THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XVIII APRIL 1947 No. 4

NON-MOSLEMS WHO PENETRATED INTO MECCA

[**Mr. Harry E. Wedeck** writes from America of the drawing power which the Holy City of Islam has exercised upon a wide variety of individuals outside the Moslem fold. The instinct to protect that which to us is holy, from profanation at the hands of scoffers, is but natural. But since, behind the creedal façade of every cult, there lies the truth in which all others share, can those who seek that truth in all sincerity with justice be denied access to mankind's common heritage ?—ED.]

Mecca—Mohammed's sacred city—like its equally sacred neighbour Jerusalem—has always tantalized travellers. As a result, the Holy City has often been assailed by the infidel. Never, however, has the penetration of Mecca been unaccompanied by anguish, fear of discovery or even death at the hands of a frenzied mob, jealous of their religious privacy. But the challenge of Mecca, nestling behind Jeddah, has for that very reason been a provocation to men, different in creed and race, to set their unhallowed feet in the Prophet's citadel.

It was the Caliph Omar who indirectly stimulated such travellers. In the seventh century he drove out of Mecca Christian, Jew, Zoroastrian. Now, none but Moslems may go out by the east gate at Jeddah that leads to Mecca. King Hussein, in fact, during the first World War, asked British seaplanes to refrain from flying over Mecca or Medina. Still, venturesome spirits have come from England, France, Holland. Their attempts have ranged over a vast span of time, from the early sixteenth century down to our own days.

Not all adventurers have been driven by the same urge. To some, the challenge of a forbidden city was irresistible. Others, leaning to Islam, have been stimulated by religious motives. Still others had the adventurous spirit. Sir Richard Burton, that unconventional Englishman,

was hungry for adventure, especially in the East. His long poetic *Kasidah*, written under the pseudonym of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi, reveals his affection for Islam.

The quest for information beset others. Doughty had antiquarian leanings: they appear in his full-blooded, sinewy, monumental narrative. Arminius Vambéry, the Jewish Hungarian linguist who was honoured by Queen Victoria, disguised himself as a dervish, joined a band of pilgrims returning from Mecca, and travelled with them through the Asiatic deserts. But his object was mainly philological.

The first name that comes into prominence is that of Ludovico de Bartema or Varthema. An Italian traveller, born in Bologna, he was by temperament a romantic cosmopolitan. Toward the end of 1502, he left for Alexandria. From that point onward his life was athrill with variety. He sailed along the Mediterranean coast, through the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, crossed the Indian Ocean, touched at those places of musical names—Samarkand, Taprobane, Malabar, Java. He gathered quaint information on customs and peoples: was caught and imprisoned as a Christian spy; became a business partner with a Persian merchant in Shiraz. At long last he reached Lisbon, a brief haven.

But his supreme adventure was his pilgrimage to Mecca. He was the first European to enter that city. From Alexandria he sailed to Beirut and thence to Damascus. Becoming one of the Mameluke escort of the Haj caravan, in the spring months of 1503 he made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, reaching the former city on May 18th. It was a precarious trek, fraught with skirmishes against the Bedouin, sandstorms, narrow escapes from death as a "Christian dog," rescue from prison with the help of an Arab woman. Varthema's narrative, describing the peoples and the cities he saw, is intensely personal. He airs his likes and resentments violently; he describes in sharp, vivid strokes the streets of Mecca, their colour, their warmth and their filth, and the tumult and confusion of the Haj.

Later in the same century a Frenchman, born in Marseilles, felt the pull of the East. This Vincent Le Blanc left home at the age of fourteen, made his way to Alexandria, and for some years travelled over North Africa. Then, with the help of two friends, he left Damascus and joined a merchandising caravan on its way to Mecca, which he entered in 1568.

Le Blanc's father had wide commercial interests in the Levant, and the son inherited his business acumen. In his description of Meccan scenes he makes illuminating comments on bartering among the Arabs, on spices, butter, dates brought into Mecca, on current prices of commodities, and on the immense trading possibilities: just as if he were a migrant salesman, not a traveller who had consummated one of the

supreme adventures.

The eighteenth century produced two strange figures. One was Johann Wild, of Nuremberg. As a servant of a Persian merchant this Wild traveled from Egypt to Mecca in 1707. The other adventurer was an Englishman, Joseph Pitts, a pathetic figure. In his youth he followed the sea, but was sold as a slave and taken to Algiers, where he remained for fifteen years. He was compelled to adopt Islam, the means of compulsion being the bastinado. With his third master, his patron, as Pitts calls him, he went to Mecca by way of the Red Sea and Jeddah. He arrived during the feast of Ramadan. Pitts's account is, naturally enough, very personal, for his background was meagre. "I found nothing worth seeing in it," he says of the Kaaba. This bastinadoed English sailor-slave finally regained his freedom and returned to his native England.

The nineteenth century is the century *par excellence* of active interest in the forbidden city. Successful attempts to enter it were made by men well-versed in Arabic and in the ritual of the Haj and of superior mental calibre.

Ali Bey El Abbassi was the pseudonym adopted by the Biscayan Domingo Badia y Leblich. In the first and second decades of the nineteenth century he wandered over North Africa, Syria, Turkey, Arabia. An English translation of his travels appeared in London in 1816. It was so startling that the publishers had to introduce the book with a rigid guarantee of its authenticity. In 1806, Badia, a good linguist, was in Jeddah, whence he proceeded with a pilgrimage to Mecca, arriving in January, 1807. He remained in Mecca almost nine months, and had access to things rarely seen. He secured measurements and plans of the Kaaba, and details of the daily life of the city. Badia had a sure, probing eye. He even notes down how the camels eat and the amounts of his gratuities. Travelling as a Moslem prince, Badia, on entering Mecca, was presented to the Sultan Sheriff, and was allowed to sweep the interior of the Kaaba and to visit it frequently.

After him came Haj Moosa, who was really the German student of medicine and mineralogist Ullrich Jasper Seetzen. He left Jeddah late in 1809 and spent altogether about three months in Mecca. He describes the Mosque in detail, with accuracy.

Johann Ludwig Burckhardt, the Swiss Orientalist, equipped himself well, by linguistic study in London and Cambridge, for his Oriental contacts. In March 1809, he left England for Aleppo and, under the guise of Sheikh Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, he spent two years in the Levant, perfecting his Arabic, absorbing the Koran. He then made for Africa and from Suakin, via Jeddah, went on the pilgrimage, reaching Mecca in 1811. Burckhardt had in the first place disguised himself as a beggar, but being wracked by fever

he later assumed the dress of a prosperous Egyptian. He spent three months in Mecca and then trekked to Medina. In 1815, he returned to Cairo, exhausted by agonies to which he succumbed in 1817. His great memorial is the massive *Travels in Arabia*, published in 1829. Burckhardt can be read with intense interest. He is alert and positive. He evokes the bustle of the bazaars, the crowded, narrow alleys of Mecca; hints at forbidden wine houses; sketches, in picturesque detail, the grain and butter marts; comments on the baths and the slave markets and more nameless resorts.

Far removed in temperament and position from the scholarly Burckhardt was Giovanni Finati, who almost made a practice of deserting from three armies. In Egypt, he fought against the Mamelukes, escaped from the army, had an intrigue with a woman in a Turkish harem, and joined a pilgrimage to Mecca, which he entered in 1814.

Haj Omar, who was the Frenchman Léon Roches, is more worthy of recognition. His father migrated from Grenoble to Algeria, and the son drank in the Oriental atmosphere. His romantic attachment to a beautiful Circassian girl, a certain Khadidja, was an adventure in itself. On her account Roches began the study of Arabic, became a kind of unofficial interpreter, and was sent on various military missions on which his knowledge of Arabic proved of value. Roches, in search of an escape from his disappointment in love, wandered from Egypt to Medina and thence to Mecca, in 1841. He stayed only a few weeks in the city, not without danger. During a sermon a cry arose "Ho! seize the Christian!" and only the intervention of the Sheriff's soldiers saved him. Roches survived his wanderings, and later held important diplomatic positions in the Orient. Somewhat like Doughty, he spent his declining years in mellow retirement.

Like Burckhardt, George Augustus Wallin, Wali Al-Din, was a linguist with special interests in the Orient. Born in Aland, he went later to Finland, and studied medicine in the Russian capital. Disguised as a Moslem he made his way across Arabia and, joining a caravan, entered Mecca in 1845.

Few men have been so adventurous as Sir Richard Burton. As soldier, consul, explorer, he wandered over the East, the Near East, Africa, steeped himself in Oriental life, assimilated, while in India, Bengali and Hindi, Gujarati and Marathi, passed easily as a native in the bazaars of Sind. There was a spice of the Gypsy in him, a kinship with George Borrow. Burton's achievement is the pilgrimage to Mecca in 1853, embodied in *The Pilgrimage to Al-Medinah and Meccah*, published two years later. It is a forceful, lusty record, revealing the zestful vigour of the man.

In Burton's company was a motley crowd: Moslems from Moscow, dark-skinned Javanese, Albanians and

East Indians, Moroccans, Afghans, Takruris and Somalis from Africa. Burton himself had set out from London as a Persian by the name of Mirza but, encountering disrespect for Persians, he became a Pathan born in India. In the *Guide Book to Mecca*, an obscure pamphlet issued in 1865, Burton summarized the intricacies of the Haj ceremonials: the donning of the ihram; the inhibition against cutting the hair and the nails; the visit to Mother Eve; the continuous baring of the head; the exaltation of "Here am I! O Allah! Here am I!"; the stoning of the great devil.

Some names—like those of Burckhardt and Burton—remain for ever. Others, despite achievements, pass quickly into at least semi-oblivion. Heinrich Freiherr von Maltzan, who assumed the name of Sidi Abd-Er Rochman Ben Mohammed Es Skikdi, was attracted by the Orient. In Algiers he obtained a passport by supplying a hashish addict with funds for an orgy, and with the victim's passport he went to Alexandria, bought a Negro slave, and crossed without much difficulty from Jeddah to Mecca, in 1860. The Englishman Herman Bicknell, Haj Abd-El-Wahid, is remembered mostly in connection with the Burton controversies. In 1862 he entered Mecca and wrote an account of his pilgrimage, whose dangers he minimized, in the form of a letter to the London *Times*.

A more romantic figure, another Joseph Pitts, was John Fryer Keane, an Englishman who at the age of thirteen ran away to sea, spent some years among Moslems, and as Mohammed Amin went to Mecca in 1877 as a convert. During his stay in Mecca he found an Englishwoman there, named MacIntosh, who had been taken as a prisoner from India and brought to Arabia.

Comparable with Burton is the learned Christian Snouck Hurgronje, the Dutch scholar who became Abd-El-Gaffar. Hurgronje spent six months in Mecca in 1885, his object being to study the social life of the community. His observations, written in two volumes in German, are a mine of economic and political information about Moslem life.

Photographers are always ready to risk themselves for a good negative. Accompanied by an Arab friend, Haj Akli, the Frenchman Gervais Courtellemont went to Mecca as Abdallah, a convert, and in 1894 managed to take a large number of unusual photographs of the city. He reached Jeddah in safety, with his camera and photographs intact.

Now, within our own days, another Englishman has entered the Holy City. Eldon Rutter had been initiated into Moslem ways and the Arabic tongue in the East Indies. Thus equipped, warily anticipating and rehearsing every attitude and ceremonial that would admit him beyond the hadud, he entered holy ground and mingled with the believers. It took, he says, constant vigilance on his part. But in the faint flush of dawn the invocation

to Allah submerged him. He was admitted to the House of Allah, and daily executed the pilgrimage rites. Nine months he spent in the capital, a longer period than any other European before him had spent.

Some came within sight of the supreme achievement but for one reason or another did not enter Mecca. Such cases in themselves are worthy of remembrance.

Charles Montagu Doughty, who died in 1926, sojourned, in his earlier years, among the desert Bedouin for two years. In November 1876 he left Damascus with pilgrims and went on the Haj with them as far as Medain Salih. Then he broke away and went into the desert. In 1909, the completion of the Hedjaz Railway from Damascus to Medain Salih eliminated the distance by foot, but in Doughty's days the worn paths still echoed to the soft-padded tread of camels, and to the hoofs of mules and donkeys. The Kurdish Pasha of the Haj, Mohammed Said, was not hostile to Doughty's going as far as Medain Salih. Dressed as a Syrian of moderate means, always openly a Nasrany, sleeping in wet fields, sharing the harsh food, Doughty, though native in dress and manner, remained temperamentally an Englishman, a surveyor of the scene, intensely understanding and sympathetic, but not one with them. His primary purpose was archæological research, identification of Nabatean ruins, gathering of inscriptions, potsherds, relics of the past. But his antiquarian interest merged with something greater. It became a romantic attachment, a penetration into Arab life to such a point that in Western Arabia, even now, the name of Doughty has grown legendary.

Travelling unarmed, often without means, administering specifics to sick nomads of the desert, vaccinating them, distributing herbal and other remedies, he was virtually a peripatetic thaumaturgist, sowing in his path, as his payment, the Arabs' ejaculatory "Wallah!" that testified to his virtues.

During a halt, it was suggested to Doughty that he go all the way to Mecca, "and we will show you the holy places, and this were better for thee than to leave the caravan at Medain Salih, where by God the Beduwin will cut thy throat." Doughty wandered among the Arabs and finally set out for El-Kasim with a caravan of butter for Jeddah; actually the caravan was destined for Mecca. He went with the camels as far as Ayn, the holy well of Zem Zem.

