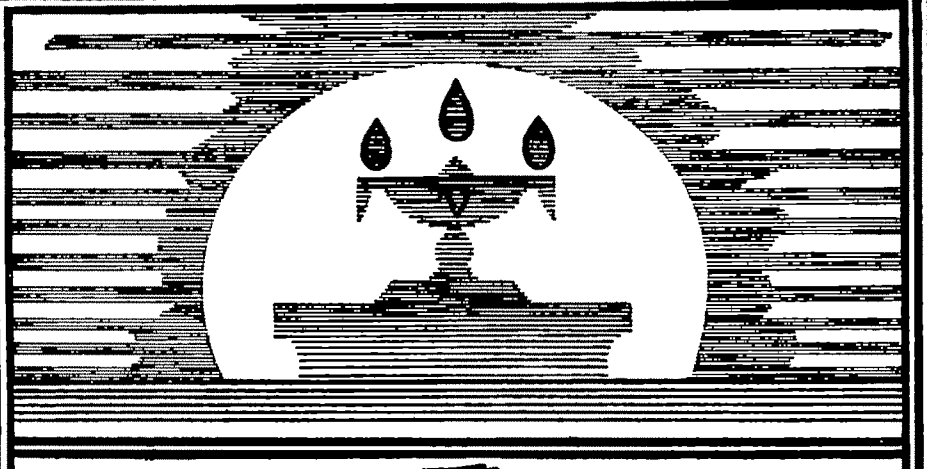
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Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII OCTOBER 1962 No. 10

THE TRUTH AND THE WAY

IN THIS MONTH recurs the anniversary of a birth full of meaning for THE ARYAN PATH; for it was the birth of the late Shri B. P. Wadia, who was born on October 8th, 1881. His lifework was one of service in many fields, but in each field he looked to the mind and heart as the causal plane on which might be sowed the seeds of future harvests of enlightenment and brotherhood for the sustenance of men — men *qua* men, as he often used to say from the platform, not as members of any less, arbitrary partial grouping. The only marks he left on his environments were the channels scoured by the waters of his serving: institutions devoted to public good. Among them are THE ARYAN PATH and The Indian Institute of World Culture, of which it is the organ.

His vocation for lifelong service came to him by the inspiration of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which he found set forth in H. P. Blavatsky's great book, *The Secret Doctrine*. Again and again he wrote and published essays on that mighty book. He gave advice on how to study it. He collated under important topics his own intimate knowledge and patiently evolved understanding of its gnomic and suggestive wisdom, to discover which is a challenge not for the intellect so much as the unveiled intuition, the purified heart. And because of this necessity of the spiritual nature, he wrote lucidly of the discipline involved in understanding the wisdom.

The Indian Institute of World Culture, jointly with the P.E.N. All-India Centre, held a memorial meeting on the anniversary of the day of his passing, and in reverence to his philosophy arranged that its form was to be two talks: "The Metaphysics of *The Secret Doctrine*" and "The Ethics of *The Secret Doctrine*," the truth and the way that he held to with the peaceful firmness of inner conviction.

The metaphysics of *The Secret Doctrine* are a mighty and challeng-

ing body of teaching. The speaker, Shri R. P. Sirkar, attempted to convey the substance of the Three Fundamental Propositions which "underlie and pervade" it, in Madame Blavatsky's own words, and to show by comments how they constituted a complete world-view and a synthesis of philosophical points of view. The first Fundamental Proposition takes a monist position in regard to ultimate Reality, the Absolute: this is one, impartite, not reducible to any form or category (therefore not a being but rather that Principle from which all beings derive their common attribute of existing or be-ing). But it does find an intelligible place for dualism, which so strongly governs much human thinking and has paramount place in some religious beliefs. For it shows that a potential duality has existed from eternity in the co-equal and co-eternal poles of Reality — those that become the basis, respectively, of the various states of consciousness and the multitudinous forms through which they manifest. Matter is not negated but assigned an instrumental value of great significance; consciousness is not regarded as an epiphenomenon, but shown to have its own origins and its own pattern of evolution in counterpoint with matter. By deriving human consciousness and the laws of Nature both from a Divine Mind or Ideation, *The Secret Doctrine* offers a clear basis for certain knowledge: knowledge is true when it is in touch with the Ideation which in fact stamped upon original Matter those orderly patterns which we call the laws of Nature. Such attunement is possible because the seeking human mind is derived from the Divine Ideation. The other two Fundamental Propositions are of the Law that governs the processes of Cosmos, both materially and morally, in space, time, and causation; and of the manner in which particular beings evolve under that Law to their goals. The third Fundamental, again, performs a valuable function of synthesis by giving the familiar idea of evolution a profounder scope along the three lines of physical, intellectual and spiritual evolution. From these cosmological ideas flows also a subtle and balanced view of human nature as made up of consciousness acting at many levels through instruments of many natures. This provides a sounder tool of thought than the over-simplified popular idea of a "subconscious." But the consideration of the constituents of man brings us logically to how, given that nature, men ought to live so as to realize and fulfil its inherent possibilities and purpose.

The speaker on "The Ethics of *The Secret Doctrine*," Shri K. Achyutha Rao, stressed the link that *The Secret Doctrine* continually maintains between its metaphysics and its ethics. The ethics rest upon

the metaphysics as upon a foundation: but the metaphysics are in their inmost nature accessible only to one whose nature is purified by sincere endeavour to practise the ethics. He illustrated the process of application of metaphysics to ethics. The laws of reincarnation and Karma demand the ethical values of hope and responsibility; the law of cycles offers a means of mastering moods and undesirable ebullitions of the psycho-physical organism. He introduced to many in the audience the priceless devotional text, *The Voice of the Silence,* which has its source in the same ancient teachings and forms the perfect devotional complement to the philosophical exposition of *The Secret Doctrine.* And he dwelt long on the prime implication of the fundamental monism of *The Secret Doctrine*: if Reality is one, all beings are brothers by virtue of mere existence. All right philosophy among men must depend upon their outgrowing the naïve sense of separateness which results from pre-occupation with superficial appearances. The more we see the truth of Oneness, the more are we bound to walk the Way of Love.

Professor G. D. Parikh, Rector of the University of Bombay, kindly took the chair. He declared published a volume of the late Shri Wadia's essays, titled *Living the Life,* and remarked upon the substantial quality of his older *Studies in The Secret Doctrine.* In his closing remarks he commended to the audience two ideas: such a philosophy was worthy of careful study in order to understand before one arrived at agreement or difference of conviction; and in any case we must adopt its principle of the mutual interdependence of metaphysics and ethics, knowledge and life, truth and love.

EDITOR

THE PRESENT TASK is, then, to inspire as many as possible to participate in the vindication and recognition of *The Secret Doctrine.* This can only be done as earnest minds ponder over its contents and earnest hearts grow aflame to serve.

—B. P. WADIA

INDIVIDUALISM, COLLECTIVISM, SOLIDARISM

[**Dr. Anatol von Spakovsky** was born in Russia; finished his university education and was a professor of philosophy on the Continent; and is now Professor of Sociology at Jacksonville State College, Alabama. He has written in Serbian, Russian, German and Hungarian.

On this vital subject readers will find it interesting to compare the correspondence "On Philosophical Anarchism" in THE ARYAN PATH (August 1958, p. 378) and a valuable article on the same subject by the late Shri B. P. Wadia, published anonymously in *The Theosophical Movement* (September 1958, p. 423). Dr. Spakovsky's profound conclusion is that "spiritual balance must be reached first and before all in the individual himself."—ED.]

IN ITS DEVELOPMENT AND REALIZATION human society is governed by the same principle of polar duality as is every reality in our world of phenomena. This principle finds its social expression in individualism and in collectivism; together, these form the total polarity of the human social and cultural development. Individualism is the positive, creative element or pole; and collectivism is the negative, receptive element or pole in the social polarity.

Individualism considers the human individual — the personal "I" — as the principal element in the social and cultural realization of mankind. The whole social and cultural creativity is realized by persons, not by a collectivity or society, which is only an indispensable milieu and condition for the creative activity of the individual. There is no cultural or spiritual progress without creative individuals, without so-called genius, which represents the greatest concentration and expression of creativity.

Collectivism considers the human collectivity — society (the "We") as the principal element in the social and cultural realization of mankind. The human individual (the "I") is only a practical outlet of the creative tendencies arising from the collective depth of the "We," and the only genius is the human individual capable of hearing the voice of the collective depth of the "We." The average human individual hears only the voice of the collective surface.

In short, individualism believes that the person, the human "I," of genius gives a cultural, spiritual form to human society through his creative activity, as an expression of his bio-psychical structure; collectivism believes that the human collective, the human "We," gives its

form to every individual, who is only an expression and a practical realization either of the collective spiritual surface (average individual) or of the collective spiritual depth (the individual of genius). Therefore, it is quite natural and logical that individualism demands a complete social and spiritual freedom for the individual as an independent creator of the cultural form of life and development, whereas collectivism strives for a complete social and spiritual subjugation of the individual to the collective, a subjugation of the "I" to the "We," since the individual has no independent creative value. His whole creative activity depends in the collectivist view upon his complete obedience to the spiritual form and dynamism of the collective "We," and it is only a result of the spiritual absorption of the "I" by the "We." The more complete this spiritual absorption, this spiritual identity between the "I" and the "We," the more the individual's creativity approaches genius.

Individualism finds its political and social expression in our Western culture in democratic liberalism, while collectivism finds similar expression in socialism. The most outstanding contemporary representative of the former is the United States of America, and that of the latter is Soviet Russia. Thus our present epoch is in the throes of the struggle between these two poles of the social duality and between their representatives for an absolute domination in the moulding and development of future human culture.

Since a complete affirmation of one of these elements — poles of the social duality — means a complete negation of the other, such an affirmation by either one results in a death struggle between them. The human race in its social and cultural development has passed through this struggle many times with the result that the victory of one of these elements of the social duality has been always illusory and of short duration. After the victory the degeneration of the victorious and the rebirth of the defeated element followed, so that mankind in its historical-cultural development has been oscillating between these two poles of the social polar duality, that is, between individualism and collectivism. One epoch saw the predominance of individualism; another saw that of collectivism. This meant only a predominance of a condition but never a complete victory. This relative and thereby illusory victory of one of these elements of the social duality only forced the other element to go into a state of "underground" social existence. If, for instance, collectivism became victorious, then individualism became an "underground" social current, that is, the current under the surface of culture,

and *vice versa.*

In the Western European culture the collective wave predominated in the Middle Ages. Its domination was broken in the epoch of the Renaissance, when the individualistic wave passed from the state of underground cultural and social existence into that of dominant overground reality and began its movement toward its maximum of tension. This point was reached in Europe in the nineteenth century, when there appeared a new collectivistic wave, represented by Socialism-Marxism, which began its struggle with the individualistic wave for social and cultural domination. In the twentieth century this collectivistic wave became victorious in Eastern Europe in the form of Russian Marxism (Bolshevism-Communism), and now it threatens also to overcome the individualistic wave in Western Europe and in the United States of America creating for them a new Marxist Middle Age.

This development has not yet been realized in the United States of America because of the peculiar conditions of its social and cultural development,[1] although certain signs of the appearance of the collectivistic wave are even here discernible. But, in general, the individualistic wave still maintains its full tension in the United States, making this nation the principal bearer of the banner of individualism in its struggle against collectivism.

This eternal oscillation between collectivism and individualism and their struggle for supremacy have filled the history of mankind with suffering, blood and death. They have failed to create social harmony and happiness, since the duality, in form and in dynamism, expresses neither perfect manifestation nor perfect creation in Cosmos. In order to come to the perfect manifestation and creation in the cultural and social field, we must transform the cultural and social duality into a social trinity, because only the trinity is adequate expression of the perfect manifestation and creation in Cosmos. It is not in vain that two of the greatest religious systems, Christianity and Hinduism, represent the perfect — the divine — force in the idea of the triune God: Christianity in the trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost; Hinduism in the trinity of Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Śiva. Life itself is nothing but a balance, an equilibrium between basic cosmic duality: spirit–matter in their dialectical development. Therefore Buddha had a deep insight into the cosmical development when he renounced an extreme asceticism and accepted a "Middle Way" which corresponds the most to life as an equilibrium

[1] For instance, the foundation of the U. S. A. by the Anglo-Saxon Protestants, the process of colonization and the independent individualistic spirit of the pioneers' time, etc.

between spirit and matter.

The problem of social and cultural harmony and happiness will be resolved not by the eternal struggle for supremacy between individualism and collectivism, but by their harmonious union, which we may call "solidarism." In this way, solidarism will represent the coming to any solution of the social crisis or attaining social harmony and happiness of man. If man is basically incapable of passing from a social duality to a social trinity, he will never pass from a chaotic and imperfect social form and development to a harmonious or perfect one. This basic incapacity will then be a sure sign of a certain creative impotence in social man.

Briefly expressed, the formula of solidarism will be: the "I"=the "We," not the "I" *versus* the "We" (the formula of individualism) or the "We" *versus* the "I" (the formula of collectivism).

We understand very well that the harmonious balance between the "I" and the "We" is not only difficult to attain but also difficult to preserve when attained, because each of these two elements of the social polar duality strive to break this balance in favour of its own one-sided development and realization. Therefore, the creation and preservation of the harmonious balance between the "I" and the "We" will demand from every individual the whole tension and energy of his spiritual being. This spiritual balance must be reached first and before all in the individual himself, because a spiritually inharmonious, unbalanced individual is unable to create a harmonious, well-balanced society. Straight and narrow is the road that leads to social harmony and happiness. What road to perfection is otherwise? Yet the solution of man's social problem lies in seeking and following the road to social solidarism.

ANATOL VON SPAKOVSKY

THORNTON WILDER

[IN the September issue appeared the first part of this long literary study by **Shri K. Viswanatham.** Below we print the second and concluding part, in which Shri Viswanatham examines particularly the plays and the vision of life with which Wilder informs them —ED.]

II

THIS IMPATIENCE with scenery, etc., is because of his deep awareness of the mystery and complexity of human life. He sees individual acts against the background of æons of time and immeasurable space. "I love," "I suffer," sound ridiculous, are puny sounds in the silence of Eternity. Still they have their individual validity and dignity. Wilder seems to abolish *Einmaligkeit* and underline it at the same time. The awareness that "Rome existed before Rome and when Rome will be a waste there will be Romes after her" but emphasizes the drive and energy of the truth: "The secret is to make a city, not to rest in it." The sentence reveals the Americanness of Wilder; no adult American, it is said, is ever found in the place of his birth. They are the race who travel most and derive the least comfort from it. Wilder is the geologist-philosopher; it is not for nothing that he studies archæology in Rome. Jame Crofut's address in *Our Town* is Crofut Farm, Grovers Corners, Sutton County, New Hampshire, U.S.A., North America, West Hemisphere, Earth, Solar System, Universe, Mind of God. Like Eliot, Wilder is preoccupied with the interaction of the Timeless with Time. His early education was extensive and far-flung. California, China, Yale, Rome — shaped his mind. But his appreciation of the Immensities does not lead him into a yogic concentration on the tip of the nose or the omphalos. The human being may be a ridiculous speck but let the speck struggle on and survive. *The Skin of Our Teeth* means we survive by the skin of our teeth; every precious value of life has to be fought over, striven after and finally won. Life is choice and choice is life; adversity is the *primum mobile* of action; wears yet a precious jewel in its head. When the importation of papyrus was prohibited parchment was invented and the interest of an idle boy in the game of marbles led to the invention of the safety valve in the steam engine. *The Matchmaker* is a hymn of life. Barnaby and Cornelius resolve not to return to Wolftrap's shop till they have had an adventure, got arrested, kissed a girl, etc. Their cry is for life, more life. In *Our Town* in the last act one character exclaims: "Oh, Earth, you are too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do human beings ever

realize life while they live it?"

Equally emphatically Wilder stresses the importance of home life. A home lends stability, solidity to the "extravagant and erring" course of life. Brush longs for the sweet American home with six children; in *The Woman of Andros* the Greek home is the shadow of a great rock in a quaking land. In *The Skin* Mrs. Antrobus is prepared to burn ten Shakespeares to keep her children warm; she is a tigress where the safety of the children is concerned. Sabina, like Chrysis in *The Woman*, is a wave of seduction trying to drench and wash away home life. The American home ought to stand like a rock in the hither-and-thithering waters of modern life. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* almost reads like a religious tract. Atheists regard it as an artful exposure of Providence; to others it is a sincere investigation for which Brother Juniper became a martyr: "calling upon St. Francis and leaning upon a flame he smiled and died." The finest bridge may break and plunge five gesticulating ants into the gulf below. It may be plan or accident. We can lay the flattering unction to our souls that the wicked were destroyed and the good called to Heaven. Bluntly both mean that they died. But we are made to realize that Love is the unbreakable Bridge that connects the living and the dead.

Wilder is deeply human. Shakespeare is said to conceal nothing and condemn nothing. Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. Monsters of philanthropy and dragons of purity are not among the *dramatis personæ* of Wilder. "Our virtues are all the more gracious for having come out of a layer of sins; if we do not have sins, our virtues become sins." That is the reflection of Malachi Stack in *The Matchmaker*. It is the combination sinners that bring sins into disrepute; otherwise sins are quite respectable. This is a gospel that goes clean contrary to the ideals of a nation that commits, according to Wilde, no mistakes; that has never learnt, according to Lin Yutang, the nobler art of leaving things undone.

This impression of deep humanity gathered from his books is reinforced by his indiscriminate amiability in life. He told an interviewer: "I am the kind of man whom timid old ladies stop in the street to ask about the nearest subway station. Newshawks in University towns call me professor and hotel clerks doctor." He is an amiable eccentric schoolmaster. His father (Council General at Shanghai during Roosevelt's régime) felt that Wilder would be a burden throughout his life and hence intended him for a schoolmaster's job because he might fail in any other. Wilder was and is a very successful teacher.

Like his books he is the symbol of "quiet hands in a gesturing civilization and laconic speech in a chattering world." A cleaning woman in *The Ides of March* tells Cæsar, worried about his bald head: "One can have either brains or hair; one cannot have both." Thank God, Wilder has both hair and brains, that is, beauty and intelligence.

Consider the following well-known pronouncements of Wilder:—

1. All literature is an orchestration of platitudes [which expresses his deep humility].
2. Literature is more a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs [which reveals his goodness].
3. Rome existed before Rome and when Rome will be a waste there will be Romes after her [which brings out his double vision].
4. The Skin of Our Teeth [which drives home to us his gospel of action].
5. One vice at a time [which flowers out of his humanity].

If we note these well, we put the girdle round Wilder's attitude to literature, his capacity to see two times at once, his deep-chested exhortation to man to struggle and survive and his deep humanity which knows that a consciousness of our virtues may make us vicious indeed.

Wilder is not the author of bookish fantasias nor are his books full of bloodless schoolmasterish jokes, as some think; they are informed by grace and wisdom and a great love of humanity. He writes wisely: "Many problems which seem insoluble will be solved when the world realizes that we are all bound together as the population of the only inhabited star." He is, in the true sense of the word, "metaphysical" — preoccupied with the destiny of man, of the human race, with evil and the meaning of life and the will of God. That is why, perhaps, he talks slightingly of mere writing. Style, he says, is the faintly contemptible vessel in which the bitter liquid of the author's heart is recommended to the world. Less slightingly he says in another context that one line in fourteen comes from the ceiling and the others have to be adjusted round it. In his invariably modest way he says: I am not an innovator but a rediscoverer, a remover of bric-a-brac.

His main preoccupation is with the pastness of the Present and the presentness of the Past and the presence of both perhaps, as Eliot writes, in future. Society, stressed Burke, is the bond between the living and the dead and the to-be-born. This awareness fills his books with undemonstrative grace and wisdom. He is everywhere at home — whether he deals with the violent end of the incestuous Marcantonio and Miss Grier and Blair in *Cabala* in modern Rome or with the brilliant gallery

of Cæsar, Cleopatra, Catullus and his dissolute Lesbia, Clodia Pulcher whose bosom was "a much travelled thoroughfare occasionally available for birds"; with Chrysis and Pamphilius of Byrnos in *The Woman* or Uncle Pio and Camilla Perichole, Don Andres de Rebera and the Archbishop in *The Bridge*; with Emily in *Our Town* or Antrobus in *The Skin* or Cornelius in *The Matchmaker*. The author's customary and unique vitality does nowhere suffer occultation. The profound regard for human personality, the ironic appreciation of its weakness and the keen observation and questioning of human affairs are there in God's plenty. It is a triumph that Peru, which Wilder has never seen, stands so distinct in our imagination. One thinks of Myers's Moghul India and Bennett's scene of execution in *The Old Wives' Tale*, though neither Myers nor Bennett saw India or an execution. His Peru is not a Ruritania.

Wilder's method of seeing two times at once is illustrated by the fascinating pastime of identification. Lucius Mamilius Turrinus is said to be Edward Sheldon; Cicero Alexander Woollcott Marquess de Montemayor, Mme. de Sevigne; Miss Grier Minerva, Duchess dé Eupoli and James Blair, Venus and Adonis; Marcantonio, Pan; and the Cardinal, Jupiter; etc.

The Cabala describes a cartel of intellectual Olympians moving puppets on the political chessboard. *The Woman* comments on the ruin of home life if women begin to write and read like Chrysis. Brother Juniper is provoked to investigation because the wife of his friend, a master of the University of San Martin, runs away with a soldier leaving behind two daughters in the cradle, and smallpox ravages the life of Camilla as it does that of Lady Castlewood in Thackeray's novel *Esmond*. To regard Brush an an earnest, humourless, moralizing, preachifying, interfering product of Bible-belt Evangelism is as silly as diagnosing his periods of silence as sudden attacks of laryngitis; his life is an unceasing quest for the farmer's daughter with whom he fornicated to set right the wrong done. In *The Ides* Cæsar is wonderfully re-created.

In the plays Wilder laughs at the stage conventions when he makes Gibbs, for instance, ask the stage manager for money when he fell short of it in a restaurant in the play. A play is an eternal Now; it can be a dream, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like, whatever you please — as William Saroyan seems to have described it. What it requires is, in the words of Molière,

a platform and a passion or two. In the Chinese plays a man astride a stick is on horseback; the play is in the mind, not in the scenery.

His plays show his unresting occupation with the surprise of the gulf between each tiny occasion of daily life and the vast stretches of time and place. In *Our Town* what are Emily's joys and griefs, algebra lessons and birthday presents when we consider billions of girls? *The Skin* is a surrealistic history of civilization; it has "a cosmic cuteness" about it. It poses the problem: Should every husband make a choice between the mother of his children and the siren of inspiration? Mrs. Antrobus and Sabina? Cannot the mother of the children inspire him to invent the wheel and the alphabet and the multiplication table? Shall a woman plead for a similar privilege — to have one to be the father of her children and another, the lover, to flush her with the rosy redness of love (as it is in a play of Anouilh). We remember the Black Girl in Shaw's story demanding of the Sheik if he would concede a harem of husbands for a woman just as a man has a harem of women for his final selection. The Mahommedans are the only people, a character observes, who locked the subject square in the face: "A man outgrows a wife every seven years." In *The Matchmaker* the romance of Ermengarde and Ambrose is only an adjunct to the romance of Barnaby and Cornelius, their bout with life; the play breathes the lust for life.

Though "metaphysical," his writings are aerated by the slim-feasting smile of the comic spirit. Any random remark from his pages reveals this. The Cardinal in *The Cabala* presented a thesis of unparalleled brilliance and futility on forty-two cases of permissible death and twelve occasions in which a priest may be homicidal. Malachi thinks that the Law protects the owner of property but does not care if the owner deserves it. He took to whisky and whisky took to him. Barnaby is "promoted from chief clerk to chief clerk." Talking about James Blair, the author writes: "One studied the saints and never thought about religion; one knew everything about Michael Angelo, yet never felt deeply a single work." The story of Manuel and Esteban leads to the idea that many people would not have fallen in love if they had not heard of it. Among the six attributes of an adventurer, which made Uncle Pio so successful, is mentioned a memory for names and faces, with an aptitude for altering his own. Uncle Pio never did anything for more than two weeks; that prevented his thieving. The Viceroy perpetually talked to the ceiling. The Archbishop read all the Church Fathers and forgot all about them; he read the libertine mastepieces of Italy and re-read them annually. *The Woman of Andros* says: Lift every root and you find

seven puzzled hearts. I govern men, says Cæsar, and I am governed by birds and thunderclaps. *The Ides of March* particularly is a budget of quotable sayings:—

> It is only dogs that never bite their masters.
>
> Gratitude sours in the belly of a small man and he must puke it up.
>
> The enjoyment of the malicious is doubled when they know that we are wounded.
>
> The serpent's nest is lodged in all of us
>
> Virtuous women weep the first half of their lives; women without virtue weep the second half of their lives. So the Tiber is never dry.

Cæsar's first letter to Lucius Mamilius Turrinus raises the great question:—

> Man — what is that? What do we know of him? His gods, liberty, mind, love, destiny, death — what do these mean?

and his last but one to the same ends in the strength and finality of inexorable despair:—

> Let me banish from my mind the childish thought that it is among my duties to find some last answer concerning the nature of life.... The Universe is not aware that we are here.... Life has no meaning save what we confer upon it.... Attachments have no more meaning than the beard I shave from my face.

K. VISWANATHAM

DERELICT

Once through admiring streets,
Luxurious aristocrat,
You glided with glossy disdain
And purr of a pedigree cat.

Safe and exclusive your world,
Or so it seemed to be then,
How hard to believe that the years
Could mar you like mortal men!

But now a pathetic heap
Of twisted metal you lie
And your shattered limousine pride
Reproaches the pitiless sky.

HERBERT BLUEN

A JAIN HOUSEHOLDER'S VOWS

[**Dr. Indra Chandra Shastri's** accounts of other topics in the remarkably painstaking and lucid Jain religious discipline have appeared before this in THE ARYAN PATH. In this article our learned contributor outlines the Jain system of vows by means of which the householder is instructed and encouraged to purify his social and domestic life, and prepare for the higher inner disciplines proper to real asceticism.—ED.]

JAINISM prescribes two codes of conduct for morality and spiritual development. The higher code is meant for the monks who have renounced the worldly life and are free from social obligations. The lower code is meant for the laity striving for salvation without renouncing the social responsibilities. This latter code provides valuable material for the organization of a healthy and prosperous society.

It is divided into twelve vows, further classified into three groups. The first group, of five vows, presents a code for ethical conduct. The second group, of three, presents a discipline subsidiary to the main ethical code. The remaining group, of four vows, is meant for the refinement or unfoldment of the dormant spiritual qualities.

A vow is graded on the basis of three types of commission of sins. They are: (i) to commit a sin oneself, (ii) to order someone to do so and (iii) to comment upon a sin committed by someone else. Of each grade there are three instruments, *viz.*, mind, speech and body. Thus there are nine ways of committing a sin, and to refrain from all of them by observing vows is possible for a monk only. A householder is advised to refrain from as many of the nine as possible, according to his capacity and inner strength (*Ātmic shakti*).

According to Jainism life is divided into two broad divisions of stationary (*sthāvar*) and moving (*jangam*) beings. The former group includes the four elements, *viz.*, earth, water, fire and air, along with vegetable life; in the latter are included all the moving animals beginning with the amœba up to human and divine beings.

The first vow of a householder is related to non-violence. Abstinence from fifteen types of acts causing violence is included in it. A householder decides to refrain from deliberately killing an innocent living being. Here the adverb "deliberately" and the adjective "innocent" are significant. In case an animal is killed without intention to do so or is killed by way of punishment the vow is not broken. Thus a king is permitted to punish the offender or his enemy. In war he can attack the fighting men only. To kill innocent women and children is against the

code. (In the present atomic warfare uninvolved population in the cities is the main target.)

There are five transgressions related to the vow of non-violence concerning household animals and slaves. These are:

(i) to tie the animal or a slave tightly,
(ii) to beat him severely,
(iii) to cut his limbs or tail,
(iv) to load him with heavy burdens,
and (v) to keep him hungry or thirsty.

The second vow pertains to truth. The observer makes a *sankalpa* (resolve) not to speak gross untruth which may harm the listener of the concerned. "Untruth" is expounded as follows:

(i) Untruth about a girl at the time of betrothal, *i.e.*, exaggeration of her merits and concealment of her defects.
(ii) Untruth about cattle at the time of their sale.
(iii) Untruth about land.
(iv) To embezzle, or speak untruth about, a trust.
(v) False evidence.

The five transgressions of this second vow are as follows:

(i) Allegations without proper thought and investigation.
(ii) Allegations against persons talking secretly.
(iii) To disclose private talks held with one's wife or some other lady.
(iv) False instructions or preaching.
(v) To forge documents.

The third vow is related to honesty or abstinence from theft. The gross form of theft is elaborated as follows:

To acquire the wealth of another person
(i) by digging it out from the earth,
(ii) by breaking open the lock or by opening it with a key,
(iii) robbery,
and (iv) to take up anything without the permission of the owner when the latter is within knowledge.

The five transgressions of this vow are as follows:

(i) To accept anything brought by a thief.
(ii) To employ thieves or dacoits for the sake of material gains.
(iii) To do anything illegal or prohibited by the law of the Government.
(iv) Dishonesty in weighing or measuring the commodities of trade.
(v) Deceiving through imitation.

The two vows concerning truth and non-stealing are significant in

the field of social behaviour and business.

The fourth vow is related to sexual descipline. The householder is enjoined to be satisfied with his own wife and prohibited from having sexual relations with any married woman other than his own wife.

In ancient society women were divided into three categories:

(i) One's own wife (*svīyā*).

(ii) The wife of some one else (*parakīyā*).

(iii) *Sāmānyā, i.e.*, "common" women — prostitutes, etc.

The higher morality demanded that a person should confine himself to his own wife only; the lower morality tolerated a relation with the "common" women. Though this was denounced in religion it was not thought anti-social. Any sexual connection with a married woman other than one's own wife was considered anti-social as well as immoral.

The five transgressions of this vow are as follows:

To have sexual relations with (i) a woman engaged for a short period or (ii) unmarried.

(iii) To satisfy the sexual desire unnaturally.

(iv) To have an intense sex-desire.

The fifth vow is connected with material possessions. The householder is advised to limit his possessions. The five transgressions are as follows:

To transgress a reasonable limit of

(i) gold, silver, etc., or wealth in coins, valuable metals and jewels,

(ii) immovable property, *i.e.*, land, houses, etc.,

(iii) live wealth of cattle and slaves,

(iv) food grains and other commodities,

and (v) ordinary metals other than silver and gold, and utensils and other articles made of them.

The sixth vow puts a limit on the area of exploitation. A householder is instructed to limit the area of commerce, harvest, industry and other commercial enterprises. This vow serves a twofold purpose. First, it puts a check on unrestrained material ambitions, which keep a man constantly in a state of unrest. Secondly, it avoids mutual conflict in the uncontrolled desire for commercial exploitation and political subjugation which has led the world to the verge of total annihilation.

This vow has the following transgressions:

To cross the self-imposed limits

(i) in the space above,

(ii) in the space below,

(iii) in other directions,

(iv) to extend the limits of land possessions,
and (v) to forget the limit while engaged in exploitation.

The seventh vow puts a limit on the articles of daily use. The householder fixes the number of commodities used in food, drink, bath, journeying, furniture, etc. In this vow the limitation is not on the possessions but on their actual use. These commodities are divided into twenty-six categories covering the whole sphere of daily life.

The eighth vow puts a check on useless efforts amounting to violence. The householder is warned against doing anything violent or causing any inconvenience to others without any positive reason. This purposeless violence is divided into four categories: that

(i) committed through depressive or violent thought (*i.e.*, anger),
(ii) committed through negligence under intoxication or passions,
(iii) by supplying weapons
and (v) by giving instructions for violence.

The five transgressions of this vow are:

(i) To indulge in useless movements and facial expressions out of sex-desire.
(ii) To move foolishly hands, feet, eyes or other parts of the body without any purpose.
(iii) Futile and obstinate talk.
(iv) Disordering furniture or other articles.
(v) To increase unnecessarily the articles of daily use.

Thus we see that this vow demands orderliness in household effects and controlled, civil behaviour.

The Shikshavratas are the last four vows, meant for the discipline of character. They are religious practices for spiritual refinement.

The ninth vow is *Sāmāyika, i.e.*, the practice of *Samatā* (equality) in life through the equilibrium of mind, speech and body. The observer decides to refrain from all acts of sin for a limited period. The vow has five transgressions:

Wrong application of
(i) mind,
(ii) speech
or (iii) body,
(iv) to become oblivious of the vow undertaken,
and (v) fickleness in the observation of the vow.

The tenth and eleventh vows also prescribe a life of seclusion from worldly activities for a period of twenty-four hours. In one of the above two vows fasting is prescribed during this period but not in the other.

The observer is expected to devote his time to self-analysis and meditation.

The twelfth and the last vow is related to charity. A householder is expected to be hospitable and charitable whenever a guest of good character comes to his door in need.

There is one more vow, which is undertaken at the approach of death. A Jain is advised to relinquish attachment to all the worldly objects, houses, wealth, family, and even the body itself when he finds that the latter is unable to do the function for which it is meant. According to Jainism life in itself is not the aim but a means to achieve the goal, *i.e.*, unfoldment of the Spirit. Hence when an aspirant observes that instead of becoming an instrument his body is an impediment, he gives up food and drink and calmly waits for his last moment. This vow also has five transgressions:

To have a desire for

(i) this world,
(ii) the next world,
(iii) the prolongation of life,
(iv) early death,

and (v) worldly enjoyments.

He is forbidden to desire anything. He must not covet either life or death. Thus he passes away peacefully with a perfect equilibrium of mind.

There is a religious rite for every Jain known as *Pratikramana,* which is to be observed twice a day. The word *"Pratikramana"* means "retracing" or "going back." During it the observer dwells upon his past conduct and expresses his regret for any transgression of the vow or vows taken by him. One *pratikramana* is observed at sunset, when the conduct of the day is deliberated upon, and the other early in the morning when the conduct of the night is taken into account.

INDRA CHANDRA SHASTRI

IT IS easier to rule a kingdom than a family.

—Japanese proverb

PATTERNS OF CULTURE

["**Argus**" is the *nom-de-guerre* (for he plainly intends this essay as a blow struck on the side of right in a righteous war) of a contributor of a thoughtful and literary turn of mind. He is not exhaustive or technically sociological; but who can miss the anguish behind his words? He mourns that a tradition so unique in its continuity as the Indian should appear to be in grave danger of collapsing into mere industrialized bleakness of spirit. We cannot forget the poor who are always with us and what we owe to them; but dare we forget the Splendour always within us and what we owe to It?—ED.]

It was reserved for our generation to glorify vice by calling it virtue.

—MAHATMA GANDHI

MODERN SOCIETY is currently facing a conflict of cultures where the traditional pattern and forms of testimony and authority are unable to meet the challenge of the rapidly changing developments and conditions. Among the many problems confronting mankind today, three stand foremost, of which the chief one, the problem of poverty, commands energy and enthusiasm for its solution only after the development of means of self-destruction and the contest to conquer space. In a brief but stimulating comment on the present arms race, nuclear testing and what is graphically described as popular euthanasia, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith remarked:—

> Some day, in some way, in anger and misunderstanding, someone will pull the trigger. In the resulting ruin, there will be nothing to distinguish capitalists from communists or free enterprise from the planned economy. The ashes will be exceedingly homogeneous

The present predicament has already divided public opinion into three or four distinct groups: those who are blissfully ignorant of the danger ahead; those who know the danger and have passed beyond the point of terror; those who wilfully close their eyes to the realities of the situation; and yet others who, in sheer desperation, are weary of it all. Of all these categories, it is those in the last, who throw up their hands in despair, imagining that the problems of the world can no longer be solved, who will be responsible for the final catastrophe implicit in the grim phrase: "The ashes will be exceedingly homogeneous."

"There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," says the Bible; and a shadow of the blight of doom is arising anew which is comparable to that which overtook Græco-Roman society. There is something of the inevitability of a Greek drama in the inexorable move-

ment of events. While the Greek heroes had to contend with adverse natural forces beyond their control, the evil of the modern tragedy seems to be focused in the laws of economics. As Gandhiji put it: "Formerly, men were made slaves under physical compulsion; now they are enslaved by temptation of money and of the luxuries that money can buy."

Economics is the dogma of modern times by which men swear and it fulfils the same inquisitory role which faith did in the mediæval ages. Economics has set up its own priests. Only their titles are different today; they are now called statisticians, experts and analysts. Like an unwise gardener, economists have devised plans to keep all rotten trees growing while cutting down the nursery and throwing away the good seed — because some statisticians have warned them that they would be planting too thickly. Such seems the basis of the Plan which will kill future generations in advance, under the alluring name of a higher standard of living. In the name of this new Moloch, we are getting used to the paradox of poverty amidst plenty.

In tune with the economic law of burning coffee in Brazil and throwing milk into the Mississippi to keep up the prices of these commodities, we are advised to practise what Kierkegaard has characterized a "pardonable and even necessary deception." We are advised by economists to throw away the seed or sow it on stony ground, and if necessary even indulge in infanticide, so that our standard of living can be kept up. Kierkegaard asks pertinently regarding our solicitude for the future:—

> Are we so certain of our duties and obligations that we have reached the highest stage and that there is nothing left for us except to plan for the future so that at last we can have something to occupy our time? Is this the self-deception needed by the present generation? Is this the field in which they should be trained in the virtuosity, or are they not all too perfect in the art of self-deception? Or do they not rather need an honest gravity, dauntless and incorruptible, to point out their tasks; an honest gravity which will guard their tasks with a loving care, not terrifying men into a desire to leap towards the highest, but preserving their tasks young and beautiful and charming to see, appealing to all men, while remaining difficult and such as will appeal to noble minds: for only the difficult arouses the enthusiasm of noble minds?[1]

By such devious plans is humanity being driven to a precipice, where ancient ideals are given the go-by and it is being brought to a new form

[1] *Fear and Trembling* (Oxford, 1946), p. 167.

of slavery which is disruptive of coherent social relations. What is one to say of a society where Man is forcibly put on the Procrustean bed of Economics? Are not men and women fast becoming victims of a powerful instrument of deculturization, stripping them of all ideals and re-fashioning them as means for mere economic production? Is there not an element of irony too, when the blight threatens to engulf ancient Aryavarta, the land of Buddha and Gandhiji, where the only sin recognized is that of disbelief in the potential powers of the human spirit? Prime Minister Nehru declared in a memorable broadcast on January 30th, 1948, the day of Gandhiji's assassination:—

> The light that shone in this country was no ordinary light. The light that has illumined this country for these many years will illumine this country for many more years and a thousand years later it will give solace to innumerable hearts.

