

EAAS

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

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THE LIGHT IN THE HEART

During this month of August Hindus of all castes and classes will celebrate the Natal Day of Krishna the Christos, the Hindu Logos, Shabda-Brahman, the Word Made Flesh. The Hindus look upon Krishna as Purna-Avatara, the complete Incarnation of Divinity just as the Christians do upon Christ. The orthodox of both creeds claim this unique position for their respective Saviours. Leaving them to their quarrels we can only appeal to the thoughtful few who have emancipated themselves from the slavery of blind belief not only to read but to study the greatest of Lord Krishna's gifts, His message of Theo-Sophia enshrined in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Even a casual reading shows that the *Gita* is not a creedal scripture; its appeal is universal. As a text book for those who aspire to live nobly the *Gita* is most helpful, inasmuch as it contains instructions for every

mind, from that which is childlike in its innocence to that which is profound in its penetration of the mysteries of Nature. Moreover, the *Gita* has the distinction of containing a masterly survey of the various philosophical points of view, followed by an exposition which reconciles the truth in each of them by uniting them with the truth which is not in any of them. Its metaphysics are as lofty as its ethics are noble and both become the foundation for practice in daily life. Thus it is suited to those who desire to have clear perception of the universals and ultimates before they handle the particulars of life, as to those who desire to begin now and here without troubling about metaphysical abstractions.

The fundamental propositions of the *Gita* may be summarised thus:—

I. Every man, every woman,

irrespective of creed, colour or class holds within the heart the Light of Divinity.

II. That Light is not able to shine forth because the heart, which holds the Light, has not been made active by the human mind. The function of the mind is to activate the heart so that the Light may radiate through it to the senses, transforming the body into a Temple of Light. Thus only does the individual become the Master and the Servant of all Nature. But foregoing its own duty the mind has activated the senses and become involved with the objects of sense; it is now reaping the nemesis of being misled by the false values it has assigned to the things of the world.

Herein we see the course of human evolution described, and also its deflection by the faulty action of the mind. To enable man to extricate himself from this self-made destiny the *Gita* continues its instruction.

III. As long as the mind persists in its mistaken policy of false valuations it must go from bad to worse. Because of the Law of Polarity which is active in Nature, the mind separated from the Light of the Heart will create out of the senses and the body a demoniac entity, in place of the Divinity which it should and could have

manifested in unison with that Light in the heart. The propelling force which drags the mind to the demoniac state is triple in character: Lust, Anger and Greed are the Gates of Hell. The mind must free itself from this triad. It cannot do so without a recognition of the forgotten principles to which the mind owes its duty. It must therefore abandon the path of going away from the Light and take the Path of Return—the Path of duty to the Light in the Heart. However arduous and protracted this labour no one need despair.

The message of the *Gita* is the message of war which leads to victory—and permanent peace. The courage, the chivalry, the glory of war which attract and even inspire so many to-day, if rightly practised on the Field of Duty as the Master Krishna taught His Chela Arjuna, would precipitate the kingdom of heaven on earth. But Dictators are like Duryodhanas—they want to loot others instead of conquering their own puny selves.

Indeed the *Bhagavad Gita* has a message for the world—both for the Hindus who pay lip-reverence to it without practising its teachings and for the non-Hindus who are ignorant of its message. The assurance is given (II. 40) :—

Even a little of this practice delivereth a man from great risk.

A TORCH OF DARKNESS

[**Maurice Samuel** was born in a village in Roumania ; at the age of five was brought to Manchester, England, where he was educated, his training in science being under Sir Ernest Rutherford ; at the age of nineteen he went to the United States, and during the war he enlisted in the American army. He says : " From my twentieth year on I have been deeply interested in Zionism both as a spiritual and political movement. I was already mature when I began the study of Hebrew, and it was not until 1924 that I first visited Palestine. But most of my books have been devoted to the Jewish question. My time is divided between Palestine and America. More recently I returned to the study of general problems in the novel *Beyond Woman*." He is also the author of a study of the destruction of individualism in western culture under the title *King Mob*.

The article examines the false claim made on behalf of Science and of Mysticism. Co-ordination of the knowledge of the " scientist " and the pseudo-mystic is not possible. But can that be said of the knowledge of the true Scientist and the true Mystic ? To-day the scientist runs away from the world of Spirit and Ideas as the Hindu yogi or Muslim faquir runs away from the world of Matter and Objects. For the former, that which is not touched by the sensorium does not exist ; for the latter, objects and even beings are maya, not to be probed but to be shunned. But there is the real Gnyani who is the real Yogi to whom both Spirit and Matter are realities ; for him it is true that " the deeper he goes the clearer it gets." But as the *Gita* says : " Such a Mahatma is difficult to meet."—EDS.]

In the novel *Beyond Woman* there is a phrase which recurs like a leit-motif of despair, " The deeper you go the darker it gets." It is the reiterated utterance of one Hugo Enders, the chief protagonist of the story, a man in search of the right life ; it comes to his lips—an acknowledgment of impotence and a repudiation of responsibility—every time he fails to penetrate to the secret of his relationship with other human beings. On this phrase I have been asked to write an explanatory essay.

The setting of the novel, and the particular personal and social complications which torment Enders, are irrelevant to the questions here raised. Relevant are only the following facts : a man trained in scientific thought brings the scientific method to bear on

what is essentially a non-scientific problem—the problem of a satisfactory morality ; it is made to appear in the novel that he ultimately finds the solution in the dedication of his life to the pursuit of " knowledge " : on arriving at this solution he proclaims triumphantly : " The higher you go the clearer it gets " ; he thus relegates to a secondary position the problem of human relationships, or rather, he assumes tacitly that when the desire for pure " knowledge " has become the dominating and directing passion of his life, his moral problems are solved of themselves. He has reached " the good life."

During the writing of this novel I was haunted by doubts as to the validity of this solution, but these doubts I ignored or suppressed for a

number of reasons, of which the chief was the impossibility of facing the issue and of completing the work along the lines which I had originally laid down. Now, after an intimate examination of my doubts, I want to say what no critic has bothered to say: however accurately the novel may describe the state of mind of Hugo Enders, its basic theme is false; and to the extent that I claimed to have led the hero out of moral darkness into moral light, I was wrong, and even wilfully wrong. As I see it, I have been able to come to this definite conclusion only after ridding myself of the deflecting compulsion to get the book completed. The truth is this: as long as the scientific attitude of Enders was his distinguishing characteristic, he was bound to admit, as often as he made the attempt to resolve the moral problem, "The deeper you go the darker it gets." The reasons follow.

The "knowledge" spoken of by Enders is scientific knowledge, that is, knowledge of spatio-temporal processes. He tries to bring this sort of knowledge to bear on something which has no spatio-temporal aspect, i.e., morality. But there is no transition from one to the other. The two orders of perception are neither commensurate nor parallel. The parallelism (or causal relation) which materialists claim to have established between material processes (environment, chiefly economic laws) and human behaviour does not apply to morality; and if it applies at all, it does so in respect

of a "system of morals," a code, which is in reality a pseudo-morality, an unilluminated and mechanical discipline, a complicated reflex action.

How has this confusion arisen in the man (and type) Enders? It is due largely to two false claims, that of the scientist (as distinguished from the scientist) and that of the pseudo-mystic (as distinguished from the genuine mystic).

The false claim of the scientists is that in the search for scientific knowledge you will find all the necessary guidance (the necessary impulse is somehow implied!) for moral conduct. With them morality is the result of a knowledge of the universe as process or calculable reality. Morality is a branch of science. The false claim of the pseudo-mystic is, on the other hand, that out of grace or moral illumination comes all the knowledge needed for an understanding of the universe as process. As between these two claims the modern man, much more impressed by the achievements of the scientists than by those of the moral teachers, inclines to acknowledge the validity of the first.

What is the nature of the ostensible transition from science to morality? One example is the following: "In the study of astronomy, in preoccupation with the immense inter-stellar spaces, we learn humility." And humility is of course a moral attribute. But is it true that the realisation of our own spatial ignominiousness—no-

thing else is meant—inspires us with humility? It may (very stupidly, be it noted) inspire us with a feeling of the unimportance of *all* human affairs, (it would follow by the way, that in a limited universe we should be twice as important if we were twice as tall), but that is not the same as the feeling of personal humility in the presence of another personality, which alone, under certain circumstances, may have moral significance. As a matter of fact this sorry type of spatial inferiority complex is apt to be accompanied by a corresponding pride of intellect. How utterly marvellous that such small creatures should harbour such immense concepts, and should thereby achieve such brilliant humility! But even when this feeling is absent, though it seldom is, the utter unimportance of everyone in the world makes it seem ridiculous for us to pay more than the slightest attention to the sufferings, physical or moral, of human beings.

Another example is this: "The passion for scientific truth is unselfish. In its pure form it is indifferent to worldly advantage, and therefore cannot inspire that type of hostility which is the foundation of badness." But apart from the fact that a passion for scientific truth is not born from the study of science (i. e., science itself does not inspire the love for science), we may well ask whether the passion for scientific truth is not like any other passion, a personal desire for a certain type of experience, a fixation related to no

moral impulse! In other words, it may be as selfish as a passion for sleeping, for day dreaming, or for any other (let us say) solitary indulgence which does not necessarily imply conflict with others. It may, even when not associated with the desire to shine in the eyes of others, or in one's own eyes, be a flight from hated obligations to a beloved obligation—if obligation it is.

Most other examples are variations or admixtures of these two. So the study of biology is supposed to show us our proper place in the larger biologic scheme and, like astronomy, rob us of our self-centredness, in the "that-will-teach-you-a-lesson" spirit. But again this may teach us the unimportance of morality along with the unimportance of all other human preoccupations. Or we are told that the ingenuities of mathematics will so delight the spirit that no man once trapped by this divine pleasure will ever have taste again for the baser joys of life (including, be it noted, the joy of loving one's fellow-creatures). Now the poignant pleasure which is derived from an understanding of higher mathematics is admittedly akin to the experience of the artist. Yet it is generally admitted, likewise, that a passion for art—even the purest and most unselfish and least careerist kind—does not necessarily lead to morality. We are, on the contrary, often assured that the great artist can be discharged of moral obligation.

What, on the other hand, is the nature of the ostensible transition from true morality, the illumina-

tion and grace of complete goodness, to a knowledge of the processes of the universe? This, lacking even the shallow ingenuity of the opposite claim, is complete darkness from the outset. It is a claim and nothing more. But about its character I shall say something more below. Here I would only observe that as it is arrogant to assume that an understanding of Einstein's theory contributes to the moral impulse, so it is fatuous to assume that moral grace will enable us to discover for ourselves Euler's Theorem. And it is the fatuousness of this assumption which drives a man like Enders to the opposite extreme, equally wrong, but not as obviously so to his type of education.

But it is not enough to say that the passion for science does not help to make us moral. We must add that it is useless to employ the methodology of science in the search for moral law—and the word "law" is itself in this connection, a half-unconscious betrayal of morality to science. For the morality, the grace, or illumination which I seek is not an inert and independent thing lying outside of me, to be picked up, examined and classified. It is not something like a knowledge of medicine, which I can dispense with as long as others have it and can tell me what to do in this or that difficulty. It is not measurable or calculable, to be deduced from other data, an extension of another branch of observation. It cannot be fastened into a system of tuition, and inculcated

into others by impersonal communication. And (this I conceive to be the most important and the most dangerous error) it is not a function of time and place, of a given form of society, a given system of production, or a set of circumstances, so that by the study of these we may arrive at a complete understanding of it. It is *sui generis*. Like love (to which it is akin) it is a sort of gift, and as little susceptible of explanation and tuition.

What method to employ in the investigation I do not know. But it is clear now that morality is a blank when examined by science. The scientist, approaching this subject *qua* scientist, finds that the closer he gets to the problem the more completely is he stripped of his equipment, his security and his "light." No wonder, then, he is compelled to say, "the deeper you go the darker it gets." Yet he is only in the same position as a shoemaker who would approach the problem of morality *qua* shoemaker, or a bridge-player who would approach it *qua* bridge-player.

But, how is it that, without an experience of grace or of goodness, Enders could (if he had been allowed by his author to remain honest) say so much about it? And why, as long as he does remain honest, *does* he say "the deeper you go the darker it gets"? The answer is that his knowledge is mostly negative. What he is specifically aware of is that the original hunger for goodness, intermittent, obscure, powerful, re-

mains unsatisfied. He returns from his various explorations in search of morality, to report: "It is not there, or there, or there." The lie of the novel consists in this: that during a moment of self-deception, when the intermittent hunger is stilled artificially, Hugo Enders is taken off the scene (by a triumphant ending of the novel) as though he had found ultimate satisfaction. Actually the conviction would grow stronger and stronger that he has been looking not only in the wrong places, but with the wrong eyes. At the same time he would become aware that goodness is more important than science, or, to be more accurate (since comparison also suggests commensurability) he would begin to feel that the meaninglessness of life, which is confirmed by the study of science, may be resolved (not answered—for "answered" is a scientific concept) by love or grace.

But it gives meaningfulness to life on another plane than the scientific. It is here that the scientific modern finds himself repelled by the pseudo-mystic. It appears that the effect of grace is so powerful and so illuminating, it fills a man so completely, that he falls into the erroneous belief that the illumination holds good on the plane of the scientific too. That is how he becomes a pseudo-mystic. Hence, too, his extravagant misstatement that not only can grace

do in its own field what science cannot do, but that grace can substitute for science in the scientific field too.

The most important, most specific and, to the scientist, most unacceptable instance of trespassing has to do with the subject of personal immortality. Almost every man who has experienced grace lays claim to a special type of authority on this subject—derived from grace—and he almost invariably asserts a belief in personal immortality *in terms of process*. But if it is indeed in terms of process the evidence for it cannot be accessible to grace rather than to science. The study of process is the proper field of science, the investigation of personal immortality *as process* does not lie within the field of morality.

And yet...the scientifically trained modern has obscure intimations that somehow, somewhere, goodness has some sort of connection with this very problem of immortality! He is compelled to assert that to him personal immortality is, as an idea, primitive, neolithic, demonological, anti-intellectual, *while morality is not*. Nevertheless morality is as great a need for him as for anyone else. And it is this dilemma which, more than anything else, defeats every attempt he makes to deny the monopolistic and universal spiritual claims of science and to realise human relationships in terms of grace.

MAURICE SAMUEL

THE GOOD LIFE IN A SICK WORLD

[Irwin Edman is Professor of Philosophy at the Columbia University, New York. In this article he offers some fundamentals for social reconstruction, putting first things first—not a common procedure in our world where the director enslaves the citizen and the machine the soul.—EDS.]

The good life, though it is in danger of becoming a cant phrase is in essence the whole theme of moral philosophy. Thinkers from Plato to the present time, in so far as they have tried to turn their analyses upon distinctively human issues have tried to frame a vision or a version of a life that might truly be called Good, or an approximation to some absolute Good which human life might hope at best only partially to exemplify. The good life has been in every philosophy the considered statement of an ideal. That ideal might be perfected pleasure, realized duty, the harmony of all impulses or the integrity of one's soul. But there are two senses in which the good life cannot be considered in isolation, as philosophers have repeatedly discovered in pushing their inquiries to their fundamental implications. The good life is not a private soliloquy; it is not the exercise of a cloistered virtue, even for an ostensible hermit. It takes place in a society and a cosmos. A moralist is perforce a social philosopher and a metaphysician. He must make his peace with the ultimate before he can make his peace with himself. He must understand the relations of men to each other before he can counsel them as to their harmonization of themselves. It has there-

fore come to seem otiose to conceive the good life without reference to the society in which that life must be lived and of which it is indeed the flowering and the expression. It is impossible to conceive of the good life without making some ultimate commitment as to that world order by which it is conditioned. It is no accident that moral injunctions have differed according as their authors were idealists or materialists, as they made matter or spirit the substance of things, nor that moral conclusions have differed according as their framers were communal or individualistic in their political thinking.

None the less time and again philosophers have tried to write about morals as if it were possible to think about conduct in insulation from society and from the nature of things. It is here submitted that the good life is impossible in a sick society, and that any serious proposal as to the former involves a profoundly reconstructive attitude toward the latter. By a sick society I mean more than the surface political and economic dislocations of the present day. These, serious though they are, are palpable symptoms of something more profoundly diseased. In an industrial society, means have been taken for ends; in a mechanically

minded age, the instruments and materials have been taken for realities. The spirit has been stifled and by its material conditions, the fires of life quenched by the ashes of intellectual formulas on the one hand and practical operations on the other. It is not simply the disorders of our economic society but the obsession by economic criteria that is one of the diseases of our society. It is not simply that we are tangled by mechanism and that things, as Emerson put it, are in the saddle. It is that mechanisms and things have been taken as the ends of life and the realities of nature. It is not simply that we have inadequate formulas, but that we have become addicted to intellectualism as to a drug. Life is best defined in its full flowering; the reality of it is in the flame of consciousness and the fire of spirit. In so far as society crosses and kills these, it is a sick society and no good life is possible in it.

The social dislocations of our society have been widely canvassed of late, and with very good reason. But they need a brief restatement in connection with the theme of this article. However refined and subtilized be the sensibilities of the individual, however sensitive a harp of response be the individual psyche, every honest and realistic thinker from Aristotle down has realized how much individuality is social in its origins, how much even its rarest blossoming is a social expression. Even soliloquy uses a language and language is not a purely private invention; it

is a social tradition. This holds true *a fortiori* of moral ideas, and attitudes and the expression of an ideal in a society whose basic economic conditions make the practice of that ideal impossible leads to hypocrisy, to disillusion or to despair. To enunciate a vision of the good life which is impossible even in approximation for the majority of those living in a particular social and political system is to cultivate Pharisaism. Even to those relatively comfortable and relatively secure, morality becomes at best a sickly, introspective retreat from existence, not a harmonious fulfilment of it. Obviously the grosser inequities, the cruder bitternesses of misery and uncertainty must be removed before the good life is possible for the many, or even for the privileged few.

But those concerned, as are so many of the foremost thinkers of our day, with the more brutal maladjustments of our society, with economic chaos and with the threat of war, have fallen into an error equally grievous. They have been so concerned with the amelioration of social and economic evils, that they have neglected the basic and directive issue of what constitutes social good. An ordered society is the condition of the good life, but it is not a sufficient condition. One of the reasons Spinoza assigned for order in the commonwealth was that men might only in an ordered commonwealth be free to lead the contemplative life without distraction. If individuality can thrive only in a

free and equitable commonwealth, it is still the fact of individuality that is the be all and end all, the justification and value of a commonwealth at all. Many of our political philosophers of the present day are like physicians who might prefer all humanity to be ill that they might have a wider field for the exercise of their profession.

