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. XXIII JANUARY 1952 No. 1

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

Janus am I; oldest of potentates
Forward I look, and backward and below.
I count as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.

We begin a new year; this magazine begins a new volume.

January naturally brings to mind Janus who was reverenced by the Romans as the God of Beginnings. He was the God of Gates and was worshipped even before Rome was built. Janus watched "the gate that openeth the year." And so he is the presiding deity over the month of January.

He had two faces—old and young, the former representing the past, the latter the future. He held a key in one hand, a staff in the other. With the key of garnered knowledge he opens the New Year; with the aid of the staff he moves forward to higher altitudes.

Janus-faced is a term of opprobrium, but is not each human being a striving and progressing Janus-like being? *Punya-Purusha*, the man of merit, and *Papa-Purusha*, the man of sin, are in each being and are wrestling for victory. And so man *is* two faced. The two faces representing our two natures, looking in opposite directions, tell us that life and death are still necessary, that the fight between the lower and the higher natures is still going on, that the future and the past are yet separated in the present, that the old and the new continue to cast a glamour—one from the region of memory, the other from that of hope.

At every dawn man begins his life anew—and hopefully he looks forward to the pleasures of the day; how often does he come to the night with hopes frustrated, feeling old; and how dark things look on a sleepless bed! Hopes and fears, memories and anticipations keep human consciousness in a non-integrated state. Time produces birth, growth, decay, death—the old face of Janus has

become older; time also produces the delights of *Sukhavati*, the land of happiness, of *Swarga*, Paradise, which exhaust themselves and bring to birth the new young face—for a day, for a month, for a year, for a cycle, with the weight of old age still there. The spirit of youth and the spirit of age coalesce in the man who has made his personal nature but a channel of the Impersonal Self. Then he is no more two-faced.

Some of us are young and others of us are old; some look to the past, others dream of the future. Hope in affliction, fear in elation keep us votaries of the two-faced Janus, whose Temple we visit expectant at dawn, repentant at night; so it has to remain open.

He who has resolved to live by the Voice of his Inner God will repeat his resolve as the New Year opens. He who has not is likely to come to such a resolution at this cycle when the psychic life of the earth is young. The making of such a resolve transforms the ordinary man into the warrior soul; he begins to feel within himself the power of the *Rex Lucis*, the Lord of Splendour and of Light. For such an one some words of Henry David Thoreau will bring inspiration and suggest a line of thought to be practised. Let him do so when Janus of 1952 is young and vigorous. Says Thoreau:—

> Be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no self-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads....There are continents and seas in the moral world, to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him.

SHRAVAKA

21st December, 1951.

THE PLIGHT OF THE WRITER TODAY

[The position of many men of letters is serious today. This is as true in India as in Britain. We bring together here two articles on this subject by **Mr. George Godwin**, author of *The Great Revivalists, Notable British Trials*, etc., and by **Prof. Diwan Chand Sharma,** author of *Our Indian Heritage* and other works. It is an anomaly of our civilization that prize-fighters and cosmetic manufacturers should have a higher monetary value to society than those who provide its intellectual sustenance and give a lead to thought. More generous treatment of their authors by the publishers would, no doubt, be part of the solution, but perhaps Mr. John Brophy's proposal, mentioned by Mr. Godwin, for a small tax on the borrower of a library book, for the author's benefit, deserves trying out. —ED.]

I.—BY GEORGE GODWIN

When economic processes militate against cultural activities; the loss to the community is inevitably real though unmeasured and unfelt save by those adversely affected. This is the situation in which the writer finds himself today, for since the war the material end of his business has undergone radical economic changes and these have all been to his disadvantage.

In the first place the cost of manufacturing books has gone up steeply. Then the wages in the printing trade have advanced. Lastly, paper, now costing four times its pre-war cost, is in short supply. A large proportion of writers who could anticipate publication of their work with some degree of assurance know today that, unless a publisher's readers and other experts in such matters assure him that a proffered manuscript is probably sure of a sale of 10,000 copies, their work will be returned with regrets.

Since writers who aspire to live by the production of original work must live from the royalties of their books, many now find themselves driven from their chosen craft in order to secure enough money to pay their way. Thus economic factors are exerting a braking effect upon cultural activities, and the flow of creative literature is being dammed at its source.

I recently offered a full-length manuscript, an odd story, admittedly, since its central theme was Plato's theory of reincarnation, to Mr. Victor Gollancz. In reply came a charming personal letter to the effect that he found the book very much to his liking—the actual word was "delightful"—but that he could not see a sale of more than 2,000 copies, which would not be economic.

Stories like that may be heard wherever writers today discuss the economics of their craft. Yet—and here is the curious anomaly—while

the publishers are pleading these increased costs as defence for (*a*) proposals to cut down royalties and (*b*) increasing the price of books, leading firms are making greater profits than ever before. The price of paper has increased fourfold since 1938. Printing costs are more than double, and all overhead costs have correspondingly gone up; and yet profits are not only maintained but increased.

No increment falls to the writer, however. He faces increased cost of living, increased cost of secretarial assistance. A good secretary was within the reach of a moderately busy writer before the war. She asked 3 to 4 guineas a week. Today, a girl with like qualifications can demand seven guineas. The paper upon which the writer writes may appear as a trifling overhead in his trade. Before the war it was. I could then buy quarto at under 3*s*. a ream. Today, it costs 15*s*. to 18*s*.

Let me give an example of the sort of financial return a writer may anticipate today for the labour of writing a non-fiction, 80,000-word book. Three years ago I signed a contract for a book of that length upon the subject of religious revivalism. I delivered my MS. within a year. Nine months later, after several applications, I was paid £50 as advance on royalties. Nearly three years after writing the book I have the manufactured article in my hand. From the American edition of 2,000 copies my share on a percentage basis is £28.10.0. But that is not paid to me, since the sales of the English edition are said not to have earned the £50 advance!

The writing of a book of that kind involves two separate labours. First, preparation of the material—the reading and note-making; next, the compilation of the actual book—a heavy task, since the typing of 80,000 words in itself is real work.

Now contrast that with what the writer may expect when he turns to the periodical market. For a 3,000-word article in the lately defunct *Strand Magazine* I was paid by its liberal and kindly editor the sum of fifty guineas—and that for the first British serial rights only.

The periodical press in Britain has advanced its rates well since the War. Why, then, cannot the writer of books turn to this lucrative market to supplement the dearth on the book side of his activities? The answer is simple. The continued shortage of newsprint has so limited the periodical press and the daily press that the space available for the outside contributor is exceedingly limited. But newspaper proprietors, and the proprietors of weekly and monthly magazines, faced as they are with increased costs, are contriving to make increased profits. (This may have something to do with the ratio between the number of pages and the advertising rates. I do not know.)

Thus, it is apparent that the only worker who is suffering economically is he without whose labour none of the others could exist. For it is incontestable that, no authors, no

books, and no books, no publishers.

In this brief paper I do not attempt to indicate the causes which have brought about this sorry state of affairs for the writing man; nor do I offer any solution for it. I merely attempt to set forth the facts as they touch myself and hundreds of other writers who are not best sellers, but merely men sufficiently competent to live by the pen.