It was no easy march. The simoom took toll of him, the brackish water, the long camel stages. Doughty was threatened with death as a Nasrany. Just escaping several such attempts on his life, he reached Jeddah.

Lawrence's leadership of the Bedouin also deserves mention here. King Hussein and Feisal of Iraq decorated him—a rare honour—with the title of Sheriff of Mecca. He stirred his followers, "drinkers of

the milk of war," by recounting Arabia's past glories. Wearing the kaffieh, the agal and the aba, sometimes praying with the Bedouin, Lawrence never concealed his religious identity. He was accepted despite his kafir status. These two men alone—Doughty and Lawrence—made no covert secret of their religion; all others disguised themselves and acted as Moslems.

In *The Desert and the Sown* Gertrude Bell speaks of a certain Mahmud in Syria.

> By the Face of God! they suffer....Nor are the marches like the marches of gentlefolk when they travel, for sometimes there are fifteen hours between water and water and sometimes twenty, and the last march into Mecca is thirty hours.

Some have drawn back in terror at these hardships; others, in fear of the Bedouin; others have given their life in the Haj. One traveller was crucified.

Rosita Forbes, in the latter days of the first World War, assumed the name of Sitt Khadija, obtained an Egyptian passport, and became nominally one of a group of Meccan pilgrims. She assumed, with her name, the habbara, the burwa, kohled eyes, and devoutness. But at Jeddah her passport was returned to her, unendorsed. British officialdom promised help, but to no avail. Khadija's way to Mecca, chiefly through the suspicion of a certain Abdul Melk, was blocked. Among her Moslem friends she became somewhat of a martyr, a victim of government red tape.

HARRY E. WEDECK

GRAVES OF KEATS AND SHELLEY

The information that the graves at Rome of Shelley and of Keats are in need of attention and that the unique Keats-Shelley Memorial in that city, which houses also manuscripts and books of Byron and Leigh Hunt, may have to close for lack of funds, will come to many as a painful shock.

In Shelley, as in Keats, the flame of genius burned, bearing clear witness to the divinity that is in all men but shines so brightly forth but in the few. It is not the human tabernacle that we honour when we pay tribute to the truly great, but the immortal soul, that, against odds that most find overwhelming, has succeeded in manifesting himself through his prison walls. The radiance lingers in their poetry, and it may not be mere fancy that the room where, in 1821, Keats breathed his last is felt by many visitors to the Memorial to be a place of peace.

They do not need our gratitude, but we need to express it. The appeal of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association should meet with wide and generous response. Contributions may be sent its Honorary Treasurer, the Manager, Barclays Bank (West End Foreign Branch), 1, Pall Mall East, London, S. W. 1.

H. G. WELLS

[We bring together here two articles, one by a European sociologist, **Dr. E. K. Bramstedt,** the other by an Indian scholar, **Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao** of the Benares Hindu University. The one evaluates the sociological contribution of the late Mr. H. G. Wells in his many novels ; the other brings out the inadequacy, as a philosophy of life, of the Scientific Humanism of which Mr. Wells was one of the most brilliant exponents. From the two emerges a fairly balanced picture of a strong and vigorous mind handicapped by its own intellectuality and by a philosophy wider than it was deep.—ED.]

I.—THE SOCIOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF HIS NOVELS

Few writers in our time have radiated such immense stimuli and been such continuous awakeners as H. G. Wells. The work of this giant—scientist and journalist, pamphleteer and sociologist, popular historian and contemporary social critic—has proved a landmark in the evolution of the modern mind. The extinction of so great a volcano, the passing away of this ferociously independent John Bull of English literature faces us, who are consciously or unconsciously in his debt, with the question : What will remain of his rich legacy ? Which of the many products of this fertile, incessantly advancing mind will pass the test of time, will impress future generations as they have impressed us ?

An awkward question. The attitude of posterity depends on so many unpredictable factors—the trend and quality of its own writers, changes in the social structure as well as in fashions and tastes, even the political prestige of the country to which the author of bygone days belonged. Let me quote two forecasts. One comes from an erudite literary historian who, whilst admitting that H. G. W. is " a man with a style " and also " entitled to a modest niche in history as a humourist, " sees in him, above all, a social commentator, " a thinker of other people's thoughts. " Dr. H. V. Routh in *English Literature and Ideas in the Twentieth Century* (1946), says :—

> Unfortunately for his reputation, knowledge moves so rapidly and forgetfully that his influence may well be effaced, and others will revive his principles believing them to be their own. If so, he will barely survive as an entertainer, intermittently in demand in lending libraries.

At least one critic is even more sceptic—H. G. W. himself. In his penetrating, frank *Experiment in Autobiography* (1934), he writes :—

> I have to admit that the larger part of my fiction was written lightly and with a certain haste. Only one or two of my novels deal primarily with personal-

ity, and then rather in the spirit of what David Low calls the caricature-portrait than for the purpose of such exhaustive rendering as Henry James had in mind.

Wells doubts if these caricature-portraits of his "have that sort of vitality which endures into new social phases. In the course of a few decades they may become incomprehensible. The snobbery of Kipps, for example, or the bookish illiteracy of Mr. Polly may be altogether inexplicable."

It seems to me that Wells here took too pessimistic a view, even if ample allowances are made for the probable fading out of many of his novels and stories. Of the three periods in Wells's development, the works of the last, mainly concerned with social criticism and political comment, are least likely to survive. *The New Machiavelli* or *The World of William Clissold* may provide valuable material for the cultural and social historian two hundred years hence, but they will hardly excite the public. Some of his earlier fantastic tales might last longer, so long as scientific utopia does not become scientific fact. *The Time Machine* (1895) will probably retain its dramatic tension and strange grip on the reader's imagination, just as today Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* for us still throws light on ordinary human existence by confronting it with the extraordinary and in some cases far more reasonable beings whom Gulliver chances to meet. But *The First Men in the Moon* (1901) is likely to become obsolete, should the now planned expedition to that planet in a specially constructed rocket succeed. Just as today nobody cares for Jules Verne's thrilling technical adventure stories of eighty years ago, in which the invention of the U-boat was boldly anticipated.

But, despite the doubts of their creator, some of the non-scientific and non-political novels of Wells's second period (1900-1910) should maintain their charm, their vigour and their unaffected humour for a long time, even after their social setting has ceased to exist. For are we not still able to appreciate the significance of Voltaire's *Candide* or the specific humour of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, although much in them can be fully understood only against their contemporary background? Amongst these works from the second period are two different types: (*a*) *Tono Bungay*, in which the social structure of contemporary England is sketched on a large canvas; and (*b*) books like *Kipps* and *The History of Mr. Polly*, containing caricature-portraits done with a deft touch and a closeness to life which never succumbs to mere prosaic description. It is true, H.G.W. did not possess that extreme detachment and self-effacement necessary for the creation of a social panorama or for the development of a family symbolising at the same time a class, to be found behind Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* or young Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*.

"Emotion recollected in tranquillity" could hardly be the motto of a man who lived more in the present than in the past, and often more in the future than in the present. Unlike these two sons of patricians, H. G. Wells was the offspring of a small man, a suburban *petit-bourgeois*, successful in cricket and a failure as a shopkeeper. He inherited a strong vitality, a robust vigour which loves a fight, overcomes heavy obstacles and does not mind lifting the lid of an unknown tomorrow.

Tono Bungay (1909), which Wells later dubbed "perhaps my most ambitious novel" contains remarkable flashes of insight into the transition from a decaying feudal society to a modern vulgar commercialism, enterprising and full of humbug, the super-agile captain of which eventually wrecks his own creation. The two English social systems, the old rural and the new urban, have quite different codes and techniques and Wells has succeeded in making them articulate. Bladesover symbolises the rule of the gentry, a world in which everyone knows his or her station, in which social contacts and social responsibilities are fixed according to the traditional rules of the game. During the 'eighties Wells's mother had been a housekeeper to two aristocratic ladies in the country, a fact which allowed the boy more than a glimpse into the social fabric of this now bygone world, in which the servants displayed as much, if not more, snobbery and regard for social etiquette than the Olympians they watched so closely. There is justice in Wells's attitude towards the gradual changes in the distribution of power which marked the Edwardian period, but this justice is somewhat negative. Consider his comment on the new financiers who took over many large estates from the old aristocrats.

There was no effect of a beneficial replacement of passive unintelligent people by active intelligent ones. One felt that a smaller but more enterprising and intensely undignified variety of stupidity had replaced the large dullness of the old gentry, and that was all.

Indeed the newly ennobled financiers were only a by-product of that urban commercialism so superbly caricatured in this novel. Wells's later confession, that the book is rather extensive than intensive, hits the mark, yet in no other novel are the pushing, swindling practices of a certain type of advertising so devastatingly exposed. "Tono Bungay," a worthless patent medicine, becomes the elixir of success, the key to Society for Edward Ponderevo and his nephew. The technique of its propaganda is to suggest ills in order to sell cheap cures. This chemical commercialism secures control of printing works and a chain of newspapers and magazines. The economic rise of Mr. Ponderevo, that lively, sly, unrefined cockney, is accompanied by the social rise of his wife. In a study of various London *milieus* we accompany them from the shabby impecuniosity of the

Camden Town lodging via the suburban middle-class refinement of Beckenham and Chislehurst to the lavish magnificence of Crest Hill with its marble staircase and its golden bed for Mrs. Ponderevo, facsimile of the Fontainebleau of Louis XIV.

Whereas later, in *The World of William Clissold* (1926), the earnest ideas of the world-reformer and social critic are unfortunately developed at the expense of concrete descriptions of social reality, the caricature-portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ponderevo, drawn over-life-size, touch the core of an unbalanced society. The subjects appear grotesque, but thoroughly human. In *Tono Bungay* the "little man" becomes a "big man" before he ends a failure, whilst in the other novels of the period the little man remains little, inarticulate, tragi-comic. *The Wheels of Chance* (1896), *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900), *Kipps* (1905) and *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910) put the little man, his fancies, his oddities and his struggles on the map of English literature. At the same time Wells has avoided depicting him with that desperate bleakness which overwhelms us in the earlier novels of Zola, or in the later ones of the German Hans Fallada. *Little Man —What Now?*—the title of one of Fallada's books—could be written also over those refreshing stories of Wells, but with him the question has a less tragic meaning, for he delights in existence. He regards life as a tremendous adventure, which again and again fascinates his modest heroes, muddle-headed and bewildered as they often are.

Apart from the sombre note of his final books, proclaiming "mind at the end of its tether," H. G. W. was, fundamentally, anything but a pessimist like Schopenhauer or Thomas Hardy. It was not man's moribund position in the Universe that worried him at the height of his creative powers, but the ills of the social system and their impact on the individual. "If the world does not please you, *you can change it*," he insisted.

> You may change it to something sinister and angry, to something appalling, but it may be you will change it to something brighter, something more agreeable, and at the worst, something more interesting. There is only one sort of man who is absolutely to blame for his own misery. and that is the man who finds life dull and dreary.

Now the life-stations of Messrs. Hoopdriver, Lewisham, Kipps and Polly contained indeed a perturbing amount of dullness and dreariness: some were badly paid shop-assistants at the mercy of mean, uneducated, bullying employers; others lived in the stifling atmosphere of badly managed schools—Lewisham as a young schoolmaster, Kipps as a pupil at a snobbish little place of misinformation. And in the end none of them went very far. Social reality proved stronger than their hopes and wishful dreams of love and success. Though Art Kipps, odd and befogged, leaves the drudgery of the draper's shop by com-

ing into a fortune, and mixes with finer circles, he is in the end swindled out of his money and leaves his socially superior bride to settle down with a book-shop and a girl of his own class. Mr. Lewisham too gives up his ambitious schemes, his championship of socialism, his friendship with an understanding woman student, and accepts a shallow but loyal wife and the status of a father. And, last but not least, Mr. Polly—whom H.G.W. regarded as the happiest child of his creation—lovable, erratic Mr. Polly, "one of the greatest clowns in English letters," ends up as helper to a fat woman who keeps an inn. But all these figures at least try to escape from the stifling dullness of humdrum routine, all have fits of adventure and a zest for the delights of life. All of them experiment and sometimes allow themselves to be carried away by a strong urge to escape the pressure of a social mechanism they do not understand. All want lives of their own choosing. Mr. Polly, having accidentally set on fire his outfitter's shop in a provincial town in South England, does not commit the intended suicide but instead gives free vent to a *Wanderlust* which is his guide to the beauties of nature. He is grotesque and yet so concrete, so full of genuine life that one cannot help loving him. Kipps and Polly may be odd and clumsy in expressing their feelings, but they are never hysterical, always in control of their instincts and are capable of rising to an occasion in the same unostentatious manner that thousands of Englishmen did during the dark days of the last war.

These caricature-portraits are the felicitous outcome of a freshness and an intimate penetration which is compassionate without being sentimental, clear-sighted without being coldly dissecting, realistic without losing a poetical touch. As Wells says himself, these figures are all "thwarted and crippled by the defects of our contemporary civilisation." The frustration and waste caused by this civilisation occupied Wells's mind and pen again and again and it marks the artistic superiority of these novels, that in them this frustration is shown in the lives of ordinary people and not, as in later more generalised case-studies, in those of political intellectuals or industrial *entrepreneurs*. Wells clearly recognised that with simple as well as with complicated characters, frustration is to a large extent caused by the conflict between rational aims and intentions and irrational impulses, a conflict tearing modern man to pieces.