The fact remains that though the good life presupposes an ordered, a free and a relatively co-operative commonwealth, its distinctive elements are elsewhere to seek. Ants in an ant-hill live in an ordered polity; their lives are good for ants, not for men. For the distinctive trait of the possibility of mankind lies in the fact that given the chance, man may think and dream. Born among other human creatures, in time he may contemplate eternal things. Bound externally by physical objects, a body among other bodies, a thing among things, he feels himself most alive and most real, and indeed may be said to be so, when he rises to the level of his distinctive essence, spirit clear and lucid, timeless in its reach and transcending body and matter in its context and its aspiration.

One may measure then the adequacy of our social institutions and of our moral systems to the extent to which they liberate that activity of spirit in which men may be most truly said to find themselves. *The deepest sickness of our society is that it is almost calculated to make man lose sight of himself and his deepest being.*

Everything about our age, certainly in the Western world, conspires to make him lose himself in the secondary, the trivial and the illusory. Pressed by economic disorders, he comes to think almost wholly in economic terms. Constrained by the techniques of science, and taking the formulas of physical control for the forms of ultimate reality, he takes economic interests as final and material concerns as ultimate.

The writer should be the last to dismiss as unimportant economic readjustment or the conditions of physical well-being. But economics and physics are or should be the servants of spirit, not its conquerors. And we have come to pay too devout and too uncritical obeisance to the language of economics, of physics and of the analytic intelligence. The sources of life and the ends of life both lie deeper. And the sources of and the ends of life may be said curiously enough to be identical. They both lie in the domain of a reality wider than any formulations of intellect, more profound and complete than any of those practicalities and materialities in which our actions and indeed our imaginations are so much confined. They lie in the deep movement and tendency of Nature toward the Good.

The sickness of our society is not to be cured then simply by economic and social re-arrangements, important and pre-requisite though these be. We need a new orientation which reduces itself ultimately to what used to be and

might still be called, putting first things first. First things are not the materials which life uses, the instruments which it employs. First things are the ends for which life is lived and the realities at its core. One does not have to wait for a political revolution to revolutionize one's sense of proportion. One may within limits, unless the pressure of events becomes too terrifying, manage to some degree to live a good life even in a society far from rational adjustment or equitable distribution.

The revolution in a sense of values and in a sense of ultimates is already beginning in the Western world. The enslavement by mechanisms which should themselves be our slaves is beginning to seem fantastic and in some ways the chief sources of our major social disasters. The West will never again be able to pin its faith complacent, provincial and optimistic to the machine, and to material progress. Too much faith in the machine has succeeded in reducing life itself to mechanism, too much faith in material progress to reduce experience to mere meaningless and blind routine. The faith in intellectual formulas has been seen to be a post-mortem analysis of reality rather than a communication of it. The spirit has deeper foundations and higher altitudes than intellect itself can plumb or scale.

The good life, in whatever terms it be stated, is a concern with, an attempt to discern ultimates, in the light of which conduct may be directed. Those

ultimates are not to be found in matter defined in mechanical terms, in practice defined in terms of instruments, in society delineated in terms of forms and institutions. Finalities lie in another direction. They are such essences as are approached by the enterprises of art and of metaphysics. They are such values as the spirit traverses when it looks beyond its chains and its conditions to its sources and its objects. One is tempted to borrow the language of one of the great mystics of the world, Plotinus, born in Egypt and destined to teach in Rome: "This is the life of gods and of god-like men, a flight of the alone to the alone." The spirit retiring to its own solitudes looks into itself and to the ultimate and eternal nature of Being. It moves in time but it breathes eternity. In so far as in art and in contemplation such ultimate vision is touched, these are moments of the good life in a sick society. In so far as those moments of contemplative breadth and æsthetic insight are rare in our Western civilization, we can see how really sick our society is. Perhaps a change in philosophy is the first step toward social health. Perhaps when the spirit has learned to breathe freely in terms of eternal things, it will have learned how to measure the need for social reconstruction and what the ends of all social reconstruction are, the freeing of the spirit itself, and its recognition of its affinity in the nature of things.

IRWIN EDMAN

THE CHILD-STATE WE HAVE LOST

[Lovers of children make good teachers because their love unfolds the capacity to learn from their pupils. Children have an advantage which adults have lost—they have perception of spiritual verities, and in their desire to express and explain themselves they naturally take recourse in the language of symbols. This is brought out by **R. L. Mégroz** in the first of the following two articles. Child-consciousness by analogy represents human consciousness, not of primitive savages but of primitive seers of early humanity before the cycle of sin. The Golden Age is called *Satya-Yuga*, the Age of Truth, when men possessed the Eye of Innocence and lived wisely without knowing what they possessed or how they lived. This is not fancy; it is fact which anthropologists and archæologists have yet to discover. Ours is an age of sophistication and those who are sick with it find in the company of children not only a solace but an inspiration. This is well brought out in the second article by **Hugh de Sélincourt**. The aspirant to spiritual life is told in *The Voice of the Silence*: "The pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost* ere the first sound can fall upon his ear"; in achieving this the company of the young proves helpful, especially if it is remembered that the soul in the child-body has been on earth before and possesses knowledge and experience unsuspected by us.

For a variety of reasons the doctrine of Reincarnation is important, but we regard it as of supreme importance for educational reform. Until the educational reformer recognises the child as a soul returning to earth in a new body to continue its task of mastering Nature, gradually and slowly, he is bound to be mistaken in any system he devises for its all round improvement. People speak of giving the child a chance to develop its own special talents, or to use the Eastern phraseology "to work out its own Karma," but the state and the church (and its equivalent in non-Christian lands) pull and push the young so that they may become obedient citizens and orthodox followers. What is the ideal to be aimed at? To deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, unselfish.—EDS.]

POETRY AND THE CHILD'S PERCEPTIONS

Peacock in "The Four Ages of Poetry," which was published first in 1820, and as we know, provoked Shelley's splendid "Defence of Poetry," argued that poetry was an anachronism in the modern world. We had become reasoning and civilised beings and the substance of poetry was now fantastic make-believe lacking the reality that originally it had conveyed to a barbaric community. In brief: "a poet in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilized community." The essay was largely an

attack upon the rich new poetry of the "Romantic Revival," which included Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats. To Thomas Love Peacock even Wordsworth was "a morbid dreamer." Peacock summarised in a lively manner the common-sense revolt against "Gothic" superstition. This common-sense attitude was sorely tried when confronted by new poetry from Blake to Shelley, and needed the impressive support that Victorian science was soon to provide. Shelley had no difficulty

in overwhelming Peacock then, but Peacock's fallacies were really of a permanent type which crops up at all times when conditions are favourable.

The next conflict assumed the character of a contest between "religion" (or rather theology) and "science," but below the surface there was still the opposition of common sense to fantasy and what was essentially a mystical attitude towards reality. By unveiling fresh mysteries, the scientists undermined the position of common sense, and strengthened or liberated again the poetic imagination, and gave new impetus to mystical philosophy.

A very important consequence of this progress in thought was the recognition of the validity of the child's perceptions. The poetry of childhood seemed no longer a merely fantastic play, or an adult's condescension to make-believe. The profundity of Blake, for so long obscured, began to influence adult intelligence. The modern reader could grant more than beauty of language to Blake's lyrics, or to Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." Wordsworth asked:—

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

and answered:—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.

The seventeenth century Thomas Traherne had set down the same confession in his then unknown "Centuries of Meditations." To him in childhood the world was paradise, the very fields "orient and immortal wheat." He existed in that eternity of the imagination proclaimed by Blake, and declared:—

Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had from the womb, and that divine light wherewith I was born are the best unto this day, wherein I can see the universe. By the Gift of God they attended me into the world, and by this special favour I remember them till now. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child. . . . You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.

No longer can we philosophically disregard the validity of childish perception by drawing a simile between the childish mentality and that of the uncivilised savage, or, as Peacock called him, the barbarian. And a useful key to unlock the treasures of childhood is at hand in the poet's characteristic mode of perception. When we realise this, we are also possessed of a valuable means of educating the child.

Actually a gulf is now recognised between the mind of the primitive savage and the consciousness of the civilised adult, a gulf which is not completely bridged by the consciousness of the child in a civilised society. In the mixture of seemingly unreasonable connections of one thing with another

and a sort of fantastic logic, which are typical of ordinary dreaming, we return half-way to that primitive simplicity and directness of perception. This resembles the perception that is the substance of poetry, which, says Shelley, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar".

The easiest pleasures of poetry are in simple metrical effects—perhaps the jingle of a nursery rhyme, repetition of a refrain, and the obvious imitation of sounds, like Tennyson's "murmur of innumerable bees." A step further and our pleasure implies a deeper insight. Vowel sounds acquire subtle tones or the values of colour by their patterning, and this intensifying of expression is really a sharper definition of ideas or sensations :—

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man,
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

To mere common sense Milton's splendid diction refers to nothing but a discredited mythological creature and a small country, but Milton makes the domain as impressive as the monster, both being of that class of realities which are persisting symbols. Verse is not essential. The same kind of reality can be conveyed in prose where the words are a channel for it. Perhaps you remember Mr. Walter de la Mare's deeply poetic story of the two lost travellers who came

upon those immemorably ancient stone "Vats" in which was the water of life. In this prose we see how language has become Janus-headed, looking calmly at science one way and gazing with hungry eyes the other into the wild memories of the human race and its half-descried future. The words are gems that change hue in the light of thought. The author uses words musically and symbolically, combining concrete images of reality with mythological associations. More numerous than "Cherries in Damascus or beads in Tierra del Fuego," he says. As a common-sense statement of immensity this is weak, since there are probably far fewer cherries in Damascus or beads in Tierra del Fuego than in London! The words convey symbols for ideas which could not be expressed otherwise. Since the cherries and beads represent *centuries*, the logical statement adds its force to the symbolism of the immaculate solitude and antiquity of the Vats.

The youthful mind, when it is not dulled by the wrong sort of "education," can respond directly to this kind of perception. In illustration of the childish power of perception, Sully, the psychologist and philosopher, told us of a little boy, two years and five months old, who, on looking at the hammers of a piano which his mother was playing called out :— "There is owlegie." "Owlegie" was his diminutive of owl. His eye had instantly caught the similarity between the round felt disc of the hammer divided by a piece

of wood, and the owl's face divided by its beak. Simile and its condensed form, metaphor, are both childish and true, and so become the very substance of poetry, which gives concrete expression to perception. Another child, seeing dew on grass says: "the grass is crying." If it saw grass spiky with frost and realised the connotations of "shrill" it might, with Miss Edith Sitwell, say the grass is shrill, and having perceived that, go on to say that someone's voice is like frosty grass. When it finds imaginative clues in words that fuse into music, perception is vivified and enriched by all the associations of its energetic and aroused mind. Here we touch on an explanation why the finest of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* are ideal poetry for the child, who may not apprehend all the possible associations—few adults do—of profoundly simple poetry like "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright in the forests of the night." Perception becomes one with fantasy, discovering both the seen object and the unseen reality of which it is a symbol.

Verse became the most effective medium of poetic utterance at a very early stage because it began as an accompaniment to dance and chant. As it developed separately it retained certain primitive characteristics of the pantomimic dances and ecstatic chanting of religious ritual, and began to express the basic mystical union which these expressed by an ever increasing variety of concrete

imagery. The two-fold aspect of primitive thought—pantomime and ecstasy—lives as imitation and insight in poetry; but the change of terms is scarcely necessary. Imitation refers not to photographic reproduction but to a sort of reincarnation in the mind, of external objects a process which at many points can be compared with the work of imagination in dreams. While the movement of the primitive and symbolic dance is translated by poetry into a mental dance, all the objects in that pantomime of mystery are seen in a changed light which makes them significant of more than their mere appearance—makes them to be, as Shelley said "as if they were not familiar." These new apprehensions are conveyed through the beauty that the poet creates out of words. They are sensuous and, as all profound truths are, simple.

Now sensory apprehension of knowledge is what the Greeks meant by æsthetic pleasure, the sense of beauty. Before we get involved in the abstractions of theory the senses are the gateways of knowledge. To the fresh senses of the child all the sensuous qualities of poetry therefore are perceptible, not only obvious sound-imitation and banging metres, but melody, colour, and the subtleties of rhythm and imagery which make a universal appeal. Many people do not feel the finer evocations of poetry, but the æsthetic appeal is none the less universal. It is in the nature of mind. When the poet probes to a level of

experience beyond the conscious or rational thought he explores a region where the adult and the child are linked in a common knowledge and awareness. The sensuous feeling of reality, the flashing perception of beauty which is a refashioned dream, is every child's inheritance. The radically poetic way of knowing reality, is therefore peculiarly that of the child, who is akin to the savage. Primitive languages are always poetic before they are scientific; that is why so many words in currency which have been worn smooth by custom contain fossilised poetry. In its vivid expression of the childlike way of perceiving reality, poetry is a record of the human mind's creative faculty: all gaps in understanding are filled in with

symbolic myths and pictures.

"We must know best what we are least conscious of knowing," said Samuel Butler. "We are symbols and inhabit symbols; workman, work and tools, words and things, birth and death, are all emblems"—said Emerson. This is the vindication of the childish vision, which some intellectual people of our day, irritated by much cant, would dismiss as an adult invention. A survey of the modern age yields no promise for the future so bright as that which may be found in our growing knowledge and appreciation of the childish mind, an appreciation which comes of a fuller understanding of poetry, which in turn we owe largely to the self-destructive progress of science from materialism to acknowledged mystery.

R. L. MÉGROZ

LEARNING FROM CHILDREN

It sounds pretty and sentimental, to learn from children. The words are quick to conjure up in the mind a picture of large-eyed innocence, golden-haired and immaculate, some sort of little angel thing, upon which the actual fact of some small reprobate with dirty hands and a talent for mischief bursts rather crudely jarring. Yet Christ, though many established ministers of his gospel might incline one to doubt it, knew very well what he was about, and meant what he said when he set a

child up in the midst of his somewhat staid disciples and pointed out that except they became as one of these they would not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Goethe, too, generally meant what he said; and he remarked, when he was mature in years, old in wisdom and young in heart: "We learn from children what women have failed to teach us." And who are the *we*? Men; not the pompous politician or publicist or professor, though they presumably are men too; but men of his own kidney;

men, that is to say, who are not content to repose perilously on their own dignity or position, but who remain capable of learning, growing still, as years pass, and lively.

In the presence of some great dignitary of Church or State, of some brilliant man of the world, of letters or society, I find comfort in remembering that after all not so very many years have elapsed since Mother lifted little heels with one hand while she changed his nappy with the other. The thought of such grand gentlemen renders the idea of learning from children preposterous in its absurdity, unless the truth of the words has bitten deep into the consciousness, in which case it is, I am afraid, the grand gentlemen who appear preposterous and their dignity which appears absurd, and ill-founded, however salient and towering.

What then can be learned from a child—apart from some vague aspiration towards a misty purity (begotten of a distorted idea of innocence) which the compact reality of the child's robust presence dispels as a fresh wind dispels fog? The idea is so fundamental, involves such a complete change of heart, from the ordinary conception, that it is difficult to come to grips with it in words. Blake helps with the phrase *errors of acquired folly*, in the passage commenting on Lavater where he says:—

Those who are offended with anything in this book would be offended with the innocence of a child and for

the same reason because it reproaches him with the errors of acquired folly.

The child is a challenge to our integrity which is apt to become dusty with habit, and dull with familiarity. The child brings a fresh and unspoiled eye to bear upon matters which we are inclined to take for granted; intimate and homely matters for the most part. I am speaking of course of families (and their number is increasing on every side) in which an effort is made to understand the child and the child is allowed to grow to its own shape, not forced into a mould by parents and nurses and teachers and so on, until it becomes an obedient little automaton, incapable of any action but revolt.

If a man is able to re-live an experience with a child he is able to free himself from the errors of acquired folly with regard to that experience: he can re-educate himself and indeed must do so, if he is to keep in touch with the child. All his ideas have to be re-sorted quite from the beginning—to be on a level with the child's honesty. First of all he must know whether it is the child who is being naughty or whether it is he who is cross. It sounds simple. Would that it were! But judging from my own experience, I may help by confessing that scrutiny revealed out of a hundred cases ninety-nine in which the cause of any little contretemps was elderly crossness, and the one case of naughtiness (throwing a young cat into a small pond) was immediately confessed.

"I've thrown Wepus into the pond".

"But why, dear? How unkind!"

"Yes, but I wanted to see what would happen."

It was all vastly solemn. The culprit aged four and the young cat were great friends, and remained friends. He bore no malice and allowed himself to be dried with hot cloths in front of the kitchen fire.

The treatment of animals is important. Any sort of cruelty is insufferable. But cruelty is no more natural to the young human being than a boil at the back of the neck: both are signs of disorder, the one in the body the other in the mind. Knaveries, as Blake exclaims, are not human nature: knaveries are knaveries. The assumption that all little boys are cruel little rascals is an absurdity, showing only that most little boys are rather inhumanly treated. And here again you can learn.

The small person of four was carrying the young cat's mother staggering along, hands clasped tightly round the cat's middle whose front paws stuck out and back paws drooped dragging. I hurried out to explain how cats hated to be carried in that way. I was assured the cat liked it. "Put her down and you'll see she'll scamper off enraged." The cat was accordingly with some difficulty deposited on the ground: the wretched creature immediately arched her back, hoisted her tail, and pressed a happy head purring against the small person's leg, and was picked up again in the same

way. I may mention that she still treats cats in a manner that I continue to consider reprehensible, and the cats (two especially who have deigned to spend long lives with us) astound me by showing a vast preference for her. There is an understanding between them which my own more delicate methods have been unable to achieve.