If that light is to continue to illumine our paths, then it is only right that we should recall Gandhiji's beliefs and try, as far as possible, to translate them into practice. Are not many of the ills that plague the country today due to the fact that the executors of the national policies have ignored, if not altogether forgotten, the plan of the Architect today?

Gandhiji's conception of Indian civilization was one of high moral tone and he spared no words in decrying recent trends in civilization which were modelled on the materialism of the West as "propagating immorality." Even as early as 1908, in the outline of his concept of Hind Swaraj, he boldly declared that any civilization which seeks primarily to increase bodily comforts is irreligion, and added:—

> It has taken such a hold on the people in Europe that those who are in it appear to be half mad. They lack real physical strength or courage. They keep up their energy by intoxication. They can hardly be happy in solitude. Women, who should be the queens of households, wander in the streets or they slave away in factories — for the sake of a pittance.

While admitting the fact that in no part of the world and under no civilization have all men attained perfection, he was yet confident of the greatness of Indian civilization, of which he wrote thus:—

> The tendency of Indian civilization is to elevate the moral being, that of the Western civilization is to propagate immorality. The latter is Godless, the former is based on a belief in God. So understanding and so believing, it behoves every lover of India to cling to the old Indian civilization even as a child clings to a mother's breast.

But it is not to be inferred from this that Gandhiji was in any way insular or chauvinistic, for his love embraced all peoples of different races, creeds and countries and he had always acknowledged a debt to the West, especially as it revealed and translated the hidden treasures of ancient culture. He wrote: "I have come upon this inestimable boon that all that is permanent in ancient Hindu culture is to be found in the teachings of Jesus, Buddha, Muhammed and Zoroaster."

The need for a similar perception of basic unity of East and West was stressed by U Thant, the U.N. Secretary-General, in a recent televised interview when he declared:—

> I think in the East traditionally the stress is more on the moral and spiritual development of man. I think we try to realize, we try to get at the truth by contemplation and meditation. We try to explore what is happening inside of us. I think what we need now, both in the West and the East, is some sort of happy compromise between these two concepts.

Through all the numerous speeches and statements of Gandhiji runs the golden chord: his love of everything Indian. He wrote: "Everything in India attracts me. It has everything that a human being with the highest possible aspirations can want." The patterns of true culture are ever to be found deep in the heart of man; for in all the literatures of the world is seen the emphasis laid on such basic concepts as love of the poor, hospitality, chastity, compassion and respect for elders and teachers. These words of an elder statesman of India, Shri C. Rajagopalachari, reiterate the significant qualities of Indian culture, which, he feels, may "not perhaps be in conformity with the economic doctrines or with the philosophy of individual comforts," but "they are essential to Indian culture, and it is not improbable that economic philosophy too may come back to them." He adds:—

> Culture can never promote, but is always opposed to selfishness or physical pleasures. Indeed, culture consists in the sacrifice of these things. The more automatic that sacrifice, the greater the culture. Multiplication of wants is the opposite of culture. . . .
>
> Returning to fundamentals, let me end by repeating that Indian culture is self-restraint, which is Yoga. The rebellious self can never be completely disciplined, but the constant effort in daily life to control and restrain it, is what we call culture. It makes us companionable, and thereby life becomes pleasant for everyone. We cannot wish for culture in others, ourselves escaping from it. (*Satyam Eva Jayate,* Vol. I)

As true civilization has never rested on material progress, humanity will yet see its basis in spiritual endeavour, self-control and perception

of the divine. It is the path which this ancient land of India has always shown and, to the extent to which man strays away from it, he will find himself beset with all sorts of problems, difficulties and darkness. In times gone by he has not trusted in the will-o'-the-wisp of material desires, masquerading in the name of progress, but held aloft the well-tried lamp of trust and faith through knowledge in the Divine; he must keep to the old road. The split atom could only lead to destruction, and science will be helpless till it keeps its tryst not only in the mind of man but in the cave of his heart, where alone lies the mystery behind all science, smaller than the atom, yet exceeding all the universes.

ARGUS

A MOMENT

Two white ponies stand in the paddock,
Motionless among black tree-trunks and the snow.
Like horses arrested in a Chinese painting
They share the invulnerability of art—
The moment detached from time, eternalized.
Seeing them, we experience too the poignancy
Of art, knowing that though the artist's vision
Is eternal, his tools are not. Everything,
Everything that moves is mortal, the smallest detail
Witnessed in decay.... Only love—
Love and imagination only have mastery
Over time, can fix the moment for ever
Upon silk, or, with no craft at all,
By the heart's concentration, by sheer intensity
Of love, transfer its living image from spirit
To Spirit, printing it on the Divine Memory.

CLIVE SANSOM

THE HORSE IN INDIAN LORE

[**Shri M. V. Sridattasarma** is in the personal service of H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, being in charge of some religious establishments. He has contributed to several journals on the subject of his main interest, which is Indology. This essay brings together from very wide sources a wealth of quotations which indicate the place of the horse in the Indian mind — bent on war, or seeking images to express psychological truths, or making mighty myths of the Cosmos itself.—ED.]

REFERENCES to the horse (*Equus Cabalus*, with its characteristic hoof) are abundant in the Vedic, Puranic and classical literature, throwing light on the conceptions held from time to time as also the part played by it as a domesticated animal in the life of the Aryan.

Etymologically, the term *aśva* (the Sanskrit word for horse) is interpreted as that which consumes a large quantity of food (*Aśnute, adhvānam vyāpnoti mahāsano vā bhavati*). The Vedic Aryan always prayed to the higher spirits to protect this important companion (*Mā no aśveṣú rīriṣaḥ*). The horse was considered to be part of one's valuable possessions and symbolized wealth as also affluent circumstances. It is said that when the goddess of wealth pays a visit she is preceded by the horse (*Aśvapoorvām rathamādyām*). Accordingly, in the *Kaṭha Upaniṣad,* when Nachiketas approaches Yama for initiation into the knowledge of that state of liberation which transcends the empirical state, the latter dissuades and offers instead transient pleasures in the form of herds of cattle, elephants, gold and horses (*Bahūn paśūn hastihiraṇyamaśvān*). The *Brahmavaivarta Purana* refers to the origin of the horse. It is stated that a team of white beautiful horses came out from the left ear of Krishna. Of these, one white horse was given away to Dharma to serve as a vehicle. It is stated in the *Vishnu Purana* that a descendant of Bhṛgu presented one thousand white steeds, each possessing one black ear, as a bridal gift for marrying Satyavati, daughter of Gadhi or Kauśika. A race of men horse-like in strength were also known by the term *aśva*. The term *aśva* is also used to express the number seven or the sun's horses, which number seven (*Eko aśvo vahati saptanāmā*).

In the discourse relating to the path of splendour, Krishna styles himself as Uccaiśravas among horses (*Uccaiśravasamaśvānām*). This was the favourite horse of Indra which had its genesis at the time of the churning of the ocean. The horse carried away the Gandharvas, served as a runner to the demons and as a horse to the men. Celestial beings

made use of this. It served as a vehicle to Kubera. In iconographic descriptions we see that Kalki, the tenth incarnation of Vishnu, has for his vehicle the horse (Rupamandana).[1] A celestial figure Aśvarudhadevī is depicted as being seated on a horse holding a golden cane in one hand and the reins with the other.

Horse-rearing was a special branch of study (*Aśva-vidyā*). The expert horseman Nala during his peregrinations seeks service under Ṛtuparna as a groom, assuming the name Bāhuka. A person who possesses a broad chest is known as *aśvoraska*. The pace of the horse is a peculiar one and is known as *aśvagati*. This term is also applied to a metre containing four units of sixteen syllables each.

A fiend of the name Hayagrīva procured undue privileges and remained unassailable. When the gods implored Devi, she directed them to appeal to Vishnu for succour. Vishnu at their request incarnated himself in a form half horse and half man. He was named Hayagrīva (the one with the horse's head) and destroyed the demon (*cf. Devī-Bhāgavata*). This god is looked upon as the source of learning, his functions being similar to those of Sarasvati (*cf. Hayagrīvopaniṣad: Ādhāram sarvavidyānām; praṇavodgīthavapuṣe mahāśvaśirase*).

Surya is represented as being seated on a chariot drawn by seven horses (*saptāśvarathasamyuktaḥ*).

Once the initiation of the honey doctrine (*Madhu-vidyā*) was denied to the Āśvins (the twins) by Dadhyan. The latter had been forbidden to impart it by Indra and any violation of his command entailed death. So the Āśvins removed the head of Dadhyan and substituted in its place a horse's head. Dadhyan imparted the doctrine when the Āśvins restored him his former head (*cf., Bṛhadāranyaka Upaniṣad,* II. 5). According to Yāska, the Āśvins were so called because they pervaded everything. Arunabhava, however, derives the word from *aśva* or horse. In *Amśumadbhedāgama* the twins are described as being horse-faced. In *Varāha Purana,* a story is narrated according to which the Sun (Surya) married a girl named *Samjñā,* daughter of Tvaṣṭṛ and through her he begot two children in the form of Yama and Yamuna. As Samjñā was unable to bear the Sun's heat, she departed to Uttarakuru assuming the form of a horse (*badabā*) and left behind her shadow (*chāyā*). Surya lived with Chāyā and from her had two offspring in Śani (Saturn) and Tapati. When Samjñā's children were ill-treated by Chāyā, they lodged a complaint with Surya. Chāyā was vexed and she inflicted curses on them. This resulted in Yama becoming the lord of the *pretas*

[1] In *Vaikhānasāgama,* Kalki is depicted as possessing a horse's face.

(the dead) and Saturn developing the evil eye. Surya came to know that Samjñā was staying at Uttarakuru (in the form of a mare). He in turn assumed the form of a stallion and united with her. He had the twin children in the form of the Āświns, who personify the two vital airs *Prāṇa* and *Apāna*.

A *kinnara* or celestial chorister is supposed to possess the head of a horse. In the *Atharva Veda*, time is described as a horse with seven reins (*Kālo aśvo vahati sapta raśmiḥ*). The voice of the horse is *heṣārava* (neighing), which corresponds to the sixth musical note, the Dhaivata (A of the European scale) in the Indian gamut—*Dhaivatam heṣate vāji*. In the *Chāndogya Upaniṣad* the fivefold divisions of the *sāman* are meditated upon. Goats represent the syllable *him*, while the sheep indicate the *prastāva*. The cows serve as the *udgītha*, while the horses denote the *pratīhāra*. The human being is the *nidhana*.

In a hymn of the *Ṛgveda*, Agni is compared to the horse which drives away all insects with its tail. He is invoked to see that all sins are warded off with the flames.

In India, the horse played an important rôle in warfare. Cavalry was one of the units of the army. The *Caturanga-bala* (fourfold army) consisted of elephants, cavalry, infantry and chariots drawn either by horses or by elephants.[2] In Vedic times, the horse was tied to a single pole of the chariot in which were seated an archer as well as a charioteer. In the famous war of the *Mahabharata* at Kurukṣetra, we see that Arjuna (the archer) was seated in a chariot driven by Krishna. In an *akṣauhiṇī* (corps) the cavalry unit comprised 65,610 horses. Megasthenes says in his account that there were six divisions of the war office (cavalry, infantry, light mobile armour consisting of chariots, heavy armour drawn by elephants, master's stores and war engines).[3]

In the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* (II. ii. 9) the Yogin is given directions to restrain his mind vigilantly in the very same manner as the charioteer holds under his control the vicious horses that are yoked to the vehicle (*Duṣṭāsva yuktamiva vāhamenam vidvān mano dhārayedapramattaḥ*). A person who has pure senses is termed *Śvetāśa* (white-horse). The famous parable of the chariot is contained in the *Kaṭha Upaniṣad*. The Self as master sits in the chariot in the form of the body drawn by steeds which personify the *indriyas* (senses). If these horses are let loose on the field (consisting of the objects of the senses)

[2] In the Indian game of chess (caduraṅga) pawns are made use of to represent the four divisions.

[3] *Cf.* STUART PIGGOT : *Prehistoric India*.

they may become vicious and run down the wrong path. A person who has a hold over the senses reaches his goal; otherwise he may be drawn back to mundane life. One of the Buddhist Jatakas brings out the same simile. In Plato's *Phaedo* we see a similar analogy. The *Paingala Upaniṣad,* as also the *Maitri Upaniṣad,* repeats the very same idea. (*Indriyāni hayānyāhuḥ viṣayāmsteṣu gocaran.*) The senses are the horses, while the objects serve as the pathway on which they tread. In the same manner as a horse is yoked to a cart the Spirit is attached to the body.

At the time of offering worship to the horse, the intention is that it may co-operate with the master in suppressing enemies (evils). Accordingly a prayer to suit the occasion is offered. The master wishes the horse success in its mission. "*Ripūn nijitya samare saha bhartrā sukhī bhava*" (*Bhavisya Mahāpurāna,* 138.48)—"May you conquer the enemies on the battlefield and be happy together with your master!" The ruler prays for success in his endeavours with his horse, his faithful companion, when he goes on a campaign.

To the Vedic Aryan the horse was an integral limb (part) of the sacrifice. It was common among the rulers of the Aryan fold to observe the sacrifice of the horse. Kings who were victorious by conquering kingdoms and built up empires performed the *Aśvamedha.* The person who performed it was presumed to be a king of kings. The custom in vogue was to let loose the sacrificial horse to roam about from country to country and a guard of troops followed it in its track. When the horse set its feet on foreign soil, the ruler or chieftain concerned was bound either to submit or hinder its march by preparing himself for a fight. After the lapse of one year, the horse was expected to return to its country, when the guardian enforced the submission of princes whom he brought in his train. The king used to jubilate over the victory, and performed the sacrifice, assuming the title of an emperor paramount or sovereign over his subordinate chiefs. Thus we see that our heroes of the epic age also performed the sacrifice after their victories. It was believed that the performance of a hundred such sacrifices would lead to the attainment of the world of Indra, who always tried to obstruct the completion of the hundredth sacrifice; because he was himself a *śatakratu,* the only person eligible for the position of Indra. When Sagara, Rama and Arjuna sent out the sacrificial horses they were intercepted by Kapila, Lava and Kuśa, and Babhruvāhana respectively. The belief was that by the performance of this sacrifice one warded off sins (*Yathāśvamedhah kraturad sarva pāpāpanodanah, cf. Manu-Smṛti,*

XI. 261). Even sins like Brahmanicide were warded off (*Tarati tarati brahmahatyām yo aśvamedhena yajate*). One acquired knowledge also (*Yau cainamevam veda*). The thirteenth book of the *Śatapatha Brāhmana* is styled "*Aśvamedhakānda.*" In the fourteenth *parva* of the *Mahabharata* is narrated the story of the observance of this ritual by the Pandavas (*Tato aśvamedhikam parvam proktam tacca caturdaśam*).

The *Bṛhadāranyaka Upaniṣad* describes the world as a sacrificial horse in the esoteric sense. This is the cosmic horse. The dawn is its head and the Sun its eye. Its breath is the wind, while the year its body. The sky is its back. The atmosphere serves as its belly. The earth is indicative of the hoof and the quarters are its sides. The intermediatory quarters bring about the ideology of the ribs. The seasons are conceived as its limbs, while the months and half-months are suggestive of its joints. Its feet are indicated by the days and nights. Its bones are the stars and the clouds its flesh. The food taken by the horse is interpreted as the sand while the flowing rivers denote its blood vessels. The mountains symbolize its lungs while the growing herbs and trees convey the idea of its hairs. Its front and rear portions are represented by the rising and setting sun. The lightning conveys to one's mind the idea of the horse's yawn (as a result of drowsiness). When the cosmic horse shakes himself, thunder follows. The rain is the result of its urination. The voice indeed is his voice (*Vāgevāsya vāk*). The day and the night which appear in its front and hind portions are the vessels made use of for the sacrifice (being made of gold and silver). The inexhaustible sea served as the source of water for filling up the vessels for the sacrifice. (*Cf.* Ist *Brahmana*).

The great Gupta ruler Samudra Gupta (the Indian Napoleon) is said to have revived the ancient rite of *Aśvamedha* by performing it with appropriate splendour. A few medallions and gold coins struck by him in commemoration of this event have been traced. The figure of the horse standing before the sacrificial post is struck on the coin bearing the Sanskrit legend (*Rājādhirājah pṛthivīm vijitvā divam jayatyāhṛti vājimedhah*).[4] In another type of coin, Samudra Gupta is represented as a cavalier sending his shafts on a lion which attacks him. The zodiacal sign Sagittarius is represented by an archer with a horse by his side.

The horse is a motif on Indian coins of the Indo-Greek and Saka rulers (Azes, Gondopharnes, Azilises, Hippostratus, Philoxenes and Hermaids), Harṣavardhana, Pṛthvīrāj and the Vijayanagar rulers.

M. V. SRIDATTASARMA

[4] *Cf.* C. J. BROWN : *Coins of India.*

INDO-MALAYAN LINKS

[**Shri H. I. S. Kanwar's** sympathetic interest in Southeast Asia has appeared in his previous articles in our pages. He was brought up and educated in Singapore and Malaya, and he has served as a Commissioned Officer in the Indian Armed Forces. In this article he reminds us of historic links between India and Malaysia.—ED.]

IN ANCIENT INDIA, shipbuilding was a prosperous industry. The Jataka tales about pre-Buddhist India period contain references to Indian ships sailing from the Ganges to Ceylon and Malaya. In the Ashokan era, Indians ventured across the Bay of Bengal to Malaya, and *via* the Straits of Malacca to Indonesia.

In his *Arthaśāstra* Chanakya refers to Indian ships proceeding abroad. Ptolemy's writings of the first century reveal the existence of Indian settlements and commerce in Malaya and Indonesia. He mentions "Iabidiu," a Prakrit form of Sanskrit "Javadvipa," a land of seven kingdoms abounding in gold and silver, also alluded to in the *Ramayana.*

In the first thousand years of the Christian era, there were four or five waves of Indian migration to East and Southeast Asia, the settlements being scattered, but mainly on "strategic points and on trade routes." The earliest Indian settlement in Malaya was on the River Merbok in Kedah (ancient Kadaram). Sailing down the west coast, the Indians later reached the "Lion-City" of Singhapura. The writings of that famous Chinese traveller Fahien, in 414 A.D., recorded that the inhabitants there were Brahmans or pagans and that their shrines were dedicated to Brahmanical gods.

Initially out of curiosity and later out of a thirst for knowledge, many Indian scholars and missionaries accompanied the traders to Southeast Asia. Gunavarman left Kashmir in 420 A.D. to spread his gospel in Malaysia, where by the sixth century Buddhism became the predominant religion. The Buddhist scholar, Acharya Chandrakirti, went to Srivijaya, where he was joined by Shrijnan Dipankar, who declared it the headquarters of Buddhism in Southeast Asia. From Nalanda went Dharmapala to Malaya and later to Sumatra, where he spent his last days.

Buddhist teachings gave rise to a more refined culture, from which emerged the mighty state of Srivijaya, which rising to its peak in the eleventh century, lasted seven hundred years. The then existing Indian settlements in Northern Malaya, though at first autonomous city-states, later came under Srivijaya, whose capital was shifted from Palembang

to Langasuka. In the tenth century, the Srivijaya rulers used Sanskrit in their writings and seals instead of signatures to confirm documents

Prior to the reign (1012-24 A.D.) of Rajendra Suran or Chulan of Chula-Mandala in South India (modern Coromandel), there was friendly trade with Kedah, then a Srivijaya dependency. Later, when the friendship broke down, Rajendra led an armada and subdued not only Kedah but also the rest of Srivijaya. In 1084, however, says a Chola document, there existed cordial relations with Malaya. In the Malay Annals, the tales of which are more or less legendary, it is stated that there were five kings of Singhapura, one of them being Raja Suran. This probably has some connection with the Chola-Malayan conflict. Though Rajendra did not stay long in Malaya, his name is still revered by the Perak dynasty. Buddhist Srivijaya fell in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Malaya then came under the Hindu Majapahit empire, which had a highly centralized and efficient government, having excellent taxation, customs and revenue systems. The Majapahits lasted two hundred years and vanished soon after the famine of 1426. The fall was expedited by the ever-growing force of Islam. However, commerce between Malaya and India continued unabated.

A scion of the Srivijaya dynasty founded the port-kingdom of Malacca in 1413, and for a hundred years Malacca existed as an entry port of world trade and a centre from which Arab and Indian missionaries propagated Islam in the islands of the Indian Ocean, thus indirectly maintaining Indian influence there. In 1509, when the Portuguese Admiral Sequeiera approached the king of Malacca for trading rights, the latter followed the advice of the Indian merchants by not only refusing the concession but also arresting the Portuguese. Indian influence was strong until the seventeenth century, when the Pahang Malay (a mixture of the Malaccan Muslim and the pre-Malaccan inhabitant) had not as yet abandoned making human sacrifice to Kali, the goddess of death.

The Indians built many temples and established centres of learning all over the peninsula. Sanskrit came into vogue, resulting in the absorption of many Sanskrit words into the Malay language, and much of the Indian mythology and legend into its literature. Through the medium of Sanskrit, Indian missionaries taught the people both the Hinayana and Mahayana forms of Buddhism, whose influence became most marked in Perlis, Kedah, Kelantan and Trengganu. With the replacement of the old proto-Malay tribal organization by the system of rule by rajahs, state ceremonies were conducted in Sanskrit and officers of

ceremonies were conducted in Sanskrit and officers of state given old Sanskrit titles of rank.

With the advent of the Majapahit, the Malays became acquainted with the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana,* to which their literature and other arts came to owe so much. Even today, during the Malay dances, the whole *kampong* turns out to watch the traditional sword-and-shield dance, based on duelling motions at slow, rhythmic pace, to the accompaniment of drums and pipes, which are typically Indian. Their round shields of hide and metal gongs remind us of similar ones used by some of the hill tribes of Assam today. Up to the fifteenth century, the Malays' national religion was Hinduism, its influence being visible in every sphere of their life today, especially in the eastern part of Malaya.

Despite their being mostly Muslim today, the Malays' background is steeped in Hinduism. Their magicians still invoke Kali, Ganesh and Vishnu in their spells. To the Malays, the earth is suspended on the horns of the bull Nandi (counterpart of the Hindu belief that the universe rests on the hoods of the snake-god Ananta); Shiva is the king of the Jinns, which are regarded as supernatural by Muslims, and the meteors are the shafts of Arjuna. The Malays take out in procession Garuda's effigy and engage in ceremonial ablutions derived from Hinduism and unknown to Islam.

The Indians built great monuments in Java, but none in Malaya. What were the reasons for this? Though Malaya was once a centre of Srivijaya, only a few pockets could be truly regarded as in an advanced state of civilization. Most of Malaya was covered with thick jungles, where the majority of the people lived a nomadic life. Today, despite development by Western powers for the last 450 years, more than three-fourths of Malaya is still jungle. The Indian settlers and missionaries found the Indonesians more receptive to their teachings. Therefore, they by-passed Malaya in this regard and went to Indonesia to erect temples, which are considered among the world's wonders today.

There were, however, many Indian temples and religious symbols in Malaya, though minor in comparison with those in Indonesia, but they are nowhere to be seen today. Some were destroyed, while others were transformed into mosques, or dismantled and their materials used in buildings.

Some twenty-five years ago, Dr. Quaritch Wales, the noted archæologist, during an excavation found one of the oldest pieces of Buddhist work, a small bronze Buddha, which had survived the change-over of the Kedah converts to Islam. Evidently Gupta in style and dating back

to the fifth century, it supports the theory that the earliest Indian immigrants in Kedah came from the Krishna-Godavari region. About the same time, a bronze Buddha (Dr. Van Stein Callenfels judges it to belong to the eighth century) was accidentally picked up by a dredge in a tin-mine at Pengkalau, near Ipoh.

In 1935, Mrs. Wales located the remains of a fifth-century *stupa* on an old course of the Muda River in Wellesley, where in 1834 Captain James Low found a fifth-century Buddhagupta Mahavanika inscription, which is now kept in the Indian Museum at Calcutta. According to Anderson's *Catalogue of the Indian Museum* (Part II, 1883), details of this votive inscription are:—

> A slab, 2′2″ high, by 1′1.5″ broad at the lower end, and 11.5″ at the other extremity, the curved and inscribed face being narrower than the back, each side as well as the face on each of its margins being inscribed. The figure of a Burmese pagoda is delineated in outline between the last mentioned inscriptions. The base of the pagoda is apparently nearly square, of some height, whilst the dome-like portion is almost round and cupped by a long stalk-like pinnacle, with seven umbrellas at wide intervals on the round stem, which ends above in two half circles, inverted towards each other. The figure given of this sculpture in the Journal of the Asiatic Society is inaccurate. Nothing has been placed on record regarding the discovery of the slab beyond what follows.
>
> "This slab was discovered by Captain James Low, M.A., S.C., near the ruins of an old Buddhist temple in Province Wellesley, in 1834, and was presented by him to the Asiatic Society of Bengal on the 14th January, 1835."

The votive inscription contains the Buddhist doctrine of Karma and a mutilated passage which, translated, reads thus:—

> . . . of the great Sea-Captain Buddhagupta, a resident of RAKTAMRITTKA. . . . By all means, in all, in all respects . . . all . . . be (they) successful in their voyage.

The Malays had no written language of their own. With the advent of Buddhist and Hindu cultures, they were taught Sanskrit by the Indian immigrants. Hence their language absorbed many Indian words, which to this day may be recognized, though they appear with certain changes effected by the passage of time. When the Arabs converted the Malays to Islam, Muslim missionaries from India also went to Malaya, and introduced Indian and foreign words having Urdu, Persian and Arabic bases. The Malay language is therefore a mixed tongue, which readily absorbed words from the languages of immigrants, including

the Chinese. Nevertheless, the advent of Islam and of non-Indian foreigners could not wipe out the Indian influence, which continues to this day.

Tracing back the anthropology of the Malays leads to interesting results, because it is found that their branch on the family tree of mankind meets those of Indian origin. It is said that the earliest people living in Malaysia in the early Pleistocene Age and represented by the Java Man spread to Africa, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and the various island groups in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. On this pre-Malay substratum was superimposed the culture of three distinct types of peoples. The Semangs are of Negroid prototype, their counterparts being found in the Andamans, Papua, Philippines and newly recorded groups in Indonesia. They are found in Kedah, Perak and northern Pahang. Initially supposed to be the racial blend of the ancestors of the Andaman Negritos, they were further subjected to racial admixture from the Palace-Alpina Negritos of the north, of whom the Karens may be the sole remnants, and created the Sakai strand in the Malay Peninsula.

The Malay race left its cultural imprint in a wide semi-circular zone from Madagascar to the Moluccas, with India at the apex. In Ceylon, they were known as Moors. This zone saw vast cultural and racial shifts of the Malay people in prehistoric times, leaving an indelible impress on the racial set-up of Southeast Asia. Anthropologists and philologists maintain that their original homeland was either in South India or South China. Professor Krom believes that they occupied Indo-china about 2000 B.C. and may have halted there for a long time prior to immigrating southwards to Malaya and Indonesia.

H. R. Logan, in a series of papers published at Singapore between 1850 and 1857 in the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, demonstrated the relationship existing between certain peoples of Further India and the Khasis. In 1906, Dr. Schmidt established the kinship of Khasis not only with the Mon-Khmer languages but also Nicobarese and several dialects spoken by wild tribes in Malaya. He also tried to demonstrate that the Indonesian and Mon-Khmer group of languages belong to one linguistic family, known as Austric. As past researches have proved that the large linguistic family in Peninsular India known as Kolarian, now generally called the Munda (the main tribes of which are the Santhals, the Mundas and Korkus) has affinities with the Khasis, it is evident from the foregoing that at some stage a link existed between the Malays and the tribes in the hilly region of Chhota Nagpur and parts of the Satpura Range.

S. E. Peal, in an interesting paper published in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* in 1896, referred to the similarity of "singular shoulder-headed celts" found in 1875 in the Malay Peninsula and in Chhota Nagpur. In the same year, while touring Ledo and Tilak, Naga villages east of Makum in the Lakhimpur District in Assam, he found iron implements and miniature hoes used by Nagas similar to those discovered in Malaya. Further proof of Khasi connections with the Malays is given by the fact that right in the heart of the Peninsula, in Negri Sembilan, prevails the custom of matriarchy, which also exists among the Khasis today.

From the foregoing, it will be clear how close Indo-Malayan cultural links have been from ancient times to the modern. The study of this subject is fascinating, for, as Dr. Sir Richard Winstedt says:—

> The more one studies the subject, the more one realizes the immense debt that Malaya owes to India for folk-tales as well as for language, religion, custom, literature, and general culture.

H. I. S. KANWAR

THUS SPAKE BHARTRIHARI

Resignation

Oh God! Should it be ever mine to see
The day when, perfect, sweet serenity
Blessing my spirit, this corporeal frame
To Pain and Pleasure will indifferent be?

Oh for the days when sitting on the grand
And moon-blanched bank of Holy Ganga's sand—
My eyes o'erflowing with the tears of love—
Lord Siva's name enraptured I shall chant!

Translated by R. C SHAH

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

Arnold the Poet. By HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN. (Bowes and Bowes, London. 158 pp. Frontispiece. 1962. 21*s.*)

This is an excellent book, lucid, well balanced, fair. It is one which should be in the hands of every student of Victorian poetry.

Arnold must always at his highest be the poet of the few, "a literary man's poet," but as an intellectual, a poet of the mind, he should appeal to many more in this age of realism. A certain freedom of metre, a delusively simple handling of words, makes also for easy reading. In the words of Mr. Duffin, "the strings of the heart are lightly touched to music, the music of Chopin if not the music of Mozart."

There was too in Arnold a deep despair, a disillusionment with living, which can find echo in a threatened age. The fact is curious: his comfortable circumstances, a happy marriage, a useful and not uncongenial career, should, regarded superficially, have made Arnold a happy man. Was it the shadow of that powerful father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, hovering over him? Or (and this is a personal and perhaps frivolous view) did he suffer from some bilious complaint? Indeed the portrait given by Mr. Duffin suggests it. Yet, apart from his poetry, Arnold appears to have been a cheerful and amusing man. His niece, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, declared that it was exhilarating to be with him. But that there was some flaw in his health may perhaps be suggested by a family opinion, reported by Mr. Duffin, that Arnold was "rather like Mr. Woodhouse."

Arnold was, Mr. Duffin tells us, early infected with the negative philosophy of the German Obermann, who found life but an existence to be endured; and that, though gaining in strength of soul with the years, the poet was never entirely free from a certain bitterness in life, a non-acceptance, a wish that "the long unhappy dream would end." True it is that he mellowed, coming nearer to the Christian point of view — though never accepting its dogma — and attained to a certain optimism:—

> The world's great order dawns in sheen
> After long darkness rude,
> Divinelier imaged, clearer seen,
> With happier zeal pursued.

But, as Mr. Duffin points out, though Arnold is a poet of strife, of discontent, he is also a giver of serenity; serenity in a joy of nature, in tender visions of the English countryside, as in looking back on those walks with Arthur Clough in "Thyrsis":—

> ..in the sweet spring-days,
> With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
> And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
> And scent of hay new-mown.

Then there is a love of water, from celebrations of his beloved Thames to an apotheosis in a favourite poem of Mr. Duffin's, "A Dream," in which the poet and a friend voyage on a mountain stream: "The darting river of Life, ...Loud thundering," down on to the "burning Plains, Bristled with cities" until they reach the wide sea. The sea itself too is given us vividly, hauntingly to the ear in "Dover Beach," "Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand":—

> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,

Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow. . .

The sea too has given us Arnold's most popular poem, "The Forsaken Merman," beloved of children but much more than a mere fairy tale with its

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep

— the whole pregnant with a yearning emotion of love.

My own favourite poem, a "water" poem, is "The Hayswater Boat," that quite poignant picture of an old and battered craft adrift on "black chafing water" with its strangely moving conclusion:—

The boat hath drifted in the bay —
The oars have moulder'd as they lay —
The rudder swings — yet none doth steer.
What living hand hath brought it here?

I have personally to thank Mr. Duffin for bringing me to Matthew Arnold with a new enthusiasm, and I am sure many other readers will thank him too. Altogether a book much to be recommended.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

Folk Legends of Japan. By RICHARD M. DORSON. Illustrated by YOSHIE NOGUCHI. (Charles E. Tuttle Company, Vermont, U.S.A.: Tokyo, Japan. European Representatives: Prentice-Hall, Ltd., London. 256 pp. 1962. $4.75; 38*s*.)

In Japan, a land of frequent earthquake and typhoon, it is not surprising that many folk tales reveal an almost psychopathic fear of monsters and disaster. The *kappa* water-ogre that lurks in ponds and rivers and the long-nosed *tengu* goblin that flies down from the mountains have long been a source of terror to Japanese villagers. Even today the comic cartoons of these creatures that appear in Japanese newspapers have not entirely lost their sinister aspect. Hiroshima and Nagasaki must have done much to perpetuate subconscious belief in flying *tengu* capable of burning men to death.

Professor Richard M. Dorson's collection *Folk Legends of Japan* reflects the monster obsession strongly. Some of the stories have (at any rate to squeamish Western minds) unpleasant themes, dealing with the cruder aspects of defecation and even cannibalism — for instance, "The Priest Who Ate a Corpse." Others, such as "Feather-Robe Stone Mountain," have the fairy-tale charm that has long endeared traditional Eastern folk stories to Western hearts.

The Western reader may find the Japanese obsession with being born of a serpent mother rather strange. The notion of being fox-possessed, or haunted by the souls of departed cats, has passed out of the consciousness of most people West of Suez. However, the English, who are often deeply attached to the idea of hunting foxes, and more often than not completely obsessed by pet cats or dogs, can scarcely afford to throw stones at the Japanese! Indeed, in many ways, the islands of Japan have extraordinary psychotic parallels to the British Isles.

Professor Dorson's book is one for the folk specialist rather than the child. He has done his research most thoroughly, and has certainly made a contribution to the field. Miss Yoshie Noguchi's illustrations are delightful — perhaps misleadingly delightful in the case of the more macabre tales. No one should be persuaded by their charm to place this book in the hands of anyone under sixteen.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Diagnosis of Man. By KENNETH WALKER. (Penguin Books in association with Jonathan Cape, London. 259 pp. Revised edition, 1962. 5*s*.)

Few intelligent men would dare to write a book with this specific title. Such a work demands qualifications rarely found in one man. Fortunately for the increasing number of people anxious and able to profit by authoritative research today, the author of this amazing treasure-house of knowledge, stored with admirable selectiveness and control, clearly possesses what is necessary.

Mr. Walker's deep religious feeling and keen insight alone must have taken this fearless and informed thinker to the heights as a philosopher. But his medical calling has provided him with scientific training too, which enables him to check the discoveries of his other faculties and relate the findings of the seers in the realm of higher consciousness to down-to-earth facts demonstrable in the laboratory. This combination gives his guidance a value, in the modern world, which is inestimable.

His early chapter, "The Cell," is startling in its illumination. The myriad purposive cells in the human body are each a separate life, centred in itself, apparently unaware of the essential part it blindly plays in the whole. To those who would hold all men thus part of God this instruction comes as most comforting assurance, lessening their isolation and heartening them to persevere against all pressures which deny their vision.

Mr. Walker allows us access in this one handy volume to much of the wisdom mankind's age-long struggle has achieved. A man of science himself, he uses his own developed rational powers in drawing extensively on the scientists, on Hindu, Christian, Muslim, Buddhist and other religious sources; and on philosophers, psychologists and the entire range of serious thinkers, correlating their various conclusions and seeing them as part of the whole, to present an explanation of life and man's part in it that should make sense to any honest seeker and withstand reasoned attack from whatever quarter. Even the difficult subject of Existentialism is made plain and given its place in the new edition of this most enlightening work.

Penguin Books are to be congratulated for issuing such a wealth of guidance at so cheap a price.

D. S. MAXTED

Indian Philosophy of Education. By HUMAYUN KABIR. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 256 pp. 1961. Rs. 12.50)

This collection of Convocation Addresses may be conveniently divided into two parts: pp. 1-165 and pp. 166-256. Such burning questions of the day as educated unemployment, politics and education, planning and education, technological education, etc. are dealt with in the first part. Professor Kabir's analyses of the ills afflicting Indian education are penetrating and the remedies suggested are noteworthy.

It is in the second part of the book that we find what is most valuable in Professor Kabir's contribution to the philosophy of Indian education. He analyses the core values of Indian culture. The address on "Ancient Ideals" is the most valuable in the book, revealing the true Indian outlook on life, the Indian conception of man and his destiny, the Indian aims of education: the values which inspired the philosophy of education in ancient India. In fact, here is the Indian philosophy of education in a nutshell. Any reform of Indian education not based on Indian values is bound to fail.

Many there are who tend to think of

the Indian philosophy of education as a chimera. To them this book will be an eye-opener. And for serious students of Indian education, this volume will serve as a powerful stimulus to original thinking.

P. S. NAIDU

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Vol. 5: A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty: Aquibat· Life After Death: The Phenomenon of the Soul: Love, Human and Divine: Pearls from the Ocean Unseen: Metaphysics. (Published for International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 256 pp. Frontispiece. 1962. 32*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume reprints further books first published during 1910-20 which contained parts of the Sufi message given by Hazrat Inayat Khan to pupils in London. It will be of interest to readers who have been influenced by *The Secret Doctrine* by Madame Blavatsky or by such books as *The Perennial Philosophy* by Aldous Huxley.

Hazrat Inayat Khan states that "the fundamental basis of all religions and beliefs is one: *Haq*, or truth," and, again, that "Truth in its realization is one; in its representation it is many." Nevertheless he makes no sustained attempt to either justify or illumine such statements. In much that he has to say on such topics as spiritual liberty, the phenomenon of the soul, life after death, many will recognize new representations of old truths; but there are bold statements of doctrine which rest apparently on no other basis than the author's say-so.