One positive proposal has recently been put forward by a writer, John Brophy. He suggests that the writer might be given a fairer financial deal if those who read his books paid for that privilege. His is no crackpot scheme for state subsidies, but a matter-of-fact businesslike proposal that a person who reads an author's book should pay for it.

Let me contrast for a moment the sharp distinction between the monetary rewards of the composer of music and the writer of books. When a composer publishes his work he receives a royalty on every copy of sheet music sold to the public. So far the composer fares on terms of financial equality with the writer, deriving his revenue from the sale of his sheet music as the author from his printed book.

But after that the comparison ends. The composer has a further source of profit, namely, from the public performance of his work. This comes to him generally through the Performing Right Society, which efficient organization collects, in units of one-tenth of a penny, a further fee for the public performance of musical compositions.

Nobody can enjoy the public performance of music by living composers without such payment, whether the performance be by radio, a great orchestra or simple village-hall amateurs. The question that is now being asked is this: Can some analogous scheme be devised to increase the meagre returns of authorship? Mr. John Brophy, himself a successful author, in a lucid article in *The Author*, the organ of the Society of Authors, considers that it can.

In so brief a paper there is no space to set out Mr. Brophy's scheme in detail, but I will quote one paragraph from him:—

> Commercial libraries are maintained by period subscriptions paid in advance, and public libraries are subsidized out of the rates—it is a misleading euphemism to call them "free" libraries. The scheme I am putting forward would in no way alter either of these methods of defraying the cost of stocking and running libraries. The innovation would consist of a borrowing fee to be paid by the reader each time a volume is "taken out." The fee I suggest is one penny, and, after certain deductions, it would go wholly to the author of that volume.

As a class, writers are not particularly articulate about the economics of their work, and only within living memory have they possessed any sort of organization to afford mutual protection—the Society of Authors. Today there are, in Great Britain, at least, many authors of established

reputation who are living on the border line of want. This is particularly true of present-day poets. It may be that the periods when a man might hope to live by poetry occur infrequently in history, and that in no period has the lot of the poet been financially rose-strewn. Today, it is certain that barring one or two men who have become fashionable, as Roger Montgomery became fashionable in the Victorian era, poets are under the necessity of turning to some secondary occupation in order to live.

One of the saddest commentaries upon our present civilization is the contemptibly mean allocation in the Civil List for pensions for men of outstanding literary talent who are unable to live by their work. The most a man may hope for, after the humiliation of making application for financial help to a state department, is a starvation pension seldom above £150 a year and more often less than £100.

The great public, knowing of authors only by their reputations, has, and can have, no idea of the economics of literature as a profession. It is true that there are writers with names known throughout the Western world who are barely above the economic level of penury. Surely, it is obvious that if the production of scholarly works and of works of literary merit is halted by adverse economic burdens, the flow of ideas and the dissemination of thought throughout the world must be thereby impeded? A civilization that penalizes the creative elements in its people must decline and must face the danger of eventual eclipse.

Today, in Britain, the decline in standards of taste are everywhere notable, and it is significant that the slick journalist, producing worthless ephemera can live at the economic level of the manufacturer of chocolate or the maker of munitions while scholars such as the late Sir James Frazer suffered want, and living poets, such as Herbert Palmer—to name but one—feel the inexorable pressure of business economics.

In this brief and fugitive paper I have made no personal contribution to the problem for the sufficient reason that I have none to offer. But such as I see them, and as I experience them myself, I have stated facts that are no longer in dispute. Times may be hard for the manufacturer of paper, for the publisher, for the bookseller, for the printer. But one thing is incontestable, they are hard for that seldom-considered creature, the author, upon whom paper-maker, publisher, bookseller and printer depend for their existence. Nor are there anywhere signs that conditions are likely to improve in the future. On the contrary, the craft of authorship faces a future that the writer may well approach with deep apprehension for his survival.

GEORGE GODWIN

II.—BY DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

While writing on this subject one cannot help thinking of what Bernard Shaw said about this ever-present problem and what happened to him during the early days of his life when he set himself up as a creative writer. For about ten years he wrote every day a thousand words and produced five novels and scores of articles and the net result was a total of £6. It will, however, be instructive to know what happened to these novels and articles and how his total earnings amounted to the paltry sum of £6. He wrote one novel a year and he himself said afterwards about his machine-like industry :—

> I bought supplies of white paper, demy size, by six pennorths at a time ; folded it in quarto ; and condemned myself to fill five pages of it a day, rain or shine, dull or inspired. I had so much of the schoolboy and the clerk still in me that if my five pages ended in the middle of a sentence, I did not finish it until next day.

What was the result ? He failed to find a publisher for his first novel, *Immaturity*. It was his fifth novel, *An Unsocial Socialist*, that was first published as a serial in a Socialist Magazine. The fourth novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, was taken up by the same paper afterwards. Later on, the second and the third novels, *The Irrational Knot* and *Love among the Artists* came also to be published serially. It is no wonder that one of the biographers of Shaw has remarked, " When the last of the novels, *An Unsocial Socialist*, was written in 1883, five unpublished manuscripts were the only visible product of Shaw's first seven years in London."

This is how Shaw fared during the early days of his career as a writer. So far as his personal economics are concerned, they can be guessed by anyone. Of the £6 made during these years, he received 15*s*. for an article, 5*s*. for some verses and £5 for a commissioned essay on patent medicines which a sympathetic solicitor asked him to do. In other words, his creative writing brought him next to nothing during the days of his bitter struggle.

During this period he was able to manage because his father sent him a weekly allowance of £1 but chiefly because his mother, with whom he lived, supported him in the main. Of course, it may be said that Shaw suffered because he made a false start. He was destined to be a dramatist but he began, mistakenly of course, to write novels. At the same time, those days were different from ours. There were fewer opportunities open to the creative writer at that time than there are today. But this cannot explain away the whole thing. A creative writer today may meet with the same fate as did Shaw with this difference, that whereas Shaw died a fabulously rich man, the present-day writer may die a penniless pauper. The histories of the literatures of the world bear

ample testimony to this.

To understand this situation clearly, we must distinguish between creative and commercial writing. None has done this more aptly than the ancient Persians. They divided poetry into two classes. One of these was something which was like the gushing of water from a natural fountain; it came, as it were, automatically from within and it had such an inner compulsive force that the poet could either perish or write. It was, so to say, commissioned by his inner self which acted as a tyrant and would not let the poet rest until he had expressed himself in verse.

The other kind of poetry was not an act of inner illumination or revelation. It was something entirely external, commissioned by a patron or a friend. Here the poet acted as the agent of someone in whose pay he was, while in the first instance he behaved as a channel through which flowed ideas and thoughts, sentiments and feelings which came to him he knew not whence.