We have to re-sort our notions from the very beginning, and such a mass of examples surges over my mind that the difficulty is which to choose—in the long process of re-education: all simple fundamental things—on what is truthful, what is dirty or nasty, what constitutes good behaviour and so on. And any one instance leads you by gentle implication into the source of conduct and the very make-up of human nature, which good behaviour, for all its convenience, usually exists to cloak: that is, the crosser you are the more virtuous you feel in behaving beautifully; and the more obnoxious you are to the child or to any right-minded person. Own up that you are in a bad temper and no harm is done except to your personal dignity, which dislikes a person of your august presence and position to appear just cross—dislikes it so much that it will discover the most astute and admirable reasons (in the conduct of others, in the state of the world, in the very fact of life itself—there is no limit to the tricks of acquired folly in this matter of self-justification) why such a perfect person should be

annoyed: in fact, that you are annoyed swiftly becomes a proof of your worth—your intelligence and your sensitiveness and your inherent goodness. All fault-finding, indeed, comes to be seen as an ingenious form of self-justification, based on that commonest illusion that you prove yourself right in proving another wrong.

An old friend of mine said of her son, Edward, a small friend of mine, with much distress: "He is such a dreadful little liar." I could not agree with her; indeed his persistent corrections of her frequent inaccuracies with regard to names in books, or routes of buses or makes of cars struck me as being a trifle pedantic. Now at the time of their visit a main topic of conversation was connected with bullfinches which were nipping the buds off the plum-trees, and which I was being continually urged to shoot. I came home from a walk to be greeted by an excited Edward.

"I've killed a bull-finch. The most marvellously lucky shot."

"Never!" I said, "How did you do it?"

"It was sitting on that branch. See. And I had a stick in my hand and flung it and the end struck its head as it flew off."

He spoke with complete conviction: no shadow of doubt crossed my mind.

"Excellent!" I said. "I want to see one close. I don't really know exactly what they look like."

"Oh! I am sorry. I've buried it. Over there." He pointed behind a nearby privet hedge.

"Never mind. We'll soon find the grave."

"Ah! but it was in the cinders and I stamped them down hard."

We went and searched. There was no trace of any grave.

"Rotten!" he said "I never thought you'd want to see it. I am sorry".

"Ah!" I said, beginning to doubt. He instantly sensed my doubt and exclaimed in a hurt, accusing voice: "You don't believe I ever did kill a bull-finch at all. But I swear I did."

"Well, why shouldn't I believe what you tell me?" I countered and wandered off from the search, that I now knew must be fruitless. That was my first taste of his inventive genius. I didn't want to let him down too badly, so at tea I said: "That bull-finch drove it out of my head: I meant to tell you. A marvellous thing happened on my walk. Over the hill towards me a huge creature came hopping. It wasn't a dog. It was an enormous kangaroo. I had no stick. (Edward's eyes began to pop out.) You know how they rip up dogs with their great back legs. They can be very nasty, Kangaroos can. So I turned and stopped to see what the human eye could do. He came nearer and nearer." I broke off.

"No: I think it's rotten not to believe a chap's story."

"What happened?" cried Edward eager to know.

"Well, it was a friendly kangaroo: must have been some person's pet, who lives near."

“How did you know he was friendly?”

“Oh, I sort of felt it and he had a nice kind eye. Anyhow he came quite up to me—and raised his tail up like a happy cat only sideways—and on the end of his tail was sitting, what do you think?” Edward was chuckling all over him—a little red and shy, but chuckling: he answered quickly: “A bull-finch, I expect.”

“No. Two bull-finches!”

We both laughed. The story of the kangaroo and the bull-finches has become a stock joke, with many pleasant elaborations.

And the point of this charming story is? The little boy never told another lie? Not at all. That would depend, I expect, on many things. But we both learned (and here age may be, perhaps, an advantage in this matter of learning and applying the results of what one has learned) a little more about the nature of truth. Above all, this fact emerged: that people are inclined to see what

they wish to see. My small friend had so wished to please me by destroying a bull-finch that he had practically convinced himself the bull-finch was destroyed. Elder persons in the same way convince themselves, with even less to go upon, of the faults of others, for example, in order to feel superior.

Also, (and far the most important) communication has been strengthened between my small friend and me. We like to talk together when we meet about things that interest us—people, books, animals and so on; and we talk openly and with confidence, which we both find very pleasant. Here, again perhaps age scores in being able to appreciate a little more thoroughly the value of such confidence, and to savour more fully the bouquet of its pleasantness. But of this I cannot be sure. Prejudice plays queer pranks. He thinks me a decent sort of chap, and leaves it at that. Which is no doubt wiser.

HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT

LIME JUICE AND MUSTARD OIL

CONCERNING THE MARVELLOUS POWERS OF A YOGI

[The pen-name of S. Bradbury-Flint is "Resurgam" which is not unknown in literary circles. At our request he has put his name to this narrative which contains actual experiences; he assures us that the names of persons and places mentioned are real. He writes—"I have endeavoured to study the people of the Orient, and prior to this stay of nearly ten years in India, I roved in Syria, Indo-China and North Africa."

Students of occult lore will understand the rationale of events and ideas in this report of true experiences. Can the Modern Scientist, or the Psychological Researcher or the Spiritist explain, for example—

(a) how the yogi controlled from a distance the movements of the serpent?

(b) how the yogi read characters of absent people by looking at their photographs?

(c) how the yogi read the character of an absent person by looking at his hand-writing, without knowing the language of the writing? And more, how was he able to predict the future of that man?

Those desirous of seeking answers and explanations will find them in H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*.—EDS.]

Previous to this series of incidents, during the whole ten years of my stay in India as a district representative of a British commercial firm, I had no time to spare, nor any inclination to do so, on religious mendicants or "Yogis" of Hindustan.

I had, of course, seen many of them in the streets, had emphatically pronounced them as "bunkum," until one day I met Swami Raju Krishna, and learned that there are more powers at work in man than the practical Occidental mind thinks possible.

It was during the summer of 1930. I had left broiling Lahore and embarked on a shikaring and fishing trip into the Kulu and Kangra Valleys. It had been my intention to shikar in the southern slopes of

the Dhaula Dhar Range and then to wend my way down the upper reaches of the Beas River seeking the "mighty mahseer."

At the end of the leisurely first day's trek, from the railhead at Jagindar Nagar, through glorious scenery, I arrived within a mile of a few scattered huts. Here I decided to make camp. Leaving the old hunter and my servant to arrange things I made my way towards the huts with hopes of purchasing such fresh supplies as were obtainable and also to hire a couple of men to act as carriers of the camp equipment. As I strolled along the narrow track, smoking my beloved pipe and thinking of the unlucky devils still on the plains I was arrested by a movement in the path about four yards in front of me. I stop-

ped abruptly as I saw the swaying and darting head of an angry cobra with hood extended.

Whilst I was considering whether to gracefully retire and wish the cobra the best of luck, for there was not much space on that narrow path running round the hillside, or to risk a blow with my walking stick, I heard a voice speaking in Hindustani which said: "Walk on, Sahib, do not hesitate or the snake will know that you are afraid." I walked straight ahead, though my heart appeared to be in the vicinity of my mouth. As I started walking, however, the snake slid to the ground and remained motionless, so much so that when I reached it, it was lying rigid.

I looked up from the snake to where, seated on the hillside, was a Yogi with the clean-cut, serene face of a true ascetic and raven black hair resting on his shoulders. His vermilion caste-marks stood out in high contrast with his dusky complexion and saffron robes, but the most striking features of this personage were his eyes; these were large even for an Indian, black and can only be described as piercing.

I called out to him, climbed up to where he was, and found him seated on a flat stone at the mouth of a small cave in the hillside. For what he had done, I thanked him and asked if there was anything that I could do for him. To this he replied: "There is nothing I require at present." I stayed for a short time and our conversation became of things in

general in India.

As I was about to depart, I asked him how the snake had dropped dead at that precise moment. He answered that the snake was not dead, for it was against his caste to kill anything except in self-defence; it had only been rendered harmless. But the ways of doing that would not be understood by the "Sahib Log". To this, I remarked that, although I was an Occidental, I was quite willing to hear and learn, so, with a promise that he would explain at some other time I departed.

That was my introduction to Swami Raju Krishna, and I found his speech so interesting and enlightening that I not only stayed in that camp more than the two or three days, as I had proposed, but for the remainder of my leave, much to the disgust of the Shikari, and was even then sorry when it terminated.

Our conversations were not always of things in general, sometimes he would tell me of his early life; how, as a disciple to a priest of his sect in a temple, and later as a disciple to a wandering Yogi, he had learned the mysteries of life; and how he had enlarged his knowledge whilst serving his period of "penance" in the bare hills to the North, with only the wild beasts for companions.

How, in his theory of the transmigration of souls, he believed that human beings inherited some of the characteristic markings of their former animal lives, in their faces and hands, in their mode of living and their minds, and that these

composed the factors of a person's character and the reason for many of his or her actions.

He gave me an exposition :—The lion would kill and eat the flesh of its kill but would rather die of starvation than eat the flesh of a carcass that had been killed by some other animal or that had died. Whereas the jackal would not kill but feed entirely on the dead flesh left by other animals or those that had died or even thrown away as garbage. So it was with human beings, some would battle royally against great odds and overcome them but would disdain to war with odds that they knew they could easily overpower. Whereas others, not willing to stand even a chance of defeat, would pick as their opponents only people who they knew could not put up any stout resistance.

I asked him if he could delineate my character from the little he knew and could see of me. He replied that I was as an open book. He portrayed my character, telling me my strong points and my weak ones. How, because of the former, I had succeeded in some business ventures, and how, because of the latter, I had lost on others. Here was a very knotty problem indeed. How in the name of all that is wonderful could a man who had undoubtedly, never been inside a business office tell these things.

He then turned to my past, and his version was most startlingly accurate. He told me of my birth, not only the year, the date and the

time, but also mentioned the fact that I was born whilst a blizzard was in progress. This was quite enough to convince me—or anyone I think, who had previously been sceptic of these strange powers—that I had been “barking up the wrong tree.”

He then continued by telling me how I had at the age of three undergone a minor operation and pointing to the place told me that I still carried the scar made by the doctor's knife; on to many half forgotten incidents of my school days, and how I had lost my father in the Great War in Europe; how I came to be in India and also that I was contemplating marriage in the not too distant future, but that circumstances would necessitate the marriage taking place six months previous to the time arranged.

Showing a photograph of my fiancée I asked him if he thought that we would make a happy pair. He looked at the picture for some minutes and then passed it back to me, saying that he would do as I asked on the last day of my stay there which, he said, would be the sixth of the next month. As the last day I could remain and report back to the office in time was the ninth, I was rather puzzled to know why this should be, for it was not my intention to leave until the last minute. Seeing the look of perplexity on my face, he said : “Do not worry, Sahib, you will hear all about it on the sixth day.”

Up to that time, and although I had asked him several times, he

would only answer: "Patience, Sahib, patience."

I showed him other photographs, of my sister, friends and business acquaintances, and he gave me full details of the life of each. Whilst I was taking out one of the photographs from my wallet, I accidentally dropped a letter on to the ground. Before I could replace it, my friend had picked it up and was staring at the few lines of writing that were visible.

I thought this was very strange but did not say anything for I could see that the writing was not that of my fiancée. After a few minutes he handed it back to me saying: "Sahib, the man who wrote that has the character of a jackal. The less you have to do with him, the better for yourself."

To my amazement, on opening the letter I found that it was the written sanction for my leave, typewritten except for the signature and a small footnote in the handwriting of my "Boss" in Calcutta. Still amazed, I asked my friend the Yogi, if he was sure that he had not made a mistake, as, how could he, not knowing a word of the written English, tell me what kind of a man had written those few lines.

He answered that it was not necessary to know the jackal's tongue to be able to follow his footmarks in the snow, and although he did not know one word of what was written he could tell by the way it had been written that the writer was not a man to be trusted. Still thinking that he had made some mistake for although I

had not met the "Boss" many times he had impressed me as being a "straight-dealer," I took out a group photograph on which the person in question was the central figure. Pointing this out to the Yogi, I asked what he thought of that man. At once he replied: "This is the same man, Sahib, and, if you are willing to listen, I can now tell you more about him."

This is the story he told:—

This man cannot be a true friend to anyone, not even to himself. Although at present, he has everything he wishes in the way of money and position, he is not happy and the future is dark for him. He is now spending money which is not his own. It will cause his death. His wife, whom he married many years ago, and his son, now a grown man, left him because of his brutal actions, and both stay in the home of the mother across the seas. The woman who is living with him and is known as his wife has reaped the crop of the seeds she sowed, for he is now tired of her affections and takes his pleasures with the street-girls. He is fast sinking into the mud of disgrace and despair and will not be able to stand and fight his way back. He will make a coward's retreat and die by his own hand.

That did not sound very good; but I can at least vouch for the truth of the latter part becoming authentic, for within a year of hearing this story, the "Boss" had blown out his brains on being asked to account for certain deficiencies with regard to the firm's accounts.

The sixth day of the month arrived and by that time I had so much faith in the words of my Yogi friend, that I ordered my servant to strike camp and to get all

the kit ready so that we could move within a few minutes of my return. I then made my way to the Yogi's cave in the hillside.

He greeted me with the words: "I have been expecting you Sahib, for I know that you are anxious to hear what I have to say to-day. I know that whatever I tell you, you will recognise to be the truth, for you have shown your faith in the words I speak by ordering your servant to break camp. Sahib, it is now nearly the hour of one. If I talk with you until the hour of four you will still have time to take your refreshment and walk the nine miles to the railway station to board the train leaving at the hour of eight; so will you make yourself as comfortable as possible and take interest in what I have to say.

"Our paths have met on this lonely hillside. We have conversed on many subjects. Some of which, although you recognise the words as the truth, are a matter of great mystery to you. To me who has spent many years delving into the mysteries of life, these things are no longer mysterious. I will endeavour to tell you about these things but I am afraid that you will know just as much after I have finished as when I started; not because you have a dense mind but because you are an Occidental and cannot understand our ways. Both races think rightly according to their own ways, but those ways do not, and never will, run parallel.

"Sahib, every man shall be known by the marks bestowed

upon him by Nature. The leopard cannot change his spots for the tiger's stripes, no more can a bad man change his Nature's markings for those of a good man. Nature still continues with its work of marking every person but under the veneer of civilization many persons have forgotten how and where to look for these marks. The eyes have been too busy watching civilization's progress to trouble about the markings on the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Yet all these markings are Nature's way of pointing out the paths of life, and many pitfalls would be avoided if they, the markings, were recognised in the way intended and interpreted for the good of mankind.

"But all these things I learned as a disciple. These were merely the ground for me to stand upon so that I might reach to higher things. Often when I was alone with the wild animals in the hills to the North, I was afraid of these creatures and also the snakes, until I learned how to wrap my thoughts around me like a wide-spreading mantle, and put my absolute faith in the ability of that mantle to keep me safe.

"It is far easier to influence human beings, for in that way the sick are healed, than to influence animals. With human beings their inner thoughts can be influenced by the pacification of the conscious or outer thoughts, though even then they cannot be made to do things they would ordinarily refuse to do. An honest man cannot be influenced to steal or to murder,

but a man who thinks he is dying, can be influenced to think that he is not and in many cases can be made fit and well again; this because human nature is bent on living.

“With regard to animals the position is reversed for it is instinctive and natural that most of them should be “killers,” so they have to be influenced contrary to their natural bent.

“Strange as it may seem, the snake which has been the symbol of wickedness for countless years is the most sensitive to these influences. Even the influence radiated by an unborn child renders it harmless. The snake will lie asleep in the path of a pregnant woman. This influence over the snake, is also evident amongst animals, for the snake will not kill an animal in young, except when attacked.

“Sahib, all these things and more have become known to me and I have adapted them to the good of man. The blind man is made to see because he is influenced to have supreme faith that he can see. By the same means the sick man is made well, the cripple to walk, and so on. All these things may not be clear to you—nevertheless they are true.

“I will now speak of the things that have been troubling you for many days past. Will you let me again see the picture of the lady you are going to marry, also one of the pieces of written script that I know is in your little leather pocket? I wish to be able to tell you all there is to tell at the present, as for many years your

path will be my path and mine yours. I have known for long that we should meet and that we are ruled by some unseen and unknown power for the good of each other, though the first acts of goodness must be done by me.

“I will now meditate and send my thoughts to see the lady of your choice, so that I may read from the original all that you wish to know. I see her in a hospital bedroom, in the City of the Moghul Emperor’s Delight and Sorrow (Agra). She is sitting at the bedside of her mother, whose neck is covered with bandages. She is whispering brave words to her mother, which her heart does not feel, telling her that the doctors will soon make her well.

“That is the reason, Sahib, why you will be leaving here this evening. It is also the reason why you will be married six months earlier than you or your bride anticipated, for your future mother-in-law who has always been a good woman, thinking that she is going to die shortly wishes to see her daughter safely married to you. But she will not die; she has many years yet to live, and the doctors are making a great mistake. They are treating her for a disease which does not exist in her body. If you will take her away from that place and the doctors, give her plenty of the fruit of the lime tree and put bandages soaked in water around her neck, she will soon become well again.

“Your future wife will make you happy. She will deliver to you a son which will be

the pride of both your hearts—and mine also. Soon after you are married you will move to Simla and as I know that you will require my help, I too shall not be far away.

“It is now time for your departure, Sahib whom I will now call Brother. Although you leave me I shall always be with you to guide your footsteps in the paths where snakes and pitfalls are many. Before you go away, however, go to the Post Office in the village. There is a letter which has come quickly for you.”

I left Swami Raju Krishna after a few words of thanks and many of hope that I might see him again and made my way to the Post Office. Here I found, as I had been told, a telegram from my fiancée which read: “Mother very ill. Can you come at once.” On the return journey as I was passing the Yogi’s cave I waved the telegram and told him that he had been quite right.

Boarding the small train, which appeared to positively crawl down the hills to Pathan Kot, I arrived at Agra where I learned the whole truth of what I had been told by the Yogi.

Her mother who the doctors said was suffering from a cancer in the throat thought that she was dying and wanted us to be married as soon as possible. Knowing that it was necessary to get her away from the doctors and the hospital, I hit upon a plan. I approached the mother and said that I would marry her daughter as soon as possible but I wanted her,

the mother, to holiday with us whilst we were on our honeymoon. She of course raised all manner of objections. But I said that her daughter refused to go on a honeymoon and I refused to take her, if the mother did not come with us. At last I got her to agree to come.

We were quietly married and the three of us *en route* to Mussoori four days later. Soon after we boarded the train I had the opportunity to start the treatment as prescribed by my Yogi friend. Having ordered plenty of limes and ice, I proceeded to make iced lime drinks. These at first the mother declined but later decided to drink in preference to the doubtful milk obtainable at the railway stations.