The Message is lofty in tone but lacks coherence and intellectual appeal. For example, on p. 16 he refers to God as the Absolute, while on p 48 he describes God's forgiveness.

To read the volume is to spend some hours in a pleasant garden of flowers. Then if one turns to the desert of man's doubt one must ask oneself what is the relevance of the experience undergone.

G. H. BROWN

The Life of Milarepa: Tibet's Great Yogi. By LOBZANG JIVAKA. Condensed and adapted from the original translation of W. Y. EVANS-WENTZ (The Wisdom of the East series. John Murray, London: The Grove Press, Inc., New York 174 pp. 1962. 12*s.* 6*d.*; $2.95)

The Wisdom of the East series, originally the offspring of the Orient Press, was sold in the very early days of the century at 1*s.* (16mo. Cloth limp). Then it was taken over by John Murray, still under the general direction of the co-editor J. L. Cranmer-Byng, and became a fine, and what must be a unique, series of scriptures, philosophies and literatures of the Near, Middle and Far East. The copies have now improved in production, grown in size and girth, and also, alas, in price — perhaps other readers than the reviewer miss the handy pocket format.

The present *Life of Milarepa* (W 59) is obviously a companion to *The Message of Milarepa* (W 55). Written in a lively style, it is popularly intended, as the introduction states, for the non-Buddhist reader. The *Life* is related by himself and by his disciple Rechung. Milarepa becomes first a sorcerer, but, with remorse, eventually develops, after many difficulties, into a wonder-working Yogi of the Higher Tantra, whose boast is, "I have obtained Deliverance from the world of illusion." His

death at eighty-four is accompanied by psychic marvels before the crowd of disciples, whom he bids "cultivate a loving devotion to all parts of the Dharma [the Divine Law] and set up the Banner of Love. . . ."

It is very readable, and the teaching quoted offers food for thought, but there may be other readers who are also left with various puzzles. Why, since the purpose of the Buddha was to free men from the false sense of self, are so many Buddhist personages addicted to autobiography, with all the personal details ("I-Me-My"), as here, and even to what, to a mere Westerner, looks like boasting? Why, for the same reason, is there such an emphasis on the acquisition of psychic powers, *e.g.*, the "Vital Heat" and the insistence on being initiated? And, finally, what kind of *guru* (teacher) is he that jesuitically incites the pupil to evil that good may perhaps come? There are many such questions the book evokes as to "the Way of the Spiritual Life" — and that is to the good — but it leaves one distinctly dubious as to whether, despite many noble precepts, "this is It."

L. MARR

The Decline of the West. By OSWALD SPENGLER. An Abridged Edition by HELMUT WERNER. English Abridged Edition perpared by ARTHUR HELPS from the translation by CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 393 pp. 1961. 32*s*.)

Spengler, like Marx, is more often quoted than read at length. The bare bones of his determinist philosophy of history are familiar to many who make no claim to possessing the extraordinary range of knowledge necessary to follow and assess critically the arguments from history, philosophy, religion, science, and art, that he organizes with such a show of omniscience in support of his themes.

Now, we have here a very well prepared and produced edition of Spengler's "masterpiece," severely abridged, yet preserving the flavour of his assertive, biting, at times caustically humorous, always pungent, style — and maintaining, even clarifying, the thread of his argument. Yet, one might well doubt whether one should seriously recommend other than scholars of the history of European thought to tackle four hundred pages of Spengler. One still has to be well-nigh omniscient to meet this remarkable man on the ground of his choosing. And why bother, now that his brand of determinism has lost its freshness, its capacity to shock — and Toynbee has done it all so much better, in more modern idiom, with more clarity and balance?

One may doubt, but should not. For it would really be a pity if this edition did not introduce Spengler's work to a wider audience. One need not take him at his own valuation, nor need one accept his whole philosophy, to be impressed, stimulated, and at times just plainly entertained, by his thoughts and themes. His penetrating observations have a value of their own, regardless of whether or not they legitimately add up together to form the picture of his fertile imagining. This reviewer, anyway, assuredly accepts the modest verdict of Arthur Helps, whose short, lucid preface is so refreshingly sensible and free from idolatry, when he simply says: "there is much good sense in Spengler." Indeed, there is; and this edition is an admirable form in which to find it.

ALAN DE RUSETT

A Study of History. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. Abridgement by D. C. SOMERWELL. (Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford University Press, London. xix+1003 pp. 1960. 45*s*.)

This is a most interesting book to read. In its tremendous sweep of 4000 odd years round the world, one sees how, what is today recognized as sound empiricism and meticulously rich logic is arbitrarily used and dropped to arrive at glib generalization. One can see why. Generalization is a very attractive thing in a human world as bafflingly and richly various, and with as long a past, as ours. But surely this calls for an equally cautious study, an equally complicated and if necessary untidy, formulation of knowledge. There is of course room for *conjecture*, but then it should be recognized as such if a good conjecture is to aid knowledge.

Mr. Toynbee's thesis is broadly this: The "intelligible" unit of study in history is not a period or a nation but a society. (Why so categorical? Why not simply: "For the scope and purpose of this study the intelligible unit is 'societies' "? For the unit adopted must logically vary with the ends of a study.) Some societies are civilizations. Of these some are extinct, some arrested, some abortive and some (he thinks only the Western Civilization) existent. His definition of "civilization" is quite (one feels, rather too) clear. The price he pays for it is immense generality.[1] Civilizations, he says, have the "common property" of "movement," characterized by "challenge and response" on the part of society. When responses are "successful" in a series, and each successful response begets its new challenge, we have a "growing" civilization; when "unsuccessful," a "disintegrating" civilization. Growth is marked by "differentiation" and lead in the society; disintegration by a "schism." The challenge may be environmental, of social and political organization or economic. In any case, the response comes from the "creative" minority — and the mass of the people follow by "mimesis." But mimesis may "break down" or the leading minorities lose their creativity and become "dominant" minorities This may happen because the minorities have "lost faith" or become tyrannical (as in Russia), or self-idolatrous, or because they prove "too ahead of times" for mimesis to catch up. But in their creative phase the minorities act on the principle of "withdrawal and return" — withdrawal for self-enlightenment and return to lead the unenlightened masses (*e.g.* Moses's withdrawal to Mt. Sinai, and Machiavelli's withdrawal — or banishment? — from Florence). The challenge however must be of an optimum degree, and the response too has an "optimum." Too little challenge would not excite. Too much would defeat. While too successful a response would make the civilization "rest on its oars" (hence the abortive civilizations).

Mr. Toynbee claims his method is "scientific" and "based on evidence." He believes this method has a validity for history (a) because he believes in free will; (b) because he sees the method is useful to eradicate monstrous superstitions like the overpowering importance of "race" or of "environment"; and (c) because he believes that a study of history is epistemologically on the same footing as anthropology, sociology, psychology and economics. Since the method is applicable in these studies it may well be in history.

This is worth exploring. It is true that all including history, are human studies, but there is an important difference. Economics, psychology, sociology have strictly detailed criteria for the choice of their units for comparison,

[1] WITTGENSTEIN: *Philosophical Investigations*, I, passages 65–75.

ogy have strictly detailed criteria for the choice of their units for comparison, and if the units are not sufficiently similar for comparability they would fall within the scope of another study and another system of generalizations. Thus we have economics for growing economies and economics of industrial economies; psychology for specific sections of Western urban individuals, and psychology of, say, the black South African. What is important still, is that the test of a good generalization in these studies is its applicability in identifying and handling *new* cases. The risk common to all human studies, *viz.* that people cannot be predicted and generalized about as easily as things in physics and chemistry, is multiplied in world history where the points of comparison are not simply physically and temporally, but more so psychologically, ethically and conceptually worlds and ages apart. Moreover, even Mr. Toynbee fails to provide any adequate future-dimension to his laws of history.

Mr. Toynbee does of course make allowance (everywhere and especially in modern history) for the law of God which presumably makes history unpredictable, and which Mr. Toynbee brings in facilely to his rescue for the enormous residues that leak through his own too general explanation. Significantly, it is by his summary treatment of very recent history that a most interesting and important problem in the study of history is camouflaged: It is when a wealth of contradictory detail is available that the problem of the elusive (or illusive?) dividing line between fact and fiction crops up and complicatedly qualified answers in history then seem necessary though so troublesome to formulate.

Another interesting problem in history which Tocqueville (*cf.* his notes on India)[2] seems to have realized in the 19th century and Mr. Toynbee not till 1955 (not anyway in this book) is that you cannot analyze the history and milieu of a very different part of the world in terms of concepts and patterns native to another. The "cannot" is not logical, but epistemological — it is in the interest of knowledge. One *could* nevertheless insist on doing this and "prove" one's point in Toynbee's sense of the word, but the so-called empirically discovered law becomes a mere tautology, uninteresting except as an outrage of factual accuracy. The reason is that conditions are much too richly various between two civilizations to fit reasonably into the same words or concepts in any one's language. And concepts like "civilization," "successful response," "elan," "growing civilization," "optimum" challenge or response, "withdrawal and return for creative leadership" are not purely descriptive. They tend to have, and especially so with Mr. Toynbee, a basis in value judgments.

In general, Mr. Toynbee seems undecided (perhaps unconsciously so) between his rôles of "Christian propagandist" and "scientist" (or "dispassionate historian"). And one can nowhere escape the feeling (not even in his simile of the march of civilizations as men climbing the sheer face of a cliff — some never climb, some climb to a ledge and sleep in contentment, some — only one — is left climbing to the top) that Mr. Toynbee has Western Civilization, with its Christian tradition, its acknowledged base in Hellenic culture, and what he thinks it ought to orientate to, as a notional norm. It is in relation to this notional norm that all his definitions seem formulated and patterns "discovered" for world history.

In his equation of the Catholic Church of the later Roman Empire with the Hindu Church of the Gupta Empire one finds a similar conceptual glibness. He says they are both uni-

[2] TOCQUEVILLE'S Notes on India, *cf. Encounter*, May 1962.

versal churches that held together their universal state in its phase of disintegration. Quite so. But in this general statement are suppressed a hoard of important differences which may make one hesitate to put the two in the same category. One may doubt the comparable similarity of the two: The Catholic Church had an existent and rigid dogma. It was professedly a proselytizing religion. Its leadership lay specifically with the Pope. The Hindu Church — if one can identify such a unity — was radically different on all three points. Once the absence of such parallels is granted, it becomes difficult to say: "the two acted in the same say" — except metaphorically.

Had Mr. Toynbee claimed for his "Study of History" the logical status of "An Essay in a Metaphysic of History" or had named it so, one might more reasonably appreciate its partial contribution to the understanding of history. But nowhere does his language indicate such a claim and, presented as a law of nature operative in history, his thesis becomes either tautologous or false. If suitably and complicatedly qualified to make it true for specific cases it becomes meaningless as a *law* in history — because a law is by definition general without being tautologous.

Another requirement of a law seems missing: There are no clearly indicated criteria by which one may in fact identify the various terms in this thesis (like the distinctions between "successful" and "unsuccessful" response, "optimum" and excessive challenge, "withdrawal and return" and banishment, and between "differentiation" and "schism"). It seems that identification is possible only after the event — and that if one is acquainted with the author's own socio-ethical scheme. This is what makes the necessary future-dimension I mentioned earlier impossible to attain.

It is a pity. For *prima facie* a reading of the work with all its imagery and its tidiness gives a sense of satisfaction without much insight.

Very often Mr. Toynbee's "scientific" approach takes such forms: "Having decided that the criteria of growth are not to be found in an increasing command over the human or physical environment, we may fairly assume that loss of such command is not among the causes of disintegration." Formally in a rough way this amounts to:

"A is not the criterion or cause (he uses the logical and the empirical terms interchangeably) *of B.*

∴ Not-A (or even the contrary of A) is not the criterion or cause of not-B (or even the contrary of B."

This surely is neither sound empiricism nor sound logic.

RAJANI XERXES DESAI

Nyāyasāraḥ of BHASARVAJNA, with the commentaries *Nyāyamuktāvalī* of APARARKADEVA and *Nyāyakalānidhi* of ANANDANUBHAVACARYA. Edited by S. SUBRAHMANYA SASTRI and V. SUBRAHMANYA SASTRI (Government Oriental MSS. Library, Madras. 20+300+168 +75 pp. 1961. Rs. 18.00)

Bhāsarvajña's "Essence of Logic" has an important place in the history of Indian logic, as it represents the first systematic attempt made by Hindu logicians at independent thinking in answer to unsparing criticisms made by rival schools like Buddhism. Bhāsarvajña (*c.* 900), like Jayanta, broke away from the beaten track of adding a new gloss to earlier texts and set an example for later champions like Udayana. On many a point — *e.g.*, the nature of Beatitude, the number of *Pramāṇas*, the divisions of fallacies, and the concept of God — this author did not hesitate to give his own original reflections though

they differed from that of Gotama; and soon his work came to enjoy a remarkable reputation in all philosophical circles, as testified by the frequent references to his ideas in later treatises, both orthodox and heterodox, and by the large number of early expositions of the text, beginning with *Nyāya-bhūṣaṇa*.

The commentary of Aparārka — King of Koṅkan in the 12th century — published here for the first time, is very lucid, erudite and brilliant, like his widely famous and authoritative commentary on *Yājñavalkya-smṛti*. It abounds in quotations from many a philosophical work (like the *Nyāya-bhūṣaṇa*) now all but lost; and these are of great value to specialists. Timirāri and Mahāvrata are two thinkers on whose views some new light is shed by this work. Based on a single MS. as it is, some lacunæ have remained in the body of this commentary.

The other commentary by Ānandānubhava, also first published in this volume, is not so remarkable as Aparārka's, though useful in its own way as an aid to the study of *Nyāya-sāra*.

The editors deserve praise not only for their careful editing of this valuable work, but also for their historical and critical Introduction in English as well as in Sanskrit.

K KRISHNAMOORTHY

Truth Called Them Differently (Tagore-Gandhi Controversy). Compiled by R. K. PRABHU and RAVINDRA KALEKAR. Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad 14. 139 pp. 1961. Rs. 1.50)

It is the remark of a fine critic and friend of India that the Tagore-Gandhi controversy was an indication of Indian culture. Two of the greatest sons of modern India agree to differ and differ to agree. They argue with biting logic: but each knows the worth of the other; each holds the other in love and admiration. There is no irony, no bitterness in this controversy. "Controversy," indeed, is a wrong word; it is better to call this correspondence the Tagore-Gandhi exchange of ideas. Gandhiji and Tagore are not afraid of differing from each other — that is the hallmark of their love and culture. Neither is afraid of stating his differences from the other: that is the triumph of their integrity. They are one; they are two aspects of India's Being: Æsthetics and Ethics, Beauty and Truth, Gnosis and Praxis. Finally gnosis knows itself through praxis, and Beauty is Truth.

Kakasaheb Kalelkar in the Foreword calls Gandhi *Karmaveer* and Tagore *Kavindra*. But is not the Tagore of the Visva Bharati a *Karmaveer*? And is not the life of Gandhi one of the noblest epics, and his Non-Co-operation more than Tagore's Cosmopolitanism? "I want the culture of all the lands," he writes, "to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any." In the comparison, Tagore's beautiful cascade of imagery and simile fails before Gandhiji's love and faith and facts. Regarding the economics of the *charkha*, the burning of foreign cloth, the reference to Rammohun Roy and even the Bihar earthquake, Gandhiji wins one over to his side. Gandhiji knew by some miraculous intuition the very heartbeats of every Indian and his words are cousin to the deed.

There are several misprints, awkwardnesses of language and errors in punctuation. In one or two places one wonders if the text is correctly reproduced.

K. VISWANATHAM

Catholicism. Edited by GEORGE BRANTL. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 256 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

"A truth to become acceptable as a truth must first be seen as a good," Dr. Brantl reminds us in his study of Catholicism in the "Great Religions of Modern Man" series. Knowledge is not a matter of pure reason: man's will is brought into play before he can select from the plethora of conflicting ideas that are presented to him. The will to good demands personal discipline, and no man can find truth unless he is prepared to make sacrifices.

The scheme of Dr. Brantl's book is to link relevant passages from the Bible and from Catholic thinkers and scholars and leaders so as to present a cohesive picture of their beliefs and practice. The task, however, is a more difficult one than it might appear. It demands either a work encyclopædic in scale, or, if it is to be achieved in small compass, a very exceptional brilliance of exposition.

Dr. Brantl is both scrupulous and scholarly. He is widely read and he is often able to select the most apt of quotations for his immediate purpose. He has avoided such pitfalls as might come under the heading of "enthusiasm" and preserves a matter-of-fact approach throughout. Yet, while he wins our sympathy by his steady honesty, the cumulative effect of his book is somewhat disjoined and disappointing.

The trouble would seem to be that what is demanded for a work of this nature is a remarkable gift of synthesis combined with a compelling prose style. Few writers have such mastery as to handle it with complete success. One such was undoubtedly Cardinal Newman whose wonderful clarity is illustrated in a number of quotations that Dr. Brantl makes from his works.

GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

Living Peter: A Biographical Study of Pope John XXIII By GLORNEY BOLTON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 208 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This book falls between two stools. It tries to portray the life *and* times of the present Pope John XXIII, and succeeds in covering neither adequately. There is not enough documentation or detail to make it a full-scale biography — and I do not think the author would describe it thus himself. However, even as a biographical sketch there is too much discursive writing around the subject to make it really satisfactory. The long account of the history of the schism between Rome and Byzantium, although interesting in its own right, could have been curtailed. There are so many digressions of this kind woven into the narrative that one tends to lose sight of the original subject of the book. There are also one or two factual errors: for example, Winston Churchill was not Prime Minister of Britain in 1948.

In spite of these limitations, there is much to commend in *Living Peter*. The Pope is clearly drawn as an intensely sympathetic man, full of warmth and wisdom, an ideal conciliator, of great importance to the Ecumenical movement. The straightforward biographical details are described feelingly, as when he visited the Regina Coeli prison in Rome on Boxing Day, 1958, soon after being elected Pope, an action which endeared him to the man-in-the-street. Mr. Bolton is an able narrator (when he does not wander) and one follows with interest the career of Angelo Roncalli, the farmer's son from Bergamo, from his time as a military chaplain during the war, through years in the Balkans and war-torn France, up to the days in the autumn of 1958, when the world

waited for the white smoke signal from the Vatican roof.

Mr. Bolton's digressions, too, are often fascinating, as when he reproduces Lenin's views on the Roman Catholic church:—

> In a century's time, I see only one form of Government — Sovietism — and only one religion: the Catholic.

But the fact that this is included at all gives some idea of how loosely put together this book is.

M. KAYE WHITEMAN

LEAVES FROM A LONDON DIARY

[THIS MONTH **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes from London, and his conversation with his friend does for London what his own musings did for the streets of Paris in his previous month's contribution. — ED.]

IF ANYONE knows London like the palm of his hand it is, I think, my old friend Roland Koraster, educationist, collector, historian. A walk with him anywhere in London is a surprise; little, neglected things come to life and this great metropolis, cumbersome and heavy as it appears, springs to life.

I am too much of a Parisian, I think, to fall in love with London, but I can admire and respect it when Roland is near with his bagful of stories to illustrate every brick and pillar. I must have questioned him a thousand times on every conceivable London or English problem, and I continually provoke him, for the pleasure of his quick, witty responses to my saucy challenges.

"How about a visit to an ancient pub?" I said the other day. "Come," he said, "let me take you for a sandwich and shandy to the Dirty Dick." I looked at him quizzically, but I know from experience that almost anything Roland suggests is bound to be unusual. It is not only that — there is the touch of the artist about Roland and there is always the "eternal gentleman" in him when he escorts you through traffic or smoothly through this alley and by that monument, and every few yards a chapter of British history is born again.

Dirty Dick, when we reached there, proved to be a pub with an atmosphere. It has a snack-bar; its cuisine is, by English standards, delectable; and the floor is sprinkled — a custom still observed — with sawdust. Spitting was once a habit with the customer and sawdust prevented unseemly clots on the floor.

About the Dirty Dick and its history we are told in a once popular song, "The King of the Cannibal Islands":—

> His palace was like Dirty Dick's —
> 'Twas built of mud for want of bricks!

More agreeably, the story is told in some verses in *Household Words*, a journal directed by Charles Dickens. I quote a few lines that tell about Dirty Dick himself, who never washed for forty years.

> In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man,
> Soap, towels or brushes were not in his plan,
> For forty long years as the neighours declared,
> His house never once was cleaned or repaired.

Dirty Dick had once been a dandy, an epicure and an æsthete, but he changed on the death of his beloved bride-to-be. The dandy turned into a

lover of filth

As we sat eating our sandwiches, Roland told me how he had always loved collecting — from cookery books to first editions of Lawrence, Wilde, Huxley, to children's books, postcards and a host of other things.

Children's books, from the seventeenth century to 1880 were his first love As a result he came to be in personal touch with people from all over the world. He spoke about the changes that have taken place in children's books during the past 150 years.

Early books for children were mainly religious and written so grimly that "it seemed incredible children could have slept peacefully through the night." The religious books, always with terrifying illustrations put the fear of God and of the hell of eternal damnation into the minds of the children. It was due to John Newbury in the mid-eighteenth century that for the first time in England books were written from the children's point of view. There was, Roland said, of course, a certain amount of backsliding in the nineteenth century, when dull "moral," instructional books were published in large numbers.

The tendency today is represented by a delightful type of book by Beatrix Potter. Although the Ballantyne style of book is occasionally read it is science fiction which is most popular; the older fairy tales and fables also still continue to be read. As to the quality of production, there is little individuality in book production today though, chiefly in France, monotony has not spread to the same degree.

I next asked Roland about food. Has it improved in this country? Would he agree with George Mikes: "In England you have good table manners; on the Continent you have good food"? By and large, said Roland (a gourmet if ever there was one and a *gastronomique* nourished on Brillat Savarin's classic on food), food had somewhat improved in England. But the great tragedy is the difficulty of obtaining pure food. For most meat is now produced under the broiler system and vegetables are either grown with chemical fertilization or frozen. In both cases the food, even under good conditions, is flavourless. But English food is unobtainable in restaurants. You can still get good food in some English homes in the country.

We talked about other subjects — education, schools and the spirit of modern youth. On all subjects Roland had something fresh to say. The progressive school, as he sees it, is ill-conceived: you have neither order nor freedom, and yet ordered freedom is the aim "Give me," he said, "the preparatory school at its best and you have a sound education — a sound mind in a sound body."

Roland is every bit an Englishman but not in the limited sense. Two Asians, very dissimilar, Lin Yutang and Jayaprakash Narayan, have lauded the Englishman at his best. He is balanced, reliable and, to use a phrase of Johnson's, with a bottom of good sense. And, walking with Roland is a pleasure not to be missed; it is like smoking (if one smokes, that is) a wonderfully fragrant cigar after a hearty meal and equally hearty laughter.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The Times Literary Supplement (August 10th, 1962), in a special number, "A Language in Common," considers for the first time, it claims, the use of the English language in all "its many and far-reaching ramifications."

"The Give-and-Take of English," the first of eleven articles, develops Macaulay's proposition that the study of English is not just utilitarian but also opens up the field of thought and education, of poetry, metaphysics, science and so on. It allows the various peoples to transcend internal barriers and "to address themselves to the world at large." In West Africa, experimentation with English has produced an infinite variety of enrichment. In South Africa, its value as a literary medium for Whites and Africans remains, even though, as a result of political developments, only 45% of White South Africans now speak English, and Afrikaans shares place with it in industry and agriculture. In India, though only 1,500,000 in a population of over 380,000,000 use the English language, Indians have mastered it "in a way that few other races could rival"; and through its medium some of the great figures of modern India have been able to project its thought and values to the world at large.

Scholarly works, covering every range of subject-matter and intended for readers all over the world, are written in a style distinguished by its clarity, directness, simplicity and modesty of approach.

Short-story-writing, autobiography and travel, narrative prose fiction, are all surveyed, and the mingled cosmopolitan and Indian flavour of the various authors is evaluated appreciatively. The Indian novel in English is still in a fluidic stage and indeed the position of writers in general and of the whole publishing trade in India needs further stabilizing.

India and the English-speaking world are now beginning to realize the proper role of English in India. It is not merely India's "window on the world." Without it we could not look in, or estimate and savour what that sub-continent has to offer. With it we have a chance to meet the Indians on their own ground, if we will only take the trouble.

English has also penetrated Japan, where the three big newspapers publish English-language editions, and certain publishers have a particular interest in English studies, or translations of Japanese books. In Indonesia, Siam, Hong Kong and Singapore, its use (apart from academic books) is limited and utilitarian, and in creative writing is opposed by the desire to foster literature in the Malayan language. Another article considers the insularity and failure of many British novelists to bring out, despite exotic setting and local colour, the character of places and peoples in a way that those who really belong there can do. On the other hand, the "exiles from their own language," the immigrants, the refugees, the European-born writers, have brought to the writing of English an energy, range and brilliancy that have influenced British writers. Further articles take up the publication of books for a Commonwealth, and the growing policy in Eastern European countries of publishing books in English to tap the Western market. Finally, in Scandinavia and the Netherlands, there is the field of spe-

cialized scholarly publications in English which must find readers outside their own countries, to meet the cost of publication. A further issue will discuss other languages and literary traditions, and "the impact of European writing overseas."

For, as the Editorial concludes, "We must learn to look outwards or die."

The Director of the Royal National Parks of Kenya, Colonel Mervyn Cowie, referred in a BBC talk (*The Listener*, August 23rd, 1962) to the striking change in the relationship between man and wild animals. Less than a century ago any expedition into big-game country meant that those taking part went in peril of their lives.

Explorers had to shoot their way through angry herds of elephants and leopards pounced on their porters at night Snakes hissed from nearby trees and crocodiles lurked in the pools. Yet today people travel through the haunts of big game unarmed and with safety.

He denied that it could have been simply exaggeration and fantasy, and attributed the change in the animals mainly to the change in man himself. Even the indigenous hunting tribes have altered their old attitude. In places like the National Parks of Africa, the African as well as White Rangers protect and care for the animals and birds in these wild-life sanctuaries. In the Royal National Park, near Nairobi, for example, they patrol the area daily, on bicycles, unarmed; and, despite occasional minor incidents, a real measure of friendliness has been established between them and their charges. In this Park too, though the lions originally fled before human beings, they have become habituated, in about sixteen years, to crowds of cars crossing the terrain. Indeed, when resting, they will often not trouble to stir themselves when surrounded by tourists eager to photograph them.

It is all a matter of fear — mutual fear — which has now largely disappeared.

In the huge Tsavo National Park, which the rangers patrol for weeks at a time, they simply sleep on the ground, without even a fire for protection. This would have been quite unthinkable for earlier adventurers. Colonel Cowie ended with a description of an incident when an open car became mud-bogged, after its occupants had tape-recorded a group of lions. When the relief gang arrived, and "six people and thirteen lions were all muddled up" in the salvage operation, the lions behaved more like "tame pussies." They displayed merely a light-hearted curiosity, even treating the tow rope as a delectable opportunity for tug-of-war, and eventually had to be shooed off. Compare this with 1898, when during the construction of the Mombasa–Lake-Victoria Railway man-eating lions killed over a hundred people.

It is the scent of fear, it has been said, that rouses the aggressive instinct in the animal. It is also well known that, in India, holy men travel the jungles without fear and without harm — being themselves harmless. Have we not a lesson here, in these examples, that could be equally effective in dealing with that most terrible opponent whom each fearful nation labels "the enemy"?

Hatred ceaseth not by hatred, but by love
This is the Law Eternal.

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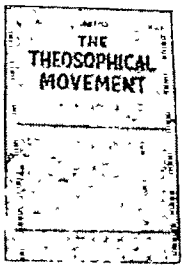
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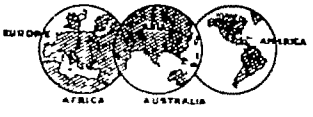
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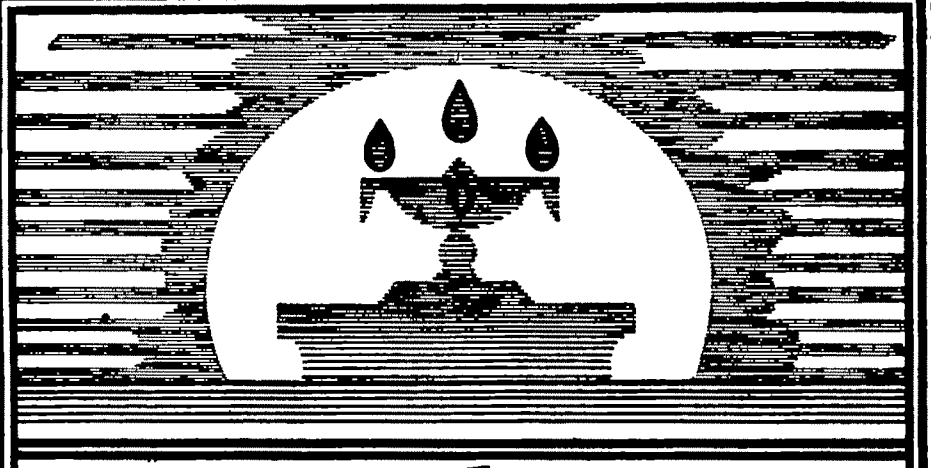
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—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII NOVEMBER 1962 No. 11

AN IMMORTAL PAMPHLET

THE CHARTER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE

[IN November 1944 the opening article of THE ARYAN PATH comprised two contributions on the *Areopagitica,* published three centuries earlier, November 24th, 1644, by John Milton. Eighteen years have only added to the lustre of that fiery piece of thinking and marvellous jewel of prose. The editorial note in November 1944 recalled Wordsworth's lines:—

> Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
> England hath need of thee.

Not less need now than then; not less other nations than England.

We are glad to reprint the first contribution from November 1944: that by the late **John Middleton Murry,** for long an honoured contributor to THE ARYAN PATH, and himself a thinker of the same fearless quality. "We must be free or die."—ED.]

IN May, 1643, John Milton married a girl of seventeen, exactly half his own age. After about a month of uncomfortable life together, his young wife returned to her home and stayed there. But even before she had gone her husband had begun to write a treatise on "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," in which from a high argument on the nature of marriage as a meeting of souls and minds he came to the conclusion that the husband who was disappointed of spiritual and mental companionship had a perfect right to be divorced from the wife who disappointed him.

In publishing his pamphlet he disregarded the new licensing law—or press censorship, as we should call it — which Parliament had promulgated just at the moment he was writing it. In the storm of criticism aroused by his revolutionary views on divorce it was not unnatural that his opponents should have demanded that he be called to account for disregarding the law. Though the authorities did nothing — for Milton

was too eminent — he had come within measurable distance of having his heterodox opinions suppressed. Accordingly, he turned aside from his polemic on divorce to write and publish on November 24th, 1644, what is probably the most famous pamphlet in the English language: *Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

It is famous rather by reason of the extraordinary beauty and splendour of its prose-style, which clothes in fitting language what has come to be regarded as the noblest defence of the chief of all British liberties, than because it achieved any immediate effect. The censorship of Parliament was indeed less severe than had been the episcopal censorship of the Star Chamber; but neither under Parliament, nor the Protectorate, nor the Restoration was the censorship abolished. The freedom of the press was not firmly established as a British liberty until the second half of the eighteenth century.

The essence of Milton's position was that the liberty which all professed to be willing to accord to good books could be effectively secured only if the same liberty were accorded to bad books. Thus he cut away at a single stroke the unending tangle of arguments as to what constitutes a good book and who should decide it. Liberty for the good book necessitates liberty for the bad one. Not only was it impossible in practice to prevent the circulation of bad books, but it was actually harmful to the commonwealth to attempt to do so, because true virtue is not achieved by ignoring evil, but by contending with it. That is the context of one of the most famous, and certainly not the least magnificent, of the sentences in *Areopagitica* wherein he says that he could not

> praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

That is the central theme of the *Areopagitica.* There is no virtue save in the free choice of the good. The recognition and vindication of that truth, Milton contended, was the spiritual content of the religious and political revolution to which England was now committed. The Reformation had stopped half-way; but now God was decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself.

And the mark of the new period of the Church must be that it allowed freedom for every man to seek the truth, and utter his discovery. Rightly, he appealed not only to the authority of the illumined Reason but to the actual words of St. Paul, on whose authority the old Reformers had

based themselves: "Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good." That was not addressed to a bench of Bishops, or to a board of Presbyters, but to every Christian man.

He appeals, too, to that other magnificent dictum of St. Paul: "To the pure, all things are pure."

> They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin.... Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness.
>
> Suppose we could expel sin by this means: look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same: remove that and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both of the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?

There is a wonderful buoyancy of movement in the *Areopagitica*. It is excited, yet controlled; light-hearted, yet profoundly serious. Never has the soul of a great revolutionary movement for liberty found more exalted or more intimate expression. In this magnificent, ornate yet flexible prose, all the riches of the English spirit at its noblest and most universal are poured forth in a gay abundance. What Wordsworth said in retrospect of his experience as a young man at the beginning of the French Revolution:—

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
> But to be young was very heaven—

we feel at first hand in the sinewy, voluptuous and irresistible music of the *Areopagitica*. To read it is to be taken, with generous open arms, into the very quick of the first great revolutionary movement of the Western world.

The spirit which Milton winged with such immortal words was no academic dream. It was made flesh. It really did animate the russet-coated band of brothers — "who knew what they fought for and loved what they knew" — who carried the Parliamentary cause to victory on the battlefield. Cromwell's army was, indeed, as its opponents averred, a hot-bed of "Independence": that is to say, a disciplined confraternity of religious Independents who claimed, and conceded, the right of each

to worship God in his own fashion, and to utter the truth as he saw it. What Milton championed, they embodied.

> Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences again to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forgo this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men.

Such was in the main, the spirit of Cromwell's army. It is no wonder that, under the leadership of a general who shared that spirit, it should have routed — often against heavy odds and in desperate situations — not only the Royalist armies which fought for the authority of the Bishops, but even the Covenanting armies of Scotland, which fought for the authority of the Presbyters.

The Licensing Law against which Milton fought was part of an attempt by the Presbyterian elements in the Long Parliament to enforce a new religious uniformity upon England. Parliament had rebelled against Archbishop Laud's attempt to enforce an Anglican uniformity upon England; it had itself succumbed to the temptation to enforce a Presbyterian uniformity. "New Presbyter is old Priest, writ large." Had that attempt of the Presbyterians not been frustrated, it is certain that the Parliamentary forces would have been beaten. Not merely because, as between an Anglican and a Presbyterian uniformity, England preferred the Anglican; but because there was no possibility of raising an army of English enthusiasts to fight in such a cause. The fighting would have had to be done by the Scots, whose zeal for the Covenant still burned, but not so bright as that of the Englishmen for their "Independence."

There is, therefore, something profoundly and ineradicably English in the *Areopagitica*. It is the voice of a great moment in English history. Its universality is of that rare quality which is attained only when a universal value is incarnate in the striving of a particular nation. Sometimes the inspired patriotism of Milton touches a kind of sublime naivety:—

> Now once again by all concurrence of signs. . . . God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church . . . What does he then but to reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen?

At that, I suppose, all save Englishmen must laugh; and Englishmen themselves cannot forbear to smile. But the Englishman's smile is one of admiring affection, of intimate and loving understanding. And, if he be something of a historian, he will say to himself that Milton was not mistaken when he felt with such certainty that the divine purpose was being revealed to Englishmen and in the works of Englishmen. The spirit which he interpreted in *Areopagitica* has been the great contribution of England to the cause of human freedom. England was the first nation to break, as a body, through the idea and practice of authoritarianism. At one stroke, by the revolutionary movement of which Milton was the prophet in words, it broke the charmed circle of the divine right of kings, to set a simple country squire upon the throne of England, and made freedom of conscience, and freedom of utterance, a reality in the Western world. True, it was to take another two centuries before those freedoms were fully established. But England after that beneficent upheaval could not return to the past, or "undo the done." That freedom might be a reality was never thereafter lost from the knowledge of the purposes of Englishmen, nor — through them — of the world.

The liberty with which Milton himself was chiefly concerned was the freedom of religious opinion and religious enquiry. He belonged to an age when Christian Theology was still, in England as in Europe, *scientia scientiarum*: The science of sciences. It was therefore for the purification of theology, metaphysical and moral, that Milton mainly laboured; and in this realm he chiefly feared the repressiveness of a new censorship based on a new ecclesiastical dogmatism. His own theological principle was, at bottom, simple enough: it was an appeal to the supreme virtue manifested and inculcated by the incarnate God; the virtue of charity, as exemplified in the great saying: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." For Milton, Christianity was, originally and eternally, a religion of freedom, which had been perverted by the interests of power — falsely represented as order — into a vast moral and spiritual tyranny.

To seek the truth with a single-minded devotion and to expound it fearlessly was of the essence of Christianity, as Milton understood it: to prevent or disable the prosecution of such free inquiry a cardinal sin against Christianity. From such a starting-point every position of tradi-

tional theology could be turned with ease, wherever it forbade freedom of thought. Christian liberty itself is the liberty of error. Christian orthodoxy, unless it is an orthodoxy that is completely tolerant towards the heretic, is a contradiction in terms.

Much persecution was to be endured, when the Commonwealth was ended, by the Papists on the one side and the Dissenters on the other, before the traditional notion that religious conformity was a necessary condition of full citizenship was finally abolished even in England. Indeed it lingered on until well into the second half of the nineteenth century. It was only in the 1870's that full membership of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge was thrown open to non-members of the Church of England. It took more than two hundred years for Milton's prophecy of liberty of opinion to be realized in England; and not even yet is his doctrine of divorce for temperamental disparity established there.

As was to be expected, these liberties have been more fully achieved in the great nation that arose out of the New England, founded by men of Milton's persuasion who crossed the ocean to secure religious liberty. But even in the United States they are continually challenged, and have to be continually reasserted. At the moment that I write an unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, allowing an appeal against the judgment of a lower court revoking the naturalization of a German-born citizen for expressing his sympathies with Nazism, is reported in these terms:—

> One of the prerogatives of American citizenship is the right to criticize public men and public measures — and that means not only informed and responsible criticism, but the freedom to speak foolishly and without moderation.