There is much more maladjustment than harmony in the erotic relations between his leading figures; incompatibility of character, accentuated by unfavourable social conditions, as with Polly and Miriam; lack of understanding and deeper attraction owing to different social origin, separating Art Kipps and his refined bride Helen. Trafford, in *The Research Magnificent*, devoted to the arduous complexities of research,

finds the worries of home life too much for him. Mr. Lewisham, once so proud of his scheme for regulating life, eventually "knew love for what it was, knew it for something more ancient and more imperative than reason...." Love and a successful career prove incompatible and their mixture leads to a crisis which only a catastrophe or resignation can end.

Wells never sided with the Philistines; one of his last novels, *You Can't Be Too Careful* (1941) is indeed a spirited indictment of the stuffy mentality. Yet he early recognised the necessity of a balance between the red blaze of passion and rational planning, indispensable for our chaotic society. In *The New Machiavelli* (1911)—in which the temperate atmosphere of English political club life before the first world war is by far better reproduced than individuals are portrayed—Remington climbs from rather small beginnings high on the political ladder, but falls from it, like a second Parnell, through his passionate love for a woman. Others have drawn the psychological conflict between reason and lust with more subtlety; Wells clearly realises the sociological structure of a society in which a rational career and irrational love are bound to clash.

Whilst an artist might experiment in love,—and H.G.W. himself lacked the experimental spirit as little in this field as in many others—a politician or a statesman in Anglo-Saxon countries heads for disaster if he does not conform to the unwritten moral code based on the needs and prejudices of society. Remington explains:—

"We are *forced* to be laws unto ourselves and to live experimentally. It is inevitable that a considerable fraction of just that bolder, more initiatory section of the intellectual community, the section that can least be spared from the collective life in a period of trial and change demanding the utmost versatility, will drift into such emotional crises and such disaster as overtook us. Most perhaps will escape, but many will go down, many more than the world can spare."

The sociological significance of Wells's novels seems to me to lie in the experimental attitude behind them. It is true, Wells made no experiment as regards the artistic structure of the novel; he did not attempt to change its essence, as James Joyce did. In his novels, however, he experimented incessantly as an original social observer and an impatient social reformer. Whatever the verdict of posterity on his works, for us it is this experimental attitude above all that counts for so much. To us he was, if not one of the profoundest, certainly one of the boldest and most fertile brains, a Daniel Defoe and a Jonathan Swift rolled into one. He was, as often as not, a *raconteur* with a purpose, and yet was an artist in closer touch with reality than most of his contemporary novelists. His description of the hero in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916) holds good of himself:—

His was a naturally irritable mind, which gave him point and passion, and moreover, he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition. So that he was always lively, sometimes spacious and never vile. He loved to write and talk. He talked about everything, he had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of social reality.

E. K. BRAMSTEDT

II.—HIS SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM

The late H. G. Wells was one of the foremost educative forces in England. In his lifetime his popularity was ever on the increase and he took rank with the great secular savants of the age, second to none—except perhaps Bernard Shaw. He was cast for a number of rôles and he had talent enough for them all. He was the writer of large-scale expositions of history (*The Outline of History*), of science (*The Science of Life*), of socio-politico-economics (*The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*) and of politics (*The Shape of Things to Come*). These volumes he described as "The Bible of the Modern Man." He worshipped at the altar of science and wanted to bring the entire vast field of modern scientific and technological knowledge to bear upon the thought and conduct of the public and its governors, to inculcate the scientific outlook and, on the basis of it, to build a social order which would give men the maximum benefit and the least drudgery. Towards this goal Wells directed all his talents.

Wells's novels assumed the form of scientific romances, fantasies, utopias. In a famous article on "The Contemporary Novel" (1911) he denied that the novel was a plaything or a means for relaxation, and even that the novel must have a specific form. In all his fiction he tries to drive home the idea that our generation is too slow to perceive the immense possibilities of science, and arraigns its outmoded ways of thought. He sees a race between education and catastrophe. If we as a generation do not adapt ourselves to the scientific view we will go by the board as other species have gone. "Adaptability" is his watchword. He finds a hiatus which spells disaster between modern knowledge and our superstitious practices. He holds that the modern world needs encyclopedic knowledge of the chief sciences and arts. He shines in all his different rôles, which have been described as "prophet, preacher, *entrepreneur* of science, blower of utopia bubbles, fantasist of mechanics, political pamphleteer, iconoclast and wilful interpreter of history."

In his controversy with Hilaire Belloc, Wells observes :—

I see knowledge increasing and human power increasing. I see ever-increasing possibilities before life, and

I see no limits set to it all. Existence impresses me as a perpetual dawn; our lives, as I apprehend them, swim in expectation.

Science as an agency of production gives goods, but Wells perceives another aspect. That aspect which the eighteenth century called "enlightenment," can cure us of our enthusiasms. Wells wants us to plan our civilisation and society on scientific lines. In his politics he urges those magic words of Wendell Willkie's—"One World." He advocates planning on a socialistic basis. He believes that men can be educated into fruitful and beneficent behaviour by science and socialism.

This great prophet has his moods of frustration. He has given the world the thoughts that troubled him in *The Anatomy of Frustration*, in *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, and in his last work *The Mind at the End of Its Tether*. He deplores the failure of the human species to tread the broad highway of sanity, socialism and science. Two global wars within a quarter of a century do not encourage optimism about the future of man. The atom bomb is the greatest and the latest outrage against civilised values. Where Wells finds that men having the power to do so have not ushered in the millennium with the help of a band of prosperous communists and perfectly psycho-analysed men, he is thoroughly disillusioned. For all modern scientific knowledge, technological skill, political organisation and economic policies, men are helpless. He laments their foolishness. Religion does not occur to him as the remedy.

It is at this juncture that the secular humanists fail us; they content themselves with analysis and preach the doctrine of despair. The hypothesis of the scientific materialist and the humanist does not help us to face the challenge before us. We have no way of tiding over the crisis and negotiating with the situation. Men have knowledge and still they act in ignorance. Man knows the good and pursues the evil. To what is this dualism due? How can it be overcome? This cannot be accomplished by a socialist revolution and a democratic fellowship of men.

The spiritual humanist points out that scientific humanists make their calculations without the spiritual element in life. A deeper reflective analysis lays bare the insufficiency of the intellect and the need for the spiritual in building up civilisation.

No civilisation is sound without science; no society is cohesive without technology; no organisation is stable without adequate and equitable political and social institutions. All this is obvious; but what is not so obvious, what is, on the contrary, enormously difficult to believe, is that these alone will make a good civilisation.

In the words of the *Gita*, we need to rise from *jñāna* to *vijñāna*, from knowledge to spiritual discernment, or, to use the words of Pascal, from the order of thought to the order of charity. The *Kathopanishad* (II. 2)

asks us to choose not the pleasant but the good. The insufficiency of the intellectual is not a doctrine peculiar to the East. Plato in *Charmides* (174) observes:—

It is not the life of knowledge, not even if it included all the sciences, that creates happiness and well-being, but a single branch of knowledge—the science of good and evil. If you exclude this from other branches, medicine will equally be able to give us health, and shoemaking shoes and weaving clothes. Seamanship will still save life at sea and strategy win battles. But without the knowledge of good and evil the use and excellence of these sciences will be found to have failed us.

We have the classical illustration in the *Chandogya* (VI. 1) of that encyclopedic saint Narada (an ancient H. G. Wells) telling his guru Sanatkumara that his learning in all the arts (the *Rig Veda*, the *Yajur Veda*, the *Sama Veda* and the *Atharva Veda*, the *Itihasas*, the *Puranas*, etc.) has not put an end to his sorrow. He confesses that his knowledge of all the arts and sciences has made him learned but not wise, a professor but not a man of peace. Sanatkumara then instructs him in the art of self-realisation.

Plato talked of shoemaking, weaving etc., but today we would say that science, economics, sociology, politics, industry and commerce will provide us a frame of society. But no new and lasting social order will ever come into being, if it does not include the spiritual element. It is its absence that is responsible for our failure in individual as well as in political life. Science and intellect by themselves are not autonomous. In the words of Radhakrishnan, "What we suffer from is not intellectual error nor even moral ignorance but spiritual blindness."

We need, no doubt, education, but not mere information; we need to form our mind. Ruskin observes that "education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." The *Sundara Kanda* of the *Ramayana* relates how when Sita had with her purity repulsed the evil-intentioned Ravana the *Raksas* came to her and said "You do not know the world or else you would not refuse what is being offered to you." The divine lady's reply was "Your city is beautiful, the buildings are grand and there is every mark of civilisation, but are there not two or three people who feel the wrong and can speak the truth to Ravana?" This feeling has a terrific topicality today.

The humanist fails to see that it is religious experience and contact with the Divine that endows men with angelic power and god-like apprehensions. Unvivified by religious experience man cannot be endowed with power by any amount of secular strength. To the spiritual humanists the present crisis is a challenge as well as an opportunity for affirming faith in the great values of the spirit and for translating them into life.

They do not despair. They could say as St. Paul does in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (iv. 7-11) "We are troubled...yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed.." It is these men that build society. They effect a revolution by moral training and spiritual discernment. They are the salt of the earth. "It is these people that keep the earth disinfected."

It is religion and spiritual experience that integrate man and society. Mere scientific humanism is not enough. This feeling is growing in the minds of Western intellectuals. Aldous Huxley is a typical illustration. The "neo-Brahmins" of Hollywood bear witness to the fact that we must first seek the kingdom of Heaven and all other things will be added unto us, and not reverse the process as our current civilisation tries to do, seeking science, gadgets, political institutions, etc., first and expecting only afterward, if at all, that the kingdom of Heaven will be added unto these.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Wells with all his self-imposed limitations yet looked to India. In *Phœnix* (1942) he writes:—

In spite of the fact that India is ill-educated, under-nourished and over-strained, and only a section of the population has had the benefit of the good life, the great synthesis of human thought will come from persons inhabiting India more than from any other part of the world.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

WORLD CULTURES

Ralph Tyler Flewelling writes editorially in the Winter 1947 *Personalist* on "Mediating Concepts in Contrasting World Cultures." He finds one concept on which all can come together in mutual understanding, in that of the sanctity of the person. Every man but the utterly depraved, if such there be, is, he declares, conscious of "that inner citadel of selfhood...which an earlier generation called the soul." On that and its complements, that "the person is nothing standing alone" and that "only that unity is progressive that accords with the freest expression of diversity," society can build. On a new faith in man, science, philosophy and religion must unite, "for the crisis of the hour is moral and spiritual, as well as social and physical."

Contrasting world cultural concepts, Mr. Flewelling uses the symbol of the wheel, its axis movable for the early Western nomads' carts and static for the Eastern peoples, whose pottery and spinning-wheel civilisation became "a culture of meditation and refinement, arts and letters."

> The East, and particularly India, became the fountain from which the nomadic West, as soon as it began to achieve a settled life, drew its early intellectual and spiritual inspiration....The eastern ascendance is discernible in the spiritual monism of religion, and the physical monism of science.

These monisms cannot be contradictory, as Mr. Flewelling suggests they are, if spirit and matter are seen as aspects of the One Reality. Similarly, the reconciliation of the West's "linear concept of history" with the Eastern cyclic theory would have offered no difficulty if he had symbolised the latter, more correctly, not as a closed circle but as a spiral.

WHAT LIES BEHIND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION?

[**Elizabeth Cross** is an experienced educationist who continues her reflections and research in fields where healthful ideas for reforming education can be obtained. This becomes evident in the following short article in which she examines the root of religious intolerance and fanaticism. Very correctly she recognises such systems of thought and life as Socialism and Communism as religions. To eradicate the irreligious vices in creeds, old or modern, she points out how the roots of evil can be handled through the education of the young. But, unless we add to the long-drawn-out influence of heredity and atavism the more fundamental and important influence of the Human Soul, the Thinker, beyond the brain-mind, who is evolving through the process of re-embodiment or reincarnation, no attempts at purification and purgation of the individual for and by himself or of the collective groups called nations can wholly succeed.—Ed.]

At College we studied "The Growth of Religious Toleration" and rejoiced to think that the days of persecution were over. Strange how innocent our teachers must have been, for even before Hitler introduced his particular brand of persecution there was plenty of every other kind, violent and not so violent, if only one had troubled to look round!

Edmund Burke said that "Man is by his constitution a religious animal" and, although we may all disagree in our definitions of religion, we must admit that the majority of the peoples of the world are, by nature, easily lured into some sort of worship. Their God or Gods may vary from the spiritual to the material but it does seem that they feel safer if they can be persuaded that here is the way of salvation. What is so painful to the idealist is that almost every religion has been marked by outbursts of persecution, but what is perhaps of real significance is that persecution is not confined to any particular type of religion. We are bound to classify the various ideologies (such as Fascism, Marxism etc.) under the heading of "religion" because their adherents, although discarding, usually, any supernatural element, do claim the same kind of authority, ask for loyalty from their followers and make very much the same sort of promises as the different forms of religion of the past have done. Christianity promises inner peace and future happiness; Marxism goes Christianity one better by promising present happiness too, even if only in the material sense.

