

AUAS

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*

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY 1938

No. 2

OCCULTISM IN FICTION

Fiction plays an unique part in the life of the social chaos we call civilization. In other eras poetry exerted the greatest influence; and again there were days when the essay was used to right wrongs and to initiate reforms. To-day not only does the story entertain, or is used, indirectly and sparingly, to point to social ills; it also informs and educates millions of readers, who will learn only through entertainment.

It is natural that psychical science, the occult arts and Occultism have also been used as bases for novels. The two articles which follow these remarks discuss some of the issues involved in the writing of occult novels and stories. The first is by Bernard Bromage, Expansion Lecturer for the University of London on Occult Literature; the very duties assigned to him at the university show recognition of the growing public interest in the occult. The second contribution is a short note by Claude

Houghton, himself a pioneer whose art is breaking old psychic soil with a new technique. He refers to the failure of some writers to do full justice to the important items of psychic science they handle. There is truth in what he writes, but we must not overlook the factor of the neglect of actual knowledge which they could press into their service. Many go to modern psychology, some to psycho-analysis, a few to psychical research. But most authors do not look for knowledge to the Eastern Wisdom and the Esoteric Philosophy; they are prejudiced against both. Whatever influence or instruction of Pure Occultism they have imbibed has been indirect and unconscious.

The range of occult fiction is large—from true insight to jumbled cerebration. One thing, however, which all stories about the abnormal and the invisible do is to strengthen the vague belief that the invisible is not all

maya; and which make Hamlet's apt words hackneyed, so often they are quoted—"There are more things, etc."

There are stories which are fanciful speculations without any basis of knowledge, and which mislead, but fortunately only a few.

There are stories not founded on facts but on theories and hypotheses of science, etc., which make them good pot-boilers but poor aids to knowledge.

Then there are quite a number of stories rooted in pseudo-occultism—stories about astral wanderings, etc., which are more or less innocuous and some about topics which are positively dangerous, e.g., love-making with invisible brides and bridegrooms, seeking of invisible soul-mates, and so on. Their danger is enhanced by the fact that most readers do not suspect the presence of hidden evil. Again, numerous stories built round the idea of Reincarnation and Karma mislead because of the incorrect concepts from which they are created; they make out that the lower personality incarnates—Cleopatra now living as Mrs. Jones or Napoleon as Mr. Smith. The grand philosophy of Karma becomes disfigured into cruel punishment mysteriously meted out to wrong-doers; or into a process of attraction of past affinities; and so on. Lack of real knowledge produces grotesque results.

On the other hand there are stories created by artists with intuitive perception, of which Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a notable example. This, by the way, is not merely a story of dual personality as Mr. Bromage suggests; it deals with

an occult phenomenon known as "the dweller on the threshold" of which there is more than one species. Better still are the novels written by students and devotees of the science of Occultism. Such was Bulwer-Lytton who wrote *Zanoni*, *The Coming Race* and *A Strange Story*.

The master-occultist of the nineteenth century, H.P. Blavatsky, used the story in popularizing some of the profound truths of Occultism. To quote but one example: in "Karmic Visions" she dealt with the problem of time-space to which Mr. Bernard Bromage refers, and gave a description of the real Ego sitting as a spectator of the life of the hero of the story. She did story-writing and story-publishing deliberately though sparingly; she defined her purpose and objective as far back as March, 1880, in *The Theosophist*:

That witty and epigrammatic journal, the *Bombay Review*, has favoured us with several friendly notices, for which it merits, and will kindly accept, our best thanks. But one remark upon our February number must not pass without rejoinder. It says "THE THEOSOPHIST ghost-stories we have noted once and for ever—they make very uncanny reading". They do, if taken only in one sense; and the less one has of ghost-stories in general judging from that point of view, the better. If they were only meant to feed the morbid fancies of sentimental novel-readers, their room might well be thought better than their company. But, since they appear in a magazine professedly devoted to a serious enquiry into questions of science and religion, it is not unreasonable to presume that the editors have a definite purpose to show their connection with one or both of these departments of research. Such, at any rate, is the fact. Before we have done with our readers, it will be made very clear that every story of ghost, goblin,

and *bhuta*, admitted into our columns, has the value of an illustration of some one phase of that misconceived but most important science, Psychology. Our friend of the *Bombay Review* is hasty in jumping at the conclusion that he has had his last say about our Phantom Dogs, Ensouled Violins, and stalking shades of the departed.

One of the finest examples of fiction turned to good use is provided by the anonymous author of the *Dream of Ravan* in which are superbly woven lessons in occult arts and Occultism, in psychology and philosophy, in Hindu mythology and Indian history.

Such stories as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Dream of Ravan*, and "Karmic Visions" and others by H.P. Blavatsky contain immortal truths of Occultism; but a very large number from the pens of those who are not students of Occultism reflect the psychic moods of modern society. There is confused thinking, vague premonition, playing with spooks and theorizing *galore*. For earnest thinkers and painstaking penmen the field of the Occult is open, but they need to equip themselves with accurate knowledge of both the principles and the details of psychic science.

OCCULT FICTION AND PSYCHIC VALUES

One of the most remarkable symptoms of the growing intellectual curiosity of our day is the preponderance on the market of fictional works dealing with phenomena which have been for the most part relegated, in past years, to the consideration of antiquarians and mystics.

The social psychologist will see in the apparently insatiable passion of the contemporary reader for tales of ghosts and marvels a deep unconscious stirring of those impulses and curiosities which a false ideology and a quack civilisation have largely succeeded in submerging.

In this atmosphere spiritual implications, in the wide sense, are seen to raise their head, albeit in the strangest form; and, amidst the warring

contests of mathematicians and physicists, the world of psychic values is coming slowly but surely into its own.

It has taken a long time for the writers of Europe to realise how the realms of occult and normal experience interpenetrate. By far the majority of the authors of "strange" fiction, before the commencement of the nineteenth century, illustrate, in their attitude to the supernormal, the same dichotomy which is observable in the conventional theological structure of these days.

The unseen is regarded, not as the logical extension and amplification of ordinary waking life, but as a mere repository of the bizarre and the incalculable. In this context, satirists

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of the type of Jane Austen have done signal service to the cause of genuine occult fiction by showing how the issue is obscured by the existence of novels such as those of Mrs. Radcliffe in which "properties" and "machinery" usurp the function of a true realisation of life's overtones. *Northingham Abbey* is valuable, not only as a piquant satire on a fashionable appetite for the shocking and the incredible, but as a reminder that a capacity for loading one's canvas with creaking doors and gloomy landscapes is no sufficient recompense for a lack of the vital fire of occult knowledge.

With more recent times there has been observable a most interesting *rapprochement* between scientists, psychologists and the major writers of occult fiction. Keeping their ears to the ground, authors whose main concern has been to supply their public with thrills for jaded tastes, have realised how enormously their work would be enhanced if its theories could be supported by the latest findings of the scientists and psychologists of their day.

Occasionally, the fiction-writer forestalls the psychologist and, indeed, provides the latter with an example to illustrate the trend of his argument. Into this category falls the *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* of Robert Louis Stevenson which is, in effect, a literary study in dual personality or, as the latest terminology has it, "schizophrenia".

It is not, of course, true to say that this abnormality of constitution had not been noted in the work of previous enquirers into the human

problem; but one can give all credit to Stevenson for popularising in the form of a novel a psychological phenomenon which had formerly been noted only in the more recondite kind of text-book. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Stevenson became so engrossed in his subject that he finished the book in the space of six days, writing, as he tells us, in a kind of possession.

Modern research has shown that the transference of personality is a very real thing. Not only do we contain within ourselves the potentiality of several transmutations of the self; but there is evident in human relationships certain possibilities of influence through contact, which provide a rich field of reference for the occult novelist.

The dominance of one mind over another has become an accepted fact in the annals of psychic research. Not so generally recognised are those cases in which one personality absorbs another to such an extent that the second takes on the very blood and bones and integument of the dominating partner.

Mr. de la Mare has made very good use of this theme in his suggestive story, *The Return*, which recounts how a man of melancholy and introspective temperament is possessed by the spirit of a suicide whose tomb he has contemplated in a quiet country churchyard. "We are more than our mere personalities," says a character in this book. In other words, the essential difference between human beings is much more a matter of the direction of the will than of any variation in appearance and idiosyncrasy.

The interaction of forces is a truism of intelligent observation. We influence inevitably, to some degree, every one and everything with which we come in contact; and we, in our turn, are similarly influenced. Some thinkers have held that the power inherent in things and persons generally regarded as evil is of a greater potency than the usual modes of virtue. Whether this be true or no, some very effective tales have been written on the supposition that the powers of darkness are more efficient in their workings than the denizens of light.* In this context, one may refer to Henry James's magnificently haunting *Turn of the Screw*, where the souls of two children are successfully corrupted by the intrigues of two unhappy and frustrated spirits of the past. Again, in more recent times, Margaret Irwin, in her short story, *The Book*; has shown how a single pernicious volume so weaves its baleful spell over everything and every one with which it comes in contact that it ends by plunging a whole household into irremediable chaos and disaster.

One of the most difficult problems to decide in the investigation of psychic phenomena is how far the psychological states which make possible their realisation are of objective or subjective origin. It is obvious that, if we can prove that a ghost or an obsession is a mere figment of a disordered imagination, its value as the symbol of an unseen

world falls under very grave suspicion. Or, to put the matter more simply, we have shifted our surmise back to a more material point of vantage when we take the point of view that the beginnings of occult manifestation lie in the variable reflexes of the physical organism.

Baudelaire has drawn attention to the curious conditions of exaltation consequent on the taking of certain drugs. He did little to develop this observation, and it was left to the Irish novelist Sheridan Le Fanu, one of the most successful of all the writers of occult stories, to follow up the implications of the theory that spiritual disintegration is largely a concomitant of a disordered physical system.

In his story, "Green Tea", perhaps the finest from the *In a Glass Darkly* collection, Le Fanu achieved the difficult feat of combining the creation of a most potent atmosphere of the sinister and the uncanny with a consistently worked out theory of those chemical changes in the blood with which psychic visitations are apparently most intimately connected.

The tale tells of a certain Mr. Jennings, whose health is continually breaking down in a mysterious fashion. It transpires that he is addicted to strong potions of the beverage known as Green Tea. Concurrently with his weakness for this drug there appears to his disordered vision a figure bearing a strong resemblance to a monkey with glowing eyes. This

* The powers of darkness are not more efficient than the powers of light, but the latter are not readily recognized because of the peculiar egotism by which man likes to credit himself for his noble achievements while he blames the "devil" for his errors and sins! Then, the modern man has an attraction for the dark side of Nature due to the fact that "vice and wickedness", as H. P. Blavatsky points out, "are an abnormal, unnatural manifestation, at this period of our human evolution."—Eds.

creature, elemental or demon, pursues him in all his daily occupations. At last, unable to shake off this fearful companion, the man kills himself in a frenzy of despair.

Throughout the story it is suggested that the apparition is consequent on the drinking of the tea. Without allowing himself any undue dogmatism, Le Fanu has performed a most useful service to the cause both of occult fiction and of medical research by showing, in the first case, how the writer of this kind is most convincing when he has recourse to verifiable fact; and, in the second, by opening up to the psychiatrist the possibility of an infinity of experiment on the parallelism between mind and body.

"When I speak of medical science, I do so, as I hope some day to see it more generally understood, in a much more comprehensive sense than its generally material treatment would warrant. I believe that the entire natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has its life."

In quotations such as this and in his famous dissertation on the "Cardinal Functions of the Brain" Le Fanu has paved the way for a very promising *rapprochement* between fiction and fact.

Perhaps the most interesting intellectual revolution of our time has been that achieved by the new* theories with regard to the nature of the space-time relationship. No longer, says the modern mathematician, should we speak of time and space as separate entities, but as a "continuum" of an indivisible nature.

There are several admirable examples in modern occult fiction of works which buttress up, with the instinctive knowledge of the artist, theories held by orthodox scientists to be provable. Most people nowadays have heard of that remarkable book, *An Adventure*, in which two English ladies of the most respectable antecedents, when wandering in the gardens of Versailles, were transported back to the period of the outbreak of the French Revolution. This record bears the stamp of complete credibility and possesses all the charm of the most romantic fiction.

Not only this account of an actual experience, but also W. H. Dunne's fascinating disquisition on the time-sense bears full witness to a metaphysical probability which is receiving ever more attention from serious minds. Turning to fiction proper, we find the inventive intelligence of John Buchan busying itself, in several of his novels, particularly *The Power House* and *Three Hostages*, with that development of clairvoyance which posits a complete freedom from the cramping limitations of time. Margaret Irwin, in her *Still She Wished for Company*, has also furthered contemporary interest in this theme by writing a romance in which the characters react on each other across intersecting time-planes.

The question of a new type of humanity, freed from many of its present imperfections and redeemed from much of its present frustration, is raised with great brilliance in the pages of the novels of Claude

*Not quite. See Dr. Ivor B. Hart's series of articles on "Modern Science and *The Secret Doctrine*" in THE ARYAN PATH, Vol. IV, especially on "Time" (April, 1933) and "Psychological Considerations" (May, 1933)—Eds.

Houghton.* Here is a writer who has done much to advance the cause of the growth of a more amplified psychology by stressing the part played by a new kind of spiritual detachment in untying the knots of repression. The conception of a completely integrated personality, in which both body and mind receive their fullest due is another of Mr. Houghton's gifts to modern thought.

It is commonly agreed that the chief obstacle to man's progress on this planet is the bogey of fear. Here, too, the writer of occult fiction has provided imaginative instances of this devastating obsession.

One may instance as a prime masterpiece in this *genre* that most subtle study of H. G. Wells, *The Red Room*. In this story a man is immured in a house of ill psychic repute in order to test the existence of an alleged ghost. He finds that the room is indeed haunted, but not by any ghost—only by the much more insidious and deadly hobgoblin of Fear. "In the dusk it creeps along the corridor and follows you so that you dare not turn."

In his recent "thriller", *The*

Croquet Player, Mr. Wells has reaffirmed this *motif* in his picture of a countryside ridden by the symbol of its own primitive and mindless past.

If one were asked to state, in a single phrase, the chief value of occult fiction to Western psychology one would have to say, its efficacy in heightening the sense of sympathy. It is becoming more imperative every day for the sensitive soul to find for itself a safe retreat where it can obtain some relief from the grim reality of mere material existence. Like Peter Ibbetson, it may be helped by the possibility of access to a world of more enduring values than the present, in which its desires may be resolved and appeased.