Eventually my mother-in-law, Mrs. Field, came to the conclusion that the drinks made from the fresh limes were ideal. I made sure, that there was always a good supply of limes on hand.

The next part of the treatment also became easy, for the neck is not a very convenient part of the body for a patient to bandage, so I volunteered to do it for her. When I had gained her confidence, I moved the lotion and bandages to her bathroom, saying that the smell of the lotion was not a good perfume for the bedroom. By dressing the pad in the bathroom, I was able to substitute water for the lotion but was very careful, so that she would still get the smell of the stuff, to dip the edge of the bandage into it.

By that time she had forgotten all about dying, for my wife and

would drag her out of the house to all and every function in the place. She always enjoyed herself and arrived home too tired to think of anything but of going to bed.

On reporting back to the office after the honeymoon I was told that I had been transferred to another district and my headquarters would be at Simla.

It was not long before my mother-in-law came to stay with us there, for my wife had written and told her that a baby was coming. It was good to see the mother, who, about three months previous, had been quite convinced by the doctors that she was dying, fussing about her daughter and arguing whether the trimmings should be "blue" or "pink".

I still carried on with the treatment, although I knew that she had reverted to the use of the lotion during the time she had been away from us. She was still as much in love with the lime drinks, though as the weather got cool they had to be made with warm water, and so the treatment was carried out uninterrupted throughout the autumn and winter until the baby arrived. A bonny baby boy!

Three months later my wife, most untactfully, brought up the subject one night at dinner, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, the swelling has vanished from your neck!" Up went the old lady's hand to feel for it, and then a smile spread over her face and she said: "Why, so it has! It must be God's way of repaying me for forgetting my own troubles when

you and the baby required my help."

I did not question that but said that I would call in a doctor to pronounce her fit. This I did, first having had a private talk with the practitioner, and he was convinced and also convinced the old lady, that the other doctors had mistaken a small tumour for a cancer and that tumour had in some way become dissolved and had vanished and that she was as fit as a fiddle.

When my son was nine months old he caught a chill which developed into bronchial pneumonia. He was nearing the crisis when I was told by a servant that a Holy Man was asking to see me, and I went out to find that it was Swami Raju Krishna. I asked him if he would come inside and wait or call upon the morrow, as my son was very ill and I wanted to stay with him. He answered:—

All this is known to me, Sahib, and the reason why I am here, for did I not say that this self-same son of yours would also be the pride of my heart. I will with your help make him well again, as I did the mother of his mother.

Take these small leaves and, after boiling them in water, give a small spoonful of the juice to your son every hour. First of all undress him in front of a fire and rub the oil of the mustard plant on to his chest and back, dress him again and then give him the juice and put him back to bed. Do this every hour throughout the night. If the baby is sick from the mouth, the juice is doing its work well, and Brother Sahib, do not rub the oil on with a strong hand or you will cause your son great pain. Farewell, I now go to pray for your son.

He then departed into the night.

I asked my wife to go and rest; I would call her if necessary. As soon as she was out of the room, I lit a spirit stove and put a saucepan of water and the leaves upon it. I then rang for a servant and got a bottle of mustard oil.

When I had everything ready, I took my son from his bed and undressed him on a blanket in front of the fire praying all the time that the treatment would be successful, and after rubbing him gently with the warm oil, dressed him again and gave him a spoonful of the juice.

The poor little fellow did not make a sound for he was breathing with great difficulty. I had no sooner finished and was carrying him back to his bed than he started vomiting. I was then convinced that the cure would be successful.

All through the night I stayed with him, my wife having fallen into the deep sleep of the exhausted, and treated him every hour. I noticed that after the first few doses the secretion of his vomit-

ing was not so thick and when I gave him a dose just before dawn, his stomach instantly returned the juice and it was devoid of phlegm. He had no difficulty in breathing.

I went along to his mother's room and gently waking her asked if she would come to the nursery as I thought our son had had a turn for the better. When we returned to the child my wife agreed with me and proceeded to give him something to drink.

By the time the doctor arrived I had removed all evidence of my activities in the nursery and what I could not remove I eliminated with the aid of some perfume.

The result of the doctor's examination was most favourable and he, in a most pompous and self-satisfied tone, assured me that my son would be his own bright self again within a fortnight.

How I would have loved at that moment to have told him the things I thought and to have done the things I wanted to do. But I refrained, politely showed him out and paid his bill as soon as possible after I received it.

S. BRADBURY-FLINT

THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE GOLDEN RULE

[For years Miss L. Stratford Houghton has served with voice and pen the cause of Anti-Vivisection in England. She writes here with conviction of the ancient Golden Rule, reformulated by the Nazarene two thousand years ago—the rule so many quote but few apply.—EDS.]

How long, one wonders, will it be before people's logical faculties cause them to realise that the only antidote to cruelty is kindness; the only antidote to filth, cleanliness and sanitation; the only antidote to disease, pure clean blood streams and clean health in every way. In short, that the only antidote to that which is bad is that which is good.

Did we but realise these obvious facts we should never try to get rid of that which is bad by means of the superimposition of something equally bad but stronger, as we do, for instance, when we try to cure cruelty by means of harsh punitive measures—by trying to prove, in fact, that we can win at the game of trying to see which can hurt the most; or as we do in another sphere when we try to immunise against disease by means of introducing the product of disease into erst-while pure blood streams.

Once we realise the wisdom of trying to get rid of the undesirable by introducing the desirable, we surely must see that nothing could be more practical or logical than the Golden Rule. For if we do unto others as we would have them do unto us, they are far more likely to do unto us as we would have them do than they are if we do not ourselves treat them thus. The chances are very great that they will treat us as we treat them; that if we are

cruel to them they will be cruel to us, and even cruel to others as a result of our having filled their hearts with what our American cousins would call "the cruelty complex"; that that cruelty of theirs to others will create cruelty in the hearts of others towards them and towards us and towards everyone else until the whole world becomes swept with a great wave of cruelty. On the other hand, every act of kindness of ours helps to spread a great wave of kindness and happiness over the world, which benefits everyone, in a great and universal benefit in which benefit we cannot fail to share ourselves.

True, the immediate result of harshness is often more effective than the immediate result of kindness and it is this fact which causes many to fail to realise the beneficial effects of kindness. Fear influences so much more quickly than love that we can force a sort of negative goodness by making people afraid to do wrong, but we have not thereby filled their hearts with goodness. We have filled their hearts with a resentment which will continuously grow, and which will cause them to find a way, some time or other, of "getting their own back," and of doing more harm to the world than they would have done or wanted to do if they had not been successfully mastered.

Gradually we are growing to realise this. Gradually, more and more, we are discontinuing capital punishment and other forms of retributive crime. And, *pro rata* with our abandonment of these practices, comes a decrease of the crimes these punishments are given for. We used to hang for sheep stealing, and even quite small children were hung for petty thefts, while greater crimes were punished by their perpetrators being "hung, drawn, and quartered"; or being "tarred and feathered"; or receiving some other similarly barbarous retribution. To-day it is recognised that the retributive crime must not be greater than the original one. To-morrow, perhaps, it will be universally agreed that it cannot be right to practise *any* cruelty, no matter how great the crime.

What is it that brings out the best or the worst in us? Is it not obvious that universal love, given and received, brings out the best in everyone? It must be almost as obvious that the root cause of all wrong deeds is fear. Fear of other countries causes wars. Fear of strange dogs causes us to act in such way towards them that they are likely to bite us whereas, if we had not been afraid of them, they would probably have been perfectly friendly towards us. Fear of disease causes the frightful brutality of vivisection, and here again we find that fear of disease

results in our having more disease, for the practice of vivisectioning animals leads us ever further away from a true understanding of man and Nature!

A study of the facts and figures regarding zymotic diseases shows that in the districts and during the periods where and when there has been most vaccination, there and then there is most smallpox. Also that diphtheria, and other diseases with regard to which we inoculate extensively, have not decreased to anything like so great an extent as have those diseases with regard to which we do not inoculate so widely.

Yet so great is the popular belief in the efficacy of force that many even of the most learned of people contend that the way to escape zymotic diseases is by filling our blood streams with the products of zymotic diseases. Acting on the same principle of a belief in the desirability of force they contend that disease arises from germs entering our bodies, and that the only way to keep out these diseased germs is to put in other disease germs which will resist their intrusion—while the fact is that the greatest security for good health is a pure blood stream.

The wisest as well as the most worthy thing is to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; and this commandment is at one and the same time a Divine Command and a Natural Law.

L. STRATFORD HOUGHTON

WHAT IS INTUITION ?

ACCORDING TO TAGORE, RADHAKRISHNAN, AUROBINDO

[Dr. K. C. Varadachari offers a comparative study of how a poet, a philosopher, and a mystic in modern India view and value the faculty of Intuition.—EDS.]

Intuition in Indian thought is usually identified by modern Indian thinkers with the fourth instrument of knowledge, namely, *śruti*, that which has been heard, communicated or seen. These are revelations of the ultimate truths and are the content of all intuitive experiences. They are absolutely true, intrinsically and completely. As such they are discovered; they are not made or caused by any one God or Man (*apourusheya*). Being absolutely true, they are fundamentally friendly counsel (*āptopadesah*) capable of removing bondage, banishing sorrow and annihilating the eternal cycle of *samsāra*. They alone can and do intimate the solutions of the ultimate problems of existence and value, such as the existence of Deity.

Śruti becomes personal experience or intuition (*sva-anubhava*) through intuition. In this personally lived experience one perceives the essential unity or integrality of all; or even identity as in the case of Vam-deva; or, again, as in the vision of the Universe-Form (*Visva-rupa-darsana*) seen by Arjuna, that complete stretch of the awe-inspiring titanic movement of creative power of the All, as also its soul-revealing ecstasy and comforting intimacy

with the life of the individual. Out of such an experience, Vivekananda once said, one comes out a sage though one entered it as a fool. This is divine Gnosis, that transcends in certainty and completeness all other instruments or faculties of cognition. It is to be realised as non-conceptual, direct knowledge (*aparoksajñāna*). This is Intuition.

Three living thinkers use intuition to explain their philosophies, namely Rabindranath Tagore, Radhakrishnan, and Aurobindo Ghose. In very many respects they accept ancient thought, but there are certain interesting developments that deserve careful consideration.

Rabindranath views philosophy through his poetic spectacles. Intuition to him is æsthetic perception. Rightly he stresses that intuition is perception of the significance of life and things. It is the most thorough-going relation of intrinsic values of beauty, truth and goodness. What the future thinker has to do is to foster this supreme spiritual understanding of the profound unity of nature and man which is possible to intuition alone. Again true understanding of individual differences is possible to intuition only. And

this alone is the basis of true culture.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan's concept of intuition has not been built up from the poetic or mystical phases which certainly are traceable in Rabindranath's concept. To begin with, his view of intuition is a criticism of Western thinkers like Bergson. His intuition has undoubtedly an intellectual basis. He refuses to view intellect and intuition in terms of contradiction. The one is the natural consequence of the other; a liberated intellect is intuition. His concept of intuition thus rejects the dualism between intellect and intuition.

Such a dualism has two important results. Firstly it is bound to condemn all intellectual thinking such as is done in science, mathematics, etc., and which undoubtedly makes the universe intelligible to us. Secondly, intellect, in spite of Bergson, is not an instrument of merely practical or utilitarian and selfish character, nor are its interpretations fictions. The very disinterestedness of science in the pursuit of truth shows this to be untrue.

This defence of intellect does not mean that there is no intuition at work. Radhakrishnan is firmly convinced that there is a place for intuition as much as for intellect. Intellect and intuition reinforce each other; either may be disregarded. Intuition is the only means by which we can transcend the limitations of intellect which can only intimate the form of things, never their essence. Intuition, leading to the

knowledge of things in their essence, is non-conceptual knowledge but it is not irrational. It is so thoroughly rational that it may well be called supra-rational. It is the immediate knowledge of things in the concrete. But since it gives truth and not mere feeling it is more than intellect and more than feeling. Its immediacy is not the unconscious immediacy of sensation; it is not the unawakened intuition of the Crocean philosophy. It is the "reward of a life's devotion to the highest quests." It transcends intellect, is constantly flowing out as certain, definite and inevitable knowledge.

Intellect can lead only to tentative conclusions on the metaphysical and scientific problems of existence. In that sphere it has a legitimate function, but it never can give the meaning of life. It never can foster the values of spiritual concern to humanity. Its *métier* is towards abstract dealings with the concrete; its goal is aloof from human values. Intuitions on the other hand, are perceptions of the values of pre-eminent concern to humanity—the values of beauty, harmony, moral life and freedom in the truest sense. Intuition as cognition of the spiritual threads in the texture of life is the supreme vision. Life reveals the immanent workings of the Universal Spirit in each individual. Intuition as the intimator of this supreme secret of existence, its depth and its exalting significance, is a true religious function.

Analysing Sir S. Radhakrishnan's position, we find that he holds,

unlike Bosanquet and other Idealists (and Dr. Radhakrishnan is an idealist) that the supremest function of the Absolute is Intuition—neither intellect nor reason. That highest could only be non-conceptual. He affirms the actuality of the supra-reason of Bradley. But Radhakrishnan's intuition partakes of the certainty and absolute integrality of the *aparoksa-anubhava* of Indian thought. The functioning of intuition in man results in the emergence of absolute values and their realisation in the world process. Thus for Radhakrishnan intuition is the meeting place of the Absolute and the Actual, leading to the emergence of true life. The content and character of intuition make it the dynamic maker of history and an instrument of the ever-present and incarnate universal in all.

The statement of Sir S. Radhakrishnan focuses clearly and definitely the significant features of the ancient doctrine, and, as far as it goes, is an original and spirited defence of the continuity of thought and revelation. To abandon the one criterion by which one can judge intuition, namely, its rationality, is to abandon oneself to subjective hallucinations of the worst type.

The confusion between the supra-intellectual and the sub-intellectual, the root-cause of false symbolisations in religions, explains how so much of light can co-exist with so much unwholesome darkness. This confusion can only be avoided by the exercise of discrimination, the chief

tool of philosophy. Philosophy never can cease to be intellectual, or rather conceptual, so long as it has to be communicated to others, and for philosophy to be possible, intuition, even when non-conceptual, must be amenable to the figures of conceptuality. Thus as Plato and the Indian Puranas show, the use of myths and parables and comparisons are necessary devices for expressing any intuitional truth. An intuitive thinker is forced to adopt them for the sake of communication. Nor does intuition alone have need for these; Science itself has come to feel that symbols are an absolute necessity in the communication of thought. Only, the figures of intuition are less definite because infinitely suggestive of features transcending sensuous and intellectual limits.

Prof. Leonard Woolf looks upon all intuitional thinkers as quacks. The attack is not new. Intuition has been likened to mysticism, and Prof. Stace characterised all mysticism as infantile, and styled Indian thought as such. George Santayana and Signor Croce have also expressed themselves no less vigorously. To transcend intellect does not mean the abolition of reason, of clear perception of the true. This charge, however, has not been definitely answered by Dr. Radhakrishnan.

Sri Aurobindo Ghose is definitely a thinker who feels no doubt as to the utility of intuition for purposes of philosophy, realisation, the transformation of mankind and the establishment of the King-

dom of Spirit on all levels of existence. To be born in intuition, to utilise it for the purposes of all thought and action, is to have rebirth into the true life or Brahman.

In Aurobindo's philosophy we have an apparent return to the absolute distinction between intuition and intellect.

Intuition sees things in a whole, in the large, and details only as sides of the indivisible whole; its tendency is towards synthesis and unity of knowledge. Reason on the contrary proceeds by analysis and division and assembles its facts to form the whole; but in the assemblage so formed there are opposites, anomalies, logical incompatibilities, and the natural tendency of reason is to affirm some and to negate others which conflict with its chosen conclusions so as to form a flawless logical system.

Intuition is direct perception by pure consciousness, whereas intellect is the cognitive activity of the unregenerate analytical man. Intellect can never understand the purpose of life, its divinity and scheme. Intuition alone in its synthetic grasp can feel and know, enjoy and act in the whole in an absolute manner. But the contrariety between intellect and intuition is not of the accentuated type of Bergson. Aurobindo's view is that every plane of life has an appropriate function, absolutely satisfactory for its limited purposes. This parallelism of distinguished functions applies on all planes. What applies on the plane of vegetable life applies also on the animal and human planes. Similarities like these are obtained again in the

higher levels. This does not mean that one leads to the other. Just as there is indestructibility of matter on the level of matter and conservation of energy on the level of energy, so everywhere. There is a transformation of these distinctions without their annihilation when intuition functions, for it understands all. Thus intuition in the philosophy of Aurobindo is not a mere synthetic function; it is effectively the enjoyer of all planes in their entirety. It is the conserver of distinctions in a unique manner, in terms of the whole.

The distinction between intellect and intuition then consists in this: to the intellect the highest ever remains a postulate, a belief, and never passes to certainty or conviction; to the intuition it is conviction and certainty. Knowledge that merely approximates truth can never be truth, and truth, since it cannot be grasped by intellect ever recedes from it; its combinations are just improvised mechanizations that simulate the highest truth. The Absolute of intellectual philosophy is barren, bereft of life and movement and so utterly negative as to be non-existent; quite the contrary is the Absolute of intuition; its purity is rich with transcendence and infinity. Still on a superficial valuation the two concepts of the Absolute resemble each other.

Intuition is the only formative element in human life and should become the conscious implement of life. Intuition seizes upon the individual and is dynamic enough

to recreate him in the divine image which he is in immortal essence. To be intuitively cosmic-conscious in thought, act and feeling, is to feel the true spiritual essence as the very life of beatitude; that is to be a vehicle of the divine life in terms of space and time. That is the ecstasy of creative life, balanced, harmonious, and practical. Intuition alone unfolds the greatest mystery of life (*guh yatamam rahasyam*).

Intuition is akin to pure awareness, varied and omniscient. In itself it is truth, intelligence and bliss—*sacchidananda*. Its reaches beyond intellect are infinite and immense. Intuition becomes super-human in its adventurous creativity. It is the *turya* consciousness; constant in its creative delight, it is the Self in action.