That judgment is in the true Miltonic tradition.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess.

—JOHN MILTON

NON-VIOLENT ACTION FOR PEACE

[A PRACTICAL IDEALISM is expressed in **Mr. Donald G. Groom's** article. Mr. Groom is Field Secretary of the Friends Peace Committee, London. The Quaker convictions which he inherited and assimilated have led him through many countries since the 'thirties; always he has joined in some work of service. During the 'forties he was Warden of the Friends Rural Centre, Rasulia, Hoshangabad (M.P.), and while there was in association with Gandhiji During the late 'fifties he worked in the Bhoodan Movement, performing five thousand miles of *padayātrā* (pilgrimage on foot) with Vinobaji.

He speaks from a mature experience of working for peace, therefore, when he speaks in this article of the need for education in non-violent action for peace, and of the aims and principles of the World Peace Brigade for Non-violent Action, which was established at a Conference in Beirut in which he participated.—ED.]

AS WE LOOK BACK into history we see violence written across every page and are tempted to make the assertion that it is through violence that man has been able to go forward from one page to another. But, as we know that within the nature of man there are even stronger urges than that of violence, we have the right to ask whether man has been at fault or whether the history book wrongly records his life. Some of us assert the latter. In fact we would say with Mahatma Gandhi:—

> Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute.
>
> The force of love is the same as the force of the soul or truth. We have evidence of its working at every step. The universe would disappear without the existence of that force.... History is really a record of every interruption of the even working of the force of love or of the soul.

This does in fact bring us right to the point — that the negation of violence (non-violence) is the expression of the POSITIVE force of the soul — love, truth and compassion. There is every reason to believe that the possession of these virtues differentiates man from the brute. They are part of our divine-human nature. Nevertheless they have yet to become the operative forces in areas of our lives where violence still has its sway in overt or hidden forms.

Some of us believe that India has made the most important contribution so far in history to the conception of non-violence as it relates to society and to personal action. To quote Mahatma Gandhi again:—

> I believe that there was a time in India when village economics were

> organized on the basis of such non-violent occupation, not on the basis of the rights of man but of the duties of man ... Our ancestors set a limit to our indulgences. They saw that happiness was largely a mental condition. We had no system of life-corroding competition.

Building on the great heritage of the past Mahatma Gandhi set about to achieve independence for his country by the power of non-violence; and during the course of this he learnt much and taught much. In the same way later Acharya Vinoba Bhave sought to use the non-violent power to achieve major changes in independent India, to set right economic, social and political wrong. Vinobaji continues to this day, but in the course of the past eleven years he has enabled us to see a great deal more about the nature of non-violence and its application in daily affairs.

Two factors merge to make the present time of special significance for the quest of the implementation of non-violence: spiritual insight and scientific development. Spiritual insight re-asserts man's need of wholeness and unity. Science has presented the possibility of the complete destruction of life if violence is resorted to as it has also opened up real possibilities for the physical expression of unity in the world The quest for the power of non-violence, therefore, is supported from two sides, and the application of the power of non-violence becomes one of the most urgent experiments of our time. Vinobaji has said:—

> As long as peace is maintained by force and as long as there is not the strength to maintain peace by the power of love, so long there will be cause for fear in our country and in the world. Therefore we have to build up a power by which peace may be maintained by love. We have to demonstrate that there is such a power in love.

The success of Mahatma Gandhi and of Vinoba Bhave in their different fields of action came because they had faith in the innate potential in men and women and through their leadership raised this potential to the status of a positive force. Most of those to whom they appealed could not entertain the full vision of the implication of their action. But the true leaders with insight know what innate power is available and use it. They are catalysts of the power of love. This fact is a truth of human existence and the leader will ever seek to raise up other catalysts. In Gandhiji's day, men and women lay on the railway tracks; they picketed wine shops; they laid themselves open to beating; they went to gaol; they upheld a spirit of good will towards their adversaries. Through Vinoba's initiative and through the action of the catalysts

thousands gave away land and wealth; thousands devoted their lives and their knowledge to the service of others. In Hitler's time in Germany such people as Pastor Mensching dared to say NO. In a small town near Bucheburg the burgomaster, although openly opposed to Nazism, had to be brought back to his position in the town by the Nazis because it was through his presence that the town functioned properly. Other examples of the fact that the right leadership can raise up the good in people and make it a force for good in society and for change can be found. They are the harmonizers, the reconcilers.

The World Peace Brigade for Non-violent Action is the body formed to make the first experiment in using this non-violent power for the attempt to solve world problems. The declaration of principles drawn up at its first meeting in Beirut on January 2nd, 1962, states:—

> Our vision is distorted by outworn ideas which prevent us from seeing the world as it is in the nuclear age Individuals, governments, peoples are imprisoned in the habits, ideologies and institutions of violence which they themselves have devised and built. Common sense, political wisdom and profoundest moral imperatives compel us to break out of this condition; the very survival of civilization, and perhaps of the race, depend upon this emancipation. Men must find and must be ready to experiment with an alternative way. This alternative is non-violence.

The World Peace Brigade has hardly had time to find its feet — and yet it has been called to action already in Tanganyika. As I write, the preparation for the first International Council is being made. It is clearly not another international peace society — yet with the organization of anything new there is the risk of its being looked at as a competing body. It aims at being the ACTION wing of all peace societies and peace-loving people who place their faith in the principles of non-violence. The Council has been formed accordingly. It seeks to act on the strength of that ocean of faith in the power of truth and love, to involve itself in areas of tension or potential strife, in areas of oppression, injustice, racial hatred; in areas where conflict has become open and bitter as well as those where it is frozen in frustration and apathy. The World Peace Brigade seeks to express a direct challenge to those who prepare for war in a way which will interpret the feelings of masses of peoples who would prefer the security of love and friendship, accommodation and conciliation, rather than the insecurity of brutality, violence, threat, superiority. The way is non-violent involvement, identification.

It will need to have training centres all over the world and these centres will be "backyard" centres — places where individuals in their

own locality are beginning to meet the needs of service for those who want, for those who hunger for freedom, justice, human dignity; hunger for reconciliation, peace.

Funds will be needed, the bulk of which must come from those millions who will feel an identification with the efforts on their behalf. The collecting box must be in their homes.

The vision must be equal to the task, for not only idealists feel the need for an alternative to the methods of war and to the use of armed forces; the politicians, the military leaders, the United Nations — all are looking in this direction. A world without war is a necessity in the nuclear age and such a world is to be proved to be viable.

DONALD G. GROOM

THE BEND

On either side was a steep embankment
And one mistake would have spelt disaster
But just beyond was a perfect stretch of road
The hedgerows full of sweetness and song;
It was like being reborn on some other world,
But first of course came that awkward bend....
There were two alternatives; we could stop,
Or return by the same dull route
And end up where we started with nothing dared,
But that would be craven. Better risk all and fail
Than spend the rest of our lives in futile regret....
One glance at you revealed to me your thoughts,
Told me your nerves, like mine, were tensed for the shock,
One awful moment when we hardly breathed,
Then we took the bend and sunlight crowned success.
With the passing years have come other awkward bends
But since that day the sun has never quite departed.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE WORLD'S FOUR AGES

[WE are glad to welcome to our pages **Mr. Alun Llewellyn, M.A., LL.B.,** who is a barrister of Lincoln's Inn and Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters. He has held many important legal appointments in Great Britain and outside, and is the author of many books.

He argues with many interesting illustrations that "the science which invented the calendar and the clock . . . also touched men's minds with poetry and religion." Indeed it did; for poetry and religion are apprehensions of the inwardness of the same reality of which the natural sciences study the exterior texture. The deeper science goes, the profounder poetic and religious experience becomes, the more do both tend to that gnosis in which all reality is embraced at once.—ED.]

THE CULTURES OF INDIA AND OF WESTERN EUROPE derive from sources so similar as to deserve being called the same. By "culture" is meant that basic approach to life from which literature, law and the idea of justice and religion and the purpose of mankind are judged and, as a necessary result, the value of the individual is assessed.

It is the habit of all civilizations to set out the philosophy, accepted as directive for them, in the form of epic verse. The legal codes and religious teaching of governing bodies, the lyric exclamation of poets and the ideas inspiring the craft of artists are found to have a synthesis in verse which embody these concepts in mythopœic shape. Whether the civilization concerned is seen (so far as current knowledge goes) as representing an original achievement or as an attempt to restore an earlier, collapsed culture; whether it is Gilgamesh or Charlemagne who typifies it, the *Popul Vuh* or the *Iliad* which contains it, the fact is the same. For the present essay, it is the *Mahabharata* and the romantic cycle of Arthur which it is proposed to compare. The purpose of the examination is to discover from what source such a moral synthesis itself derives. Widely different as they are in other respects, the two epics have a common origin in science, and in the same science.

The modern dispute between what are often described as two opposed cultures, the æsthetic and the scientific, is, like so many modern things, a confusion of thought. What a Taliesin or a Markandeya proves is that the basic knowledge of what governs man in his life and death, experiences he shares with the rest of creation, makes art the confirmation of his science and science the confirmation of his faiths.

This knowledge from an early stage took the form of the precise and analysed calculation of the mechanics of the movement of the earth as

reflected in the procession of night and day, of the year between the solstices, of the recurrent orbits of the planets, the changes of the moon, the confined ecliptic of the sun, the fixed station of the Pole Star. It was the essential preliminary to civilization itself. Not until men were able to measure the varied shadows cast by the sun against the several gnomons of stone-circles were they able to count the number of days in the year and forecast the seasons that controlled seed-time and harvest. It is well known that, within the cycle of the sun's year, 12 completions of the moon, from the new to the full and then the dark, were found to fall. The early, not wholly accurate, computation that the time between each successive birth of the new moon was 30, and that therefore the sun's year comprised $30 \times 12 = 360$, days not only produced the first calendar but also still determines the modern acceptance of 360 for the geometric circle.

It is only recently, however, that archæology has enabled us to realize the profound effect this discovery of a preordained mechanism of life exerted upon the development of the human mind. The archaic civilizations, as widely separated in time and space as Taoist China and Aztec Mexico, developed themselves entirely within the framework of that philosophy of order. It is not too much to say that all disputes of politics and religion have turned and continued to turn upon the question whether man's spirit is subject to that order or part of the mysterious mind which controls it.

The culmination of the early science seems to have been reached in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. at a time when the Ionian philosophers among the Hellenes and Zoroaster in Iran systematized preceding speculations. Fundamentally, their schemes were identical; the basic difference between the European and the Eastern versions was the point of observation For Greeks, and others, the confines of the patterned world were within the sea, the stream of Ocean about the Earth from which the sun manifestly rose and into which, equally manifestly, it set. For Mithraism (an adaptation of which strongly affected the late Roman Empire, particularly in its military aspect, and challenged the emergent Christian Church even to the extent of producing heretic forms of Christianity based on Manicheeism and Zoroastrianism) the sun, equally obviously, rose and set again about the ring of mountain-rock that compassed the world. Mithra made an early appearance in the Hindu tradition but was ultimately displaced by Varuna. Definite traces of the Mithraic conception survive in the Arthurian Grail story, in Malory's version of the end of Merlin and in one at least of the poems in the

Black Book of Caermarthen. But the basically Stoic philosophy from which the whole Arthurian legend sprang rests firmly, like the theory held by the *Mahabharata,* on the idea of the sea as the boundary of human life.

The mathematical observation from which these parallel doctrines originated governed their entire framework. The European version, consummated in the early mediæval Arthurian interpretation, and the Asian, expressed in the Hindu epic, prove their close relationship in this respect. From Infinity a spherical Universe shaped itself. The 5 (first known) planets, with the sun and the moon, formed the 7 moving bodies that circled within it, in the scheme of Ptolemy, the poems of Taliesin and the *Panchasiddhantika.* The sea (*Myrtin* or *Morgan* in Welsh verse, *Samudra* in the Brahmanas) horizontally divided the concave of the sky from the earth on which men lived. The Arthurian legend is perhaps unique in having preserved, through the fifth-century adaptation of Stoic philosophy to Romano-British literary forms, the concept of Anaximander that the world was held in place at the centre of the Universe by the tension of opposed but balancing forces. For Arthur himself moved from his original identity as the Night-Sky and the Constellation of the North (*Arth Ur,* Great Bear) to his position in the Grail story as the Sun presiding over a company of 366 "knights" (days of the full year) through an intervening stage, preserved in the well-known Welsh romance of Kulhwch and Olwen, in which the *Ar Tro* (turning of the Sun) was balanced by the *Ar Tur* (opposite turning of the Moon). But his significance for the present argument lies in the fact that he began as the North Star, which occupied the same point as the zenith of the sun's course across the sky, Noon, the imagined highest point between its ascent from the east and its descent in the west. This became accepted as the dominant Cardinal Point; and the north, the west (which was conceived as being the point of balance between day and night), the east (which marked the rebirth of light from darkness), and the South (which signified the focal point of the hidden Underworld of emptiness and non-existence), not only divided between them the world's four quarters in space but established the four divisions of yearly time, of the world's Ages and of the Cycles of the Universe.

On the groundwork of geometrical calculation, human thought, in the attempt to explain the universe to man and man to himself, founded a form of religion which seems fundamental to all faiths. The successive birth and death of the sun and of the stars, the evident distinction between the upper sky of light and movement and the mysterious under-

world in which both died, suggested the parallel to the birth and death of human beings. The more primitive concept was materialistic: that the individual was an insignificant part of the order of life, fated to disappear into nothingness after death; that he must live in an authoritarian system beyond which he had no immortality. But later faiths developed a belief in rebirth, similar to that of the governing lights of the sky, either by transmigration of the soul into another body or by way of personal immortality. The whole modern conflict as to man's purpose turns upon the validity of these deductions. But it is the even more fundamental concept of the fate of the world and of the universe which must be considered here.

The most striking and recurrent factor in early systems of belief is the extension of the doctrine of Colours. From the matter-of-fact distinction between night and day came the subdivision of the first into the Black and the White of the moon and the Yellow of the sun at noon and the Red of its points of contact with the sea. White, Yellow, Red, Black are found assigned to the four Cardinal Points and from them to the four seasons of the year in every one of the centres of early civilization. The same succession of colours was given, schematically, to the four Ages of the life of the world and the four Cycles of destruction-and-renewal attributed to the entire universe.

The Ages and the Cycles are logical deductions from the divisions of the first calendars to be designed. But they have had a profound effect on philosophy and religion. The mathematical calculations employed are variant, but variants of the same elements of thought. The Arthurian myth, set out in the verses associated with the name of Taliesin, is of great value, since its perpetuation of the system as accepted by late classical philosophy explains the methods by which all ancient schemes were applied. Anaximander, the Greek scientist, thought that the Universe was abolished and reconstituted after a cycle of 10,800 years. His choice of the figure has hitherto been assumed to be mystic. It is in fact an exercise in logical mathematics. The Arthurian Grail story preserves the Stoic calculation of 1,200 years for each Age of the world, which is itself an extension of the 12 divisions of the lunar year into centuries. One of the most famous of the poems of Taliesin, describing the schematic Universe, presents the division of each month into 3 groups of 10 days. In each quarter of the year (3 months) there are of course 9 such groupings. In each quarter of the World Age there are, similarly, 300 years. The simple extension of the 9 divisions through the 300 years gives the figure of 2,700 to each quarter of the Circle of

THE DOCTRINE OF GRACE IN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

[**Shri G. H. Bhatt** was formerly Professor of Sanskrit and Director of the Oriental Institute, Baroda. He is General Editor and Head of the Ramayana Department, Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda. In this brief article he writes with feeling of the doctrine of Grace in Indian tradition. A mighty truth underlies this doctrine, though it has often been equated with a merely suppliant devotee and an arbitrary favour-bestowing deity. The profounder understanding of the doctrine would surely show this morally dangerous interpretation to be false. A personal God, though associated with Grace in many schools, is not necessary to it; what is necessary is the compassion at the heart of Reality. From that flows the chain of sacrifices which begins with *Ādiyajña*, the Primordial Sacrifice, which is Krishna himself. At each step the weaker beings for whose sake a mightier makes sacrifice apprehend his action as Grace and respond to it with Devotion — if they are not blind.—ED.]

MAN has confessed his weakness, his limitations, his helplessness from very early times, and the *Ṛgveda* (I. 25), to cite the oldest authority, bears testimony to this. The holy scriptures of other religions of the world sing the same song. Man naturally seeks the shelter of some Higher Power and craves for Its Grace. The hymns of the *Ṛgveda*, for instance, show how the people in the Vedic period offered prayers to deities like Varuṇa, Viṣṇu, Agni, Soma and Rudra for their Grace, for freedom from sins and calamities. Varuṇa, the most majestic god of the Vedic pantheon, is the minister, so to say, of *Ṛta*, Law and Order, both moral and physical, and his ordinances are fixed. Although strict in enforcing the Law, Varuṇa is gracious and merciful and readily responds to the cry of the penitent. This relation between God and man finds expression in the *Avesta*, the Bible and the *Koran* also, and it would be tempting to find interrelations amongst them.

Viṣṇu, a solar deity of the *Ṛgveda*, plays a similar part. He takes his three steps for a gracious purpose, to deliver man from distress (*Ṛv.*, VI. 49.13). He assumes different forms at different times (*Ṛv.*, VII. 100.6), thus preparing the ground for the theory of Incarnation, which has been later on fully developed in the *Gītā*, and which has fulfilled the purpose of Divine Grace.

The religion of the *Ṛgveda*, henotheism developing into monotheism, assumes two forms in the Upaniṣadic period, Monism and Theism, which later on develop into the two principal schools of the Vedānta: of

Śankarācārya on the one hand, and of the Bhāgavata Ācāryas such as Rāmānuja, Madhva and Vallabha on the other. The Upaniṣads clearly state that one sees the grandeur of God by Grace (*Kaṭha, 2.20; Śvetāśvatara,* 3.20) and that one can enjoy fellowship with God *only* through Grace (*Kaṭha, 2.23*; *Muṇḍaka,* 3.2.3). The *Gītā* takes its cue from the Upaniṣads and lays due stress on Divine Grace. It tells us that Arjuna enjoyed the Vision of the Omniform (*Viśvarūpa*) by the Grace of the Lord (XI. 47), that one wins the Eternal and Immutable Abode by His Grace (XVIII. 56) and that one crosses over all difficulties through His Grace (XVIII. 58). The *Gītā* is at its best when the Lord emphatically declares, "Abandoning all duties, come to Me alone for shelter. Be not grieved, for I shall release thee from all evils." (XVIII. 66)

The *Mahābhārata,* the *Rāmayana* and the Purāṇas contain many stories which show the wonderful efficacy of Divine Grace. These works are theistic in nature and are, therefore, very helpful in giving peace to the masses, keeping the Gates of Heaven open to all at all times. The Vedānta School had some theistic thinkers even before Śankarācārya, but their works are unfortunately lost to us. Śankarācārya's system was absolutely monistic and had therefore no permanent place for a Personal God and His Grace. But the Vaiṣṇava Ācāryas — Rāmānuja, Nimbārka, Madhva, Vallabha and Caitanya — have most earnestly developed the theistic tendency of all the basic works of the Vedānta. They have strongly recommended devotion and self-surrender to the Lord, the highest Reality, and satisfied the spiritual hunger of millions of people of India. Like Rāma and Kṛṣṇa, even Śiva becomes the object of devotion and shows Grace to his devotees. The doctrine of Grace thus naturally forms part of all the Devotional Schools, both Vaiṣṇava and Śaiva, of the Vedānta.

The doctrine of Grace, however, receives an enviable position in the Śuddhādvaita school of Vallabhācārya. Vallabhācārya tells us that the teaching of the Upaniṣads, etc., is non-dualistic. The Highest Reality, according to him, possesses all divine qualities, and does not stand in need of *māyā,* as in the system of Śankarācārya, for assuming the form of the world. The world is, therefore, a reality and not an illusion. Vallabha, after discussing the relative position of Devotion, Knowledge and Action, frankly admits that these three well-known means of God-realization have lost their efficacy in the modern period on account of unfavourable circumstances and recommends the Divine Grace (*Pusti*) as the sheet-anchor of helpless souls. The school of Vallabha is therefore popularly known as the *Pustimārga* (the Path of Divine Grace). Sri

Aurobindo, the great mystic of modern India, has also remarkably shown the importance of Divine Grace in the process of spiritual sublimation.

The great mystics of the mediæval period, such as Rāmānanda, Kabir, Caitanya and Tulsidas, have kept the torch of the Divine-Grace doctrine burning, with the result that spiritual joy remains within the reach of every aspiring soul.

The doctrine of Grace has no scope in the Sāṁkhya and the Cārvāka schools and in the earlier stages of the Yoga, Mīmānsā, Nyāya and Vaiśeṣika systems. Although Buddhism and Jainism do not accept God, the founders themselves are in course of time elevated to the status of Godhead, and prayers are offered for their Grace.

It will be clear from this brief account of the origin and development of the doctrine of Grace in Indian philosophy that the Hindus have no doubt derived permanent moral strength from the Ṛgvedic Varuṇa; and it is because of the continuity of this Vedic tradition that the people of all faiths are living together peacefully in modern India.

G. H. BHATT

"Ask and ye shall have," sounds like something too easy and simple to be credible. But the disciple cannot "ask" in the mystic sense in which the word is used in this scripture until he has attained the power of helping others.

Why is this? Has the statement too dogmatic a sound?

Is it dogmatic to say a man must have foothold before he can spring? The position is the same. If help is given, if work is done, then there is an actual claim — not what we call a personal claim of payment, but the claim of co-nature The divine give, they demand that you also shall give before you can be of their kin.

—*Light on the Path*

CRISIS IN PSYCHIATRY

[**Dr. Sita Eam Jayaswal, M.A., M.ED.(Harvard), PH.D.(Michigan)**, Reader in Education, University of Lucknow, is an old friend. He writes simply and lucidly of a great flaw in modern psychiatry — in attempting to be scientific it makes an unwarranted reduction of man to the same category as the objects studied by the natural sciences. A wiser and more respectful view of human potentialities is necessary.—ED.]

PSYCHIATRY is generally defined as a "specialized study and practice dealing with mental and nervous disorders" and it is employed in "a somewhat wide and indefinite sense. . . ."[1] None the less, students of the human mind and its illnesses have been making efforts to understand the real causes and cures of mental disorders. Even a cursory reading of a book on psychiatry will enable its reader to know that the problem of mental illness is as old as man himself, and that he has been trying to cure himself by means of magic and medicine for centuries. In recent times, especially from the beginning of the nineteenth century, psychiatry has taken a new turn under the influence of the biological sciences. Darwinism attracted the attention of those scientists who were *a priori* against any "mystical" explanation of human evolution. It provided them with a working hypothesis on the basis of which man was deprived of his "divinity." He was accepted as an animal species evolved over uncountable time. Thus he was to be treated as a biological being alone.

In philosophy as well as in psychology, the body-mind problem is perennial. Even today, it is being debated and experiments are being performed to know the real nature of mind and its relation with body. Is man a sum of mind and body? Is mind or consciousness a result of matter (body) being dynamic? Is there a parallelism between mind and body? Recently a symposium on "Control of Mind" was organized by the University of California Medical Centre in San Francisco. Among the participants were, Dr. Wilder Penfield, the distinguished neurologist; three famous psychopharmacologists; two psychologists; one theologian; and two creative writers.[2] Arthur Koestler was one of the participants in this symposium. Writing about it, he remarks, "An age is drawing to its close in the history of psychology: the age of the dehumanization of Man."[3] It is an interesting symposium. The main point to keep in

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[1] DREVER, JAMES: *A Dictionary of Psychology* (Penguin, 1952).

[2] KOESTLER, ARTHUR: "A New Look at the Mind" in *The Hindustan Times Weekly*, Delhi, June 4th, 1961.

[3] *Ibid.*

view is that the "dehumanization of man" which gained impetus from Darwinism found an immense support in Freud and his theory of the subconscious. Psychiatry today follows Freud to the full. In other words, modern psychiatry has the Darwinian view of man and the Freudian view of mind.

Modern psychiatry is materialistic to the core. In its insistence on following the scientific and objective methods of study, modern psychiatry has ignored those principles and methods of mental cure that are subjective and intuitional, but it does follow Freud, whose theories and techniques are also not scientific in the strict sense of the term. This ambivalence in regard to the application of scientific method is one of the causes of the crisis in psychiatry. Studies scientifically made have revealed that psychiatry is unable to achieve what it purports to achieve. In other words, modern psychiatry does not provide cures for mental illnesses as significantly as it claims. Eysenck examined the claim of modern psychiatry to cure the mentally ill and found that there were only a few scientifically made studies, and that even their results were not very satisfactory.[4] In the course of his review of the effects of psychotherapy Eysenck observed that the accurate assessment of personality and personality changes was a crucial point. The universal practice is that the psychiatrist in charge of the case assesses the personality of his patient. This method is objectionable because it introduces the subjective element and it is not possible to have an objective idea of mental illness. The psychiatrist diagnoses mental illness from his own background and fits it into a theory of mental illness which is questionable. Thus Eysenck is of the opinion that "the psychiatrist's report of changes in the anxiety of his patient" must be ruled out. He questions the Freudian hypothesis of neuroticism and points out the fallacy inherent in it. Freudians generally believe that a certain type of pessimistic outlook is developed if early weaning takes place. The child whose weaning is late is found to be optimistic. There is satisfactory evidence that this is correct. But Eysenck urges that the question is how to distinguish neuroticism that is inherited from that which is environmental. Likewise there are other objections coming up as studies of abnormal behaviour are progressively made, with the result that enough doubt has been created in the minds of psychiatrists as regards the principles of mental treatment.

One of the purposes of psychiatric treatment is to make the individual normal. The normal person is aware of his social surroundings and

[4] EYSENCK, H.J.: *Uses and Abuses of Psychology* (Penguin, 1953).

has a proper understanding of social values, customs and the *mores* that ought to govern his social behaviour. The important point is that the basis of social behaviour is the social and moral values a person is able to achieve in his culture and tradition. There is practically no provision in modern psychiatry for rehabilitating a mental patient in terms of his value-structure. In other words, modern psychiatry is following a method of treatment that ignores the moral, spiritual and æsthetic bases of human personality. The crucial question facing modern psychiatry is how to reconcile the conflict between man as a biological being and man as possessed of an inner nature which is essentially value-oriented.

Recently there has been a new effort to study the place of religion in psychiatry. The work of pastoral psychologists has filled to some extent this gap between the biological being and his spiritual counterpart. The real problem is related to the mental patient's world-view, which has become distorted. How to bring about the required adjustment in the life of the patient and to correct his distorted world-view is the baffling problem.

The crisis in modern psychiatry is thus ultimately related to the crisis in the value-structure of the mental patient. This crisis can be resolved if modern psychiatry accepts such human values as keep human society integrated. The binding forces are the feelings of fellowship and brotherhood of man. Knowledge of the biological being alone is not enough. We need to know the divine nature of man which sustains him during periods of stresses and crises. It is not easy for a person to be aware of his divine nature by his unaided efforts. He needs an education capable of providing him with a world-view. The time has come for philosophers, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, educators, etc., to sit round a table and discuss *the whole man*. It is gratifying to note that there is a movement in this direction. The California symposium referred to in the beginning of this article is a good example of this movement. The UNESCO Major Project on the Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Cultural Values is also likely to throw new light on the value-structure of human personality which may be relevant for psychiatry.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

FACTORIES ON THE MOON

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** is well known to our readers. We are glad of his firm remarks on the contemporary desire to spread the folly and bleakness of our ways through interplanetary space. Knowing more about factories than most people, Mr. Fox says some very seasonable words. One of the wisest Englishmen who ever lived mourned that sheep were eating up men. Our estate is even less gracious. We must learn what truly enriches nations.—ED.]

NOT LONG AGO an American observer struck the headlines with a prophecy that in ten years' time factories would be established on the moon. Whether this idea is feasible is less important than the state of mind that lies behind it. Unfortunately it is a mental attitude which commands wide-spread assent.

One might have thought that reaching the moon would have been welcomed for a possible extension of knowledge about the universe or that, assuming there is life on the moon, opportunities for extending knowledge or culture would be seized on. To think of the moon just as a factory site reveals a poverty-stricken outlook unworthy of the efforts made by pioneers in space.

We know that mechanization has now extended so far as to invade every department of life, but to regard the moon as something that can be geared to factory production indicates how far this disease has spread. The infinite wonder of the moon and the stars has narrowed to a possible extension of the factory system. I find this idea horrible to contemplate.

One reason for my horror is that I remember, as a young factory worker, coming out of the iron gate, looking up at the moon and the stars with a sense of inexpressible relief. They looked so calm and clear, such a marvellous contrast to the clamour, the hustle, the dirt and the struggle that marked industrialism. For me they always put the factory in its proper perspective as an insignificant part of the great adventure of life in the midst of the wonderful universe.

How far should we allow industrialism, with its mechanistic standards, to encroach on our lives? It has a practical place as an instrument, but this is often exceeded. We even find its marks on the modern approach to literature. I have seen, in American magazines, advertisements urging a course of faster reading, a page at a time, instead of a line, just like speeding-up in the workshop. The world's masterpieces are boiled down and, we are assured, nothing essential is being left out. Now, I do not want to read any faster. I want to proceed at my own

pace of reading, to savour every word and phrase and sentence. There is talk of machines to teach children, in place of human teachers; so the influence and value of personality goes.

We see mechanization applied to the treatment of animals. In the production of broiler fowl, hens are kept standing on wires all their wretched lives and never allowed to move, to run, to scratch and peck at the earth, as nature intended. This system has been extended to calves and to cattle. They are kept in dark sheds, fed on food deficient in certain vital substances they need, so as to produce white delicate flesh. They are treated as machines and, if animals are treated in this way, human beings, too, will get much the same treatment. The mechanistic attitude was behind all the atrocities of the Nazi system.

Once we analyze the situation we see how mechanization, without moral or human sanction, has led society astray. In Britain, recently, thousands of gallons of surplus milk — for which no profitable market could be found — were poured into disused mines, though everyone knew the milk was needed in the underdeveloped countries or even nearer home. This was typical of the waste of natural wealth, judged simply on a ledger basis of profit and loss; for no one troubled to consider the human loss involved.

In Ireland, which has come comparatively late into the industrial arena, there are current examples of the mechanistic approach. Within the past few weeks, the largest entertainment centre in Dublin, the Theatre Royal, which accommodated 3,500 people, has been closed down, along with a cinema, a restaurant — an entire block — that is to be demolished to make room for a huge square structure of office buildings, allowing, it is said "eight feet for a typist, 12 for an office manager, 16 for a director and 20 for a managing director." Note the scale of values which reads like a grim joke: the typist gets two feet more than a grave.

The Theatre Royal was a long-established home of variety, of music, dancing, song and talent, built up over generations. This organization of talent has been dispersed and broken up as the buildings will be. It represents a loss of human and artistic assets. The Royal was used as a concert hall where world celebrities came and no similar hall is available. Artists are scattered, the public deprived of their services and hundreds of staff men plunged into unemployment. While this is happening the Government is granting huge subsidies to rebuild the Abbey Theatre and the Cork Opera House.

The same mechanistic process may be seen worked out in the railways crux in Ireland as in Britain. To avoid financial loss, large stretches

of the railways are being closed down with deplorable effects on trade and on the healthy life of small towns which are being made stagnant. In Britain, where the increasing road traffic chokes the main roads and threatens paralysis, more traffic is being flung on to these roads. In Ireland, where there is no full employment, such a step sends more people to the emigrant ships. Instead of the Government stepping in and saying that railways are a national asset and must be maintained, a narrow, mechanistic, balance-sheet rule is applied, with loss of life and business activity to the nation. Of course all loss on the railways could be avoided if they were shut down completely.

In the pre-War years, before Ireland fully accepted modern industrial standards, there was a decision to establish four or five industrial alcohol plants, run by the Government, to use surplus potatoes for producing industrial alcohol. The chief aim was to use potatoes from the "black scab" area, where the export of potatoes was forbidden. At once a clamour was raised on the ground that the spirit produced in Ireland cost far more than imported petrol. The Government decreed that a fixed proportion of home-produced spirit must be used in every gallon of petrol sold in the country.

There was much grumbling about any standard being accepted other than the purely mechanistic one of profit and loss. G. W. Russell (Æ) advanced the unorthodox view that even when certain industries had to run at a loss it might be beneficial to maintain them. Variety of occupation, he urged, was good for a country, culturally and intellectually. It was not to a country's good for all the people in a given area to be working on the land, in mines or in any other single occupation. Now, with the establishment of the European Common Market, it would seem that greater uniformity is to be imposed on all the countries taking part. Each one will have to compete strictly on the lines that their natural resources make most profitable. Government subsidies or benefits to undertakings which cannot pass the mechanistic test will be ruled out.

To cut down opportunities of employment by closing down railways, by newspaper take-overs, the demolishing of popular entertainment centres, and so on, is certainly not the way to increase human happiness. It is not really helpful to toss aside talent and experience, to throw people on State relief. We must begin to bring moral and human judgment into play. Will changes make for greater happiness, better homes, more satisfaction and less anguish of mind? When Governments apply these standards they will not be thinking of factories on the moon.

R. M. Fox

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

NEW DELHI

[**Dr. Grace McCann Morley** is Director of the National Museum, New Delhi. She received a special award (1962) from the Watumull Foundation for her contribution "to better understanding, especially between India and the U.S." Her article conveys exact knowledge and a warm sense of the exchanges between nations which so adorn cultured life.—ED.]

INTERNATIONAL INTERESTS are inseparable from museums; for, even if their collections are predominantly national as is at present the case of the National Museum, New Delhi, the scholarship on which they draw and which they serve is international. Even the National Museum here in New Delhi can now illustrate the extension of India beyond its borders in some of its sections. It can be foreseen that, like the other great museums in the capitals of the world, it will contain in the future at least some examples of other important traditions of art — as framework and for comparison with its own heritage, if for no other purpose. For it is not easy to judge in isolation any art, to appreciate its full power, originality and importance as an expression of the creative human spirit, nor is it ever completely practical to think of art in terms of national frontiers. In the case of India, especially, with its long tradition and its position, not only as a crossroads of cultures in Asia, but also a meeting place of East and West, the international implications of its arts of every period are impossible to overlook.

The National Museum, New Delhi, is, interestingly enough, the direct result of international enterprise in art; for it was founded in 1949 after the loans to the exhibition of Indian art shown in London in 1947-48 returned to India. The attention and admiration that great exhibition evoked abroad confirmed the Indian leaders of the newly independent country in the conviction that it was necessary to show, in their own capital for all to see, a cross-section of the products of the creative spirit of the Indian people at different places and at different times through the long history and exceptionally ancient continuous tradition of the country. For over a decade the National Museum was housed in the Darbar Hall of the Rashtrapati Bhavan. It inaugurated the first unit of its new building on Janpath, south of Rajpath, only in December 1960.

The collections of the National Museum span the history of man in India from the first traces of his stone tools, dating from perhaps 160,000

or more years ago, to the mid-nineteenth century. They include collections of exceptional importance like those of the Harappan (Indus Valley) civilization (about 2,500 to 1,500 B.C.) and of the Central Asian Antiquities (first to tenth century A.D.), made by Sir Aurel Stein, as well as a great number of individual masterpieces that stand out memorably from among even the groups of high quality of the same school and date to which they belong. Stone sculptures and terra-cottas trace the tradition of sculpture in India from the beginning of historical times (Asoka and the Mauryan period, third century B.C.) to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries A.D. Bronzes review it from the early Chola (tenth century A.D.) in the South and Nalanda (eighth to tenth centuries A.D.) in the North to the eighteenth century. Paintings and illustrated manuscripts continue unrolling the record of India's creative vitality, from Pala palm-leaves of the twelfth century A.D. and examples of Western painting (about fourteenth century). They record religious themes, hunting and court scenes and even daily rural life; they reflect the interests and preoccupations of people in various places at various times, in religion, weather, music and romance. Decorative arts in wide variety, including textiles and jewellery, mostly from the eighteenth century, reflect another aspect of Indian skill and life, while coins record both art and history. Finally, the persistence of ancient customs and costumes, even into the present, is revealed by the Anthropology Department's rotating exhibitions of regional and tribal dress and articles of daily use, like metal, pottery and wooden utensils.

Not a few of the fine pieces shown in the various sections illustrate or refer to India's influence on or contacts with peoples of other lands. To mention a few:

Seals from Mohen-jo-daro like those exhibited in the Harappan Gallery found their way to Northern Syria, in such ancient sites as Ur, Susa, Lagash, presumably by international trade. The Gandharan stucco heads, schist sculptures and architectural fragments and jewellery from Taxila (second century A.D.) clearly reveal contact with late Greco-Roman conventions of form and portraiture. The Kushana Bodhisattva, in speckled red sandstone from Mathura, in style recalls Kanishka's portrait in the Mathura Museum, which shows so well clear evidence of the influence of Central Asian dress. From the South, early mediæval styles, so well represented in the National Museum, spread their influence far and wide through South-east Asia and, along with religion, inspired the people of Burma, Thailand, Cambodia and Malaya from about the sixth to the eleventh century.

The Pala bronzes from Nalanda, in their late phases, transmitted their tradition of form and decorative treatment to the bronzes of Nepal, and examples of both in the National Museum illustrate this influence.

The Central Asian Collection reflects along the caravan routes of the silk trade, from the first and second century A.D., the meeting of Indian influence and traditions with those of China in the Far East and those of the West and Near East, as well as a heritage of late Greco-Roman sculptural elements. In the later centuries the influence of Buddhism in this area provides a dominant theme for paintings and emphasizes again India's importance as a source of religions and of symbols, of iconography and of graphic form, however these may eventually have been transformed by local taste, techniques and conceptions of beauty and art.

India was always hospitable to ideas and fine products from elsewhere. It is amusing to find Moghul miniatures inspired by Italian religious prints. Later Indian artists learned quickly the tastes of Europeans and produced subjects of popular life, studies of flowers and costumes to please this new market. Soon too they took to European techniques and adapted them to Indian themes. The Moghuls imported the jade and celadon that they esteemed so much from China. Glass of fine quality was produced in India, but it was also imported. Textiles from India are reported to have been exported as early as classical times and were sold in the far distant markets of Rome. Muslins so fine and transparent as to resemble mist are said to have been sold in Mediterranean cities in ancient times. Kashmir shawls, of which the National Museum has a fine collection, were cherished items of wear for European ladies of fashion in the early nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century other weavings, of every type, calicos and other dyed cloth, as well as embroideries, were exported to European markets, even to the far distant North American colonies. Some textiles were designed in Europe, executed in India and re-exported specifically for the European trade.