The reading of occult fiction may well perform a most valuable function of healing in the stress of modern life. Even at its most banal levels it is concerned with the extension and elucidation of the more remote layers of consciousness. At its best, it brings into focus those aspects of faith and ritual which have given dignity and stability to the questing spirit of man.

BERNARD BROMAGE

* See *THE ARYAN PATH* for August 1933—"A Novelist with a Message" by Geoffrey West.—Eds.

A NOTE ON OCCULT LITERATURE

" Art is based on emotional understanding—on the feeling of the Unknown which lies behind the visible and the tangible—and on creative power, the power, that is, to reconstruct in visible or audible forms the artist's sensations, feelings, visions, and moods, and, especially, a certain fugitive feeling—which is in fact the feeling of the harmonious intercommunication and oneness of *everything*, and the feeling of the 'soul' of things and phenomena. Like science and philosophy, art is a definite *way of knowledge*. . . . But an art which does not reveal mysteries, which does not lead to the sphere of the Unknown, which does not reveal new knowledge, is a parody of art."

The above is a quotation from Ouspensky's *A New Model of the Universe*, and it will be seen that in his opinion all great art is occult in the broad and deep sense of the word. In fact, it is its occult character which makes it great art. And it seems to me, that unless Ouspensky's contention is conceded, art is no more than an evasion—a subtle drug—an escapade in unreality—a psychic cosmetic.

Now, the defect of much fiction that is manifestly "occult", in the technical sense of the term, is that it tends to be a treatise. The work of many novelists who parade "occultism" frequently has this defect. The novel usually starts all right but, very soon, a strange or sinister figure appears and instantly the reader is translated to an occult

realm, and becomes involved in events as fantastic as those of any dream. And although work of this kind is undoubtedly valuable on its level, its defect is that, by transferring the "occult" to the realm of the fantastic, the reader naturally assumes the "occult" to be something wholly removed from everyday actuality. (I think it was Dowden who pointed out how much the romantic love of Romeo and Juliet gained by being set in the bustling world of actuality. Lacking this familiar background, the hero and heroine might seem somewhat operatic.)

In the broad and deep sense of the word, *The Brothers Karamazov* is an occult novel—one of the greatest. But the fact remains that, for those who have not eyes to see, it can be read as first-rate melodrama. (It has that in common with *Macbeth*, which is an occult play if ever there were one.) On the surface, Dostoevsky's novel is concerned with a murder. Old Karamazov and his son, Dmitri, are in love with the same woman. The old man is murdered and, superficially, the interest of the book lies in establishing the identity of the murderer. On the surface, therefore—as in *Macbeth*—the author is giving us a good "blood-and-thunder" melodrama. The occult aspects of the novel are implied—they are not flung at you like so many brickbats.

But it is necessary to go only a little way below the surface to discover that the timeless world inter-

penetrates actuality in this amazing book. Old Karamazov is real enough, and loathsome enough, as a man, but it is soon realised that he also symbolizes dark primitive energy, which knows neither good nor evil, but which "casts forth its brood without memory or thought". But he is whole, as a beast is whole, whereas two of his sons, Ivan and Dmitri, are divided. They have eaten of the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil. They are divided beings, and, significantly enough, they hate their father—though for very different reasons. Dmitri is the Body—isolated. Ivan is Mind—isolated. And Alyosha, the third son, is a prophecy of the future man. For Alyosha is whole, though he is born, not only of the "beast" but of the agony of those frenzied foes, his brothers—Mind and Body.

A remarkable analysis of *The Brothers Karamazov* is given in Mr. Middleton Murry's *Dostoevsky*, but enough has been stated to show that this novel is really concerned with principalities and powers. Nevertheless, as I have said, it can be read purely as melodrama—and so can most of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies.

After all, there is a reason why certain books are read and re-read. And the reason must be that, hidden beneath their surface, is layer after layer of illuminated experience. That is why great books seem different each time we read them. At each re-reading we bring more to them—and so we find more in them. A great book is like one of those Chinese boxes which contains another box, and it in its turn another and so on and so on. A great novel resembles a parable, which should be first and foremost a good story, and, under that attractive exterior, should contain a mine of occult knowledge.

And it is often by reason of its interior wealth that a deep book is slow in winning recognition. Spengler defines "a popular work" as one "which gives itself, with all its secrets, to the first comer at the first glance—that incorporates its meaning in its exterior and surface". In a popular book, the surface is everything: in a great book, it soon loses every shred of significance. Every great book is occult in the broad and deep sense of the term. It contains mysteries—which he who dives will discover.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Literature—once wrote a critic—is the confession of social life, reflecting all its sins, and all its acts of baseness as of heroism. In this sense a book is of a far greater importance than any man. Books do not represent one man, but they are the mirror of a host of men. Hence the great English poet-philosopher said of books, that he knew that they were as hard to kill and as prolific as the teeth of the fabulous dragon; sow them hither and thither and armed warriors will grow out of them. To kill a good book, is equal to killing a man.

It is finally those who amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century and so their benefactors.

H. P. BLAVATSKY (*The Theosophical Movement*, August 1934)

A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

I.—THE SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGIOUS APPREHENSION

[Mr. Alban G. Widgery, at present Professor of Philosophy at the Duke University (U. S. A.) was formerly Professor of Philosophy and Comparative Religion at Baroda, India, and later was Stanton Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Cambridge. He delivered the Upton Lectures in Oxford last November; special arrangements made with him enable the publication of the six lectures in condensed form as six articles, the first of which we give below.

The series considers certain religious principles from an unsectarian point of view; the discourses were penned to suit the requirements of the Upton Lectures Foundation; but their background is more universal than Christian.

In this first lecture the source of religion, and therefore of religions, is not clearly indicated. A philosophical exposition of Revelation is offered, but the examination is not sufficiently deep and the interested reader will do well to turn to an article which deals with the subject—"Types of Indian Thought" by the well-known Hindu philosopher, Professor M. Hiriyanna, in our issue of September 1934; our own views will be found in the editorial preceding it.—Eps.]

Briefly, philosophizing may be described as an intellectual effort to arrive at a comprehensive and basic expression of experience or reality. It strives to indicate the ultimates incapable of explanation by reference to something other than themselves or of description in terms not including those which directly signify them. Thus the main task of a philosophy of religion is to seek to express the ultimate implications of religion. It would even at this stage be legitimate to ask: What is religion? But the whole investigation of a philosophy of religion is necessary adequately to answer that question. At the outset it must suffice to regard as religion what is found to be generally called such in the history of mankind, especially in the great living religions.

It has been frequently said that philosophy is a search for truth. A philosophy of religion in raising the

questions of the source and nature of religious knowledge is concerned with the philosophical task of enquiry into truth in religion.

In its search for truths philosophy may be expected to discriminate them from errors. Some philosophers have endeavoured to maintain that errors are nothing but the absence of truths. To challenge this view of error, one illustration to the contrary must suffice. The two following statements are equally positive: "The Prophet Muhammed was born in Arabia"; "The Prophet Muhammed was born in England". If one of these is a truth, the other is an error; and that error is not the mere absence of a truth but a positive assertion.

It requires no argument or illustration to defend the statement that of some propositions we are unable to say whether they are truths or errors. With regard to some of these there

appears to be more evidence for their being truths rather than errors, and *vice versa*. These may be called probabilities and improbabilities. Of others it may be said that either there is no real evidence at all for or against them viewed in themselves, or that there is no preponderance of evidence one way or the other. These may nevertheless be accepted as speculations. In the formulation of a general view, a philosophy may not only include truths but also admit probabilities and make use of speculations.

It is not infrequently contended that the discrimination between truths and errors is to be made by reason, that it is through reason that man comes to truths. Such a statement cannot itself be judged until it is clear what is meant by reason. Reason is a function of the human mind, one of the chief characteristics of which is the grasping of relations. Allied with this, though different from it, is its capacity to form concepts. It is present in what we call reasoning, passing from premises to conclusion in inference; and it is present in the understanding or comprehension of premises and conclusions. Reason, so conceived, can by itself neither lead to truths nor be an adequate basis for the assertion that this or that proposition is a truth or an error. Even of contradictory propositions all that reason could pronounce would be that both cannot be true: it would not by itself be able to determine which of them is true or which an error. Reason, as a function of the mind, does not operate *in vacuo*. To arrive at truths something in addition is

needed; and to test whether propositions are truths or errors something more than reason is involved. The proposition: "There is a red cloth on the table" depends not merely on reason grasping the relations involved, but also on forms of sense perception by which the colour and other qualities of the cloth and of the table are known. To arrive at truths, to discriminate truths from errors, reason as a function of the mind operates with reference to somewhat other than itself, and this other is apprehended by capacities of man different from reason.

The important question is whether every truth is dependent on reason and on sense perception, or whether there are other forms of apprehension by which some truths are attained. The possibility of a philosophy of religion seems to me to depend on an affirmative answer to the latter part of this question. The mind not only reasons, but also apprehends itself as so doing, and such apprehension is not a form of sense perception. Again, a man's awareness of himself as sad, for example, cannot be shown to be a form of sense apprehension. It may be urged that in apprehending the red cloth, the mind is aware of something not itself, but when it apprehends itself as reasoning or as sad it is simply apprehending itself. Nevertheless, even that indicates that the mind has some capacities of apprehension other than through the physical senses. If those, why not others? The possibility must be admitted. The question remains: Are there such? I contend that there are: forms which may be described as moral, as æsthetic, and as religi-

ous apprehension, and that to arrive at truths in ethics, æsthetics, and in philosophy of religion, these forms of apprehension respectively are involved; and that the discrimination of the truth or error of propositions in these directions implicates these specific forms of apprehension. The moral may be taken as an example. A man may apprehend *himself* as a liar. But he may also condemn himself as such, and this because with his moral apprehension he is aware of the moral worth of veracity. The implicated proposition: "Veracity is morally good" is not based on his apprehension of *himself*. Carried into detail in this direction, philosophy for a proper account of morality would have to include recognition of moral ultimates known through a specific capacity of the mind that may be called moral apprehension.

Thus truths implicate not merely forms of apprehension and the function of reason but also some "object" or "objects",—even when that "object" is the mind or a state or function of the mind. The red cloth as apprehended is other than the sense function of apprehending. If reason forms a concept of red, that concept as a mental content, cannot be said to copy the red as perceived, that is, it cannot itself be described as red. Nevertheless it has a significant reference to it. All truths have some kind of objective reference beyond the apprehension they involve, the concepts which may be implied, and the words in which they may be expressed. A truth is possible of attainment not merely because of the functioning of a subject but also be-

cause of the presentation of an "object".

I am going to describe this presentation of an "object" as its "revelation" of itself. The mind seeks to know an object and can do so because of its own capacities and because the object reveals itself to the mind. The term revelation may in this sense be applied in all realms of knowledge. And it is by so considering it that we may pass over to a mode of treatment of a characteristic claim in many religions that the source of religious knowledge is revelation. The philosopher to-day is hardly called on to discuss the idea that a particular set of writings, as for example, the books of the Christian Bible, or the Quran, are as books a revelation. But he cannot well pass by the contention that within these and other writings what is called revelation is embodied. The Vedas have been said to contain a revelation of religious truths. By some Zoroastrianism has been described as based on revelation. Gautama is not recorded as having become "enlightened" simply by a process of rational reflection, but by contemplation in which he attained to insight. In Sikhism, the historical gurus seem to have been regarded as though voicing the "true Guru" or God. However diversely expressed in these higher religions, this claim to some knowledge coming to man in a specific manner in religion is in accord with the implication of widespread practices of earlier times.

Religious knowledge is therefore similar to all other knowledge in being dependent upon forms of apprehension and the function of reason,

and upon an "object" or "objects" with which the mind comes into relation. But the traditional use, specifically limiting the term revelation to religion, implies some difference from other knowledge. That difference consists, not in something peculiarly mysterious or miraculous, but in the specific forms of apprehension and in the nature of the "object" or "objects" involved. For however diverse the views as to the manner of revelations in different religions, it has always been implied that the objective basis of the knowledge obtained has been something other than physical nature or human selves as finitely aware of themselves.

The source of religious knowledge is thus declared to be the human mind apprehending what is revealed to it. The nature of religious knowledge can only be discovered in that knowledge itself, and that constitutes the main content of the articles that follow in this series. That knowledge refers to the mind as it is concerned in religion; to the "object" or "objects" with which the mind is in relation in religion; and to the character of that relation itself.

In the examination of the religions from these points of view, it must be remembered that the truths involved may not necessarily have been accurately expressed in the traditional doctrines. A philosophy of religion is not compelled to regard as

adequately or properly representing a religion, the forms of doctrine, the types of metaphysics, that have acquired traditional authority among its adherents. Some of those doctrines are past forms of philosophy of religion that need to be abandoned in view of religious advance and increasing accuracy of theoretical expression. A religion is not necessarily misrepresented, it may be more correctly represented, if the theoretical expressions of the past are rejected. *A religion should not be confused with the theories that have grown up in association with it.*

A philosophy of religion, therefore, starts out from the religions as actually found in history. For it, religion is something "given", not to be "proved" by reference to something other than itself. It has to make clear the ultimates implicated in religion, and it has to seek appropriate forms of expression in words for truths, probabilities and speculations. It will try to discriminate between those doctrines in the religions which can be accepted and those which must be rejected as errors, as improbabilities, or unnecessary speculations. As a philosophy of nature must be developed with reference to nature as actually perceived; a philosophy of history with regard to history as actually experienced; so a philosophy of religion must be formulated with relation to religion as actually lived.

ALBAN G. WIDGERY

THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE ON MODERN INDIA

[S. Srikantaya, B.A., B.L., is the Editor of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Mythic Society and a well-known educationist of the progressive Mysore State.--Eds.]

Macaulay never rendered a greater service to India than when he ushered in the era of English education in India.

In a short article it is not possible to deal with the subject in detail ; nor do I propose to compare the influence of Sanskrit, Arabic or Persian with that of English. Persian and Sanskrit suffered undoubtedly as a result of the predominance of the English language in India but their cultures have blended fully with the life and thought of India. Hence we may not repent the lack of sufficient emphasis on the study of those literatures. The indigenous languages of India have derived their sustenance from them and have been enriched in every way possible from the classical literatures of India.