Nearly all sincere and earnest religious thinkers have deplored persecution. Sir Thomas Browne in the seventeenth century declared: "Persecution is a bad way to plant religion" and also: "Men have lost

their reason in nothing so much as their religion wherein stones and clouts make martyrs." Later, Burke said: "Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety." A present-day philosopher has remarked, truthfully enough, that persecution only ceased during wars, when the persecutors had enough violence to satisfy them in other legitimate ways. It has also been said that the growth of tolerance marks merely a lack of interest, or rather the switching of feeling to some other department of life. This certainly seems to be the case in England today where, although a certain number of people are still interested in what they term religion and spend a good deal of energy disturbing the services of clergy with whom they disagree and insisting on the observance of Sunday, others throw their feelings into politics or trade unionism and we find a type of persecution there (such as the "closed shop" movement).

Considered psychologically there may be two main types of personalities that tend to become persecutors. The first, who are perhaps the most genuine in their self-deception, have an acute sense of sin, usually caused by wrong handling in childhood. They genuinely hate themselves and work hard at their religious duties in order to become "saved." They are not truly convinced of the truth or the efficacy of their religion, but they cling to it all the more desperately for that, keep all the festivals and all the fasts and truly mortify the flesh. Naturally this tends to make them feel unhappy. In fact, all they do get out of it is a self-righteous glow, and even that is weakened by the spark of commonsense which lurks in all of us, and which is bound to whisper that it's all rather a waste of time. This mortifying of the flesh is bad for the temper, and it is still worse when they view other folk enjoying themselves. They can see the sinners doing all the things they'd like to do if only they hadn't such strong consciences, and, what is more, they see the other people who have a different kind of religion (which may happen to suit them and help them to be happy) also behaving in a different way.

There is nothing more maddening than to see other people happy when you are miserable, and the only reasonable thing to do about it is to stop them immediately. But as all, including the philosophers and psychologists, must have a "face-saving" reason for all activities, they have to find the highest motives for their actions. It would never do to say "You shan't open the cinemas on Sundays because I can't go since I should feel wicked doing so." No, it is necessary to believe that Sunday cinemas are part of the devil's wiles to lure poor foolish folk into sin. We must save the people, even against their will. What does it matter if they are miserable or inconvenienced temporarily when, in the end, they will be so much better; will, in fact,

achieve eternal salvation? After all, it is reasonable enough to do anything to your neighbour, from putting him in prison to cutting off his head, if, by so doing, you help him to heaven. He should be very much obliged to you, really, instead of making a fuss. Thus the self-haters who are bound to hate their fellow-creatures are born natural persecutors. They are able to punish themselves also, in punishing others (another example of the making of scapegoats).

The second type, possibly less common today in the more formal types of religion, but appallingly numerous in the new ideologies, is the naturally materialistic and brutal man and woman. Here again we may look back to wrong handling in childhood when the little child, who is naturally self-centred and violent, may have been checked too soon and not allowed to learn by experience. We can see small children and young animals learning by violent play (often momentarily angry play, in fact) and growing out of this natural violence towards an equally natural kindliness and self-control. Children who are prevented from going through this violent stage often have hidden feelings of cruelty that may appear in disguised forms in later life. This type of person will also disguise his leanings, as does the self-hater, but will be only too ready to take part in any cruelty that may be permitted by the social group. Thus we get the "witch-finders," the whippers and the gaolers, and, today, the willing supervisors of the concentration camps.

There is not space, in these days of paper restrictions, to amplify the theme. But perhaps enough has been said to indicate that religious persecution has little to do with religion, but everything to do with the hidden springs of the personality. We can only be rid of this type of cruelty when we can bring up our children to be happy and kind, and this is a task to which more and more attention is being paid the world over, but in spite of our efforts, we must admit, with very little success as yet, owing to the strange and mysterious failure in so many, of what might be termed natural parental feelings. This, in its turn, is being investigated, and one of the most interesting suggestions for the cause is the adulteration of modern diet and also the effect of modern artificial fertilisers on the produce of our fields, which in its turn affects all who eat such food. But this, obviously, must be treated in a separate article.

ELIZABETH CROSS

THE HUMAN RIGHT TO BE DIFFERENT

[**Rabbi Morris A. Skop,** Secretary-Treasurer of the Association of Florida Rabbis, makes here an earnest plea for humanity to learn brotherhood in spite of the differences which will always exist because they are of the essence of our very human-ness. To be like every other of the species is no ambition for a man; conversely, to have all other human beings like ourselves can seem desirable but to the hopeless egoist and the fanatic.—ED.]

July 1946 marked the 170th Commemoration of the signing of the American Declaration of Independence. In July 1776, the representatives of the thirteen Colonies brought to fruition a great dream for humane living, which became the United States of America. In that notable document we read:

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it. ...

Without doubt, one of the implications is *the human right to be different.* America had its origin in differences. Different peoples came to these shores from different countries for different reasons, bringing their different habits and beliefs. Some came for adventure, some for the right to worship in their own way; some came for economic reasons. They wanted a fuller, a more abundant life. The dream of America was of a United Country of many differing peoples willing to allow their fellow-men the rights of "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." There was always trouble when any group of American citizens tried to deny even economic rights or to enslave others. Despite spasmodic racial animosities or religious discrimination, there has been a constant effort to eradicate bigotry and hatred from heart and mind. The human "right to be different" was written also into the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Differences and varieties abound in Nature itself, with its many differing elements. Chemicals differ, trees, grasses, flowers, fruits and animals differ. Differences in Man cut across the "colour line." Men are not only red-, black-, white- and yellow-skinned, but there are human beings of every shade from deep black through brown, yellow and red. Languages, despite efforts to create a single language for all peoples, are multifarious.

Mankind differs also in faith. The scores of religions differ because men have differing views about God and

the Cosmos; about life's purpose; about modes of worship; about customs and ceremonies. There is Judaism with its worship of One God and its belief in the Hebrew Torah teachings; there is Christianity with its emphasis on the life and work of "that perfect human being Jesus who was the Christ or Messiah"; Mohammedans worship God (Allah) and his Prophet Mohammed; Buddhists believe in Buddha, and Confucianists follow the teachings of that noted ethical teacher, Confucius. The blackest pages of human history are those which record the efforts to force others to change their religion. Men have suffered torture and death to preserve their right to differ in their religious beliefs. Thus, the fathers of the North American Republic made sure to stipulate that in America there should be complete religious freedom. Therein lies the fundamental ideal of American Democracy.

In addition to varieties in colour and religion, there is the great struggle to preserve differences in Government. Men have suffered and died to preserve their right to govern themselves. Some are happiest under a Monarchy; others, under Socialism; America has become a world-renowned Democracy; the Russian people love their Communism. We have just witnessed the tragic conflict forced upon the world because one nation, the Nazis, sought to deny to human beings the "right to be different." They almost succeeded in exterminating an entire people for the crime of having been born in a different faith. They insisted that all other races were inferior to the so-called "Aryan Race," producing pseudo-scientists who denied the teaching of every recognized anthropologist that there is no "superior" race, no "pure" race and that all human blood is the same. Scientists have shown that there are many peoples, having many racial characteristics, but that the only genuine race is "the human race of many peoples."

The basic ideal of all great religions and the fundamental concept of Democracy has ever been "the Brotherhood of Man," implying recognition of the sacredness of the individual and respect for human life, no matter what a man's birth, colour or creed. In this very idea of "brotherhood" we have the principle of the "human right to be different." The Psalmist observed, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity." The Psalmist realized that brothers of the same heredity and environment differ radically in looks, interests, tastes and world outlook and can yet love one another. All peoples differ, just as brothers do. And many of these human differences are no fault of individuals. People are born different and these differences affect their entire lives. Why do peoples differ?

Geography and heredity make people different. The accident of

place of birth. People born in hot countries, for example, are usually dark-skinned. This pigmentation is hereditary, like many other characteristics. Children born of Catholic parents tend to remain Catholics, as Jewish children tend to remain loyal to their Jewish heritage. Children born of certain parents who differ from the rest carry these differences through heredity down the ages. Is a Chinese child to go through life cursing his parents because he was born with almond eyes? Is a Negro child to go through life suffering hatred and discrimination just because his skin is black? No! People are born with "the human right to be different." These differences are fascinating in their infinite variety. We must destroy "dislike of the unlike" and the notion of some people that all human beings must be of one type. We must make America, and the new One World being ushered in by the Atomic Age, safe for differences, which are a fact of human life.

People differ also in their philosophy of life. As men and women grow older, read certain books, hear certain teachers, preachers and speakers, have certain experiences, they develop a philosophy of living. Some become pious believers in certain texts in great religious books; some become atheists or agnostics, mystics or hermits. Their philosophy of life influences their lives and actions. They change their ideas; they develop different opinions and resolve to live according to their convictions. Some travel and change their religions and influence the heredity of their offspring by intermarrying with people of another racial stock. These changes produce further differences. Whenever this "human right to be different" has been prevented by force there has been trouble. The Nazis tried to get rid of human differences by racism, teaching "Either you are an Aryan or you will be destroyed." Religious groups have tried to do it by saying "Believe in what we believe in or you are doomed." Governments have tried it by insisting "Have our type of government or you will be ruined."

The most dangerous dictatorship comes from those who insist, "My way is the only correct way." If leaders of government are sincere in their desire to create a peaceful world they must guarantee the right of all peoples to "self-determination" and the perpetuation of their differences and way of life. If church and synagogue believe in "One World" and a Brotherhood of Man on Earth, they must recognize that their way is not the only way for either Life or Salvation. They must recognize "the human right to be different" with its implications of religious freedom and individual rights.

The world we live in is a wonderful orchestra of peoples. Not all are playing or want to play the same instrument. What makes the orchestra great is the harmonious playing by each musician of a different

instrument. The most beautiful Persian tapestries and rugs are not made of thread of a single colour. What makes a Persian tapestry or carpet so valuable and beautiful is the brilliant weave of its varying threads of different colours and lengths. What will make One World interesting and brotherly is the recognition of the "human right to be different."

MORRIS A. SKOP

THE SMITHSONIAN

The November 1946 issue of *The Scientific Monthly*, the organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is a special Smithsonian Centennial Issue. In paying tribute to an institution unique for the breadth of its founder's vision and the faithfulness of its adherence to its trust, Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, himself long a Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, quotes the broad terms of the British scientist James Smithson's bequest to the young American nation: "To found at Washington an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." In spite of the quasi-official direction of the Institute, its first great Secretary, Joseph Henry, had interpreted this wording in its obvious meaning that no local or even national interests were to be served by its funds. "Knowledge was to be promoted by original research, and it was to be diffused as widely as possible to all mankind." Of only less importance was his forward-looking adoption of the policy of letting go any of the Institution's projects which were adopted and adequately continued by others, and taking up instead more needy projects.

In fulfilment of the terms of the bequest, the Smithsonian Institution has made a distinguished record, not only in the fostering of original research but also in the periodical publication of progess reports on different branches of science. It has further promoted the diffusion of knowledge through the extensive system of international exchange of learned publications which it inaugurated and has carried on for many years. The benefits to scientific progress from such international exchange is obvious. It also promotes among the learned of many lands the mutual understanding upon which intelligent mutual sympathy can rest.

The spread, like the discovery, of partial knowledge, may not be free from peril, because of its adaptability to destructive ends. The fuller, however, the knowledge of *all* the laws of nature and the wider the dissemination of that knowledge, the more inescapable, surely, must become the intellectual conviction of the brotherhood of man. And that alone can usher in the reign of lasting peace.

THE MORALITY OF THE ATOM BOMB

[One of our younger scientific workers, **Shri C. R. K. Murti,** a research biochemist working at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, examines here the obligations which the discovery of atomic energy has laid on science and on modern youth.—ED.]

It is over a year since the thinking world was rudely awakened one morning and confronted with the announcement of a new discovery in the field of applied science. This announcement was greeted with mixed feelings and, ever since, confusion of thought has persisted on the fundamental issues involved and the complex problems to which the discovery has given rise.

The announcement of this discovery dealt the moral conscience of the world a stunning blow. Six years of struggle with the dark forces hidden in the depths of man had left the world morally and spiritually crippled. Humanity was breathlessly awaiting peace after all the turmoil and the suffering. Peace did come in the wake of the flare-ups at Nagasaki and at Hiroshima, came in a column of smoke raised by the vaunted skill of science. Armed conflict stopped with that hell-fire and theoretically peace was ushered in.

The spurious enthusiasm which such discoveries are prone to generate in the minds of credulous people was fanned by a frenzied wave of journalistic hysteria. The mystery which had shrouded the entry of this energy into the world augmented the fear that it excited. Some hailed it as the most significant achievement of the creativity of man, others, as the logical culmination of the persistent search for truth and its application in practice. Some went to the extent of suggesting the closing of the present era and the counting of days hereafter in terms of the new Atomic Age.

There were a few, however, who were terribly shocked by the ghastly truth that stared at them from the head-lines. These raised their feeble voice of protest and registered their indignation at this deliberate desecration of the highest ideals of Science. Though their voice was stifled in the clamour that followed, it has not failed to produce, deep in the subconscious mind of even the enthusiasts, anxiety before the threat of possible misapplication of this tremendously potential discovery. It also succeeded in bringing out vividly the insecurity to which mankind had been reduced overnight.

Here was the realisation of a dream that had made restless many an inquiring mind in the last few decades. Unlike past discoveries, this was the result of planning on a colossal scale, a huge financial outlay and world-wide co-operation, with nations vying with each other in contributing to its success. The

translation of this discovery into brutal action needed a much more compelling motive than mere scientific curiosity—a motive noble enough, in so far as it aimed at stopping further carnage.

