THE ARYAN PATH

Canst thou destroy divine Compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become Compassion Absolute. Such is the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XX JANUARY 1949 No. 1

OUR NEW VOLUME

With this issue THE ARYAN PATH commences its 20th volume. When it was launched on the sea of public life its promoters were well aware that it was not a business proposition that they were dealing with, and that it was going to cost them not only in money but also in time and thought-energy which might drown them out of existence. THE ARYAN PATH has not been a success if we are to judge by financial gains. Its continuance has cost its publishers literally thousands of rupees. But still we have kept on with the venture because THE ARYAN PATH has wielded an influence for the better out of proportion to its restricted circulation. In English-speaking countries, and even outside of them, THE ARYAN PATH has succeeded in influencing the thinking of cultured minds, especially in the direction of Eastern thought of the Sages of ancient and honourable Asia in general and of India in particular. At home, in India, it is rendering an important service—keeping alive in the consciousness of the people the high value of true internationalism. It appeals chiefly to the Individual, trying to exhort and instruct him to change his own mind, to adopt nobler and truer values. Through spiritual alchemy he can and should rise to a high altitude of mental and moral perception. Communalism, provincialism and nationalism have to be overcome and only those men and women can help to destroy their manifestations who in their own lives have risen to real manhood, above the distinctions of caste and creed, race and religion. To achieve that altitude, thought and mental effort are necessary, and persistency in that effort, and the inner faith which is reasoned and enlightened. A new style of thinking along moral and spiritual lines is necessary; great thoughts are plentiful and easily obtained but the faith and persistency to assimilate them are scarce and so right actions are rare. The duty of THE ARYAN PATH is to try to energise as many as possible to undertake this new style of thinking, old in essence and neglected by the modern.

We appeal for the help and co-operation of our contributors and readers and friends to make THE ARYAN PATH more widely known, but more especially to use its monthly contents with greater zeal and devotion.

THE WISDOM OF LAOTSE

[A new book is soon to be published by the famous Chinese scholar, **Lin Yutang**. The following article, received through the courtesy of the International Literary Pool, Unesco, forms part of its introduction and our readers will not only enjoy but appreciate what this great and lucid thinker says on an important theme.—ED.]

If compelled to indicate my religion on an immigration blank, I might be tempted to put down the word "Taoist," to the amazement of the customs officer who probably has never heard of it. The thought has been constantly on my mind to find a religion that is acceptable to a scientist. For this is the central problem of the age. The Tao of the Taoist is the divine intelligence of the universe, the source of things, the life-giving principle; it informs and transforms all things; it is impersonal, impartial, and has little regard for individuals. It is immanent, formless, invisible, and eternal. Best of all, the Taoist does not presume to tell us about God; he insists to the point of repetitiousness that Tao cannot be named and the Tao which is named is not Tao. Above all, the one important message of Taoism is the oneness and spirituality of the material universe.

I have been watching the progress of scientific thought, and have reason to believe that the period of crass materialism of the nineteenth century is fast tottering, because it is no longer tenable in the light of modern physics. While Karl Marx was developing his materialistic dialectic in the flush of mechanistic science, a New England sage wrote, uncannily:—

Fear not the new generalization. Does the fact look crass and material, threatening to degrade thy theory of spirit? Resist it not; it goes to refine and raise thy theory of matter just as much.

This was published in 1847. Meanwhile, the physicists have been digging from under the foundations of matter itself. As Eddington summarizes the century of research, "We have chased the solid substance from the continuous liquid to the atom, from the atom to the electron, and there we have lost it."[1] What the electron is doing inside the atom is summarized in the following line, "*Something unknown is doing we don't know what.*" Somewhere in the quantum of light, the corpuscular and the non-corpuscular meet and confuse and exasperate the investigator of truth. A century has passed now since Emerson wrote, and a cycle has been completed. Eddington wrote:—

It will perhaps be said that the conclusion to be drawn from these

[1] A. S. Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World.*

arguments from modern science is that religion first became possible for a reasonable scientific man about the year 1927. If we must consider that tiresome person, the consistently reasonable man, we may point out that not merely religion, but most of the ordinary aspects of life first became possible for him in that year. Certain common activities (*e.g.*, falling in love) are, I fancy, still forbidden him. If our expectation should prove well founded, that 1927 has seen the final overthrow of strict causality by Heisenberg, Bohr, Born and others, the year will certainly rank as one of the greatest epochs in the development of scientific philosophy.

Mysticism usually frightens the people of a rational temper, chiefly because of the extravagances of some of its devotees. But the mysticism of Laotse, Whitman, and Eddington need not. Mathematics, the tool of science, works with equations and has yielded us nothing but equations, plus the new knowledge of the essential emptiness of matter. When Laotse and Chuangtse spoke in mystic phraseology of the "elusiveness" of Tao, it must be remembered that they were not being mystic, but merely good observers of life. For it must be remembered that it is exactly this quality of "elusiveness" of life processes that confronts the thinking scientist in his laboratory. The scientist knocks and the door refuses to open; at the moment he is about to discover the secret of life, life shuts up completely. He hunted matter and lost it in the electron; he hunted life and lost it in the protoplasm; he hunted consciousness and lost it in electric brain waves. Over and against his mathematical equations stood out clear, resistant, unbreakable, the sphere of meaning, beauty, love and consciousness, for which there are no tools for scientific exploration. Intuitive knowledge and mathematical knowledge never meet, for they obviously lie on different planes. Mathematics is a tool of the human mind and a way of expressing what the mind can see and reason about physical phenomena, and nothing more. Intuitive knowledge is different from, and is not subordinate to, mathematical or symbolic knowledge, as expressed in equations. Professor F. S. C. Northrop of Yale calls attention to the importance of recognizing the place of intuitive knowledge of "the æsthetic undifferentiated continuum," and the right to existence of that kind of knowledge, which is in all probability closer to reality than the differentiated knowledge of the reasoning mind, and which is exactly what Laotse meant when he warned against the danger of "cutting up." Chuangtse is especially specific :—

> The disadvantage of regarding things in separate parts is that when one begins to cut up and analyze, each one tries to be exhaustive. The disadvantage of trying to be exhaustive is that it is consciously (mechanically) exhaustive. One goes on deeper and deeper, forgetting to return, and sees a ghost (the externals of things only). Or one goes on and imagines he has got it, and what he has got is only a

carcass. For a thing which retains its substance but has lost the magic touch of life is but a ghost (of reality). Only one who can imagine the formless in the formed can arrive at the truth.

By necessity, the physicist must carefully confine himself to observable forms, substances and motions, phenomena amenable to mathematical calculations, and in loyalty to his subject he consciously shuts his eyes to phenomena that are not mathematically manageable—the phenomena of life, mind, consciousness —which must remain the eternal residue of science.

Fortunately for us, lying even more entirely outside the sphere of meanings, *i. e.*, strictly "illegitimate territory," is the sphere of meanings and values. In this sense, Eddington draws the important distinction between the "symbolic knowledge" (of science) and the "intimate knowledge" of everyday experience. Eddington cleverly refutes critics who would call his mystical views "nonsense," or perhaps even "damned nonsense." "What is the physical basis of *nonsense?*" he asks. Other critics may have the right to speak of "nonsense," but the positivist has no right to do so, because the word *nonsense* implies value, which is not legitimate within the logic of science, and *damned nonsense* implies even more value. "In a world of æther and electrons we might perhaps encounter *nonsense;* we could not possibly encounter *damned nonsense.*" And so, fortunately, the world of meaning and value still remains with us. "As scientists we realize that colour is merely a question of the wavelengths of æthereal vibrations; but that does not seem to have dispelled the feeling that eyes which reflect light near wave-length 4800 are a subject for rhapsody whilst those which reflect wave-length 5300 are left unsung."

Robert A. Millikan, dean of American scientists, made a striking and, to my mind, very important statement on religion when he read a paper before the American Physical Society, on April 29, 1947 :—

A purely materialistic philosophy is to me the height of unintelligence. Wise men in all ages have always seen enough to at least make them reverent. Let me quote Einstein's notable words: "It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity; to reflect upon the marvellous structure of the universe, which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

That is as good a definition of God as I need.

I take credit for a few wise decisions myself, and why not? For while the Great Architect had to direct alone the earlier stages of the evolutionary process, that part of Him that became us—for we are certainly inside not outside, creation's plan—has been stepping up amazingly the pace of vegetable, animal and human evolution since we began to become conscious of the part we had to play. It is our sense of responsibility for playing our

part to the best of our ability that makes us godlike.

It seems that the great truths of the world have been seen by the wise men of all ages, regardless of country and period. Dr. Millikan, Einstein, Eddington, Emerson, Laotse and Chuangtse, with different backgrounds and possessing different tools of knowledge, come back to nearly the same thing. The preceding statement of belief is, I believe, acceptable to most thinking modern men. But the ideas are characteristically Taoist: "It is *enough* for me to contemplate," etc., "the *intelligence manifested in nature,*" "which we can *dimly perceive,*" and "that part of *Him that became us.*" Emerson, too, says, he was a part of "God in nature."

What Emerson wrote a hundred years ago is still true today. "We have the same need to command a view of the religion of the world. We can never see Christianity from the catechism—from the pastures, from a boat in the pond, from amidst the songs of wood-birds we possibly may." That is about where we stand today, possibly all we need. And Laotse adds, "He who does not think so—his door of divine intelligence is shut."

LIN YUTANG

THE FLAG OF INDIA

The fascinating lecture on the "Significance of the Wheel of Asoka in the Flag of Free India," delivered at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on July 22nd, 1948, by the Pali scholar Shri G. P. Rajaratnam, M.A., has been published by the Institute as its *Transaction No. 2*, available from it at Re. 1/-.

Shri Rajaratnam dealt in general with the symbolism of the Indian Flag adopted by the Constituent Assembly exactly a year before, and with Sarnath and its famous Lion Capital, the wheel on the abacus of which has furnished the design for the wheel on the National Flag. The wheel symbol long antedated Asoka; it antedated even Buddhism, whose foremost protagonist among rulers was the great Asoka. It was the Wheel as Dharma that the Buddha set once more in motion, with his universal teachings of Duty, of Ahimsa, and of Love. For it was, Shri Rajaratnam declared, the Dharma of Love which the Buddha built his Sangha to propagate, urging His monks thus:—

> Go forth on your wanderings, O Bhikshus, for the welfare of the ordinary folk, for the happiness of the ordinary folk, out of compassion for the whole world.
>
> Go about like those who have the Self as a Lamp. Cultivate this with wakefulness.

The National Flag of India gains in sacredness from the high antecedents of the model chosen for the symbol of its *Charkha*, associated as that model was with ancient India and with the Buddha, India's greatest son.

INDIA AND WORLD CULTURE

[Below we print a condensed version of a most interesting lecture delivered by **Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar,** who has been serving the cause of culture with power, charm and dignity. The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore. The complementary one on " World Culture and India " will appear next month.—ED.]

Before we consider what India has meant to world culture let us, for a moment, dwell on the underlying idea of culture itself. As I understand the term, culture is a way of life, an interpretation given by each mind and soul to the environment. India's influence upon the world has been profound, but not always recognised. What, to us Indians, do this civilisation and this culture of India represent ? Taking the history of India in relation to the things of the mind and the spirit, what are the essential ideas or ideals that have been energising this country through the millennia ?

The first specific contribution of India to the world is what I have always called fearlessness, *abhaya* in the language of the *Upanishads*. Very few items of speculation, whether directed towards the existence or the qualities and attributes of Divinity, or the mind and the soul of man, have escaped the investigation and analysis of the Indian thinker. Many theories, apparently foreign to what is usually associated with Indian thought, have been put forward from as early as the 3000-4000 or the 5000-6000 years ago, which our Vedic chronology gives, down to this day. Foreigners who are our friends, and many more who are un-friends, are anxious to emphasise the heterogeneity, the lack of unity of Indian life, and that is correct as far as it concerns the mental and spiritual attention bestowed throughout our history on the most apparently incongruous speculations. The country of the Buddha whose philosophy did not demand the existence of a Supreme Being, as we understand it, the philosophy of the Vedanta, which does not postulate the existence of a Personal God, as many religions do, the philosophy of the devotee which culminated in the complete submission of the self to a Supreme embodied in a personal form—all these varieties of thought, however contradictory perhaps, analyse the Ultimate. This habit has kept alive in man in India what I call fearlessness, the boldness of the Indian approach to the problems of both the here and the hereafter.

The second idea is that of rhythm, called *dharma* in some of our books, what the Vedas called *ṛta*, the science of harmony and of supreme order. The idea that things take place not according to accidental

circumstances, or any intervention, human, semi-divine or divine, but in ordered simultaneity, according to a law existing from before time, that idea of *ṛta*, the idea of the continuity of existence, that is India's second contribution to world thought. To the Indian mind, the life that is lived by each, whether belonging to the vegetable, the animal or the human kingdom, that life is not culminated by what we call death, is not commenced by what we call birth, and is not co-existent with the turmoil and the struggle, the perplexities and the difficulties of our existence. This is a direct following out of the idea of *ṛta*, that is, life is regarded as a great harmony, a harmony which, in the language of music, involves some discords, a harmony which swells and forms into heights and depths of life, but life continues for ever. That idea, which afterwards found expression in the doctrine of evolution, was one of the fundamental ideas of Indian thought.