So India has always held an outstanding place in the quality and variety of the things that it made, always enriching its heritage of arts and handicrafts from many sources and renewing it from period to period, and in general taking an important part in international trade. In the National Museum's collections the influencing of other peoples and the inspiration found in other peoples' arts can be illustrated, along with the amount, range and importance of India's varied products during its long history.

GRACE MCCANN MORLEY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A GREAT ARGUMENT*

THE GREAT, THE FUNDAMENTAL, ARGUMENT is between those who hold the religious and the materialistic views of the universe. In the past, in the great days of Chesterton, Belloc, Shaw and Wells, it was fully and fearlessly debated, but today there seems to be a regrettable tendency to sheer away from it Writers seem either to be fearful of declaring their position or to suppose that there is no more to be said on the subject. All the more credit then to Viscount Samuel and Professor Dingle for the way they have explored this greatest of all issues in a full and frank discussion of profound interest and value.

Both accept the premise that a common basis of understanding between philosophy, science and religion is vital to the future of the human race and the object of their debate is to explore ways in which this might be achieved. Samuel speaks for religion and philosophy, Dingle for science and the amount of common ground they discover is in itself encouraging. Both agree upon the difficulties involved. Both condemn modern philosophers for that obsession with linguistics which has caused them to abandon their traditional role at a time when they could play so important a part in bringing the men of science and religion together.

Professor Dingle is no apologist but a fearless critic of current scientific orthodoxy, and in view of the power they now wield it is frightening to learn from him how far the greatest scientific intellects of our time have been led astray by building their theories upon mathematical formulæ and not, like their predecessors, upon direct observations. The narrowest of religious dogmas appears liberal — and far less dangerous — when compared to the tyranny of mathematical formulæ which can persuade men of high intellect to believe such absurdities as the notion that so long as a man was confined to a spaceship circling the earth he could not grow a day older. This must be so because the formula requires it and the voice of common sense becomes a heresy falling on deaf ears. This section will be the more interesting to those who have read Arthur Koestler's perceptive study of the history of scientific thought, *The Sleepwalkers*, which reveals how easily the rational can become irrational.

The point of divergence between the two debaters is an absolutely fundamental one. Samuel distinguishes between "the universe as it is in itself" and the universe as it is "for us," whereas Dingle holds the Cartesian view and can accept only the second. For him the universe only exists because he observes it and he cannot accept the concept of any existence outside the realm of his own experience. It surprised this reviewer to discover towards the end of the book that Professor Dingle is a Quaker; for it is difficult to understand how he can reconcile a view so fundamentally materialistic with any form of religious belief however tenuous and undogmatic. To those who hold the religious view it seems logical to regard

* *Threefold Cord: Philosophy, Science, Religion.* A Discussion between Viscount SAMUEL and Professor HERBERT DINGLE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 280 pp. 1961. 25s.)

the universe as an objective creation[1] of which man, despite his unique powers, is but a part. Once this is accepted the existence of a creator must be accepted also. Unless a man believes that he and his world are the creation of a power greater than himself he cannot possess that humility which is the basis of wisdom nor can he accept any moral sanctions, since these can otherwise have no sure basis, being subject only to temporal expediency.

Obviously Professor Dingle earnestly desires a union between philosophy, science and religion, but it is difficult to see how this so desirable change can possibly come about so long as the egocentric view which he professes continues to dominate the Western world.

It is a tribute to this book that it should lead so readily to fundamental speculations of this kind and it can be recommended unreservedly to all who are concerned about the great problems of our time.

L. T. C. ROLT

SEVERAL REVIEWS now follow which show from various points of view how strongly the *Buddha Dhamma* is stirring the thought of people today. Both in the West and in the East translations of old texts and new reflections continue to appear. Many are responding to the "come-and-see" doctrine in this period when any possible faith must first commend itself to the individual's own understanding.—ED.]

The Heart of Buddhist Meditation: A Handbook of Mental Training Based on the Buddha's Way of Mindfulness. With an Anthology of Relevant Texts translated from the Pali and Sanskrit. By NYANAPONIKA THERA. (Rider and Company, London 223 pp. 1962. 25*s*.)

The subtitle given to this book is: "A Handbook of Mental Training, based on Buddha's Way of Mindfulness." The work is divided into three sections, the first section explaining, in simple terms, the basic principles of Buddhist meditation. This explanation is followed by a commentary on the *Maha-Satipaṭṭhāna Sutta*, the Greater Discourse on the Foundation of Mindfulness. Finally there comes an anthology of texts on Right Mindfulness, taken from Pali and Sanskrit sources.

The Buddha taught in his Doctrine of the Mind that three things were necessary. First, to *know* the mind. It is the nearest thing to us, yet we are woefully ignorant of its nature, and of its contents. Second we have to *shape* our minds. They appear to be unwieldy and obstinate but, with practice, they can be bent to our wills. Thirdly we have to *free* our minds. At present they are in bondage, but by following the Buddha's instructions, we are able to free them.

The author rightly starts with a discussion of Mindfulness; for this is a word which is often misunderstood. Mindfulness starts with the training of the attention; for without gaining mastery over the attention we are unable to do anything. We must be aware of what is happening in our minds and we must be able to gain some control over their movements. From knowledge of what is happening in our minds we

[1] Our reviewer draws attention to a deep-seated human intuition. But "creation" by a "creator" is not the only form in which it has been expressed. "Emanation" is another way of regarding the relation of conditioned existences to the Self-existent, and to us it seems to lead to a more philosophical treatment of the Transcendent and the Immanent Deity and of the nature of the Self in man. But we agree fully that "a power greater than himself" (as he ordinarily understands himself) is a necessary metaphysical basis for intelligible and firmly-rooted ethics.—ED.

must pass to what is known as Right Mindfulness or Right Attention.

> It is called "right" because it . . . is the basis as well as part and parcel of Right Understanding; because it teaches us to do the right thing in the right way, and because it serves the right purpose pointed out by the Buddha: the Extinction of Suffering

Mindfulness is on the road to the attainment of a higher level of Consciousness or Awareness. If humanity is to evolve any further it is along this road that it will have to travel. This being so, the attainment of mindfulness is of importance not only to Buddhists. It is of importance to the whole of humanity. Nyanaponika Thera's book is greatly to be welcomed, for it is a very clear exposition of an all-important subject.

KENNETH WALKER

Buddhism. Edited by RICHARD A. GARD. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 256 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

Written by a scholar, this concise textbook will easily appeal to students of comparative religion as a reliable introduction to Buddhism as such, and to various sects of it throughout Asia. It refers the student to a valuable number of books representing the several schools of Theravāda, Mahāyāna, "Pure Land" of Amitābha, and Zen. It happily avoids any suggestion of propaganda directed at nominal "Christians" who may, like the Athenians in Paul's day, be concerned with something new; a fault found in many books in English with some public appeal.

It presents the different schools of monkish "about it and about" quite impartially, as indeed a textbook should do. Its account of Buddhist monasticism is informative if not exactly attractive to the Western mind, which, if interested in *Yogas* at all, prefers some form of *Karma Yoga*.

The Sangha of recluses, withdrawn from the world, claims most of the book, with the "laity" being more considered in the last forty pages. But the number of pages is not everything, and Chapter Six is (to a layman) the most interesting, particularly an account of "Buddhist Lay Groups and Activities" (pp. 226-42). May the Welfare Activities mentioned increase and multiply, and when they are merged into Official Government Action — inevitable in some cases — may the Compassionate Influence of all the Bodhisattvas be evident.

The excellent list of books referred to (from T. W. Rhys Davids and Mrs. Rhys Davids *via* the Suzukis, etc., up to Edward Conze in 1960) not only is of great service for those who would like to make a deeper study but shows the reliability of this volume in particular. The "Parting" on p. 243 is very fine.

E. V. HAYES

Buddhism for Today. By M. O'C. WALSHE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 143 pp. 1962. 16*s*.)

"One man's search for truth" has led the writer of this book into Buddhism, and he tells of his conversion in simple, unaffected prose, outlining what he takes Buddhism to mean. All accounts of such a Pilgrim's Progress, no matter to what, must be of interest, the more if the account is brightly written, with a spice of humour, as this book can claim to be.

It is not easy to present Buddhism to the West save as an account of an Eastern religion still living in Asia, having grown there naturally (though heretically) as Protestant Christianity

has grown out of Catholicism in the West. The ethical teaching of Buddhism is clearly that of the *Yoga Sutras* and other Indian works on mysticism and spiritual unfolding; the Buddha himself in his lifetime being an inspiring example of a Yogi.

The doctrinal differences may be much later than Buddha's own day. Here is Rebirth without an Ego, and Karma without the same man reaping what he has sown, save within the limits of one lifetime. Here is Life seen as "Suffering"; immortality in any personal sense, as a mere illusion, and not exactly an encouraging one. We are asked to say: "I am *not* an Ego"; we should perhaps say (later on): "I am not the Ego I thought I was." The Ego unravels every entanglement — but not itself. We still have the Five Precepts and the Eightfold Noble Path: "that is all ye know or need to know." In that observing there is Truth and Beauty.

E. V. HAYES

Buddhism and Peace. By K. N. JAYATILLEKE. (32 pp. 1962); *Purification of Character: Purification of View.* By BHIKKHU VIMALO and C. B. DHARMASENA. (53 pp. 1962); *The Lamp of the Law.* Translated by SOMA THERA and PIYADASSI THERA. (39 pp. 1961); *Buddhism and the Age of Science.* By U CHAN HTOON. (63 pp. 1961); *Buddhist Ideals of Government.* By GUNASEELA VITANAGE (24 pp.) (All Published by Buddhist Publication Society, Kandy, Ceylon.); *World Revolution through Buddhist Meditation.* By SARUKKALI. (Dr. F. Abesuriya, Galle, Ceylon. 73 pp. 1961. 75 cents)

Buddhism and Peace was originally given as a talk at All Souls College, Oxford University, when the International Fellowship of Reconciliation held a Seminar on the theme of "Religion and Peace, with special reference to the Concepts of Truth, Justice, Freedom and Love." The lecturer has offered much food for thought and has tried to illustrate what he means when saying that, in Buddhism, spiritual truths were on par with scientific truths. The Appendix offers a collection of useful quotations on the subject of peace and Compassion, including Asoka's Rock Edict No. XIII, which informs us how the Emperor attempted to found a State on Buddhist principles.

World Revolution through Buddhist Meditation gives the reader a collection of short essays on the Doctrine with comments from sages and psychologists. All basic points of the *Dhamma* are brought out including information on Meditation or Mind-Training and the method which is prescribed in Burma today.

In *Purification of Character: Purification of View* the two well-known authors have offered comprehensive information on personal inner development for those who want to follow the *Buddha Dhamma*, stage by stage.

The Lamp of the Law gives in translation selected excerpts from an unique Sinhala treatise on the *Dhamma*. *Dharmapradīpikā*, which may be translated as Lamp of the Law, is a sort of commentary, written toward the end of the twelfth century, on the *Mahabodhivamsa*, the "Chronicle of the Tree of Enlightenment." Here is the *Dhamma* in its beautiful simplicity.

Buddhism and the Age of Science contains two learned addresses delivered by the Judge of the Supreme Court of the Union of Burma when he represented Buddhism at two religious conferences in the United States in August 1958.

Buddhist Ideals of Government, an excellent little Bodhi Leaf, gives us the ideals of democratic forms of Government in ancient India, which were

referred to by a former Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Zetland, in his Introduction to the book "Legacy of India."

SISTER VAJIRA

Hinduism. By K. M. SEN. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, England. 160 pp. 1961. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is a notable contribution to cultural literature. It looks so simple that after a careful perusal we are astonished at the amount of wisdom packed into it. Within so small a compass a most authentic, comprehensive and impartial account has been given of an at-least-three-thousand-year-old and glorious civilization. Not a single aspect of our composite culture has been neglected and the sense of proportion shown in assessing the values of the numerous movements — social, religious, moral and spiritual — is almost unique. Indeed, this book is a triumph of historical skill and deserves to be held up as a model to all others labouring in the same field.

However, one or two suggestions are offered which are felt to be necessary for the improvement of this work.

The reference to Jabali is certainly misleading if his address to Rama is taken out of context. It must be followed by the next few speeches to do justice to the speaker. The selected passage gives vehement and unrestrained expression to undiluted and sordid materialism. This is followed by Rama's just but equally vehement rebuke of Jabali. Then the latter recants his philosophy and explains that when he spoke so his desire was to see if somehow or other Rama could be persuaded to return to his kingdom and make his people happy. Finally, Vasishtha speaks out in defence of Jabali's apology for seeming materialism. Rama accepts their explanations, sticks to his resolve, presents his *pādukās* to Bharata and sends them all back contented and happy.

The Scriptures are a treasure-house of passages of power and of beauty; and therefore any selection of a few — alas, how very few they are in this book — is bound to be somewhat unsatisfactory. All those selected by the brilliant author are worthy of selection. But we may point out that besides them, he could and should, even within the limits of this book, have found a place for at least a few of those marvellous hymns which are being daily chanted by countless Hindus all over the country during the worship of their household gods. These passages present the truest picture of our living culture; they are the breath of our life.

In the *Krishna Yajus Samhitā* we have two whole *praśnas* of mantras used in the worship of Īśwara — *Rudrābhiṣeka.* They describe the appearance of the Lord, both beautiful and awful, and the manifestation of that Lord in all objects in the universe, living and non-living, reminding us of Krishna's recounting of His *Vibhūtis* in the *Gītā.* Next, in the *Upanishads* (*Taittirīya*), there is the dialogue between Bhrigu and his father, Varuna, on the nature of Brahman. This must have a place among the selections. Lastly, we refer to a few sublime hymns used in the worship of the Sun god — *Sūryanamaskāra.* There is the hymn in the *Āraṇyaka* beginning with "*Yosau tapannudeti . . .*" which brings out the beneficent power of the sun in terms of matchless beauty; and, on the same god, in the *Taittirīya,* we have the equally superb passage "*Ādityovā . . . maṇḍalaḥ.*"

The language of the book is simple, chaste and correct throughout. One very slight error is on p. 35: In the sentence commencing with "Bernier," the interrogative construction ". . . how

could they . . ." is improperly used in a subordinate clause reporting a question. Another error is on p. 111: "have" in line 6 should be "has."

D. M. SUBRAHMANYAM

Judaism. Edited by ARTHUR HERTZBERG. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. George Braziller, Inc., New York. 256 pp. 1961. 25*s.*)

This is the sixth and last volume in the series "Great Religions of Modern Man," published under the general editorship of Dr. R A. Gard. The purpose of these publications is to provide an introduction to the spiritual contents and significance of Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam and Judaism. These religions are here allowed to speak for themselves through their respective literatures; and the task of the editor is limited to selecting the relevant texts and presenting short interpretations of them.

Even so, the editor's task can be both an important and a difficult one, and the reader is not necessarily guarded against distortions in this way. The editor should be at once intimately acquainted with his subject, and sympathetic towards it; and the texts should be chosen in such a way that the reader, who is presumably more often than not an outsider, should receive an impression of the coherence, meaning and spirit of the religion concerned.

The traditions of Judaism are bulky and varied, often hairsplitting and obscure, and at times unattractive, or even repulsive. The book under review possesses none of those qualities: it is short and well set out, and it is informative and easy to read; Rabbi Hertzberg has, through these pages, managed to present to the reader a sympathetic image of Judaism which cannot fail to impress the interested reader favourably. The material is arranged conceptually, *i.e.*, it is grouped according to certain fundamental ideas, such as the Covenant, God, the Law, the Festivals, the Holy Land, the doctrine of Man and Prayer, and extracts are given from the Bible and from Jewish writings down through the ages. The quotations from the writings of liberal-minded modern Jews constitute a particularly attractive feature about this book.

P. WERNBERG-MOLLER

Some Problems in Jaina Psychology. By T. D. KALGHATGI. (Karnatak University, Dharwar. 137 pp. 1961. Rs 6.00)

This is the second volume in the Research Series of the Karnatak University under the scheme of publications of Approved Research Works — Doctorate Theses (Humanities). This treatise is an attempt to interpret the problems of Jaina psychology in terms of Western thought. It tries to point out some possible parallels between the approach to psychological problems of ancient Indian philosophers including the Jainas and that of Western thinkers.

This treatise is analytic and interpretative. It is mainly devoted to the study of Self, the Soul, and its characteristics, manifestations, psychic aspects, and to its ultimate realization — the attaining of *Moksha* or Liberation from the bonds of *Karma*, which is the supreme goal of Jainism, to be attained only after long and arduous struggle.

The book deals also with the empirical aspects of the Jaina theory of mind. The analysis of sense organs and sense qualities is given in detail. In addition to sense perception, other sources of empirical knowledge are also described. The theory of supernormal experience

or perception, *i.e.*, omniscience, is noted as a feature of Jaina psychology, and such perception is rightly mentioned as the final step of self-development.

The Bibliography and Index at the end of the treatise enhance its value. The book is learned, well written and well presented.

S. K. JHAVERI

Japasūtram. By SWAMI PRATYAGATMANANDA. (Ganesh and Company, Private, Ltd., Madras. iv+79 pp. 1961. Rs. 4.00)

This brochure is intended to be a "peep" into the many "side galleries of the show" to be provided by the larger work of the author bearing the same name but written in Sanskrit and Bengali. In five chapters it deals with the "sound inherent in every object of the world, sentient or insentient." Since the author himself is aware that his book cannot "promise to offer much easily understandable matter" (p. 2), he adds to it two contributions from two co-workers familiar with his work. These come in as Introduction and Appendix and are intended to be explanatory of the terse text.

Discussion of the metaphysics of sound has not escaped the attention of our ancient linguisticians. The doctrine of the unmanifest Sound (*sphoṭavāda*) is associated with the name of an old grammarian, Sphoṭāyana. And the celebrated grammarian-philosopher, Bhartṛhari, propounded in his monumental *Vākyapadīya* the doctrine of *Śabda-Brahman*, anticipating by centuries the now famous Idealistic Monism of Śaṅkara. The present work combines with these doctrines some of the esoteric doctrines of the *Mantra-Śāstra* and should be of great interest to students of Indian Mysticism. Its rich content should perhaps be examined by our modern physicists and phoneticians also.

H. G. NARAHARI

The Gospel, the Gospels and the Evangelists. By ERNEST G. LOOSLEY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 104 pp. 1962. 13*s.* 6d.)

The difficulty about such a book as this is that it is written with such artless sincerity that criticism seems out of place. Sufficient to say that few independent Biblical scholars today would be so certain about the origin and authorship of the Gospels as Mr. Loosley.

The book is intended partly as a help to teachers and others, presumably to be used on a certain level of teaching. The old problem arises: How can one be simple about such a complex subject as the authorship and compilation of the Gospels without distorting the truth?

Mr. Loosley's general approach may be summed up by the assertion on p. 14 that "Well-nigh two thousand years ago, God solved the problem of breaking through the bounds of the physical and material universe." He solved it, of course, through the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

From such an assertion almost anything can follow, and the wonder is that the author can keep within comparatively reasonable bounds of historical presentation.

E. G. LEE

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[WE are glad to print below the Founder's Day Address given by **Professor N. A. Nikam**, Vice-Chancellor, Mysore University, at The Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on August 21st, 1962.—ED.]

PHILOSOPHY AND CULTURE

I AM grateful to you, Madame Sophia Wadia, for having conferred this honour on me, of being invited to deliver the Founder's Day Address of the Indian Institute of World Culture. This Institution was founded by a man of vision and universal culture, the late Shri B. P. Wadia, who looked and lived like a Seer. The Institute is now kept going from strength to strength by his gracious wife, whose charm of person reminds us of the qualities of auspiciousness that Hindu culture has personified in the deities it worships, Lakshmi and Saraswati.

It is not only an honour to deliver the Founder's Day Address of this Institute, but, let me say, it is for me also a joy, as of being in celestial company, to be amidst the enlightened audience that sits in this Hall from whose courteous attention the speaker who addresses them derives his inspiration. Here, the speaker who is before you discovers that there is at least one moment of his existence which he can snatch from the cold-war weariness of the office of a Vice-Chancellor; here he feels the delight of his existence, which he cannot do there. The uphill task of a Vice-Chancellor, nowadays, in our country, may be compared to the successive attempts at ascent made by mountaineers to scale the heights of the Himalayas to reach Mount Everest. Nearly all of them have had to return leaving their task unaccomplished, *owing to bad weather at the top*. In this sense, a Vice-Chancellor is a mountaineer!

But the heroic attempt made to scale the Himalayas and the will-never-to-give-up in accomplishing difficult things are something superhuman in all situations; for, the effort that is made for its own sake and the cheerful endurance, in scaling mountain heights as in accomplishing other difficult things — like founding this Institute — gives man perfection and immortality. This is the allotted work of those people whom Toynbee calls the "creative minority," who build up institutions, like this one, and give an impetus to the onward movement of culture.

The culture which a people brings into existence is great, not because of its successes and the memories that a people have of their forgotten triumphs, but because of the Himalayan attempts they have made, and even the honest failures of which they come to be aware, in the realization of their hopes. We are all aware, most poignantly, of our failure to establish world peace in spite of the phenomenal achievements of a scientific civilization and culture. Therefore, in studying a culture we must not only look at the departed memories of a past tradition, but at the hopes which the culture or civilization raises in the breast of man. "Hope, assuredly, is greater than Memory" (*Āśā vāva smarād-bhūyasi*) says the *Chāndogya* (vii.14.1) and says in continuation: "When kindled by hope, memory learns the sacred hymns, performs sacrifices, desires sons and cattle, desires this world and the other." We have there-

fore to ask: What are the hopes of a culture? What does it desire? Does it desire this world and the other, or is it so weak as to desire only one of the two?

I want merely to ask in this short Founder's Day Address, without any discussion, three questions: Is there a culture without a philosophy and what is a philosophy like, if it is to live as part of a culture? What is the place of myth or mythology in a culture? How does a culture view time, or what is its philosophy of history?

Every culture has, and must have, some philosophy; but a living philosophy may degenerate into the sophistication of logistics, as is happening to contemporary philosophy all over the world. In reality, philosophy is personal communication, a "dialogue" between two minds, between Krishna and Arjuna, between Buddha and his disciples, between Socrates and his friends, and so on. The *Gītā* is *Śrī Kṛṣṇārjuna Saṁvāda.*

Philosophy, I said, is a dialogue between two minds. Really and truly, philosophy is a dialogue with one's own mind, and with one's own self; but I distinguish between the soliloquy of a tragic hero, which arises out of conflict, and the inner dialogue of a philosopher, which arises out of dialectic, and makes progress on the path of realization. Dialectic and Tragedy are not identical. When philosophy becomes a dialogue with one's own self, then, philosophy is *Silence* — a silence which is not physical dumbness of speech but the inner silence of an awakening, such as that of the Seers and the Prophets — a silence of the mind, which cannot be defined either as internal consciousness or as external consciousness: *Na antaḥ prajña, na bahiḥ prajña.*

A culture produces men of diverse abilities, but what is a culture worth if it does not produce a man of silence?

Philosophy is a flame of the human mind; in ancient literature it is compared to the ever-living Fire; and the flame shoots up as a question. The question which arises thus embodies a vision, and all this is the nature of philosophy. For example, here is a question that is asked: "By knowing what, Sir, is all this known"? *Kasminnu bhagavo vijñāte sarvamidam vijñātam bhavati?* This question implies an awareness in the mind of the pupil who asks this question that there is a fundamental principle or reality, which is not yet known to him, although he appears to know all that is known. "What is justice?" asked Socrates, and said that we should light a lamp during the day, to seek where it is. "How is knowledge possible?" asked Kant, and to discover this he analysed the faculties of Sense and Reason in man.

The simplest of all philosophical questions is: "Who am I?" Is the "I" the mind that says, "I think," or the sense of speech, or the several senses which say: "I speak," "I hear," "I see," etc.? The *Kena Upaniṣad* asks: "By whom willed and directed does the mind light on its objects? By whom commanded does life the first, move? At whose will do (people) utter this speech? And what god is it that prompts the eye and the ear?"

Kenesitam patati presitam manah
Kena prānah prathamah praiti yuktah,
Keneṣitām vācamimām vadanti
Cakṣuḥ śrotram ka u devo yunakti?

I said that philosophy is a flame in the human mind and shoots up as a question. There is a philosophy therefore in asking a question but there is also a philosophy in not answering questions: philosophy exists between these two limits.

In the nineteenth book of the *Abhidharma-Koṣa,* four classes of questions are described: (1) Questions which can be answered directly, with a Yes or No:

e.g., Do all living beings die? Yes, they must all die. (2) Questions which can be answered only with reservation: Will all beings be reborn? The answer is, yes and no: those who have not yet overcome their passion will be reborn; those who have destroyed them will not be reborn. (3) Questions which need a counter-question: *e.g.*, Is a man strong or weak? In relation to whom? is the counter-question. (4) Questions which cannot be answered: These are the famous fourteen questions which the Buddha refused to answer:—

1-4: Is the world constant — or not — or both — or neither?

5-8: Is the world limited in time — or not — or both — or neither?

8-11: Does the Tathāgata exist after death — or not — or both — or neither?

13-14: Are life and body identical — or not?

Plato said that a philosopher is a spectator of all time and existence. Too much emphasis on the word "spectator" has brought a little contempt on philosophy and the philosopher, with the result that philosophy is pronounced to be proverbially useless to the world and the world useless to the philosopher. But as the *Chāndogya* said: when kindled by hope, we desire this world and the other. If so, is there not in philosophy some hope for man: for this world and the other? Of what use is philosophy in the "other" world if it is useless here? Cannot philosophy win this world? The answers to these questions may be found in the vitality of a culture.

If you are a seeker of Truth you will ask questions, as I said, but the Truth you seek must be discovered in you in the way you live your life and so, the answer to the questions you ask arise or vanish in accordance with the way you choose to live. In the *Praśna Upaniṣad*,

> Sukesha, son of Bharadvaja, Satya-kama, son of Sibi, Gargya, grandson of Surya, Kausalya, son of Asvala, Bhargava of the Vidharba country, Kabandhi, son of Katya. these (pupils) devoted to Brahman, intent on Brahman, seeking the highest Brahman, approached the revered Pippalada with the intent of asking him questions about Brahman To them the seer said: Live with me a year, with austerity, chastity and faith. Then ask questions according to your desire, and if we know, we shall indeed tell you.

Have we lost this tradition? No, not yet; and I hope we shall never; we ought to be glad therefore that it was continued on the banks of the Sabarmati by a band of disciples who lived with austerity, chastity and faith, with Mahatma Gandhi and shared his experiments in Truth and Non-violence.

I now ask the second question: What is the place of mythology or myth in a culture?

There is probably no culture without its mythology or myths. What part a myth plays in a culture, and why or how it arises in the cultural history of a people, are engaging questions. There are three or four factors which give rise to mythologies or myths. First: Man lives and is aware that he lives in two dimensions, the temporal and the eternal, the sensuous and the non-sensuous, the visible and the invisible. In primitive cultures which have no deep philosophic insights, Art bridges partially the gulf between the sensuous and the non-sensuous; whereas, in materialistic cultures which dogmatically reject religious revelation and are governed by atheistic ideologies, the feeling for the transcendent, the beyond, the mysterious, far from being absent, is awakened through art and music as in primitive cultures; but in a completed culture, philosophy and religion co-exist and express in their diverse ways the same mystery and the joy of right existence. The living mythologies of some of the ancient cultures, like

that of Hinduism, bridge the gulf between the sensuous and the non-sensuous, between life here and the life hereafter, through the use of the transcendent imagination, and they have created beautiful and incredible myths, which bring the Eternal and the Beyond face to face with us in a challenging dialogue bweteen the human person and Death itself. The story of *Sāvitri*, the subject of an epic by Sri Aurobindo, is an example, and the other is the *Kaṭha Upaniṣad*.

The second reason why or manner in which a myth comes into being in a culture is this. In the Seventh Book of *The Republic*, Plato refers to two sorts of "blindness" or "bewilderments" of the eye, which arise in two different ways, *viz.*, the blindness when one comes out of darkness into light, and that when one goes from light into darkness. Plato says:—

> ... Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eye are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going to the light.

What is true of the bodily eye, he says, is true of the mind's eye. The implication of Plato's observation is that the awakening of the human mind to the contemplation of the highest reality has to be a steady but a gradual process, and the mind's eye must be trained to accustom itself to the intensity of the light when the man of spiritual aspiration is coming out of the dark chamber of his own mind. Myth and allegory perform this function of the gradual awakening of the Soul of Man, through his senses and imagination, to the contemplation of the reality which is the goal of his intellectual being.

There is a third reason why a myth comes into being in a culture. Although our experience of time is successive and is divisible into the Past, the Present and the Future, the transcendental imagination of the same human mind plays with them and, through its power, puts the future into the past, and thereby creates the delightful illusion that what is yet to be realized in the spiritual history of man has been already attained in some remote past: so that, by the example of what has once happened, or appears to have happened, man might again make the effort to repeat it in the present. Or mythology bridges Heaven and Earth and makes us see that what happens on the earth was conceived and has its plans in Heaven, so that the beginnings of events on the earth are not on the earth. The mythical story of the destruction of Mahishasura by the Devi, Chamundeshwari, represents the ultimate triumph of good over evil and the conquest that is certain of the demoniac or *āsuric* forces. Now, this is yet to happen; this is a conquest which man has yet to make, but the myth translates the Idea into an historical reality and thereby gives man hope and courage in his struggles with them. The beginnings of history and the prophetic realization of the future destiny of man appear to be both contained in the beginninglessness of mythologies.

It is part of human nature that it loves fiction better than truth. Although man is in search of truth, his native blindness and the so-called rational scepticism of his mind is such that he will doubt the truth even when he sees it. Mythologies therefore present truth through fiction and awaken the mind, surreptitiously, by alluring it not with truth but with fiction. After all, education is entering into the beliefs of man; if truth cannot enter, fiction does and, if well used, it may open the door to the truth. The mythologies of ancient cultures had their origin in a certain understanding of the human mind, and they taught us how to *spend* our time and our leisure instead of wasting it, as modern fiction does.

Let me now ask whether there is no place for the myth in our contemporary scientific civilization. What sort of a myth shall we create in our age, when there will be either *one* world or *no* world at all? Socrates, faced with the problem of the unity of the State, asks why we should not devise one of those falsehoods in the hour of need, "just one royal lie" and an "audacious fiction," as he says, which he proposes to communicate, first to the Rulers, then to the soldiers and lastly to the people. The "royal lie" and "audacious fiction" which he wishes to communicate is: that all are to be regarded "as children of the earth" and as their "own brothers" and that the Past was an unreality. Let us invent this myth, this piece of audacious fiction, this royal lie, in the dire hour of need of the world and save the world from any more wars, and give the United Nations a foundation in the minds and beliefs of men which it has not. It is with the minds of men that ancient mythologies were concerned, and it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace ought to be built, since it is in the minds of men that wars begin.

I shall not take more of your time and become laborious in analysing the the third component of culture, the sense of history or the sensitiveness to the reality of Time that a people or a culture has. Every culture or people has had its Heroes, from whom date eras. When peoples have to abandon, owing to the tragedies of history, their land and their traditions, and move out into the open spaces of undiscovered territories, their sense of history is not lost but their history will consist in what they do for themselves in the present by which they build up their future. The arrow of Time as well as of history points to the future in their existence. History is not for them "Memory" but "Hope," and Hope is greater than Memory, as I said, quoting the *Chāndogya*.

Although Indian culture dates itself from an undated historical or mythical past and calls itself *sanātana dharma*, its perspective is not regressive. According to the spirit of Indian culture, man makes history when he saves himself by himself and does not destroy himself: *Uddharet ātmanā ātmānam, na atmānam avasādayet*. In spite of histories, man has yet to make history.

The historian Arnold Toynbee says that in the study of history we should avoid committing the A-Pathetic Fallacy, *i.e.*, we should not interpret human individuals in terms of mechanical categories, dominated as our thinking is by the categories of the physical sciences. On the other hand, ancient cultures appeared to commit the opposite but pleasing Pathetic Fallacy of treating inanimate things as animate, treating Nature as alive, and identified, for instance, the Sun with life — *adityo ha vai prāṇaḥ*: "The Sun, indeed, is life." I believe in the Pathetic Fallacy; and so may I conclude my Founder's Day Address by quoting the verses addressed to the Sun in the *Praśna Upaniṣad*?

Viśva-rūpam, hariṇam, jāta-vedasam,
Parāyaṇam, jyotirekam tapantam,
Sahasra-raśmiḥ śatadhā vartamānaḥ,
Prāṇaḥ prajānām udayati eṣa sūryaḥ.

([He] who has all forms, the golden one, the all-knowing, the goal (of all), the sole light, the giver of heat, possessing a thousand rays, existing in a hundred forms — thus rises the sun, the life of all creation.)

May the Golden Sun of a new world culture dawn in the East, on the horizon of the Indian Institute of World Culture, and spread to all the quarters of the earth and illumine the minds of men!

N. A. NIKAM

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** made an excursion out of Paris to Chartres and to the near-by village of Aillers, where stands a house Marcel Proust wrote in. He gives us some reflections on Proust and on the *roman nouveau*.—ED.]

STELLA MEAD, the perennial child, a rare thing always, was happily with us again, this time, among other things, to see Chartres and to visit in Aillers, fifteen kilometres away, a house where Proust lived and wrote about Aunt Léonie.

We were wondering how to set about getting there when Agnes Beriot, a charming young sociologist friend, said she would take us all — Stella, Kamala and me — in her car. So we prepared a picnic lunch and set off, on as radiant a morning as September ever knew, in a car that purred with delight, on the autoroute which unrolled itself before us like a silken ribbon.

As we went along, Agnes told us about the many times she had made walking pilgrimages during Easter, together with other young people, to the accompaniment of hymns and religious music. Yes, Chartres, like Lourdes, draws its faithful to it.

But Chartres, according to some the most beautiful Cathedral in France, should be seen when it is floodlit or else, as we have always found, the interior is sombre and a good deal of the exquisite, jewel-like tracery and sculpture is missed. Yet, now that the monuments have been freshly cared for, as we walked around in the shimmering white of this mediæval church we felt a deep sense of peace. We gazed many times at our favourite stained-glass windows before setting off, reluctantly, to see this Proustian house.

The village of Aillers is, like so many French villages, neat and compact with its winding paths, and everyone knew where this house was. The door was closed but Stella could see the village church whose spires provoked the novelist to set down so much on paper. We talked about Proust, of course, and all he meant to us, and who Aunt Léonie was. We referred to Proustian critics — Maurois, Ploure and others.

When one thinks of Aunt Léonie one recalls, almost at once, Marcel's invading flood of memories. In one historic passage the flavour of a *madeleine* dipped in tea gives him the sensation of being with his Aunt Léonie, saying good-morning on Sunday, before setting off for mass. From the narrow confines of this impression the village of Combray emerges like the genie in the Arabian Nights from the bottle. The ghost of an old belfry sounds the hours above a chequer-board of roofs. The postman passes down the street. There is a curious barometer in the window of the optician's shop. Pious old women move on on their way to church. Tongues wag. The Curé pays a call on Aunt Léonie, who never leaves her bed.

One thinks of Paris — the Paris of 1900 — which becomes for Marcel a prison of solitude and despair foreshadowed by the bedroom of his dying and sequestered Aunt Léonie. Many exhalations of life bring pleasure to the dreamer and give nourishment to the lover's melancholy. The call to happiness sounds only for Albertine and not for her lover, whose lamentable craving for delight leads to the police station. The seduction of young girls is not smiled upon. It seems that in this prison-house against the walls of which beats the happy jollity of the living, only one window lets in the light — the pianola with the score of *Tristan* on its music-stand. The sole way of escape from love and life is by converting these things into orchestral harmonies and word-

patterns. This was Proust's method. Swann and Aunt Léonie foreshadow as well as shape the narrator's life. They fix permanently in his temperament his misgiving which the passage of time might perhaps have otherwise effaced. The little Marcel grows to manhood between them, as between two bad angels.

Swann had played the part of a mentor discreetly following at a young man's heels: but Aunty Léonie, the sick old aunt, is a bad fairy who, tardily but brutally, lights the path of a destiny which she has not directed, but over which she broods like some malign divinity. In her case, what we listen to is not a subtle counterpoint, but modulations which transform a theme and retrospectively load it with an unexpected significance.

Once, long ago, Aunt Léonie had taken to her bed. Nothing now interests her, it seems, but the recovery of her health. But the sickness is in permanent residence within her, and intercepts and turns to its advantage every precaution taken to subdue it. Rest, medicines, serve only to confirm its power, and if, on the contrary, she decides to ignore its presence, it becomes immediately apparent that the poison has infiltrated into every corner of her being, and is in complete control. She can go on living only by entering into an alliance with the agent of destruction and bowing to its will. Aunt Léonie's illness is not mere accident, a passage towards ultimate cure or death, but a permanent condition, a deterioration of the patient's tissues, nerves and vision. And so it comes about that the narrator has before his eyes the living evidence of what, much later, he will himself become when, asthmatic and in love, himself the victim and himself the executioner, he will simultaneously make vain efforts to fight against his obsessions and yet find a queer delight in his failure to overcome them. For love, no less than illness, is a nervous predisposition, or, one might almost say, since Léonie is the narrator's Aunt, a hereditary taint.

It is worth noting that Swann and Aunt Léonie, imprisoned in the bubble of her own warped and private universe, are two characters whom, later, Charlus will combine into one, filling the drawing room of fashion with the echoes of his vanity, and, at the same time, suffering in secret from an intolerable sense of solitude.