The same distinction holds good, more or less, between creative and commercial writing. Creative writing is done to satisfy an inner urge, while commercial writing is mainly for bread and butter. But this distinction need not be pressed too far. Some writers, like Shakespeare, have combined the two so marvellously that they are the wonders of the world. None combined topicality with universality so well as did Shakespeare. None could cater so well to all levels of taste as did Shakespeare. He was able to please the Elizabethan groundling but he could also win the admiration of such fastidious men of letters as Milton and Ben Jonson. It is not easy to perform such a feat.

It may be said that it is easy to discriminate between creative writing and commercial writing so far as poetry is concerned, but we fail to do so when we come to drama or short stories or other kinds of writing. Here one has to fall back upon the dictum of Wordsworth about poets. He said that each poet had to create the taste by which he was to be judged. This meant that each creative writer had to strike out a new path for himself. Originality is the hall-mark of a creative writer. He may adopt any form of writing, but he must bring to bear upon it originality of approach or style and freshness of outlook or theme.

In other words, he must be prepared to be neglected by his contemporaries and he must be ready to be ill rewarded for his efforts. This has been the experience of many writers like Wordsworth, Hardy, and Somerset Maugham. Of Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold rightly remarked that he did not make so much out of his poetry as to be able to buy his shoe-laces. Hardy was denounced and ostracized because of his daring social philosophy. In 1938, Somerset Maugham complained that the young writers of his day did not take any notice of him. All this goes to show

that a creative writer has to preserve his independence of spirit at all costs.

Commercial writing is, however, of a different variety. The recipe for it was given most admirably by Lord Northcliffe when he said, "Give the public the meat that it craves for." This means that the primary aim of a writer is to entertain the public and to satisfy its demands. This kind of writing is, therefore, not a mission or a life vocation, but a kind of industry. It is something like secretarial work or salesmanship. It has its own rules and they must be obeyed by the practitioner. It is for this reason that universities establish Departments of Journalism and well-known journalists start private schools of their own for coaching aspirants. It is for this reason that the market is flooded with so many manuals of journalism.

I have before me a book, *Writing for the Press,* which contains admirable advice on journalism as a career. It tells us how to gather and present news, how to write articles and to do sketches. Dorothy L. Sayers gives fine hints on the use of the king's English and there are valuable chapters on the technique of the short story and on other kinds of writing. Here the approach is entirely commercial in the sense that the writer is given advice with a view to make his writing saleable.

To say, however, that journalistic writing can never attain to the status of creative writing would be rank injustice. A journalist like H. W. Nevinson was very often crossing the boundary line between commercial and creative writing. Yet it should be remembered that Nevinson never gave the public the stuff that it craved for. Even when he was merely reporting, this should not be confused with reportage. He showed his loyalty to his "dæmon," to his inmost creative impulse. Nor can the musical and dramatic criticism of a man like Bernard Shaw be dismissed merely as journalistic stuff. Very often Bernard Shaw rose in those weekly articles to the heights of creative writing.

Yet the personal economics of writers, of whatever variety they be, are seldom satisfactory. In his autobiography H. W. Nevinson remarked that quite often he had been faced with the problem of keeping the pot boiling. He had to think hard how to meet his current expenses. This experience is typical and not exceptional. It is for this reason that even salaried writers band themselves together in trade unions in order to improve their lot economically. So far as the free-lance is concerned, he is like a prospector. For one person who strikes gold there are scores who find it difficult even to keep the wolf from the door. The glittering prizes which the writers of best sellers get are reserved only for a few. Writers as well as publishers go on hopefully, thinking that some day they will be able to hit the bull's-eye, but for one hit there are hundreds of misses.

What is true of writers in the

domain of popular short stories, novels, biographies, plays and other forms of literature is also true of the creative writer. He lives in the hope that something will turn up ; he is of the kith and kin of Micawber, not in the sense that he is improvident, but in the sense that he finds it hard to make both ends meet.

That this is not exaggeration is amply proved by the fact that President Roosevelt in his New Deal programme made provision for subsidies to artists and writers. Knowing full well the plight of struggling creative writers the British Council also established scholarships and prizes to keep them going. Something like this was done also by Unesco when it issued a questionnaire on the freedom of the artist. Among the questions put were these : " Have you received help from public authorities, private institutions or from private persons? In what form and in what manner ? " All this confirms us in the belief that the lot of the creative writer in general, in terms of his personal economics, is far from satisfactory.

This is especially the case these days. A columnist in a recent issue of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* summed up the situation in this way :—

> The publishing business is in the grip of a severe slump—not in India alone. Even in the United States where books, like other commodities, enjoy the sales promotion technique as nowhere else, there are signs of a near-depression that is alarming the trade. (Incidentally, a book in the U. S. begins to show profit only after the sale of the first 10,000 copies !) The hey-day of Indian publishing began and ended with the war.... Books are, understandably, the first casualty of the present high living costs. The choice lies often between books and butter. That is not the whole truth, though. At the root of the problem is the ugly fact that a genuine book-buying habit has not grown in this country. It amounts to a cultural deficiency that can have far-reaching effects.

The cultural deficiency to which the columnist refers is not endemic to India ; it prevails everywhere. The creative writer has to face it more than anybody else because he is a person of forward vision and his values are not always in terms of keeping things as they are. His personal economics are therefore bound to be bleak and dismal. If he wants to preserve his soul, he has to bear in mind the dictum of Bernard Shaw about the true artist, quoted earlier in this article. Of course, he may strike a compromise between his creative self and his commercial self, as some writers these days have done. He may give part of his time to creative writing and some part of it to commercial writing. But the question is if this compromise can ever work. It is like paying allegiance to God and Mammon at the same time. In such a working compromise, it is God who is bound to suffer in the long run.

DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

DESIRE AND ASPIRATION

[This is a thought-provoking development, by the well-known English novelist and essayist, **Claude Houghton,** of a thesis which he put forward with power in our June 1949 issue, where he reviewed *Through the Gates of Gold* under the caption "The Secret of Strength." It is the tide of desire which sets the barque afloat, whether to dash it on the rocks on this side of the sea of human life or to bring it safely to the peace and beauty of the other shore. All depends on the set of the tide, and that each man determines for himself. As Madame Blavatsky once put it:

Will is the offspring of the Divine, the God in man; Desire the motive power of the animal life....Both will and desire are absolute *creators*....The man, therefore, makes himself in the image of his desires, unless he creates himself in the likeness of the Divine, through his will, the child of the light.—ED.]

From remote ages the conception of super beings has haunted the imagination of men. Myth, folklore, fairy-tale, depict the exploits of heroes which move ordinary mortals in a manner which suggests that, potentially, they are capable of similar exploits. Consequently these fabulous figures seem prophetic of an order of being which we would attain if only we could escape from the fetters of earthly desires that chain us to a lower level of consciousness.

At different times, and in varying degrees, it has been felt that the attainment of a new and higher level of being is partially, if not wholly, dependent on the transformation of sex energy. According to Dr. Alexis Carrel, sex energy

exerts a profound influence upon the strength and quality of the mind. In general, great poets, artists, and saints, as well as conquerors are strongly sexed ....It is well known that sexual excesses impede intellectual activity. In order to reach its full power, intelligence seems to require the presence of well-developed sexual glands and the temporary repression of the sexual appetite ....While the weak, the nervous, and the unbalanced become more abnormal when the sexual appetites are repressed, the strong are rendered still stronger by practising such a form of asceticism.