The main contributions made by India to world thought have been those ideas, namely, of the continuity of life, the evolution of existence, the great perceived order of everything that takes place, and the necessity to approach all these problems and to carry them to their logical conclusion, without being afraid of the mental or spiritual consequences of your thought, and where it leads. Why do I say that all these ideas are contributions to the world? Indian culture in the past is analogous to a subterranean river that has been fertilising many countries which have not always acknowledged that fertilisation, but the subterranean river has its unseen but formative influence not only on the landscape but also in all the countries of the mind.

Let us take certain definite categories of religious and philosophical thought. Many of us read of the Avataras, the ten manifestations of Vishnu. Some of us believe in them literally. Others scout the idea, but let us analyse it. What are the ten Avataras? The first is of the world of Matysa, occupying the universe when, even before the birth of the reptiles, the fishes were the first evidence of life. And then we come to the period of the amphibia, then to that of the half-man, to that of the dwarf man, then to the period of the primitive, the uncontrolled, the impulsive man. Then we come to the period of the man more or less perfect, until that man merges and vanishes into the Supreme. And then there again comes in the future a kind of cometary influence, destroying the world.

Some refer to this as a prefiguration of the evolutionary doctrine. Others say that this is one of the efforts of the ever-subtle Indian mind to find a satisfactory explanation for what is really insoluble. But the whole of our philosophy, of our religion, is essentially based upon an acceptance of the facts of life which involve a gradual evolution from the more primitive to the

less primitive forms, not only of outer existence and life, but also of inner, from mere awareness to intellectually great and spiritual exaltation.

Now these ideas have found expression in Zoroastrianism. They have found expression in the religion of Egypt. It was not long ago that there was found on the Temple of the Sun, Ra, in Thebes, an inscription which recalls the *nama-rupa* doctrine of the *Upanishads*. The *Upanishads* declare that the world was made of one primordial material, and that the difference between humanity and Godhead was all a matter of *nama-rupa*, names and forms. As the energising consciousness functions, so life transforms itself, evolves. And in that inscription on the Egyptian temple, you find that the whole, gods and men, are one. It is all a matter of name and form. Some people have said that this is a quotation by the ancient Egyptians from one of the sacred books of India. It does not matter. The fact remains that one of the fundamental concepts of Indian thought was already existent and recognised in ancient Egypt. So far as Indian history and Indian thought are concerned, the excavations in Mohenjo-daro and Harappa, in various parts of the Punjab and in Central Asia, all make it clear that there was some osmosis or interpenetration of cultures.

Two thousand years ago it seems to have been possible for some persons to go from here to Peru and Mexico. You have only to go there to find not only that the faces are exactly like the South Indian faces. The colour is more or less ours, probably a little darker, but that was not what astounded me as much as the circumstance that their temples are built exactly on the pattern of the South Indian temples. The culture is very similar. I do not wish to enter into controversy, but one of the royal dynasties of Peru was called the Aiyars—not that at this day I expect the Aiyars to start an expedition to Peru to vindicate their claims to royalty in that far-off country, but, in my opinion, there was a tremendous transference of culture across miles of sea.

Also in Java and the Far Eastern countries, and throughout French Indo-China and Cambodia, you get very vivid glimpses of life in the past which was closely interlinked with the life of India. Their architecture is the same and the people are called by Hindu names, though they profess the Mohammedan religion. The name Arjuna is very common from Burma to the Philippines.

This influence is most remarkably illustrated in Islam. It is generally believed that, Islam being monotheistic and Hinduism being polytheistic, they are fundamentally different. But look at, for instance, the Sufi manifestations of the Islamic religion. Islam has been responsible for a development which is exactly parallel to that of Hinduism. The poet Jami speaks to his Friend—the

Sufi poet always called the Supreme his Friend, or his Beloved—and he says "Won't you give me a place on that divan where there is no place for two?" In other words, he regards that complete identity of the human soul and the Over-Soul as one of the essentials of his doctrine.

The influence of Indian thought and culture has been very deep though not always acknowledged. There has been much more interchange of ideas and ideals between India and the world cultures, Zoroastrian, Persian, Christian, Egyptian and Islamic, than many are apt to confess or to admit. Take, for instance, the idea that most people accept, that of transmigration. The West regards it as something foreign to the Christian ideal, but a blind man was taken to the Lord Jesus, who was asked "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" What is the meaning of that?

The doctrine of transmigration was as old as Pythagoras in Greece, on whom the Indian philosophers exercised a profound influence. The whole theory of the Christian religion is not essentially different from that underlying certain aspects of our Buddhistic culture. There has been interchange of ideas. If we grant that not only in philosophical concepts but also in many matters of art, there has been a profound influence exercised by India in the past, can it play, does it deserve to play, any part in the evolution of the world culture of the future? Yes. What is the position of the world today? The Chairman indicated disequilibrium as a factor of present-day society. We are always apt to call this an age of transition. In fact, right through the ages people have said theirs was an age of transition. There was a time, about the birth of the French Revolution, when Wordsworth said:—

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
> but to be young was very heaven.

Some of us, when we were working for the political emancipation of this country, dreamt; and the greatest of these dreamers, the consummate dreamer, but one of practical ideals at the same time, was Mahatma Gandhi. He dreamt of making a new world, but is it not correct to say that at this moment we are in the midst of a reaction, a certain disillusionment? We have expected so much, such rapid results. We are not getting results, and we are, therefore, feeling hurt and angry and disgusted with our surroundings, with the unfortunate Governments called upon to handle almost insuperable problems, and trying to do their best, or with the philosopher who is not able to present what we should call the ultimate solution to world problems. That feeling is due to a forgetting of those great fundamental truths which in the past irrigated the mental and spiritual lands of the world. The cultural life of India has not yet changed. Its boundaries are the same, and its development will be the same pro-

vided we are equal to our responsibilities.

The malaise of the world is due to three factors: First, the loss of consciousness of the world as one, and that it can remain one. We have all read Wendell Willkie's *One World* but its lessons have not sunk very deep. The oneness of humanity has not yet become a real factor in our inner consciousness or in our outer life.

At this stage someone may interrupt and ask: "How does it happen that you are speaking in relation to India of the oneness of the world when we are not united? India has been in the past torn by factions, has made a lot of difference between community and community, and has victimised a certain portion of its population and behaved unjustly towards them. What right have you to speak of one world?"

My answer is this: that humanity is travelling in a spiral, and very often it is unable to translate its ideals into action. There are countries which have these ideals, countries which say their Constitution insists on the equality of men in respect of colour and nationality, but I have myself travelled through countries in which, for instance, I was not a coloured man. I became white for purposes of accommodation in railway carriages, buses, attendance at meetings and so on. But these countries proclaim these ideals. They are trying to put them into practice. The ultimate test should be: Is the ideal present in the mind and soul of men? Are they trying, however imperfectly, to translate these ideals into action?

All that I am concerned to point out is that, right through the ages, the complete oneness of not only humanity but of all animate life and of all life inanimate, has been one of the fundamental bases of Indian thought, and I submit that this is an aspect on which we might dwell although at this moment neither India nor any other country lives up to it. That India can do so is another matter, and that is to my mind a very significant factor. India can give that rest and that poise which come from the ever-present consciousness of this One Life. That is the main contribution that India can make to the solution of world problems.

What do I mean by this? I was travelling in the U.S.A., the most highly mechanised part of the world. Their machinery and their standard of life are tremendously high. One might imagine that that country had solved the problems of well-being and human happiness in so far as it sees its way. I reached San Francisco a week after the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi; I found everyone plunged in grief. More than one told me—and I met not only the average politician, but the literary man and woman, the bankers, the representatives of labour, and various other people—and they all said: "We are suffering from lack of leadership. We are suffering from a lack of poise and mental balance.

There is such a tremendous hurry to do things, to get things done, to achieve things, that there is no room for thought. We are craving for something, we do not know what." And the spectacle of Gandhi as a man who had achieved a poise, a mental balance—that conveyed a message which, however untranslatable, was, nevertheless, a message of quiet and calm and contentment, the presence of an object of healing throughout the world.

Can India do anything in respect of these matters? I submit that it can, provided it retains its heritage. It can, however, only retain that heritage if it regards that continuity, that oneness of life to which I have adverted, that evolution, that unescapable rhythm, the order of Nature, or what you might call the Supreme Being. If those ideas which at one time prevailed even in our literature, our philosophy and our art, ideas which made it possible for us to understand the apparent diversity of Divinity, to conceive all these forms as manifestations of the One, if that sense of unity and of calm can not only be felt by us but also communicated to others, that would be the greatest contribution that India could make to world culture.

Mere satisfying of wants has not satisfied. It has led to the creation of more wants. The craze for achievement has only awakened the desire for greater achievement and today the United Nations is toiling through an unwieldy agenda, because no one is willing that things rest anywhere. People must be moving, rushing. It is not so bad in England as in America, and still less bad in some of the Continental countries, but all through the world there is this feeling of restlessness, of trying to get something done with the least possible delay and in the shortest possible period. And when all this is done, what is the net result? You produce one more machine and that machine is scrapped the moment it is produced. You produce one type of destructive thing—a rifle, and it is at once out-moded. No doubt Science has manifested itself most wonderfully through the mind of man in the West, achievements made by laboratories, by meticulous calculation and so on. India has achieved results both in science and in other departments more through intuition than through experiment. We have to learn in the matter of analysis and experimentation. They have to learn in respect of what I have called intuition. This world can never be lop-sided. It cannot be divided.

To sum up, my thesis is this:—There are certain fundamental aspects of humanity which have been definitely specialised in by Indians. There have been certain root ideas characteristic of Indian civilisation, and these are valuable and can be of value to the world. My plea is that these characteristics shall not be jettisoned, shall not be forgotten. They are of service to the world, but we can serve the world through

these ideas only to the extent to which we are true to them. My plea to you today is that you should be true to those ideals.

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

SYNTHESISING KNOWLEDGE

The change that has come over human relations in the last fifty years does not receive its due of attention from human beings preoccupied with political and economic problems. Is it true, as Alex Comfort arrestingly avers in "The Cultural Unity of Science and Philosophy" in the October *World Review* that our society "has progressed so far beyond the pattern of social living, and so far into a state of fragmentation held together only by power" that we may call it "an asocial society"?

There is at least enough of obvious truth in the statement to underline the necessity he urges for the recognition of the complementary nature of science and of art. Every branch of knowledge, he writes, deliberately abstracts that part of any given experience which is relevant to his particular interest, but both scientist and artist fail to see that the parts which lie in their particular fields are not hostile, though different. They are complementary, and bound together by community of interest, science being no less threatened by a fully materialised or tyrannical order than is artistic integrity, as he brings out.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Comfort that art represents today "the only effective relic of mutual aid" to accept his comparison that, against the attempt of science to achieve complete objectivity, art is synthetic, "the communication of total experience." He believes that "the practice of art tends in itself to a high degree of human responsibility," but so should that of science, given the reverence for life which a synthetic concept of the universe would give its votaries in every field. It is that synthesis that is lost, to which both scientists and artists and the rest of us must find the way back. Mr. Comfort puts his finger on the crux of the issue and of much of the world's present malaise when he writes:—

> Today, in spite of the interest of writers and painters in some aspects of natural science, we miss the cultural unity which existed once, when a man of education tried to embrace the theory of nature and the theory of æsthetics in one coherent whole, which he called philosophy.

FREEDOM OF MIND AND SPIRIT

[The Programme Director of the Edward W. Hazen Foundation at Haddam, Connecticut, **Mr. Paul J. Braisted,** writes stimulatingly in this article of freedom—its possibilities, its implications, its responsibilities, and how it may be gained. The third especially is but too likely to be overlooked in a world clamant for rights and in too many cases blind to the responsibilities inseparable from any right that man can hope to gain. The freedom of religion which Mr. Braisted calls "probably the least understood of the Four Freedoms" has a vital message to the modern world, for the effort at self-realisation which it facilitates involves not only one's relation to the Divine Presence within but also right relations with all other aspects of that Unity.—ED.]

Freedom is a term we understand almost instinctively, and yet it is a word of many accents and colourings, used with differing shades of meaning in differing circumstances. It means one thing to peoples struggling for political liberation. It means other things to nations developing their independent life. It sometimes has a different meaning for great powers in their dealings with other peoples and nations.

The words "The truth shall make you free" make a universal appeal. Frequently they have been made the motto of a college or of another educational institution. They convey much more than the thought of mere intellectual content. They suggest life motivated by and exemplifying teachings which Jesus' disciples had already heard and which were illuminated for them by their experience with Him. His summons to them was to a life of a new kind of freedom.

The liberal educator is concerned that youth may be free from prejudice and ignorance and so enter upon a life of growing freedom in thought and faith. The faith of the religious man and of the liberal educator are mutually sustaining and helpful. Religion and liberal higher education belong together. Their combined strength, but neither one nor the other by itself, offers us our greatest hope for a more kindly world.

During the late war our attention was drawn again and again to what came to be known as the Four Freedoms—freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech and freedom of religion. The magic of these words was a vast and potent rallying force throughout the struggle, but few people pondered their meaning sufficiently to realize the far-reaching implications involved, which would be nourished at a more appropriate time by those who could understand. It is of the utmost importance today that all who have tasted true freedom concern themselves with its true nature.