Intuition as the organ of knowledge gives the true wisdom of existence; as an intimator of right action, flowing from its splendid perception of the total

reality under the harmonious vision and synthesis of Self, intuition becomes the powerful and deciding factor in social conduct or morality. Its field of knowledge includes the eternal archetypal values of truth and beauty. It is the one force that can transform all forms and re-value all values, and that alone can make the future safe for the kingdom of Spirit. In a word, it alone can confer freedom, immortality and delight at every instant of being and forever.

This is the place of intuition in Aurobindo's philosophy. Every other function is subordinate to it. Not to have unfolded intuition is not to have known oneself as the highest. Aurobindo's view of intuition combines both the aspects of the Upanishads, *pratyaksa* and *siddhi*, perception of the true and the attainment of incomparable enjoyment of all creation as delight. Just as intellect has marked out man from the animal so intuition marks out the divine from the human.

K. C. VARADACHARI

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

[How did evil originate? How can it be overcome? Poets and philosophers have tried to fashion answers as will be seen from these two articles.

The first is by **Mademoiselle Claudine Chonez** who says: "two things interest me, poetry (in the largest meaning of the word) and morals." At present she is preparing for publication a study of the poet Claudel, her compatriot. The second is by **Dr. J. M. Kumarappa**, who needs no introduction to the readers of **THE ARYAN PATH**.

Those who wish to translate intuitions into ideas will feel that there is some lack in the poetic view presented in the first; also, those who wish to transform reason into clear apperception which satisfies heart-aspiration, will feel that there is a gap in the philosophic view offered in the second. Such will find two pamphlets of H. P. Blavatsky's, most helpful: *The Origin of Evil* and *The Fall of Ideals* which are available from **THE ARYAN PATH** Offices.—EDS.]

I.—IN THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL

The problem of Evil is an aspect of the general problem of our destiny, for it raises a question as to the nature of the power which rules that destiny—whether it be beneficent, maleficent or indifferent.

How does Evil come to be if God is Perfection? If Perfection does not exist, how can we conceive of it? There is no antinomy, the solution for which the human spirit has sought so constantly in its quest of the Supreme Good. The problem of Evil, the pivot round which most religions, as well as cosmological and metaphysical systems revolve, is the legitimate basis of all philosophy. It is also the only metaphysical point of view capable of literary expression: that is to say, through concrete symbols and human emotion one could write a poem on the nature of things but not on the nature of God. Victor Hugo's poem, *Dieu*, is an exception only in appearance. If we compare it

with the section on God in Spinoza's *Ethics*, we see that it would be difficult to find another two such totally dissimilar pieces of work under the same title; the rigorously abstract reasoning of Spinoza leads directly to God as supreme necessity; Hugo works up to God as the supreme good by a series of images, all of which are relative to the problem of Evil.

According to the dualistic doctrine, Evil is a divine principle opposed to the equally divine principle of Good: it is God, hateful yet formidable. In the Judeo-Christian monotheism, Evil, the rebellious and chastised slave, is only relatively powerful as against absolute divine Perfection: Satan might tempt Job, but Job, with God's help, would vanquish him. And the concrete genius of the pagan mythologies conceived not of principles but of individuals, gods and goddesses personifying each passion or phenomenon with

its mixture of good and evil: Erinnyes, Fates and Furies are not independent principles but minions of the wrath of the gods, and Pluto in Hades is no more than a gaol warder.

Whether they view Evil as an independent divine principle, or in the last analysis an attribute of divinity, or an inferior spirit, all religions believe in a more or less perfect divine justice, rewarding the good and punishing the bad in a future life. The philosophy and literature of [European] antiquity furnish us with two other possible conceptions: the maleficence of God or His indifference. The *Prometheus* of Æschylus sums up magnificently the first of these ideas: "For having taken pity on mortals, here I am being put to a cruel test." Lucretius, in *De Natura Rerum*, expounds in no less sublime fashion the Epicurean doctrine—that of an ultimate fatality and serene indifference of Olympus: *Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira*, a lofty doctrine as fearless as it is devoid of hope.

In the *Divine Comedy*, that epic of Christianity belonging to an intensely religious age, fear returns equally with hope: Hell, a just recompense for Adam's sin, and Heaven, the appropriate reward earned through the Redeemer's Passion. Milton, the greatest poetical exponent of the Christian faith since Dante, is equally orthodox: in *Paradise Lost*, the Angel of Light, on becoming the Prince of Darkness, still retains a nobility of bearing and character which ren-

ders him very different from Dante's monstrous three-headed ogre or the grotesque "diabolus" of the medieval Mysteries, and permits us to see in him the forerunner of the alluring demons to come with Romanticism. Whereas until then the Devil, love-lorn or drunken, had merely been a joke with Satan playing the rôle of an engaging scoundrel. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the *romans noirs* of the English school of writers (Anne Radcliffe, Mathurin and Lewis) Satanism rose to the dignity of a literary genre. The prodigal abundance of macabre cemeteries, witches' Sabbaths and vampires to be found in these books was but a childish method of exciting the horrified interest of the reader; but the boredom aroused by the Satan drawn on classical lines in Chateaubriand's *Martyrs* shows that the subject in its orthodox vein had been exhausted.

It was in succeeding generations that the personality of Satan, or his disciple Cain, took on an extraordinary amplitude. Between 1820 and 1860 Lucifer, symbolising the problem of Evil, or the man "branded with the mark of Cain," and characterised by his haughty gloom, became the dark sun of the romantic universe.

The figure of the Rebellious Angel has been, almost without exception, a temptation to the Romantics; they all boasted, as Baudelaire was to say, of having "*fait sa rhétorique chez Satan*." Heine and Musset toyed with the devil's machinations; and Goethe

put a sarcastic Mephistopheles beside the tormented figure of Faust. Vigny sang of Satan's seductiveness. Even the poets who had by nature little that was satanic about them succumbed to the temptation: Lamartine did not deny himself the pleasure of singing about *Cedar*, the fallen Angel, since the latter, after many incarnations, was to take the form of Jocelyn; and his muse wooed Childe Harold all his life, only to leave him in the end, converted to authority.

The conflict between God and the Devil is a theme dear to romanticism: it is the conflict in *Cain* and in *La fin de Satan*. Byron confronted Jehova with Lucifer and his disciple, as heroes and martyrs; Victor Hugo, too devoted to God to side with the Devil and sympathising too much with the Devil to countenance God's severity, reconciled them to each other.

In this remarkable partiality of romanticism for creations like Faust and Manfred, for personalities like Lucifer and Cain; and in the complete liberty it took in interpreting subjects which were at the same time religious dogmas, there is something more than artistic interest or states of sentiment. The whole movement implies a new attitude in regard to the problem of Evil.

"Men," said Pascal, "not being able to conquer death, misery or ignorance, have persuaded themselves, for the sake of a happy life, to give no thought to them."

This statement would not apply

to the romantics! "Our crime," said Lamartine, whose repentance was not altogether perfect, "is that we are human and yet wish to know." Never has the passionate quest of the value of life, never has a sense of the supreme importance of its discovery, been more constant and more widespread.

Their contemplation of human destiny did not lead all the romantics to the same conclusions: The literature of romanticism, Hugo said, has, "like all things human, despite its unity, its sombre side and its comforting side."

Some of the romantics, like Lamartine, like Hugo himself, attained eventually to an optimistic view. But the constant preoccupation with the problem of Evil characteristic of them all implies a very lively sense of its reality, of its predominance. The pessimism of *Candide* is nearer to the position of the romantics than the pre-established harmony of Leibnitz: if none of them is a Propurante, neither is he a Pangloss, not even Lamartine, in spite of his "all is good..." Some of them no doubt withdrew to cultivate their gardens, while others preferred to toy with the Wertherian pistol.

Romantic pessimism is essentially on a higher level than *Candide*, Christian in its origin: the weakness and solitude of humanity, the vanity of earthly grandeur, the lack of balance between the capacity and the inclinations of the spirit—these are the constant themes from Augus-

tine to Pascal. It is in the course of developing this tradition that a sense of the suffering peculiar to man—spiritual suffering—has been rendered more acute. But with the new school the religious vision has been distorted. Christianity has a certain symmetry: the believer's eyes falling on earthly miseries turn at once to the promised paradise; to the romantics the glass is so dark that all rays of hope are lost therein, or so cramped with incertitude that they are deflected in the most varied directions. The firm orthodoxy of Bossuet is as alien to optimism as it is to pessimism.

It is because the overweening individualism of the romantics led them to pit themselves against God; because the heritage of the Revolution had made them athirst for liberty; because, in a word, they were intellectually children of the eighteenth century that individualism and the critical spirit united to weaken or destroy in them the Christian attitude toward the problem of Evil.

Going beyond all traditions of the Christian age, it was the audacious ideas of Æschylus and Lucretius which were re-united in the extreme wing of the romantic school. The Prometheus Æschylus had left enchained to the Caucasus was released by Shelley in that magnificent outburst of revolt, *Prometheus Unbound*. Lucretius' lines on the indifference of the Deity were re-echoed and with more bitterness by Vigny in *Mont des Oliviers*. Byron's pride would not be content with this silent con-

demnation: he faced God not with scorn but hatred, not with cold silence but with screams of revolt.

For Hugo, too, the decrees of his mind were supreme. But as Lucifer was not compatible with his optimistic nature, he chose Jehovah—a Jehovah not biblical but Hugoesque. He preferred the tranquillity of Olympus to the warfare of the Titans; he did not set himself against God only because he had seated himself on His right hand. Pride was common to both believers and unbelievers. Common also was the ethical preoccupation implied in the very choice of the problem of Evil, the struggle to achieve an ideal of justice—a heritage, again, of Christianity, heightened while it was deformed under the influence of an individualism viewing justice as a bulwark against external pressure.

An extreme individualism is indeed the most salient characteristic of all romanticism. Each wants to bring the world into harmony with his own tune: chaos seems inevitable in the circumstances. Yet a certain amount of harmony emerges out of all these varied works. The adventurous Faust as well as the wise Jocelyn have both known the moral torments of Satan and Cain. The conflict between the sense of liberty and the experience of weakness is the same in Vigny's *Destinées* as in Leopardi's poems. The dualistic antithesis (in a more or less distorted form) is common to all the poems which, as in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, bring God and Satan face to face.

It is the need for God which sharply divides the two camps of romanticism, Hugo and Byron, for example, the two extremes. Between the religious heritage and the critical heritage of romanticism, each camp made its choice. Byron might have said of his Cain what Goethe said of his Faust: From Heaven, across the world, through to Hell. In the *Fin de Satan* the terms are reversed: it is a prodigious ascent from Hell, across the world, to Heaven.

These metaphysics are dictated too much by the heart to present us with perfect coherence. Byron could not reasonably have suggested that one should believe in a miserable and malignant divinity. And it might be said in criticism of *Le Fin de Satan* that evolution of a pure spirit takes place outside duration; for time being defined as awareness of the succession of ideas, it would seem that eternity implies changelessness. But all this does not signify much. Every metaphysical system has some logical gap. However close the chain of reasoning, there is invariably a missing link and the two ends never come together perfectly. For reason is not an adequate instrument for the exploration of metaphysical abysses, it is only a useful guide. In short, if it be proper for the philosopher to give free play to his intuition, for the poet it is a duty.

Victor Hugo was aware of it: from principles which seemed to him intellectually and emotionally necessary he deduced the laws of human destiny with the aid of his

deep intuition. Byron's method, on the contrary, was entirely positive: "I judge but by the fruits," said Cain. He took his stand on facts alone and derived the elements of his philosophy from them. But his feelings influenced this philosophy sufficiently to deprive the dry logic of events of clear-cut perfectness; and his mouthpiece, Lucifer, is only a rather conceited pedagogue. Enthusiastic though he was for the poetry of *Cain*, Goethe said of Byron: "When he begins to think, he is a child." The philosophy of *Cain* is indeed extremely jejune, pinned to the mask of fact without piercing it, pinned to the immediately perceptible aspect of the problem without seeking to probe it, without making any effort at synthesis, at the formulation of a positive hypothesis.

Much richer is the metaphysical content of *Le Fin de Satan*. No doubt it often weakens ideas for the sake of phrases, no doubt these ideas are not always rigorously precise, but Baudelaire praised Hugo for having known how to preserve the indispensable element of obscurity in these transcendental problems; and the object of philosophy is less to be faultless as an idea than to excite thought. Victor Hugo attained that end by vivifying his work with fecund hypothesis, and constructive suggestion instead of, like Byron, stopping in the midst of the ruins. The conclusion of *Cain* is "Lasciate ogni speranza" at the threshold of life; the fundamental idea of *Le Fin de Satan* is that

other phrase of Dante: "L'amor che muove il sole e l'altra stelle." From the point of view of the philosophic elevation of the work,

one cannot deny that love is more fertile than hate and intuition richer than dry logic.

CLAUDINE CHONEZ

II.—AN INDIAN POINT OF VIEW

Wherever the religious consciousness of the people has reached the stage of reflection, there the question of Evil—its nature, its origin, its reason, has become one of the most perplexing of problems. Man finds himself hampered and baffled by antagonistic forces proceeding not only from his environment but also from his own nature. Permanent satisfaction fails him, and a mysterious necessity of evil seems to be present in the world. Natural ills, he discovers, are bound up with the very structure of life. All human history seems to tell him that pain is necessary to life and that the goodness of the world is bound up with its evil. Truly, he declares, the world is wrong, and yet—rightly wrong? This dark enigma harasses him and he has striven through the ages to find a clue to this challenging mystery. Again and again he cries out: Whence arise these adverse influences? What do they betoken? In all sincerity he seeks an explanation for some philosophy which shall explain *why* evil came into the world.

I

Any profitable discussion of this topic must begin by drawing a

distinction between natural and moral evil. By natural evil we mean all kinds of physical pain, suffering and loss, not excluding failures, through ignorance or error, to realize our ends. By moral evil we mean badness of will. But these two are not unrelated. In the order of development the former is, of course, the earlier, for only where there is reflective will can moral guilt come into existence. The natural wants, cravings and pains form the sensuous ground out of which sin emerges through specific reactions of the human personality. If the existence of a physical order in which evils are involved is granted, and if self-conscious wills, capable of choice, supervening on that order are also granted, then the conditions are present under which ethical evil can emerge as a fact in the universe.

But the attempt to explain evil really demands an answer to two problems: the psychological problem of its origin and development, and the metaphysical problem of its ultimate source and meaning. Of these the former is the simpler, and a more or less satisfactory solution can be offered for it. As already suggested, the psychologi-

cal conditions lie in the sensuous character and selfish impulses of man. Supervening on these is the deliberative will, with a norm set to it by the custom, tradition or law which has been gradually evolved by the social system. Consequently, the elements are there which make significant choice possible, and the choice may either be consistent with the norm or a transgression of it. When the acts of transgression pass into habits and tendencies, evil as an anti-social force makes itself felt. When spiritual self-consciousness defines the law as the will of an ethical God, transgression is determined in its theological form as sin. Psychologically therefore, the consciousness of sin develops *pari passu* with the consciousness of the good.

II

And now if we turn to the metaphysical question, that is, the question of the ultimate source and meaning of moral evil, we find that the answer involves the deepest problems of spiritual development. The postulates that all things are sustained by a Divine Will and that God, the ultimate Ground of all things, is supremely good, have made it difficult for philosophers of the West to offer a satisfactory solution to this problem. Nevertheless, some theistic thinkers have sought to explain the existence of moral evil through the idea of human freedom. And they have generally come to the conclusion that the

infinitely wise and holy God could not help evil coming into the world when he created a moral being with free will. There are, they say, some things which God himself cannot do, *viz.*, such things as are a contradiction in terms and therefore absurd and unthinkable. Would not such a thing be *a moral being without freedom to choose right or wrong?* To make him incapable of sin would be to make him also incapable of virtue, of righteousness, of holiness; for he must acquire these for himself by free choice, by struggle, in short, through the progressive conquest of the animal by the distinctively *human* nature.

Although the fall of man was not, according to this account, necessary or inevitable, still, on the hypothesis of the moral freedom of man, it was necessary that such corruption of human nature should be *possible*. And when once man fell, it was equally necessary that the physical universe should also come to be full of evil. According to this theory God becomes wicked or imperfect, inasmuch as he either must have had a foreknowledge of what his creature was going to do, or else was unable to forecast the future. The best account of the fall of man from the Christian position seems to be that which declares that the fall was a premundane act of the assertion of the individual against the unity of mankind.* Here one finds the supposition that the original state of humanity was harmonious, god-

* The Problem of Evil by PETER GREEN, Ch. vii. (Longmans).

like unity in which each individual possessed the totality of human nature without any limits of mutual separation. The Fall, shattering as it did this unity of human nature, necessarily resulted in the individual becoming self-centred and self-seeking, a limited and partial, instead of a complete and perfect being.

III

But why did man attempt to assert his individuality against this unity of human nature? We cannot say that it was a necessity of his moral freedom, for such freedom is not incompatible with true goodness. It is here that the Christian position breaks down. For a satisfactory answer, therefore, it becomes necessary to lift this question out of its narrow limits to the larger regions of the Cosmos itself and there, in the workings of Nature, to look for an explanation. Moral evil can find its true source only in metaphysical evil. And it is here that the archaic Indian formula points to a deep metaphysical truth which alone makes even the Christian account of the fall of man intelligible. It declares that the assertion of the individual against the unity of mankind is only a dim reproduction of the universal principle of evolution, *viz.*, that the primordial unity or homogeneity splits up, as it were, and gradually transforms itself into heterogeneity, giving rise to differentiation, contrast and even conflict of forms. Since this principle

of individuation is inherent in primordial Matter or *Mulaprakriti* and supplies the *elan vital* of cosmic evolution, it becomes intelligible how the unity of mankind also must have gradually broken up into separate individualities, resulting, since the first law of individuality is self-preservation, in self-centredness and self-seeking. Thus the Primeval Desire of the Deity, "I will be many,"—the plunge of Spirit into Matter—was the origin of evil and misery in the world.

Augustine maintained that evil was due to the "total depravity of man," but the Indian sages do not hold man entirely responsible for it. Neither do they, like J. S. Mill, make God responsible for creating the devil. Good and evil are so only from our finite point of view; they are the human terms for the principle of contrast or opposition manifest everywhere in the world. It is this principle which gives us Good and Evil from the purely moral or human point of view, Harmony and Discord from the cosmic or naturalistic standpoint, and Reality and Appearance from the metaphysical point of view. Indeed, it is through the operation of the above principle in the evolving process of the cosmos that Reality—one and indivisible—caught in the network of space and time, appears to be Many. In other words, strife and struggle everywhere in the universe are indispensable for the development of life. In its manifested state, Reality lives, moves and has its being in conflict and contrast.