And from the *Bhagavad-Gita* we learn:—

....the universe is surrounded by this passion. By this—the constant enemy of the wise man, formed from desire which rageth like fire and is never to be appeased—is discriminative knowledge surrounded. Its empire is over the senses and organs, the thinking principle and the discriminating faculty also; by means of these it cloudeth discrimination and deludeth the Lord of the body. Therefore, O best of the descendants of Bharata, at the very outset restraining thy senses, thou shouldst conquer this sin which is the destroyer of knowledge and spiritual discernment.

The necessity for asceticism ("training") is readily enough conceded by everyone if the aim is

physical fitness ; indeed it is regarded as axiomatic if a boxer or an athlete is to reach " the pink of condition." Yet the transmutation of sex energy and the principle of asceticism invite derision in certain circles if the avowed aim is spiritual regeneration and the attainment of a new level of being.

The two aims are not necessarily incompatible, so long as the lesser serves the greater, and the greater embraces the lesser. But, where the ultimate aim is a *new* level of being, not simply physical perfection in this, there is a vast difference in the way of attainment, a difference which inevitably confronts us with the question of sin. Physical fitness can be achieved by the following of certain disciplinary rules which can be standardized, and from which any departure, with the consequent dissipation of energy, will be generally recognized as wrong. The first thing to be said about sin is that it cannot be standardized. (" One law for lion and ox is oppression.") What is waste for you is sin—*for you.* It may not be so for another. It may seem a glimpse of the Promised Land. What you recognize as waste—for you—surely depends wholly upon what you regard as your highest activity. There is no universally applicable rule. Everything which impedes the exercise of your vocation, everything which clouds your discernment and obscures your vision of that vocation, is waste—for you.

It seems equally certain that, though there is, and can be, no universally applicable rule governing the transmutation of desire, yet such transmutation can be effected only by positive creative action ; not by repression or substitution. It is, therefore, an individual problem, and must be solved by the individual in the light of his own desires and his own aspirations, for positive creative action is possible only in relation to an already existing aspiration. Repression can have only disastrous results because it attempts to solve a problem by denying its existence. Imprisoned desire, like standing water, breeds pestilence. And substitution—that is, to make energy serve some arbitrarily chosen " enthusiasm "—is to attempt compromise on an issue not susceptible of it. " The spiritual life must be a fulfilment—not a substitute."

The nature of such fulfilment, for the individual, is at least partially revealed to him by the nature of his ruling love. It is easy to recognize the nature of our ruling love, because it is that for which we make the greatest sacrifice. *We serve best what we love most,* but clearly there will be divided allegiance—unless we love one thing only. *Most of us are in a state of almost perpetual civil war because, although we may have a major love, we have many minor ones—each of which in turn presents a clamorous claim ;* each of which in turn dissipates the energy which should be concentrated in the service of the ruling love.

It has been said that there are no

saints among the artists: no artists among the saints. This seems inevitable because, above all else, an artist loves his work. He has sacrificed for it almost everything which others regard as precious. It may be that the "man of great possessions" in the parable was by temperament an artist. But the saint loves God. And the greatest saint loves God only. His asceticism is an oblation on the altar of God. If the work of an artist demands his quintessential energy—as it most certainly will if he is a great artist—his temporary asceticism is an offering on the altar of his work.

The nature of the "great possessions" which most outstanding novelists would be slow to surrender may be revealed by an examination of their psychological equipment. In a recent issue of *The Times Literary Supplement*, there is an analysis of this psychological equipment:—

> The novelist can ill afford to be dainty. Observation is not enough; and so he must project himself imaginatively into ignoble hearts, infect himself with feelings that produce evil and ugly actions. He must have in him the seeds of the vices he describes. Not that this usually presents much difficulty....Most novelists have been adequately furnished with potential hatred, envy, avarice, and lust.

It is worth noting that this penetrating analysis refers to imaginative identification only with the lower emotions. It is silent concerning imaginative identification with higher levels of being, and so, by implication, it explains the failure of every novelist adequately to portray an order of consciousness higher than his own. There have been several attempts but (leaving aside those which take the theme of the "return of Christ") none is wholly convincing. Myshkin in *The Idiot*—even Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov*—lack the "psychological density" of the same author's Svidrigailov and Stavrogin. The revealing fact is that we cannot visualize a super being with the intensity essential for imaginative identification. When we can—when the energy which so readily serves the lower levels of consciousness has, by the transmutation of desire, been brought into the service of the higher—the distance between him and us will be less.

Although few of the poets achieved more than a temporary transmutation of sex energy, many of them are eloquent about the effects of unconditional surrender to lust.

> To spend our substance on a minute's pleasure.
>
> The poor benefit of a bewildering minute.

But, as ever, Shakespeare reveals the depths and the heights—the abyss of lust, and love at its highest and rarest.

The sonnet which begins:—

> The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
> Is lust in action; ...

goes on to define the nature of lust prior to, and after action—its madness before its aim is attained, during its attainment, and afterwards:—

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream,

and ends with the couplet that never becomes commonplace no matter how familiar it may be:—

All this the world well knows;
yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

It is true that everything is also its opposite, in the sense that the energy which can serve the highest aspiration is the same as that which, in reverse, can serve the lowest desire. And one is compelled to believe that the power which enabled Shakespeare to descend into the Inferno of lust also enabled him to enter the Paradise of love. *The Phœnix and the Turtle* is the greatest poem of "polarization" ever written. It is a marriage between all the "pairs of opposites." Everything which is dual, antagonistic, achieves the unity of spiritual equilibrium. It is a poem of timeless serenity and has, therefore, all the "otherness" of Eternity. Here, if you like—and if the phrase is appropriate—is transmutation of sex energy. Here, the miracle of spiritual alchemy is made manifest.

The simple fact is that sex—at the imaginative level or the physical—is the supreme problem for many people. Incidentally, this may be the reason why it is the subject of so many jokes, for it is traditional to laugh at that of which we are afraid. And one may well fear sex. Too often, to "overcome" it at one level is to surrender to it at another. ("How prettily that bitch, sensuality, begs for a portion of mind when it is denied a portion of flesh.") Even those rare individuals who have seemingly "overcome" sex are often slaves to spiritual pride—which is a less desirable destination than that reached by "yielding to the solicitations of the Beast."

It were better to say with Heine (the translation is quoted from memory):—

Seldom have I understood you,
Seldom have you understood me,
But when we were in the mud together
—Then we understood each other.

To give way to a temptation may not be to get rid of it, but it does compel us to recognize our actual place in the ranks of humanity. And that induces humility.

It may be that, in the West, transmutation of sex energy cannot be achieved alone, but only through the polarizing effect of love for another. Love, that is, of the order enshrined in Donne's poem "The Ecstasy." This mystery, sometimes called the Mystical Marriage, is love at its loftiest altitude—and is, therefore, infinitely removed from the usual connotations of the word. As the vibrations of light are brought into conformity, and concentrated in one direction, by polarization; so the polarization of lovers creates a spiritual conformity and equilibrium, lacking in each, but shared by both.