The first and most urgent question that confronts us is the fundamental one, can man really be free? There have been times when the possibility of freedom would not have been called in question, but this is not so today. In many subtle ways doubts arise and this belief is challenged often in the name of man himself and with the promise of happiness if he will surrender some part of his freedom. You and I must live in that hostile environment. This is due partly to the magnitude and complexity of modern life and the confusion of a period of very rapid social change. So we must be on guard against encroachment upon fundamental freedoms.

It is only a few short years since democracy was widely challenged by Fascists who, as part of their drive for power, ridiculed democracy as a weak and helpless thing. But the same spirit is abroad today wherever totalitarian ideas have taken root. These notions are by no means confined behind some real or supposed iron curtain, but have infected the thinking of men in every continent. Thus disbelief in the achievement of true democracy is often found in the bureaucratic mind which perpetuates privilege without consulting the people, which at other times exercises dominance even over representatives chosen by the people. The same distrust of man is often associated with fear of the possible loss of privilege or prestige. In even more subtle ways private initiative and individualism are suspect or challenged. This is apparent in the continuing debate over the future of capitalism as an economic system. A similar distrust of man and denial of his true nature as understood by high religion and liberal education are found in all authoritarianism in religious matters.

The classic portrayal of this fundamental issue is, I am sure, familiar to all who read these words. It is found in Dostoevsky's latest and greatest novel *The Brothers Karamazov* in the chapter of Book V called "The Grand Inquisitor." It is a fantasy in which Dostoevsky makes his affirmation concerning man's freedom. He chose for the theme of his story the time of the Spanish Inquisition, but it would have served his purpose equally well to have pointed to other situations where a party or a class or a group has found freedom a hindrance or an embarrassment. The particular scene of the story is merely a vehicle for an idea and an affirmation.

The story is simple. Jesus appears among the people of Seville and is recognized by them. They hail Him and follow Him and then on the steps of the cathedral He repeats the miracle of Galilee in the raising to life of a little girl whose funeral service is about to take place. The Grand Inquisitor, coming on the scene and understanding all, orders His arrest, and in the night visits Jesus in His prison cell. The remainder of the story is the Inquisitor's defence of the necessity and wisdom of curtailing the freedom

that Jesus would have given men. He understands full well and speaks with power of the meaning and nobility of Jesus' belief in men and in their possibilities. He points out that the pursuit of freedom would not have brought happiness but rather suffering and trouble, and that therefore it is a greater thing to deny men freedom, so as to assure their happiness. In the end he opens the prison door and orders Jesus to leave and not create any further trouble with His thought of freedom. The story is told with great force and its simple message is compelling. Men and groups and classes have again and again denied that man could be free and have promised him superficial happiness in order that they might gain power and influence through his slavery. To gain their way they have often had to discredit and dismiss Jesus and all the great prophets of the peoples of the world. It would seem that people are always easily persuaded that happiness will come by less rigorous means and so give everything into the hands of those who would lead them. There is a certain timelessness about Dostoevsky's affirmations and the things of which he wrote are easily forgotten.

Similar affirmations of man's true nature might be selected from the writings of great seers, educators, religious leaders of many times and places. The truth is well known to many leaders in our own time, men of true insight and understanding. Among these one would most certainly include Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Rajagopalachariar. All men of good-will and good faith may join in this affirmation, "The truth shall make you free," and all wise men will resist every effort to rob them of this true insight.

With clarity on the possibility of freedom the next urgent issue is, how is freedom to be used? Is it merely to be cherished and to be celebrated? Is it to be exercised with abandon and careless disregard of others' freedom? Rather, freedom has another aspect which is responsibility and to find the meaning of that fact is itself a continuing obligation placed upon the educated person. The responsibility born of freedom begins with a commitment like that of Thomas Jefferson in his immortal words, "I have sworn on the altar of Almighty God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." These are words which might very well be adopted by everyone who appreciates the opportunity of liberal education and the avenues of life that it opens to one and to one's fellows.

We may readily illustrate some of the possibilities in the exercise of responsibility in freedom by reference to those freedoms which symbolize so many of the aspirations of men, and it will be easier for the writer to choose illustrations primarily related to his own people and their relation to other peoples.

There is first of all freedom from want. Any one who is at all humane

must be concerned with the dispelling of want and hunger and I suppose that history has no record of any people more spontaneously generous in sending voluntary gifts of food to others than the people of this country. Yet it is easy for us to forget that people by nature and even when they are hungry, so long as they are not actually at the door of starvation, are always concerned also with the things of the mind and the spirit. One senses too frequently in these days, and with amazement, the apparent belief that food of and by itself will solve fundamental problems. People want courage and faith to believe in the things of the mind and the spirit and, more than that, they want the confidence of others and a sense of comradeship. This has been made abundantly plain by various spokesmen from the countries in Europe where simple want is greatest. We need to be on our guard against the defect in thought which considers food as a political weapon and so forgets the people whose life is always much more than food.

Freedom from fear is another cause which deeply moves everyone in these days. The problems it poses for us are of two dimensions: (1), the protection of freedoms and free institutions which have already been gained and (2), the winning of such freedoms by and for those who do not possess them. How will the free mind and free spirit of man think about these problems? People striving for freedom and for the opportunity to develop free institutions are scattered across the world and we can gain some perspective by contemplating their situation and our relation to it as a people. These problems are baffling and complex. One wonders whether our foreign policy in the recent past has not been guided primarily by our own inherent fear of Russia rather than by any well considered judgment concerning the welfare of the peoples concerned. Does the fear of eastern dominance justify the backing of reaction and the continued exploitation of men who might be free and who might of themselves develop free institutions?

The case is much the same whether we look East or West. In these latter days some even of the most loyal supporters of the Chinese people seem to be guided almost exclusively by fear of other encroachments upon China and so tend to reduce the entire problem of her future merely to a military one. So the people and their interest are forgotten. Thus the essential nature of men and their fundamental wants are denied. So also the matter of appropriate development of free institutions is disregarded. So we justify support of a government which has yet to demonstrate any concrete, constructive efforts to improve the lot of the people and to lead them in the development of genuinely free institutions. These are some of the focal points chosen from many at which the free mind and the free spirit must inevitably

be troubled and perplexed and seek to press far beyond the common assumptions of our day. Only in so doing can we hope to develop more stability and to create more enduring foundations for the future.

We may also inquire how the free mind and the free spirit will operate when confronted with the challenge of freedom of speech. This is one of our most cherished possessions. We can gauge something of its worth when we compare it with the situation in those lands where it is greatly restricted or practically unknown. But reflection will surely lead us to a re-examination of the manner in which we use this freedom. Does it mean that we are free to say everything, to publish anything, to select and so to distort for limited and selfish purposes? Is there no restraint and, if so, what is its source? Surely it is the restraint of inner vision and clarity and confidence born of knowledge of the truth. It is self-imposed. The lack of this restraint and wisdom is a chief source of world-wide confusion, of inflamed relations among peoples. We have to think more deeply of the effect of free utterance and learn wisdom from the responses of other peoples. It is here that the liberally educated person can help, directly or through moulding public opinion, to guide the various means of communication on behalf of the better education of our young, of more stable relations at home and abroad and so of a kindlier world.

These and other considerations lead us at last to a still more fundamental question, how is freedom, genuine freedom, to be gained? In our time we have seen people both gain and lose freedom. We have seen it lost through abuse or neglect or faithless pursuit of lesser things. We have seen it won by toil, devotion and diligent cultivation. Possession of freedom seems precarious among powerful hostile forces. We see so much of history repeating itself. The old and oft-discredited patterns of power politics, the ancient reliance upon force and a cynical disregard of the nature of men and of truly democratic institutions, a preference for monetary gain and disregard of long-range implications for the life of entire peoples, a cynical pursuit of personal or group advantage behind the cloak of self-righteousness and the claim of inability to do otherwise are too much followed in our time. It requires increasing steadfastness and devotion to find significance and to set events in some long-range perspective. But this is simply to point out the obligation and the opportunity of the liberally educated person, for freedom is also self-realization that must be constantly won or regained, today as every day, by nourishment and cultivation.

The freedom that is self-realization is nourished by those things learned in college halls and all who have tasted it know that everything gained is the beginning of a new and greater quest. That quest, like all high adventure, requires discipline

and unrelenting pursuit of high goals for its fulfilment. Such discipline is the common experience of all who cross the trackless seas, who create new works of art, who unlock the secrets of nature, who delve more deeply into an understanding of the minds and hearts of men. It is to be welcomed as a gateway to all the things which we desire. Freedom of religion is probably the least understood of the Four Freedoms. The term is badly misused both by those who are hostile to religion and by those who are over-concerned with its institutional expression. Freedom of religion implies two things of vast importance to you and to me. On the one hand, it is the freedom and responsibility to cultivate a living faith within ourselves, an experience of recognition and of response, a relation to the Author and Maker of all things. And, on the other hand, the freedom of religion requires of us a continuing pursuit of a more enlightened faith. Liberal education continuing throughout life can strengthen one in the pursuit of inner clarity and outward integrity. With such freedom life can be poised, calm and unafraid, no matter what cross-currents may prevail; and each one in his own place within the family, the school, the town, and in any other aspect of life which opens to him, may turn others by example toward the achievement of these things.

The clearest and most penetrating picture of the nature of freedom with which I am familiar was penned by Rabindranath Tagore. It was a prayer for his people in which we may join on behalf of ourselves, our country and all men :—

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high,
Where knowledge is free,
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls,
Where words come out from the depths of truth,
Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection,
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sands of dead habit,
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever widening thought and action,
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

PAUL J. BRAISTED

THE MAN WHO MET HIMSELF

[Among present-day English novelists, **Mr. Claude Houghton** possesses in a peculiar degree not only the gift of mood evocation—many a writer can claim to share that with him—but the ability to strike a deeper note whose vibrations do not die away with the laying aside of the story, as many can testify who read "Mr. Bramley's Date with Destiny" in our March 1942 issue.—ED.]

I've been here quite a time now. Several weeks at least. And I shan't be leaving yet. That's certain.

Not that I mind staying here. Not in the least. I needed a rest. No doubt about that. You can be awfully tired without knowing it. I don't mean physically tired.

You've no idea how peaceful it is here. Sylvan silence by day—and the sound of the sea at night. Once, this was a country house. It stands on an eminence and is surrounded by undulating meadows. You can't see the house from the road—only monumental gates, and a lodge, and the long aisle of the leafy drive.

The same family lived here for generations. Then the house was sold, just as it stood. Portraits look down on you from hall and gallery. Proud, fearless, self-assured faces. There's one remarkable portrait of an eighteenth-century poet, who drank himself to death. It's in a recess near the drawing room. Such a gay witty mouth—such luminous hunted eyes. One night, when the moon was full, he winked at me.

I don't mind staying for another month or so. Not a bit. It's near the sea. Sometimes, if you wake with a start in the darkness, you hear the swish and slap of the waves. Nothing soothes like the sound of the sea at night. Besides, the staff here is so efficient. You've no idea. And I meet the most interesting people. You'd be surprised.

Mind you, I knew something was going to happen—long before I came here. Oh yes, I knew! I knew all right. You see, I'd known for a year that things couldn't go on as they were. They just couldn't! And yet that was odd because, by all ordinary standards, I had nothing to bother about. Nothing whatever! I had money. I'd been a success in my day. Oh yes, quite a success. Not in the way I had dreamed, but you can't have everything, can you?

So I knew something was going to happen. That didn't frighten me. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, I felt excited—elated. Each day, when I woke, I said to myself:

"Perhaps it will happen today."

And d'you know—this is odd—from the moment I knew that something was going to happen, I stopped seeing others. Absolutely! I spent the whole of my time alone—waiting.

And then it happened.

Funny thing is that I wasn't thinking about anything. Just walking along the Strand. That's all. Just walking along the Strand at about half-past twelve on a misty-mellow October morning—on my way to a pub which I went to pretty often. Very often. I know the proprietor quite well. Decent chap. It's a good class pub. No doubt about that. Lot of successful people go there. They're always telling each other how well they are doing. There are a few tables near the bar. I always sit at one in a corner. Alone, of course.

So there I was, walking along the Strand, thinking about nothing. Lot of people about—naturally. All in a hurry, except me.

And then—heaven knows why—I looked up. And that was very odd, because I always stare at the pavement. Why not ? I know I shan't see anything I haven't seen a thousand times. Besides, my sight isn't what it was. You know how it is—when you're getting on a bit.

Anyhow, I looked up.

And who do you think I saw fifty yards ahead, coming towards me ?

Myself—when I was twenty.

There wasn't any doubt about it. Absolutely none ! Myself—when I was twenty ! Walking towards me, down the Strand, on a misty-mellow October morning.

I began to tremble. I tried to shout. My heart beat a tattoo. My eyes filled with heavy tears. And, d'you know—this sounds queer—but I became a kind of prayer. A strangled prayer.

I stood, reeling, staring at him.

He moved like a god among the men and women hurrying along the Strand. There was a heaven of expectation in his eyes—and God's crest on his forehead.