IV

If that be so, is the moral experience of good and evil, one may ask, but the play of this principle of opposition? Not so, for the very tension of the opposed forces everywhere results in harmony, unity, equilibrium. The fairest harmony is born of differences. Even according to the Eastern theory of evolution, differentiation involves the correlative process of reinvolution, by means of which the manifested universe gradually returns to the condition of primordial unity, or the final quiescence wherein *Sattwa* (Harmony) predominates. And so for man, who is phenomenally part of nature and yet noumenally a self-conscious being, able to form and realize ideal ends, every conscious attempt to retard or obstruct harmony, to promote discord, hatred and separation, is morally evil. Nature itself—or the Spirit behind Nature—works through conflict, no doubt, yet towards harmony. Hence, if we choose harmony, we do right; if we choose discord, we do wrong.

This explanation enables us to understand better the problem of evil, moral and metaphysical. Strife, discord, opposition and contrast do exist in the world. But they are all elements in a whole which, *sub specie æternitatis*, would seem to be the very embodiment of perfection. But to our finite eyes in a temporal world, they are bound to appear as good or evil—good for some and evil for others. This is evil in its naturalistic signification, as equivalent to dishar-

mony or what produces disharmony. And moral evil (badness of will) arises when the individual by willing tries to disturb the harmony of the world, producing pain either to himself or to others, for as Plato justly observes, the penalty of evil-doing is to become like the evil. The badness here consists not in producing the disharmony so much as in willing it, in identifying ourselves with it. In other words, evil, like the good, originates in the soul. We thus sow the seeds of our own and, necessarily, of the world's Karma, and the law of Absolute Harmony sees to it that everyone reaps the fruit of what he sows.

V

There is an aspect of Karma which Western critics have hitherto all but ignored. The Christian doctrine of redemption, it is said, goes beyond the Indian demand for rigorous Justice and shows the essence of the Divine Spirit to consist in Love which freely flows for the sinner, tempering justice with mercy. It seems to me that this Christian emphasis on Divine Love is only the necessary correlate of the equally Christian emphasis on the utter wickedness, the unredeemed vileness and sinfulness of Satan. The doctrine of Karma on the other hand, is under no necessity to emphasize love, for the simple reason that back of Karma, and even superior to its might, it recognizes the existence of Love, *i. e.*, the desire for harmony discussed above, "which forms—nay, must form—

the essence of eternal Harmony and Light, and is the element of forgiving reconciliation even in its... last terrestrial offspring, Humanity." Furthermore, love can never be entirely absent from the breast of even the most sinful and hateful of beings—angelic or human. No man is wholly divine; neither is he wholly satanic. Satan himself is only the personification of the principle of opposition between spirit and matter, of contrariness and conflict, discord and differentiation in the manifested cosmos. However, since discord can never exist without an inner core of harmony, the spark of divine love always illumines even the heart of Satan. And so, according to the Indian theory, not only the fallen man but even those who rebel against God himself are not lost for ever, as is the Satan of Christianity. They are given a chance to overcome their sinful ways and regain the status of "oneness with the Deity" through repentance, meditation and devotion. Thus this theory holds out hope for everyone; even the most wicked are not beyond the pale of salvation.

Though the range of human insight is too limited to allow of a conclusive answer to the problem of evil, the Indian explanation seems more satisfactory than most. No doubt Indian philosophy does start with a note of pessimism

based on the conviction that man's immediate environment is imperfect and finite; however, it must be pointed out that the Indian pessimism is not of the materialistic type which aims at escaping from evil by putting an end to being itself. In fact, every system of Indian thought, not excluding even the so-called atheistic systems of Samkhya, of Jaina and of Buddha, believes in a future state—not necessarily in a future world—in which the imperfection of the present would be annihilated and the spirit would attain complete freedom. Therefore the Indian solution to the problem of evil is not the destruction of being, for being (*esse*) cannot be destroyed. Recognizing evil and sorrow as the result of the heterogeneity of the manifested universe, our sages maintain that, through a practical realization of the unity of the human with the divine, the present veil of *Maya* (appearance)—that which constitutes the isolation, limitation and imperfection of the individual—can be rent asunder. By the same method, the bonds of materiality can be broken, and the cycle of birth and death, which imprisons spirit in matter, can be ended. Through such a process of spiritual evolution, the spirit can rise to a stage of reality transcending good and evil and enter into Perfect Harmony—the Glory of All-Being, All-Knowledge and All-Bliss.

J. M. KUMARAPPA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

RACE RELATIONS*

ADJUSTMENTS OF WHITES AND NEGROES IN THE UNITED STATES

[Lord Olivier, P. C., K. C. M. G., C. B., joined the British Colonial Service in 1882 and began his public career as the Secretary of the Fabian Society in 1886. In 1924 he was Secretary of State for India in the Labour Government. He has had a long and varied experience in the West Indies, and distinguished himself as Governor of Jamaica in 1907-13. He is the author of numerous volumes, among them *White Capital and Coloured Labour*, and *The Anatomy of African Misery*. He writes: "In view of the purpose of the book I have considered it most useful as a contribution to the subject it studies to develop from my own experience and observations a comparison of the reactions of the transplanted African to his different environment in the United States and Jamaica. And this has made the article much longer than a mere review would have been."—EDS.]

This book, the first Essay in sociology produced in co-operation by a white man and a negro, presents an exceptionally comprehensive and intelligent exposition of what is summarily described as The Colour Question, with special reference to inter-racial relations in the United States. It is peculiarly valuable in the lucidity with which it exhibits the essential relativity of all propositions and dogmas with regard both to (so-called) "racial" characteristics among mankind and to the balance of adjustments between white and coloured stocks within different states and at different periods. This balance to-day within the United States is a deplorable maladjustment. It is not so unsatisfactory as is the parallel maladjustment between the black and white races within the domain of Africander social philosophy in South Africa but, on the other hand, it produces a very unhappy impression as compared with what has been attained in some other mixed communities in which the principal distinct racial elements (white colonists and African slaves) started severally with practically identical characteristics

in each location. The political, social and economic environments have, owing to the operation of non-racial causes, evolved differently; and the resulting racial balances differ in consequence. Nevertheless, if one accepts as inexorable the persistent slowness of modification in social temperament and its recalcitrance to reason and common-sense, the aspect of the balance in the United States to-day, as compared with what it was a generation ago is by no means altogether disheartening. Although the present relations between the white and the coloured may seem to forbid any confident hope of rapid improvement, conditions within the coloured section offer in many respects more cause for congratulation than ever previously; and the temper and attitude of intelligent persons among the white community is gradually yielding to education in social facts.

Dr. Thomas Pearce Bailey, Professor of Psychology in the University of Mississippi, concisely formulated, as lately as in 1914, the orthodox creed of the Southern Whites with regard to the Negro:—

**Race Relations: Adjustment of Whites and Negroes in the United States*, By WILLIS D. WEATHERFORD, Ph. D., and CHARLES S. JOHNSON Litt. D. (D. C. Heath & Co, New York and London. 15s.)

Blood will tell. The white race must dominate. The Teutonic peoples stand for race purity. The negro is inferior and will remain so. This is a white man's country. No social equality. No political equality. In matters of civil rights and legal adjustments give the white man, as opposed to the coloured man, the benefit of the doubt, and under no circumstances interfere with the prestige of the white race. Let there be such industrial education of the negro as will best fit him to serve the white man. Only Southerners understand the negro question. The status of peasantry is all the negro may hope for; if the races are to live together in peace. Let the lowest white man count for more than the highest negro. The foregoing statements indicate the leadings of Providence.

That might serve equally well for a statement of the Africander colour-philosophy. But the fact is that social adjustments in a mixed community in which the coloured people are, specifically, individuals of human character and not the kind of sub-human creatures which prevalent popular ignorance about negroes (even very generally in this country) presumes them to be, do not work out in harmony with such clear-cut programmes. Even in South Africa there is increasing recognition among practical publicists that the official nostrum of "segregation" in that mixed community is impossible of realisation; and, with regard to the evolved situation in the United States, these writers point out that :-

Although the white South has been solid for this policy ever since the (Civil) War and has believed that the exclusion of the negro from politics would leave the white South free to discuss issues and to divide when needed, on matters of policy.....it has not proven so. The negro still dominates the South. Indeed one could hardly find an issue of any import, which has come before the white South for decision during the last hundred years, that has not been decided largely in the light of the Negro's presence. Our social customs, our educational systems, our political life, even our religion ["our music" might well have been added,] have been deeply coloured by the presence of the Negro. Much of the energy of the South has been expended over this problem. The white man has been constantly concerned about maintaining his supremacy; the coloured man has been trying constantly to come into his own. It is in the light of this fact that the present political situation takes on large social significance.

There are three cardinal beliefs at the

basis of practically all of our social dogmas, and these serve to control in one form or another, most of the thinking about Negroes; first, that they are mentally inferior; second, that they are immoral; and third, that they are criminal.

All these beliefs, as general propositions, are false. There is no department of human intelligence in which it can be maintained that the brains of (some) Africans have not shown themselves as good as the brains of the best Europeans. Taken in bulk, the average black man in the United States or other mixed communities may, no doubt, still be fairly classed as unequal mentally to the average white man. But when the two races were first thrown together in a single society, the difference in mental capacity, judged by European standards, between the slaver and the slave might reasonably have been judged immense; and, by the same standards, would appear very much smaller now; and if that obvious fact has any significance it would indicate, at the least, that the black man's mental capacity has increased and has proved susceptible to stimulation by European culture, religion and education. But the vast majority of the American negroes have continuously been debarred and still are disabled in almost every line of culture from any opportunity of achieving such progress, so that, remarkable as the progress has been, it is manifestly much less than it presumably would have been had any reasonable degree of well-wishing attention been given to promoting it.

The second dogma that "they" are immoral—(meaning licentious in sexual relations)—if their morals are to be judged of in comparison with those of innumerable Europeans, is merely ridiculous. This particular superstition has been a good deal less self-assertive since the Great War, the experiences of which threw a flood of light on the actualities of white men's erotics. The white American cannot invite the black man into his picture-palaces and allow him to read Judge Lindsay's observations

on young America's amative habits, or confront him with newspaper-headlines recording from day to day the conjugal combinations and permutations of national Hollywood idols, male and female, and at the same time expect to convince him that he is a sexual monster and unfit for American civilisation.

The third dogma that "they" are criminal, is equally preposterous as an absolute generalisation. *With fifty years official cognisance of West Indian Police and Judicial statistics I state uncompromisingly that negroes are less criminally disposed than whites of the same class.* If there is a greater proportion of criminality among United States negroes it is obviously because white crime is more rampant and uncontrolled in that land of lynchers, gangsters and kidnapers. City life, for black as for white, no doubt, is more stimulating to crime, and the black man is less acclimatised to its bad influences. But the cities and the crime they foster are both the white man's creation.

Our authors very perspicaciously and cogently summarise the fundamental facts with regard to the genesis and growth of race-prejudice. In ancient times there were constant hostilities between peoples and states, but these were not attributed to race inequalities. One of such early antagonisms formulated the classical distinction between Greek and Barbarian; but this was a matter of neither colour nor of race but of culture; and it is important to bear in mind that antagonism of cultures is a very active element of discord in mixed communities, continually prone, in modern times to formulate itself as an antagonism based on race. But it is in fact quite distinct, for populations of identical race are themselves, in distinct surroundings, devotees of antagonistic cultures, not only as between the locations, for example, of African racials in Africa and in the New World respectively, but also as between transplanted Africans in the United States of America and African racials

in Africa or in the British West Indies. And the discord between Hindus and Moslems, of the same race, in India, outruns any manifestation of race-antagonism.

Until the latter part of the eighteenth century nobody doubted that mankind formed a single and indivisible species. Exploitation of conquered people was justified as a matter of economic expediency rather than as the high calling of superior blood—part of the White Man's Burden. The rise of race-antagonisms based on colour is clearly traceable to the period of the rise of the British slave trade; and it is now a complex of many reactions of negro slave holding.

The first reaction of white American colonists towards imported negroes was not one of racial repugnance, although there were decided feelings of cultural superiority provoked by the heathenism of unbaptised individuals.

The negroes were slaves, indentured servants, or free—they themselves held servants and intermarried or otherwise interbred. Especially did they marry or interbreed with the white indentured servants or convicts who were introduced at the same time for similar work on plantations. Material conditions changed, and a shift of sentiments accompanied the material change. The argumentative rationalisation of the status of negroes as slaves, in support and justification of the profitable institution of slavery, served to place a stamp on the coloured folk as a Race, which remains to-day only slightly changed in its main content. The scientific literature and the political arguments in proof of the assumed inferior qualities of the black races which emerged in profusion both in the British West Indies and in the United States when the institution of slavery began to be called into question, went to lengths of absurdity which would have been contemptuously repudiated by the seventeenth and eighteenth century creators of plantation slavery. These prepos-

terous doctrines survived emancipation and have become part of the culture of the common people educated in white schools and white families, as well as of the employing class originally interested; and although anthropology itself has now repudiated practically every dogma of essential inequality which they supported, the slave-state distinctions vulgarly persist. The reactions have become customary and are felt as instinctive.

The average character of the African slaves in the United States and the British West Indies was sufficiently homogeneous to be taken as furnishing a common point of departure for comparative judgment of the capacity of the Negro to progress under free conditions. We are able to compare the divergent results in the aspect of social laboratory experiments on the same material under different conditions. Both in Jamaica, which was the largest British slave-owning state and in the Southern States of America, the judgment even of temperate and humane-minded persons (not being representatives of the Evangelical Christian churches), was equally disparaging to the Negro. In Jamaica early nineteenth century commentators who write very sensibly on other topics connected with the affairs of the Island, constantly uttered such prophecies as the following:—

Abolish Slavery and there would be turned loose on Society a herd of idle, immoral and profligate wretches who would instantly become pests to society and who would be a perpetual burden on the community until they ceased to exist. Great numbers of them, especially the most worthless, would seek the bush and the mountains and become wild savages; the ruin of the Island would be the most favourable contingency; far worse consequences would be probable. This Island, the Queen of the West Indies, would become a waste, the houses would be burnt, the water destroyed, and industry would come to an end.

Bryan Edwards, the English-born, eighteenth century historian of the West Indies, a very prosperous and high-minded colonist, was equally persuaded of the degraded character of

the negro: but he was prepared to attribute some of these characteristics to the evil effects of slavery.

Nevertheless he shared the local conviction that its abolition would spell disaster to the community. "Monk" Lewis, the ablest writer on Jamaican plantation life of the early nineteenth century, himself a landed proprietor, whilst he was horrified by the oppressive mismanagement of estates, (his own among them), held an equally low opinion of the capacity of the negroes to do justice to freedom. He declared that emancipation would be a disastrous mistake.

Joseph Sturge, the Quaker emancipationist, who toured the West Indies during the period of apprenticeship, (1837) between the Act of Emancipation and the grant of complete freedom, wrote:—

We have heard the sentiment frequently expressed that the negro population of Jamaica is more unintelligent and degraded than that of Antigua and Barbados.

He (Sturge) traverses the planter's judgment:—

Comparative observation has left a contrary impression on our minds. There are undoubtedly in Jamaica a greater number of benighted negroes, both Africans and Creoles, but there is also a larger proportion who evince intelligence, energy and independence of spirit, similar to what is manifested in the peasantry of a free country. The cause of this difference need not be traced further than the several modes in which the slaves have been subsisted in the two regions. In Antigua they were formerly fed by rations; in Barbados they are still chiefly supported in the same way; but in Jamaica they are dependent solely on their own exertions, in their own time, for the necessaries of life. Their children, their aged and infirm relations look up to them for support, and although, under present circumstances, (i. e. those of apprentices), the pressure of such claims frequently causes suffering, yet these wholesome cares and responsibilities develop an intelligence of mind, a firmness and a self-reliance which are marked characteristics of many of the apprentices of Jamaica."

The slaves in Jamaica grew their own food, in grounds assigned to them for their own use in the mountains. They marketed the surplus and were enabled to accumulate considerable personal savings by doing

so. These savings were sometimes employed for buying personal freedom, but at the date of emancipation there was a very great deal of money in the hands of the freed slaves. There was also, at the same period, considerable opportunity for buying properties of those who had lost their slaves, and, within a few years of emancipation, there occurred a very extensive development of small ownership and escape from the need for wage employment, among all the most intelligent and progressive of the freed people. This development was promoted and assisted chiefly by missionaries of the Free Evangelical churches who bought estates that came into the market and cut them up into small holdings, establishing in a few years' time more than 200 free villages, for which, with the aid of some contributions from England, the people themselves built churches and schools, and paid teachers.

The importance of this development in regard to the topic of racial capacities and race relations is that it was practicable and occurred in Jamaica, and that it was not practicable and did not occur in the United States where the ex-slaves had to remain on the planters' estates as labourers, renters or share-croppers; or in other West Indian Islands such as Antigua, Barbados, and St. Kitts where no land could be bought or rented at all and they remained workers at wages. The outcome is, as every traveller knows, that Jamaica to-day is the most prosperous and socially comfortable community in the West Indies, and that colour prejudice except in a very limited sphere in private relations, is non-existent. In no commercial or public relations is there any species of colour bar. True, the black man has not overtaken the handicap with which he started as compared with the Jew and the Scotsman who have been the principal other racial stocks contributing to the development of Jamaican economy, but he is under no conventional disabilities, and both

in economic prosperity and in general independence and intelligence of character he is ahead of the agricultural labourer, as he now exists, in many parts of England.

Familiar acquaintance with the mixed community of Jamaica dissipates as ridiculous many theories subsidiary to racial discriminations which are accepted as dogmas of social regime in the American Southern States and which survive in considerable force in Barbados, Antigua and St. Kitts, where, because the black man has not had the opportunities which he has had in Jamaica, there is in fact more excuse for their lingering as intellectual convictions.

Now it is important to realize that the divergence between Jamaican social history and that of the Southern States has been due not to the superiority of British colonial administration; but to the development of native human capacities in the subjects of the experiment and to the material and economic conditions in which the diversity has developed.