All consideration of this state must necessarily be speculative, but, presumably, when it is attained, everything less than itself ceases to

have relevance. For those to whom such a state is conceivable, if only imaginatively, surely everything which imperils its attainment is apostasy. It is this state, and only this state, which ransoms the word, Eternity, from the bondage of misuse. Surely this state is timeless and, according to Kierkegaard, there is a qualitative distinction between Eternity and Time. Surely, this state is Being, in full blossom, under another sun. And if, to some of us, it is but the dream of the greatest poets, we should do well to make certain that we can differentiate between dream and vision. If it be argued that this state is death to all that we ordinary mortals cherish, it should be remembered that the lower must perish in order that the higher may be born. The caterpillar dies to attain wings: the seed perishes in order to bring forth much fruit.

It would seem that only in this state—in this polarization between lovers—will the ceaseless war between the sexes end: only in this spiritual equilibrium will the insatiable flame of desire be transformed into light—and this "evermore unrest" be stilled.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

AYURVEDA

The opposition which the ancient Indian medical system of Ayurveda, has faced in the country of its origin, and how that opposition can be overcome, was the subject of Vaidya Guru Shri D. K. Bhardvaj in his presidential address at the 18th All-Karnataka Ayurveda Sammelan, held at Bijapur on October 21st.

Ayurveda, which has been giving medical relief to 90 per cent of the population in India for thousands of years, was declared to have become unscientific, immediately the British stepped into India.

Shri Bhardvaj cited Western medical authorities like Dr. Alexis Carrel and Dr. Macpherson Lawrie on the grave lacunæ in Western medical knowledge, and quoted Dr. N. Clarke, M.D., as exclaiming:—

If the physicians of the present day would drop from the pharmacopœia all the modern drugs and chemicals and treat their patients according to the methods of Charaka and Sushruta, there would be less work for the undertakers and few chronic invalids in the world.

Allopathy might with profit take a leaf from Ayurveda's freedom from dogmatism and its proclamation that "that is medicine which cures disease and he is the physician who saves the patient from the clutches of disease." For, as Dr. Kenneth Walker is quoted as saying in his *Diagnosis of Man*,

It may be that what the enlightened Hindu has known in his heart for thounds of years will some day be taught in the lecture halls of science. However much the functions of science, philosophy and religion may differ, however distant the points from which they start may be, eventually they will arrive at the same conclusion. For "Truth is One; the sages only call it by different names." (*Rigveda*)

A PLEA FOR INTEGRATED LIVING

[We publish here the lecture on an important subject which was delivered at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on May 19th, 1951, by **Dr. S. Kamesam, Hon. D.Sc., B.E., M.E. (Hons.), M.I.E. (Ind.), F.A.Sc.,** whose interest in Nature Cure has doubtless prompted some of these reflections. The difficulties of practising the art of integrated living have been very greatly increased by our civilization. Dr. Kamesam brings this out admirably : in living a healthy life of body, we are hampered by the doctors and the druggists ; in living a healthy life of psyche we are hindered by psychiatrists and psychologists ; in living the healthy life of spirit we are restricted by the theologians and the priests of every creed. The proper integration of the individual, however, is necessary for a fully integrated world.—ED.]

In this age of intensive scientific thinking, it is somewhat of a paradox that man has so little applied the principles of science for living a full or integrated life and for capturing life's greatest values. It is well known that our present method of living is lopsided. The science that is at our disposal is hardly being utilized except for making a living, and making a living, after all, is only a means to an end, which is living itself.

Living in an integrated and balanced manner is both an art and a science. It should, therefore, be possible to make a detailed blueprint of what we want and how to achieve our aim in a balanced manner. It should be possible to plan an intensive course of training for full and successful living. No scheme which throws undue emphasis on the physical, mental or emotional side of life is calculated to give either maximum happiness or maximum content.

What is wanted is a synthesis of physical, mental and moral living, so that the body, mind and soul are able to develop in a balanced manner. For several centuries the Greeks and Romans seem to have lived balanced lives. The Yogic system in India is one of the most successful efforts in this direction. Any undue development of one of the components will be at the sacrifice of the development of one or both of the other two. Such an unbalanced development gives no chance to bring out the best in man and so to contribute to human evolution.

Undue emphasis on the mind seems to be pregnant with more destructive possibilities than emphasis on either of the other two components. Today a physical pygmy with high mental development can bring about widespread destruction. As man is progressing at break-neck speed towards the highest quantitative mental development and with no reservations, limits or safety-valves, the world is faced with the risk of disaster if this creature, with a large head and brain a small or weak body

and practically no soul, is allowed to run at almost supersonic speeds. The only remedy that bids fair to be effective in saving man from the undue development of his brain is to give him training for living an integrated life in which his mental development is in balance with his moral and physical development. We have integration and planning for all ways of making a living, but none for living itself.

Taking up first the integration of the body politic, the ills of the world have recently been greatly aggravated, not only by the discovery of atomic fission and its application to destructive purposes, but also by the machine which has been developed for the mass production of millions of articles not necessary to happy living. These goods have flooded the markets of the world and corrupted the eating and living habits of even the world's poor millions and, by increasing desires and cupidity, have resulted in lowering the moral standard in every country through the competitive struggles that have ensued.

The modern scientific age may be said to have started with Francis Bacon in the early 17th century and scientists, actuated no doubt by the search for truth but also by mere curiosity, have gone on gaily since then inventing and wresting secrets from nature. *But, almost childishly, the scientist has not worried about the possible misapplication of that knowledge, or its repercussions on social life.* He has washed his hands of all responsibility under the plea that he is interested in knowledge for its own sake. When, however, the scientist was sought after by commercial and financial interests, the money-making motive entered and he became a tool for power-loving groups and also, under the plea of patriotism and his own country's defence, gave his support and technical knowledge to devising atomic weapons without realizing that humanity as a whole would be the sufferer. Science has helped at best to serve material needs and ends. Moreover, these "needs" have developed in geometric progression and not only made man dependent on a thousand gadgets which he would be better without, but also brought about almost complete atrophy of his social and moral conscience.

Why has there been such apathy in considering the problems of social life? Our National Research Laboratories deal only with gross matter; the living being of man has not been studied at all. The reason is, there is no money to be made in helping people to live simply and correctly. Even a Hitler had to withdraw his order forbidding women to use cosmetics because the strong moneyed interests in the business rebelled against his order. Only the cultivation of strong public opinion by disinterested propaganda will win against the materialistic exploitation of human weaknesses.

We have created a monster which requires to be fed, a machine, which

engulfs the lives of millions. There is no way out along the road we have been travelling. We are but a short distance from an abyss into which we shall fall unless we retrace our steps. The only way out is the trek backward. We need to integrate mind, body and soul for something better than material comforts. The world is one and belongs to humanity collectively. The people of the world groan under the load of armament production because the monster has to be fed. It requires raw materials and competition for these create international disputes, developing fears and frenzies until war eventuates. The way out is clear. It is to stop the useless mass production of unnecessaries, and simplify life a hundredfold. This will also mean the lifting of the weight of governmental interference and control of life; and man will have time to devote to the integration of his physical, mental and moral nature, free from economic bondage.