He had come back.

I thought he was dead.

He had come back ! A tidal wave of memory overwhelmed me. I reeled like a drunkard. I couldn't think why the traffic didn't stop—why everyone didn't stand still. I wanted to kneel—to stretch out imploring arms. But I could only wait, reeling like a drunkard.

He came nearer—nearer.

He was almost level with me.

He cut me dead.

I wanted to laugh—cry—scream. I nearly fell down. People kept bumping into me.

I turned round. I couldn't see him. Only people, people—endlessly coming, endlessly going.

I tried to run after him.

Someone helped me up. Someone asked if I was all right. A girl—quite a young girl. Very frightened, but she helped me up.

" Did you see him ? Just *now !* not a minute ago ! A poet ! A student of passionate midnights ! "

She said she hadn't seen anyone like that.

I left her, then groped my way towards the pub. I staggered to the little table in the corner—collapsed into a chair. There was no need to

give an order. They know what I want.

The waiter brought me a double.

I drank it while he waited. Then he fetched another.

I don't know how long I stayed there. I was exhausted. I rested my head on the table. Later, much later, someone came and said I'd have to go. Closing time. I was crying.

The waiter evidently saw that I'd had a shock, because he helped me up. He said we all have our troubles. I shouldn't have got home if he hadn't put his arm round me—and hailed a taxi.

When I arrived at the sitting-room of my flat, a very strange thing happened. I stood in front of a mirror, but it didn't reflect me as I am. It reflected me as I used to be when I was twenty. Then it suddenly altered to the me of today.

A time comes when you can't stand any more. Know what I mean? You just can't! It's too much. That happened as I stood in front of the mirror. I couldn't bear it. Not for another second!

So I did something I haven't done for years. Not for years.

I fell to my knees and prayed.

It's queer to pray—when you haven't prayed for years.

I didn't ask for anything. It wasn't that kind of prayer. I emptied the hell of my heart at the feet of God. That's all.

Then I must have gone to sleep, on the floor. It was dark when I woke. The radio was on in the flat above and I heard the nine o'clock news.

That was the first time I met myself.

Never thought I'd see him again.

I was terribly unhappy because he'd cut me dead. Or—worse—perhaps he didn't recognise me. I brooded over that—day and night.

Surely he must have known that I am his child! Yes, yes, his child! He is my Past—and I am his Future. The Future is the child of the Past. So he is mine—and I am his. I knew him—why didn't he know me?

Then I met him again. In the Strand—same place—same time. And the odd thing is I wasn't thinking about him. Just shuffling along the Strand—staring at the pavement. I heard a shout—looked up—and there he was, quite near me.

I stopped—held out my arms to bar his way—then clutched his shoulder.

"Look at me! Look at me!" I shouted. "You won't get away this time. *You* can't deny me. You're the last person on earth who can deny me."

"Who are you?"

"Look closer....No, don't step back! You can't dodge me. Every stride you take leads to me."

"But who are you?"

"Can you imagine being me?"

"*You!*"

No contempt in his tone. Only surprise.

"So you can't imagine being like me."

"No. Why should I?"

"I can imagine being like you."

I stared into his eyes. Stared into them so deeply that I began to see what they saw. And I couldn't bear that. Not now!

"Come on!" I shouted. "You've got to have a talk to me. It's a terrible time since we met."

"I can't stay long. I've no end to do."

"You'll have to get used to me."

"Why?"

"One day you'll always be with me—but I shan't be with you."

He stared into my eyes. Stared into them so deeply that I was afraid he would see what they saw. And he wouldn't be able to stand that. Not yet!

"I can't waste time," he said. "You'd better go your way—and I'll go mine."

"Your way leads to me—but my way doesn't lead to you. Come on! You're going to drink with me. Yes, you are! You'll drink to the Future—and I'll drink to the Past."

I led him towards the pub. Not that it was necessary. Nothing the matter with his eagle eyes.

Ah, how proud I was to be with him! Everyone looked at us. Everyone!

I wanted to laugh—to dance—to sing! I turned to the staring crowd and shouted:

"You thought he was dead, didn't you? So did I. But he's come back, d'you hear? He's come back!"

We went into the pub and I led him to the small table in the corner. The place was full. Directly they saw us, they began to talk excitedly. They were amazed. They thought I was just a man who came there every day to drink doubles. And they saw me with a poet—a maker of worlds!

The waiter came—with only one drink on his tray.

"Can't you see there are two of us?"

Then I waved him away. He was right. Only one of us needed a double.

"Why do you come here and drink?"

"I've never told anyone that. I drink to remember you."

"To remember *me!*"

"Yes. You'll understand one day—when the magic light flickers out. You look round. It's flickered out—gone! You don't believe it. You daren't believe it. It goes awfully suddenly, you know. You're alone—and it's dark—and you're afraid."

He leaned nearer, then exclaimed:

"You looked different! For a second, you looked different!"

"I'm the grave of a dream.... You caught a glimpse of a ghost."

I banged on the table for another drink.

Then I said:

"Why did you cut me the other day? I've been in hell ever since."

"I didn't see you."

Then he added:

"I'm frightened of you."

"I'm afraid of you, too."

Then I asked.

"Will you meet me here to-morrow?"

"Yes."

I met him the next day, and the next, and the next. I showed him how I'd gradually become this thing that shuffles along the Strand, staring at the pavement. This thing—haunted by a ghost.

He got very excited. He shouted: "I'll never become like you! Never! *Never*. I'll die first!"

"Yes—you'll die first."

Then I told him how easy it is to die. So easy, that you don't know you're dying a little death—every day.

He said he was sorry for me.

And, d'you know, I couldn't bear that. I just couldn't bear it.

I fell across the table and sobbed—as only a child can sob.

Then I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up. There was the man who runs the pub. Quite a decent chap. He sat down—lit a cigarette—then said:

"Look, old man, you can't go on like this. No, listen! We're good pals, aren't we?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You see, I've others to consider. You know—regular customers."

"Aren't I a regular customer?"

"Course you are! But there are others. And they're beginning to gossip—seeing you here alone every day, talking to yourself."

"But he's here with me. He's—"

"I know—I know! But they don't. They think you're talking to yourself. Now, I tell you what. There's a doctor here—friend of mine. Decent bloke. Let me send him over to you—and you tell him all about it."

"All right—if you think that's best. I want another drink."

"O.K. I'll send him over."

Well, the doctor came to my table. Calm sensible man. I told him everything.

When I finished, he said he knew a man who was much cleverer than he was. Much cleverer. And he wanted me to see him—and tell him all about myself.

I said I would. I didn't care, you see. I didn't *care*.

The next day, he came to my flat, then we went to see the man who was much cleverer than the doctor.

A sad-faced man—in a panelled room—in Harley Street. He had a genius for listening. Just listened—and watched me with deep profound eyes.

I told him how I'd met myself when I was twenty—and how he'd cut me dead. I told him everything.

When I finished he said:

"You're tired. You drink because you're tired of it all. Why not have a rest—a long rest in a country house? You'll hear the breeze in the day—and the sea at night."

"Ah, the waves at night! I lived near the sea when I was a child."

.....That's how I came to this country house. I remember so well my first sight of the monumental gates, and the lodge, and the long aisle of the leafy drive. I remember so well my first glimpse of the great

house, standing on an eminence, surrounded by undulating meadows. And the family portraits—in the huge hall and the gallery—that look down at you. Proud, fearless, self-assured faces. And I remember too my first glimpse of the interesting-looking people in the forecourt. Remarkable people. You've no idea. And the staff! Incredibly efficient! They think of everything. And the care they take of you! Quite impossible to have an accident with them about. You'd be surprised.

For instance, after I'd been here a few days, I suddenly felt very restless. It was dead of night—but a huge moon. I crept out of my bed and went along the broad passage that leads to the drawing-room.

Suddenly I stopped.

In a recess, lit by moonlight, was the portrait of an eighteenth century poet, who drank himself to death. Such a gay witty mouth—such luminous hunted eyes. I stared at him. He winked at me.

Then an attendant appeared from nowhere—and we went to my room. I told him the poet had winked at me. He wasn't a bit surprised. The attendants here are like that.

And, do you know, every other week, the sad-faced man with the profound eyes comes to see me. Yes, he comes—all the way from Harley Street. The trouble people take! It's extraordinary.

He came a few days ago—and said something which started a bird singing in my heart.

I must tell you about it, but it's not easy. I'm so excited.

Well, it was like this.

I told the sad-faced man how terribly I'd suffered because—when I met myself in the Strand—he cut me. Didn't know me! I couldn't bear that. I just couldn't bear it!

When I finished, he said:

"How would it be if you altered? Then, when you meet him again, he'll know you."

"Oh yes! That's an inspiration! But—how can I alter?"

He thought for a minute, then said:

"Well—I only suggest this—but how would it be if you gave up drinking?"

"Do you think I'd alter, if I did?"

"Yes, I think you would."

"Alter so much—that he'd know me?"

"He'd know you. You're not so different from him as you think."

"You believe that? You *really* believe that?"

"Quite sure of it."

I kissed his hand. I promised to give up drinking—to do anything, if only he'd recognise me, next time we met.

I haven't had a drink for days. Mind you, it's terrible when the corkscrews begin to turn in my inside—one after another—deeper—deeper. It's—terrible.

Yesterday afternoon, it was so terrible that I could not stay in my room.

I ran downstairs—hurried to the recess near the drawing-room—then winked at the poet.

I felt better after that.

And now, at night, listening to the changeless sound of the sea, I seem to be a child again. A child, in a white bedroom, in an old gabled house.

And, every night, I dream that I've altered. Every night I dream that, when I meet him again, he'll know me! He'll *know* me.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

THE MIDDLE EAST INSTITUTE

The increasingly felt need for understanding each other is the motive behind the formation of organisations for making the culture and the problems of other countries come alive for those who live elsewhere. One fairly new organisation working in this field is the Middle East Institute of Washington, (1906 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.) which, while concentrating on what it calls in its prospectus "the heart of the area," the countries usually included in what we have been accustomed to hearing called "the Near East," includes India among the "closely peripheral areas."

Established in the spring of 1946, the Institute has published since January 1947 a quarterly journal called *The Middle East Journal*, and has courses developed in co-operation with the School of Advanced International Studies, Hindustani being one of the languages taught when required. Two conferences have been held at Washington, dealing with economic, political and cultural aspects of the Middle East. There is already a sizable specialised library. Fellowships are offered to graduates for advanced training, preparatory to a business, government or professional career.

"One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge," declared the ancient Hindu philosopher Narada."

KASHMIR SAIVISM

[**Shri K. Guru Dutt, B. A., M. C. S.,** Director of Food Supplies in Mysore State, lectured illuminatingly at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on October 7th on a not sufficiently widely known facet of Indian philosophical thought. We are publishing his valuable lecture in three successive issues.—ED.]

I

Kashmir is very much in the news at present. But as against the sordid politics of the day, little is known of the glorious intellectual and philosophical past of the country of Kaśyapa, the mythological progenitor of the Devas and the Asuras. At one time, it must have been a veritable home of learning, in the sense not merely of erudition and scholarship, but of that true wisdom which constitutes the end and aim of all existence. Otherwise, it would be difficult to account for the very familiar śloka recited daily in almost every Hindu household, which describes Śāradā (Sarasvati—the goddess of learning) as having her home in Kashmir: *Namaste Śārade Devi Kāsmīrapuravāsini.* At the time it was composed and for centuries afterwards there was evidently no divorce between learning and wealth, as the name of the capital, Śrīnagara indicates, *Śrī* meaning wealth—material as well as spiritual. The connection is well brought out in the term *Śrī Vidyā* so familiar to Tantric and other Sādhakas.

The original faith of the country was a kind of Śaivism, the prominent feature of which was the worship of Śiva-Śakti in the androgynous form of Ardhanārī-Naṭeśvara. Some investigators hold that this was the aboriginal faith of the whole of India prior to the advent of the Aryan tribes with their Vedas. Considerable support is lent to this view by the fact that the archæological excavations in Mohenjo-Daro seem to point unmistakably to the prevalence in that millenniums-old civilisation of a full-fledged cult of Śiva with the characteristic accompaniments of the Lingam and the Bull. This religion which may have pervaded India centuries before the advent of foreigners was mainly based on traditions of antiquity signified by the words Āgama and Purāṇa. These have apparently been recast from time to time to suit the taste of later ages and the obvious modernity of the language of composition of many of these has misled scholars into believing that the stuff itself must be of recent origin, which, however, is often far from being the case. However that may be, the ancient traditions of the Āgama and Purāṇa compendiously and more familiarly termed

Tantrik have formed a strand in the web of Hinduism no less important than the Vedic. Perhaps present-day Hinduism is really more Tantrik in texture than Vaidik. Throughout the ages, there has been a certain collaboration, as well as occasional antagonism between these two elements which has led to a remarkable interfusion. More of this later. But it would be of interest here to note that the Buddhist faith, which in many respects was a protest against the Brahmanical Vedic ritual, was unacceptable to India in its original form, but that after it had been worked upon for centuries by the indigenous Tantrik leaven, it took the form of the Mahāyāna. Between the Mahāyāna Tantras and the orthodox Hindu Tantras there is a fundamental agreement both in outlook and in detail. It was in the Tantras that Hinduism and Buddhism found a common ground where they got reconciled to each other.