Without getting enmeshed in the merely political issues involved in the application or misapplication of this discovery, it is better to remember the conditions that gave birth to such an idea, apart from the desire to translate it into concrete action. Even those scientists who took a part, direct or indirect, in the discovery, have not concealed their views regarding the immorality of its application as a mere war weapon. Their imagination has pictured numerous uses for atomic energy in post-war reconstruction. It is, however, doubtful whether the same initiative, organisation and co-operative effort which went into the production of the atom bomb in war time will come forth voluntarily for harnessing the energy for constructive purposes.

The stress of hostilities brought even unfriendly nations together to face a common enemy. That that type of union is unstable is only too evident. The binding force among such nations was fear—a flimsy bond—not the desire to act together to obviate future wars and to ensure conditions for the healthy and happy development of mankind. International politics today, as in the twenties and thirties of this century, is a tale of mutual distrust, suspicion and covetousness. What proof for this is needed beyond the difficulty which the Great Powers found in agreeing on the form of peace that should be given to the war-weary world? The danger of a strong group's imposing its will for self-aggrandisement on a weaker group has become greater in spite of the doling out to smaller nations of the right of representation in world organisations which are supposed to be above narrow national or imperial ambitions. Hence, with the threat of the Atom Bomb hanging like a veritable sword of Damocles over their heads, the smaller or politically weaker nations' apprehension of aggression is amply justified.

The importance of this problem is clear from the attention devoted to devising means and ways for the international control of atomic energy. The Atomic Scientists' Memorandum to the United Nations Organisation, carrying the signatures of over sixty world-famous scientists, makes very strong practical recommendations to effect this international control. This Memorandum, coming as it does from scientists, happily shows that they as a group are not going to evade all responsibility for controlling the application of this energy, which they have done most to release. On the contrary, they demand their legitimate part in shaping the future of the world in which they know atomic energy is going to play an increasingly important rôle. This ensures at least a partial check on aggression, though it does not preclude the

possibility of scientists' themselves falling prey to the militant propaganda of nationalism, imperial lust and Fascism.

Reducing the ethical problem of the application of atomic energy to its fundamentals, the question revolves round the morality of the very basis of scientific research. From the stage of mere curiosity, of thirst for knowledge of the secrets of nature which attracted the devotion of a few leisured and wealthy gentlemen in earlier centuries, science today has developed into an organised activity with financial and political backing of the State. Beyond a doubt, the consequences of this evolution of science from a mere individual pursuit of knowledge into a fully developed institution, with all the implied public activities, have been of great material benefit to mankind. Organised science has increased the means, instruments and opportunities for pleasure; it has led to the discovery of the root causes of many hitherto irremediable diseases and of effective remedies for them, and thus enhanced human welfare.

It might be pertinently asked, however, whether in increasing the means of pleasure science has really advanced human happiness. This question cannot be answered in the affirmative because science can assure only objective conditions conducive to happiness whereas happiness must blossom from within the mind of man. To induce the subjective state of happiness is not within the province of science.

Nor is there any need to subscribe to the view that the wide-spread application of science and the better systematising of knowledge offer a panacea for the ills and maladjustments of humanity.

Abandoning the extravagant claims made on behalf of science does not, however, affect its tremendous possibilities as a tool which can be used for the benefit of humanity. The tragedy lies in man's looking backward instead of marching ahead. Realising that neither physical science nor industry is an end in itself and that material things cannot be allowed to dominate human life, it has sometimes been thought that these possibilities should be ignored. A wider and saner view will dispose of this hasty judgment: that the world would be a better place if it discarded science altogether and went back to the primitive age. On the contrary, while recognising that it should seek no monopoly control of our activities or even a predominant position, science, justified by its social purpose, may rightly ask from society the conditions that will best develop its efficiency and ensure its success in tasks beneficent and indispensable to the growth of man. The period of scientific frustration through which we have passed is evidence of the inability of the old system to avail itself constructively of the new knowledge to usher us onto a new level of social life.

The discovery of a source of power

incalculably greater than man has ever before wielded is indeed a great and significant event, great as the problems are that have cropped up with it. Overwhelmed by a sense of fear and insecurity, some feel confirmed in their conviction that, in the interests of humanity, one should cry halt to the tremendous rate at which science is progressing. This cry of despair need not be heeded by those who set themselves to the task of social reconstruction. Let us remind ourselves that the discovery of the means to tap the energy conserved in the atom is only a symptom of something greater and far more important that is happening to mankind as a whole.

In considering world problems we are apt to lose sight of the fact that man is a product of organic evolution and that he is by no means at its end but still in the throes of it. We have to accept the possibilities of further evolutionary changes in his make-up. Today the problem is that science is marching ahead at a rate with which man is not able to keep pace, thus leaving him inadequately equipped to face ever-changing problems. To explain this a variety of reasons may be advanced, the most significant of them being the immaturity of the human psyche and its helplessness to adapt itself fast enough to the rapidly advancing objective world of which it is a part. Conflict arises out of this instability, involving the criminal misuse of energy which, under a stable system, could be canalised into constructive channels.

There is, however, a glimmer of hope in the grim darkness that surrounds us. That saves us by preventing a cynical attitude towards man's future and by dispelling fears of his irretrievable fall into the depths of degradation. That ray of hope consists in man's becoming, though with painful slowness, aware for the first time of the possibility of, as well as of the dire necessity for, conscious control of his world.

The confessed inability of science as organised today to meet certain fundamental subjective needs should not be misunderstood as an attempt on its part to shirk its social obligations. These obligations are all the more incumbent on science today because it has crystallised into a consciously controlled organisation exposed to the danger, common to all mechanisms, of being used for both good and evil ends.

The social obligations of science in the reconstruction of society rest mainly upon the shoulders of the youth of today. They have inherited a shattered world still unsatiated in its lust for war. They have an utterly ruined economy to rebuild from its foundations, and a morally broken society to redeem from further degeneration. It is their onerous task to see that these noble aims are not frustrated by disillusionment, as was the unfortunate fate of their counterparts after the previous world war. This arduous task on a world-wide scale will demand the closest scientific study of actual

conditions, in which there must be clear perception of the spiritual and emotional factors which have operated and will continue to operate in the social, political and economic spheres.

Whether science shall prove a curse or a blessing depends largely on whether we, the youth of today, are prepared to meet the challenge which it throws down to us in economic and moral affairs. Science and its technical applications have made groups socially and economically interdependent. The issue rests mainly on our bringing to the task of reorganisation of the individual and social basis of conduct and morality, a breadth of vision and an openness of mind, a firmness of purpose, a courage and a comradeship commensurate with those demanded of us in the present hour of trial.

C. R. K. MURTI

THE B. B. C. AND RELIGIONS

For any body of fallible mortals to act as arbiter of what is and what is not good for the people to hear is an anomaly in a democracy. The B. B. C. was handicapped at the outset by a number of taboos. Issues likely to arouse strong feeling or a lively clash of views were not considered suitable for broadcast talks. The feelings of hunters, for example, might not be lacerated by too outspoken criticism of blood sports. Of late a healthier policy has been in evidence and the value of controversial broadcasting in general is recognised. But, with rare exceptions in favour of very distinguished Rationalists, dissent from Christian orthodoxy has never been allowed. It is a wholesome sign that the B.B.C.'s policy of denying freedom of expression to religious views not in harmony with the Christian tradition is under fire. A deputation of Members of both Houses of Parliament waited on the Chairman and the Director-General of the B.B.C. on October 15th to submit a forceful memorandum urging the extension to religion also of full freedom of discussion. The memorandum suggests that the prevalent religious apathy of youth may spring from "lack of knowledge of the religions of other countries and of the vital part which religion has played, and still plays in the history of mankind." Profoundly true. For it is only when the world's great religions and philosophies are compared dispassionately, with unbiassed mind, that they reveal the common truth now covered over by the jungle growth of rites and ceremonies and unique claims.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

ARNOLD'S SPIRITUAL ODYSSEY *

The appearance of a new edition of Matthew Arnold's poetical works is one more indication that the war-engendered winter of sterility and waste is at last yielding place to the long-deferred spring of renewal and bloom. Arnold died April 15th, 1888, and in the intervening nearly sixty years the star of his reputation—never bright even in the clear Victorian sky—has trailed clouds of derogation and now appears to be a rather dim, obscured thing. Matthew Arnold was a poet, but he was also a Government official, an Inspector of Schools, for thirty-five years; he was a professor of poetry, a literary critic, but he was also an observer of contemporary mental attitudes, a castigator of shams; he was possessed of a creative sensibility, but he was also a manufacturer of slogans; he was a serene, meditative man, but he was no less the fearless knight-errant of memorable battle-cries; as a man and as a writer he was truly unique, but he was also Dr. Arnold's son, and a Victorian besides!

These seeming contraries and contradictories have been posed and juxtaposed by the critics and biographers of the past two generations—and the earnest student is now apt to turn away wearily, from Arnold and his partisans and his detractors. And yet Arnold's quintessential life-history has a singular relevance for us. The world has changed but little, after all, and the changes are on the surface. Arnold's problems and perplexities are largely ours as well, and it should therefore be fruitful to inquire how exactly he faced his difficulties and sought to overcome them. The vicissitudes of Arnold's spiritual odyssey have left their mark upon the body of his poetry. The critics,—let them be silent for a little while; his war-cries and his fulminations,—let us leave them alone; let chronology give us a general sense of direction,—not thwart us with its minutiæ: the poetry is the thing,—to "catch the conscience" of the poet!

Matthew Arnold, being Dr. Arnold's son, realized from the beginning the importance of being earnest; but he was also a poet, with eyes that could not choose but see, ears that could not choose but hear, and a heart that could not choose but beat in response to "the still sad music of humanity." He saw in the life around him "the turbid ebb and flow of human misery."—

> But Oh, what labour!
> O Prince, what pain!

And he felt the pain in the limb, the ache in the heart, the agony in the soul. There was no room now for blind unquestioning Faith; "a nameless sadness" usurped its place. As he sketched the situation later,

> The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath

* *The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold.* With an Introduction By Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. New edition (1943), reissued in 1945. (Oxford University Press, London. 6s.)

Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Cheops of Egypt sowed evil and reaped good; but his son, Mycerinus, was to sow good and reap defeat. Justice was a tale "told by an idiot," and not—what he had taken it to be—

A light that from some upper fount did beam,
Some better archetype, whose seat was heaven;
A light that, shining from the blest abodes,
Did shadow somewhat of the life of Gods.

What then? Where the gods themselves "slaves of a tyrannous Necessity?" If the gods were nought, Nature was no better. Nature was cruel, stubborn, fickle, but as a power for good it was a mere cipher. Man was something, of course, but he was subject to the limitations of death, desire and a harrowing incapacity. Human compassion was a beautiful but ineffectual force, as the Sick King of Bokhara realized at last. Man was weighted down by the burden of a misery that he could neither bear nor throw off. Since the day of the "mountain-crushed, tortur'd, intractable Titan king," human history was the story of "plainness oppress'd by cunning." Man hungered for love and happiness—but hate and misery were meted out to him. Nay more :—

...'tis the gradual furnace of the world
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurl'd
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring.

The gods would not, or could not, "deliver the goods"; Nature was peevish, blind, or ruthless; Man was impotent in his isolation and self-division. The dialectic pointed straight at the Nihil of despair. Sorrow is—and Felicity is not; fineness is crucified,—and vulgarity triumphs; good commits hara-kiri,—evil is in the ascendant; and the Everlasting No sits enthroned in the Empyrean—mocking at Faith and turning life's purposes awry!

Here we have Arnold's spiritual predicament in the early dawn of his ripening manhood. In the face of the breaking of the old values and verities, he could not cling to the formulas of his youth. The old moorings had snapped of a sudden under the shocks of actuality, and rudderless the boat was adrift on the uncharted sea of life.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.

Already, however, the worst of disillusion and negation has given place to a less despairing and a less negative feeling—at any rate, another world, the unborn Future, is not ruled out! The whining and the shuddering are transformed and chastened into the stoic's marble calm and marble strength :—

...The Soul
Breasts her own griefs: and, urg'd too fiercely says:
"Why tremble? True, the nobleness of man
May be by man effac'd: man can control
To pain, to death, the bent of his own days.
Know thou the worst. So much, not more, he *can*."

Resignation and sufferance are the clue to the mastery of life; vain are love and power; only they

...who await
No gifts from Chance, have conquer'd Fate.

Perhaps, life is not altogether a sham or a charnel-house :—

...Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not
then despair.

The categorical finalities of mental deductions seem in the end less categorical and final. Mind, the helper, is sometimes the fatal deceiver as well. As Pausanias warns Empedocles :—

Mind is a light which the Gods mock us with,
To lead those false who trust it.

Perched thus precariously on the "Centre of Indifference"—in Herr Teufelsdröckh's language—Arnold is content to affirm with Empedocles :—

> Yea, I take myself to witness,
> That I have loved no darkness,
> Sophisticated no truth,
> Nursed no delusion,
> Allow'd no fear!

If to live in rebellion on a diet of disillusion and despair is but immitigable torture, to inhabit the Trisanku Swarga of the "Centre of Indifference" is ticklish and precarious to a degree. A forward movement—or a relapse—is inevitable. For Arnold, too, the ground of stoicism was but a stage in his spiritual odyssey. His mind, heart and soul, his "genius and mortal instruments," were ready for the light, and were anxious not to deny it when it came. He groped among the shadows at first, and all was hazy, uncertain, confusing :—

> And on the earth we wander, groping, reeling;
> Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
> Ah, and he, who placed our master-feeling,
> Fail'd to place our master-feeling clear.....
> Ah, *some* power exists there, which is ours?
> *Some* end is there, we indeed may gain?