Our religious system, our modes of thought and life were largely derived from Aryan teachings. Life in ancient Hindu India was based on *Manava Dharma Sastra*. In process of time, dissent grew towards the ancient religious systems whose tenets ceased to be accepted with unquestioned authority. Commentaries and glosses as well as the interpretation of jurists silently brought about a revolution in the system of law as administered in the country. Vignaneswara, Jeemuthavahana, Neelkhanta and others adapted the Hindu law to meet the changing social and political con-

ditions of the day in the several parts of India. Such a change was further augmented by the penetration of Muhammadan influence and the spread of the democratic tenets of Islam. The Delhi Sultanate had extended its hegemony over a great part of the Indian Peninsula and introduced Persian and Arabic amongst the court languages of the country and for study. The Hindu social system was left alone without disturbance to all outward appearance, but political upheavals necessitated a re-orientation of Hindu thought and life.

The advent of the English, amongst other European nations, brought something more than the influence of a mere nation of shopkeepers. The marked toleration which the Hindu showed towards other religions was extended to the message of Jesus. With the study of English in schools and colleges, as a preparation for the earning of livelihood, developed acquaintance with the beauties of English literature and fascination with the political and philosophical ideas met with in the writings of the great thinkers of the West. People began to study the great masters of English literature and the Bible to imbibe the spirit in them. Newspapers and magazines, published and circulated in the country, spread knowledge of the outside world in all parts of India.

The Indian thereby received a stimulus to inquire into the social systems of his own country, the conditions of its political life and its religious background. A few people at any rate fed on the strong meat of English liberty and drank deep of the wine of British freedom. One early result was to look upon everything Indian with a prejudice; but fortunately that feeling did not last very long. A few of the customs imbedded in the Indian system were considered inhuman and brutal. Agitation started for reform of what were regarded as abuses in Hindu society with what results all of us know—from the abolition of Sati to that of Untouchability now in progress. Religious reformers have appeared from time to time with increasing rapidity, giving form and shape to the floating ideas of the people. The Brahma Samaj, the Arya Samaj and the mission of Sri Ramakrishna are said to be three amongst the great benefits derived from the influence of English literature on our thought and life. Chaitanya, Ramana and Kabir are not the last amongst the Seers and the lives of our great men confirm the saying of the *Bhagavad Gita* that the lord arises amongst men from time to time, when sin increases, to purify mankind and install virtue. The Theosophical Movement may well be compared to the advent of English culture with one difference. Madame H. P. Blavatsky not only drew India's attention to the beauties and glories of Occidental culture but wrote vigorously of the sublimer beauties and greater glories of our own ancient culture. The Theosophical influence of 1879-1885 went a long way in chang-

ing the mind of the new graduates who till then praised everything foreign and ran down everything Indian.

The multiplication of universities has taken the gems of English literature to many an Indian home and there is hardly an educated or cultured Indian who is not familiar with the great masters of English literature, and who does not devote the bulk of his time to reading books published in the English language, may be to the unfortunate detriment of a study of his own Indian languages. The cultivation of the English tongue brought the world nearer to us. Free mingling of people belonging to different communities, necessitated by the stress of modern life and interdining in schools and colleges, tiffin rooms and railway trains, have removed individual angularities and a spirit of camaraderie is now so common that it is needless to speak of the condition of things even a decade ago. More important than all is the study of English literature for its own sake. We find a great nationalist leader like Mr. Satyamurti appealing to us to study and appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare. For my part I have to own that a great part of my time whether in the court room, in the office, in the study or at home is occupied with English literature; and I dare say most of us will agree that that is a state of things over which we need not go cold, as Venkataram Sastriar put it in his recent convocation address at Mysore.

I have reserved to the last the connection of English literature with the development of Indian life of the present day. The jurists of international fame and the leaders of the

political and philosophical thought of the world are familiar to us through the medium of English. Whether it is politics or religion or economics or the physical sciences or the several religious and philosophical systems of the world or the needs and requirements of daily life, we are dependent on the study of English literature.

Demosthenes and Cicero and Marcus Aurelius, Seneca and Spinoza, Dante and Milton, Kant and Montesquieu, Rousseau and Tolstoy, Bentham and Spencer, and Burke and Mill have become household words to us under the influence of English literature and have worked into the marrow of our bones.

Lord Morley no doubt stated that, so far as he could foresee, he could not dream of a time when the British Parliament would transplant British institutions of a democratic character to Indian soil. We were any way advised to go to Bohemia for a model after which to fashion our political institutions, but, as Montagu observed, political ideas spread like sparks across a street and we Indians have imbibed our democratic ideas and our notions of political reform from England, although in our study of these institutions we are not unmindful of the political institutions and their working in other parts of the world. Our political institutions are a graft from the British model and our fourth estate has developed likewise. Such improvements as we seek to embody in our political system are those known and recognised to be in favour with the British democracy. The proverbial horse-sense of the Britisher and his practical sagacity in ordering his own af-

fairs are nowhere more appreciated than in India and to-day the Indian Parliaments are ransacking British Parliamentary practices whenever they are in doubt or in a difficulty. No greater compliment could be paid to the success of British Parliamentary institutions or the British administration of their own country than these attempts of our Congress leaders to adapt the British system to Indian conditions. Readers of the works of Jawaharlal Nehru will appreciate his thorough mastery of the English tongue and his great familiarity with the working of British political institutions, no less than his dislike of totalitarian states. I am not forgetful of the efforts of the socialist party to improve the happiness of the working-classes but it must be remembered that this is only another leaf taken from the British tree and the socialist movement in India should not be mixed up entirely with the communist organizations of the Soviet. The Premier of Madras is no less a lover of law and order than were his predecessors who were the representatives of an alien bureaucracy. That shows that the Indian mass mind is instinctively for law and order, for peace and progress and, with the assured co-operation and the sympathy of British public opinion, a great day for India has already dawned.

Our girls and boys are no longer married very young. Under the circumstances of modern existence in a fleeting, machine-made world, the Hindu joint-family system has crumbled. British jurisprudence is in vogue in all parts of the country. Justice between the rich and poor,

the commoner and the upper-class man, the influential and the nonentity alike, without the distinction of caste, creed, race or colour, is administered by courts according to British traditions and a system of law adapted from the British codes, no doubt in consonance with the true spirit of Hindu law, subject to modern changes. The Indian Penal Code is one of the most remarkable pieces of legislation introduced into India. Many an equitable doctrine of English law has been imported into our country and accepted as part of the law of the land. For eloquence, oratory or simplicity of diction and style, for forensic eloquence or the flights of thought in philosophical speculation or in embarking on a voyage of discovery into the hidden mysteries of this mysterious universe by scientific research, many an Indian stands shoulder to shoulder with the best specimens in England itself or elsewhere. Sinha, Rasbehari Ghose, Surendranath Banerji, Aurobindo, Brajendranath Seal, Romesh Dutt, Bepin Chandra Pal, Srinivasa Sastry, Mahatma Gandhi, Tagore and Radhakrishnan, to mention only a few names, have enriched English literature itself. Bose, Ray, Raman and others have made contributions to science. Sri Ramakrishna, Keshub Chandra Sen, Vivekananda, Ram Mohan Roy and Dayananda Saraswati have added to the sum of human knowledge. With these shining examples before us, and a powerful press, who could say that the study of

English literature will not continue unabated in India or that that literature does not exercise a wholesome and predominating influence on modern Indian thought and life?

In commerce and industry, in the methods of investigation, in the study of Indian history, archaeology, architecture and religion, as well as in our study of the flora and fauna of the country and its weather conditions—in fact in almost everything we do—the scientific, the analytical and the historical method we pursue is largely the result of the benefits we have derived from our study of English literature. The Radio and the Talkie, Cricket and Tennis, and the daily press have found a place in our affections no less than is claimed for them elsewhere in the British Empire.

The true spirit of God, a catholicity of spirit, tolerance amongst men and a readiness to see and appreciate others' points of view, *ahimsa* in thought, word and deed, are a few gems of the precious heritage left to us from time immemorial and Mahatma Gandhi has shown by the great example of his life that these will not suffer but improve in contact with English literature. *Creative Unity, Gitanjali, Sadhana, Essays on the Gita*, are as much English literature as any work written by an Englishman and Sarojini Naidu's poetry equals some of the best in English literature. The influence of English literature on our thought and life has come to stay and is everlasting.

S. SRIKANTAYA

KISMET !

[Cecil Palmer served the cause of culture as a publisher for many years. Since his retirement he has written extensively for the English press ; William Heinemann have just published his *Truth About Writing*.

In this short article he barely touches upon the vitally practical problem of Fate and Free Will. The only satisfactory explanation of this much discussed question is in the Hindu-Buddhist doctrine of Karma : Karma does not mean fate or fixed destiny ; nor does it mean that man is always and ever free to execute as he wills whatever he determines to do. Karma is action which carries within it its legitimate reaction and which reaction in its turn becomes the cause for new action. Every cause produces its effect, which becomes a cause in the processes of time. To exemplify : a man is free to eat what he pleases ; he is bound, not free, to digest, to assimilate and to feel the effects of what he ate ; this reaction from the eating contributes towards the free-will determination of what and how he shall eat again.

The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric Philosophy admits no privilege or special gifts in man save those won by his own Ego by self-induced and self-devised efforts and which efforts are checked by past Karma of his own making. A very full treatment of the whole subject will be found in thirty-one recondite Aphorisms recorded by W. Q. Judge and which are reprinted in *Overcoming Karma*, U.L.T. Pamphlet No. 21.—Eds.]

The fatal thing about fatalism is that it so frequently tempts people to commit intellectual suicide. And I am afraid it is also sometimes physically enervating ! But although it appears to be fairly apparent that Fate has the trump card in the game of life, it is expedient that we should remind ourselves occasionally that we are not dumb-driven cattle being led to the slaughter.

Fate is a fact. But free will is a fact also. I admit the apparent contradiction, but I do believe the contradiction to be more apparent than real. The healthy line of life is not the line of least resistance. Kismet is the last refuge of the faint-hearted. It is so fatally easy to blame Fate for the corpse's last journey to the grave. Novelists assume that dead men tell no tales. In point of fact, Life speaking through the cold lips of death, is grandly eloquent. For when we say

that a voice is silenced in eternity we are admitting its living reality in finite time. We cannot assert that Shakespeare is immortal if we are not prepared to assume that he is still alive.

It is difficult to understand why the great majority of people always envisage Fate as the inseparable and inalienable companion of Death. We insist that Fate shall be the scape-goat for all our sorrows and tribulations, "all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the lusts of the flesh". But Fate, if it is anything at all, is certainly neither lopsided nor one-sided. It impinges on the lives and destinies of all men, great and small, good and evil, successful and unsuccessful, strong and weak, and it does so with alarming and disconcerting impartiality. Man is, at least potentially, a thinking being, and in the lucid intervals of

thought, he cannot escape from the knowledge that how little or how much he extracts from life is almost wholly dependent on his own attitude of mind. If he is willing to accept the theory that man is merely a puppet in the drama of living, he has no one to blame but himself if Fate plays shuttlecock with his negative ambitions and tepid aspirations. The world's valuation of any man is seldom greater, or even as great, as that man's own valuation of himself. And therefore it comes to pass that any man who is so foolish as to undervalue himself is virtually asking mankind to relegate him to the bargain basement in the world's bazaar.

How frequently we hear the remark, "I wonder what Fate has in store for me." The people who most readily give expression to it are those who have firmly convinced themselves that what is is, and that what will be, will be. But the entire history of the evolution of man's emergence from barbarism to civilisation bears testimony to the fact that man has found spiritual salvation by challenging rather than by accepting the rigid boundaries of his heredity and environment. "Kismet" is not a flattering epitaph for any man really worthy of the "mettle of his pasture".

There is a school of thought that fosters the terrible belief that war is inevitable, and eternally so, because war is a good part of the bad part of human nature. This appalling indictment of the human race horrifies me, or it would do so, if I honestly believed in its validity. Admittedly, men are born fighters. But

this is not quite the same thing as saying that all men instinctively desire to fight each other. I am afraid we have forgotten many things which the last Great War taught us, but I have not so completely lost my faith in humanity as to believe that it would willingly and deliberately repeat the folly and madness of that grim and awful experience. Whatsoever hope there is for the future and in the future, surely resides in the belief that men as men are gradually finding spiritual emancipation through the potent urge to abolish fighting among themselves in favour of fighting the malignant forces of evil within themselves.

But the major point I am anxious to emphasise is this. By the grace of God we are free to shape our own destinies. What the fates have in store for us is neither more nor less than the sum total of our triumphs or failures over good and evil. It is not a question of Kismet in the sense that we are lazily content to be malleable clay in the hands of an autocratic potter. What is vital in all humanity is man's moral strength which is the measure of his capacity to flirt with evil and remain good. The consuming flame of spiritual content, in all its glory, withers and dies at the very approach of pessimism. And the soul-destroying danger of pessimism as a philosophy of life lies in the fact that far too many well intentioned people cultivate and nurture it as a negative virtue, instead of strenuously eradicating it as a positive vice.

I hold the heretical point of view, admittedly a harsh one, that people who blame Fate for their misfortunes

are, in effect, telling the world that they thoroughly deserve them. Life is an unceasing struggle for survival from the cradle to the grave. The man who, crying Kismet, throws up his hands in the gesture of surrender, should not be surprised if his enemies take advantage of his moral and spiritual pusillanimity. We literally cannot afford to encourage within ourselves a too slavish submission to the "slings and arrows" of this appallingly mundane life. Least of all, can we afford to allow Life's verdict to go against us *by default*. The challenge is always there. If we choose to ignore it, we do so at our own peril.

The age in which we live is one in which the thought of mankind is rapidly undergoing a process of transformation. The time-worn shibboleth, "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die" is rapidly losing its grip on the senses and sensibilities of thinking man. The psychologist is teaching him that to know himself is the fount of all knowledge. Man will not complacently bend the knee to Fate, nor cry aloud for all the world to hear, the fatal and hopeless word "Kismet", if he will but learn the wisdom and beauty and truth of reasonable love and loving reason.

For the man who is everlastingly content to wait for something to turn up is asking Life to turn him down. He must, in very word and deed, be master of his own fate and captain of his own soul.

There is nothing in the world more soft and weak than water, says the Chinese philosopher, the father of Quietism, "yet for attacking things that are hard and strong there is nothing that surpasses it, nothing that can take its place". Here, if ever existed in words, is profound verity. Quiet, unobtrusive and well-nigh hidden strength--the strength and might that in the past have moved mountains. And that which is truth in Nature is not less true in human nature. We are what we make ourselves to be, for life itself is bearable or unendurable according to the texture of our philosophy and the pattern of our faith--in ourselves, in humanity and, above all, in God himself.