I always think of Aunt Léonie as a true masochist, and in a way Proustian love proceeds from an intellectual masochism. What the narrator wants is not to cure himself but to give himself an excuse for suffering. This is so true that he soon comes to look upon sickness as more important than its ending. Perversely he accepts it, and acceptance brings a curious pleasure. He gives the name "love" to what is love's frustration, and draws from it, for want of anything better, the satisfaction of knowing that he is still in love. His reaction is that of a man with an injured leg who moves it about in the hope that the pain will turn out to have vanished, but finds that repeated movement is a way of, to some extent, numbing the pain, and is also productive of the paradoxical comfort of proving that it is still there.

This leads one to think of Proust's work today. What is it all about? A treatment against death? "Dying was nothing new," Proust said somewhere, "for I had, since my childhood, died many times." That is just it. Death became, for Proust, a sort of poisoning. No one can accustom himself to death without becoming detached from existence. Proust might have said, paraphrasing Christ, that he who would save his life shall lose it, but that he who loses it for art's sake shall save it. Yet today, neglected though he undoubtedly is, Proust is still there.

The *roman nouveau* (new novel), as

it is called, has for protagonists this pentagon: Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, Michel Butor, Saint-Simon and Claude Mauriac. All may be said to have sprung from Proust, Joyce and Kafka, so these people themselves declare, and there is also to be found some influence of Virginia Woolf. These five are trying to do in space what Proust did with time. In a way, according to some, these five form the "*Ecole du Regard*" and the "*Ecole du Refus*," even "anti-novelists." Some books, like *Une Voie pour le Roman futur* and *L'ere du Soupcon*, explain the method of these writers.

The new attitudes mean that such talented experimentalists in the traditional novel as Pierre Bouille (author of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*), Françoise Mallet-Joris, Roger Vailland can no longer claim the same highbrow recognition.

The odd thing is this — and two practitioners I know so well, Marta Mosquera and Clarisse Francillon — that all are hazy about the unifying and controlling principles of their art. As Robbe-Grillet (whose film *L'année dernière en Marienbad* is a highly controversial though important film) said, speaking of the "new novel," its mark is "the complete rejection of *profondeur* or depth of meaning in objects." How can one live in space and not in time? Butor and Grillet have concern for objects which neglect time. If the authors could live in timelessness, or their characters could, we might have a new kind of mysticism, but as it is all these new attempts are to conquer the overriding influences of time. Butor's novel, *La Modification*, is an important landmark in this direction.

BALDOON DHINGRA

I DO NOT THINK it is stretching a point too far to say that the work of Joyce and Proust, the poetry of Eliot and Rilke, is an attempt to present the material of human and supernatural affairs in the form of poetic continuum. . . . In Proust and Joyce you see something like a slow-motion camera at work. Their books do not proceed along a straight line, but in a circular manner, coiling and uncoiling upon themselves, embedded in the stagnant flux and reflux of a medium which is always changing yet always the same. . . . If you change our ideas about time you cannot but help change our ideas of death also. It is one of the paradoxes of the new space-time that, if time is really spread out in this way, *we can just as easily situate death in the present as in the future.*

— LAWRENCE DURRELL

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

October 8th, 1962, was Dassera, a day long regarded in India as auspicious for the initiation of children in their first lessons and for the beginning of any great effort. It was also the birth anniversary of the late Shri B. P. Wadia. It was a fitting date for the inauguration of the Vohu Mano Children's Library, a free public library for children and young people, at Theosophy Hall, Bombay 1, by Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit.

The Vohu Mano Children's Library is significantly named; for Vohu Mano is an ancient Avesta term meaning "the Superior Mind," "the Higher Mind." It is by a linguistic transformation from this term that is derived the name "Bomanji," which the late Shri Wadia bore.

In a speech of welcome, Shrimati Sophia Wadia explained the name and gave some information about the Library. She thanked Theosophy Company (India), for having provided the room and made available from its Educational Fund the initial equipment of the Library, and the many friends who had helped with time or gifts of books. She thanked especially Shri D. N. Marshall of the Bombay University Library and Miss Dorothy Clark of the U.S.I.S. Library, for expert advice; and also the advisers who had helped to select the books in Gujarati, Marathi, Hindi and Urdu.

The Library begins with over a thousand books in English, over a hundred in each of the Indian languages mentioned above, and room for much expansion.

Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit spoke warmly of the value we must give to all those things which will help young children to grow up into really mature men and women. And she placed especially high among these the means of learning to consider and think for oneself — a direct communication with good things of the mind. She gave the Library her blessing and a promise of active help in declaring it open.

The audience then passed through and inspected the pleasant room and the books of the Library. And thus a long-cherished intention of service has taken actual shape.

There are occasions when evidence seems to accumulate for the existence of a common source of subjective influence. The impulse is given, so to say, and people rush, apparently independently, to do the same thing at the same time; authors write on the same subject, scientists make discoveries, inventors produce creations, ignorant of other people's similar and simultaneous activities. At the present time the germ-idea of starting a publication seems to have touched many minds in one sweeping wave. Coming this autumn in Great Britain is *Minerva*, an international quarterly sponsored by the Committee on Science of Freedom, set up by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. With distinguished names like C. P. Snow, Oppenheimer, Zuckerman and Edward Shils (the Editor) in its advisory board, it will make its field in "the social, administrative and political problems of science and scholarship." September saw the appearance of *Scene*, a new entertainment magazine — promising if, as yet, somewhat "strident." Timothy Beaumont, the priest-publisher, is starting

another religious periodical, *Outlook*, to keep people informed about new movements in the Anglican Church. He is also planning *Insight*, a news monthly, for January 1963. *Controversy* is a new quarterly run by the Independent Labour Party.

Another publication, *Axle*, whose three editors are recently down from Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities, will cover literature and the arts. There has been a current vogue for satirical attack on "establishment" institutions, a vogue catered for and created by such things as the theatrical revues, *Beyond the Fringe* and *Establishment*, and the new periodical *Private Eye*. The cliquishness of this cult is now in turn being attacked by *Axle*. Other articles promised in the first few issues will survey various psychological states induced by mescalin, the symbolism of the latest teenage "uniform" ((blue denim and black leather), psychoanalysis and its trimmings, and so on. Among smaller publications, Cambridge University Buddhist Society is planning a termly journal *Kalpa*, beginning October. In its thirty to sixty pages "it aims to give expression to a modern approach to Buddhism and to provide translations of the Buddhist scriptures."

The big national press is running up against cut-throat competition — circulation, advertising, finance — and the threat of wide-spread elimination of the means of communication for different viewpoints. Recent past decades have seen the demise of so many "little journals." But now new technical advances in printing and reproduction processes have made things easier for the smaller publication. The inexpensive colour process (new in Britain) for smaller runs looks like bringing about a revival of the provincial press, the Banbury and Swindon newspapers sponsored by Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., being pioneers. The stencil process, now attractive and clear-cut, photo-copying, and other techniques make comparatively small circulations an economic proposition.

The earlier "Elizabethan age" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced, on the foundation of the technical advances of that day, a flowering of literature, and a golden age of pure scientific discovery.

What will the spirit of the present age produce?

The special number of the *Times Literary Supplement*, "A Language in Common," dealing with the scope and influence of the English tongue, has been followed, six weeks later, by another, "Europe Looks Outward" (September 21st, 1962). The survey begins with France, within whose zone of influence come the dark writers of French Africa, Madagascar, the West Indies, the south Mediterranean countries, and also, at a further remove, French-speaking Canada. Despite the cult of "négritude" the use of the French tongue is more centripetal, more metropolitanized than English has been, just as the French colonial tradition has been one of assimilation rather than independence. In Canada, the clinging to the French tradition is due largely to a fear of loss of individuality by amalgamation with the English-speaking majority.

In Latin America, despite the use of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, the cultural impact of Spain and Portugal since independence is not strong. The nationalist literatures of the South American countries, influenced by French and British cultures, as also by the United States, have developed along their own lines, though too little has been translated to build up world reputations. Another article surveys Israel, where "approximately two thirds of the population has been living in the

country less than fifteen years," and where, consequently, literature is in a state of flux — nostalgia for the old cultures, pioneering attempts at a Hebrew literature, mainly coloured by German, Russian and English, with a tendency towards an adolescent-type pessimism.

The advances made by Australian literature from its hitherto isolated, even chauvinistic, position are noted — advances not only to the European tradition, but also towards its geographical neighbours, the Far Eastern civilizations. The degrees to which European literature has been assimilated in the U.S.A., Japan and China, respectively, are also considered in three further articles.

Neither German nor Italian literature is dealt with, nor is that of Russia and the countries within its orbit. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that over twenty German-language publishers have thought it worth while to advertise in the issue (as against ten French and eight Italian), while books in all three languages are among those dealt with in some seventy review articles, many of them covering two or three books. Altogether these special issues are an amazing sixpennyworth of value. As broad surveys they clarify the pattern of culture, not only for those readers who "cannot see the wood for the trees" but also for those who do not even know what trees there might be.

THE POPULAR NOTION of Hell is morally revolting and intellectually incredible because it is conceived of in terms of human criminal law, as a torture imposed upon the sinner against his will by an all-powerful God. Charles Williams succeeds, where even Dante, I think, fails, in showing us that nobody is ever *sent* to Hell; he, or she, insists on going there. If, as Christians believe, God is love, then, in one sense, He is not omnipotent, for He cannot compel His creatures to accept His Love without ceasing to be Himself. The Wrath of God is not *His* wrath but the way in which those feel His Love who refuse it, and the right of refusal is a privilege which not even their Creator can take from them.

—W. H. AUDEN

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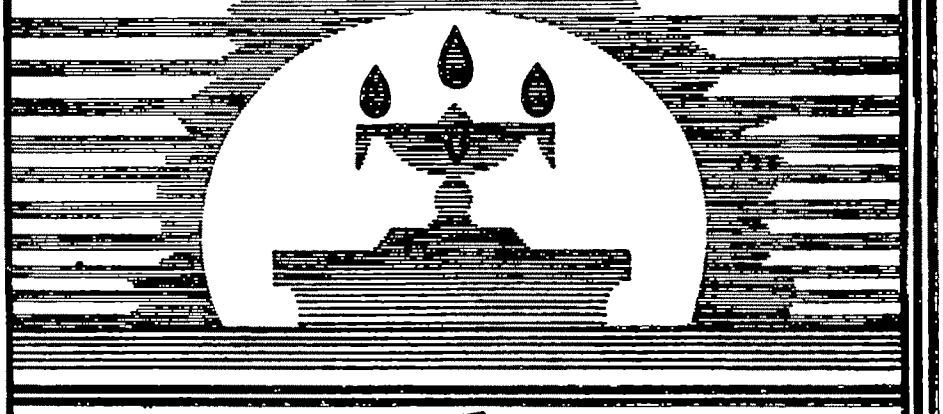
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THE ARYAN PATH

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. XXXIII DECEMBER 1962 No. 12

LITERATURE AS A MORAL FORCE

[WE reprint below a thoughtful contribution by the late **Professor M. D. Altekar,** whose long familiarity with the Poet-Saints of Maharashtra, with their sturdy insistence upon moral values, forms the basis of his approach to the theme. It appeared originally in THE ARYAN PATH of January 1945. Readers will find it interesting to compare Shrimati Lila Ray's review-article on "The Writer's Dilemma" and Mr. R. M. Fox's Correspondence: "Literature and Social Morality," both of which appear in this issue.—ED.]

WE live in an age in which "Art for Art's Sake" finds favour with a number of people. According to them, all art, including literature, must please, must cause delight. They do not pause, however, to consider what artistic pleasure is. Is it the kind of pleasure that a greedy man experiences when he notices valuable things belonging to others? Is it the kind of pleasure that, in the famous Sanskrit drama *Mricchakatika,* Shakar experiences in looking at Vasantasena, or, in the same drama, Charudatta finds in meeting the same girl? It is not unlikely that these people who continuously talk of "Art for Art's Sake" are not fully aware of modern psychology and æsthetics. We hear it said that art must please, that it should not be confused with a motive, that it is only the inspiration of the artist, and that it is a revelation to the reader or to the spectator or to the listener, etc. This is a view we hear so often, that, by the very process of repetition, we almost come to believe in it without considering its logical consequences.

At the same time, we have been witnessing the amazing phenomenon hat almost every form of art is being devoted to the service of propanda — and propaganda almost always imposes restrictions on exssion in all art, and, therefore, in literature, because what is called es *lettres,* such as poetry, the drama and the novel, is art. The newsr press, barring some honourable exceptions, has become a huge

engine of propaganda in the hands of interested people, and the process is made easy by capitalistic adventure in that direction. The screen has been very directly made an instrument of propaganda, and in this way most of the art forms are being more and more utilized for this purpose. Education itself is being made a huge means of propaganda. All this propaganda, which is very akin to various regular tricks of advertisement, means restriction of the freedom of expression. Thus we have come to a pass where literature along with other art forms is produced with the motive of bringing profit and power to certain interested individuals, parties and groups. Under these circumstances, the formula "Art for Art's Sake" strikes one as a happy solution of these various difficulties. That is why the slogan becomes popular, even with people who are sane and cautious, and would ordinarily come to sound conclusions about most questions.

We must, therefore, give a little closer attention to this, taking literature as our main theme for discussion, to find out what motives should be behind literature. Motiveless literature, or motiveless art, is an idea that can exist only in a complete vacuum and has no bearing on what may be called practical life. The discussion has become necessary since a portion of literature which some people believe to be not inclined to be favourable to moral good has been undoubtedly disturbing the peace of mind of many, call them orthodox if you will or reactionary even, if you please. Of course the question will be asked: is it the function of literature to wield a moral influence or is it its real function to give pleasure? We have found that literature, apart from giving pleasure, does exert some kind of influence; that is why it is being so widely used for the purposes of propaganda, and if this proposition is accepted, then, when literature does exercise influence, when it is a force and not merely entertaining, it stands to reason that it should be a force in the right direction rather than in the wrong.

Our discussion will yield, possibly, faithful results if we study a little carefully what have been the motives of great writers in all times and climes and what are the particular motives that appear to have influenced several writers of modern times, writers who profess to have been inspired by a new vision. Such a comparative study has become necessary since the last war and the seriousness of the situation has been enhanced by the present war. Values have undergone deep changes in these wars for the simple reason that man has to stand terrible strains and stresses in such times, and what man feels is reflected by poets or writers.

We have seen all these years that most Governments have been using literature and the screen for purposes of propaganda. This use of literature may be praised or condemned according to one's particular views. It is clear, however, that this use cannot be described legitimately as producing literature with a purpose, because that phrase always means and must mean literature with a sound purpose.

Now, the moment ordinary words are used in relation to a conflict among parties, the words lose their ordinary meanings and, in any case, lose their absolute meanings. The word liberty is being continuously used by the Allied Nations with a view to condemning the Axis nations. But the moment India is mentioned in connection with liberty, cautious politicians in Great Britain and in the U.S.A. (and all true politicians are cautious people) become silent or shake their heads and rub their noses. In talking of the Eastern problem or the Far Eastern problem they either forget all about India or they pretend to believe that India has been already granted freedom. So extremists in India get impatient and declare that the word liberty has no meaning.

The point is that it is in this way that words are misused and it is good to remember that great literary persons all over the world have built up a science of using words very correctly. All literature should have that science as its basis and to follow that science is to aid literature to be a great moral force. Governments and politicians are no authority on literature but unfortunately they try to control it and obstruct it when it goes against them or exposes the mischief that they do. The poet speaks in a language that has to be understood, and there is a certain way to understand it. But the poet does not want to mislead; he is never ambiguous. Only you need to be intelligent and sympathetic. So we should look to what great masters have to say about the whole thing.

The opening stanza in the *Raghuvaṃśa,* the famous *mahākāvya* of Kalidasa, contains a salute to the god Shiva and his consort, the beautiful Parvati. The poet compares the union of Shiva and Parvati to the union between the word and its meaning. Now the union between Shiva and Parvati — you will know all about it if you read the *Kumārasaṃbhava,* another *mahākāvya* of Kalidasa's — was the union of knowledge with beauty. Shiva represents knowledge, penance, self-discipline, power. Parvati represents beauty, innocence, a desire to reach greater heights, heights on which one like Shiva resides. The union between the word and its meaning must be, according to Kalidasa, a union between Shiva and Parvati, which means that the two elements that must be the

basis of literature in its art forms like the drama, poetry, fiction etc., are beauty and power; and power includes knowledge because knowledge is power.

Literature to be true literature, must be vital and, though it may be light, even light literature should not be trivial, common and cheap. To use a simile from medicine, literature should be full of vitamins. Vitamins are found in a number of common articles that we eat. So treatment of a common subject by a poet (the term poet is used here in its widest sense) becomes literature if he puts vitality into it and if thereby the vitality of the reader is improved, and such literature is said to exert great moral influence and becomes a great moral force. Do those writers who persistently indulge in themes of free-love and what they call new thought (which often hides only old vulgarities and old vagaries) make their readers better and stronger, less prone to temptation and more capable of resisting temptation? After all, self-control and proper control of egotism are the test of all vitality, and do those new writers teach men and women to pass that test?

That is the crux of the whole matter, and it is no use to talk about the work of instincts and the necessity to follow instincts, as a reply to that or a commentary on it. After all, man's victory over instincts is the measure of his civilization. Thus true literature inculcates goodness, soundness, vitality, self-control. As opposed to that, harmful literature injects morbidity into man's mind, and what is injected is generally what is in the mind of the writer.

Sincerity is the greatest possession of an author, and it is sincerity that makes an artist of him. And sincerity flows from the objectivity which is nothing other than what may be called disinterestedness. Objectivity is often opposed to subjectivity, but one may speak or write sincerely about oneself. One may, but, more often than not, one will not, and that is why true art is always, strictly speaking, objective. And when subjectivity is free from the vice of interestedness, it is really an objective outlook applied to one's self. That can be achieved but it is exceedingly rare and difficult of achievement.

Therefore, the rule to be laid down for an author is that he should be objective. If, for instance, Shakespeare had not been disinterested, if he had not been objective, his wonderful pen could not have described such different types of women as Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, Juliet; or such different types of men as Othello, King Lear, Hamlet, the Jew, Macbeth. What some of the writers of later days have overlooked is this supreme significance of disinterestedness or what is popularly

known as objectivity, which is in truth sincerity. Opposed to that is not subjectivity but egotism which leads to morbidity and insincerity.

It is thus seen that literature is a moral force. That it is twisted by some and misused by others is no reason why we should reject all literature as propaganda or as a force that weakens the moral fibre. Protest against propaganda is quite legitimate because advertisement is not literature. So also protest against the doctrine that literature should have no motive is legitimate, because all authors who are considered to be great in different languages have not only given pleasure; they also have combined with artistic expression the quality that uplifts the mind and rejects the trivial. This process of uplift is an indirect process and in some cases it is perceived only by the initiated. And the initiated are always few. This process of indirect expression is called *Vyañjana* or suggestion, in Sanskrit poetics. The motive in a fine literary piece is always suggested, scarcely ever directly expressed. The direct expression gives pleasure (that is why literature is an art form) while the suggestion, when you understand it, instructs, uplifts, ennobles, and raises the reader to higher altitudes. This quality of raising the reader to a higher level is an essential of all fine literature and it is the quality that makes it a potent moral force.

This quality of raising, uplifting, ennobling, can be achieved in whatever type of literary composition the writer may adopt. It may be realism or idealism, it may be actual description or imaginary delineation. You may essay to depict the best in humanity or the worst; this quality does not depend upon the writer's subject but depends upon his manner of writing. At the same time, though the writer may be objective, the quality of objectivity has its limits except in such masters as Kalidasa or Shakespeare of whose personal life we know next to nothing but of whom we know definitely that they do not inspire a wrong thought or encourage a wrong idea. They uphold the worthy and they come instinctively to conclusions which philosophers arrive at after great argument....

...nowhere do we find that the poet [Shakespeare] applauds the villainy [of Iago]. He condemns it at all stages and his reader or spectator learns to condemn it and not condone it as some choice modern writers try to do. The modern writer of this type pitches a tent of his own just here. He will try to make wrong look like right and will attribute everything either to environment or to instincts. He forgets usually that explanation may at most point out extenuating circumstances; it can never excuse. This new writer will tell you that the wrong done was

not wrong; or that it was inevitable, and that in any case the doer of the wrong could not be held responsible for his action. He will go further and state that there are circumstances in which wrong inevitably happens; therefore you must not look upon it as wrong; it should be considered right. And thus a queer propaganda in aid of wrong is set into motion and in time assumes the role of a new morality.

All great literature has supported eternal verities which form the basis of all true morality and it is the privilege of all great writers to inculcate sound principles. Hundreds of examples can be culled from the works of great writers to show that they upheld certain ways of conduct and condemned certain others. What they condemned was the wrong principle and what they upheld was the right one. It is a very interesting study in literature to compare the ideas of poets and to find out the unanimity amongst them about certain basic ideas. That is a great subject by itself; at this point we may withdraw from the discussion with a request to all writers of power to see to it that they produce literature that aids the moral and the spiritual forces of the world.

M. D. ALTEKAR

ETHICAL SCIENCE arranges the elements which poetry has created and propounds schemes and proposes examples of civil and domestic life: nor is it for want of admirable doctrines that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another. But poetry acts in another and diviner manner. It awakens and enlarges the mind itself by rendering it the receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought.... The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delights, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices whose void for ever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb.

—SHELLEY

ON LIVING ALONE

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SUPPOSE that, by reason of those accidents which we sometimes like to dignify with the name of destiny, a man who for the first five decades of his life has never lived alone is suddenly confronted with the necessity for doing so; suppose, more exactly, that his marriage has failed and has had in any case no issue, and that he has no brothers or sisters, and indeed no living relatives other than cousins who are distant in more than one sense, while it happens that, just at this same time in his life, several of his closest friends have died, and he has come to live in a country district in which he is a stranger; suppose, in other words, that this man of fifty finds himself altogether what is called "alone in the world" — what sort of experience is this, and what, since all experience has meaning if it is looked for in the right way, can this experience mean to him?

This will depend on the kind of man he is, so that it is necessary to suppose certain other and more particular things about him: that he is an affectionate and sociable person who, even if he is not always easy to get on with and has had in his time the ordinary differences with family and friends, has the habit of intimate companionship, as well as the need for that more general communication with his kind which is natural to the human animal. In that case the first of this man's difficulties when he finds himself alone will be the most obvious: it will seem very strange to him, not to say painful, to have no one with whom to exchange small talk about daily and domestic affairs, no one with whom to share his board and his bed, no one with whom, in a word, he can communicate. This is for anyone a greater deprivation than those who have not experienced it might think, while for certain natures it may at first seem well-nigh intolerable.

But suppose also that this particular man is fortunate in having certain positive advantages, even what now presents itself to him as some degree of training for the solitary life; for indeed it is probable that our fate, or our guardian angel, or our own inward resources, or whatever we may believe in as that which shapes our ends, while it may ask much of us, never asks more of us than we are ultimately

capable of bearing, and asks it for a hidden purpose which in time may be declared. This man, then, is not without a certain philosophy; nor is he without that religious sensibility which (he would say) cannot be divorced from philosophy. He believes at least that "there is more in life than living," and that some of his past experiences have proved to him that this is so, past experiences not only of people and his relations with them, but of works of nature on the one hand and of art on the other. Finally we may suppose him to have yet another advantage, closely connected with his religious sensibility and his appreciation of nature and the arts, in that he is himself what is called a creative person. Whatever else he has lost, that is to say, he still has his work, and this is something which, while he has few illusions about its worth, he has for a long time suspected of being more important than himself and his personal life; and because this man is an artist it is in some sense true that he has already the habit of living, within himself, the solitary life.

Now, however, it is not only his inward life, but his outward one which is solitary, and his difficulty is to adjust himself to it, to learn to manage those practical aspects of his daily existence which hitherto others have managed for him. He must learn, for instance, to keep house, to wash and mend his clothes, to go to market and to cook his meals. Yet it will not be long before he finds himself observing, behind these very ordinary activities, many unexpected things, some of them connected with his own nature. When he is learning to cook, for example, it is certain aspects of memory which surprise him. As a child, more than forty years ago, he used to watch his mother while she worked in the kitchen. He had forgotten this, and would have said that, where cooking was concerned, he scarcely knew how to boil an egg. But, faced with the necessity of making his own meals, he begins to remember, and with extraordinary ease and clarity, many of the things his mother used to do, sometimes even to the smallest detail. Other memories, and not only to do with cookery now, begin to come back to him from his childhood. He begins to think more intensely of his mother than he has done for many years — of the kind of woman she was and of several aspects of his past relationship with her — and in some curious sense his mother begins to live again; first in this simple matter of cooking, and then in other ways, she lives again in him. He begins to understand how much she taught him, and to accord her a degree of gratitude which he never felt, years ago, when he took her care of him for granted. In this connection, and in others to do with his new way of life, he sees the past afresh, and himself in it, and begins to learn a little self-knowledge

which is altogether salutary.

To keep to the simple example of the preparing of meals, there are other things that the solitary man may come to understand in that connection. One of them is that the making of meals is something which should be done for others, and is, like any other art, a means of communication between person and person. It should be done *con amore,* with the object of giving pleasure; it is the *con amore* which gives good food much of its goodness, its virtue and nourishment. To prepare food only for oneself is a sad business; it is one of the solitary man's ways of talking to himself. Yet, even here something further can perhaps be seen: that it is necessary to learn to love and serve ourselves as well as others; loving one's neighbour as oneself implies this, after all. Getting one's own meals may come to show that love for oneself can be objective, humorous and without illusion, and so something quite other than self-love.

There is real suffering to be endured in the experience of living alone; but it will soon begin to be apparent that much of what the lonely man thinks he suffers is unreal. The very phrase "living by himself" is revealing. He is indeed living by himself, at his own side, in his own company; and when no one else is there day by day and week by week a man has many opportunities — indeed he can scarcely avoid them — of getting to know himself, of looking at himself, conversing with himself, and tolerating himself. In more normal circumstances we make others our looking-glasses, and make them distorting ones, seeing in them only those aspects of ourselves which we wish to see. When we are alone there are no such glasses in which to see ourselves darkly; we are face to face with ourselves. In that light it becomes possible for the solitary man to see that much of what he thinks he is suffering is in reality temptation: the temptation to self-pity, the temptation to blame others for his condition, to resent others for leaving him alone; even the temptation to hate death, the kindest of man's friends, for causing his former companions to desert him.

There are times when the man who has no one standing between him and himself dislikes himself very much. All too easily he can take advantage of his situation to indulge a hundred small selfishnesses, to be lazy, to be wasteful of time and energy, to neglect those household goods — chairs and tables, pots and pans — whose patient existence is all for his service. The time may come, however, when he wakes up to their goodness, sees how beautiful is their humility, and acknowledges that they deserve his gratitude and care. Likewise he wakes up at moments to the realization

that the bird on the tree outside his window is not only a bird, but a marvel, and that so are the flowers in his garden and the seasons changing around him. Such small gifts of awareness may bear him towards a deepening of his emotional life, and that in turn towards a deepening and widening of his inward life as a whole. Blake called experience transformed into imagination "the poetic vision," and Coleridge "the shaping spirit." The man who lives alone listens to music with new ears.

That which is real in his suffering now begins, as most real suffering will in time, to show itself as a blessing in disguise; for without experience of suffering no one can learn to be compassionate. A man who experiences the suffering of loneliness and passes through it towards the imaginative condition may come to understand the loneliness of others, of many old persons, for instance, or of neglected children. It is a strange thing that we must experience a particular kind of suffering ourselves before we can know fully what it means to others. "Men learn little from others' experience," but they learn all that is worth knowing from their own. And compassion is not only one of the few kinds of knowledge worth knowing; it is like the grain of mustard seed in the parable. Though it may begin to grow from suffering of a particular kind, and embraces first others' suffering of the same kind, it does not stop there. Compassion understands the world as "a vale of soul-making" which is by its very nature a vale of tears, and life in the world as by its very nature painful if only because it is an exile from another and more real world; so that a man who has begun to be compassionate will scarcely be able to read his daily newspaper without the impulse to weep for the human condition, and then to make some attempt to alleviate it.

It would be strange, however, if in a country as populous as Britain physical loneliness were not relative. Those who were formerly his companions by kindred or affinity may no longer be with him, but there are still men and women not far from the solitary man's doorstep, and he is likely to seek them out; indeed in the earlier phases of his new kind of life the alternative to doing so may well appear to be suicide, so deeply ingrained in us in our instinctive gregariousness. Suppose, for instance, that he goes to the village pub, if not to drown his sorrows in beer, then for the simple sake of being with other human beings; for, as there is more in life than living, so there is more in pubs than drinking; further, there is more in the presence of the human herd than the animal's need for its kind. The human herd is made up of individuals, and each of these — the discovery is still astonishing, however often it is made — is a man created in God's image. Each individual is a fallen creature

now, like the lonely man himself, but still a creature dimly remembering Eden; beyond man's inhumanity to man the brotherhood of man persists, a rediscoverable reality once the imagination is engaged; and where the brotherhood of man becomes manifest so does the fatherhood of God.

It is a curious thing that when we attempt to choose our own friends we often choose the wrong ones and choose them for the wrong reasons, perhaps because they flatter us by reflecting only those aspects of ourselves which we wish to see. When our friends are chosen for us by circumstances beyond our control they tend to be friends of a different kind, and friends perhaps on another level. We needs must love them (if we can love them at all) for what they are, not for what we want them to be, and they needs must love us (if they can love us at all) for what we are, not for what we think ourselves to be. The society at the village pub is unlikely to be interested in the labels which life sticks to a man's outside, in "a garage-mechanic" or "an author" or even the local schoolmaster, sexton or roadman; it is interested in Tom and Dick and Harry as persons. Nor is it interested in the lonely man because he is lonely; it is interested in him. And for this reason the miracle happens: behold, he is no longer lonely, and men are his friends whom he would never have expected to be his friends. This begins to tell him something new about the real nature of relationship, and that it has little to do with common tastes, similar education, the accent in which a man speaks or the social stratum from which he comes.

It is probably the case, however, and in spite of what we may think, that we have very little choice, whether of our companions or of any other of our circumstances. We think that it is we who live our lives, but in reality it is our lives which live us; we are bound by habits, by associations whether of ideas or feelings, and by early and later training: fallen man is not a free man. Things happen to him, and most of them are accidents; he can rarely be said to have a destiny, for this is possible only where accident is transcended in intention, which in turn is possible only where fallen man begins to be redeemed by his own efforts to attain a new kind of understanding of himself and of his world.

In the meantime it seems that we attract to ourselves, unknowingly, involuntarily, certain experiences, some kinds to one man, other kinds to another. Life in the world being what it is, many experiences are painful; yet it is sometimes possible to see, usually after the event, that they come to us for a purpose. If that purpose can be discerned, there is meaning in our experiences, and this meaning, it then appears, was

understood in advance by something in us which is more intelligent than we are and knows what is ultimately for our good. To be "alone in the world" appears at first to be as bad an experience as any of the ills the flesh is heir to; but apart from the fact that we may have deserved, by our behaviour in the past, to be made to live alone (and few of us, after all, really deserve to be lived with), it is an experience which can be used, in a great many ways, for the only real purpose which life holds, a purpose of which that something more intelligent in us never loses sight: the enhancement of our consciousness, first, about ourselves, and then, and therefore, about others and about our world as a whole; for we are potentially more than ourselves, as others and the world are more than they seem. Just as there is more in life than living, so there is more in loneliness than living alone. Besides, some men have withdrawn from their daily and domestic lives deliberately, feeling the need at a certain stage of their existences to enrich their inner and contemplative lives. Perhaps it was that something more intelligent in the solitary man of whom we are speaking that, however little the man himself may have thought so at the time, chose his loneliness for him.

Besides again, for the man who has some kind of creative work to do, to be "alone in the world," stripped (it seems) of everything but his work, has its own meaning. Why did he previously suspect that he had no other use than that of being at the service of something more important than himself? Now that he is by himself, suspicion may become conviction, and the purpose of his loneliness plain: perhaps he has been set free; perhaps he begins to think with joy and humility of the most solitary, but most creative, years of other artists, such as Beethoven, whose lonely suffering has perished, but whose music we still hear as the trumpets sounding for him in the celestial city.

R. H. WARD

IN FACT, all the external world, as we know it, is always a result Our causes are concealed, and mankind becomes to us a mass of contending unrelated effects. It is the effort to relate the effects conveniently without touching, without (often) understanding, the causes that makes life difficult.

—CHARLES WILLIAMS

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF GURU NANAK

[It is with regret that we announce the passing of the writer of this fine essay, written with a warm and generous feeling. As Sramanera Jivaka the late **Getsung Lobzang Jivaka** contributed to our pages several reflective articles based on the Buddha's teaching; for, born in an English body, at a young age he found his spiritual place among the learners and preachers of the Buddha's *Dhamma*. In this article he writes of the gentle teaching and gentle life of Guru Nanak, tracing especially the close parallels to the teachings of the Christ and the Buddha. For reasons of space, we have been compelled to omit a few passages of narrative interest, but in respect of Guru Nanak's doctrines and the author's reflections the article stands as it was written by its late author.—Ed.]

For some strange reason of all the great Teachers who have come to guide humanity, only Guru Nanak, the Founder of the Sikh Religion, is almost unknown to the English-speaking world, and how much more so is the nature of his Teaching! For the change that transformed the doctrine of peace and brotherly love made the followers of the gentle Nanak into a martial race with a reputation and honour of its own, and caused his high set of values to be debased by a more worldly one. What was the nature of the Dharma he preached? What was the character of the Master himself? And how did the change occur? From the very few books in the English language about Sikhism,[1] the story can be pieced together.

Nanak was born in 1469 A.D. at a time of universal strife in India, when the Hindus were being massacred by the Moghuls and the Buddhists had already diasppeared through the ferocity of Moslem fanaticism. As with other Master-Teachers the story of his first day at school is one of his confounding the schoolmaster by his innate insight and there is no record of his ever having had very much education. Indeed, later in life the Brahmans are for ever taunting him with his lack of reading and inability to recite the Vedas, although he can silence them each time with his ready answers.

In his teens he had already shown his contempt of the outward symbols of the religion into which he had been born when he refused to allow

[1] My thanks are due to Shri B. P. L. Bedi for permission to quote freely from his book *Guru Nanak* (Unity Publishers, A3 Hazrat Nizamuddin Extension, New Delhi) which, so far as I know, is the only one in the English language which gives an account of the life and work of the Guru. Also see *Transformation of Sikhism* by Narang —G.L J.

the sacred thread to be tied on his arm on the ground that it was but a piece of cotton spun by man and could be easily broken. He appears to have used this ceremony for the purpose of preaching his first sermon, which is a pattern for many of those that were to follow; for he tells his shocked family and relatives to spin the thread of contentment with the cotton of compassion and to wear it in the mind.

It is the superficiality of religion which seems to have struck him forcibly even in his early youth, and the discord and animosity existing between men especially between Hindus and Moslems, who, he considered, should live as brothers helping one another and easing each other's sufferings instead of adding to them.

At the instance of his family he married early and for three years he worked as a storekeeper to the local Nawab and while freely distributing his master's stocks he appears to have used supernatural powers to keep the quantity at its proper level while yet satisfying those in need. For throughout his career he seems to have performed more "miracles" than the Buddha and the Christ put together, and his healing miracles resemble those of the latter very closely.

At the end of the three years he resigned his post and announced that he was going to set about his mission in life. He was now just twenty and so, blessing his wife and two infant sons, he departed for that period of solitary meditation that each Master has to go through which involves the last remnants of self-conquest and confirmation of the conviction of his own spiritual destiny. The struggle of the Buddha with Mara and of the Christ with Satan is paralleled in the young Nanak's case It is said that

> thunder, lightning, and myriads of formless, frightful shapes . . . crowded round him, sharpening their five-pointed weapons of passion, anger, greed, delusion and conceit and emitting flames of desire and wilding the double-bladed sword of hate and harmfulness.

At least here the imagery is clear and the personification not left undemonstrated as in the case of the others.

Nanak's ministry began and quickly the title of Guru was applied to him, and quickly too he found what to expect in his hearers. "You consider me mad because I regard as valueless what men like you value," he told one who was unsuccessfully trying to exorcise "the evil spirit" out of him, which he thought was the cause of the Teacher's strange words! And from the beginning he declared himself to be against the labels of religion "To serve mankind there is no Hindu, there is no

Moslem."

Naturally he antagonized the priests and exponents of both religions and they took him to task, but he had a ready answer: "He who is firm in faith has a right to be called a . . . Moslem . . . freed from the domination of the self, compassionate to all things, such a one may call himself a Moslem"; and he denied that he himself belonged to either religion.

Ritual particularly irked him and in the same manner as he had dealt with the sacred thread he told how worship should be performed with the heart full of the thought of God and a feeling of compassion towards other men. God is a central point in his Teaching, a personal God which the Buddha has denied and which the Christ had taught was like a loving Father. Yet, as will be seen, he seems then to have been talking down to his hearers who believed in one god at least or more, for when he went to Tibet he was able to discuss the Absolute of Buddhism and made no mention of a personal God.

With contempt of ritual went contempt of the religious *convenances*. A *Dewan* once said to him: "You are a strange man; you can eat the food cooked by a Shudra!" A similar remark had once been made to the Christ, who was charged with eating with "publicans and sinners," also social outcasts.

"I have no caste," replied the Guru, "nor do I sit in a *chauka* to eat. For me the whole earth is pure." Naturally too, therefore, he ignored the ban on meat-eating and made the noteworthy remark that "it is more important to banish cruelty from the mind than to abstain from meat-eating," which few can honestly deny.

He, like the Buddha, preached the need of severing connections with the idea of "I" and "I-am-the-doer." Even as a child he appears to have seen that what he terms "I-am-ness" stands in the way of any spiritual evolution. So long as this remains all activity is valueless. "Those who are bound by the chains of attachment," he said to his uncle once, "delude themselves that they are serving others. They serve their own self-interest."

The delusive nature of desire, renunciation of the fruits of action, awareness of the impermanence of all worldly things, were constantly being preached, and above all, the brotherhood of man in a country rent in twain by religious differences and thus rent ever since despite his message:—

> "God is one," say the Moslems. If God is one how can a Hindu not be a brother to a Moslem? But we do not worship God, we worship

that which is untrue and this worship of the unreal is the cause of separation and hate. When we approach God all differences disappear.