The thinking mind can offer only two explanations of the phenomenal world: either in terms of an involution from "the silent mind of One all-pure" —the Sachchidananda of Indian philosophy—or in terms of an evolution from inanimate matter. In either case, Arnold argues, Man but partly is and wholly is yet to be :—

> O waking on Life's stream!
> By lonely pureness to the all-pure Fount
> (Only by this thou canst) the colour'd dream
> Of Life remount.

The feeling heart, the intuitive mind, also infer in the fulness of time the residue of immaculate essence that defies death, exceeds the human categories of good and evil, and is only transcendently itself :—

> All things the world which fill
> Of but one stuff are spun,
> That we who rail are still,
> With what we rail at, one....
> Harsh Gods and hostile Fates
> Are dreams! this only *is*;
> Is everywhere; sustains the wise, the foolish elf.

It is not easy to reach and possess this height of realization in one swift canter. The journey from the "Centre of Indifference" to the sunlit peaks of the Everlasting Yea is a long and difficult one, and many of us have to be content with the thought that we have taken the right road, even though we have not reached—nor can quite hope to reach—the splendid destination. It would be wide of the mark to say that Arnold's spiritual odyssey was a simple straight-line affair marked by the three clearly indicated points—of despair—stoical sufferance—returning faith. The graphs of disillusion and faith, rebellion and acceptance, zigzagged all through, curling, careering, intersecting,—but the general tendency was towards recovery, rededication, reaffirmation. Increasingly Arnold came to lay stress on the hidden strength *within*—the untapped resources of the Self. In the early poem, *Mycerinus*, the efficacy of looking within is hinted at :

> ...he, within,
> Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,
> And by that silent knowledge, day by day,
> Was calm'd, ennobled, comforted, sustain'd.

But Arnold adds the fatal doubting words: "It may be"! In his second sonnet "To a Republican Friend," Arnold is more sure of his ground :—

> To its own impulse every creature stirs:
> Live by thy light, and Earth will live by hers.

Svabhava and *svadharma* are the coordinates that determine the individual's destiny, and his inner light alone helps to uncover their forms and impulsions. In "Empedocles on Etna," the lesson is reiterated with

still greater urgency :—

> Once read thy own breast right,
> And thou hast done with fears !
> Man has no other light,
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself ! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

In the moving poem, " The Buried Life, " Arnold further emphasizes the need to sink into the depths of our being to seek there the hidden light whose purity and brilliance are alike supreme. The world of everyday sight and sound is generally " too much with us " and we ignore

> The buried stream, and seem to be
> Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
> Though driving on with it eternally.

There are times, however, when the most pachydermatous amongst us experience strange irresistible promptings :—

> There rises an unspeakable desire
> After the knowledge of our buried life,
> A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
> In tracking out our true, original course;
> A longing to inquire
> Into the mystery of this heart that beats
> So wild, so deep in us, to know
> Whence our thoughts come and where they go.

The aids, not only to noble life, but also to unperplexed and purposive life, are indeed " all within. "

The intellectual cognition of the unity of the cosmos is one thing, while a direct experience of the oneness—its glory, its felicity, its transcendence—is quite a different thing. The discipline of the Self is the steep road to the threshold of that glory and that felicity. Arnold himself was too self-conscious —too much a prey to hesitations and doubts, too much wrapped up in a nameless melancholy—to push the discipline to a triumphant conclusion. Affirmation came to him, as in

> Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoyed the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanc'd true friends, and beat down baffling foes ?

Relapses there were but there were also spurts of progress,—and, on the whole, he steadily scaled towards the Light. At any rate, he was able to envisage a Future with a " solemn peace of its own. " He was able, once in a way at least, to let himself go and force this rapture into his song :—

> And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
> The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
> And on the lichen-crusted leads above
> The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

He was able to peer into the workshop of Nature, to mark the " organic filaments " reshaping themselves, and infer the " eternal movement " governing birth, death and birth again : the Phœnix was for ever dying and for ever alive ! And Arnold was able, in the calm lucidity of his soul, to soar above creeds and rites to posit the ideal of " Life in God, and union there. "

And, once at least, Arnold the sceptic, the would-be believer who could not believe, gate-crashed the bars of the prison-house and fronted Felicity in spite of himself—and lo ! he *saw*, if only for a fleeting second :—

> Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain !
> Clearness divine !

But immediately introspection sets in, and the poet rationalizes about his untranslatable experience and underlines its " moral " :—

> Ye Heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
> Of languor, though so calm, and though so great
> Are yet untroubled and unpassionate :
> Who though so noble share in the world's toil,
> And though so task'd keep free from dust and soil :
> ...I will rather say that you remain
> A world above man's head, to let him see
> How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
> How vast, yet of what clear transparency.
> How it were good to sink there, and breathe free.
> How fair a lot to fill
> Is left to each man still.

After such knowledge, there can be no bleakness, no further spasms of despair. Arnold is now in a mood to

act upon his "Obermann's" exhortation :—

"Despair not thou as I despaired,
Nor be cold gloom thy prison!
Forward the gracious hours have fared,
And see! the sun is risen....
What still of strength is left, employ,
That end to help men gain:
One mighty wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind amain."

It would appear from Arnold's later prose works—notably his *Culture and Anarchy*—that he *did* derive strength for action from his new-found faith. This is not the place to estimate his work as a prophet, but the words he wrote about Goethe seem to be applicable to him as well :—

He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear—
And struck his finger on the place
And said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*

Rereading Arnold today—recapitulating the vicissitudes of his spiritual odyssey—our feeling is one of admiration and of gratitude for this sad and serious man, this paragon of sweetness and light, this "Physician of the Iron Age."

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

WISDOM AS OLD AS THINKING MAN*

Everyone who has given serious thought to the subject of man's place in the universe, who has earnestly tried to relate himself to the idea of eternity, must inevitably come to the conclusion that among the multifarious bloomings of sectarian dogmas, each asserting that it constitutes what the Christian Churches call the "only way to salvation," none can be an expression of the great Truth, one and indivisible, to the exclusion of all others. This claim to be the only true creed is supposed to rest on Divine authority. Some such work as the Bible or the Koran is posited as the direct inspiration of God, and in the former case the verbal text, the actual letter as it has come down to us from various doubtful sources, has been worked over, interpreted and reinterpreted, taking on in the process the various opinions and inclinations of the interpreters. The disastrous results of these various interpretations and the dogmas that have been built upon them are a matter of history.

We know how the spirit of Christ's teaching has been denied during the past two thousand years by those who have pretended to teach it. The Gospel of love and mercy, of abstaining from judgment, has produced Ecclesiastical Courts that have condemned men and women to torture and death for some assumed heresy, and the Gospel of peace and good-will has been made a basis for endless factions and brutal wars. The inevitable result of this, in these latter days, has been the increasing abandonment in Europe of any belief in the manifestly unjust God who is, by the Churches' teaching, held responsible for so much human misery. It may appear strange that these illogical and unreasonable creeds should have endured for so many centuries, but their survival is due, in the first place, to man's inertia and automatism, the readiness to accept teaching without enquiry, especially if it offers rewards that can be gained with the minimum of personal effort;

* *The Perennial Philosophy.* By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto and Windus, London. 12s. 6d.)

and, in the second place, to the lack of any honest system of education.

I have diagnosed this chief cause of the prevaling disease of destructive materialism, in order to illuminate more directly the remedy that is to be found in Aldous Huxley's last work, *The Perennial Philosophy*. Rightly read, it discovers for us the basic principles upon which must rest an inclusive world-religion, without dogma or the detailed instruction for conduct founded upon a claim to a special revelation. The work is, in essence, an annotated anthology, drawing upon the writings of the few

> who have left accounts of the Reality they were thus enabled to apprehend and have tried to relate, in one comprehensive system of thought, the given facts of this experience with the given facts of other experiences.

To such first-hand exponents of the Perennial Philosophy those who knew them have generally given the name of "saint" or "prophet," "sage" or "enlightened one." "And it is mainly to these," writes Mr. Huxley, "because there is good reason for supposing that they knew what they were talking about, and not to the professional philosophers or men of letters, that I have gone for my selections."

The authorities he quotes, arranged under twenty-seven heads that deal with all the outstanding aspects of the religious life, are drawn from such various sources as the Upanishads, the Chinese Tao, the Sufi doctrines and the writings of such well-known mystics as, among others, St. Augustine, St. John of the Cross, Meister Eckhardt, and the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, all of which present an effect of consonance with regard to the essential meaning and purpose of the religious life. And, by accepting these congruous pronouncements of the seers, the true "knowers" of the past 6,000 years or so, we may come to some comprehension of the great mysteries. It will not be a sharp-edged understanding of the kind that may be plainly stated in a set of definitive postulates and axioms, for it is by such a road as this that all the restricting, inelastic creeds of the past have led inevitably to a blind end. Nor will it provide a neat table of ordinances, by following the letter of which the plain citizen may hope to insure his acceptance into some imaginary bliss after physical death. But for the few who, having a surer intuition of immortality than the great mass of mankind, still hesitate between two worlds, the study of this teaching may determine the issue of their future development.

In attempting to make any summary of that "essential meaning and purpose," however, I must begin with a warning that mine must necessarily be a personal and hence partially prejudiced exposition. For there are many forms of Yoga, of the search for unity with the all-embracing spirit, and each individual must choose his own path to the single goal. Wherefore, I will confine myself as closely as possible to those essentials that furnish the widest basis for agreement.

The first of these is, that before every man lies the simple choice between living for the body and living for the spirit. If he choose the former alternative he must presently be faced with the failure of that in which he has put his trust, it may be by death or, in old age, by the loss of all the potentialities in which he has found his temporary pleasures. And, whatever the outcome, he must suffer in one way

or another for having neglected his opportunities for development, since on the physical plane no continual development is possible, even in the course of a life-time. If he choose to live for the spirit, to see all physical life as a passing phantasmagoria, the ephemeral presentation of the illusions produced by the senses and interpreted by the mind, he makes his choice for the things that are eternal. In this matter, there can be no dispute; and for the materialist who denies the very existence of the spirit, there can be no message in the perennial philosophy.

The second basis for agreement lies in the deduction that those who choose to live for the spirit have set for themselves the greatest and most difficult task that anyone can undertake, a task that demands unceasing diligence and mental re-education. It was this implication that determined the teaching of the Church creeds. The priests who wished to attract numbers to their own congregation had to offer easier terms than these, for it is but a very small proportion of humanity that is capable of the determination necessary to live exclusively for the spirit,—an almost negligibly small fractional percentage in every generation.

This, in essence, whatever small discrepancies there may be in detail, is the teaching that may be found in Mr. Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*. It derives from the surest sources of age-long wisdom, although many will deny its teaching, either from indolence and the inability to choose an unfamiliar path, or because they have not the strength and courage earnestly to begin that pilgrimage whose goal must be sought in eternity.

J. D. BERESFORD

DEMOCRACY TODAY AND TOMORROW *

Nothing could be more timely than the reissue of this small, vital book first published in 1941, with its dedication to the Youth of India. The three lectures it contains, delivered in 1937 at Bangalore for the Mysore University, might almost, except for a few references, have been delivered yesterday. It is also surprising that they were delivered extempore, for they cover pretty wide ranges of thought and knowledge, continually bringing into comparison Oriental and Occidental philosophy and politics. The method of their delivery, however, results in a simple, almost conversational style that presents no avoidable obstacles to assimilation by the reader. There is much wisdom which Occidental readers should welcome, though the most direct appeal is to Indians. The lecturer's tone becomes warm and moving in her references to the Motherland and the opportunities opening out for a new blossoming of civilisation based on the rich experience of the Past. My one criticism here would be that she over-simplifies the contrast between East and West, and perhaps underestimates the amount of intelligent goodwill and orderly re-creation going on in society, not only in Eastern Europe, in spite of the terrible consequences of war, but also in Britain. Perhaps in

* *Preparation for Citizenship*. By SOPHIA WADIA. (NEW EDITION. International Book House, Bombay. Rs. 2/-.)

1937, it was more tempting to say "There is no doubt that moral and mental chaos prevails in every country of Europe and threatens every country of America—North, Central, South," but we see it today as a period of strenuous readjustment following the break-up of a superficially ordered system of society which under the surface was straining in the throes of rebirth. I doubt very much if there is less "chaos" in India than anywhere else; the time is big with promise but Indians will have to tackle many of the problems that the peoples of the West are either facing or trying vainly to avoid.

As the author tells us, the confusion in the world came from "the failure of the so-called democracies" and not in that of pure democracy, by which she means that based on a spiritual principle. Here references to the ancient wisdom of India will remind the Occidental reader of many parallels in the West and also of the neglect of wisdom, the preference, for a time, of Aristotelian to Platonic philosophy, and the continued rejection of Jesus by the sectarian churchmen. But the basic ideas are in the West as well as in India, and in particular the immense value of the individual soul was an idea expounded by Plato and absorbed and developed by Christianity. It is the recognition of the individual as a spiritual entity which, as the author says, is "the basis of unity and of brotherhood on which the Temple of Democracy should be erected." Her very wise words on education and the mutual obligations of State and citizen hold good for Indians and Westerners alike, and often seem like an enlightening synthesis of the best ideas adumbrated recently in the lectures by British philosophers for the British Institute of Philosophy, lectures devoted to the theme of the Contemporary World Outlook.