Kismet! But we must see to it that we shout the word in noble defiance of Fate, rather than whisper it as a lullaby for our sleeping consciences. If we would kiss the limpid lips of eternity we must be prepared to live magnificently unafraid of death.

CECIL PALMER

POETRY IN SINGHALESE

[J. Vijayatunga, now resident in London, belongs to the beautiful and historic Island of Ceylon; here he writes with feeling perception about the poetry of his native tongue.—EDS.]

Perhaps it is a greater compliment to the Muse to put poetry to ordinary uses. This is what the Singha-
lese have done. Singha-
lese poetry is meant to be sung. The Singha-
lese do not have impressive musical compositions like those, for example, of Thyagaraja, the South Indian mystic singer. Nor do they have mystical songs like those of Chaitanya. But this lack has not been noticed throughout the centuries, for, as I say, Poetry has served the place of music and has been recognised as the ever-ready handmaiden. Even to-day with Singha-
lese literature very much at a discount among the so-called educated classes—it being the province of Bhikkus, village schoolmasters and un-Westernised villagers—prosody is enthusiastically studied and poetry practised under the slightest provocation by the classes just mentioned.

A Singha-
lese maiden who did not know English but was a good Singha-
lese scholar, her father being a learned astrologer, once paid me the very flattering but undeserved honour of composing a quatrain full of epithets supposed to denote my virtues, teaching it to her younger brother who was a pupil of mine and having this youngster recite it to me in an originally "Ancient Mariner" way. And this form of courtship is widely practised among those who are not overwhelmed by the importance of an English education.

In thus commandeering poetry for practical purposes, the Singha-
lese are like the Spanish and the Argentinians. Consider, for example, the Singha-
lese *Seth Kavi* and *Vas Kavi* (Poems of Good Omen and Poems of Ill Omen) which are frequently invoked as blessings or curses according to the occasion. A friend reproaching one for not acknowledging a letter would do so in verse; a Bhikku finding that a neighbour's bull had laid waste his vegetable garden would invoke a mild curse on the culprit animal (not on its owner); a petty village official seeking a favour from the Mudaliyar or Chief Headman would occasionally rise to verse (in the hands of a professional versifier); and, as already mentioned, youth and maiden put their sentiments and even make their "dates" in poetry; and above all, those true custodians of the Rhyme, the cartmen and the boatmen, continue to propitiate the Muse from their humble station in life.

The popular interest in poetry is there, waiting to attempt once again the sublime heights reached by the classical poets, waiting until the day when English will take a secondary place in Education and State affairs. There must undoubtedly be poetic genius buried in many an obscure village-schoolmastership. There are those who publish conventional poems in obscure Singha-
lese magazines on such themes as a plea for

promotion from Class Three in the Clerical Service to Class Two, and on practical issues which I have mentioned earlier but there are no contemporary poets of the front rank in Ceylon worthy to take their place with the major contemporary poets of India, of Japan and of the West.

But before the European advent in Ceylon there was a whole galaxy of them. In poetic form and scope and in ambition they were inspired by the Master, the Great Kalidasa. But the themes of the Singhalese poets were essentially Buddhist. To the Buddhist influence must be ascribed the general love of the poetical narrative that has been common through Singhalese civilisation. Buddha, in my opinion, the world's greatest story-teller--how he alternated between metaphysical discourses and vivid romances as in the *Jataka* or Reincarnation stories--had perfected a most ingenious poetical prose. So that from the earliest prose compositions of the Singhalese, the text of Rock Inscriptions or commentaries of the *Tripitaka*, they were all strictly poetical in structure. Until Sri Rahula, the greatest Singhalese poet, introduced rhyme, Singhalese poetry was mostly unrhymed but there was a cadence and a musical lilt in the halved lines that was completely satisfactory. Sri Rahula, who was Head Abbot of *Vijayaba Birivena* and the Sangha Raja, was the spiritual adviser to King Parakrama Bahu VI who ruled in the fifteenth century.

Sri Rahula adopted Kalidasa's *Meghaduta* or entrusting a message to a Cloud, as a model; and ever since the Sandesaya or Message sent

by one of a number of popular birds, has remained the favourite device of Singhalese poets. Though he was a spiritual Head sworn to scorn all sensuous, not to mention sensual, pleasures, Sri Rahula has revealed in his poetry not only a most impressionable mind but a consummate knowledge of life. He indulges in no muting of phraseology when describing the charms of a woman or the emotions aroused by them. Here, of course, he and every other Priest-Poet of Ceylon was but following the Buddha who could be most explicit as, for example, in the *Kusa Jataka* where the impotent Raja Okkaka is forced by the clamour of his subjects to send his Queen Silavati out of the Palace to be made fruitful by the boldest man from among his subjects. Of course it was Sakra (King of the Gods) himself, who seeing the royal catastrophe appeared at the Palace gates in the guise of an old Brahmin, led the Queen away from the rabble and caused (having taken the Queen temporarily to Sakra realm) the Immaculate Conception. The child, who was named Kusa, after *Kusa* grass, was an earlier incarnation of the Buddha.

Thus the Singhalese had ample poetic licence. But while they have avoided poetry so repetitiously laden with "Wine" and "Beloved" (albeit as symbols) as that of the Persian poets, and so persistently full of the "mystical union" as that of the Indian bards, nevertheless one misses the note of genuine passion which alone lends poetry that unique vitality upon which we draw when every other source fails us. Nor

could it have been otherwise when we understand the conditions. Just as Chaitanya and Thyagaraja could not have sung other than in terms of the Divine Exaltation, the Singhalese poets could not afford to lose sight of the chief Buddhist doctrine, however distant their poetic flights. This was the doctrine that while Sense Pleasures were the privilege of being alive, they were, without exception, *Aniccha*, transitory.

Considering all this the vigour and vitality of Singhalese poetry is all the more remarkable. The best known poems of Sri Rahula are *Paravi Sandesaya*, or the Message by the Parrot, composed about 1427, *Kavyasekara*, or the Crown of Song, composed about 1449, and the *Selalihini Sandesaya*, in which, strangely enough, despite the fact that it was the fruit of his full maturity, the poet in Sri Rahula supersedes the scholar. The *Selalihini* is of a higher breed than *Mynah*, and though not so good a talker is a better singer. Its feathers are more glossy and it is distinguished from the *Mynah* by two gleaming spots of golden yellow on its ears. In entrusting the message to the *Selalihini* Sri Rahula contrives to describe the route it should follow with all the scenes that dot the route. There are descriptions of peasants and their pastimes, of villages and cities. It is on Jayavardhanapura, the capital, that Sri Rahula lavishes most praise. Here is the translation of a quatrain in which the poet describes the resting-place the *Selalihini* should seek at nightfall :

Look out for the wood nymphs as

they carol on the sands which resemble the cloud-disturbed moon, and among the flowers and the creeping vines and the trees close to those spots (of the river bank). On a Sal tree caressed by the sight of those playful creatures make thy rest for the night.

The Singhalese poet does not, as a rule, write an isolated sonnet on a sunset, nor an ode to a woman's beauty but rather incorporates all his power of expression and the versatility of his sensations in a long poem like the *Selalihini Sandesaya*. A younger contemporary of Sri Rahula and a more romantic character was the Bhikku Vettevé. His life is surrounded with legend. Some claim that he was a greater pundit than Sri Rahula and incurred the latter's jealousy. In any case certain it is that he gave up his priesthood and went to India and after various adventures died there. He is famous for the *Guttilla Kavya*, the poem of the pundit Guttilla, an earlier incarnation of the Buddha, in which Guttilla was a famous player of the Vina, and the Court Musician. Guttilla imparted all his knowledge of the Vina to an ingrate pupil named Musila (literally, the Wretch) who sought to oust his master from his position at Court and challenged him to a contest. The theme of professional jealousy, it might be noted, has some counterpart in the Sri Rahula-Vettevé legend. But the poem as a whole affords Vettevé every scope for his versatile genius. Now in short lively quatrains he is describing the public parks and temples of Lanka (Ceylon), now in longer-lined quatrains the dejection caused in Guttilla by the ingratitude of his pupil and how the Master goes

into the forest hugging his solitude when a Deva approaches him and exhorts him to accept the challenge with the promise that the Devas themselves would take part on his side. The most musical and the most vivid stanza in the whole poem is that which describes Guttilla playing the Vina having deliberately snapped off two strings to show his superior skill and when the Devas chose that climax to descend on the scene and to the amazement of the spectators dance to Guttilla's music.

Like figures in a tableau, moving their hands with the grace and the lightness of lightning, keeping time to the music with the harmony and lack of harshness with which gold mixes with mercury, sending such bewitching glances at the spectators, that being the manner of their (the Devas') dancing, how can I possibly describe (with justice) that scene!

During the sixteenth century the land was riven by factions whose strife was further intensified by the presence of the Portuguese who, chance-blown off their course from Goa, had landed at Galle and had seen enough to make them want to own the whole island. But with King Raja Singha who vanquished both the Portuguese and his rivals and ruled for twelve years from 1581 to 1593 there was a literary revival. A poet to glorify Raja Singha's reign was found in Alagiyavanna Mohotti, an ancestor of mine on my mother's side, I am proud to say. It was Alagiyavanna who made the *Kusa Jataka* into a household word by his vivid retelling of the story as a poem. There is hardly a Singhalese who cannot recite by heart at least one of the 687 verses of that poem. Time

and again I have heard one particular verse recited by seemingly illiterate villagers.

Throw a pebble into the air
Watch it fall from space to earth ;
Likewise the karma of bad and
good
Will seek its cause from birth to
birth.

Alagiyavanna wrote also a *Sandesa* — the *Sevul Sandesa*, the Message by the Woodfowl — a poem of 203 stanzas in praise of Raja Singha. But next to *Kusa Jataka* he is famous for his *Subha Sitaya*, a collection of quatrains extolling morals. There is a resemblance both in the metre and in the detachment of attitude to the allegories of Omar Khayyam and Hafiz. The first poems I familiarised myself with were Alagiyavanna's. Whenever I was late in rising my mother used to bring me to wakefulness by singing a verse in which my worthy ancestor had condemned the late riser. And many a time I have heard my mother in care-free moments and while attending to some household work recite the following verse from *Subha Sitaya* :

A hundred sons whom Virtue adorns
not
Set aside for a son whom Wisdom
doth adorn.
One Moon doth dispel darkness
from the Earth
Which myriads of stars do lessen
not.

With the seventeenth century Ceylon fell upon troublous times again. As in India, the poet thrived by the patronage of the King, which meant that the King was himself a scholar and often enough a poet too. The earliest known Poet-King was Kumaradas of the sixteenth century. King

Viyaya Bahu who ruled in the eleventh century was the chief poet of his day and Pandita Parakrama Bahu who ruled in the twelfth century was the greatest Scholar-King of Ceylon. It was he who built a *Sarasvati Mandapa* or Pavilion in which poets and scholars read their works publicly. It was also under his patronage that the 550 *Jataka* stories were translated into Singhalese. But with the death of Raja Singha the Second at the end of the seventeenth century, Singhalese literature ceased to exercise its popular function. Raja Singha expelled the Portuguese with the aid of the Dutch but it only brought Ceylon nearer its subjection to Europe. His reign is remembered also for the Daskon legend.

Daskon is supposed to have been a Portuguese named Gascoyne who rose to the position of Adigar or Minister. He must have been an exceptional man and well-versed in Singhalese to hold that position, for Raja Singha hated the Portuguese. But the story is that the handsome Daskon not only ingratiated himself with the King so much that he became an Adigar and welcome at the Palace, but became the Queen's lover. His undoing came about thus : The Queen fell ill and the physicians decided on a Bali (Devil Dance) exorcism, for which an image of the Queen was modelled in clay. Daskon seeing the image pointed out that to be really effective the image must be true in every detail and that a birth-mark on the Queen's thigh was omitted from the image. The King heard about it and ordered Daskon to be impaled. While awaiting exe-

cution the Queen commiserated him on his fate to which Daskon stoically answered in verse :

If Ravana of old paid with his ten heads for an unfulfilled love, what matters it that I who have received your nectar-like kisses should sacrifice one head in your name?

As he was being led to execution past the Queen's balcony she sang out to him :

Sakman karana maluvé dhi dekha hadha

Sith santhosin dun muva mee bee vadha

Ikman gaman himi adha oba yana vadha

Daskon magé namate jeevitha dena vadha?

Ah ! It was on this same fateful balcony that we met first and you deigned to sip the honey of my lips. And now goest thou, my husband-lover, on a quick journey? Givest thou, Daskon, in my name thy life?

In the first half of the eighteenth century there was a brief literary revival, particularly under Narendra Singha, the last Singhalese King, who was an earnest patron of learning and of scholarship. Under his encouragement the famous Bhikku Saranankara translated several Pali classics, including a medical treatise. The last two hundred and fifty years have produced talent undoubtedly, responsible for a considerable output of literary work all the more significant because it was in the face of neglect. But there have been no Sri Rahulas, no Vettevés, no Alagiya-vannas. Nevertheless poetry is ever alive among the Singhalese and could not be otherwise. Carters and boatmen sing their *Siv Pada* or "Four-Lined Songs" handed down from generation to generation ; the village maidens as they swing on their

swings during the New Year festival sing those ever popular ballads ; and in the " Dance of the Pot " which consists of throwing a clay pot into the air and catching it while the dancers move in a circle the maidens sing such songs as these :

A pot of gold for the sky.
A pot of clay for the earth.
A pot worth a thousand coins,
O cousin, break mine not.

Then there are the Rabana minstrels. The Rabana is a sort of large tambourine. These minstrels still roam the length and breadth of Ceylon teaching the masses, by means of their alliterative, repetitive ballads, not only legends but also history, geography and every kind of lore.

How characteristically comprehensive is the Oriental outlook can be gauged by these Virudu songs which are sung in duet.

In ten thousand Sakvalas how many
Maha Merus ?

In ten thousand Sakvalas how many
suns, and moons ?

In ten thousand Sakvalas how many
Deva worlds ?

In ten thousand Sakvalas how many
Brahma worlds ?

Ten thousand Maha Merus in
Sakval ten thousand

Ten thousand suns and moons in
Sakval ten thousand

Ten thousand Deva worlds in Sakval
ten thousand

Brahma worlds sixty lakhs and ten
thousand in Sakval ten
thousand.

JINADASA VIJAYATUNGA

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APHORISMS

There are doubts which are detours
of faith.