Neither the British Government nor the Jamaican ever gave the slightest encouragement to the establishment of negro freehold settlement in Jamaica. The British Colonial Office, convinced that the prosperity of the West Indian Colonies depended upon estate cultivation, and dominated by the orthodox economic philosophy of the period, which condemned peasant proprietorship as an uneconomic relic of barbarism, disregarded and in fact remained substantially ignorant of the whole of this development for fully two generations after emancipation. So far as it occupied itself with Colonial economics, it did what it could to help the estate proprietors by providing them with indentured immigrant labour at wages on which the Jamaican labourer could not live, and certainly was not prepared to work if he could find any alternative—as he could.

The Jamaican Local Government, run by the planters, persistently did its best to discourage small settlement,

and it was not until about fifty years ago, when the sugar industry of the West Indies began to collapse under the competition of bounty-fed beet sugar, that Jamaican Governors began to awake to the fact that in spite of all difficulties, the Jamaican peasantry fed the Island and were producing nearly three-quarters of its exportable produce, began to make roads for them, and to devote some attention to the improvement of peasant agriculture.

One of the principal reasons why the adjustment of social relations after emancipation took so much more satisfactory a course in Jamaica than it did in the Southern States was that in the former the two racial elements were not held in such close political and industrial contact as they were by conditions in the United States. One of the active irritants in the latter was that the freed slaves were forthwith admitted to voting citizenship in a developed democracy, with results quite justifiably felt as intolerable by the dominant civilized whites. In Jamaica it was many years before the black peasantry generally became political voters or took any direct interest in island politics. Economically, although great numbers of the poorer and less intelligent negroes remained resident on the sugar estates, or in planting districts, and dependent on wages for part of their livelihood, the economic and social matrix and nursery of the freed black population was the community of the peasant cultivators whose free labour produced the island food supply and whose association with the sugar-estates was to a great extent voluntary and only in times of scarcity indispensable to them. The Planters grumbled and scolded the negroes for not working for them at low wages, and the negroes regarded the Planters as an oppressively-disposed set of people who would take every advantage of them that they could; but there were no "labour troubles," in the sense that such troubles were constant all through the nineteenth century between employers and workers in European industri-

alised societies. Neither politically nor economically was there any corporate organisation of the two sections to act against one another; whilst at the same time less practical education was imposed upon the negroes in the technique and tactics of policy or industry.

The comparative laxity of the contact between white and black in Jamaica, so far from promoting a tendency to segregation (in the sense in which that term ideal is contemplated in America and S. Africa), has actually favoured and fostered a continuously progressive integration and interfusion of the racial elements of the community because it has given greater freedom of adaptation to both sections in all matters in which they had either common interests or no practical grounds for antagonism and aloofness. This effect has been conspicuous in many relations.

The same effect is notable in relation to agricultural interests and religious culture. A far-seeing Governor—Sir Henry Blake, who in his time was criticised by some planters as "negrophilist," insisted on extending the scope of the Jamaica Agricultural Society, originally a planters' and ranchers' association, modelled on the Royal Agricultural Society of England, so as to make it a comprehensive association dealing also with small holders, constituted and supported by a federation of local societies. These branches now number nearly 300 and they include agriculturists of all orders—white and coloured—who work together in a friendly and public-spirited manner in the interests of the general productivity of the island.

But the most remarkable development has been the establishment of the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association, which was, after many years of education and effort, established to enable the island planting community to hold its own against the monopoly of the United Fruit Company of the United States. This remarkable body, now including about 15,000 members,

white and coloured, and covering banana producing properties of every size from 2,000 down to 2 acres, cultivates and markets one-third or more of the total banana export of the whole island, owns its own ships, is rapidly redeeming, out of profits, its capital investments, and is able to distribute to its members a higher price for their fruit than they have ever been able to obtain under previous conditions.

No colour bar or colour prejudice can withstand the rationalizing influence of such common interests. Even now Black and White "share-croppers" are combining in the American South! But it is in the province of religious culture that the most interesting criticisms of colour bar dogmatism suggest themselves.

Whatever may be the significance of the fact, it is unquestionable that the religious potentialities of the transplanted African are particularly susceptible to the appeal of Evangelical Christianity. The writers of this book bear witness, if any were needed, to the importance in American culture of Evangelical Christianity and to the nobility of the character of religious leaders, that have emerged under that inspiration among the black community of the United States. It is also well known that the greatest spiritual curse of the negro community under slavery in the West Indies lay in the superstitions of African witchcraft, and that only the preaching of Evangelical Christianity has proved an effectual antidote to those superstitions, Christianity was brought to Jamaican negroes not by the established Anglican Church of the Island, but by the Free-Church. English and Scottish missionaries who approached them not as officers of the slave-owning state, but as independent messengers of the delivering love of the Son of God. What gave them their influence with the ignorant African was that quite naturally and unaffectedly they took the slave man seriously as being important in his own personality, as he felt himself to be. They believed in and respected his

spiritual self, and in friendly contact with him they found their belief in his equal humanity justified and confirmed by his response to it. They were immune to colour prejudice or racial superstitions, because they were unconscious of any reason to entertain them, any more than they had in their relations with individuals of different characters and different racial origins in their own country.

Not only did this attitude increase the negro's sense of self-respect by recognising his equal humanity, but the characteristic approach of Evangelical Christianity aroused sensibly in him the consciousness of a spiritual life—a spiritual principle—in himself more efficiently than the interpretations of his African witch lore. And "converted" negroes in thousands positively ceased to be possessed by any belief in or fear of the operations of witchcraft. Conversion, in the black man as in the white, effected enhanced consciousness of the spiritual soul: reinforced the sensory organ of the more intimate constitution of man. Whatever again may be the significance of the phenomenon, what is known as Revivalism, with its particular quickening of the religious consciousness is, of course, a familiar method both of American and West Indian Evangelism. Even in America this fact has not failed to act as an intermediary and unifying influence between the white and coloured communities. The revivalist ritual methods of religious excitement are so near akin to many of those practised in Africa, that there are often produced grotesque and disturbing vagaries among its subjects. (Precisely the same excesses are of course quite familiar in connection with religious revivalism in white communities.) But J. S. Gardiner, the broad-minded author of the best known history of Jamaica, after describing a period of widespread revivalism in that island, and detailing its insanities, thus concludes:—

Apart from these excesses the movement

effected an enormous amount of good. The extravagances attracted attention; the quiet purifying influences were less discernible. Many thousands of marriages were celebrated; evil habits were abandoned; rum shops were forsaken, and thousands were added to the various congregations. 37,000 copies of the Bible were sold in the Island in 18 months.

Those elements in the society of the United States, which may specially be regarded as embodying the national culture—the educational and religious world, the professional, commercial, mercantile and industrial classes—form a more generally advanced and powerful complex than the corresponding classes in so small a community as that of Jamaica; but the greater mass and complexity of this culture in the United States is as manifest in regard to those coloured people who have adopted it, as it is among the white people. This fact of itself makes the situation in the United States in regard to the problem of fusion, much tougher than it is in such a simple community as Jamaica. In Jamaica, though the general level of culture is not so high

and is unfortunately perhaps more susceptible of vulgarisation through reactions to inferior American culture, especially through the agency of the cinema, than the tougher society of the United States, yet such cultural associations as exist in the religious, educational, literary and musical provinces are racially inclusive and not racially discriminating.

Accommodation between racial constituents such as has been evolved in Jamaica may not be practicable in the United States or in South Africa, but its history does incontestably prove that the obstructions to such accommodation do not reside in anything in the racial, physical, intellectual or spiritual make-up of the individuals of different coloured and local origins who compose these mixed communities, but arise from material, social and economic circumstances in which the white section has started with an advantage which they are bent, in their own sectional interests, on maintaining.

OLIVIER

LETTERS FROM SRI AUROBINDO *

[**Sri Krishna Prem** is more than a theoretical student of yoga; himself a practitioner, and a devotee of the great Krishna he writes out of wide knowledge and actual experience.—EDS.]

This book is a collection of extracts from Sri Aurobindo's letters to his pupils and deals with the theory and technique of yoga as practised in his āshram. It is the more welcome because, though there is no dearth of books on the subject, most of them are based not on experience but on other books. Glib plausibilities are set forth with assurance and misguided aspirants set about practising "concentration" or, worse still, breath control and hope by "raising kundalini" to prance about the world as supermen. If the aspirant is of the ordinary dilettante

type no great harm will be done beyond the discrediting of the "yoga" by its lack of results but if he is of the psychic temperament or if he pursues his practices with ardour and perseverance, serious damage may be done to mind and body as a result of his unwise and misguided efforts.

In this book the subject is lifted on to quite a different plane from that of common-place self-development. The first section which is entitled "The Goal" makes this quite clear. "Our yoga is not for our own sake but for the sake of the Divine" and in it is

* *Lights on Yoga*. By SRI AUROBINDO. (The Arya Publishing House, Calcutta, Re. 1, 4 As.)

implied "not only a realisation of God but an entire consecration and change of the inner and outer life till it is fit to manifest the divine consciousness and become part of a divine work."

Full emphasis must be given to the last half of the preceding sentence. Many yoga systems aim simply at enabling the yogi to transcend his ordinary sense consciousness and to rise in spirit to a union with the Supreme Reality and are content to rest when this has been achieved. This system aims at more than that, namely, at "bringing down" the power from the lofty levels of the spirit and allowing it to manifest here on the ordinary level of worldly experience which is to be transformed not merely transcended.

Its aim is not only to rise out of the ordinary ignorant world consciousness into the divine consciousness but to bring the supernatural power of that divine consciousness down into the ignorance of mind, life and body, to transform them, to manifest the Divine here and create a divine life in Matter.

It is claimed that on this point this yoga is different from all "former yogas" which taught only the life-transcending movement and ignored the possibility of a life-transmutation. Whether this claim is justified or not is a difficult matter for one who follows a different discipline to be certain about. It is always easy for the outsider to miss some important point and then triumphantly demonstrate that there is nothing new in the system. It must in any case be admitted, I think, that the teaching is not one which can be found in the usual standard, partial and, so to say, orthodox systems of yoga whether those of knowledge, devotion or action. Nevertheless I believe that something of this sort *has* been the teaching of inner traditions throughout the ages and that traces of it are to be found even in published documents. Space forbids extensive quotation but I will briefly mention three such passages.

The Buddhist "Lankāvatāra Sutra" after describing the higher levels of "Mind-only," the chitta-mātra, (super-mind?) goes on to say: "Its rays of light move forward like a mass of fire. . . . and transform the triple world. Some worlds are being transformed while others have already been transformed." (Suzuki's translation)

The same doctrine was taught by H. P. Blavatsky, and in the *Voice of the Silence*, a book of mystical Buddhist teachings translated by her we read: "Shalt thou divert the stream (of Divine Wisdom) for thine own sake, or send it back to its prime source along the crests of cycles? Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men."

The third instance is taken from the West where similar views appear to have found expression in the Gnostic "Untitled Apocalypse" of the Codex Brucianus which, in the words of its translator, Mr. Lamplugh, contains the record of a "stupendous spiritual adventure, the attempt to produce a race of Divinised men to form an ideal community of gods in God by a series of grades or steps and by a descent of the Divine Grace which should transform the manifested order."*

Perhaps it will be said that these experiments failed. Possibly they did, but *it remains true that they did form a part of the teaching of some schools and I confess that, for my part, and as far as published documents entitle me to a conclusion, I regard Sri Aurobindo's yoga as a new and valuable representation of an age-old inner teaching which has long been veiled under orthodox distortions, rather than as an altogether new path that has not been trodden before.*

The second section is entitled "Planes and Parts of the Being" and deals with

* It is not so clearly demonstrable but in my opinion, similar ideas underly a passage in Plato's Republic, Book VII. p. 519.

the various supersensible human principles, and with the various occult centres in the body. Every word of what is said here will be read with interest by sādhakas as the author is clearly writing from his experience and not from mere book-knowledge. The section, though short, is intensely interesting even though the outsider is a little apt to be puzzled by the special technical terms which are not sufficiently explained as, for instance, "overmind" which is distinct from "supermind". Another instance is the word "psychic". Psychologists such as Jung use the word to signify all "inner" or "mental" phenomena, whether conscious or unconscious. Common also is its use to denote the lower grade of occult experiences, the phenomena of mediumship and crystal-gazing, or phenomena of what Sri Aurobindo has elsewhere termed "the intermediate zone." His use of the word "psychic" is different from either of these. In his system the word clearly refers to a level of the inner being that is above the mind though "below" what he terms the "central being" or Jivātma. It is apparently more or less permanent from birth to birth and is the same as, or at least is connected with, what the Upanishads term the "Purusha in the heart." Its "awakening" or "new birth" is an essential part of the yoga for it is through the "psychic" that we get into contact with the higher Divine levels.

Sri Aurobindo's insistence on this important point is highly significant as it reveals on which side of the fence he is. The sterility of so much current Advaita Vedānta is intimately connected with its lack of recognition of just this very point. It is too conceited, or at least, ambitious, and seeks to leap at once to the *Nirguna* Brahman scorning the ladder by which alone that Brahman can be reached. The result is usually a thin and sometimes proud (the intellect's contribution) intellectuo-spirituality which is but a pale reflection of the authentic life of the Spirit.

The third section, entitled "Surrender and Opening" is perhaps the most important of all. The mainspring of the yoga is seen to be a surrender and self-dedication to the Divine. It is no mere upthrusting desire for "Self-development," no mere discipline of introversion but a complete offering of the whole nature to the Divine, for the sake of the Divine and in order that it may serve as a basis for Divine activity. Too many seem to think that yoga can be achieved by some psychic trick, some facile quietism or some simple reversal of current modes of thought which will enable the ordinary man to glide into the supreme achievement like a skilful motorist slipping smoothly into reverse gear. It is this misconception that is at the basis of the pernicious half-truth that yoga has no concern with morality. Sri Aurobindo makes it abundantly clear that in his yoga at least, no mere disciplines, meditations or psychic exercises will be effective save as embroideries or instruments of a thorough and whole-hearted self-dedication to That which is beyond all self.

Moreover, there is yet another reason for self-dedication though it is not explicitly referred to. Without such an offering of the self the yoga is full of dangers. Too easily it is assumed by many that "divine" protection will be available to ward off serious harm but this is a sentimentality of popular religion. Why on earth should it be? In the case of those (perhaps a majority) who practise yoga for the sake of having supernormal experiences or of mere self-development there is no reason to suppose that any such protection will be available any more than it is for the unauthorised fool who starts fiddling with the switches in a power station.

The last section of the book is entitled "Work" and explains the necessity for a union of meditation, devotion and action in a yoga which must be what he terms "integral".
Temporary retirement for meditation

may be useful in certain circumstances but an exclusive inwardness is as useless because as unbalanced as an exclusive outwardness. This is profoundly true and as profoundly important though it is a truth from which we always tend to slip away because of our innate one-sidednesses. Our natures are unbalanced and we wish to abstract ourselves in a pure contemplation, to luxuriate in a welter of unalloyed devotion or to give ourselves over to sheer activity unhampered by "the pale cast of thought." But all these phases are one-sided if taken by

themselves. One is reminded of the words of the well-known theosophical book, *Light on the Path*: "seek it (the Path) not by any one road. To each temperament there is one road which seems the most desirable but.....none alone can take the disciple more than one step forward."

The *Gita*, too, if we free our minds from the influence of one-sided commentators, clearly sets forth the same ideal, a harmonious blending of head, heart and hands in which all shall be transformed into an instrument of the Divine Līlā.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

[Our esteemed reviewer has given but one short extract from *The Voice of the Silence*. It might be stated without fear of contradiction that those chosen fragments from the *Book of the Golden Precepts* revolve around the central teaching of the Great Renunciation and the Great Sacrifice. They contain an exposition and an answer to that question which the Yogi hears: "Now bend thy head and listen well, O Bodhisattva—Compassion speaks and saith: 'Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?'" (p. 78)

In *The Voice of the Silence*, "The Two Paths" are thus described:—

The *Open PATH* leads to the changeless change—Nirvana, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought. Thus, the first Path is LIBERATION. But Path the second is—RENUNCIATION, and therefore called the "Path of Woe." That *Secret Path* leads the Arhan to mental woe unspeakable; woe for the living Dead, and helpless pity for the men of karmic sorrow, the fruit of Karma Sages dare not still. . . .

The "Secret Way" leads also to Paranirvanic bliss—but at the close of Kalpas without number; Nirvanas gained and lost from

boundless pity and compassion for the world of deluded mortals.

But it is said: "The last shall be the greatest." Samyak Sambuddha, the Teacher of Perfection, gave up his SELF for the salvation of the World, by stopping at the threshold of Nirvana—the pure state.

Thou hast the knowledge now concerning the two Ways. Thy time will come for choice, O thou of eager Soul, when thou hast reached the end and passed the seven Portals. Thy mind is clear. No more art thou entangled in delusive thoughts, for thou hast learned all. Unveiled stands Truth and looks thee sternly in the face. She says:

"Sweet are the fruits of Rest and Liberation for the sake of *Self*; but sweeter still the fruits of long and bitter duty. Aye, Renunciation for the sake of others, of suffering fellow men."

He, who becomes Pratyeka-Buddha makes his obeisance but to his *Self*. The Bodhisattva who has won the battle, who holds the prize within his palm, yet says in his divine compassion:

"For others' sake this great reward I yield"—accomplishes the greater Renunciation.

A SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD is he. (pp. 45-6-7).

As our reviewer truly points out this is an age-old inner teaching, but like other truths has been distorted or forgotten. Madame Blavatsky learnt it from her Teachers; she also taught that there exists on earth a group or band of these Great Renouncers; They remain with Orphan Humanity out of compassion to help the lonely sore-footed pilgrims, who at present are wandering in this limitless desert of illusion and matter called earth life. They endeavour to precipitate the kingdom of Heaven on earth and among Their methods is the augmentation of the number of such Renouncers. To the aspirants They say, in the words of *The Voice of the Silence* (p. 36):—

“ Know, O beginner, this is the *Open*

PATH, the way to selfish bliss, shunned by the Bodhisattvas of the ‘Secret Heart,’ the Buddhas of Compassion.”

The grand concept of these Sacrificers and Renouncers and of Their Path, which is immemorial however special it may be, has been grossly corrupted since the passing of H. P. Blavatsky by some who have called themselves Theosophists. Misunderstanding the genuine teachings they have grotesquely materialized them, thus misleading not only their own blind followers, but the public at large. The ideal Sri Aurobindo holds forth is an ancient one, though it has been forgotten even in this ancient land of India.—EDS.]