Naturally, he had to withstand severe interrogation from time to time by learned Brahmins who regarded him with contempt for his lack of learning, and inevitably the question of the soul and the self and the creation was put to him. His answers are instructive:—

"Why has the world been created?" asked a disciple.
"To experience its futility and to discard it," replied the Guru.
"What is the object of creation?"
"The body is created only to die. It is the garment of the spirit which must rise out of its imprisoned self into freedom."

Herein is the answer to the question of the purpose for which men are born — for which you and I are born: in order to evolve. The bodily covering is merely the vehicle in which the potential Self can develop, not that imaginary self which the Buddha denied had any permanent reality but the one of which he says strikingly in one place: "Even the getting of a Self, so small as this is not permanent." (*Sam. Nik.*, III, xxii, 96). What we think is our Self is not. What we have to do is to obtain a Self by shedding our*selves* and this can only be done *per corpus* and even then the Self obtained is but a step to another and higher stage of evolution which goes beyond what we can conceive. This Guru Nanak also makes clear when he says: "The divinity of the soul is infinite and beyond the comprehension of human understanding." And he is in full accord with the Buddha in saying: "As long as the sense of self remains, the sense of separateness of the world from Reality does not disappear."

The Guru wandered widely through India and, it is said, as far afield as Tibet, Constantinople and Mecca to the North and West, Ceylon to the South and Cathay to the East, but regrettably few of these travels are recorded or documented in the English language.

He performed many miracles and by his healing touch "the blind received their sight, the lame walked, and the lepers were cleansed." Apparently, he had all the psychic powers of a highly trained *yogi* innate in him, for he received no training. Indeed *yogis*, regarding him as a promising youth, often offered patronizingly to teach him their lore.

One such Yogi wanting him for a disciple said: "Only Yogis know how to span the ocean of life," to which the Guru replied: "Do they? There is only one way to cross the ocean of life and that is to let the self die while living," and then added, "The real mark of a disciple is

that amidst a sea of desires he is desireless." To another who offered to teach him the secret of living for centuries he remarked that such an offer was scarcely attractive in this world of suffering.

Guru Nanak was not an advocate of the *sanyasin* life, but lived and taught that method which, in modern times, has been stressed by Gurdjieff and named the Fourth Way, the way of the householder who is in the world and yet not of it. "The vesture of the body and the symbols of denomination are of no account, nor does Desire die with leaving a household." The inner change, the true conversion, can take place anywhere, more likely under the stress and strain of the performance of a householder's ordinary duties, which constantly call for self-denials, than by abandoning the school of life and wandering into the desert lands of self-glorification.

But family ties and affections are a fetter because the personal love of friend or kin is in fact but a reflection of self-love. Compassion towards all is the faculty to be developed. When we mourn for the loss of a loved one we are really indulging in self-pity for our loneliness. This same point Plato made fifteen hundred years before — in the *Phaedo* — but no one has ever listened to him. And for book learning Nanak had little use, and the quotations of the *pandits* left him unmoved. "Nanak says only one word is of account, all else is for the glory of the Self." And that word, of course, was *OM*.

The Tibetans have a popular belief that Guru Nanak was the reincarnation (or *Tulku*) of their own Padmasambhava, the great exponent of Tantric Buddhism who overcame the Bon priesthood at its own game of miracle-making and so established Buddhism in Tibet in the eighth century. Not all, however, accept this theory; some say that because he acquired the title of Guru Rimpoche, by which Padmasambhava is also known, a confusion has arisen.

Be that as it may, Guru Nanak in the course of his travels came to Srinagar and from there walked to Ladakh and finally on to Tibet. It seems that the Kushok or Head Lama of a Ladakhi monastery welcomed and entertained him and then accompanied him on his pilgrimage to Lake Mansarowar. Their conversation, as recorded, centred upon the Absolute which, Nanak said, is limitless and indescribable. He was no longer talking to people of low education and development who could not go beyond the concept of a personal God made in their own image; he was talking to a Lama whose learning would be extensive. "Limited power of expression comes from the Absolute," he said; "so no one can describe the Absolute. What we must learn is the cure of suffering which

humanity inherits."

The Lama was pleased to be met on his own ground and remarked: "Then the Truth of the Lord Buddha still remains and the knowledge that all beings are tied to the wheel and suffer agonies till they obtain release by following the Eightfold Path." Which shows that by the fifteenth century Ladakh had lost connections with India since the passage of *bhikshus* to and from Tibet had ceased after the devastating persecution two centuries before.

The Guru must have discoursed on similar lines from time to time; for when at Almora a *siddha* asked him: "You talk of a God with personal qualities and also without personal qualities. Can you explain this mystery?" His reply is a classic for all time: "The unchanging Absolute is without qualities and manifests Itself with qualities." Which is as much as to say that our view of it is coloured by the limitations of our minds and the Real is beyond a mind which insists in thinking in terms of subject and object. It is the difference between the Potential and the actual, between the Real and the phenomenal, between *Nirvāna* and *samsāra,* all of which, the Mahāyāna philosophers had perceived, were really one and the same viewed with and without the colouring spectacles of the finite mind of man. And elsewhere Nanak says that Truth is higher than God, which is to say that the concept of a God is only a step on the way towards apprehension of the Absolute.

Guru Nanak seems to have been a lovable character and to have had a notable sense of humour. "The Guru laughed." "The Guru burst out into a loud laugh." "The Guru smiled." The sense of humour is evinced in many incidents recorded of him and in many sayings.

Compared with either the Buddha or the Christ the Guru Rimpoche appears to have had an easy life and employed his powers to save himself and inactivate his enemies on more than one occasion. He had no painful illnesses like the Buddha and he died peacefully at the age of seventy, suffering none of the torture the Christ endured. He appears, like other Masters who have not been the victims of man's cruelty, to have been able to order the time of his death when he felt his work was finished.

With him were the two faithful companions of his wanderings, Bala, who was later to record his life and teachings, and Mardana, the minstrel who was always hungry. But to one Lehna he gave the symbols of Guruship to be his successor, passing over his own sons, who never seem to have been numbered among his followers. Lehna, who seems to have been born to that end, nevertheless only met the Guru late in life, a life

that had been one of persistent self-conquest in order to fit himself for the unknown task that was to be his.

With a large concourse of Sikhs who had gathered from far and near at Kartarpur as the news had spread that their Master intended to leave the world, he prepared for death. He adjured them to live up to what he had taught.

> "Most people profess to love others" [he said], "but they only love their own selves, a few those who love them, but a true devotee of the Guru, a Sikh, must love all, even those who hate him.... A sikh of the Guru must serve friends and foes alike, knowing that it is only thus he can serve God.

His death follows the pattern of the great Tibetan Bodhisattvas such as Milarepa and others of his standing:—

> The Guru fell into a trance. When he came out of the trance he saw his two sons were weeping. He consoled them.... Then the Guru drew a white sheet over him. Flowers dropped from the heavens and celestial music was heard.

And significantly and to the eternal discredit of man: "immediately a dispute arose between the Hindus and Moslems," the one wanting to cremate, and the other to bury, the body. "But when they lifted the sheet the body of the Guru was not there!" In Tibetan tradition the body of a Buddha or great Bodhisattva dematerializes rapidly. (Incidentally this explanation has never been applied to the body of the Christ, which had vanished from the tomb by the third day.)

At the time of his death in 1538 A.D., Guru Nanak had acquired many thousands of followers from the Hindu community. Guru Angad, as Lehna was named by Nanak, now perceived that unless there was some organization they would quickly lapse back; for they had scarcely been weaned from the ancestral habits of a lifetime. Somehow they must be made distinct. With this end in view he invented a new script, the Gurumukhi alphabet, in which he had all that was known of the Guru's life and teaching written down. This meant that all who learned the letters could read, in their own Punjabi language, the scriptures of the new religion: no longer were Brahmans, educated in Sanskrit, alone to have the prerogative of learning. He also started a free kitchen so that the Sikhs could practise the art of helping and giving, by labour or money, to serve the poor.

The third Guru, Amar Das, organized the now many hundreds of thousands of followers into twenty-two parishes as it were, each with

its guardian-overseer, and under him building was encouraged and the foundations of the great city of Amritsar were laid.

The fourth Guru Arjun Dev, primarily a scholar, but by circumstances driven into the political arena, had the *Adi Granth* compiled, which was to be the complete Sikh Bible and which included his own writings and those of the preceding Gurus, as well as the results of an intensive research into all Guru Nanak had taught. And in his lifetime Amritsar became a city and the famous Golden Temple was completed, so that now the Sikhs had also a centre of pligrimage to vie with Mecca and Varanasi. But the first signs of persecution were also at hand and Arjun Dev was the first to be martyred by torture, for his faith, in 1606 A.D.

The rest of the history is of how the Sikhs became a race apart and acquired a military reputation. Persecution as savage as any that had been dealt out to Buddhist or Hindu became their lot, and even children were numbered among the martyrs. Thousands perished but thousands more were won to the new faith which was already drawing away from the universal love preached by the Guru. Under the fifth Guru, Har Govind, the conversion to arms began, and a new race was born that quickly acquired characteristics utterly unlike those of the Hindu community from which it sprang. But it was the tenth and last Guru, Govind Singh, who finally established the new nation and gave it a uniform in the shape of the uncut hair and beard, the steel bangle and the sword. And the uniform produced the needed feeling of unity and difference, while he sword was to become the symbol of the Sikhs and to give them the world-wide reputation they have as a martial race. He died in 1708 A.D. and the Guruship ended.

But what has become of the Teachings of the gentle Guru Nanak, that the war-torn world outside India has not read them and scarcely even knows his name?

GETSUL LOBZANG JIVAKA

THE MYSTIC

Reason he has more strongly than others:
Truth has ordained him her forwardest child;
Though Patience he courts his zeal is unstayed:
To Peace is he come, to Love reconciled.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

THE IMAGE OF VIOLENCE

[OUR OLD AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, **Mr. George Godwin,** is actively and humanely concerned with such contemporary problems as the colour question, nuclear disarmament and many others. He writes with information and compassionate calmness on a difficult problem: that of violence by youthful groups. He is surely right in linking such manifestations to the constant silent influence of images of violence through books, films, and television; and there is wisdom in the suggestion of such an educationist as Dr. Kurt Hahn that in offering worthy goals to restless energy must lie the real solution. We cannot purify others by force; but we will not appeal in vain from the Philip drunk of distorted emotions to the Philip sober of the real human soul imbedded in all — in all — human minds.—ED.]

THE POINT OF DEPARTURE for any attempt to discover the root causes of the post-war phenomenon of violence need take the enquirer no further afield than what is reported with sickening regularity in his daily newspaper.

Let me take what lies nearest at hand, the daily press for the 27th of April of this year, and see what sort of image a stranger from another planet might get of our "civilization" from such reading.

The two newspapers from which the following brief quotations are taken are *The Guardian* and the *Daily Mail,* which between them enclose a large journalistic bracket.

The Guardian report is headed " 'Gang warfare and law of the jungle' in London."

The facts disclosed in the report that follows this heading, shortened, follow.

> On April 4th, in Finchley, North London, fourteen youths, known as the "Mussies" (being from Muswell Hill, a North London suburb) broke into the St. Barnabas Youth Fellowship Hall and did serious physical damage to a former rival gang, the Finchley Gang, at that time well on the way to decent behaviour. Those concerned now await trial at the Old Bailey.

Now, affrays between rival gangs of boys (who at that age level tend to combine in gangs) are no new thing, nor peculiar to England. What here has to be noted is the change in the character of these affrays. Once fists served the purpose of the contestants. Now knives, bicycle chains and "coshes" and nail-studded boards are among the usual weapons.

Prosecuting counsel in this case described this assault as one carried out like an organized military operation; and that point is important for any attempt to examine the character of this case — but one of many similar. What in colloquial terms might be styled "a rough-house" or "free for all' has become far more sinister in such cases as that mentioned, because of the element of premeditation.

The report of this case in the *Daily Mail* differs little from that in the *Guardian*, but adds the details that make the picture more easily visualized. Here we have a report which tells of screaming girls, of boys knifed with bayonets and nailed wooden clubs, and this report makes it quite clear that those assaulted were taken by surprise while quite innocuously engaged.

A reader might well be forgiven for objecting, "But a single case of this sort is insufficient ground for any generalization concerning modern youth." And that would, indeed, be true enough. But the facts are otherwise.

Here is another report. It is from the *Daily Mail*, April 26th: "Save us from teenage mob, say angry villagers to M.P."

This time the show of violence took place on the Isle of Sheppey. A single short paragraph from the report of this affray yields all that is necessary for the purpose of this article:—

> Six people were beaten up when about 1,000 teenage boys and girls invaded a village during the week-end, a protest meeting was told last night.

In this case there was a rough demand for drinks, after hours, and on meeting with a refusal, the violence referred to above.

It would weary the reader if one cited further cases, though this would be easy enough, and so melancholy a chronicle would include a heartless, brutal murder of a harmless youth by a gang of youths.

But what the sociologist, the psychologist and the ordinary citizen have to find out are the root causes which transform teen-age boys and girls into hooligans, the two end-objects of whose anti-social behaviour are acts of violence and acts of completely purposeless destruction.

The writer certainly has no easy, ready-made answer to this great social problem, but there are factors that suggest causes peculiar to our time. Two occur to the writer. First, radical cultural changes, the chief of which is the visual image of violence as projected, day by day, on television. Secondly, the social changes, including racial and class antagonisms. But there is also a third element that may well be playing a

greater role than has yet been recognized, save by a very few percipient social thinkers.

Among these is Dr. Kurt Hahn, the founder of Gordonstoun, the school to which the Prince of Wales is to go from his Preparatory School. Dr. Hahn, if I understand his point of view and argument aright, sees as a major cause of juvenile delinquency our failure to harness energies in the right direction. During a recent talk on the B.B.C. Dr. Hahn made the following points, and they are well worth considering when the problem of mob violence in youth is under consideration:—

> I regard it as the supreme task of education to help the young to achieve a balance of power in their inner life so that the love of man can take charge. Is this possible against the background of modern society? The young today are exposed to six declines: the decline in fitness, due to modern ways of moving about; the decline in skill and care, due to the weakened tradition of craftsmanship; the decline of self-discipline, due to the ever-present availability of tranquillizers and stimulants; the decline in initiative and enterprise, due to the wide-spread disease of spectatoritis; the decline in memory and imagination, due to the confused restlessness of our civilization; neither the love of man nor the love of God can take deep root except in aloneness; the worst decline, the decline in compassion, due to the unseemly haste with which modern life is conducted.

If I understand Dr. Hahn aright, he sees this problem as one of *harnessing energies*; which diagnosis takes us naturally to the next objective, the harnessing of these energies, now so frequently discharged by acts of criminal violence, to a *moral purpose*. And the moral purpose Dr. Hahn suggests is that latent capacity for what is heroic and selfless which exists in all but a few.

How is this to be achieved? At Gordonstoun surplus energy that, lacking direction, can become criminal activity, or, at least, anti-social behaviour, is converted into activities that have a moral value. And the chief of these may be summed up, quite simply, as opportunity to exercise the instinct for social service. Let me quote Dr. Hahn again on this point:—

> At Gordonstoun we have four voluntary rescue services: the Coastguards, the Fire Service, the Mountain Rescue Unit, and the Surf Life Savers. He who drills and labours, accepts boredom and danger, all for the sake of being ready to help his fellow men, often discovers God's purpose in his inner life; and he flares up in holy anger when he encounters the contempt for human life and human dignity.

Now, suddenly and disconcertingly, one is conscious that the blame seems to be shifting from our delinquent youth to those who sit in judgment upon them. One has to ask, if one would be honest, what is the justification for the stressing, by the printed word, or TV, of acts of violence, and what the consequences?

If the image of violence is divested of its odium, then it is converted into the pseudo-heroic; and the spectacle of combat between contestants battering each other or killing by shooting, becomes acceptable to the mind of youth not yet mature enough to apply valid moral values to what is portrayed.

All children and young people are imitative. They are also unconsciously influenced by the example of their elders. A letter to the *Guardian*, of recent date, makes the point. "Why is it that the widely held theory that children learn by example can be applied to parents, road drill, and smoking, but apparently not to violence on television?"

Another correspondent in the same newspaper, commenting on the wide-spread criticism of the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*, recently the subject of a fine broadcast, takes another point of view. It is Sir John Wolfenden, writing in *The World's Children*:—

> Westerns share with historical costume plays the status of being possibly real but outside the child's own experience. This degree of unreality makes them, for all practical purposes, aseptic.... A child who watches such programmes, whether presented in drama or in pictures or in debate, is given a picture of the adult world which inevitably stresses disagreement, conflict and often, violent solution. The same is true ... of magazines, newspapers and films.

In the main, this may be accepted as a fair assessment. The writer, however, does not touch on some of the consequences of a surfeit of violence, visually portrayed, such, for example, as the recent case of a boy who hanged himself after seeing a TV picture of that act.

If the visual image has powers of evil over youth, so, as the writer just quoted affirms, has the printed word.

In New York, where gang warfare between local youths and Puerto Rican boys ended in murder, the circumstances were the subject of an investigation by Dr. Fredric Wertham, a leading psychiatrist. Dr. Wertham was concerned with the question of the sanity or otherwise of the boy Santana, the leader of a gang formed originally for protection against a gang of New York youths who made a practice of beating up Puerto Ricans.

After one interview Dr. Wertham asked the accused boy if he would

like him to bring something on his next visit. "Bring me some creeps," replied the boy.

"Creeps," one should add, are magazines that specialize in all manner of horrors and abnormalities, and they are sold freely through the United States, though now prohibited in England.

Dr. Wertham is asking questions of the boy in the prison cell, awaiting trial.

"What do you read?"

"Funny books. Creeps."

"What other books do you read?"

"I don't read other books."

"Never?"

"No, I only read the creeps."

"Tell me about that."

".... In New York I read a lot. I used to have a closet full...."

"What was the largest number you had at one time?"

"Two hundred or three hundred."

So the interrogation goes on, until it is plain that the only influence on this lad's empty mind was an evil influence.

Such magazines as those referred to were until a few years ago circulating in vast quantities in England. Of them, the late Lord Jowitt said in the House of Lords: "Never in my life have I come across more disgraceful, more discreditable and more abominable publications than these horror comics."

Thus we find complete agreement between the English educationist, Sir John Wolfenden, and the New York psychiatrist, Dr. Fredric Wertham. And thus, as the title of Dr. Wertham's study of delinquent youth in New York has it, we have "The Circle of Guilt." A civilization gets the quality of youth it deserves.

May I be personal for a moment?

As a child I learned to swim soon after I learned to walk. As a boy I nourished two ambitions, one purposeless, the other very much worth while. I wanted to swim the English Channel — at that time a feat performed by only one swimmer, Captain Webb —but I never did or even ever tried.

The other ambition, likewise, alas, never gratified, was to save a drowning person. But though I have often read of bathers drowning for lack of a rescuer, Fate has never granted to me this lifelong ambition.

Now, in the minds of many boys and youths ambitions like those of my own youth remain as phantoms of a heroism latent in the great

majority of youths of both sexes. And thinking along these lines while writing now I found myself imagining a situation that would illustrate this strange ambivalence in all of us.

We imagine a gang of "Mussies" setting out armed with flick knives, broken bottles and so forth to wage war on the Finchley Gang. They are on their way, keen for battle. But suddenly a cry is heard from an orphanage. It is on fire. The children within are in danger of being burnt to death in their beds.

What, then, might be the response of the gang on its way to battle?

I think it quite probable that a whole set of impulses would take over and that the potential wagers of street war might very easily become a group of courageous rescuers, covering themselves, not with blood, but with glory.

Is the idea no more than romantic? I do not think so.

This is the cure prescribed by Dr. Kurt Hahn. It is the substitution of a good end-object for a bad one; a switching of energy from evil to good.

It is an old dictum that a country gets the government it deserves. And it is suggested here that it also gets the quality of youth it deserves.

Let me end with a final quotation from Dr. Kurt Hahn:—

> A call could go out to the young to help in the fight against pointless death, to schools to make room in their timetable for first-aid and bronze-medallion training, to rescue organizations to trust the competence and dedication of teenagers..... I am thinking of Voluntary Service Overseas, and of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Outward Bound, and of Kennedy's Peace Corps; of youngsters sacrificing their spare time to help the sick, the old and the blind, and German boys working in Coventry in the service of expiation.

Instead of the all-pervading image of violence of our time, violence in the visual image, in the printed word, in the international preoccupation with diabolical instruments of wholesale death, somehow youth must be given leadership based on an appeal to latent creative capacity; for he who makes does not destroy. We have to replace the evil image of violence of our age with creative purpose. How this may be best done is, I think, indicated clearly by Dr. Kurt Hahn and those educationists who think along similar lines.

GEORGE GODWIN

THE TWO SIDES OF DEMOCRACY

[**Mr. E. W. Martin** is a student of history and social processes who has contributed some thoughtful articles to our pages. He himself explains in his article how the theme of his book *The Tyranny of the Majority* seemed to demand a study of "regional forms of democratic culture" to complement it. Some of his results are illustrated in this interesting article.—ED.]

FOR MANY YEARS I have been specially concerned with the history and theory of democracy. It has seemed to me that as there are so many Marxist theorists there should also be those who are specially qualified to write and speak about the essentials of democracy.

In 1961 I published a book entitled *The Tyranny of the Majority*. In it I attempted to show that there was a difference between the "majority" and the "mass." The majority in Britain consisted of middle-class people who had taken over most of the power once held by a small group of leading families. The mass was made up of people who were ruled, persuaded and directed by the managers and manipulators.

My central proposition was that in Britain, as in most other democratic societies, a "majority régime" had been established. Mass society was pushing everybody toward materialism, toward a worship of technical efficiency and commercial success, and a struggle was in process between the ruling majority and the no longer wholly inactive or acquiescent mass.

Mass democracy is generally taken to mean that climate in which hierarchies conflict with masses, as happens when certain business groups attempt to impose their ideas on the mass of the people by advertising and propaganda. It is dangerously easy, on this ground, to give the impression that life in Britain is full of conscious pressure. This is not so at all. The pressure is a social and almost unconscious process where rival institutions struggle for power.

In that book, therefore, I had been considering the national, and to some extent the universal meaning of democracy. But I was aware that in Britain this national image of democracy was associated with regional forms of democratic culture about which most people knew very little.

I had the opportunity to study the history and social life of one rural community in my county of Devon, situated in a pleasant part of southern England. Here it was necessary not to theorize but to see in what way democracy was actually working, to understand how small groups of people in a small town and its twenty or so villages managed

to live and work as a natural community.

Culture is made up of two strands, the universal and the local. I believed that without a local culture there could be no thriving national culture. So my aim in conducting a long survey was to see what had happened to an agricultural community from 1800 to the present time. It was, in many ways, an exciting task. I had to consult local records, to see how the Poor Law had affected rural workers, to get a knowledge of the culture on which villagers had lived and thrived for generations, and to get some idea of the economic life.

The society I was studying could be split up into two parts. It was possible to cut this seamless coat of history by following the line etched into human lives by the great war of 1914 to 1918. Before that time the villages of Devon had been controlled by landowners, squires, men of leisure and substance who were the rulers of villages. Their power came from land, from property and from the prestige which they had inherited. All this records proved abundantly.

It was not so easy to find out what had happened in the minds of people. How, for instance, did the ordinary worker of today differ from the labourer of 1800 or 1850? I found that the old labourers had no vote until 1874; and the borough or small town which was the centre of my researches had been dominated up to 1831 by a patron who had the town corporation in his pay. So it became clear that not until the beginning of the twentieth century were ordinary citizens able to take a real part in the life of their own area. The country council was established in 1881; and in 1894 there were parish councils, but these institutions were controlled by the men of property and power. They were not instruments of democracy because the ordinary citizen was not ready to profit from legislation.

Rural workers had to be fit to vote, to govern and to act. This was to take generations. But the important point was that, as changes took place at the political and economic level, so the power of middle-class people increased. Gradually leadership changed from a personal output of power into a collective authority. Whereas in the past one or two families had governed a village now power seceded from them. It passed into the hands of farmers and business men.

In this part of England the minority had held power until about 1918; and then, as estates were broken up and wealth dissipated, so new men came into the council chambers and on the committees. The old system, based on custom and prestige, was giving way to another system based on knowledge and power. In the local sense, democracy

moved more slowly than in the national context. Inevitably, however, the national ideas began to react forcibly on local ideas.

The fabric of local democracy did not rest only on the local council, the centres of regional government. It was related also to education, to churches and chapels. In 1870 an act was passed which put elementary education on a new footing. Previously the effort had been voluntary and now it became the business of the State to ensure that children got a minimum of training. This educational process became really operative after about 1902, and the teacher had the opportunity of influencing parents as well as of educating children.

Religious life also altered. The conflict between different kinds of organized religious belief lessened. Ministers of various denominations did not wish to be critical of each other.

As I examined the many strands of life which made up the total of local democracy it was clear that in the reshuffle which followed after the first world war the minority, the landowners and gentlemen, retreated. Once their wealth declined and their estates dwindled they could no longer depend on the allegiance of farmers and workers. This does not mean, however, that local democracy is of exactly the same quality or pattern as national democracy.

Country people, living in villages or hamlets, tend to be conservative in their attitudes. They do not share all the interests or all the aspirations of urban people. The revolution in transport has had an effect on isolated groups of people who now tend to cut themselves off from the local culture which was kept alive until about the nineteen-twenties. Old customs, old crafts, dialect, superstitions, rituals do not die out rapidly. They adhere, limpet-like, to the surface of life.

What seemed to me most important of all the facts arising out of these studies is that the two sides of democracy act and react on each other. The ideas of national democracy are now able to penetrate into all localities through the various councils, committees and organizations which are engaged in organizing and explaining basic ideas. The national movement sets an ideal for society. This ideal is nurtured and brought into bloom regionally.

The struggle taking place between what is national and what is local helps to give any nation its character. To suspend, or to render a culture uniform in all its parts, would mean that the mass communication of ideas could deaden reactions to environment. The local culture of the past was a violent reaction to the stresses of environment. Possibly the affluent society will tend to create conditions which do not produce

violent reactions.

However we may choose to look at democracy, it is always a most complicated process. There are no rules laid down as to what all the elements of democracy may be. In this part of Devon there is now a living democracy because people are less poor, less uncomfortable, less hemmed in by ignorance. They have the chance to be active citizens.

To study a parish is like studying the psychology of a person: the longer one looks and listens the more can be understood. Britain has a great heritage of rural history and literature of which to be proud. That heritage is changing, but it is not being eclipsed.

The local side of democracy is full of pitfalls for the unwary. When we speak of a "democratic culture" it sounds very much up-in-the-air, something that only highbrows bother about. Yet adult education in Britain has to get down to the job of teaching the people of the villages why democracy is worth bothering about, why it is a lifeline for civilization. To graft on to the local culture some of the best of our national ideas ought to be the purpose of the greatest educators, for it is very clear that the kind of poverty against which localities do not legislate is cultural poverty.

A hundred years ago the Devon peasant could not read or write. Today most people can read and write, and yet they are not literate in the real sense. Ideas do not matter very much to them. The cultured middle-class majority can readily impose their wills on members of the working classes. Workers, in fact, are not yet ready to take their part in the process of local government. They have not reached the stage of citizenship.

In many localities the majority dominate the mass. Yet the mass can do much to help themselves if they can muster the will to do so. The struggle in the regions is a replica of the national struggle, moving more slowly and with less intensity of purpose. Business men, professional men and farmers are in a position to dictate policies. They are in positions of authority. Often, however, they do not command the respect of the governed. There is room for much more sociological research, more historical enquiries, more economic study because in Britain the process of social understanding of the rural communities is only just beginning.

In America, rural sociologists and social historians have done an immense amount of work. Most of this remains to be done in Britain. It is important for many reasons, but mainly because historical causes have to be fully understood before serious attention can be paid to current problems.

Of the two sides of democracy, it is likely that regional democracy is the most difficult to comprehend as it is so various. The role of the small community — whether a market town, a village or a hamlet — teaches the student of society something about the weakness and the strength of democracy. Faced with a massive urban growth and a continued rural depopulation, economists and historians and sociologists have to find answers not only to national but to local issues.

My own studies suggest that education of the adult population can help to bring back into their minds an appreciation of past ways of life. It can help them to a scale of values which will not be entirely based on materialism. Neither side of the democratic coin in Britain is dark. Both sparkle with life; and it is this life which offers its challenge to those whose job it is to think seriously about man and society.

E. W. MARTIN

HORSEMEN

Flushed with the light of early morning sun,
On the horizon suddenly they appear
And revelling in boundless energy
Like sculptures marvellously endowed with life
Beneath a sky that trembles into song
They gallop seaward over wind-swept downs
And vanish with the lightning speed of thought.

HERBERT BLUEN

ANCIENT INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

[**Shri Shamsuddin, M.A., B.T., M.Ed,** is particularly interested in education and has contributed to many journals on educational topics. In this essay he refers to some of the distinguished efforts of old India in education.—ED.]

THE HISTORY of ancient Indian education is taken to extend from 2000 B.C. to 1200 A.D. Ancient India did not have the same characteristics, socially and educationally, throughout this period. Therefore we subdivide it as follows: (I) 2000 to 1000 B.C., the Vedic period; (II) 1000 to 200 B.C., the Upanishadic period; (III) 200 B.C. to 500 A.D., the Dharmashastric period; and (IV) 500 to 1200 A.D., the Pauranic period.

In the Vedic period, society was very simple. Idol worship was unknown. Men and women had equal rights. The caste system had not taken shape. Practically, every one was his own teacher, his own warrior, his own farmer and agriculturist. In the Upanishadic period society began to be divided gradually into groups, and this grouping started with the Vedas. The Dharmashastric period saw a good deal of activity in art, literature, mathematics and dramatics. Sanskrit had become a classical language. The language of popular communication was Prakrit. The caste system had become rigid. Women did not enjoy the same freedom as before. The Pauranic period, really speaking, is the period of the Buddhists so far as education is concerned. The universities of Nalanda and Vikramashila were Buddhistic institutions. Their language was Pali. Institutional education began for the first time in the Pauranic period.

In the schools of ancient India, no student who earnestly desired to be educated was ever disappointed. Teachers did not deliberately hide any technical knowledge from their students. Shukracharya, the preceptor of the Daityas, is represented as having taught to his bitterest enemy's son, Kaca, the art of reviving the dead. In the *Mahabharata,* Drona, the famous archer, could not hide anything he knew of the art of archery from Dhrishtadyumna, though he knew that this disciple would kill him one day.

The *guru* and the pupil lived together. They had the greatest affection for each other; their love was just like the love of father and son. The students used to live in the teacher's house, which was known as the *gurukula.*

In the *gurukula,* the student had to shun all comforts. He had to go to bed after the *guru* in household work, involving even menial duties at times. The life in the *gurukula* was well disciplined, and at times very

hard. From the point of view of needs, both teachers and the taught were satisfied. As the teacher did not live in luxury, neither did he lead a life of want. The problem of indiscipline arose very rarely and, since it was not frequent, punishments were not needed. There was a code for all sorts of activities.

The education provided in universities like Takshashila, Nalanda, Kanchi, Sridhanyakataka, Vikramashila and Banaras was thoroughly liberal. Students were provided with free boarding, lodging and clothing. There was generally a keen competition between the villagers in giving their mite for the village school. Besides this, they donated without hesitation for the benefit of education at times of marriages. thread ceremonies, etc. The teacher not only provided knowledge to the students but also raised funds from the villagers for the benefit of the students. In times of crisis, the *guru* might approach kings with a request to help the *gurukula*. The *guru* did not refuse to teach any student, provided the student was fit to receive instruction.

Their method of teaching was predominantly oral; not merely that, but individual also. Hearing, contemplation and practice were the main features of the method. There were few books; the Vedas were not written. Everything was learnt by heart. Their conviction was: "If knowledge is in books, it is like money lent to others." At a time, the *guru* had fifteen or twenty students and only so much was taught at a time as the pupil could easily learn. Whatever was taught was learnt by the student on the same day. Unless the first lesson was fully learnt no further lesson was given. Sometimes older students were required to teach younger students. The teacher taught the older students at a fixed time of the day, and then the older taught the younger ones at some other time. It was possible, as the number of students and the number of subjects were small. In this way there was an apprenticeship to learning.

Our information regarding Nalanda comes from the Chinese pilgrim, Hsüan Tsang who toured India from 673 to 687 A.D. He stayed at Nalanda for ten years. He copied sacred Buddhist works. According to him, the place was known as Dharmaganj. The University had three big buildings known as Ratnasagar, Ratnadandi and Ratnaranjak. Out of these, the middle one was a nine-storeyed building, housing the library. In all there were eight halls and 300 apartments. Messing was common. In every courtyard there was a well. Rooms were either single-seated or double-seated. Every student had a stone, known as the *chabutra,* to sleep on. In every room there was a place for keeping lamps and books. There was great rush for admission. Not more than three out of ten

succeeded in getting admission. Even then, there were 10,000 students and 1,000 teachers and it continued for more than eight or nine centuries, beginning from the second century A.D. The institution was financed out of grants in the shape of lands. There were as many as two hundred villages assigned by the Gupta kings for the maintenance of the University. Since it was a Buddhistic institution, the head was a monk, and the teachers were *bhikshus*. Strangely enough, the study of Sanskrit was compulsory

To Indian universities came students from far-off lands like China, Tibet, Java, Sumatra, Korea, Greece, Iran and Arabia to quench their thirst for learning. They stayed in the universities for more than ten years, and specialized in logic, medicine and astronomy. It is quite obvious that the Indian universities must have had a high standard to attract students from foreign lands when facilities for travelling were so meagre. The standard of these universities can be judged from the stay of the famous doctor Jeevaka (who attended on emperors and whose fee was a figure of not less than eight digits) at Takshashila for seven years, specializing in medicine. Even after his long stay, when he left the University, he thought that he was lacking in adequate knowledge of medicine. In those days, theoretical knowledge alone had no value. The doctor with theoretical knowledge alone was regarded as resembling an ass, conscious of the quantity and not the quality of the load on its back.

Practical training in pharmacy and surgery was insisted upon by legislative action before a doctor could set up a practice. Strabo, the Greek historian, has certified the fact that Indians were great physicians and that they were specially good at curing snake-bites. Inexperienced candidates were given practice in surgery, under the most experienced and specialized teachers. Only proficient surgeons were allowed to operate for intestinal displacements, deep cranial abscesses, cataract, hydrocele or the removal of a still-born child from the uterus. The patients were made insensitive to pain by an overdose of wine.

Not only human beings but even animals were given perfect medical aid. For the first time in the history of the world, Ashoka the Great built veterinary hospitals duly equipped with all necessary medicines.

Similarly, ambulance cars were also utilized to remove the injured soldiers from the battlefield. We do not find the name of any such conveyance in European history before the commencement of the Crimean War. Not only this; even the services of Indian doctors like Manaka and others were requisitioned by Khalifa Harun-al-Rashid of Baghdad

when he was seriously ill and Arab physicians had lost all hopes of curing him. After recovery the Khalifa himself requested Manaka to stay with him and translate Ayurvedic works into Arabic. He also desired to invite Indian lady doctors and midwives to write textbooks for his medical colleges.

The Takshashila University was at its zenith as regards medical studies even in the early centuries of the Christian era. Similarly, the famous University of Ujjain had specialists in mathematics and astronomy and was famous for having established a great observatory. In Southern India, there was a famous educational centre at Kanchipuram.

Instances of lifelong *brahmacharya* (celibate life devoted to high learning) were quite common in Nalanda. Megasthenes has quoted instances of Brahmins who studied for as many as forty-eight years. They studied logic, *vyakarana* (grammar) and philosophical subjects.

There were equal opportunities for all. There was no distinction between the rich and the poor. The prince and the peasant got the same kind of education from the same *guru*. The pupilage of Drona and Drupada, in the *Mahabharata,* is a striking example of this type.

To conclude, education was free and broad-based. For the upkeep of the Universities, donations and endowments were made by foreign as well as native rulers. The ultimate aim of education was the emancipation of the soul. "Action is important" was their belief. Action devised by oneself and self-control guide life towards emancipation. Education was influenced by the general principles of life. Learning for base purposes was strictly prohibited. Every individual was induced to serve the community, irrespective of caste or creed, or his needs, like a doctor who, while treating, forgets whether the disease is contagious or whether he will get his fee or not. In convocations, high ideals were insisted upon both in the teacher and the taught. The teachers prayed for the glory of their students so that they might earn good name and fame for themselves as well as for their teachers wherever they went. For such times Yaska had defined a true scholar in the words of the goddess of learning, Saraswati: "Protect me, and I will be thy cherished treasure."

Education was not controlled by any external authority in ancient India. The State did not try to control it. The teachers were free to teach the best they conceived.

SHAMSUDDIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE WRITER'S DILEMMA" *

IN 1960 the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* invited ten well-known British writers to answer the question: "What are the limits beyond his own control that threaten the modern writer?" Stephen Spender wrote an introduction and the essays appeared in book form in 1961.

In putting this question the editor, perhaps, sought to measure the effect upon the minds of writers of the threat of the widely-advertised brainwashing techniques and the manipulation of the new media of mass communication.

If he was looking for fear, he failed, for nowhere in these essays is there a trace of fear or even of discouragement. The tone of the writing is sturdily independent. The writers are aware of the danger but unperturbed. They strongly assert their faith in man as man, in the individual as the individual and in the creative miracle that is always possible. Lawrence Durrell says the writer is

> feeble in everything but these intuitions of possible miracles which lie buried and unrealized in every human psyche, out of which one could pattern the real cloth of gold fabric of a possible Way.

In recent years propaganda has so inflated the role of the writer that he has come to be regarded as far more powerful and important than he is or ever has been. With few exceptions writers are, like other artists, singularly inept in dealing with the practical affairs of life. Even the greatest operates in a very limited field. He has only one way of getting closer to his fellow men and that is by getting closer to himself. In the course of his self-exploration he gives his audience a vicarious intuition of a hitherto concealed part of its own nature. The process of growth does not stop with the attainment of physical maturity. It continues on the psychological and spiritual plane. It is this unseen process of growth upon which the artist concentrates, trying to disentangle the various strands within himself and, in so doing, to gain some insight into the inner unfoldment in progress in others also. With the humility and dedicated devotion of a scientist he watches for the first subtle gleam of an inner mutation which may mean miracle. The glimpse is lost for ever if he is disturbed at the critical moment by the ringing of a phone, the shrieking of a radio, the whining of a beggar or a delegation demanding a written statement on the latest international complication. No one would think of disturbing a scientist's labours!