The blows of life should harden the
heart only against self-pity.

There are some who desire our in-
debtedness rather than our esteem.

Conscience is the ghost of a self which
we might have been.

The indifference which we cannot
blame is also love destroying the bitter-
ness within disaster.

He who offers men the telescope of
his vanity will soon find them looking
through the wrong end.

If we could reason our self into faith
we would believe only in expediency.

Often by the giving of alms we con-
done our self-indulgence.

The memory of a magnanimous friend
is a balsam for bitterness.

Our suffering also is a door by which we

can escape from the turret of content-
ment.

The will is a bezel for the jewel of
love.

Magnanimity sees the needy hand
behind the back of presumption.

By acceptance the bitter water of
necessity becomes our wine.

The fetters of habit which we will not
break are padded by self-recrimination.

When we worship not the light but the
power of the light we can blind a brother
to be his guide.

The ghosts of the living are the
memories of the dead.

There is a courtesy impartial as light.

The responsibility of free will is to
determine its own necessity.

The memory of purposive action is a
breastplate against fear.

The asceticism of the fearful is a self-
indulgence.

WILLIAM SOUTAR

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WILLIAM SOUTAR

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

MADARIAGA AND GANDHIJI*

[John Middleton Murry examines the reflections of "a world-citizen by conviction" and we may add a great world-citizen, but they are enveloped in the Occidental aura, for at his Elysian séance no Oriental is evoked. Will Salvador de Madariaga agree with the critic of insight who suggests the likelihood that "the liberating influence will come to the West from the East" and that "Gandhiji has the root of the matter of them to an extent which no Western leader has"?—Eds.]

Señor de Madariaga's modern "dialogue of the dead" is a happy thought. With Mary Stuart, Voltaire, Washington, Napoleon and Marx for his characters, and Goethe for protagonist, he is able to compress into a little space, without jamming, political thought of much comprehensiveness and profundity. And politics, for Madariaga, is not a rule of thumb, or expediency, or opportunism: it is a matter of first principles, as it was for the Greeks. Madariaga is that rather rare bird nowadays—a political *philosopher*. Heaven knows we need them badly enough, though there appears to be precious little chance of men attending to them.

Madariaga's characters are privileged to converse together in the Elysian Fields, because each one of them in his own way has achieved an "eternal moment". "Only those come here", Goethe explains to Mary Stuart, "who at one moment, be it swift as a sigh, realize their humanhood, live in unison with the soul of all that is. On that moment they touch eternity." It is the day of Mr. Marx's reception. He has been made to wait some fifty years after his death, "to cleanse him from his earthy smells". How long the others have had to wait is not specified, though Mary Stuart herself appears to be a recent arrival, who has submitted herself with an unwonted docility to Goethe's urbane but searching instruction.

These immortal spirits have the power to summon to their presence any mortal

in his sleep. Towards the end of the dialogue, a Russian Communist, a German Nazi and an Italian Fascist in each case a member of the rank-and-file—are summoned, and each quickly reveals himself as a victim of hypnosis, drugged by the modern "opium of the people",—the quasi-religion of the nationalist state. Perhaps even more disquieting are the visitants from the United States—a film star from Hollywood and a Senator spirited away from Washington "while a colleague is reading a few pages into the records": the one completely vacant, the other self-convicted of parroting the words of Washington, without the least intellectual effort to understand Washington's principles. The Senator quotes Washington to Washington: "No foreign entanglements", and receives for reply: "Still, Senator, to keep out of the horses' hoofs is good advice for a puppy, but not for an elephant". But it is lost on the Senator.

Mary Stuart is horrified at the revelation of the soul-decay in the German Nazi, who for a moment is despairingly conscious of his own condition. "Can such things happen?" she asks. Goethe replies: "They have happened in all times. But never as in these days, and after so much devoted effort to uproot them from the face of the earth". The only solution, Goethe thinks, is the emergence of a new race of men—"a bigger and more capable mankind: for there is the substance of all our problems". He reproaches

* *Elysian Fields*. By S. DE MADARIAGA. (Allen and Unwin, London. 3s. 6d.)

Marx for laying the main stress on a purely legal, or economic notion—property.

Power is spiritual substance, not legal form. Change all legal relationships and you will still have to deal with the main, indeed the only evil in society—the tendency of powerful people to divert their power to selfish uses, which is the real meaning of corruption.

Whereupon—very naturally—Washington declares that religion is necessary as the basis of national community. Neither Marx nor Voltaire will admit that; and even Goethe accepts the fact that religion is no longer a strong cement, for “religion, while emphasising human unity in its essence, brings out human differences in its expression”. Washington is brought to agree that something else may be needed: but it must be “deeper than mere thought”. Goethe suggests that it may be found “in the perception of an organic unity of human communities”. That is hardly convincing as a prophecy; it is rather a dream—though a noble and perhaps imperative dream.

Nothing but a sense of their organic community can save communities from disintegration. I dream of a day when mankind, nations and individuals will realize their organic unity, and therefore will be safe against corruption, when men will transfer to the nation, in the more complex form of services, the energy they receive in their sustenance and education; when the nations will receive these services from their citizens and transfer them in the more complex form of culture, to the world commonwealth. Then the world will have achieved the final ideal of man—liberty in order.

So Goethe: but the problem is how to get there. “The community, once understood, prevails”, he avers at one point; but at another, more realistically, “the complexities of organic life always escape peoples without a peasantry”. The dicta are not necessarily in conflict: but their juxtaposition suggests, more clearly than any part of the actual dialogue, the immensity of the problem: which is to recreate the organic community at an entirely new level of productive technique. On that level of technique the creation of or-

ganic community requires an entirely new level of intellectual understanding and, still more important, spiritual development. The organic community which is safeguarded by a peasantry is an instinctive and natural community: community compelled by the primary and visible needs of life. Man, as peasant, is enforced into organic community by the discipline of Earth—the stern and kindly mother. The vast and fantastic increase in productive-power created by the machine has liberated European and American man from the discipline of Earth: but it has established no spiritual discipline in its place. So that European and American man has retrograded into spiritual barbarism; and in consequence the West can make no other use of its prodigious productive powers than concentrate them on mutual extermination.

The only creative way out is the submission of European and American man to a conscious spiritual discipline to replace the unconscious discipline of Earth. That is a prodigious demand—not prodigious intrinsically, but prodigious in regard to the condition of spiritual barbarisation into which European and American man has actually fallen. The conscious realisation by a majority of the people of the necessity of organic community and the sacrifices demanded by it appears a forlorn and Utopian dream: in the nature of a miracle rather than a sober possibility. “Community, once understood, prevails.” But where are they who understand community? In Communism, a grim sort of caricature of community is preached in Europe; and the effect has been directly to retard the emergence of community-consciousness.

It seems more likely that the liberating influence will come to the West from the East, than that the West, now careering down the steep slope of a maddened Nationalism, will itself grasp the means of its own salvation. The reluctant Nationalism of China may take creative forms; and Gandhiji has the root of the matter of them to an extent which no Western leader has.

He understands the necessity of retaining what I have called "the discipline of earth", until it develops into a spiritual discipline strong enough to control, in the interests of the organic community, the productive technique of the machine. He understands that once the Machine is allowed to get the upper hand, and to become the master instead of the servant of the Community, despair and destruction is the end. And his technique of non-violent resistance is the practical assertion that a spiritual power must, and *can*, control material power. If that movement grows in strength, and is adopted in Europe too, humanity will begin to be released from its spiritual enslavement by the Machine.

The Pacifist movement in England, though it gathers strength and definiteness of purpose, is still only groping towards the positions which Gandhiji's imagination has so clearly grasped. Our backwardness is due, largely, to the fact that England is the European society wherein the Machine has been most ruthlessly triumphant, and the sense of primitive organic community most com-

pletely dissolved. But the Pacifist movement is being slowly but inevitably compelled out of its atomistic individualism towards conversion to the principles of disciplined non-violent resistance, which in turn will compel a renaissance of a realistic sense of community. At present, the Pacifist movement in England is still largely unconscious of the position of economic and political privilege from which it derives: and is in a phase of transition between the extreme assertion of a traditional individualism and a dawning realization of the needs of a higher form of community and the sacrifices necessary to attain it.

That is a brief and perfunctory attempt to develop a theme that is central to Señor de Madariaga's little book. It sets in motion many trains of thought. It is essentially the work of a *philosophe*; and one is at times acutely conscious of the gulf between Madariaga's contemplations and the crude and violent processes of history. The hiatus is inevitable. Madariaga has the defects of his qualities: but his qualities are very precious.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

ABOUT DVAITA VEDANTA*

Madhva's Dvaita Vedanta system of philosophy is so little known in the West that Dr. Naga Raja Sarma has performed a useful service in presenting English readers with a book which should prove of interest not alone to scholars but also to an ever increasing number of the general public interested in religion. That Dr. Sarma's own attitude is strongly partisan, largely defensive, and at times too much disposed to base its arguments upon the rather doubtful expedient of destructive criticism of opposed opinions, need not be allowed to detract from its merit as a thorough analysis and exhaustive interpretation of little known philosophic and theistic treatises.

Madhva's philosophy of realism came as a reaction to the idealism of Sankara's Advaita Vedanta, not directly, for he had already been forestalled by Ramanuja who had attacked the tenets of absolutism, but following a revival of idealism, and as supplementary to Ramanuja's qualified non-dualism.

As Dr. Sarma points out, philosophy in the West is so completely divorced from religion that it is difficult for European thinkers to connect the two. In the Dvaita Vedanta system, a devotional form of religion, in many respects similar to orthodox Christianity with its conception of a hierarchy of released souls dependent upon an im-

* *Reign of Realism in Indian Philosophy.* By Dr. R. NAGA RAJA SARMA. (The National Press, Madras; J. M. Watkins, London; G. E. Stechert and Co., New York. Rs. 16. 25s. \$6.)

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perialistic deity in a heavenly world, and in its dogmatic insistence upon eternal punishment for the disobedient, yet having its foundation in Bhakti, is dependent in its preliminary stages upon reason and argument. Yet Madhva's theism with its stress upon the necessity of complete surrender to God, and the absolute dependence of man upon a deity with whom it is possible to enter into the most intimate personal relationship, is singularly in line with certain modern interpretations of Christianity, as also, in some respects, with the Roman Catholic practice of the presence of God.

The two schools of thought represented by the Advaita and Dvaita Vedanta systems represent the eternal conflict between subjective idealism and objective reality, although both paths lead ultimately to the same goal. But while the one approach depends upon Self-realization whereby the personal self is automatically lost sight of in the new all-embracing cosmic consciousness the other follows the more negative course of renunciation and surrender. Madhva's dualism, *ipso facto*, denies final union with the Supreme, and his system falls short of finality by denial and argument which of themselves are limitations invalid to any conception of the unconditioned. The Buddhist conception of absorption which Dr. Sarma falls into a common error in interpreting as nothingness, is equally the butt of Madhva's criticism although the subject is beyond the scope of intellectual debate and human reason.

Following a brief historical survey of the progress of Indian philosophy leading up to the period of Madhva's reactionary thesis of realism as opposed to that of pure or subjective idealism Dr. Sarma continues with a thorough analysis of the *pramanas* or means of knowledge of the real. "Madhva's system", he says, "was a vindication of the realism of the universe and of the validity and reliability of knowledge", the essential nature of knowledge being *Pramana*.

Three *anu-pramanas* or means of receiving knowledge are accepted by

Madhva, who in this choice appears to borrow from Patanjali, for the latter's seventh sutra in Book I reads: "The elements of sound knowledge are: direct observation, inductive reason, and trustworthy testimony." The three means defined by Madhva are to all intents and purposes the same. They are *Pra-tyaksha*, sense of perception; *Anumana*, inference; and *Agama*, scriptural authority. The latter not being the composition of any individual is to be regarded as trustworthy testimony and therefore infallible when properly interpreted. But for proper interpretation the aid of the former two *anu-pramanas* becomes necessary.

Correct knowledge is within the scope of all persons whose senses are not organically affected, for there is nothing amiss with the sensory stimuli affecting the organism nor with the sensory mechanism under normal conditions. But in the case of illusion, the incoming stimuli from external reality get wrongly interpreted resulting in *apramana*. In this case, through some defect or through lack of proper examination, the object is not perceived clearly and appearance misguides the observer who mistakes the object for something else that is like it. Dr. Sarma gives an example of his meaning. Mother-of-pearl presents an appearance of silver to the eye, yet proper examination of mother-of-pearl would show that the eye had been deceived, and that actually it did not contain silver. Here there is both the object and something else that it suggests to the mind, which has no fact in the reality. The idea of *maya* or the unreality of the world does not mean that things have no reality but simply that the reality is being mistaken for something else. Every apprehension is valid until we go a step further and find that some new perception is more valid; we only repudiate a belief through the acquisition of some truer perception concerning it. It is thus quite correct to assume that the world is flat until by experience we discover that it is round. Knowledge is thus graded by Madhva within fixed limits rising from zero in ascending

degrees to an upper limit, the all-knowing unconditioned Supreme, not however to be confused with the Absolute of the intellectuals. In the latter sense there is no absolute or at any rate it cannot be known and the definition of relativity to it cannot be accepted for knowledge is a hierarchy of steps between which there is only difference in degree. Each of these degrees is correct in itself and in so far as it goes and in so far as it is cognised by a perfectly functioning organism. Thus knowledge may be said to be dimensional to consciousness, although Madhva, arguing that space and time are real wholes composed of real parts capable of being known and not limitations in the subject's consciousness, would not accept such a definition.

Inference is to be regarded less as an instrument giving knowledge than as a means of testing knowledge received through other sources. Its principal function is that of providing comparisons between truths received through the sources of perception and the sacred texts. More especially is it useful in corroborating the latter which are full of apparent inconsistencies so that the truths contained in them can be distorted to suit any kind of sophistry.

The sacred texts like other inspired works present apparently contradictory allegories, for while some imply difference between the finite and the infinite, others suggest identity. Madhva argues that perception and inference brought to bear upon the Upanishadic texts proves them in the majority of cases to favour dualism. This causes him to take the revolutionary step, and without justification, of entirely changing the familiar "Tatwamasi" of the metaphysical dialogue between father and son in the Upanishadic legend, by giving it a negative interpretation. By thus rendering it *Atat-Twamasi*, he conveys a sense of non-being to the universal affirmation of Spirit, which is not alone peculiar to Hindu philosophy.