The Zohar (Vol. V.) Trans. by MAURICE SIMON and HARRY SPERLING (The Soncino Press, London. 21s.)

For the information of those who may happen to be wholly unacquainted with the subject-matter of this brief notice, it must be explained that *Sepher Ha Zohar*—“The Book of Splendour”—is pre-eminently the text-in-chief of Jewish Kabbalism, and that the Kabbalah in Jewry, by the hypothesis concerning it, constitutes a Secret Theosophical Knowledge, perpetuated from an immemorial past with the Lawgiver Moses as channel, by the mode of “Reception”—otherwise, from mouth to ear. The fact that there is extant any knowledge respecting it, outside the secret circle of Recipients, means that it passed ultimately into writing: as such, however, it is a product of the Christian centuries. At what date—actual or approximate—it originated therein, when and where it developed, and what names are connected therewith, these involve matters of expert research which it is impossible to approach here. There can be said only, as regards the *Zohar* itself, that this vast storehouse of mystical debate and contemplation emerged as a point

of fact, meaning the fact of its existence, above the horizon of Israel, towards the end of the thirteenth century. The modern criticism concerning it may be said to have begun with Adophe Franck, *anno* 1843, and the clash of opinion up to the present time may be said to have left it where it stood from the beginning, namely, as a composite work, incorporating old material with a good deal of later date. The research can be left hereat; but it must be on the understanding that, for him who writes these lines, the *Sepher Ha Zohar* ranks among the great books of the world; that he has taken it as such into his heart; and that it bears for him most emphatic testimony to deep mystical experience. Whether it is so many centuries older or younger than this or that group of scholarship has thought at a given moment of the past, or may tend to lay down now, is not—as he has explained elsewhere—the prime question at issue. There is for him and for some others a question of inherent values, a question of life and essence. It is also from this point of view that he would offer a few notable facts respecting the work on its external side to readers of THE ARYAN PATH.

So far as Western Europe is concerned, there are four epochs in the bibliographical history of the *Zohar* which more especially merit our attention: (1) The purchase by Picus de Mirandula of certain Strange MSS, from an unknown Israelite, which were demonstrably a codex of the *Zohar*, and his publication in 1486 in the days of Pope Julius of a sheaf of extracts therefrom. In this manner, however imperfectly and vaguely, the existence of the "Book of Splendour" was announced. (2) The publication at Sulzbach, by Baron Knorr von Rosenroth, between the years 1677 and 1678, of his monumental *Kabbala Denudata** which—to all intents and purposes—gave Latin-reading Europe the first materials of substantial knowledge concerning the *Zohar*, its connections and developments. The *Conclusiones Kabbalisticæ* of Mirandula in reality made nothing known, while the sparse *additamenta* of William Postel to his translation of the Kabbalistic *Sepher Yetzirah*—otherwise, "Book of Formation"—make no reference to the *magnum opus* of Theosophical Israel. (3) The translation of the *Zohar* into French by Jean de Pauly, done in six volumes, under the editorship of Emil Lafuma-Giraud and published, after the translator's death, between 1906 and 1911. (4) The English translation by Maurice Simon and Harry Sperling, produced by the Soncino Press in five volumes, published at London (1931 to 1934). It is to be noted that this version, as compared with that of Paris, reduces the dimensions of the undertaking in a very substantial manner by omitting the *additamenta*, which consist of independent matter, under distinctive titles, brought at more or less arbitrary points into the original text. The latter is *ex hypothesi* a sort of commentary on the Pentateuch. Literally, however, or in any ordinary sense, it is nothing of the kind; but the great mass of sections comprised in the fundamental work

are grouped together under the denominations of successive Mosaic books, accordingly as they open by citing from Genesis, Exodus or Leviticus, etc. and continue so to do. As regards things that are omitted, their enumeration would signify nothing to the general reader; but it may be noted in passing that the "Book of Concealed Mystery" the "Greater Holy Assembly" and the "Lesser Holy Assembly," though conspicuous here by their absence, are precisely those which Rosenroth put into Latin as if they were typically characteristic of the entire *Zohar* and might stand at need for the great collection at large. The choice of that German scholar in the old days has always seemed past searching out; and because of the preposterous symbolism of these obscure texts we confess to a sense of relief at their exclusion in the present case. Personally, it must be confessed on the other hand that we should have liked to see specimen extracts at least from "Secrets of the Law," the "Luminous Book" and the "Faithful Shepherd" (who is Moses) in an English vesture. Have we said in our enthusiasm only that it is among the world's great books? Let those who will, collate and codify its allusions to the Mystery of Shekinah and the Mystery of Sex which are scattered up and down the volumes: perchance and more than possibly they may begin to see with us. But a certain call is postulated, a certain election is supposed. We at least on our own part offer thanks and salutations to those who have undertaken this venture, have carried it to completion, and perhaps in the time to come will have multiplied by many those who love the *Zohar*, as he who subscribes hereto and has placed this English version on his shelves, amidst other codices and extracts, with a thankful heart.

A. E. WAITE

* The work was re-issued at Frankfort in 1684 with added matter.

The Great Pyramid in Fact and in Theory. Part II, Theory. BY WILLIAM KINGSLAND (Rider, London. 15s.)

In the first Part of Mr. Kingsland's work, published two years ago, he dealt exhaustively with the constructional details of the Great Pyramid, and gave us exact figures, checked in some cases by himself on the spot, as to its dimensions both internal and external. In this second Part he examines critically the various theories that have been advanced from time to time as to the purpose of the Pyramid and the methods employed in its construction. These theories are innumerable, for no contemporary history of the erection of the Pyramids has survived, nor does such appear to have existed even in classical times; and where definite information is lacking on so outstanding a problem, people are apt to attempt to fill the gap by guess-work, more or less, usually less, in accordance with the facts.

The evidence that the Great Pyramid was built by Khufu (Cheops), as is generally accepted, is slight enough; but "although," as Mr. Kingsland writes:—

There are no facts to support any other theory as to the actual builder of the Pyramid, there are some strange illusions by various ancient writers which appear to throw doubt upon the matter, and which modern writers have not failed to seize upon in support of their own particular theories.

But to attribute the Great Pyramid to Khufu is still to leave its date unsettled, for that monarch himself is placed by different writers at periods ranging from B. C. 4789 to B. C. 2140, which is like saying that King Alfred reigned some time between the battle of Marathon and the present year.

Sir Flinders Petrie estimates that the Great Pyramid contained in all, 2,300,000 stones averaging $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons each in weight. Some of these were granite blocks of 70 tons, quarried at Syene and transported 600 miles up the Nile. Some of the heaviest of them were used in the structure no less than 160 feet above foundation

level. The casing stones were shaped, according to Petrie, with "an amount of accuracy equal to the most modern optician's straight edges of such a length"; and fitted together so that a razor blade could not be inserted anywhere in the joint. How these feats were accomplished with tools, assumed to be primitive, are problems, for the solution of which many curiously inadequate explanations have been propounded. Mr. Kingsland, himself, a practical engineer, suggests that the ancient builders must have possessed "far more efficient means for raising and settling these stones than those of mere rollers, levers, ramps, and man-hauling power."

Quite as numerous and quite as unsatisfactory are the theories that have been put forward with regard to the purpose of the Pyramid. Mr. Kingsland examines them in order, and sets forth with admirable impartiality the arguments pros and cons for each of them. Not one, he finds, can account for all the facts; and some of the theories have tried to buttress their hypotheses by colouring the facts. Under Mr. Kingsland's critical scapel the Tomb theory, the Astronomical theory, and the Biblical theory are all shown to be wholly inadequate.

While carefully refraining from any dogmatic statements, Mr. Kingsland does not disguise his own opinion that the Great Pyramid was designed by initiates in Occultism for use in connection with the celebration of the Mysteries. If this were so, then it would have followed that its secrets would have been closely guarded, and that none of them would have been recorded in hieroglyphic inscriptions or papyri. Mr. Kingsland considers that some of the occult forces of nature may have been employed in the building of the Pyramid, "and that they would, did we but know of them, solve those problems of construction which still remain an enigma to us." He goes on to suggest that an explanation of the shape and dimensions of the

Pyramid and its complex of passages and chambers may be found in the symbolism of the Mysteries.

The author also has much of interest to say about the religion of the ancient Egyptians and its principal surviving document, *The Book of the Dead*. In a deeply interesting chapter on "The Ancient Mysteries" he quotes with approval Madame Blavatsky's statement (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 558) that the Sarcophagus in the King's Chamber was used in the ceremony of initiation.

Like Part I, Part II of Mr. Kingsland's book is richly illustrated and carefully indexed. The two parts together constitute a complete and accurate account of the Great Pyramid, together with a critical resumé of the facts and speculations recorded by ancient, medieval and modern writers on the subject. The book we venture to say, will rank as the standard-work on that marvellous problem in stone, which for thousands of years has been justly regarded as the greatest of the material works of man.

R.A.V.M.

The Illusion Of Immortality. By CORLISS LAMONT (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$ 3.00)

A Witness Through the Centuries. By Reginald Hegy (E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. \$ 2.00)

This laboured volume with its clatter and appendages of erudition covers no new ground. At best, it throws into relief the confusion produced by centuries of dogmatic, unphilosophical teachings of the Christian church on such subjects as the immortality of man. The belief in immortality, according to Mr. Lamont, is a religious opiate, and temporal opportunities for enjoyment and work should not be neglected for such unprovable speculations. No brain, no soul may be said to be his underlying thesis. Man is merely the result of the evolutionary progress of simple cells. His present nature, known and unknown, is quite sufficient to account for all perplexities without seeking in the super-sensuous.

The philosophies of the East are superficially treated. The author seems entirely ignorant of the rationale of reincarnation; and even of its having been known and taught in ancient Judea. Similarly various aspects of spiritualistic phenomena are summarily handled to fit in with predetermined conclusions. Lucretius, the Roman Epicurean, whose views

Mr. Lamont seems to endorse, is quoted extensively. Lucretius, by the way, is reported to have been subject to fits of madness, and to have died a suicide at the age of 44. Was the latter due to his morbid brain disease or to most decided and strong materialistic views?

No, this book offers no solution to the problems of injustice and the sufferings of humanity, nor will it provide ethical food for a sense-satiated public. It is a product of that noisy but diminishing school of Western thought, which owes existence to ill-digested scientific hypotheses and to revolt against a dogmatic irrational Church exploitation.

The second book is as definite and decided in its conclusions, but in the opposite extreme. "Reginald Hegy M. A., (T. C. D.) M. D., Ch. B., B. A. O., (Dub. Univ.) L. M. (Rotunda)" assures his readers:

I now know that life is indeed eternal—I have endeavoured to show how a few medical experiences set me upon a new path of thought and how this was followed by *actual proof* made possible by one of the Almighty's most loving gifts, that of personal spirit and angel communication.

Neither of the volumes need have been written. Their manufacture may have given satisfaction to their authors, but they do not stand the test of reason nor do they uplift the heart of the reader.

B. T.

Katha Panchakam. By KSHAMA ROW (Sahakari Granthakar, Bombay. Re. 1)

Satyagraha Gita. By KSHAMA ROW (Librairie d'Amérique et d'Orient, Paris.)

Katha Panchakam as the title indicates, is a collection of five stories. They deal with social evils that have been corroding Indian society. Ironically enough, we have the tragic paradox of the most cultivated and educated section of Hindu society ranging itself against their eradication. The evils which these stories illustrate, early marriage, the sufferings of widowhood, the tragic lot of the daughter-in-law in the average orthodox Hindu household each of these is a secret cancer gnawing at the vitals of our social fabric. Our womanhood stands shut out from civilisation and from the chance of a free, spontaneous and natural life.

The Mahābhārata : Analysis and Index. BY EDWARD P. RICE (Humphrey Milford and Oxford University Press, London. 7s. 6d.)

Based on Manmatha Nath Dutt's Text and Translation, this well-conceived and handsomely printed handbook gives a summary of the contents of the Great Epic of India, in four parts. It begins with a short catalogue of the characters that figure in it—Brahman, Ātman and Paramātmān; the three great gods; *Devas* and *Asuras*; glorified mortals and human, semi-human and sub-human beings. There is only bare mention of these; this part cannot, therefore, be deemed satisfying. This is followed by the apportionment of the narration among the three, Sauti, Vaiśampāyana and Sañjaya.

Next comes the detailed summary of the incidents, chapter by chapter. The opening section of the Ādi Parva itself is devoted to an abridgement of the substance of the *Mahābhārata*; but what we have presented in this part of the book is very much more than its paraphrase. It is the outcome

The author is to be congratulated on the competence, nay, the easy mastery, with which she has presented the evils of contemporary life in a language often called dead but still the vital stream of our cultural life.

The story of Mahatma Gandhi, who has stirred up the new moral influence "Satyagraha," has been told in many languages. Mrs. Kshama Row attempts this great and thrilling story in Sanskrit verse with remarkable success. The history of this great man is obviously an epic theme. True artist that the author is, she takes the historical incidents connected with the Satyagraha movement and sings them beautifully.

Kshama Row's technique is nearly faultless and we tender congratulations on the competence with which she has handled the theme, to which her style is so well adapted.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

of the author's detailed study of the entire contents of the Epic, and gives a clear outline which will at once serve as a guide for the beginner who wants a clear idea of the subjects treated of in this mine of information.

At the end, the book is devoted to indexes of names and subjects that figure prominently in the *Mahābhārata*. Here the author could have profitably drawn from the exhaustive "Index" of Sorensen, which does not even find mention in the Preface. What really should be helpful to the students of *Mahābhārata* is an abridgement of this monumental but unwieldy volume. This is, in a way, what the present writer felt would be contained in the book, as it was placed in his hands for review. Yet, the work will prove useful as a "map" to those who require to be introduced into this "jungle" with its many paths and byways; and therefore "indispensable for those who would learn to understand the spirit and culture of ancient India," as Dr. Barnett says in his Foreword.

S. V. VISWANATHA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

“—————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.”

HUDIBRAS.

John Cowper Powys has penned an indictment against Vivisection in *The Abolitionist* (London) for June. He writes:—

A new tyranny is now appearing among us, finding its support in a new superstition. I refer to the tyranny of Science. The old horrors are being brought back. Though we no longer torture in the name of God or in the name of the State, we torture in the name of Science. Just as we were formerly mesmerised into tolerating cruelty to men and women by reason of one widespread superstition, so we are being mesmerised into tolerating cruelty to animals by reason of another superstition. . . . These vivisectors are assuming in their secret torture-chambers, the right formerly claimed by all fanatical despots, of *being above the ordinary human sense of right and wrong*.

We are among those who look upon vivisection as an unmitigated evil. Not forgetting that there are a few rare exceptions among vivisectors who would use, if need arises, their own bodies to experiment upon as willingly as that of a rat or a dog, most of them are devoid of compassion, justice, mercy and chivalry. Further, their method of fighting disease is as futile as their ghastly practice is unnecessary. But for all that, is not the tyranny of vivisectors but an aspect of the more widespread tyranny exercised by the major portion of the medical profession? Most doctors obstinately follow their everchanging speculations and

theories as the orthodox religionists do their superstitions. We are not unmindful of the wonderful relief medical science has given to modern humanity, but there is no doubt that the doctor of to-day does take advantage of the credulity and the ignorance of his patients.

But there is another kind of doctor whose good work is fast gaining recognition. We are referring to the different types of Nature-Cure practitioners, and their labour is bound to purge the orthodox medical science of its mistakes and weaknesses. But they would seem to have a hard fight before them, judging from an article by A. Barker, President of the National Association of Medical Herbalists of Great Britain, Ltd., entitled, “Our Jubilee Stock-taking.” In the May number of *The Medical Herbalist* he reviews the achievements of his profession during the last quarter of a century:—

What do we find? That we are worse off now than at the beginning of the reign: that enactment after enactment has left us weaker and has strengthened those who pretend to despise us because they fear us; that the Press, the wireless, the schoolroom, in fact the whole propagandist machine is being increasingly employed to create a monopoly in the healing art, in which patients will no longer have freedom to choose either practitioner or system.

Against this we have the success of the Osteopaths in Great Britain, and we should not forget that in other parts of the world, especially in U. S. A., Nature-Cure Doctors are making fine progress.

But Mr. Powys does not stop at vivisectors; he attacks modern science *en bloc* :—

This new superstition is our unbound awe and our obsequious respect for everything done in the name of Science. The most startling and by far the most dangerous symptom of modern life is the growth of man's scientific power *irrespective of his character and his conscience*. It is Science used for purposes of evil that has made the modern war the catastrophe it has become. It will be Science used for purposes of destruction that will enable our Western Civilization to commit its final suicide. And it is Science that will make the next war a war primarily directed against the helpless, a war against the old, a war against women, a war against children and animals. And the scientific preparations for this wholesale destruction are *being made in secret*. That is the point. Science takes the power away from open tyranny in order to hand it over to an inhuman secret tyranny.

No one can question the validity of these opinions. But why stop at science? In other departments of knowledge also there is the same force of tyranny. It may not strike human imagination as in the case of vivisectors or the inventors of poison-gases but all the same the tyrannical influence is there. For example, western phil-

ologists translate and interpret ancient eastern texts from their own points of view and scoff at and ridicule mystical and spiritual interpretations. Prejudiced in favour of dead-letter interpretations, and dogmatic in their view that all eastern religious philosophies are rooted in animism and fetishism, they have so far successfully used the rod of punishment against their opponents. Or take chronology: influenced by Biblical chronology they have systematically opposed Puranic chronology and have laughed at Hindu chronologists and their ancient calendars. The force of their tyranny has been such that even modern Hindu scholars seem afraid to counter the literalness or the calculations of their occidental gurus. When not so afraid, they are obsessed by the superstition that real seats of learning are only in the west and that their own old native methods and institutions have little to offer—an indirect result of the tyrannous influence of the orientalist. The remedy suggested by Mr. Powys is applicable in other departments of life also.

There is only one ground to take in this matter; and that is the ground of simple conscience.... Ordinary conscientious men and women *shirk from thinking about it*. They feel in their hearts that these fanatics of Science are doing something that they themselves would shudder to do. But their obsequious superstition in the presence of this new "Holy Office" shuts their mouth and drugs their conscience.