Before dealing with the integration of the body physical, it may be interesting to outline the recent tendency to reckless subordination of moral and abiding human values. Man has been forgetting that moral nihilism can set up a chain reaction so that, as a result of a succession of bombardments from ideas and actions, man's last moral inhibitions may evaporate. When the physical, moral and mental aspects of man's life are allowed to fall out of gear and develop in an unintegrated or unbalanced manner, the world produces nervous freaks, intensely selfish, physically, mentally and emotionally, almost afraid of their own shadows.

If this be the result of intensive mental development at the expense of moral or emotional development, has not man paid a very heavy price? The human race, led by the mentally developed nations, so-called, of Europe and America, is speeding to disaster, yet there is no public opinion to cry halt to science, which has set man on a mad and suicidal chase. What he really wants he does not seem to know, confusing as he does pleasure with happiness. The goal appears always to recede like a mirage. If man were given training in integrated living he would realize, in the first stage, what was wrong with his recent evolution. This realization will provide him with the necessary stimulus to search for the remedy and apply it forthwith, before he lands himself in a mental home or makes a mental home of the whole civilized world. Even today, statistics show nearly half a million mental patients in institutions in the U.S.A.—the most "advanced" country. One can imagine the number who are either treated at home or do not know that they need the attention of psychiatrists!

We do not have a fraction of the material or scientific resources of the U. S. A. which, with its colossal industrial potential, seems to lead the world in all matters. Yet we are blindly imitating its suicidal policy in dealing with sickness, giving undue

emphasis to drugs and hospitals and comparatively little to preventive practice by the individual. There is not enough planned instruction in schools and colleges, in integrated living—scientific nutrition, practical psychology, philosophy, etc.; while billions are being spent on the curative side of disease, which is a penalty imposed on man by nature for his indiscretions. Even the healthy people are made to pay for others' indiscretions.

Statistics indicate clearly that the West, including the U. S. A., is going in the wrong direction, trying to fight disease instead of co-operating with nature and harmonizing life with it. *In fact, curative medicine has become almost a "racket," a powerful racket, controlling the press, the radio, even the Government and public opinion.*

The cost of prevention is practically nothing, but individual preventive measures and self-discipline cannot support dividend-yielding industries. Little money is required for simple living and natural foods. Many Governments in the West are influenced by the industrialists and also hypnotized by the propaganda for curative medicines made by drug racketeers, who even deluge doctors with free samples.

Let us consider a few facts about the U.S.A. which many countries envy and emulate in dealing with sickness. In the U.S.A., not more than 4 out of 10 young men are considered fit for the Defence Forces. The many wealthy adults over 50 who are suffering from some chronic disease furnish fashionable doctors and drug manufacturers with excellent experimental material. Comparable statistics are not available but it may be questioned whether the average expectation of life at the age of 50 is much better in the U.S.A. than it was 50 years ago, when comparatively little was spent on medical research, drugs, vitamins, etc., and men depended more upon the priceless simple life. If this is true, although infant and child mortality have been reduced, the U.S.A. has failed as far as healthy and efficient adult longevity is concerned. And this in spite of the vast sums spent in recent decades for medical research, in spite of the discovery of revolutionary drugs like insulin, penicillin, aureomycin, the sulpha drugs, vitamins, etc. (too often misused to cover up sins of commission and omission in living) and in spite of the best food, in liberal quantities, trained doctors and the best equipped hospitals, research laboratories, etc., that the world has ever seen.

Will India worship at the same altar, wasting crores of rupees, which she can ill afford, on curative medicines and drugs, and encouraging wrong physical habits, overeating and drugging, to produce wealthy but physically and mentally sick people who are a liability to the country instead of being a valuable asset? Let India save these crores and use them for Institutes for Integrated Living to help her produce all-round-developed men and women, who can look after their mental

and physical health in a horizontal integration of life at different ages, and vertical integration of activity designed to save the country and the world. Let India start service stations for middle-aged people where they are trained to live, mentally and physically, in harmony with nature. It will require courage and original planning for India to part company with all the other civilized countries and leave the orthodox path in dealing with ill health. Diagnosis of any disease is half the cure. The time-worn adages "Prevention is better than cure" and "A stitch in time saves nine" offer the foundation for any scheme of integrated living.

Nutrition should be a planned business and not a haphazard one. The diet should be properly balanced so that all parts of the system receive proper nourishment. The food should be taken in as natural a condition as possible and not have its best properties machined out of it before it reaches the people. It should be grown with compost and animal manures and not with artificial chemical manures. We get today canned food which is inferior in every way to fresh.

Again, our eating habits are not conducive to health. Food should be taken only at regular times and overeating, especially by the middle-aged, should be avoided. These are all simple rules and if followed, would keep the body healthy. But we prefer to eat badly and wrongly and when we get ill we do not give nature a chance to throw off the poisons by fasting but call in the doctor, who prescribes drugs of various kinds to bring about a reaction. This goes on until the body can react no longer and we have a large number of people suffering from chronic ailments because the natural reactions of the body have been so weakened that it can no longer throw off disease. It should be remembered that *the drug trade is another form of big business, and unfortunately the medical fraternity is harnessed to it;* hence its opposition to the older and simpler methods of nature cure.

Man's training at the university and in the office makes him an efficient machine. His aptitude for learning new hobbies has become atrophied. He has "no time" to play games or indulge in hobbies. There is a natural aversion to learning new things at this stage. It has never crossed his mind that work and money are only a means to an end. A real holiday is a mirage, and it recedes farther and farther till a man is bedridden or is claimed by the undertaker. He does not feel the joy of living with each step he takes.

With planned training, man can render service by an integrated life, in all its widest and deepest implications, always capable of differentiating the inner fountain of joy from the temporary ebullition of pleasure, derived too often from the indulgence of uncontrolled and unhealthy stimulating practices of mind or body,

which bring on afterward an inevitable depression of body, mind and spirit. There is a general and pathological stepping down of self-discipline with each violation against nature, once a man has started earning his living in a sedentary occupation. And so, lacking systematic training in the art and science of integrated living, man limps his way through life, drifting and hit-or-miss. A cynic might almost say it is a case of science being exploited more than of its findings being utilized by man.

A first step in the right direction would be the establishment of even one Institute for Integrated Living where people could be trained in all departments of healthy living. The large number who today suffer from nervous diseases shows the lack of integration between the mind, the feelings and the body due to this high-pressure living. The remedy is simple; reduce the pressure; don't compete with the neighbours; follow ethical standards; take the necessary rest and relaxation; cut out stimulating and alcoholic drinks and late nights; take lots of fresh air; and the nerves will soon be brought into proper order.