Even with the aid of perception and inference certain of the texts can clearly not be converted to the requirements of Madhva's argument and no doubt the

actual inconsistencies are the result of the paradoxical nature of truth itself which cannot be otherwise expressed than in paradox and arise like the utterances of religious prophets out of the standpoints personal or impersonal from which they are spoken. The necessity for the use of paradox is obvious and natural, for arguing along the lines laid down by Madhva himself a truth is at one time one thing and at another time another, being, in fact, a question of degree or stage of development. Madhva's contention amounts roughly to this—the outer world is a reality one might add to be experienced, and in the light of this experience we are constantly modifying our views so that we find that what we formerly took for reality, was not reality but an illusion caused by lack of data, such as that of a belief in the sun rising and setting. Madhva does not apparently regard this as illusion but as knowledge repudiated by greater knowledge when we find that the sun does not rise or set. It is therefore equally true to say the sun rises and sets as to say the sun does not rise or set; the difference is only in degree of knowledge. Is it not then equally correct to proclaim identity and non-identity?

Does not Madhva's argument therefore, actually substantiate the illusory nature of the universe rather than prove its reality as he rises through his different degrees of knowledge by means of clearer and clearer perception or understanding, which shows past knowledge real enough at the time and upon its own plane of consciousness to become nothing else but illusion when looked back upon from the new vantage point attained? The whole field of experience can, in fact, be argued either way, from that of illusion or from that of transitory changing knowledge. Madhva himself limits himself to the finite point of view and by compressing knowledge within fixed limits, proclaims that reality can never be other than an eternal and irreconcilable duality. The very fact that the argument as such is conducted from the finite *ipso facto* limits his system and he cannot carry it for-

ward to its final evolutionary stage of spiritual metamorphosis or union.

A dualistic system naturally necessitates a devotional form of religion for the finite self is obliged to realize its entire dependence upon an imperialistic deity apart from and external to itself and upon whose pleasure it depends. The soul in Madhva's theism is not a link between man and his greater Self. It and the world are dependent realities upon God, the only independent and separate reality. The soul can therefore only serve God ; it is incapable of becoming united with Him although through individual perception some particular aspect of Him may be intuitively realised.

The rules for Vedantic debate as approved by Madhva are analysed by Dr. Sarma in a separate chapter. Discussion being regarded as "closely linked to rational reflection upon the nature of God", serves as a form of meditation. Although the nature of Brahman can only be known through a study of the sacred texts, philosophical arguments are necessary preliminaries to a realization of the true relationship existing between the finite and the infinite. Knowledge of

God thus acquired leads naturally to devotion and from devotion to spiritual practices by means of which, release from the bonds of sense may be attained.

But released souls do not become either independent of God or united with God ; their duality, individuality, and even personality, according to Dr. Sarma, continue in a state of blissful subordination and service. Nor is this bliss the same for all, for there is no state of equality for released souls, the bliss of each being different from his neighbour's because innate and particular, and of different degree. This is a picture of an objective pluralistic world of differentiation limited to a conception of personal harmony through obedience to divine order. It is finite in its conception and represents a stage of progress rather than finality. Ramakrishna puts the matter succinctly when speaking of Jnana yoga he says, the Yogi "longs to realise Brahman - God the Impersonal, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned. But as a general rule, such a soul would do better, in this present age, to love, pray, and surrender himself entirely to God."

L. E. PARKER

PSYCHIC WANDERERS

[Below we print reviews of two recent publications which deal with the technique of Yoga.

The first volume is written by an Englishman who has been sojourning in India going from one guru to another.

The second is the work of an Indian who, in his visit to the West, is trying to give the wisdom of Yoga a scientific garb.

We shall add to the strictures of our reviewers only that the yogic or psychic practices suggested in both these volumes are highly dangerous. The practice of psychic development without a proper grounding in spiritual philosophy, not to say an unfoldment of virtues, is dangerous both to physical and mental health. Neither by postures nor by breathing exercises is enlightenment to be obtained. In the Yoga school of Philosophy of Patanjali, posture itself, *Asana*, is the third step and the first two steps of *Yama* and *Niyama*, of what should be avoided and what should be observed in life are given. Treatises on the first two steps are much more needed for the modern man than expositions about postures and breaths, and concentration.—Eds.]

The Quest of the Overself. By PAUL BRUNTON. (Rider and Co., London. 15s.)

The author has written this book to

make the knowledge he gathered in India available to the busy men of the West, at the bidding of a force, he says, which he could not disobey, although he has

ward to its final evolutionary stage of spiritual metamorphosis or union.

A dualistic system naturally necessitates a devotional form of religion for the finite self is obliged to realize its entire dependence upon an imperialistic deity apart from and external to itself and upon whose pleasure it depends. The soul in Madhva's theism is not a link between man and his greater Self. It and the world are dependent realities upon God, the only independent and separate reality. The soul can therefore only serve God ; it is incapable of becoming united with Him although through individual perception some particular aspect of Him may be intuitively realised.

The rules for Vedantic debate as approved by Madhva are analysed by Dr. Sarma in a separate chapter. Discussion being regarded as "closely linked to rational reflection upon the nature of God", serves as a form of meditation. Although the nature of Brahman can only be known through a study of the sacred texts, philosophical arguments are necessary preliminaries to a realization of the true relationship existing between the finite and the infinite. Knowledge of

God thus acquired leads naturally to devotion and from devotion to spiritual practices by means of which, release from the bonds of sense may be attained.

But released souls do not become either independent of God or united with God ; their duality, individuality, and even personality, according to Dr. Sarma, continue in a state of blissful subordination and service. Nor is this bliss the same for all, for there is no state of equality for released souls, the bliss of each being different from his neighbour's because innate and particular, and of different degree. This is a picture of an objective pluralistic world of differentiation limited to a conception of personal harmony through obedience to divine order. It is finite in its conception and represents a stage of progress rather than finality. Ramakrishna puts the matter succinctly when speaking of Jnana yoga he says, the Yogi "longs to realise Brahman - God the Impersonal, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned. But as a general rule, such a soul would do better, in this present age, to love, pray, and surrender himself entirely to God."

L. E. PARKER

PSYCHIC WANDERERS

[Below we print reviews of two recent publications which deal with the technique of Yoga.

The first volume is written by an Englishman who has been sojourning in India going from one guru to another.

The second is the work of an Indian who, in his visit to the West, is trying to give the wisdom of Yoga a scientific garb.

We shall add to the strictures of our reviewers only that the yogic or psychic practices suggested in both these volumes are highly dangerous. The practice of psychic development without a proper grounding in spiritual philosophy, not to say an unfoldment of virtues, is dangerous both to physical and mental health. Neither by postures nor by breathing exercises is enlightenment to be obtained. In the Yoga school of Philosophy of Patanjali, posture itself, *Asana*, is the third step and the first two steps of *Yama* and *Niyama*, of what should be avoided and what should be observed in life are given. Treatises on the first two steps are much more needed for the modern man than expositions about postures and breaths, and concentration.—Eds.]

The Quest of the Overself. By PAUL BRUNTON. (Rider and Co., London. 15s.)

The author has written this book to

make the knowledge he gathered in India available to the busy men of the West, at the bidding of a force, he says, which he could not disobey, although he has

a dislike for "being classed as a spiritual teacher, prophet or messenger". The writer makes extravagant claims.

The writer does claim after long study of various yoga systems and gnostic philosophies, that their most valuable element has been abstracted and incorporated in the present work.... The paragraphs in this book, carry liberating and revelatory guidance.

In the first part, the writer tries to shew that the real self (here called the overself) is different from the body and mental states, and even transcends ego-consciousness. The argument proceeds more or less along familiar Vedantic lines. From the fact that the author speaks of the unitary nature of the self and says that consciousness is our very nature as well as from the particular considerations he urges to justify his conclusions, we are led to think that he is trying to express Vedantic ideas.

In the second part, certain practices are prescribed to bring about a state of mental quiet, and ultimately to arrive at a kind of self-realisation which will not only bring peace of mind but also success and efficiency in worldly activities. Some of these exercises, involving control of breath and steady gaze, are not uncommonly practised by people aspiring after self-realisation. But when

the writer goes on to tell us in all seriousness that "the Overself is situated in the right ventricle of the heart, more than an inch to the right of the body's median line" and that consciousness can come into touch with it and by a little pressure can open the valve-like opening in the over-self-atom which is closed for most men, we really begin to wonder what exactly he can understand by self or consciousness. We know that in Vedantic literature the self is sometimes described as residing in the heart. But such description is always taken to be metaphysical, the self being conceived as free from all spatial determinations.

The writer has the high aim of helping mankind in its present state of unrest, and there can be nothing objectionable in his propounding a system of thought and practice which, in his opinion, will bring about the desired result. But when he wants us to take what he has offered in the book as the quintessence of Oriental wisdom, "inspired with twentieth century freshness", we cannot but think that either he has been misled by his teachers or he has misunderstood them completely.

R. DAS

Yoga: A Scientific Evaluation.
By KOVOOR T. BEHANAN, PH. D.
(Martin Secker and Warburg, London.
10s. 6d.)

The modern tendency is to bring every branch of knowledge into close contact with Psychology, Psycho-analysis and Behaviourism. Dr. Behanan, a Travancorean by birth, working under the Yale University Sterling Fellowship, has endeavoured in this volume "to appraise Yoga from the standpoint of science and Western culture". After explaining the nature and characteristics of Purusha and Prakriti as elaborated in Sankhya and Yoga and pointing out the *differentia* of the Yogic discipline in relation to Psychology, Psychic Research and Psycho-analysis in the first nine chapters, the

author has given in the next three an account of some significant Yogic postures (*Asanas*), varieties of breathing (*Pranayama*) and exercises in concentration. In the final chapter "An Appraisal" of Yoga is essayed, of course in the light of scientific investigation.

Complete residueless riddance of *Karma*, of all potentialities of the mischief of rebirth, is the goal of Yoga. The goal cannot be whittled down in any manner. I am, therefore, unable to accept the verdict of Dr. Behanan that "It offers a practical program for the attainment of . . . an enviable frame of mind . . . not easily perturbed by emotional conflicts". Whether yoga should be evaluated according to criteria drawn from laboratory sciences grounded on the deification of methods of

quantitative analysis and verification is still an open question. However that may be, Dr. Behanan's control over the Yoga texts is not quite firm. (1) "In Ujjayi one is told that chin-lock is formed" (p. 204) but on p. 206 we read that chin-lock etc., "are avoided". (Italics mine.) (2) "Bhasrika" is throughout incorrectly spelt "Bhas-trika". (3) "The distinguishing feature", observes Dr. Behanan, "of Suryabhedana, in short, is the use of the right nostril for both inhalation and exhalation". (Italics mine). But this runs directly counter to the account in *Hatha-Yoga-Pradeepika*, according to which exhalation should be by the left nostril. ("rechayet-Idaya...", p. 23, Panini Office Edition, Allahabad).

My remarks should be understood more to illustrate the difficulties one is

bound to feel in the interpretation of the Yoga technique, than to belittle or disparage the undoubted value of the investigations conducted by Dr. Behanan under scientific control. Even in the land of its birth, the Yoga-discipline has fallen on evil days, and I have heard of complaints voiced in the American Press against "this Yoga business" which have had some repercussions in the Indian Press as well. Quick returns, in the shape of economic value and comfortable life value, cannot be expected after the pursuit of a few odd postures and practices of breath-control. This truth should be plainly told by authors like Dr. Behanan who may be anxious to popularise the psychophysical and neuro-muscular discipline of Hatha Yoga, in the West.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

The Legacy of Asia and Western Man.
By ALAN W. WATTS. (Murray, London. 6s.)

The author writes with one definite aim—to relate Christianity and Western Culture with the religious experience of the East. The need for this re-vitalisation is imperative. The danger for the West, Mr. Watts cogently argues, arises from its unrestricted Rationalism or Humanism—a legacy of the Renaissance. This consists in understanding reality, spirit and life, mediately, externally, in terms of the opposites, good and evil, the "I" and the "not-I" etc. "And in terms of opposites alone nothing is ever solved."

Christianity has been unable to resolve this opposition, because of its "deficient religious technique". "It is too much inclined to offer supposed historical facts as a means of salvation". The religions of Asia—Vedānta, Buddhism and Taoism—place "no trust in historical

events, and precisely through their very full descriptions of spiritual technique we are enabled to understand the Christian allegory in a new and more satisfactory way". Notwithstanding differences in detail, these religions show us the Middle Way to transcend the opposites through the realisation of one's inherent union with all reality. This is not a return to Nature, but a re-cognition of one's nature as Infinite. Anomalous as it may seem, "we are to become what we are".

One thing in this admirable book I demur to accept. The author says: "Śūnyatā (this applies to Brahman also) is neither of the pairs of opposites but ... the two taken together". This is very much like the familiar Hegelian Dialectic. The rejected rationalism has found entry by the back door. Take away the opposition between pleasure and pain, the 'I' and the 'not-I', can we still retain them as two?

T. R. V. MURTI

The Book of Songs. Translated from the Chinese by ARTHUR WALEY. (George Allen and Unwin, London. 10s. 6d.)

Many of us owe to Mr. Arthur Waley our first acquaintance with the literature of the Far East. It is now almost twenty years since he issued "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems", instantly establishing himself as the most attractive interpreter of Chinese poetry in England and, very likely, in the world. Earlier translators or Anglicists (for some of us did not know a word of Chinese) had always Europeanised the originals, introducing words and phrases which had strong English associations. Mr. Waley was manifestly so sound a scholar that, in 1918, the literary world of London recognised at once that now or never it might really be able to relish the flavour of Chinese poetry: but Mr. Waley possessed also an ear for rhythm and a feeling for English words which none of his forerunners had revealed. The plain, pure, cadenced prose which he used has been richly and rightly praised. We ought to be proud of "our Mr. Waley". He is a literary artist and also as expert a Sinologist, we may surmise, as any man now living. Even the great Professor Giles had not this double equipment. Moreover, as though Chinese were child's play, Mr. Waley proceeded to master Japanese,—how greatly to our benefit every reader of "The Tale of Genji" will admit.

In this new book there are close upon three hundred poems. I notice in them a device of repeating lines and phrases, almost as they are repeated in a *villanelle*, which I had not hitherto observed in Chinese poetry. These repetitions may have been aids to memory, as in our old ballads, or they may have been fashionable tricks of style during a certain period. So far as I can recall, they do not characterise the work of Po Chu-i or Li Po. I wish that Mr. Waley had commented upon them in his introduction.