The spiritual history of Kashmir bears testimony to the truth of this hypothesis. Much of it can be read between the lines of Kalhaṇa's famous chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir, known as the *Rājataraṅgiṇī*. In India, which with all the wealth and varied range of its literature has shown a marked deficiency on the historical side, this unique work stands out as a landmark. Although much of the matter is legendary, the historical framework is not without value. Kalhaṇa was an avowed Śaiva but his partiality for the Buddhist faith is only too obvious. What strikes a modern reader is the catholicity of taste and the broad-minded tolerance of those ages, which present a refreshing contrast to the fanaticisms and bigotries of the present day: political and religious. We read with pleasure in Kalhaṇa that those princes and others who endowed Buddhist Stupas and Viharas endowed with equal zeal shrines of Siva as well as of Vishnu.

Buddhism was introduced into Kashmir in the reign of Asoka (273-232 B.C.). But, so wise was the way in which Buddhism was spread, so non-interfering was the religious policy and so judicious was the distribution of royal patronage that there was no marked hostility at first to the advent of the new faith. Only later on alliance with the political power and the introduction of what might be described as exclusive and totalitarian conditions, gave rise to antagonisms, especially when Kaniska (125-160 A. C.) made a gift of Kashmir to the Buddhist Church. It was at that time that the celebrated monk and scholar—Nagarjuna—made use of organised propaganda to convert the country. A struggle seems to have ensued in which, however, the final victory did not rest with Buddhism. There was a revival of the local religious traditions and a systematisation of floating beliefs. With this renascence is prominently associated the name of a pious Brahman ascetic, Candradeva. This is symbolically depicted in the

Nīlamata Purāṇa which is a canonical work of the ancient religion of Kashmir, wherein is related the deliverance of Kashmir from a plague of Piśācas through the rites revealed by Nīla Nāga. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the time seems to be ripe again for a second similar deliverance.

Little is known of the course of the religious life of the land during the next six centuries. Apparently the Buddha was assimilated in the local pantheon and admitted to worship as one of the gods. Thus, in the words of Dr. K. C. Pandey, to whose work on Abhinavagupta I am indebted for much of the material contained in this essay, there developed a religion which was neither purely Buddhist nor purely Śaivite, but was a harmonious mixture of the meditative and philosophical aspect of the one and the ritualistic aspect of the other. It had its branches and schools of interpretation—dualistic as well as monistic—each with its own set of authoritative Tantras and traditions of oral interpretation. But it was something more than a purely local development. The dualistic school made its way to the South where it found a congenial habitat and flourished in the form of the Tamil Śaiva Siddhānta which shares with the Northern monistic school much of its philosophical terminology and many of its leading concepts. It is, however, with the fortunes of the latter school of thought that we are concerned here.

The tradition or Āgama of this branch is linked up with a set of Tantras of which the *Siddhayogīśvarī*, the *Mālinī*, and *Svacchanda* are the principal ones. Support is also derived from other ancient works like the *Rudrayāmala*. These works all have a mythological background and deal primarily with practice or Sādhana, with philosophy and doctrine thrown in here and there. Systematic interpretation had to wait for some time more. These ancient bases of the faith and particularly the *Mālinīvijaya Tantra* which occupies a position of pre-eminent authority are referred to as the Śrī Pūrva Śāstra, comparable to the Old Testament, in the works pertaining to the newer presentation of the doctrine. The origins of the revival of the teaching, the New Testament, are also enveloped in legend. We are told that the Lord Śiva while roaming over Mount Kailāsa in the form of Śrīkaṇṭha was touched with pity for suffering humanity which was then immersed in spiritual darkness owing to the lack of correct understanding of the Śaivāgamas. He accordingly instructed the sage Dūrvāsas to revive the teaching, which he straightway proceeded to do. The monistic line of teaching was confided by him to his mind-born son Tryambaka who propagated it.

The first historic name connected with the teaching is that of Vasugupta who probably lived in the first half of the ninth century A. C. It is said that the Śiva Sutras were reveal-

ed to him through a dream. These Sūtras form the bedrock, as it were, of the system. There are several commentaries on the Sūtras, of which the most valuable are those by Kṣemarāja and Bhaṭṭa Bhāskara. Another important work is the *Spanda Kārika*, an exposition and amplification in verse of the main teaching of the *Śivasūtras*. This is also attributed to Vasugupta, and is sometimes referred to as the *Spanda Sūtra*. It is commented on in the *Spanda Sarvasva* by Bhaṭṭa Kallaṭa, a disciple of Vasugupta. This great scholar was a contemporary of Avantivarman, King of Kashmir, who reigned between 855 and 883 A. C., and is referred to in the *Rājataraṅginī* as a great Siddha.

In the next generation Somānanda, claiming to be nineteenth in direct descent from Tryambaka himself, wrote the *Śivadrishṭi*, the first attempt to present the doctrine in a reasoned philosophic form as contrasted with the dogmatic presentation in the *Śivasūtras* and the *Spanda Kārikā*. Somānanda, too, is said to have received inspiration in a dream. The *Śivadrishṭi* comprises 700 verses distributed over seven chapters. Somananda's son and disciple Utpaladeva carried on the scholarly tradition. He wrote the famous *Iśvara Pratyabhijnā Kārikā* and a *vritti* or commentary thereon. It is from this that the Kashmir school of Śaivism has come to be popularly known as the Pratyabhijnā system, a name older than the *Sarvadarśana Saṁgraha* of Mādhavācārya. Utpaladeva also wrote a work in three parts known as the *Siddhitrayī*, and a *vritti* or commentary on his father's work, *Śivadrishṭi*.

Utpaladeva's son and disciple was Lakshmaṇagupta. He was a great scholar and Tāntrika and the author of an authoritative work on Mantra Śāstra called *Śāradā Tilaka*. No work of his directly dealing with the Śaiva system has come down to us, but he was undoubtedly the teacher of the celebrated Abhinava Gupta whose position and status in the Kashmir Śaiva system is comparable to that of the great Śankarācārya in the Advaita Vedānta. Some detailed notice of this great scholar will, therefore, be of interest. His versatility and genius have to be better known and appreciated in this land of which he is one of the major glories. It is a tell-tale commentary on our educational system that few "educated" men seem even to have heard his name. He was descended from Atri Gupta, a great Śaiva scholar of the eighth century A. C., who lived in Antarvedi, probably the region between the Ganga and the Yamuna rivers. Lalitāditya, King of Kashmir, and a munificent patron of learning (700-736 A. C.) heard of his fame and invited him to settle down in Kashmir, which he did. Abhinava Gupta was born in this family which produced generation after generation of reputed scholars and Sādhakas. He was born sometime between 950 and 960 A. C. His love for learning was insatiable and he studied systemat-

ically under the best teachers of his day and attained all-round proficiency in the Sastras : orthodox as well as heterodox.

We find that he learnt grammar from his own father Narasimhagupta, the Dvaitādvaita Tantras from Vāmanātha, dualistic Śaivism from Bhūtirājatanaya, Brahma Vidyā from Bhūtirāja, the Krama and Trika darśanas from Lakshmanagupta, Dhvani from Indurāja, and dramaturgy from Bhaṭṭa Tota. He studied at the feet of other great teachers also : Śrīcandra, Bhaktivilāsa, Yogānanda, Candravara, Abhinanda, Śivabhakti, Vicitranātha, Dharma, Śiva, Vāmana, Udbhaṭa, Bhūtīśa and Bhāskara. But the highest praise and regard is reserved by him for his Guru Śambhunātha who initiated him into the Kaula Prakriyā (system) through which he attained self-realisation and final peace. He was regarded as an incarnation of Śiva or Bhairava himself. He remained unmarried and devoted his whole life to the writing and teaching of the Śāstras. During his lifetime he was credited with the possession of miraculous powers and his end was in keeping with the tenor of his life. It is said that one evening after his work was finished, he walked with 1200 disciples into the Bhairava Cave, to be seen even now at a spot midway between Srinagar and Gulmarg, and was never seen again !

Over fifty works, including Stotras, are attributed to him. One of the most important of these is the *Tantrāloka* dealing exhaustively with the contents of the sixty-four monistic āgamas, on the ritualistic as well as the philosophical side. It is based on the authority of the *Mālinīvijaya Tantra*. There is a valuable commentary on the *Tantrāloka* by Jayaratha. Abhinavagupta himself made two summaries of his big work, one called *Tantrasāra* and a still briefer one called *Tantravaṭa Dhānika*. Abhinava also wrote a commentary—*Mālinīvijaya Vārtika*—on the first verse of *Mālinīvijaya Tantra*. He wrote two commentaries, one big one (*Brihatī Vimarśinī*) and a smaller one (*Vivriti Vimarśinī*) on Utpala's Īśvara Pratyabhijnā. He is credited with having written a commentary *Śivadrishṭi-ālocana* on Somānanda's original, but it is not available. He wrote two commentaries, a bigger one called *Vivaraṇa* and a smaller one called *Laghuvritti* on the *Parātrimśikā*, an important Tāntrik work purporting to give the gist of the *Rudrayāmala*. Then comes a commentary on the *Bhagavadgitā* entitled *Bhagavad-gitārtha Saṁgraha*. He is credited with having written a commentary on the *Yoga Vāsishta* but it is not available. Apart from Tantra he has written the monumental work *Abhinava Bhāratī* on Bharata's *Nātya Śāstra* and the *Dhvanyālokalocana*, a commentary on the *Dhvanyālika* of Ānandavardhana, which are both authorities in their own sphere of poetics up till today.

Abhinava was followed by a succession of brilliant expositors like

Kṣemaraja, but the stream thinned rapidly and at present there are perhaps in Kashmir not even three or four competent pandits who can understand and expound the Śaiva system. So it has been very little studied in recent times and its valuable teachings are shrouded in a veil of obscurity. A corner of the veil was lifted when the Kashmir Government, not very many years ago, undertook the publication of the ancient texts pertaining to this system. Several have already been brought out and constitute an invaluable contribution to the world's stock of philosophical material. A good but somewhat incomplete account of the system in English is given in J. C. Chatterji's *Kashmir Śaivism* in the same series. I have already referred to Dr. K. C. Pandey's excellent monograph on the life and work of Abhinavagupta which is a mine of information for all those interested in the subject. There are also scrappy references to the system in the histories of Indian philosophy. With this historical and textual background, we may now proceed to examine the basic ideas of the school.

We may first deal with some general characteristics. The system, although often referred to as the Pratyabhijnā or Spanda—names which we have had occasion to mention—is designated by its own followers as the Trika. The word means triune or threefold and obviously points to the various triads of categories described in the system. For example, we have the threefold classification of Pati or the Supreme Lord, Paśu or the bound Jīva, and Pāśa or the bond which forms a sort of link between them or rather a nexus the existence of which perpetuates the separateness of the two but whose disappearance leads to the recognition of their essential identity. It is this recognition which is technically termed Pratyabhijnā. This recognition is not of a passive and static reality, like the Vedantic Absolute (*Taṭastha Brahma*). It is an active and dynamic perception ever renewing itself and is described as Camatkāra. Perception (*Drik*) in this system is indissolubly bound up with activity (*Kriyā*). Far from being in perpetual opposition, and continually excluding and contradicting each other, as in other systems, they form a couple (*Yāmala* or *Mithuna*) whose mutual interaction (*Samghaṭṭa*) is the basis of all experience, up to the very highest. This dynamism is also known as Spanda, the literal meaning of which is vibration or energy, a notion which fits in very well with modern scientific concepts.

K. Guru Dutt

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GREAT PERSONALITIES OF CHINA *

These two books form a notable addition to what we already possess in the way of Chinese biography. Lin Yutang, well known as a scholar and writer of impeccable English, has chosen for his subject the famous Sung poet Su Tung-p'o, on whom he lavishes something like a quarter of a million words. Bernard Martin, author of "the best and most honest biography of Sun Yat-sen in any language" (such is the verdict of Mr. S. I. Hsiung) has now produced a book of much slighter texture, containing short sketches of seventeen eminent persons taken almost at random from the pages of Chinese history. These include four emperors, two empresses, and a number of poets, philosophers and men of action.

Su Tung-p'o is one of those fascinating figures about whom too much can never be written. A selection from his poems translated by the late Mr. Le Gros Clark was published a good many years ago, together with an account of his life, but nothing on the scale of the present work has yet appeared about him. In fact, considered purely as a biography, it might seem to be almost overweighted by the mass of detail. Whole chapters are devoted to Yoga and alchemy, calligraphy and painting, which were favourite occupations of the poet; and the socialistic reforms introduced by Wang An-shih in the middle of the eleventh century are discussed at considerable length with but little reference to Su Tung-p'o himself.