The error of the West which has caused most of the confusion and conflict in society has been to proclaim fine-sounding principles like those of political democracy (which of course are "spiritual" without any religious terminology) without a complete application of them in practice. Owing to the enormous scientific and economic progress of the past century, in many of the fundamental requisites of a true democracy society has regressed instead of gone forward, because the real holders of power were privileged groups who exploited the majority of their fellows. The various revolutionary changes that have been going on in our time, some inevitably with violence, have come from deep-seated popular movements led by ideologists, towards a new standard of social justice which shall shift the balance of power (which in our world means economic power) from vested interests to the people as a whole. And this, in practical politics, means, to the Socialist State. It is more and more recognised that also in international affairs the prevention of aggression and armed conflict is unlikely without the progressive spreading of socialist democracy among the nations. For the peoples generally want peace and security: they do not want to dominate other peoples, nor are they interested in making sordid bargains with crooked and tyrannous rulers of other nations, as the Americans are doing in China today and as the British did there yesterday. For "Americans" and "British" one must

read "Governments" dominated by mercantile interests and confused relics of the old power-politics.

In the West resistance to the achievement of a socialist society has always been strengthened by theological superstition. The wicked exploitation of the poor majority has been represented as part of the divine order and evidence of fundamental differences between individuals. Biologists and sociologists have made it difficult any longer to ignore the overwhelming importance of environment in the making of good citizens, and a good environment for all, instead of for a few, is not to be expected where the few can control economic conditions and policies. Sometimes in reading Sophia Wadia's thoughtful exhortations I was uneasy lest in India, too, ancient religious wisdom should be invoked by the wrong people to maintain ancient injustices such as the caste system and the extreme inequalities of riches and poverty which waste so much of the creative potentiality of the people and undermine their unity. Her exegesis of certain discourses in the *Gita* leads her to say that spiritual democracy does not aim at destroying the differences between individuals, and all well-meaning people will agree, when this implies the valuable uniqueness of every person; but when she goes on to say that each human being "is fulfilling his own particular mission and all are of equal value and importance" we know that this is true only in an abstract sense, and that in actual conditions in society most individuals in the world are undernourished, under-educated, oppressed and exploited, and cannot possibly make their potential contribution to human life. Similarly, the author rightly warns us of the prevailing evil of "unintegrated" lives, but says this is the root cause of our social maladjustments, whereas if India is going to learn from our mistakes in the West it will be better to put the horse before the cart, instead of *vice versa*, and realise that many disharmonies in individual lives come from the cultural framework of society which needs readjusting.

I have perhaps devoted too much space to argument (though the ideas seemed urgent), and I will end with an admission of admiration for the quantity of thought-provoking ideas packed into these apparently so simple lectures.

R. L. MEGROZ

The Revolution in Warfare. By CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL HART. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

By his numerous publications on different aspects of war, Capt. Liddell Hart has earned recognition as one of the foremost military thinkers today. In this neat little book, he presents the history of modern warfare with his own reflections on its tendencies. In the wars of the past, the strength of an army consisted in numbers; today mechanical power has displaced man-power. Modern war requires only small forces of expert military technicians. In the past, movement was on foot or by animal power. Today there is mobility through railways, tanks and planes. Since the advent of automatic warfare, war is no longer a matter of fighting and no test of nation's strength. The author deplores the inhumanity practised by bombers with inaccurate aim which has rudely shaken the foundations of civilised life. Incidentally, we may remark, that is why ancient India, with all its knowledge of air-fighting vehicles did not put that knowledge into practice.

War in the past was the King's war. Today it has been transformed into the people's war. Conscription is a short-sighted policy, not followed by the countries of ancient India with their desire for peace and their love of liberty. They set apart a whole caste for conducting war, realising that a people's war would paralyse civil life so that industries and commerce would suffer.

What with submarines, chemical warfare on land and the atomic bomb, there has been a revolution in warfare in the present century, resulting in a decline in civilised behaviour and civilised manners. This era of total war has resulted in irreparable loss of priceless treasures, the destruction of world-famous libraries and historic buildings and a considerable amount of brutality towards the wounded and prisoners. In such a war there is no room for a code of warfare such as that elaborated in our epics, *e.g.*, in the *Mahabharata*, and in law-books like Manu. Add to this the total "starvation blockade," another inhuman method of war.

Today the means is held to justify the end. That is the achievement of modern science. The world is plunged again into primitive barbarism where there is no respect for law and order, no respect for treaties, and where the economic equilibrium is so disturbed that the common life of the people is affected for several years after the war is over.

After reflecting on those hard facts, the author correctly says that the abolition of war is impossible but that we may make it more reasonable and more humane by the re-establishment of a code of conduct which will prove the salvation of civilisation. Will the modern military scientists take a lesson from the history of ancient Indian warfare?

V. R. R. DIKSHITAR

Origen. By the VERY REV. DR. W. R. INGE, K. C. V. O. Annual Lecture on a Master Mind. Henriette Hertz Trust of the British Academy, 1946. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, London. 2*s*.)

This annual lecture, for 1946, given to the British Academy under the Henriette Hertz Trust, provides a succinct, and an extremely interesting, account of the great Christian Platon-

ist of the third century. Out of many points which might be chosen we can select only two, Origen's conception of Immortality, and his view on the Divine Spark in man.

With regard to the former, Dr. Inge interprets Origen in harmony with the teaching that "in heaven there is distinction without separation... Beatified spirits are transparent to each other." Immortality is a communion of spirits knowing and loving each other, in God, perfectly and immediately.

With regard to the Divine Spark in man, Origen believes that all spirits are created for perfection, but have abused their free-will, and become stained and corrupted. Still, at the core of personality there is something which has never consented to sin. Modern Christians would perhaps express it differently, by saying that the Holy Spirit of God is at work in every heart, patiently and tirelessly striving to realize God's values therein; and they would quote in support of this belief the saying of Christ about even the evil man giving good gifts to his children as proof that God gives His Holy Spirit much more generously; or they would instance Christ's taking of certain qualities in commonplace human beings—shepherds, farmers, housewives, merchants—as showing the true nature of God. There is extreme need today for the recovery of belief in the divine value of everyday humanity, in this sense; and the study of Dr. Inge's pamphlet will, it is to be hoped, lead to a renewed determination, both in West and East, to affirm this value.

J. S. HOYLAND

Vedanta: The Basic Culture of India. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (*The Hindustan Times*, New Delhi. Re. 1/-, paper; Rs. 2/- cloth)

If it is true—and we do not doubt it—that "where there is no vision the people perish" it must be equally true that where the leaders of the people do have vision and impart it, there is hope. That reflection is the natural reaction to this small volume, as profound as it is simple, by one of India's best-known statesmen. There is nothing narrowly sectarian here, only insistence on an integrated scheme in which science, religion, statecraft, harmonise.

The urgent need today is for the spiritual basis of right action—not dogmas of this creed or that, but the eternal verities on which alone mankind can build for permanence. Shri C. Rajagopalachari, for example, writes:—

> We want a wise allotment of work to individuals as well as groups in accordance with the demands of the general interest in place of *laissez-faire* and the divine right to make private profit.

This, he is confident, can be achieved by "a generally accepted code of spiritual values which work as a law from within"—such a code as flows naturally from Vedanta and is taught fully in the *Bhagavad-Gita*,—a code based on the oneness of the Universal; on the Law, just and unerring; on evolution: the soul experiencing in body after body, learning gradually to control its instruments and to realise the One.

Would that all nation builders could absorb the wisdom of this priceless little book!

E. M. H.

The Sikhs in Relation to Hindus, Moslems, Christians and Ahmadiyyas: A Study in Comparative Religion. By JOHN CLARK ARCHER. (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. $3.75; and Oxford University Press, London. Rs. 15/-)

This is a truly American book, written in a hurry and got up well. Its author, a Yale University professor, after spending a couple of months at Amritsar, has undertaken to write a study of the Sikhs and their religion in relation to Hindus, Christians and Muslims. In the first two chapters he depicts the present condition of the Sikhs. From the third to the eleventh chapter he traces their history. In the twelfth and last he gives an amalgam of history, theology and his own advice to the present-day Sikhs as to how they should react to their surroundings, if they want to live up to the fundamental principles of their founder. In this there is not much of comparative religion, but only a hotchpotch of everything that a man with a distant mind could observe in a strange land and a strange people. The knowledge he brings to his task is pathetically meagre, although his heart is in the right place.

There is not much space here to point out all the mistakes of fact which are found on almost every page. I shall mention just a few by way of example: The author calls Ahmad Shah Durrani a *Persian* prince. He says that Ranjit Singh welded the Sikhs into a strong confederacy, whereas actually he demolished the federal system of the Misals. According to his information, the Akal Takht was erected by Guru Arjun and was specially dedicated by the Tenth Guru, who in fact never visited it. He says, "Dhir Mal was a name sometimes applied to Prithi Chand." He confuses Gurmukhi, which is an alphabet, with Panjabi, which is a language, and builds his own theories on its origin and development.

If I were Macaulay-minded, I would suggest how the author should have analysed the background—geographical, ethnic and historical—to show what contribution was made by different elements to the making of the Sikh nation, its character, its beliefs and its political institutions. In fact, the Sikhs are the only people of the Panjab whose make-up is rooted in the soil. Others, Hindus, Muslims and Christians, have their roots and their allegiance elsewhere. It should be pertinent, therefore, to ask why the Sikh belief was not exclusive. Why did the Holy Granth contain Hindu and Muslim compositions? Why did the Misal system have something of the Greek city-state in it?

The author misjudges the aim of the founder of Sikhism, which was not to reconcile the two religions (how can religions be reconciled?), but to create an atmosphere of peace and tolerance between them. His movement resulted in a religion which did reconcile the jarring elements in both. As, for example, the Holy Granth contains Hindu and Muslim writings, which, although different in their surface bearings, had something ultimate in them which could fuse and work for "togetherness." It is an intercommunal book, which is owned even today by thousands who do not subscribe to Sikhism. The free kitchen is an institution which was designed to bring the two parties together and to abolish

untouchability and mutual exclusiveness. In art and literature, too, a synthesis was brought about. The armies organised by the Gurus were not entirely composed of Sikhs, but were joined even by Hindus and Muslims who wanted to escape from tyranny and fight for liberty.

These are the lines on which the book should have proceeded. But this kind of work requires lifelong study and intimate understanding of problems connected with history and religion and language and thought cultures, which our author, unfortunately, does not at present possess.

TEJA SINGH

Testament of Christian Civilization. By JOSEPH MCCABE. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

To what extent has the history of Christianity and of the Catholic Church, been subjected to a selective treatment of the documentary material available to the historian? How far has scholarship subordinated truth, by the suppression of evidence, to the interests of the faith? Has there been, through the centuries, persistent falsification and distortion of the known or knowable historical facts?

To give unfavourable answers to these three questions is to assume the thankless rôle of *advocatus diaboli*. Himself a ripe scholar, and with an unsurpassed knowledge of his subject, Mr. Joseph McCabe does this. The result is a book which will astonish, shock and perhaps dismay the reader, according to his angle of approach. For Mr. McCabe, by translating a large corpus of hitherto untranslated or but partially translated material, makes available facts disagreeable to the Church and hitherto known only to a small body of specialist scholars.

It would appear that there has been a pious conspiracy to present a picture of the progress of Christianity without flaw; the ugly, the criminal, the base and shocking, whether in the practice of institutions or in individuals, has been mainly suppressed altogether or watered down or explained away.

The range of this enquiry extends from the origin of the Church down to the nineteenth century and the impression left upon the reader is cumulative, producing before the end the conviction that unless the Church can produce arguments capable of explaining away so much against its historical methodology, then the verdict must go against it by default.

Nobody can read this book with much pleasure, since there comes a point beyond which a recital of sexual crime, murder and general delinquency becomes monotonous. It is, rather, a valuable book of reference for the historian and the range of its scholarship is remarkable. This suggested purpose was probably in the author's mind when he came to the indexing of his book; for it has a first-class index. That may seem a minor point, but it is not. Too often books lack this guide to their contents and thus hamper the scholar in his work.

In undertaking a task which will bring odium upon him from those at pains to preserve the traditional picture of the past, Mr. McCabe has done a service to truth and has put the historians in his debt. It would be an excellent thing if this book could penetrate into all libraries where historical research is

conducted. As a corrective it could scarcely be better and as one closes its sad and disillusioning pages one wonders why so essential an historical task has not been done before.

GEORGE GODWIN

Reflections in a Mirror. Second Series. By CHARLES MORGAN. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

From the issue of October 31st, 1942, there appeared in the *Literary Supplement* of the *Times* a series of weekly essays under the heading, "Menander's Mirror." The essays were serious—almost to the point of sadness—and covered a wide field. A year or two later, they appeared fortnightly, instead of weekly, and then suddenly ceased. It was no surprise to those who had read the essays with attention to learn that Charles Morgan, the author of *The Fountain*, was "Menander." A selection of the essays came out about two years ago, and now another has been made available. There is no doubt these two volumes contain some of the best prose written during the war.