There is nothing in this book so tender, human and poignant as the poems of Po Chu-i: but no translator can be expected to reveal a new first-rate poet every ten years. We find here many of the qualities which we have learned to associate with Chinese poetry: low-pitched emotion, a symbolical use of images from Nature (Mr. Waley is invaluable as an interpreter of these) and a concern with mundane matters. Chinese poets, like lapwings, fly close to the ground. Sometimes they are perilously prosaic; and it is this characteristic which has given a chance to Mr. Waley's parodists. Consider, for example, the anticlimax in the following lamentation:

Oh, the flowers of the bignonia,
Gorgeous is their yellow!
The sorrows of my heart,
How they stab!
Oh, the flowers of the bignonia,
And its leaves so thick!
Had I known it would be like this,
Better that I should never have been born!
As often as a ewe has a ram's head,
As often as Orion is in the Pleiads,
Do people to-day, if they find food at all,
Get a chance to eat their fill.

On the other hand, there is deep hushed emotion in the lines:—

If along the highroad
I caught hold of your sleeve,
Do not hate me;
Old ways take time to overcome.
If along the highroad
I caught hold of your hand,
Do not be angry with me;
Friendship takes time to overcome.

I do not know whether it is that these poems have less emotional quality than those of some later periods or whether Mr. Waley, always abreast of modernity, has become increasingly shy of emotion in literature: but these poems seem to me not to have quite the beauty of his earlier specimens. They will, however, have an intense interest for any student of ancient customs.

The publisher supplies, at 4s. 6d., a supplement which deals with points in the Chinese text.

Charles Darwin: The Fragmentary Man. By GEOFFREY WEST. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., London. 15s.)

Scientists are difficult subjects for biography, engrossed as they so often are in some special line of research intelligible only to some other specialist. Yet there have been one or two great scientists who were not only acute observers of natural phenomena but daring synthesisers. And of these Charles Darwin was for the modern world perhaps the most significant. Since the issue, however, fifty years ago, of his son's life and letters of his father, no full-length biography of him in English has appeared. But this deficiency has now been soundly and generously made good by Mr. Geoffrey West. His biography is one which may be commended equally to those who value the domestic details of a great man's life, to the student of scientific or unscientific mind who wants a clear, particular record of just how Darwin came to build up his theory of evolution, and to the questioner of that theory who wishes to have it viewed not only as a scientific hypothesis, but in its social, individual, and spiritual implications, by one who is sensitively aware of the barbarism which onesided thinking has brought on the world.

Instead, however, of continually insinuating criticism into his narrative in the form of Stracheyan irony, Mr. West

has wisely concentrated most of it in a final section entitled "Commentary". And while his comments both on the degree of Darwin's disinterestedness and the relation between Darwinism and nineteenth-century industrialism are penetrating and of grave contemporary moment, they do not prevent his recognising in Darwin a great man and finding him in his life and family circle a very likeable one. And perhaps the most notable quality of a biography which bears on every page the impress of a remarkable integrity in the sifting of innumerable facts is the skill with which he has interwoven the homely details of Darwin's life with the pattern of his development as a naturalist from the voyage in the "Beagle" to the publication of the *Origin of Species*. What makes the story more interesting is the marked element of apparent chance which entered into it. But if the threads which drew Darwin to his destiny were "extraordinarily tenuous", Mr. West has traced them with an admirable firmness and delicacy from the first meeting of his grandfathers Josiah Wedgwood and Erasmus Darwin (and of the latter he gives us an absorbing full length portrait) to the funeral nearly a century and a half later in the Abbey. If the book has a fault it is a little too industrious. But it fills a gap in modern biography which needed filling and which could hardly be filled better.

HUGH P. A. FAUSSET

The Road to India. By PAUL MORAND. (Hodder and Stoughton, London.)

This is a book which I should like to see in every High School and College library, as well as in the public libraries. I have not come across a more pleasing introduction to the relations past and present between the nations touching upon the three routes to India—by sea, land and air.

To those who have not actually seen the places which the author describes in connection with the three routes (such

as Malta, Alexandria, the Nile, Suez, and the Red Sea ports, on the maritime route; Petra, Palmyra, Antioch, Alkumait, Abadan, Baghdad and Basra on the land route; and Cyprus, Rhodes, Palestine and Brindisi on the air route) the author's word-sketches, though exceedingly penetrating and clever, may convey only vague pictures, except to minds sophisticated in travel. But this volume is only secondarily a travel book. Taken in its predominant feature it gives the political situation (using the term in its broadest sense) at every important

place on the three roads to India, with ever and anon an amusing glance at the mannerisms of body and mind of the peoples involved. The book is packed with information.

In one of the most interesting group of sketches the story of the Isthmus of Suez and the Suez Canal from most ancient times is told with great clearness, yet in the briefest form. In that spot, which was the very centre of the diplomacy of the ancient world, more history will have to be written thirty years from now, when the lease will expire and the Canal will pass into the hands of Egypt. Who will then try to conquer Egypt, and in whom will she place her trust?

The author's style is graphic. It caused me to halt for a moment when I read: "The first gesture made by Indians is the sign of the Cross". One rarely sees that in India. But in the next moment I remembered that the author is there writing of the Memorial Monument to the Indian dead which stands at the south end of the Suez Canal—his first introduction to the Indians on his way to India was this memorial to those who had fallen in the protection of the Canal.

The whole book has a vitality and clearness which do credit even to the French mind. It is well printed on good paper, and fully provided with maps.

ERNEST WOOD

Von Hügel and Tyrrell: The Story of a Friendship. By M. D. PETRE. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d.)

The responsibility of age to youth is never greater than in the relationship between teacher and pupil, especially when the teacher, reared in Teutonic schools of reasoning where the soul's mystic tendencies find scant air to breathe, reaches his own limit of expansion. Firmly set in his convictions, he seeks young, plastic minds in which to plant the seeds garnered from his life of thought, there to water and protect them and bring them to a greater state of perfection. Eagerly he marks out one or two in whom the fires of idealism burn bright and the breath of whose youthful enthusiasm may fan to flame his coldly reasoned faith.

This correspondence of Baron Von Hügel and Father Tyrrell reveals the Baron's glow of happy satisfaction as he watches the brilliant and, at first, the joyous unfoldment of his own ideas in the mind of his receptive Celtic protégé. The heavy intellectual vision of the older man blinds him to the dangers that beset the course of his fiery, daring pupil. Spurred on by Von Hügel's moments of religious mysticism, Tyrrell risks his all in the name of truth as he

conceives it, nor will he lend an ear to the warnings of his more worldly-wise counsellor and friend. Only when it is too late to alter Tyrrell's course does Von Hügel find himself alone on the sand-banks of his own settled creed whence he watches his erstwhile pupil sail recklessly under full-spread canvas to attack the Pope himself. In the inevitable crash on the rocks of the established order, Youth triumphs over excommunication, ostracism and death while Age looks helplessly on from its lonely security.

Such is the story traced in this correspondence, brilliantly intellectual and intensely human in parts, though the schisms raised by the Modernist Movement over questions of Roman Catholic mysticism, dogma, authority and excommunication are not of universal interest. The compiler has overlooked the latter fact, taking too much for granted the reader's intimate acquaintance with the background of the letters. Her all too few comments are most enlightening, but in her enthusiasm to put before the world the correspondence of these two men whom she loves and admires, she has underestimated the importance of her own rôle and has effaced herself too much.

D. C. T.

Jatadharan and Other Stories. By K. S. VENKATARAMANI. (Svetaranya Ashrama, Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 1-8)

Many of the stories in this collection by the author of *Paper Boats* are not really stories in the conventional sense, but rather character-sketches, drawn with skill. Behind the apparent, casual portrayal we can discern the exquisite touch of the artist.

"Jatadharan" is the strangely moving story of a pockmarked young man; a B.A. with a triple first class, who spurned the offer of a "nice job in the Government Secretariat at Madras" to devote fifty years of his life as a *pial* schoolmaster in his village. There is no bitterness in his heart because of his hideously pockmarked face, nor is he prompted by any ponderous motives of self-sacrifice; he gives his life for the education of the ragged village children whom he cannot bear to see wasting their time, almost without knowing that he is making a real sacrifice. It is a beautifully told story with a profound streak of pathos.

The other stories—there are nine altogether—are not entirely dissimilar in theme and as the author says "I am myself surprised to find that almost every story, each written at different intervals of time, ends in a *pial* school." There are no sudden contrasts and each story seems, at times, either to be inspired by the preceding one, or to have been evolved around characters who have much in common. For a *collection* of short stories this is a manifest disability.

But Mr. Venkataramani writes with exquisite grace and as Mr. Raghunathan rightly remarks in his Foreword "Venkataramani's talent is essentially lyrical". There are harmony and music in his prose. His similes are Indian but he occasionally indulges in metaphors too abstract for the ordinary layman; still there are no harsh or discordant notes. His sketches of village life are revealing without being unkind; and he writes with a sympathy and an understanding of his own people which, I think, is the secret of his charm.

ENVER KUREISHI

Brahmananda Keshav : His Life and Works. By PREM SUNDER BASU. (To be had of the Author, Bhagalpur. As. 12.)

There have been many forces at work to improve Hinduism during the last hundred years, prominent among them being the Theosophical Movement of Madame Blavatsky, the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Movement and the influence of Mahatma Gandhi. The influence of the Brahmo-Samaj has not been very significant, though as a corrective of certain evils in Hindu society, its services have been valuable.

Its claim to be an independent universal religion is debatable. Its fundamental doctrines are : (1) That intuition is the highest source of spiritual knowledge, (2) That revelation is the basic authority in religion, (3) Belief in an impersonal and kind Almighty, (4)

Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, (5) Equality of all men and abolition of caste, (6) Belief in atonement along with belief in Karma, (7) That man's duty is to realise God, (8) That social reform should be based on religious motives and (9) Insistence on the performance of a few ceremonies and rituals.

The Theism of the Brahmo-Samaj is a faint replica of Christian Theism. In India the schools of Ramanuja and Madhva have developed genuine schools of Theism beside which the Theism of the Brahmo-Samaj hardly deserves the name. The Heavenward movement of the soul and the doctrine of atonement reached by the leader of the Brahmo-Samaj are like most Christian missionary preaching—very dull and sadly ineffective.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Master Kung: The Story of Confucius. By CARL CROW. (Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., London. 12s. 6d.)

This book should command a wide and grateful public. Confucius is successfully brought to life. This is welcome for more than one reason. Confucianism is not a religion and Confucius was rather a moralist of genius who laid down an art of ethics of such sagacity that it is treasured to this day. Confucius—a Chinese Socrates—left the gods where he found them, made no extravagant claims for himself, and did not ask more from others than it seemed possible to expect. His genius in the rôle of ethical lawgiver is exemplified not only by his reply to the question as to whether one should return evil with good ("No, with justice") but by the fact that when he had the chance to govern a town, he did not codify any laws. He saw that law must be an art continually changing to meet requirements. Thus when the money-lenders became too avaricious or the merchants became too prosperous an edict would be issued—"You usurers must not be too hard on the farmers" or "You merchants must not wear silk gowns".

But he did not live to see his teaching make any headway. He was cast into exile. In an hour of bitterness he said, "The Sage suffers because he

must leave the world with the conviction that after his death his name will not be mentioned. The path which I have laid out is not travelled and will soon be obscured by weeds and grass. Through what shall I be known to posterity?" But Carl Crow makes it clear how in his teachings to his disciples as well as in the example of his life he had set a standard of ethics and conduct which would be handed down from father to son and from teacher to pupil through succeeding generations. "In his modesty he had no idea that the pure light of his benign influence would fall on countless millions of his countrymen and after a lapse of more than two thousand years be a potent factor in the lives of the most populous people on the globe."

The virtues of this excellent volume are fourfold: it gives us all the facts we want to know concerning Master Kung's life from birth to death; it humanises without "popularising" the man; it gives us many gems of dramatic conversation; and it does not neglect to go fully into his teaching. At the end of it we have a clear picture of the ugly figure and the beautiful spirit of the man who spent himself attacking the shams and the insincerities of life in a country where most of life was made up on insincerities and shams.

J. S. COLLIS

The Development of Buddhism in England. By CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. M.A., LL.B. (The Buddhist Lodge, London).

This booklet gives a brief history of the development of Buddhist thought in England and other countries. What has been done in England for the spread of Buddhism is praiseworthy. Besides the publications of the Pali Text Society, the invaluable services rendered by distinguished savants and societies have been well recorded in this little treatise. We regret very much the discontinuance of the organ of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland, which really contains many thought-provoking articles on Buddhism. A. C. March's most

valuable *Buddhist Bibliography* is no doubt a great guide in the study of Buddhism. The Anāgārika Dharmapāla did much for the propagation of Buddhist faith in England, India and Ceylon. The Bulletin of the Buddhist Lodge, known as *Buddhism in England*, materially helps the progress of Buddhism. We must not forget the yeoman service done by the Young Men's Buddhist Association of Great Britain and Ireland. It must be admitted that none has done so much for Buddhism as T. W. Rhys Davids and C. A. F. Rhys Davids, who really have recovered the lost treasure of Buddhism buried in manuscripts. The book under review records the death of the Anāgārika Dharmapāla, Ellam, Mrs.

Foster, T. W. Rhys Davids, Mills, Balls, Holmes and others. Several passing references to scholars of Burma and Ceylon are made but nothing about India, which we regret very much. The author ought to have mentioned the names of Sir Charles Eliot, Treckner, Clough, Turn-

our, Bendall, Pischel, Minayeff, Oldenberg, Kern Carpenter, Windisch, Childers and Geiger who have contributed much to the study of Buddhism. It is not an exhaustive treatment of the subject but we believe that it may be found useful for the purpose for which it is intended.

B. C. LAW

The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry.
By A. E. WAITE, Litt. D. (Rider and Co., London. £2-2.)

Through the jungle of documentary history relating to Freemasonry Dr. Waite has for many years been a competent guide. In this encyclopædic work he asks Brethren to travel with him into the region of Emblematic Freemasonry, which, "in its valid and highest understanding is spiritual architecture". He has written for advanced students, for whom "the Masonic concern is a Mystical House". He is not unaware of the "cloud of false witnesses", against whom he sternly warns the student. In his judgment, "the Secret Tradition in Freemasonry was obviously built up piecemeal after various manners", and the whole Secret of Masonry... is *Christus Intus*". So far as Ritualised Freemasonry is concerned, Dr. Waite adduces evidence which goes to show that it arose from those who were acquainted with the Secret Tradition of Kabbalism; but he notes a tendency to depend upon the narrative of Holy Scripture. There are some chapters on the Higher Degrees, the lesson derived by the learned author being "that those who would add to the Ritual Memorials of Secret Doctrine—as implied and expressed, for example, in the Craft Degrees—should be either in the Chain of Tradition, or should be animated at least by the spirit which rules therein". He has an adequate answer for those who start at the shadows of secret conspiracies under Masonic oaths, and who fail to realise, or resolutely ignore, the real fount and origin of the muddy waters that have so often defiled the pure stream of Truth.