It is mainly as an essayist and a poet that we are accustomed to think of him nowadays, and much of his prose and verse will be found translated in these pages. But of course the compelling beauty of the originals can rarely be reproduced. For one thing, Chinese poetry is so wedded to rhyme that its whole flavour is apt to evaporate without it. Thus we are left with a stronger impression of the man's character and personality, honest, impulsive and genial, than of his poetic powers. Such failings as he had—one being a tendency to drink rather more than was good for him—are quite overshadowed by his virtues. Lin Yutang sums him up well as "a many-sided genius, possessing a gigantic intellect and a guileless child's heart....What other people could not understand was that he could get angry over things, but never could hate persons....He did not know how to look after his own welfare, but was immensely interested in that of his fellow-men....He played and sang through life and enjoyed it tremendously, and when sorrow came and misfortune fell, he accepted them with a smile." His sense of humour never deserted him: when towards the end of his career he was exiled outside China where no medicine or doctor was available, he told his friends: "When

* *The Gay Genius: The Life and Times of Su Tungpo.* By LIN YUTANG. (William Heinemann Ltd., London. 370 pp. August 30th, 1948. 15*s.*); *The Strain of Harmony: Men and Women in the History of China.* By BERNARD MARTIN. (William Heinemann Ltd., London. 188 pp. July 12th, 1948. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

I think how many people at the capital are annually killed by doctors I must congratulate myself."

None of the diverse characters in *The Strain of Harmony* are quite so attractive as Su Tung-p'o, though they range from the semi-fabulous emperor Yao to the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The title has been taken from a passage in the ancient Book of Songs: "It is the accord of brothers which makes the harmony and happiness lasting," because, according to the author, there is "an underlying unity" in his book. Such unity, however, is not at all easy to discern. The lives are told with vivacity and insight, but Mr. Martin does not claim to be a Chinese scholar, and there are not a few chronological errors and other inaccuracies. Perhaps it was a mistake to include Confucius and Lao Tzu in his list, so much having already been written about the former, while practically nothing is known about the latter, so that the biographer has little else to retail than pure legend. The animal, by the way, that Lao Tzu is said to have bestridden on his journey to the West was nothing quite so startling as a "green cow," but simply a black ox. One of the best chapters is that on the pirate Chêng, known to foreigners as Koxinga. His activities are amusingly described when the Emperor tried appeasement and made him an admiral: "Chêng found this very convenient: the two jobs worked so well together. As an admiral he could live respectably in Amoy and chase himself without ever getting caught: and as a pirate he could attack a ship of the admiral's command and meet only a show of resistance."

A very valuable bibliography is appended to Mr. Lin's book. The index to Mr. Martin's is hardly adequate. The transcription of Chinese names in both leaves something to be desired. Mr. Martin will make the purist shudder with his constant repetition of the Empress Dowager's name as "Tzŭ Hsi" (instead of Tz'u Hsi). As a rule, however, he does insert aspirates in their proper place, whereas Mr. Lin (of set purpose, of course) omits them altogether, and also discards the initial *hs*—which he describes as "atrocious" in favour of *sh*, although this is required for another sound altogether. But small matters like these will not even be noticed by the ordinary reader. It is more important for a reviewer to be able to state that each book is good of its kind and highly to be recommended, one for light reading and much general information, the other as a deeply sympathetic study of a great man who held high office at a crucial period of the Sung dynasty.

LIONEL GILES

GANDHIJI

I[1]

The most moving part of this book is the author's description of his visits to Gandhi in 1942 and 1946. Against the background of the Mahatma's death, intimate details of his daily life attain tragic dimensions.

On broad lines, the rest of the book has two main themes—the impossibility of collaboration with Russia; and

[1] *Gandhi and Stalin.* By LOUIS FISCHER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 163 pp. 1947. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

a suggested alliance between those states not under Soviet domination.

Mr. Louis Fischer establishes the failure to find any workable compromise between Moscow and her late allies with such a wealth of examples that the reader is prepared to concede the case before the author; especially as collaboration between "communism" and "capitalism" is not—and never was—a possibility. The aim of the Soviet Union is—and always has been—world revolution. There have been detours—disagreements about the route, but none about the destination. The aim was, and is, to create world revolution. It is difficult to have long-term collaboration with men who are determined to destroy you.

Mr. Fischer's suggested solution for world security is a new international alliance—with one sixth of the world unavoidably left out. He gives reasons why this international venture will succeed—despite the failure, in fundamentals, of the League of Nations and the United Nations. In the new set-up, the veto will be abolished (the United States permitting), "teeth" will be provided by a police force—it would run the international bank which is already in existence—it would administer the Ruhr—and so on.

One reader regretfully records that he is unconvinced. He has the uneasy premonition that the unity achieved would be, at the best, merely negative and—as the last war showed—negative unity is short-lived. "It's true that all parties want to beat the Germans, but every party wants to win for a different reason. This will be made very clear when the war is over."

The statement of Dostoevsky, regarding "idealistic" organisations, still has penetrating relevance. "If there are brothers, there will be brotherhood. If there are no brothers, you will not achieve brotherhood by any institution."

Possibly the most valuable contribution made by Mr. Fischer's interesting book is the frequent implication that Conditions Create Communism—not Soviet propaganda.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

II[2]

Dr. Catlin's book is interesting reading, especially Parts II and III, where he turns to the central theme of Gandhiji. Part I gives an account of his journeyings up and down in India, visiting people, ashrams, mosques, churches. He has not much use for Hinduism; his sympathies are more with Christianity, though he also favours Mohammedanism and Buddhism. Kali seems to have affected him adversely and Hinduism suffers therefore in his mind. The main theme of the book, however, is "a quest to find an answer to something that concerns us all: By what rule should a man best live his life?" He follows the life of Gandhiji from the very early years in London and South Africa to his assassination and cremation, and makes of this a truly human document.

Dr. Catlin's quest was ended by a letter from Rajkumari Amrit Kaur just before Gandhiji died concerning what he had written her on the question of non-violence:—

I was lucky enough to get ten minutes to myself with Gandhiji yesterday and showed him your letter....He says he has no diffi-

[2] *In the Path of Mahatma Gandhi*. By GEORGE CATLIN. (Macdonald and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., London. 332 pages. 1948. 15s.)

culty in accepting that police force against those who will not submit to due process of law. Non-violent non-co-operation may, in some cases, be too vague and therefore impossible.

This, for Dr. Catlin, solved all difficulties for it united the positive work of building "work-shops of souls," *i.e.*, monasteries, educational centres, etc., while ensuring that these would be allowed to flourish peacefully through the use of "world-organs of law and police."

The non-Christian East offered of itself a doctrine which brought it into unity with the Christian gospel of Jesus, the Apostles and the Church, as over against the power lust of the restless West.

E. BESWICK

Human Dignity and the Great Victorians. By BERNARD N. SCHILLING. (Columbia University Press; Geoffrey Cumberlege, London. 246 pp. 1947. $3.00; 16s.)

The assaults on human values are everywhere apparent today and we are apt to think that times were never as bad as now. This book dealing with the attack on Human Dignity in the 19th century shows how England met the challenge by the vigorous efforts of its humanitarian writers. The author selects seven of these for study—Coleridge, Southey, Carlyle, Kingsley, Arnold, Ruskin, Morris—thus covering almost the whole of the century. These men were faced with the dismal effects of the industrial revolution and they set out to rescue its victims from the degradation of social life consequent upon the loss by the masses of the dignity which the creative work of their own hands had previously given to them. Bernard Schilling develops the theme that these men were not merely social reformers but they could rightly be called disciples of the great spiritual leaders of mankind. Their main task was to recover and make widespread, each in his own way, the great universal ideas and ideals of life. This is a worth-while book and the task of selection from the mass of available material has been done in a discriminative manner.

In these times of India's industrialization the lesson from Britain's misfortunes should be learnt. Ruskin, in *Stones of Venice*, tells us that "men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools" and to try to make them do so is to "unhumanize them." In every workman there is some unpolished power which will be lost in a society which demands technical perfection and finish. From imperfect imagination may come out roughness and often failure but there comes out "the whole majesty of him also" because the man is doing human work, "that is to say, affectionate, honest and earnest work."

J. O. M.

Education for International Understanding. By K. G. SAIYIDAIN, B.A., M. ED. (Hind Kitabs, Ltd., Bombay 1. 208 pp. April 1948. Rs. 3/12, paper; Rs. 5/-, cloth).

This book contains a number of speeches delivered by the author at the International Educational Conference in Australia in 1945, and at UNESCO Conferences in London and Paris in 1945 and 1946. It, therefore, inevitably contains a good deal of repetition and a certain amount which is of purely local or temporary interest. It would have gained much by the elimination of these drawbacks by careful editing. For the main theme and the major points which the author makes are of first-class importance and should be read, not only by every educationist, but by every intelligent adult.

Mr. Saiyidain, moreover, has a clear and forceful style which makes the reading of his speeches as stimulating as it must have been to listen to them.

The general background of the speeches is the fact that, since the world of today is One World in a sense unprecedented in history, civilisation can only hope to survive and progress in it if nations agree to understand one another and live as brothers instead of trying to exploit and dominate, as in the past. The theme of the speeches, therefore, is the part that education might and must play in the building of this new world.

Among the many valuable points dealt with are three of outstanding importance, each of which occurs more than once in varying contexts.

First is the necessity for greater unity and greater courage amongst the leaders of the cultural side of civilised life. In time of peace Science, Art, Literature and Education know no frontiers. But all too often in the past these voices have been silenced by the outbreak of war. "Too often in the past have intellectuals danced tamely to the tune of politicians and warmongers and merchants of death, and failed to raise their voice against all things ugly and inhuman."

The second point is the crucial importance of the teaching of History—the harm that it has done and the good that it might do. One of the most inspiring articles in the book deals exclusively with this subject and contains a powerful plea for the teaching of history in a way designed to turn children into citizens of the world first and foremost, with national and other local and particular loyalties relegated to a place of secondary importance—a plea which comes with all the force and cogency born of long years of experience as a *practical* and not merely a theoretical educationist. That is one of the strong points of Professor Saiyidain's position, that he speaks with the authority of one having experience of actual teaching and not just as a theorist, of whom there are already too many telling the educational world what it ought to do.

The third point is the question of social justice in the new world. Though not, perhaps, an educational matter in the narrow sense of the word, the writer points out that it is, nevertheless, of supreme importance to educationists since "we can have neither peace nor freedom nor culture in a world rent asunder not only by political factors but by inequality of social, cultural and educational opportunities. This inequality makes real commerce of the

mind impossible amongst the nations of the world." And again:—

> In this "one world" which is so closely knit together, no country or people can afford to remain indifferent to what happens in other parts of the world; for not only Peace and Freedom but also Culture and Education are indivisible. You cannot have a sane and rational and enlightened world where only half the people are educated and able to enter into the kingdom of the mind while the other half are condemned to ignorance and illiteracy and thus deprived of the riches of the spirit which is their birthright.

Altogether the book is a noteworthy addition to current literature on education, and every Indian teacher and educationist will gain renewed courage and inspiration for his work from the knowledge that his country has so able a spokesman on these all-important matters.

MARGARET BARR

Twelve Million Black Voices: A Folk History of the Negro in the United States of America. By RICHARD WRIGHT. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 150 pp. 15*s.*)

The American Negro author of this book, Richard Wright, has written two novels, *Native Son* and *Black Boy*, which provide a striking psychological insight into the racial problem in the United States. This latest work relates to the same field, but is of a somewhat different character. Based on a number of well accredited documentary studies, it offers a sociological exposition of the Negro's position in American life.

The book's virtue lies, therefore, not in its novelty of theme, but in the effective way in which Wright has compressed a fairly complete analysis of American racial relations, involving historical background, rural economics, the attitude of White trade unions, political pressures, Negro social classes, etc., within the space of 150 pages. This is done by a most skilful and effective use of allegory, and to say that the result should have a highly popular appeal to many classes of readers is no more than a just compliment to the literary style and ability of the author.

Twelve Million Black Voices, as its title implies, avowedly pleads the Negro cause, and there are, though very occasionally, moments when "man's inhumanity to man" appears, perhaps unduly, as a White prerogative. For example, in his justifiable horror at the European slave trade with Africa, the author allows little or nothing for the fact that, to a very large extent, the White traders carried on their business only on the sufferance and through the connivance of the indigenous peoples on the coastal belt. This, however, is a very minor quibble, which is more than balanced by the general discernment of later sections. The book makes its real lesson clear: and it is one which no thinking person concerned with the American race problem can ignore. It is that the twelve million black voices are an integral part of the general voice of American society. There can be no solution until their owners are accorded the place and status in that society which is their legitimate right by all canons of modern democratic precept and practice.