The difficulty is that a writer works with words. This uncomfortable fact exposes him to all sorts of dangers painters and musicians and scientists are safe from. El Greco could paint the portrait of the Grand Inquisitor with impunity. The Inquisitor himself ordered the portrait, was satisfied with it and paid the painter a good price. What the painter had actually done became obvious only to a later and more perceptive generation. The pity of the rejected petition lying at the Inquisitor's feet! The cruelty of the narrow, long, twisted mouth, the fear and suspicion in the eyes! Here we have something no

* *The Writer's Dilemma*. Essays first published in *The Times Literary Supplement* under the heading "Limits of Control" with an introduction by STEPHEN SPENDER. (Oxford University Press, London 88 pp. 1961 12*s* 6*d*)

writer could have achieved. Could El Greco have accomplished more by publicly resisting the Terror and going to the stake himself?

A writer's words are not necessarily easier to understand than a painter's use of pigment or a musician's use of sound. But more people are conscious of words and use them in their daily life as conventional and useful tools. Their knowledge of their meaning may be general rather than precise but the tendency is to assume that the meaning is plain and that all who run may read.

There is always a time-lag between the creation of a work of art and its general comprehension but the time-lag for the writer is frequently bedevilled by partial and erroneous reading, resulting in misunderstanding and obscurity that is fraught with difficulty.

This obscurity is protective. It permits him to get what he has to say down on paper. But it throws him open to another danger. Unless he has a private fortune he has to turn to other kinds of employment for his livelihood. If writing were a less difficult art, if writers were able easily and quickly to find the right words and the right way to use the right words in order to express the mood, the emotion, the subtle movement of mind and spirit they have detected, giving their time and energy to tasks assigned to them by their employers would not matter so much.

This is a problem which does not seem to exist for these ten British writers. Art, as Tolstoy pointed out, is and has always been the product of self-sacrifice And today the writer needs greater conscientiousness and force of character than ever before to make the sacrifices his art requires of him. But it would be interesting to compare these essays with a similar set written by artists of other nationalities, writers who have experienced the cruder forms of control in their own persons and watched others succumb.

The epic of the human spirit in our times has yet to be written. Its travail concerns every one of us. Man drops into his place in an unseen four-dimensional web. He is caught up in a delicate tissue of forces in which he assumes his own inevitable place, following the only path, the only orbit, that is open to him: the human world: Civilization. Outside it he ceases to be human.

Gerald Heard rather smugly states that man cannot be conditioned permanently. A human child brought up by a wolf is permanently conditioned to wolf situations. No wolf boy yet discovered has been able to develop or recover his human powers to the extent that would enable him to live as a moderately intelligent human being.

One of the most pathetic things about us human beings is our touching belief that there are times when the truth is not good enough for us, that it can and must be improved upon. Sitting in the lap of the civilization to which we owe our human status, we rail against it in a manner that can only be described as irresponsible, immature and childish. It is the very truth we deny that so tenderly and forgivingly picks up the fragments and puts them together again.

The systems of special inherited impulses and inhibitions into which we are born form a complex which is carefully computed and self-regulating. Unless the feeling of responsibility that must go with this complex is developed to an adequate degree, the inhibitions without which our race must perish by virtue of its own monstrous aberrations will not be strong enough to steer us safely around them. The magnitude of the obstacles being thrown in man's way is the measure of the strength needed to overcome them.

Writers have a triple responsibility As men they share the human predicament with all other men. As artists, they share with all other artists the problems of those dedicated to creative activity. As workers with words they share with all users of language the problems of

using it as a precision instrument which accurately records the movements of the growing point of the human spirit.

The appalling fact remains that in the world today there is only one international organization which will do anything at all on behalf of man as an individual and that is a free and voluntary brotherhood of writers, the International P.E.N.

LILA RAY

The Conscious Mind: A Commentary on the Mystics. By KENNETH WALKER. (Rider and Company, London. 176 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

This "commentary on the mystics" is the sequel to Mr. Walker's *The Unconscious Mind* and a progression from it up the scale of consciousness. Where the earlier book, dealing with the lower levels of the scale, sets in their place aspects of mind which are properly speaking unconscious, this book moves on to the higher levels of the scale, and discusses those aspects of mind which alone can properly be spoken of as conscious levels which lie above the midposition of our everyday waking state. The two books together, then, give a perspective of this scale, correct many errors of psycho-analytic and other attitudes to the unconscious and conscious minds, and serve to show us how few of the scale's degrees are normally known to us: as the sense of sight perceives only a part of the spectrum, so our ordinary waking consciousness leaves much out of account, whether below it or above it. In these two books, in fact, Mr. Walker has got the matter of consciousness straight, and we are much obliged to him.

Where the higher degrees of the scale of consciousness are concerned Mr. Walker turns more particularly eastwards; most of his examples of those who have experienced, and later made the inevitable unsuccessful attempt to describe, states of consciousness beyond the waking state are Oriental. But he has not failed to deal also with Occidental mystics, such as Plotinus, Boehme and R. M. Bucke; while it is good to see that remarkable man, Edward Carpenter, so little regarded nowadays, brought back into his own. Indeed, the prime effect of Mr. Walker's new book is to show that experiences of higher consciousness are ultimately undifferentiated, from whatever part of the globe the experiencer comes, in whatever age he lives, in whatever language he speaks. Higher consciousness, Oriental or Occidental, is always one consciousness, as it is always consciousness of the One. And it is of course not insignificant that Mr. Walker pays tribute throughout the book to his own teacher, G. Gurdjieff, who had a peculiar genius for demonstrating that East is West and West is East, and ever the twain *do* meet — and particularly and urgently need to meet, as each other's correctives, in our own day.

This book is admirably lucid, scientific in the real sense of the word and open-minded, and for these reasons it is fully persuasive without attempting to persuade. As an introduction to its subject it could scarcely be bettered, and there will be many, on the threshold of an interest in the matters Mr. Walker discusses, who will find in his book exactly what they are looking for: objective and intelligible guidance towards the understanding and realization of that "something more" in man which is his birthright.

It is a great pity that so good a book should be marred by many textual faults and by footnotes, a bibliography and an index so inaccurate and incomplete as to be well-nigh useless. We must beg Mr. Walker to have these things remedied in the later editions, which the book as a whole certainly deserves.

R. H. WARD

Hinduism Through the Ages. D. S. SARMA. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 284 pp. 2nd ed., 1962. Rs. 2.00; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 90 cents)

From the title one would naturally have expected a treatment of the several periods in the history of Hinduism in some appropriate proportions. Instead this book is devoted mainly to the last period of Hinduism, namely the Renaissance in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. All the previous panorama of Hinduism in three millennia is compressed into fifty-six pages, which necessarily constitute no more than a bare outline of a historical introduction to the main work on the Renaissance. Hence the title is something of a misnomer.

The learned author, who is well known as an expositor of the *Bhagavad-Gita* and of Hinduism, has given us a valuable book. The story of the Reform movements that arose inside the pale of Hinduism in the nineteenth century and the Renaissance which began in the last quarter of that century, and attained its fruition by the middle of the present, has been narrated by the author in a flawless style, lucid and compact. He gives an objective, dispassionate and analytical account of the various movements, the great personalities that gave rise to them and a calm appraisal of their worth and contribution to the rebirth of the great Hindu religion. The chapters on Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Radhakrishnan are masterly expositions of the work and teachings of these great makers of modern India.

One point requires notice. The author points to the view that Sri Shankaracharya belonged to the period soon after the Buddha as an extreme instance of uncritical statement. Far from being uncritical the view is nearer the truth than the conventionally accepted eighth century A.D. as the period of Sri Shankaracharya. The records kept in the Kamakoti Peetha at Kanchi and also references in Sri Shankaracharya's writings to the Buddhist teachings, not to speak of occult sources of knowledge, make it highly probable that Sri Shankaracharya belonged to the period soon after the passing of the Buddha.

D. GURUMURTI

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Vol. VI. *The Alchemy of Happiness.* (Published for the International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 277 pp. 1962. 32*s.* 6*d.*)

The theme of the earlier volumes — the relationship of God with man — is developed with the same mastery in this further collection of inspired lectures.

Man must have an object. If he pursues it faithfully and logically it will equip him to find God, for it is man's very purposefulness that constitutes God's purpose in him. Man has no other way to climb from embryonic ignorance. By stressing his "oneness" with God, while he is still at a self-centred level, a man simply inflates his own lower self, magnifying the one obstacle to the union he desires.

If a man feels himself cut off from God it is not because he has sought what he must in life, but because he has refused or failed to see the all-embracing nature of God's love, which could only have created that need in him, that driving force in his life, for His own greater purpose.

It is in a man's mastery of his own nature that he approaches likeness to God. It does not matter what the objective if it spurs him to this aim. The God man can know is the God with a purpose in man's life, and God differs from man in that God is self-controlled.

We do not know God by losing ourselves in His Primal Being, losing thus too His purpose, by which our separate life is sustained. We know God, as we are able to know Him, by seeing our real purpose as His own, mastering, not fleeing from the material conditions which are His workshop. This is the message of the *Gita*. It is the teaching of Christ.

In explaining the way to man's final triumph over his lower, temporary self, the Sufi's concluding words are:—

> One step is annihilation in the ideal of form, the next in the ideal of name, and the third step is annihilation in the nameless and formless.

This third step can be taken safely after man's relationship with God has been solidly set by the other two, where it would be fatal without them, because what is annihilated with the lower self is no more than the broken mould of the perfected self, which now stands firm without it.

D. S. MAXTED

Principles of Cartesian Philosophy. By BARUCH SPINOZA. Translated by HARRY E. WEDECK. (Philosophical Library, New York. 192 pp. 1961. $4.75)

Few reviewers would feel confident in undertaking to review such a book as this, an exposition by one master of another master's philosophy. That Spinoza in a way developed the Cartesian ideas is fairly well known even to undergraduate students of philosophy. It is however little known that the author of the *Ethics* was also the author of this excellent manual of Cartesian philosophy. Its translation into English must therefore be wholeheartedly welcomed.

It is seldom that a great philosopher (certainly Hegel could not do so) so completely places himself behind the scene and so faithfully enters into the spirit of another philosopher without adding the least note of criticism. And yet how simple and graceful the mere exposition is, how much nearer to the heart of Cartesian philosophy it takes us than do all the ambitious projects of modern Cartesian scholarship! Spinoza's manual not only gives us an illuminating account of Descartes's thought, but at the same time could, in the reviewer's opinion, serve as a good introduction to the philosophical concepts of the seventeenth century.

In the part entitled "Thoughts on Metaphysics," Spinoza gracefully elaborates the notions of Being with its different modes, the distinction between essence and existence, the meanings of "necessary," "impossible," "possible" and "contingent," the ideas of truth and falsity, time and eternity, God and goodness. One example of the directness of the great master's method could be here quoted. To the philosopher who still doubts whether essence is distinct from existence in created things (let the modern Existentialist take note of this!), Spinoza's advice is this:—

> If he merely approaches any sculptor or wood-carver, they will show him how they conceive in a certain orderliness a statue that does not yet exist and afterwards they will present it to him as existing.

I wish this part on "Thoughts on Metaphysics" were recommended as a ***must*** for our undergraduates doing philosophy as their major.

JITENDRANATH MOHANTY

The Adyar Library Bulletin (Brahmavidyā). Jubilee volume: Vol. XXV, parts 1 to 4. Edited by V. RAGHAVAN, K. KUNNUNI RAJA and RADHA BURNIER. ix+634 pp. 1961. Annual Subscription, Rs. 8.00)

It was on the thirtieth anniversary of the passing of Colonel Olcott, who founded the Adyar Library in 1886, that the first *fasciculus* of this Bulletin was issued; and it is only appropriate that the present Silver Jubilee Volume of the Bulletin celebrates also the 75th anniversary of the Library.

Many branches of Indology are covered by the forty-eight papers here, which, as is natural in a compilation like this, are not all of the same merit. But even the more important of them are so many that it is impossible to discuss them all in a brief review like this. Reference can be made now only to some as representatives of particular branches of study. H. W. Bailey discusses the "Cognates of Pūjā." Burrow continues his study of the "Etymology of Sanskrit *Karmāra*." Alfred Master writes on a new "Phase of Dravidian Phonetics," supplementing the work of his predecessors. Alsdorf discusses a few verses from the *Atharvaveda* whose meaning is obscure. Gonda draws our attention to an interesting episode of the *Mahāvrata* ritual where a *brahmacārin* and a harlot exchange abuse. Walther Wüst's *Bemerkungen* on the Ṛgvedic *Vrata* (p. 414 ff.) surprisingly ignores contributions made in India on the subject. Betty Heimann writes on her favourite theme comparing early Greek philosophy with Indian. The present reviewer attempts to show that, even in Buddhist literature, there are many conceptions which appear to contend with the regular doctrine of Karma but which are really there to temper it. V. Raghavan suggests some corrections in the extant text of the *Abhinavabhāratī*. There are also a few interesting papers on Art, Archæology, History, Sociology, Law and Medicine.

The editors are to be congratulated on the production of this *Festschrift* which is easily among the best of its class.

H. G. NARAHARI

The Science of Wisdom. A Trilogy. Vol. III. *The Fire of Knowing.* By. C. J. TOYNE. (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., London. 180 pp. Frontispiece. 1962. 15*s*.)

This is a book which by a (to the present reviewer) tiringly circuitous route arrives, more or less, at the basic cosmological and theistic concepts of the ancient Hindu philosophical religion, although the author is seemingly unaware that these concepts have influenced him. This is a fairly common phenomenon today in the world of thought, for though the concepts have penetrated, and in some instances permeated, the minds of many of the principal Western thinkers during the past two thousand years, the fact of the percolation has, very often, not been recognized, even, sometimes, by those to whom it occurred.

Mr. Toyne opens with: "We often hear the religious aphorism: There is no reality but God." This is the fundamental of the Ancient Wisdom, and those who accept it proceed to demonstrate its truth by examining and describing the nature of all the things that are known to us, organic and inorganic, from the vastest heavenly galaxy to the minutest micro-organism. Mr. Toyne, however, goes on to speak of all these things and creatures as being "*levels* of Reality," thereby according them a significance that is denied to them by the Ancient Wisdom, which says that all created things are only relatively real: in describing them one does not use the capital R.

Mr. Toyne speaks of "the scientifically-minded who, gazing through the microscope or spectroscope, see evidence of much reality." Quite so. And that the "scientifically-minded" receive in these days homage which is far beyond their due, through its being so erroneously believed that in exploring the

physical field they somehow, in some way, acquire also metaphysical knowledge, is one of the reasons why the man-in-the street remains so much in confusion and darkness. There are no levels of *Reality*. Below the One, the only true, Reality, there are only levels of relative reality; all the levels are empirically real for the things and creatures which pertain to and function in them. The thought of the "scientifically-minded" persons of the kind spoken of is within *Maya*. The first thing to do in the effort to comprehend Reality is to understand what *Maya* is.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

A Philosophical Interpretation of Economics. By J. K. MEHTA. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 288 pp. 1962. 35*s*.)

The purpose of the book is to examine the philosophical foundation of economics, and to do this the author reduces orthodox concepts and theories to their component parts.

The ultimate aim is not clear. It is true that the attainment of truth is an aim in itself, but does the search for it in this case imply that the author is in disagreement with the present economic organization? If so, it must be stated that the economist is concerned only with what it is, and not with what it ought to be. The latter is a problem for ethics or politics.

In any case, the author starts from unsafe premises in isolating the factors the better to study them. Economics deals with the actions of human beings, with their mixture of noble and ignoble sentiments, in equating their unlimited wants with resources that are scarce and have alternative uses. The forces involved react with one another in a thousand different ways, with as many points of equilibrium, all of them valid. What is true at one moment of time, given, say, certain proportions of capital, labour, and organizing skill, may be false at another time, and will be different at the same time if the proportions of the factors are changed.

But this having been said, the work before us remains a first-class intellectual exercise, even though the mental acrobatics leave us dazzled rather than instructed. The work is, however, most useful in giving us a projection of Eastern philosophy in a branch of knowledge that has hitherto been dominated by Western thought.

L. DELGADO

Asoka and the Decline of the Mauryas. By ROMILA THAPAR. (Oxford University Press. xii+283 pp. 6 Plates and 4 Maps. 1961. Rs. 23.00)

Much has been written about the Mauryas, and much more about the Maurya Emperor Asoka. Yet there is room for ever more; for what is known about them from literary sources is more or less of legendary character. Such data always stand in need of substantiation at the hands of dependable sources like monuments and inscriptions. Of these, quite a lot has already been laid bare by the spade of the archæologist, while fresh antiquities still come to light every now and then, necessitating additions and alterations in the existing knowledge of the subject. Even at the time of writing this review, news came of the discovery of another minor rock edict of Asoka at the village of Ahraura in the Mirzapur District, U.P., which, it is claimed, throws decisive light on a much debated point, namely the date of the Buddha's *parinirvana*.

In these circumstances, Dr. Thapar's dissertation on *Asoka and the Decline of the Mauryas* is a very welcome addition, specially because it presents an

analysis "with a difference in emphasis." The work is, generally speaking, of a recapitulatory nature, yet it does not lack in originality. The discussion on Asoka's *Dhamma* is both refreshing and convincing. Dr. Thapar has successfully dispelled the recent myth that the Gandhian policy of toleration and non-violence is in continuation of the tradition from Asoka's time. We agree with her that "Asoka was not the naive convert to Buddhism that Buddhist sources would have us believe" but that he was shrewd enough to make the best use of the new *Dhamma* as a tool for winning the hearts of his subjects and thereby consolidating his vast empire.

The chapter on "Society and Economic Activity "is particularly enlightening and eminently readable. The author has obviously taken great pains in utilizing the vast and varied data, both Indian and foreign. She has presented a fairly comprehensive picture of the conditions prevailing during the Mauryan period.

She has tried to maintain her avowedly objective approach throughout, though here and there "feelings" seem to have got the better of "reasoning." She feels that Asoka had Greek blood in him through his mother or grandmother, but cannot prove it (p. 20). Accepting the doubtful reading *Priyadarsin* in the Aramaic inscription from Taxila, she says that there can be little doubt that it referred to Asoka (p. 22). Here she is contradicting herself, because Asoka, during his stay at Taxila as prince or even as viceroy, was not yet known by the name or title *Priyadarsin*, which, she admits (p. 227), he adopted only on his coronation as emperor.

The numerous orthographic mistakes in the Sanskrit and Pali words in the book (nearly half a dozen on p. 227 alone) do not make a happy impression, though they hardly affect the main thesis. In the list of minor rock edicts, on p. 5, "Gujarra and Jhansi" should read "Gujarra near Jhansi." It is in this Gujarra edict that Asoka is mentioned both by his regal titles and by his personal name. The one at Maski gives only his personal name and all the others only his regal titles.

B. CH. CHHABRA

Society and State in the Mughal Period. By TARA CHAND. (Patel Memorial Lectures. The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 112 pp. 1961. Re. 1.25)

In his three Patel Memorial Lectures delivered in 1960, Dr. Tara Chand has painted a picture of the political, economic and social conditions in India during the two centuries of Mughal rule in India. It is difficult to compress the complex of the life of a whole nation in such varied fields over such a long period into a few pages and do justice to the subject. But Dr. Tara Chand has done this with singular success.

The broad picture emerging from Dr. Tara Chand's analysis is that of an India where "caste," among both Hindus and Muslims, constituted the dominant characteristic of social organization. Villages were the bedrock of administrative and economic organization and religion was the governing factor in the daily lives of the people. The two main communities lived together; but the *Ulemas* and the *pandits* were the sources of culture as also its arbiters. During the latter part of the period a number of popular religious movements of the *Bhakti* cult carried culture to common people and sought to bring them together "into the communion of a faith which transcended social, intellectual and communal barriers." One

product of the communion is the evolution of Hindi. It was also reflected in painting, architecture and music.

Dr. Tara Chand's lectures, read in the proper spirit, can make a distinct contribution to national integration.

C. V. H. RAO

Education For Leisure. By S. R. RANGANATHAN. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 179 pp. 1961. Rs. 9.00)

This is the fourth edition of the book based on a series of lectures delivered by the author in 1944 at Madras. The purpose of these lectures was to provide certain practical knowledge to the members of the Indian Women's Civic Corps. The topics were social service, leisure, education, adult education, books, literacy, curricula, methods, etc. As a matter of fact this book is very useful from the adult-education point of view. It is also a good book for the social worker.

The most important and perhaps the most useful chapter is that on leisure. Dr. Ranganathan has correctly described the nature of leisure and has shown that leisure is creative. Spare time must be utilized in the service of others. By making others happy the individual attains happiness. Thus in this volume we find an undercurrent of a philosophy of life based upon service, creativity and self-growth. It is a practical book, for it deals with concrete problems facing social workers and educators. The style is appealing and marked by clear and concise exposition of ideas which are common and yet not aptly appreciated. This book will be an effective instrument for social and cultural change if the suggestions contained in it are followed to the full.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

A Cure of Delinquents: The Treatment of Maladjustment. By ROBERT W. SHIELDS. (Heinemann, London. 191 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

Discussion of delinquency ranges over many fields and every self-appointed expert knows the causes — bad parents, neglectful mothers, broken homes and so on. The real experts are less sure about causes or cures but they know that the basic loss, which may lead to serious disturbance or delinquency in a child, is a loss of affection and security. A child so deprived will go to extraordinary lengths of aggression, stealing or even self-torture, to test out the reactions of those around him. Only the most stable and patient workers can help and Dr. Shields describes in this study the efforts made in a special residential school for maladjusted (often delinquent) boys in London. He tells of almost incredible conduct by boys in the school, sometimes to be seen as a welcome sign of development of a personality in the completely placid, withdrawn, non-co-operative child and of the equally amazing tolerance displayed by the staff (and which he himself as the therapist had to display more than anyone else) in accepting the aggression of the boys and patiently working through, or more often just waiting through, these phases until there was a relief of tension and constructive measures could begin.

This is a story displaying all the most noble virtues of care, affection and patience but it also shows that those virtues by themselves cannot suffice in the treatment of the difficult and dangerous child who is seriously disturbed. There must also be a deep understanding based on the acceptance of psychoanalytical theory.

Dr. Shields shows the all too common danger of the school which can portray a fine authority and discipline. It is

comparatively easy for the maladjusted to conform to rules and regulations which order their divided lives for them and relieve them of responsibility. But the ultimate effect is dangerous, for the maladjustment is liable to display itself again as soon as the restraints and boundaries of a continually ordered life have gone. On the other hand Dr. Shields has equally little faith in the "free treatment" of maladjustment, for here the child has nothing against which to match himself and no guidance for the redirection of his aggressions. The ideal school is between the two and needs careful conducting with only small numbers. Bredinghurst at which Dr. Shields worked approached this and used the most imaginative and apparently simple methods

The Cure of Delinquents is moving and encouraging but leaves us asking how many of us could offer the endless support with the lack of any recognition which this work involves.

FRANK DAWTRY

Osmania Journal of English Studies. (Department of English, Osmania University, Hyderabad. No. 1. 1961. Rs. 2.50; 4*s.*, 50 cents)

This new venture in the Indian academic world is described as a "Journal of English Language, Literature and Philology." Professor V. K. Gokak's opening article, "Progress in Language Viewed in Relation to Literary Expression," is an attempt to probe into the interrelations of language and literature. Modern English has indeed developed (in Bradley's words) a "noiseless grammatical machinery." Most of the inflectional distinctions have now disappeared; the gender distinctions have been eliminated; and there are hardly a hundred strong verbs in the language now. Many more losses too could be listed. But there is an occasional gain or two — as in the "building up of a rich system of *tenses*." How do these changes in the grammatical structure influence the literary expression? As Professor Gokak says,

> ... the English language has lost considerably in aesthetic expressiveness because of them. With inflectional endings has also disappeared their musical expressiveness The poetry of the old simple subjunctive tends to disappear from the language, unless it is used for archaic charm.

Professor Gokak's essay is but the first of a series promised by him, and its successors will be awaited with interest. The articles by H. N. L. Sastry, V. A. Shahane and Shiv K. Kumar are evidently extracted from their doctoral dissertations on Sir Edwin Arnold, E. M. Forster and "The Stream of Consciousness Novel" respectively. V. Madhusudan Reddy looks at *The Four Quartets* from a philosophical point of view, links up the concept of Time and Eternity in *Burnt Norton* with Sri Aurobindo's reconciliation of desire and death within the all-embracing shell of love, and points out that "*Savitri*, his great epic, raises the whole problem to its cosmic proportions and brings in the necessary divine elements whose intervention alone can lead to a successful resolution of such irreconcilables as love, desire and death." The Journal should offer a welcome platform for researchers and for the exchange of critical comment.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Vaishnava Lyrics. Translated by MATILAL DAS. (Bharat Sanskriti Parishad, Calcutta. x+98 pp. 1954. Received late. Rs. 3.00)

The lyrics of the mediæval Vaishnava poets form a glorious chapter of Bengali literature. These poems, popularly known as *padavalis*, centre upon

Radha and Krishna — Radha's love for Krishna symbolizing the soul's thirst for God. There is a divine lilt, an irresistible charm in these "simple, sensuous and passionate" outpourings. Erotic they are, as erotic as the Song of Songs; but behind this apparent eroticism is revealed a distinct mystical experience. They are among the noblest embodiments of the infinite passion for which the finite heart yearns.

The translations are divided into three sections: in the first are traced the beginnings of love between Radha and Krishna; in the second is shown the deep attachment linking them together; and in the final is plumbed the salt, estranging sea of separation. To these is added a small sheaf of translations from various Vaishnava poets on diverse themes.

The translations, made twenty years ago, certainly have aged — in their ponderous prolixity one fails to catch that romantic ardour, that vivacious spontaneity, that lyric abandon, which characterize the originals. The gushing, nothing-like-this-have-you-seen-before attitude of the translator gives an unconscious note of falsetto to the translations.

One point the translator has completely ignored in his long-winded Introduction. This is the relation of the *padavalis* to the traditional form of music known as *kirtan*. I have heard the knowledgeable maintain that the success of these lyrics depends to a great extent on the musical accompaniment provided by the *khole*, the *kartal* and other musical instruments.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldeon Dhingra** writes of a project that should be valuable.— ED.]

WE ARE LIVING, it need hardly be repeated, in a world of conferences and debates, round-table meetings and *colloqués*. Seldom, however, is there dialogue or conversation. Monologists are legion and orators endless. Yet what we seem to need more than ever, even among friends, is conversation; and this applies, in larger measure, to peoples too. Between people of different generations there is hardly any dialogue at all. Everyone is so sure of himself and older men always insist that age gives them wisdom and the prerogative to speak with authority on any subject.

For many years now I have thought we might meet, from time to time, to encourage people of different nations and generations and of different "formations" anxious to enter into a dialogue. The Abbé Pierre has always welcomed this idea and many others to whom I have spoken agreed with alacrity to converse.

We thought of meeting once a fortnight in different homes, in ever widening circles, the number, if possible, not to exceed sixteen lest the conversation dwindle and fritter away into idle chatterings.

We met, we sixteen people, of all ages, and of different "formations" — scientists, industrialists, artists, poets, stage hands, sociologists, psychiatrists — in the house of Monsieur and Madame Leblois. In order to give some idea of what we were aiming to achieve or what the essential aim of a dialogue may be said to be, I prepared, using some ideas suggested by Père Teihard de Chardin and Martin Buber, the following note, which was read out, in French translation, to those present. We hope to meet, in turn, in the homes of the Leblois family, Madame Paen and Mlle. Jeannine Harrault and, of course, in my own.

TOWARDS A DIALOGUE

"All real life is meeting" — thus Martin Buber put it. It is relationship. And a relationship can only be entered into with one's whole being. In order to do that one has to suspend all partial action. To the man who loves, people are neither good nor evil, they just *are*. The man who hates sees only part of a being. Yet the man who straightforwardly hates is nearer to relation than the man who neither hates nor loves.

The world of primitive man, cruel though it was, was real. It is better to hate men than to treat them as objects to be made use of.

We are born individuals, though we are not persons. Man's personality is called into being by those who enter into relation with it. To become a person is to respond to what happens inwardly, as it were. Relationship has to be mutual. This does not mean unity or identity; each member remains himself and that means he is different from the other. Another person is not to be a projection of oneself. Often man sets man at a distance and makes himself independent. He is, therefore, able to enter into relation, in his own individual status, with those like himself. Genuine conversation, like every genuine fulfilment of relation between men, means acceptance of otherness.

This means that, while one may desire to influence the other and to lead him to share in one's relation to truth, one accepts and confirms him in his being a particular man made in a particular way. One wants to have him react to his own truth in accordance with his individuality. The manipulation of propaganda and suggestion wants to make use of man. To manipulators of such media men are not independent human beings, but things. The word "truth" may mean different things to different people, but between man and man it means that one shows oneself to the other for what one is. This means one communicates whatever one wishes to with one's whole being.

To make a dialogue real one must make the contribution of one's being without distortion. True speech involves thought as to the way in which one brings to words what one has in mind. In genuine dialogue the thought of one's effect as speaker should not outweigh the thought of what one has to say. Genuine conversation exists between two persons as also among many voices. Not everyone present need speak for these dialogues to be genuine: no one can be a mere observer. Each must be ready to share with the others, and no one who really takes part can know in advance what he will say or not say. Genuine dialogue means seeing the other or experiencing the other side. Experiencing the other side is the essence of genuine love. The "eros" of monologue is a display of subjective feelings; the "eros" of dialogue means the turning of the otherness to one's own heart. The monological man is not aware of the otherness of the other, but instead tries to incorporate the other in himself.

BALDOON DHINGRA

CORRESPONDENCE

LITERATURE AND SOCIAL MORALITY

AS A DISCUSSION on literary themes, the International Writers' Conference, which went on for five days at the recent Edinburgh Festival, was a complete failure, but as an example of what is wrong with literature today it was, I think, of the utmost value.

American literature, which dominated

the conference, was represented by such writers as Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, William Burroughs and Henry Miller. The discussions ranged chiefly round such questions as censorship and the degree of commitment felt by the writer.

Mary McCarthy presided over the discussion on censorship. She guided the conference along the line of considering how far abnormal sexual relations — homosexuality, incest, Lesbianism, etc. — should form the normal subject-matter of the modern novel. The Americans were most enthusiastic in their defence of the writers who go beyond the bounds of ordinary moral relationships and write books which cause endless trouble to the censors.

One of the few people she called upon to speak — apart from the platform — was a gentleman who described himself as "an ex-professional pornographer" meaning, as he explained, that he sold copies of books not usually available at ordinary booksellers. He demanded complete freedom from censorship, not only on literary grounds but also for the crudest pornography.

His remarks were taken up enthusiastically by Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*, Henry Miller and Edward Burroughs, whose book *The Naked Lunch* has not yet got beyond America, for publishers elsewhere seem nervous of it. He was described by Mary McCarthy and Norman Mailer as the writer who had the most influence upon his contemporaries.

It was left to a turbaned and bearded Indian writer, Khushwant Singh, to comment gently upon the space occupied by sexual abnormalities in current Western novels. In India, he remarked bitingly, they thought that other matters were more important.

Towards the end of the afternoon when the assembly had been exhausted by repeated demands for a dubious freedom, Mary McCarthy explained that she had promised to give an opportunity to Marion Friedmann, a South African novelist, whose book had been banned from South Africa some months before its publication in London. This book is called *The Slap*. Miss Friedmann read a thoughtful analysis of the racial situation as it affected writers in South Africa. Coming at the end of a very different kind of discussion, the audience were not able to switch to this, though, obviously, it is far more important than a defence of pornography.

Rebecca West spoke words of common sense on the subject of the demand for complete freedom to publish anything. "We cannot light-heartedly agree to this," she said. "I was present at the Nuremberg War Criminals' trial and, although I am opposed to capital punishment, I cannot feel sorry over the fate of some of these men. I know there is a close connection between the cruelty, torture and sadism prevalent in Nazi Germany and the flood of books pandering to sexual immorality and abnormality." These words from one of the most acute literary critics alive today stressed the social responsibility of the novelist. But it was definitely a minority view among the speakers.

At the Press conference the following morning the writers were asked whether they should not have given more time to the discussion of political censorship in various countries rather than have talked so much about the place of sex in literature. Mary McCarthy replied that when Marion Friedmann spoke on political censorship in South Africa "the audience went out in droves," proving they did not want such discussion.

A novelist from Yugoslavia disagreed and said that political censorship should have been the main topic. "We on the other side of the Iron Curtain feel that writers in the West are not facing up to their social responsibilities," he said. "They fill their books with all this talk about sex instead of giving their reader

ome real guidance about the problems f modern life. We would like to dis- ıss the differences between our ap- roach and yours. We are all writing ɔout human beings. How far do we gree and where do we differ?"

This touched a real nerve centre in vorld literature but the American vriters in control had used their weight nd influence to steer the conference ıway from such discussion. There was a time in pre-war America when their novelists were noted for acute social criticism. One has only to think of Sinclair Lewis with his *Main Street* and *Babbitt* to see how far away they have travelled.

The war was followed by the McCarthy repressive era in social matters, when writers were afraid to speak out in case this led to imprisonment, boycott, isolation, lack of livelihood. The egregious McCarthy era in the social and political sphere has now been succeeded by an era in literature in which writers are compounding for lack of ourage, social vision and responsibility ɔy filling their books with sexual perersity, which does not arouse social hostility. An assumption of boldness covers up their intellectual cowardice.

We live in a time of moral chaos when, under the threat of the atom bomb, young people are snatching what pleasure and interest they can from a life that they feel is insecure. It is, of course, inevitable that literature should reflect that chaos. But at the same time writers have a duty to try to help resolve this chaos. We cannot accept a purely mechanical "Adding Machine" mentality. Elmer Rice, in his early play of that title, did better in suggesting lines of thought which included criticism of a mechanical civilization. To say that young people want this, or that an audience will not listen to that, is not enough. Literature should be a guide.

In Edinburgh we even had the spectacle of Alexander Trocchi glorifying the victims of the dope habit and proclaiming himself a "junkie" on the flimsy ground that to take dope was a form of "social protest." Obviously, taking dope or drugs is not a form of social protest but of social surrender. The same may be said of the sexual dope which fills so many books in our day.

R. M. Fox

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

One small item of bright news against the dark clouds of racial hatred and of threatening international relations is the election, by a considerable majority, of Albert Luthuli, the courageous and noble African chief, as the new Rector of Glasgow University, Scotland. Chief Luthuli is a true practising Christian, whose non-violent action against apartheid in South Africa has brought him a Nobel Peace Prize (1960), but who is confined at present to a small area in Durban, which he may not leave except by special permission of the South African Government. It is hoped, but not certain, that he will be allowed to come to Glasgow for the ceremony of installation as Rector. This is an honour that has been held in the past by many distinguished personages in various fields, political, literary and so on. It may be noted that Chief Luthuli's defeated opponents were Dr. Robert McIntyre, a former Scottish Nationalist M.P., Lord Rosebery and Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, who is very much in the public eye as the leader of the negotiations for the entry of Great Brit-

ain into the European Common Market. Mr. Heath gained 773 votes to Chief Luthuli's 1,278.

There has been fear in some quarters that the Common Market might become a kind of economic "closed club" against non-European nations, an obstacle to a larger, all-comprehensive unity. It is noteworthy that the Scottish University students, in their choice, have disregarded the "symbol" of the lesser concept, the Common Market, to show their appreciation of a deeper ideal, and of moral character regardless of race.

The spate of new publications in Britain, as mentioned in last month's "Ends and Sayings," continues. Among the more important is the weekly, *New Society,* devoted to Social Science, and published by the proprietors of the highly successful *New Scientist,* launched in 1956. The Editorial in the first issue (October 4th, 1962) points out how the expansion of natural science has not been balanced by equal progress in human relations. Man "appears to be better at dealing with things than he is at dealing with himself and his fellowmen."

Whether the human sciences can be considered "exact" or not, their potential usefulness, it is said, makes them essential; and the aim of the journal is to "link the study of society with practice," to link the academic and the practitioner, "the expert and the layman (though in a sense no one is a layman in human relations)," and to bring together "the students of each of the social sciences." It plans to publish descriptions of investigations and conclusions, its own and those of other researchers, and to present its reports without partisanship. It considers "the morals and ethics of society to be an essential part of our field of operations," and affirms that "social science, like natural science, is bound by no frontiers. . . . The whole world is the social scientist's laboratory."

Perhaps the first number, interesting and varied as it is, has an air of a humanist's laboratory. Perhaps it is inevitable, and it takes time to "make a soul." But if the new journal can steer clear of "reified" human relations, as Erich Fromm calls them (*Saturday Review,* March 16th, 1957) — that is, treating man as a thing, to be manipulated like other things and materials — it should have a future of much worth.

A further publication whose first issue appeared in the autumn of 1962 is the Canadian Quarterly *Our Generation Against Nuclear War.* It is

> devoted to the research, theory, and review of the problems of world peace and directed towards presenting alternative solutions to human conflict, eliminating war as a way of life.

Its Statement of Purpose declares its wish "to create something that can speak directly to the anxieties of this generation" and "to bring together people of diverse skills who have a common interest in seeing real problems through to complete solutions and carrying these solutions into action."

Its list of contributors include several British M.P.s, the Editor of *Peace News,* Hugh Brock, Dr. Gunther Anders of Vienna, Dr. Erich Fromm, Brigadier-General Hugh B. Hester (U.S. Army, Ret.), Dr. Homer Jack, Robert Jungk, Kingsley Martin, Lewis Mumford, Professor Linus Pauling, Devi Prasad, J. B. Priestley and many other distinguished names. Bertrand Russell and Norman Cousins, Editor of *Saturday Review,* were among those to send messages of good will to the publication, with the hope that it would have "a profound effect on opinion," being "a much-needed voice." The emphasis on the constructive as well as the opposing aspect of the problem is a hopeful sign for success.

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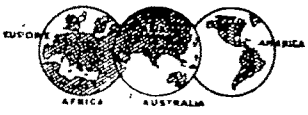
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