It would be an impertinence to essay a

proper criticism of Dr. Waite's erudite thesis in a brief review of this nature. Nevertheless, a survey of the field of Masonic history and speculation still points inevitably to questions that have frequently been asked and for too long have remained unanswered. Does Freemasonry inherit the Secret Wisdom? Is Masonry Jehovistic or Pagan? Is the "Word" (of the Initiates into the Secret Tradition) really in the possession of Freemasons? Was Masonic Templarism, in a very large degree, derivable from Jesuit machinations? Was Elias Ashmole "the last of the Rosicrucians and alchemists", and is it true that "not until about 30 years after his death" did modern Freemasonry see the light? (Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, by H. P. Blavatsky—New York and London, 1877). These, and cognate issues, have yet to be determined satisfactorily by scholarship. But the logic of events remains, and will ultimately rescue and throw into proper relief calumniated reputations of departed Brethren.

We are witnessing to-day more than one exploration of diverse avenues of escape from the deeply felt fevers of civilization, and many are the altars and sanctuaries where may be heard the petitions of bewildered souls. The Candidate is tested in the darkness of his own *psyche*. If he stumble, he need not be afraid, provided he is guided by "the dim star that burns within". But he must know, in his own heart and mind, that he has sought admission at the right door; the lodge is not to be discovered by any outward sound. In remote antiquity, the foundation stone of the true Mysteries was laid by the Brothers. In these days it may be said, with evident certitude, that while the office of secrecy

has been more or less preserved in its integrity, the knowledge which, in olden days, that secrecy was designed to conserve in the hands of the faithful, has

been lost or withdrawn. We have therefore to retrace our steps and seek once again that "Mystical House" which is the Secret Doctrine of all the ages.

B. P. HOWELL

The Papacy and Fascism. By F. A. RIDLEY. (Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd., London, 6s.)

F. A. Ridley's work is of a kind that needs to be looked at with some care if its special significance is not to be missed. He comes from outside of the traditional culture of the English ruling classes. That means that he lacks many things which they have by right of inheritance. His scholarship has no confident sweep, but then it is his own in so far as scholarship ever can be. It bears the marks of a lonely struggle, a struggle for knowledge almost unaided by any social force but one, yet that one force is the sudden need which the world's disinherited have of explaining themselves to themselves in their own terms, to found or recall their own tradition, and it can be tremendous when it stirs. Unless one remembers this the book may be unfairly judged.

For instance, Mr. Ridley is very conscious of the purely oppressive power of the Roman Church. He tends to see it always under the sign of its evil star, as a manipulator of power-policies and strategies, the contractor of "Holy" alliances with temporal forces. This may easily seem crude or unfair in a historical survey. For history is written now with an exquisite sense of the value of institutions, and of the sadness in their decay. But Ridley is writing for people who cannot have that sense, since the pre-condition of their interest in books is a re-birth of consciousness which shows up their own recent past as a dark and shameful period in which neither they nor their surrogates played any honourable rôle. For them, history when it records ruling institutions must never lose sight of their contemporary

effect, which from the point of view of the disinherited is oppression. They deserve, and should have, only a negative and antipathetic description. To the re-born, the long processes of dissolution are not to be meditated upon; their history is essentially that of the earlier eras of re-birth, each rather isolated from the processes and miraculous, like little myths.

Mr. Ridley's book comes into the first category. Yet it would not be there at all if the second did not exist latently. He analyses the worst side of the Roman Church because he believes that it is that side we are likely to see most of in the ensuing decades. Many times, he shows that church has been faced with a crisis such as the present spread of socialism is bringing it to, and although as a body claiming high religious inspiration it ought to be able to appeal directly to the weak and defenceless, relying on their judgment, actually it is most apt to ally itself with the most brutal of worldly powers. At the time of the Reformation, this was its strategy. To-day, it is already to be found intriguing with the forces of Fascism. The evidence here clearly presented is well worth considering, for the existence of contradictory aims within the Fascist alliance, as those of Roman Catholics and Nazis in present-day Germany, may lead us to forget the degree to which they work together. And forget too, that not only those who think they serve a church or a nation, but all who take their stand beside some long-proclaimed power against the emergent new life are committed to alliances they would not have chosen for themselves. That is an old story, ever-new.

JACK COMMON

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ABSOLUTE AND TIME

In a discussion on Professor G. R. Malkani's article on "Parabrahman, the Absolute, in Indian Philosophy" (THE ARYAN PATH, July 1930, Vol. I, No. 7) the question arose: "What is the purpose of Involution and Evolution if everybody's Self is the One Self or the Absolute?"

What would be your answer, or Professor Malkani's?

Holland

F. V.

We start with the supposition that the only reality is the Absolute, and further that this Absolute can only be described as the true ultimate Self of everything that is. The question that we shall consider is, are the processes in time, the processes of evolution and involution, quite meaningless and purposeless? It is undeniable that we, as finite individuals, find ourselves placed in time. Can this be wholly without a purpose? Thus the same question can be raised on both cosmological and ethical grounds.

It appears to us quite untenable that time or duration can have any beginning or any end. Accordingly also, we cannot admit that time represents a single and continuous line of progress. It is more reasonable to suppose that the processes in time are alternately those of evolution and of involution. Being in time cannot be perpetually on the move upward. There is no absolute goal. If there were, that would mark the end of time. There would be no scope for movement, for progress, when the goal was once reached. The only movement possible after this stage would be retrogressive. And this brings us back to the notion of cycles. We thus find that the notion of evolutionary and involutionary processes in time is not consistent with that of pur-

pose or of end. Cosmologically, existence in time is purposeless.

There remains the ethical problem. Purpose is quite real here. We *are not* what we wish to be. This gives meaning to our whole moral struggle and spiritual effort. It makes our being in time purposeful. The metaphysical background of such a view would be, that whatever may be said of time in general or as a form of cosmological processes, time cannot be endless *for me*. There will come a time when the struggle will have ended and I shall have reached my goal. There will then be no more temporal life for me. I shall have attained to timeless and eternal existence.

This view, plausible though it seems, is not tenable for two reasons. First, it implies the essential finitude of the individual. Only a finite individual can grow or progress to a higher level of being. But if the individual is essentially finite, can he ever become infinite? However far he may go, there will still be room for him to go further. What is essentially finite will remain finite notwithstanding all efforts. The end, which must be of the nature of the infinite, will never come. Secondly, granting that the end may be reached in time, what guarantee is there that the struggle would be for ever abolished, and that there would be no moral relapse thereafter? What is gained may be lost. If you can only rise to a certain level through effort, you may lose that position through the relaxation of effort. In other words, what you can *become*, you may also cease to become.

Advait Vedanta accordingly substitutes knowledge for action as a means of realising the Absolute. It teaches that you have not to *become*, but that you already *are*, the Absolute or *Brahman*. The goal is not distant. It is

already realised in you. You are the Absolute. Only you do not know it. What is wrong with you is ignorance of your true nature, not any moral stain or any essential limitation. You are timeless perfect. Your effort in time does not make you perfect. It can only reveal your timeless perfection.

This explains the Vedantic theory of time. Time has no beginning; for wherever we start, there is a moment earlier. But time has an end when we realise our eternally divine nature. Effort then ceases. We wake up as from a dream. Our whole temporal existence, together with all our strivings, appears part of this unreal dream.

It may be thought that we have overlooked a serious objection to this view. We may be divine or eternally perfect. But our *realisation* of this divine nature is not an eternally accomplished fact, for

that has yet to be achieved. How can then all temporal processes be without purpose? This question arises from a confusion of standpoints. There is only one true standpoint, that of the realised Self or, better, that of the Absolute. From this standpoint, all effort and all processes in time are part of a dream. The other standpoint which we confuse with this is that of the finite individual who has not realised his divine nature. Time is quite real for him, as is everything else that constitutes his temporal being. But then it is quite unreal for him that he is eternally perfect and divine in nature. There is no *via media* between these two standpoints. We have an ultimate choice here. For if the Absolute alone is, nothing else can possibly be. How can time be real? The only truth behind time is the Timeless Duration.

G. R. MALKANI

THE MENACE OF FASCISM

The *Left Review* recently invited English writers to take sides publicly on the Spanish War. Seventeen replies were neutral or unclassified; five voted for Franco; over a hundred were definitely for the Republican Government. With many, however, it was less a matter of favouring the Government than of opposing Fascism. The demonstration in Germany and in Italy has left little doubt in most minds that Fascism and Nazism spell the suffocation of freedom of thought, without which there can be no literature, no art and no culture worthy of the name.

Fascism is tellingly arraigned in the replies. Among the distinguished writers opposing it are John Middleton Murry, Storm Jameson, Havelock Ellis, Laurence

Housman, H. M. Tomlinson, Henry W. Nevinson and Tom Mann. Gerald Bullett calls Fascism "gangsterism on a national scale", involving "the enslavement of peoples, the destruction of culture, and the persecution of all real religion".

Victor Gollancz regards Fascism as "culturally and intellectually a species of dementia præcox—a refusal to carry any longer the burden of being human", while C. E. M. Joad declares, "The success of Fascism is the collapse of civilization and the relapse into barbarism". J. D. Beresford says, "I oppose with all the forces of which I am capable any spread of Fascism", and Hamilton Fyfe concludes his indictment of Fascism, "*It must not win!*"

M. K.

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M. K.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

The ancients divided their days into four, five or eight parts. Astrology was an applied science once and the divisions were made, not casually as now, but scientifically and accurately. Profound and detailed knowledge of the Law of Cycles was used according to the principles of correspondence and analogy; the life of a single day was thus brought into harmony with the flowing life of the great day.

One of the practical aspects of the wisdom of the divisions of the day was this: the spirit of the morning was kept active throughout the day. At dawn life *begins*; people's minds are fresh and their pure childlike faith is intuitive and enables those minds to perceive the goal to work for. To-day's habit of planning in the morning for the day is but the dim shadow of that mystic truth practised in ages gone by. But the spirit of the morning with its freshness, with its zeal for new beginnings, with its resolves to do the right, soon fades away. To-day what prevails most is the false notion of night—that the night cometh when no man can work. This is the night of the unenlightened of which the *Gita* speaks. To the gaze of every great Controller of Universal Light the nights of men are as days; the days of mortals are dark with the ignorance of worldly knowledge which They call nights.

The Spirit of the morning is the spirit of light which continuously reveals the beginnings of things; looked at by the light of the morning events never

end, they ever and always begin. Practising the magic-wisdom of the divisions of the day people ever looked to the starting of the next cycle, to the beginning of the next division. To-day nations of men are talking about the *end of civilization*; of the death of the West and therefore of the world. Not knowing what is to happen, people are living fast, burning the candle at both ends—they eat, drink and lust, for the night cometh when no one can eat, drink or lust. This is the Spirit of Kali Yuga when in the words of *Gita*, men

fast-bound by the hundred chords of desire, prone to lust and anger, seek by injustice and the accumulation of wealth for the gratification of their own lusts and appetites.

Communities and nations, made up of men, show forth the same spirit.

What does the Esoteric Philosophy teach? The close of every cycle is the beginning of a new one. It behoves man, the individual and humanity, in the mass, to fix attention not on the closing aspect of the receding cycle but on the opening of the New Cycle. Europe's night is on—war may come and the *terreur* will follow it, but then?

Mighty preparations for the night of dark horror are being made by financiers and armament-makers and their servants, the diplomats. Armies, navies and air forces are sucking in millions of men to their doom. But there are individuals who now see that the very foundations of the present structure are weak and who therefore refuse to buttress the collapsing edifice with temporary props.

In every nation there are individuals, and their number is growing, who will repeat with appropriate modifications these words of Vernon Bartlett in the December issue of his *World Review* :

In that struggle which goes on inside the conscience of each one of us the doubt is growing whether any war in which the government is likely to involve us would be worth fighting. Those of us who would take life to preserve the principles upon which civilisation is based will not do so to retain Britain's stranglehold over raw materials or the petty right to mark "British territory" across some area on the map of the world. For those things are, in themselves, not worth the life of a single British soldier.

What is bringing about the change in the war-mentality of the Nationals? Not ignorance, and honest confession of ignorance, of the political leaders who do not know where to turn, but their duplicity and dishonesty. People are finding out their political bosses, dictators and leaders. In the same number Vernon Bartlett writes with a refreshing frankness :

The trouble is that we are all so damned dishonest. The Brussels Conference is a case in point. One of the principal delegates whom I met on the opening day greeted me with an appeal to produce a policy from my pocket. There was no programme for that conference except to keep the United States in a good humour. The fact that for months Japanese aeroplanes bought in Great Britain or America, flying on petrol bought in the Dutch East Indies, had been dropping bombs on Chinese women and children hardly entered into the discussions. In an extremely ugly hall two long rows of delegates argued for hours on end how best they could kid public opinion, through the intermediary

of the journalists who were shut outside in the cold, into believing that serious progress was being made towards ending the war.

The darkest hour is before the Dawn. Who is preparing for the New Day? Who is getting ready with plans to build a New Civilization? Who is thinking of guiding this army of individuals who are seeing through their present leaders? Who is labouring to create the League of Humanity in the place of the League of Nations? There are dreamers, "blind fools who see" and who are not altogether idle. The Light of Day comes from the East, and those dreamers are catching the first glimpse of it in the Eastern sky. In this issue of THE ARYAN PATH there are signs and tokens of this which are similar to others we have recorded in the past.

In India the spirit of the morning is at work. The followers of the "impractical idealist" are actually in the seats of power and are endeavouring to legislate and to administer according to the "mystical talk of non-violence", and to prepare their speeches not in the language of diplomacy but in that of truth. Not what the Indian politicians are doing but the spirit of Gandhiji which is actuating them, however feebly, is important for Western observers. And while they are being observed the Indian leaders should learn to feel more and more their tremendous responsibility not only to India but to the world. They are among the Heralds of the Dawn not only for their own people but for the Brotherhood of man.