KENNETH LITTLE

Shelley's Socialism: Two Lectures. By EDWARD AVELING and ELEANOR MARX AVELING. (Leslie Preger, Oxford Book Shop, Manchester. 26 pp. 1947. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

Shelley and the Thought of His Time: A Study in the History of Ideas. By JOSEPH BARRELL. (Yale Studies in English, Vol. 106, Yale University Press, New Haven; Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 210 pp. 1947. $3.00)

Shelley is the despair of his biographers and his critics, as in his lifetime he was the despair of his father, his University, his wife Harriet, and even of his mentor, William Godwin. His radiant gift for song is never for a moment in doubt; there can be no doubt either about his severe and almost ruthless sincerity; and his magnificent other-worldliness is nearly as patent in his most characteristic work. As a poet Shelley was not content to sing of dells and dingles, clouds and birds—although he did commemorate his contacts with them in melodious enthralling song—but wished to dive deeper into Reality, to detect the filiations between the cabinned, limited sensory world and the splendorous eternal world of ideas; thus, in his own unique way, he too attempted to "justify the ways of God to men." The phenomenal world baffled him and shocked him. Human conventions and institutions—marriage, the family, the school, the University, Government in all its forms, organised religion, nationalism, and the frivolous irreverent laughter of the "polluting multitude" —in varying degrees enraged and exasperated Shelley, and he carried on a bitter undeclared war against the whole brood of humanity's self-forged ills. He was truly a child of his age, a disciple, acknowledged or unacknowledged, of Rousseau, Voltaire and Godwin. But the objective world did not blot out the entire horizon of his consciousness. He was also aware—increasingly aware—of that other spiritual realm, the immaculate Platonic realm of Ideas. The seed of this awareness was nurtured into a plant in the atmosphere of Hellenic revival in England since the Renaissance, but when it encountered the Platonic life-giving shower it blossomed luxuriantly and yielded ambrosial fruit. Shelley the politician saw that the individual was all but crushed by man-made customs, laws and institutions; and it was in the Platonic realm of the archetypes, the realm of the eternally Good, Beautiful and True, that he sought and found, in Dr. Barrell's words, "that vindication of the human spirit, of the human will, which he so desperately needed to find." The politician was a rebel, an anarchist, who would have Prometheus unbound, who would have all human fetters fall with a clatter; but the Platonist would not—perhaps he could not rest in rebellion, but would rather forge a new harmony, an abiding union in the spirit. There is a continuity and a progression of thought in Shelley's poems—from *Queen Mab* to *Prometheus Unbound*, from *Epipsychidion* and *Adonais* to *Hellas*—and it would appear that the position he finally reached was not very far from the idealism of Berkeley or of Sankara. Shelley too seemed to think, of the phenomenal world of the dualities, that

> ...All that it inherits
> Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams.

Mr. and Mrs. Aveling's two lectures are an attempt to prove that Shelley

was a Socialist—a Marxist by anticipation! Such an inquiry is an entertaining exercise rather than a sober critical statement. Dr. Barrell's learned memoir, on the other hand, is a conscientious and meritorious piece of work which convincingly relates Shelley's thought to his poetry, revealing in the process the Platonic idealist behind the anarchist revolutionary, and the incipient prophet behind the inspired poet.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Friar's Lantern. By G. G. COULTON. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 232 pp. 1948. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a strange book. Its material, drawn from authentic history after years of research in church records and other documents, has been shaped as a vivid narrative. The two main characters, clericals nostalgic for the Middle Ages which please their escapist fancy, find themselves transported into that period by magic. They retain their modern minds and outlook. In their own country they are travellers, as it were, from a far-off land. And their experiences make painful reading.

The astounding intolerance of the clergy of those days, the frantic heresy-hunting, is of course common knowledge. But cold facts gain power when they are translated into human terms. We feel sore contempt for a class of people who let trifles grow tremendous in their distorted vision; we are revolted by their stark crudity, their lack of humanity, their bestial capacity for inflicting physical pain. It might be said that the picture in this book is lop-sided. So it is. But the author does not pretend to draw a complete image of life. He is concerned with a narrow section. In a subtle way he is a propagandist. Does it matter, however, so long as the material is historically authentic?

The author's conclusions are briefly as follows: (1) Clerical morals in the Middle Ages were such as no civilized country today would tolerate. (2) The so-called Ages of Faith were too often ages of doubt and despair. (3) Barely a century after St. Francis's death, Franciscans were tortured and burned by their brethren for their old, orthodox beliefs. (4) The medieval Inquisition committed incredible barbarities in the name of God. And the author draws a moral: "The true lesson which their history has for us is that of content with the age in which our own lot is cast."

Indian readers nostalgic for their own golden ages would reflect with pleasure how free our ancestors were from religious fanaticism and how our olden times were rounded with humane reactions. Or, will someone produce out of untapped sources (unlikely, I feel sure) a work in the mould of *Friar's Lantern*, with which to smite our fond illusion?

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

Kural: The Great Book of Tiru-valluvar. Selections from Books I and II with English Translation and Notes by C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Rochouse and Sons, Ltd., Madras. 280 pp. Rs. 5/-)

Shri C. Rajagopalachari's translations of selections from the First and Second Books of this inspiring Tamil classic, generally conceded, the Preface tells us, to be at least 1700 years old, have previously appeared separately. That from Book I was reviewed in our pages in June 1948. If that book presents the tenets of an individual morality of the noblest type, the second, here published with it, has a broader range, including statecraft far indeed removed from the opportunism of a Machiavelli. It is a happy augury that this work, an ethical gem deserving the world setting which the translator's eminence should help to assure it, should have appeared. There is nothing fanatical or utopian in the approach of Tiruvalluvar. As India's first Governor-General of Indian birth remarks, "Throughout we can see how the poet brings everything down to the level of practicality without losing hold of the ideal." Especially interesting in the context is the section which deals with the ruler and with the attitude towards the executive. That "he alone deserves to be called King who never swerves from Dharma" was a common concept in ancient India. The Tamil sage particularises, however, not only the necessary qualifications of the administrator, including "sensitiveness to public censure" but the responsibilities of those who choose him. "Entrust work to men only after testing them. But after they have been so appointed, accept their service without distrust."

The *Kural* breathes a virility and a confidence that the world needs, individually and collectively, in these troubled days. Plan before you act, but having decided, act with energy, resoluteness and efficiency: that is its counsel. "Be vigilant with everyone and at all times without any lapse," which Shri C. Rajagopalachari rightly calls

> most practical and all-embracing advice,—useful to all and not only to princes, and applicable to the problems of moral conduct as much as to worldly affairs.

Again, the commentator explains that "every honest endeavour raises the man a step higher in the course of the evolution of the soul." And what could be more heartening in such times as ours than Tiruvalluvar's assurance:—

> There is nothing that is impossible if one brings to bear on one's work a vigilant and resourceful mind....Every aspiration may indeed be achieved if one knows to keep his aim ever before his mind.

E. M. H.

Rosemary for Remembrance. By CLIFFORD BAX. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 207 pp. 1948. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

It is against the background of war, of flying bombs and of fire-watching that Clifford Bax has penned among the vignettes from life and the more strictly literary sketches included in this collection of essays, his meditations on eternal things. While to many of his contemporaries the "Soul" is a kind of fairy-tale princess, to Clifford Bax it is something real, perhaps, he suggests, seen in action whenever a self-sacrificing deed is performed. Science notwithstanding, "everyone is essentially invisible, a spirit, as we say," and "the soul is more present in

the world than the world's general grossness would make us think."

Especially interesting are the chapters "The Strayed Angel" and "Design for Dying." In the latter Mr. Bax tries to think things through, finding reincarnation wholly plausible if intellectually unprovable; toying with the idea of communication with the dead; and examining the old Chinese concepts of Ying and Yang, the life-force as the creator of forms of beauty and the freedom of æsthetic appreciation from personal desiring.

In "The Strayed Angel" the author records his reminiscences of AE, "that rare, clear personality," poet and co-operative leader. It is interesting to learn that it is to Mr. Bax's inspiration that we chiefly owe the collection of AE's noble and ennobling essays under the title *The Hero in Man.* He found AE an exception to his experience with literary men among whom he had nowhere found "a mind that had any innate sense of that spiritual world which, in my view," he writes, "underlies and also projects the obvious world." And he has scant patience with those who would have "the poet of Theosophy" presented without his philosophical background.

> Theosophy pervaded the whole of AE's mind and...to ignore "this aspect" would be like printing an edition of *Hamlet* and omitting the unfashionable soliloquies.

If those who counselled silence on AE's Theosophical antecedents were literary men, he writes, it is odd that none of them, with one possible exception

> should have paused to ask himself whether, in view of AE's undeniable brilliance of intellect, he might be a great deal profounder than they themselves, whether they could possibly be justified in superciliously dismissing karma, reincarnation, and the other guiding ideas of AE's life as exploded nonsense... whether in the end it might not be they who should prove to have had infantile notions of the universe and ridiculous ideas about man.

A consummate literary artist, both as playwright and essayist, Mr. Clifford Bax conveys his thoughts in a delightful style.

P. N. CHARI

The Gāthās of Zarathushtra. Text (in Roman type) with a free translation by IRACH J. S. TARAPOREWALA, B.A., PH.D., Bar-at-Law. (Author, 7 Vatcha-gandhi Road, Gamdevi, Bombay 7. 307 pp. 1947. Rs. 3/-)

A reputation for scholarship the author has certainly had for several years past—he is one of our leading Iranists, being an accomplished Sanskrit and Vedic scholar as well and a man of wide culture—but this work is inspired by a deep faith and a burning zeal which reminds us of the Sufi poets of old. He fits in worthily with the words of Yas. 50-10.

> The deeds that I have done in days gone by,
> And those that I will do by Love inspired,
> May all of them seem worthy in Thy Sight;
> They but reflect Thy Glory, as ordained,
> As do the Sun and blushing Dawns, O Lord.

This true scholar and humble soul has given us a rendering of great merit and now even those who, like ourselves, are unable to read the original will be able to appreciate its spiritual beauties.

The Gāthās are the most ancient wisdom of Persia and are attributed to the Prophet Zoroaster. Their language is allied to the Vedic and presents a fascinating subject for the philologist. Dr. Taraporewala explains the principles of his rendering; he wishes

to interpret the Holy Writ by its own contents. In this he is at one with the Russian *savant* Kratchkovsky, who is attempting to do the same with the Koran at Leningrad. The teaching of Zarathushtra represents a world-religion and a world-ethic which is well reflected in the rendering before us. We are glad that he has printed the text in Roman type; it is so much cheaper and clearly legible to those who have no Avesta, and who may yet like to read the Holy Book. The text is that by Geldner, the well-known authority on Vedic and Old Persian and Dr. Taraporewala is himself the pupil of the great German Iranist, Bartholomae.

The impression gathered by the reviewer is of a simple and sensitive rendering of a great religious text by a noble soul. We have read the translation with pleasure for its depth of feeling, its lucidity and its smoothness. To use a Persian phrase, the author is a *ṣāḥib-dil*, and this rendering is inspired by a deep faith. One recalls parallel passages from the Indian scriptures, the *Gita*, the *Bible* and the *Koran*. The author is to be congratulated on this readable version of the Holy Gāthās, but we wish the printing and get-up had been worthy of the contents. The author will, however, surely reply "*al-faqr fakhrī*" (Arabic, "Poverty is my pride," attributed to the founder of Islam) and we are left speechless.

A.A.A.F.

Eyes of Light (*Poems*). By DILIP KUMAR ROY. (Nalanda Publications. Dhan Nur Building, Sir Pherozshah Mehta Road, Bombay. 143 pp. 1948. Rs. 4/-)

A member of the coterie of Sri Aurobindo, Shri Dilip Kumar Roy as a mystic poet seems to conform less closely to pattern but also to have a less certain sense of rhythm and of the inevitable word than characterises certain other members of the circle. There is no doubting his theoretical acquaintance with poetic technique; his notes on his experiments in prosody reveal a more exact acquaintance with verse forms than many with a surer poetic touch can boast. His slips in rhythm, however, are surprising in a singer of the author's reputation. The foreign medium also betrays him into an occasional lapse into a word or phrase taboo for poetry. Whatever Gopis in real life may have done when danger threatened their Beloved, a Gopi may not "yell" in poetry, nor a butterfly "flop."

The reader will do well, however, not to be put off by these not very frequent lapses, for here is depth of feeling and often, too, real beauty of word music and of concept, though now and again a poem seems somewhat overfreighted.

"Prahlad" in blank verse sometimes attains a grandeur that makes one feel this poet would do better to abjure experiments with formal verse.

PH. D.

From the League to U. N. By GILBERT MURRAY. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 217 pp. 1948. 15*s.*)

After the First World War a great experiment symbolizing the ardent desire of mankind to promote international co-operation and to achieve peace and security was made in the form of a League of Nations. That experiment, as we all know, signally failed in achieving its main purpose of preventing wars. We are now on the threshold of another great experiment for promoting peace and good-will among men as attested by the establishment in June 1945 at San Francisco of another apparatus of collaboration among the nations of this world known as the United Nations Organization. Whether or not this new experiment is going to succeed in its main objective of safe-guarding peace, only the future can show.

Prof. Gilbert Murray in his stimulating book bearing the title "From the League to U.N." not only analyses the causes which underlay the failure of the first experiment but also assesses the prospects of success before the new one with a detachment, a perspicacity and a knowledge which command warm admiration. The book brings together six addresses delivered by the author at various British Universities between the years 1934 and 1945, an answer given at the B. B. C. Brains Trust in 1943, and two articles contributed to the *Contemporary Review* in 1946, the whole collection being prefaced by an illuminating introduction written by him in 1947. Ordinarily a reprint of old speeches and articles on political topics would arouse little enthusiasm in the reader. But Professor Murray's speeches and contributions have a perennial interest and value, because, although he deals with contemporary events he is concerned not so much with a mere recording of those events as with the understanding of the motive springs which brought them about and with their impact upon the well-being and progress of humanity considered from a long-range view.