S. KAMESAM

NALANDA REDIVIVUS

President Rajendra Prasad laid the foundation stone at Nalanda on November 20th of the Magadha Research Institute. It is most appropriate, as he brought out in his speech on the occasion, that this Institute for the study of Buddhist philosophy and literature in Pali and Prakrit and for instruction in various languages of Buddhist countries should be founded on the site of the ancient Buddhist University of Nalanda, so justly famed for its higher learning, its democratic organization and its catholicity. Its curriculum had included, as Dr. Radhakumud Mookerji has brought out in his *Ancient Indian Education*, "almost the entire circle of knowledge then available." As described by the Chinese scholars Hiuen Tsang and I-Tsing in the seventh century, the studies had included both Brahminical and Buddhist learning, sacred and secular subjects, philosophical and practical studies, sciences and arts. Dr. Prasad especially praised the liberalism and freedom from prejudice of the educational authorities of Nalanda, whose name, he declared,

> is written in golden letters in our history for not only did the quest after knowledge blossom here into flower but also because there was a time when it was the centre from which went out the threads of education to cover wide regions of the earth.

The new Institute on the old site could hardly begin with a nobler aspiration than that to enrich all men with the fruits of its scholarly research. It was already imperceptibly bound up with the name of Nalanda and should continue to inspire the Magadha Research Institute.

> We should resolve that with a liberal mind we will pursue here the study of truth and will continue to lay the fruits of our efforts at the feet of the whole of humanity.

ATHENIANS HAVE NOT CHANGED IN 2,500 YEARS

[**Dr. Munir Abdallah Moyal,** the descendant of Turkish Governors of Palestine, has written several illuminating articles about Eastern Europe, North Africa and the Middle East for our pages. Some of our readers will remember the profound sympathy with the plight of Greece after World War II which Dr. Moyal expressed in his communication entitled "The Greek Tragedy," which appeared in our Correspondence columns in November 1947. It is a different side of Greece which he shows here, in this sensitive record of the timeless beauty of Athens and the friendliness of its inhabitants.—ED.]

You cannot take in Athens in a hurried, herded, guided tour that seeks to cram all the sights into one or two crowded days. The best way to see nothing is to try to see everything; you are then left with so many conflicting impressions that they defeat their own ends.

Athens must pervade you by a continuous osmosis. You must leisurely stroll along her magnificent avenues, by yourself or in the company of a dear friend, for this highly individualistic city delivers her message only to the individual.

The beauty of the city strikes the visitor immediately—its wide, tree-lined boulevards, its parks, its marble-lined buildings—all shining in the clear, luminous air that is typical of Attica. But you need a first stage of initiation to grasp the unique charm that accrues from the Old and New World atmosphere, the souls of the great men that seem to linger in the air and the friendliness of the most likeable citizens. You may or may not go beyond that point. Understanding the soul of this noble and esoteric city, takes a second initiation—humility, patience, love of beauty and a solid classical culture.

When it came to rebuilding modern Athens, then a big village, many writers were of the opinion that it would be heresy to do so on the lines of the Western cities, with their wide, right-angle, intersecting boulevards. Above all, they wanted the city-planners to steer clear of the Acropolis if they cared to preserve its hallowed character. Such a plan would have turned the most magnificent ruins in the world into a kind of lifeless museum in the open air. Fortunately it was ignored. There is no æsthetic chasm between the modern Athens and the noble city of Pericles that is still its throbbing heart.

Aristotle ranked magnificence among the cardinal virtues and this has not been lost on the Athenians. The native sons of the city who have made good in foreign lands vie with one another in beautifying their town with magnificent monuments and public institutions.

The ugliest public edifice is the Royal Palace—a heavy, monotonous affair in the pseudo-antique style affected by the 19th century. In front of it, the "evzones" mount guard. They do not look like real soldiers in their red fez, blue embroidered waistcoat, white pleated kilt, hip-length white stockings and red shoes with huge black pompons on the toes. They have rather the appearance of precious dolls. But such "dolls" sent cold shivers down the spines of those Germans and Italians who had to face them.

You will like the voluptuous Attic night, studded with the diamond dust of the stars and the white track of the Milky Way. It echoes with laughter and songs, despite all the cares brought about by the prevailing inflation. After a hard day's work, the Athenians like to gather around a bottle of the local wine that is bitter, cheap and plentiful, and, to the accompaniment of guitar or mandoline indulge in chorus-singing with instinctive art. Though modern Greek resembles the noble tongue you learnt at the Alma Mater's knee, the spoken language is characterized by such a frequent recurrence of the iota that you are unable to catch a single word of these tuneful songs. But it is rather fun to come across shop-signs reading "Pericles, Barber" or "Socrates, Dry Cleaning."

Even more than "social," the Athenians are "political animals." Your bootblack is likely to leave you in the middle of an elaborate shining process to challenge his fellow bootblacks to what seems a heated debate on foreign affairs, with the names of Truman, Stalin and Bevin freely tossed to and fro. Like every Athenian, he has definite ideas about who should run the country: himself.

The Athenians are still true to the penetrating portrait drawn of them 2,500 years ago by Thucydides. They have a clear, analytical mind, are clever, articulate and quick-witted. They are uncompromising individualists and nurture a fiery passion for eloquence. These features account for the multiplicity of political parties and do, indeed, produce a deplorably weak government.

In the city's history written in stone, there is a 17th century near-blank. Only a few nondescript churches remain from mediæval Athens, overshadowed as it was by the imperial prestige of Byzantium. To bear witness to their 400-odd years' sway, the Turks have left two mosques, now in ruins. You brusquely jump from the 20th century A.D. to the 5th B.C. The impression is startling, the more so as the most beautiful ruins are concentrated at the foot of or on the Acropolis Hill.

The boat-shaped, isolated Acropolis' rocky spur, 512 ft. high, looms everywhere above the tall office buildings and hotels that surround it on every side. Nearly 1,000 ft. at its longest and over 450 ft. at its widest, it towers over dizzy precipices.

How wrong the Cassandras were! The Parthenon and its honey-hued columns that have taken on the

golden paten of the sun, stands in striking contrast to the uniform background of modern Athens, by which its timeless beauty is enhanced. Even at a distance, you notice the havoc wrought, not so much by time as by man's vandalism, malice and sheer stupidity. Till towards the end of the 17th century, this unique monument stood in pretty much the same state as Phidias, Ictinus, Callicrates and their fellow-artists had shaped it.

But on September 26th, 1687, a mercenary in the pay of the Venetian Republic then besieging Turkish-held Athens, scored a direct hit on the monument. As it was then used as —of all things—a powder magazine, it blew up. Almost the whole of its magnificent frieze, eight columns on the north porch and six on the south, crashed down with their entablatures. The north portico has been awkwardly restored, while the south portico was fortunately left alone.

It was left to Lord Elgin, over a hundred years later, to complete thoroughly the dilapidations of time and war. He methodically stripped, for the benefit of the British Museum, the tympanum of its statuary, well over 200 feet of the frieze, and made a clean sweep of all the fallen columns. In the process, cornices and triglyphs were carelessly hammered away. To make amends for his crime against the spirit, Lord Elgin presented Athens with the monumental horror of an out-size clock that fortunately went up in flames together with the bazaar it crowned.