In these essays, for all his balance and urbanity and humour and wisdom, Mr. Morgan is still preoccupied with the war, and with the moral issues which it raised. He may be discussing the work of a poet like Verlaine or Nichols, Landor or Blunden, he may be diagnosing the "good German" or the mood of the war poets, he may be discoursing on the clash of ideas—of good with good, of evil with evil—or emphasising the need to restate the doctrine of liberty in the modern context, but always is Mr. Morgan eager to peer through appearances, to avoid extremes, to seek affirmations, to achieve integrations.

In the opening essay of the earlier volume, Mr. Morgan had said that "in all societies and at all times there are both constants and variables, and that what gives to an age its distinguishing character is the relationship, the friction, between them." On this credo is based the dynamics of Mr. Morgan's critical method. Values and verities are interrelated, deriving from a transcendent Reality which we but vaguely apprehend; life is not sharp edges or one-way traffic; and a "good" society is a society of good individuals, who are free to live the "good life" according to their lights. These ideas are gently insinuated again and again in the twenty-three essays of this second series. The ribbon of faith holds together these many essays and their varied contexts and moods; they constitute an education in largeness and enlightenment.

The reviewer hopes that, of the essays still left out, one or two more volumes will be made; we cannot have too many of these friendly discourses, at once familiar, sensitive and purposive.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Spiritualism. By SHAW DESMOND (*for*) and C. E. M. JOAD (*against*). (Muse Arts Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W. 1. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Taking advantage of the popular interest in spiritualism, this book presents in compact form statements *pro* and *con*, the former by Shaw Desmond, adducing the evidences acceptable to avowed spiritualists and the latter by Professor Joad, expounding the views of the psychical investigator who finds these evidences completely unsatisfactory. The two authors having thus stated independently their own respective views, each of them has contributed a further essay criticizing the other's case.

Both writers submit in an admirable spirit their reasonings, conveyed, as might be expected from such experienced writers, in an attractive and interesting manner, but neither has anything new to say that has not already been argued "for" and "against," over and over again. While Desmond has much to say about the astral body and substance, Joad has theories about a "psyche" of a somewhat fragmentary nature that survives the dissolution of the body. These two factors are but the combination known as the "*kama-rupa*," the dregs of the personal consciousness discarded by the soul and still lingering in the earth's atmosphere. Neither takes cognizance of the Platonic "nous," the spiritual individuality as distinct from the personality, nor of what St. Paul (whom Desmond ranks as a spiritualist) calls the *soma pneumatikon*, the spiritual vehicle of that higher consciousness (as distinct from the *soma psychikon*, erroneously translated "natural body" in the authorized version: 1. Cor. xv. 44). A proper understanding of this "God" in man would not only obviate all difficulties in the way of reconciling their respective view-points, but also rid Professor Joad of the "personal God" complex with which he still dallies, and raise Mr. Desmond's whole concept of survival from a material to a spiritual one.

J. O. M.

Jawaharlal Nehru and Other Poems. By CYRIL MODAK. (New Literature, 257 Chak, Allahabad. Rs. 3/12)

Mr. Cyril Modak has already made a name for himself as a writer of distinction. His latest volume reveals him as a poet of remarkable power and merit. Strict limitations on space prevent the reviewer from going into details. Writing in general, therefore, it may be said without hesitation that Mr. Modak is a poet remarkable for his vision, his variety and his poetic expression. His wide experience and his varied moods find powerful utterance in these poems. Some of them, like "World War II," "The Outcaste," "Bengal 1943," "The Mazdoor," "The Destitute," make stirring reading; while others, like "Truth," "The Human Thing," "Moonlight in Drew Forest," "Beauty," "Wings," "Romance," lift the reader's thoughts high above mundane existence. The clearness of Mr. Modak's vision, and the directness of his expression are praiseworthy. Indo-English poetry is the richer for his contribution.

V. N. BHUSHAN

Apes, Giants and Man. By FRANZ WEIDENREICH. (University of Chicago Press. $2.50; Cambridge University Press, London.)

How many times has it been written and stated that brain size in individuals and racial groups is indicative of greater or lesser reasoning power in accordance with the increase or decrease of cranial capacity?

How many times has it been declared also that all men are created equal, and again that they are not and never will be so?

That unknown quantity, the man in the street, may well be forgiven if he fails to confess his own belief, but to the scientific observer the fallacy of the "all-equal" argument is daily exposed even in these days of wide-spread socialism.

Dr. Weidenreich, anthropological expert of the Natural History Museum, New York, has given us an excellent book comprising five lectures, now augmented, delivered by him in 1945, discussing the general problems of the physical evolution of man.

He portrays with a wealth of knowledge the story of man's evolution from his anthropoid ancestry to the modern racial groups. Broadly, but definitely, Dr. Weidenreich shows that we are still only about a quarter "baked," and are still enjoying evolution. What a surprise for the "equality-of-manites"!

Dealing first with man and his simian ancestry Dr. Weidenreich surveys various evolutionary theories. His conclusions in brief are that the primate man diverged from an anthropological stem at a far earlier age than has been previously believed; that the chimpanzee, the gorilla and the orang-utan also deviated from the main stock.

Weidenreich points out that, forty years ago, it was believed that the first human being was a pygmy. This concept, he explains, was originally based on the idea that mammalian orders evolved from small forms which increased in height during their evolution.

The pygmy theory, however, cannot be supported by paleontological data. Evidence, detailed by Dr. Weidenreich, has now been found in Java, formerly regarded as a worked-out fossil deposit, which indicates that "not dwarfs, but giants were involved in human evolution."

It was in 1938 that a second Pithecanthropus skull was found in Central Java, this being preceded in 1937 by the finding of a fragment of lower jaw. On examination this was ascribed to Pithecanthropus, but was of much greater size. In 1941 another portion of jaw of enormous proportions was unearthed.

Giants twice as large as a male gorilla are now believed to be ranged in the human line which leads to giant men and not to dwarfs as it is traced further and further into the dim recesses of time.

The question, as yet unanswered, is whether the human line led *only* to giants, or whether there were also small forms among them, as is the case in man today. Dr. Weidenreich believes the problem can be solved. The only requisites, he says, are a spade, a hoe and a little money. This book is a particularly fine, dramatic record of man's past.

A. M. Low

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

In the recent death at the age of seventy-three of the distinguished English novelist Mr. J. D. Beresford, THE ARYAN PATH has lost one of its most faithful and sympathetic contributors and its readers, like ourselves, an old and valued friend. Many a noble thread of thought of his spinning is woven into the mental fabric of very many readers of THE ARYAN PATH.

It was to THE ARYAN PATH that he confided his psychological autobiography which appeared serially from March to May 1931 under the title "The Discovery of the Self: An Essay in Religious Experience." He wrote in our first issue and his thoughtful and uplifting articles have appeared in every volume since, with one exception. He had a keen sense of relative values which found expression in his stress upon co-operation and unification and his impatience with dogmas and the special claims of groups. He held "a grain of constructive idealism...worth a ton of destructive criticism" and it was in that spirit that he wrote. He had strong leanings towards mysticism, recognising the limitations of unaided reason to bring man to the goal. He was essentially a Seeker, who, as Oliver Cromwell sagely said, is "of the best sect next to a Finder," adding, "and such an one shall every faithful, humble Seeker be at the end."

What he had found is well set forth in the words with which he ended his contribution to our pages, "A Statement of Belief," published in October 1946, which we may think of as his spiritual testament:—

> The whole responsibility of final attainment rests upon the individual, whose every thought, word and act help to determine his own destiny, either by the effort to achieve reunion with the single reality of spirit, or by binding himself more closely to those ephemeral illusions of the apparitional world that must eventually fail him.

His last piece of service for THE ARYAN PATH was the review of Aldous Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy* which appears elsewhere in these pages.

Dependence is unworthy of the dignity of a nation or a man. But complete independence, for the individual or for the nation, is an idle dream. It is even a dangerous dream, because in a united world independence and interdependence must go hand in hand. The tendency to cold-shoulder English, the international *lingua franca*, in the new educational plans is retrogressive. It has received a salutary check in the pronouncement of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Education Member of the Interim Government, reported in the press of February 26th. While insisting that "the medium of instruction must from the very nature of the case be the mother-tongue" he has declared:—

> One hundred and fifty years of intimate contact has made English an integral part of our educational system and this cannot be changed without injury to the cause of one of the major languages of the world and

Indians can neglect its study only at the risk of loss to themselves.

Since the above was written *The Indian Social Reformer* of 8th March has well commended the attempt of Maulana Azad and that of Sir Mirza Ismail "to stem the insensate tide of anti-English propaganda," in spite of which the use of English was "actually extending by leaps and bounds."

Sir Mirza had recently deplored as a calamity the deterioration in the English of our universities in the last half century, rightly declaring:—

It is no credit to a university student to be limited to his own language and to be far inferior to his predecessors of a few generations ago in knowledge of that world language which alone holds out to him and to his country the means of world-intimacy, of any kind, but particularly in those intellectual affairs which must ever be the first concern of a true university.

"A Physicist Looks at Morality" in the January *Scientific Monthly*. Robert A. McConnell concedes the need for self-conquest, for a moral rebirth, for the assertion of the supremacy of man's spirit if the atomic war which looms on the horizon is to be avoided. But he also sees the impotence of modern leaders, disagreeing among themselves, to produce a convincing basis for morality.

Passing over the dogmatic commands of religion and the animistic code of moral pragmatists, he examines reason as a basis for morality—and finds it wanting, though reason, he concedes, can establish "the validity of the principle of common effort, the principle that man should help man." But, on the premises available, he cannot accept that as a master-key to moral problems.

Does, for instance, the collective good transcend all individual rights, or must the fundamental liberties of every man be held inviolate? "Is the end the only justification for the means?" The questions lie at the root of the modern conflict of political ideologies and reason, he finds, has no certain answers.

Mr. McConnell puts his finger on the root difficulty when he asks:—

Is there an absolute moral code to which we must adhere: is there an end of which we are unaware?...Is not our knowledge of man's relationship to the cosmos...seriously defective?

It is indeed—and far more seriously than it need be. The senses and the reasoning faculty can take the physical scientist only so far. There is more to man than his sensorium and his reasoning mind, more to the cosmos than these can reveal. The spiritual scientists of the ancient Orient, using the plummet of the intuition, plumbed deeps unsounded by the modern scientist. They found the trinity of Man as body, soul and spirit to be the key that fitted in the lock of triune Nature, and they found in eternal harmony the law of laws.

Each human being is the mirror of the Universe, and, as each organ in the body has its proper function and its legitimate needs, on which harmonious functioning of the whole depends, so every man is an integral part of the great whole. That cannot profit him which injures others; none can be victimised and all not suffer. In this integral relationship the ancient Indian philosophy, which was both scientific and religious, offers the rational basis for morality which Mr. McConnell sees as the great need.

Great importance attaches to a single page of *The Atlantic Monthly* for January 1947. On it appears, under

the caption "A Scientist Rebels" a letter from Dr. Norman Wiener, Professor of Mathematics at a great American University and a leading mathematical analyst. It raises what he rightly calls "a serious moral issue." In this reply to a request from a research scientist of a large aircraft corporation interested in the development of controlled missiles, he refuses to supply a copy of the out-of-print technical account of a certain line of research which he had prepared during the war for the National Defense Research Committee. He offers a lead to other scientists by publishing his reply in which he challenges the long-standing custom of furnishing scientific information to any seeking it. He writes that Governmental policy as seen, for example, in the bombing of Hiroshima,

> has made it clear that to provide scientific information is not necessarily an innocent act, and may entail the gravest consequences .... It is perfectly clear also that to disseminate information about a weapon in the present state of our civilization is to make it practically certain that that weapon will be used.

Guided missiles, he declares, offer no protection to civilians at home. They "can only be used to kill foreign civilians indiscriminately," and their possession "can do nothing but endanger us by encouraging the tragic insolence of the military mind."

> If therefore I do not desire to participate in the bombing or poisoning of defenseless peoples—and I most certainly do not—I must take a serious responsibility as to those to whom I disclose my scientific ideas... I do not expect to publish any future work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists.

It is ardently to be hoped that modern scientists in their thousands will rally to the standard thus bravely raised, taking their stand beside the ancient scientists of India who guarded carefully from the profane whatever knowledge would be dangerous in unscrupulous hands.

The adoption as proposed of a decimal system for Indian coinage might cause some difficulty to some people for a time but its long-run advantages in certainty and in convenience are incontestible. Shri C. Rajagopalachari in the *Bombay Chronicle Weekly* of 2nd March urges also the adoption of the equally simple and logical Metric System, to bring the weights and measures of our country out of the present confusion and into line with international scientific practice. In the Metric System units of length, area, volume and weight are interrelated. The Metre (a little more than a yard) is the linear unit. It contains 100 Centimetres and is itself 1,000th of a Kilometre. Area and volume, respectively, are in terms of square and cubic Metres or subdivisions of these by 10. The gram, a cubic centimetre's content of water at its maximum density, is the unit of weight.

The decimal system will only be coming home to India when it is adopted here, and the sooner the better for the lessening of confusion within the country and in foreign trade. Everyone, truly, but "the incorrigible lovers of confusion would welcome a uniform Seer all over India," to say nothing of the regularisation of the Maund.

Originality in units of measure is nothing on which to pride ourselves. Let us by all means have originality in products and in culture. But units of length, of area, of volume and of weight may be compared to mere building blocks. Originality in architecture does not call for bricks of bizarre shape! Opposition to the measure on the ground of tradition and national sentiment falls to the ground before Shri Rajagopalachari's pointing out that

> India, it is well known, was the land where the decimal system of notation was born.