While Prof. Gilbert Murray does not minimise the difficulties which the new organization will have to face in order to keep the ship of humanity on an even keel and save it from disaster he, nevertheless, strikes a note of sober optimism for the future of mankind. And what makes him optimistic is the many evidences that exist to confirm the fact that, as he puts it, "even in this envious and war-distracted world the passion of human charity is alive and at work" and is "irresistibly on the increase." And as a life-long liberal he bases his hopes for the future on two forces "both having power to penetrate unconsciously minds that seem bitterly closed against them; that is, on the spread of truth and on the wakening of the conscience of mankind."

Prof. Gilbert Murray deserves our warmest thanks for having given us a volume which is thoughtful, instructive and inspiring. Only a man like him could have written such a fine book, because, he is not only a great classical scholar but also a deep thinker and a great humanitarian.

M. RAMASWAMY

Adventures of King Vikrama. By HANSA MEHTA. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. 151 pp. 1948. Rs. 6/-)

More than two years ago all India paid homage to King Vikrama and celebrated his millennium with great *éclat.* All the historians of India directly or indirectly participated in the celebrations in remembrance of a great and mighty hero who had won for India her independence by uprooting the enemies of freedom from the land, especially the Sakas. Hansa Mehta has now brought out a short but illuminating book for children entitled *Adventures of King Vikrama.* In the introduction she says that Vikrama was undoubtedly a king of flesh and blood, though the historians have not agreed on his exact identity.

There has been of course some confusion among scholars regarding the identity of King Vikrama and the Gupta King Chandragupta II Vikramaditya. Various traditions which have grown up around them attribute the exploits of one king to the other and *vice versa.* These cycles of conflicting traditions have puzzled historians and the real exploits of King Vikrama have been thrown into the shade. There was once a king called Vikrama who ruled from Malwa in about the middle of the 1st century B.C. Apparently this king did not belong to the imperial line which had its capital in Magadha. After the Sungas, who disappeared about 73 B.C., came the Kanvas who ruled for 45 years. They gave way to the Andhras who succeeded in capturing the Magadha throne. The dynasty to which King Vikrama belonged was indeed a local one. It is all the more interesting that a local chieftain holding a smaller status was able to achieve many wonderful things among which was the expelling of the foreigners from the soil on account of which all India owns her allegiance to him even today. He justly earned the title *Saka-ari.*

In this book Hansa Mehta has selected eight adventures of King Vikrama to whom certain miracles have been attributed by later authors. The stories presented in the book are themselves interesting and the author writes with ease and charm. The adventures of Vikrama have a stimulative effect on the patriotic minds of young children, who are thrilled with the accounts. The stories are narrated to King Bhoja who is anxious to sit on Vikrama's throne. Every story praises King Vikrama for his learning, for his courage and for his piety and devotion to the local goddess Maha-Kaleswari. One or two stories throw some historical light which may be utilised in the matter of identification. There is the story of Gardhabasena which narrates that Vikrama was originally the son of God Indra who was cursed to live on earth as a donkey. But in the story before us Gardhabasena who was also known as Vikrama is presented as the grandson of Lord Indra. Perhaps the Gardhabila of the Puranas which make out King Vikrama as his son, was a confusion of names and Gardhabila was really the founder of this dynasty. In the last story the name of Vikrama's son is mentioned and his exploits are described.

The book is richly illustrated and is sure to evoke interest and a patriotic spirit in the readers, who we hope will be in thousands.

V. R. R. DIKSHITAR

Modern Trends in Islam. By H.A.R. GIBB, Laudian Professoor of Arabic, University of Oxford. (*The Haskell Lectures in Comparative Religion, delivered in the University of Chicago in 1945.* University of Chicage Press and Cambridge University Press, 1947. 141 pp. 14s.)

The key-note of this stimulating work is on p. 123:—

"Three facts lend colour to the accusations of those critics, both Western and Eastern, who describe orthodox Islam as a petrified religion. But the accusation is false. Islam is a living and vital religion, appealing to the hearts, minds and consciences of tens and hundreds of millions, setting them a standard by which to live honest, sober, and god-fearing lives. It is not Islam that is petrified, but its orthodox formulations, its systematic theology, its social apologetic. It is here that the dislocation lies, that the dissatisfaction is felt among a large proportion of its most educated and intelligent adherents and that the danger for its future is most evident. No religion can ultimately resist disintegration if there is a perpetual gulf between its demands upon the will and its appeal to the intellect of its followers. That for the vast majority of Muslims the problem of dislocation has not yet arisen justifies the ulema in refusing to be rushed into the hasty measures which the modernists prescribe; but the spread of modernism is a warning that reformulation cannot be indefinitely shelved.

The world of Islam is in flux; the unchanging Orient is changing before our very eyes, if only we have the eyes to see. Turkey has done away with the *Sharī'a* laws; Egypt, Palestine and Persia are governed by codes based upon the Holy Writ, but with the fullest use made of the modern machinery of codification. Central Asian Turks have come under the influence of Soviet Communism. In India, the largest Muslim state—Pakistan—has been created by the endeavours of an extraordinary lawyer—Jinnah. Indonesia is fighting for a modern secular Republic, and so the story may go on interminably.

Professor Gibb's work is timely and is written in the spirit of scientific objectivity to be expected from the holder of one of the two most important chairs of Arabic in England. *Modern Trends in Islam* explains the background, the causes, the nature and the prospects of the modernist movement. Indians will find in it a thorough discussion of the views of Ameer Ali and Iqbal; and Egyptians, of those of Muhammad Abduh. The reviewer greatly appreciates—and in the main agrees—with the thesis that Muslims must find their own solution to the problem of re-stating the principles of their faith in the changing values of the twentieth century, and he also agrees—risking anathema at the hands of those who profess to have direct access to the *vox Dei*—that the intellectual confusions and the paralyzing romanticism of the so-called modernists must disappear before anything can be achieved. I would offer only one criticism—apart from some details in which "difference is a Mercy from God" (!)—that it is a pity that Professor Gibb, who is so well qualified for the task, both by training and by temperament, and who is free from the bias exhibited by those who call themselves Christians, does not know at first hand the work of such modernists as Abul Kalām Āzād, 'Obaidullāh Sindhī, Abu'l-a'lā Mawdūdī and some others. With that regret we recommend the book to all who are interested in the intellectual renaissance of the Islamic world.

A. A. A. FYZEE

The Lingayat Movement: A Social Revolution in Karnatak. By S. M. HUNASHAL; with a Foreword by Dr. C. R. Reddy. (Jagadguru Murusavirmath Publication No. 12, Karnataka Sahitya Mandira, Dharwar. 268 pp. 1947. Rs. 5/- or 10s.)

Basava lived in the twelfth century A.D. Mr. Hunashal has faithfully imbibed the lessons taught by his predecessors, Nandimath and Sakhare and carried their researches on Lingayatism further.

The Lingayatas worship the God Siva by wearing His token, the Linga, around their necks. They have no caste or sex inequalities; all, even the so-called untouchables, are equal. The human body is a temple of Divinity. Everyone should work, for wasting time is criminal, and should earn just enough for his maintenance. There is no separate hell or heaven; our duty is to make the world around us a *Kalyāṇarājya* where everybody will be happy, giving up polygamy and prostitution and practising a highly moral and monogamous life.

The leader of this progressive social upheaval was Basava who preached in the simple colloquial language and who discountenanced idol worship. Among his followers women were allowed freedom of thought and expression; so much so that there were as many as sixty women poets. Unfortunately his revolt was not systematically organised and was not backed up by the then kings and so did not prove much of a success. Hinduism, against which this revolt raised its head, was able to reassert itself soon after.

The over-emphasis of Hinduism on Moksha was misunderstood and the social rebels were, in the march of centuries, Charvaka, Buddha, Jains, Lingayatas, etc., who could not tolerate the other-worldliness especially emphasised by Shankara, who asserted that the world was "*Maya.*" The special characteristics distinguishing the Lingayatas from sister Indian religions as also from Islam, Zoroastrianism and Christianity are noted and the writer passionately pleads for Basava's principles which he asserts can save India now.

The first four chapters have nothing to say about Basava except a stray sentence at the end of the second. One is tempted to remark that the author should have refrained from quoting so profusely, leaving the reader wondering whether the writer has anything original to say. The few spelling mistakes and the glaringly loose construction of the last sentence on page 176 should be corrected in the next edition. And the price of the book is rather prohibitive.

Dr. Bhandarkar, in his early history of the Deccan, records a tradition current among the Jainas that Basava's influence with Bijjala was due to the latter's being enamoured of Basava's sister. Mr. Hunashal's passionate tribute to the memory of this great social reformer amply testifies to the malice which prompted this tradition. A supplement in Kannada providing us with the actual *Vachanas* or the poetic inspired utterances of the "*Sharanas*" or saints would enhance the value of the book. We do feel after reading the book that Basava was a prophet not sufficiently honoured in his own day.

U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Good news comes from Tokyo in a Reuters despatch of 1st December, which describes the campaign of the Gandhi Society there to spread the teachings of Gandhiji, whose name appropriately "has become a synonym for peace among thousands of Japanese who have studied his works and teachings to promote world peace." The Gandhi Society, formed immediately after the assassination of India's great leader, is said to include among its Committee members influential politicians, former Cabinet Ministers and wealthy business men. It has its headquarters at Tokyo, but has offices throughout the country and numbers already 50,000 members. The President is the Speaker of the Japanese House of Representatives, Komakichi Matsuoka, and its Chairman, a leading writer, Mr. Nil. A bronze statue of Gandhiji, symbolising peace, is soon to be erected in Hibiya Park in central Tokyo. A weekly paper, *Ideology*, with a circulation of 20,000, publicises Gandhiji's teachings.

While the offsetting of Communist propaganda is an animating motive behind the campaign, the idealistic aim is also present "of reminding Japan that what cannot be achieved through war can be attained through peace."

Indians will naturally rejoice, as will all lovers of peace everywhere, at the enthusiasm with which the teachings of Gandhiji are being received and spread in Japan, but let not India fail to make full use and application of them herself. It is the greatest tragedy of Indian history that the Buddha's teachings found ultimately a more congenial soil abroad than on the Indian subcontinent itself. Will the people of Japan or some other country prove more consistently responsive to Gandhiji's message than do his fellow-countrymen ?

It was a call to disinterested service, to constructive labours without personal interest in their fruits, which India's Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, gave at New Delhi on December 6th in inaugurating the nineteenth annual meeting of the Central Board of Irrigation. The gradual shift from the static period of foreign rule, when problems, unsolved, had gone on accumulating, to the dynamic present effort to tackle together the many problems that faced the country was evidenced by the increased prestige of the engineering and other professions, formerly overshadowed by those of Government service and law. But it was a revolutionary age, full of discomforts and hardships which had to be faced. This generation, he declared, would get no dividends for its labours, which should be directed at better conditions for those who would come after us.

The true spirit of India spoke again through him when he advised engineers to infuse a spirit of faith into their

work. When one saw ancient churches, mosques, temples and cathedrals, he declared, one saw that those responsible for their erection had been not only good engineers but also men of faith. And Pandit Nehru affirmed his own faith, without which, he said, he could not do his work, that, in the conflict going on between the forces of construction and destruction, "ultimately the constructive forces would win."

Deploring, in his address at the first Convocation of the Rajputana University, the recent distressing deterioration in moral values in India as elsewhere, the Pro-Vice Chancellor, Sir V. T. Krishnamachari, Dewan of Jaipur, urged the graduates at Jaipur on December 4th to fight for the highest standards of rectitude in public life and to work unceasingly against communalism and provincialism. Emphasising strongly the need for supporting the United Nations and its ideals, he also stressed the duty of educated men in a Free India to assist in consolidating the newly won independence and in creating conditions affording the largest measure of social justice to India's millions. This duty, he declared, could be discharged only if certain fundamental ideas were borne in mind.

> You should work for the rediscovery of the spiritual values for which India has always stood. For centuries, the ideal of the human personality attaining perfection by action done in a spirit of dedication and without attachment to results has been the central dominating message to us in India and the main article of faith with us. It is indeed the most valuable part of our heritage and it sustained us during long periods of political subjection. It will be nothing short of a tragedy if, when we have won freedom, we should forget this message.

While the decision of the Indian Constituent Assembly that untouchability must go furnishes a legitimate cause for rejoicing by all men of goodwill, the lesson of this moral victory will be lost on other countries unless their rejoicing with India is accompanied by heart searching. It is good to learn from a release of the United States Information Service of the interest in that country in this victory for Gandhiji's ideals. It would have been well if the application had been made to the United States' own problem of untouchability, of which the Negroes, especially in the South, are the victims. But a moral victory anywhere strengthens everywhere the forces that work for righteousness.

> As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
> So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

But the abolition of untouchability by law is one thing; its abolition in practice is another. The fiasco of the prohibition experiment in the United States some twenty years ago proved how difficult it is to legislate people into morality against their will or to force the pace of reform ahead of that of general conviction of its necessity. The history of the experiment might have been different if it had not become fashionable to flout the law; the responsibility for the failure of prohibition in the United States lies in no small part on the upper classes whose example was but too readily copied. It is to be hoped that the natural leaders of the people throughout India will rise to the challenge of this great forward-looking legislation and make their contribution to the expiation of the injustice of centuries, now that that which was always morally wrong, being a sin against brotherhood, has been also legally condemned.