Great Britain would earn for herself durable titles to the regard of all lovers of beauty were she to restore to the place where they belong those heirlooms of the whole of mankind. In the cold mist of London, in a lifeless museum hall, they stand strangely out of context. They need the golden sun of Attica, the veneration of the Athenians, the most harmonious monument they were meant to adorn, to find again their eternal youth.

From the vantage ground of the Acropolis one looks out over an astonishing view that takes in not only the whole city to the north, but a wide stretch of country to the south. In the pure light of Attica the geographical features stand out so clearly against one another or the sky-line that they seem cut out of cardboard. The view commands on the right Eleusis Bay and the massive Acrocorinthus, topped by the high Peloponnesus Mountains that bar the horizon. On the left stretches away the Attic coast as far as the 60-miles-distant Hydra Island, the Argolid Mountains, the three ports of ancient Athens—the Piræus, Munychia and Phalerum—and the hatchet-shaped Salamis Island.

It will take time to understand the secret soul of the Parthenon and the great lesson it imparts. At first sight, all these sun-drenched ruins may even bore you. You must return and return again to this sacred place. You must examine every column, every stone, as they change hourly

in aspect with the veering light; only in this way will they spring back into life.

In the beginning, you are very proud to discover, in the early morning, that there are some columns thicker and longer than the rest. You cannot help thinking: "Sloppy work!" But you will think better of it later on. As the shadows shorten you discover that these angle columns are apt, by virtue of their projecting position, to get more than their fair share of light, which somehow eats them up so they then seem of the same thickness and length as their neighbours. On closer scrutiny, you will find that every detail bears the stamp of a painstaking and perfectionist quest for beauty. The seemingly flat surfaces are in reality slightly convex. The seemingly vertical walls and columns slope gently towards the interior of the edifice. In this way, the Greek architects succeeded in correcting the aberration of your vision, which always tends to deform too long a straight line.

When you take the Sacred Path, marked by round holes slowly dug in the rock by the hoofs of sacrificial animals past the Propylæa, you catch a glimpse in perspective of the western and northern façades that seem bigger than the actual proportions of the monument, but these are so harmonious that they do not seem to crush you as the low-slung Egyptian temples do. Like a pendant stands the elegant Erechtheum displaying first its most gracious façade, the Caryatid portico. These serene statues that had to be sculptured larger than nature to keep them in harmony with the monumental proportions of the façade, do not strike you as colossal. By the simple expedient of bending the knee that is nearer to the middle of the edifice the Greek sculptor has evaded the pitfall of creating an impression of stiffness.

You should pay your last visit to the Acropolis by moonlight. The deep and glittering Attic nights mercifully hide the scars of the centuries. The subdued light of the moon adds a touch of mysterious depth to the ruins and affords wide scope to your imagination to complete them with their shadows. You put the great tympanum, adorned with its priceless statues, back on its columns, you forget the awkward restoration of the Parthenon. The Propylæa, meant as an entrance hall to the Acropolis, but ranked by many ancient writers even higher than the Parthenon itself, is no mere hulk of a building with only six standing columns. You forget that the Erechtheum is only a recent replica of the original thing. In the mysterious penumbra of the Parthenon's cella stands again Phidias' 40 ft. statue of Pallas Athene, patron goddess of Athens, sculptured in ivory and gold.

Can you see the solemn procession of Athenians bringing to Athene the new embroidered peplos—and their hearts? Can you hear the harmony of lutes and lyres? At the head of

the cortege winding its way up the steep Sacred Path, come first the gracious maidens of Athens, then the sacred-basket bearers, the trireme bearers, the musicians, flanked by priests and magistrates. Bringing up the rear a brilliant retinue of horsemen and charioteers, the flower of the city's manhood.

At your feet glisten the strung pearls of the city's lights girdling the seacoast. You then understand what strong links tie you to that narrow corner of the earth that has given birth to what has been aptly termed "the Greek Miracle." You fully grasp the meaning of what a French writer, Ernest Renan, has written about the Acropolis "This is a place where the Spirit blows!"

And you are never likely to forget the great lesson that Athens and the Athenians have to teach you: the sense of measure, the love for beauty and harmony, the unquenchable passion for freedom and never to kneel before brute strength.

M. A. Moyal

AN ARTIST AND A PIONEER

Abanindranath Tagore, who passed away at Calcutta on 5th December, 1951, was, perhaps, the last in the line of geniuses born in the Tagore family, whose contribution to the cultural and spiritual renaissance of modern India has been so significant. Abanindranath's own special sphere of work, in which he engaged himself for nearly six decades (he was 81 at the time of his death), was art. And it is no exaggeration to say that, in this respect, he was the parent of the present-day revival and reorientation among the artists of the country,—thanks to E.B. Howell, that ideal teacher, who inspired him to leave the path of imitation of the western tastes and techniques in art, trodden hitherto by most of the Indian artists, and to contact the soul of India through his own individual, *creative* compositions.

Already, in his youth, Abanindranath had given ample proofs of his genius in the many literary, cultural and artistic programmes which were such a unique feature of the life of the Tagores. He later only changed the direction of the unfoldment of his true self and concentrated on art. Thereafter, in succession, he painted pictures which eloquently expressed the ageless spirit that is Aryavarta. To him, nature revealed the archetypal forms of beauty and harmony, which he conjured up before the onlooker's eye with his wizard-like brush. He had something of the eternal child in him, so replete with the sense of wonder was he till the very last. After physical infirmity had set in, his deft fingers continued to create siren-like princesses out of pieces of straw and princes royal out of rejected strips of rags. His unusual gift for composing and telling stories had made of him an idol, both of the young and of the old. He was a born actor and in many a play of the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, he took a leading rôle. His skill in instrumental music had won him the admiration of the adept. With his Puck-like humour he would send the company or the drawing-room into peals of hilarious laughter. Abanindranath was, in short, a many-sided genius in the tradition of the illustrious artists at the courts of kings, who were philosophers.

G. M.

IS THE SINGER LESS THAN HIS THEME?

[A well-known Indian educationist and writer in Kannada and English, **Principal V. K. Gokak** of the Rajaram College, Kolhapur, analyzes here Matthew Arnold's views on the origin of beauty and, incidentally, on whether Nature or Man is superior.—ED.]

Arnold published *The Youth of Nature* and *The Youth of Man* in the volume of poems called *Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems*, 1852. Even a casual study of the two poems reveals the fact that they are companion pieces, like Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. But they are not presentations of two opposite moods like Milton's poems. "The Youth of Man" is only a supplement to "The Youth of Nature." The philosophic argument in "The Youth of Man" is much thinner and the transfiguring power of inspiration less apparent in its style, rhythm and imagery, than in the other poem, but the two together serve as a remarkable exposition of an interesting æsthetic problem. I shall attempt here to assess the merits of Arnold's exposition and to point out its possible limitations.

The two poems are composed in the manner of a medieval "debate." Is Nature greater than the human Soul? Or is the Soul greater than Nature? Arnold raises this question in both poems, states the case for the superiority of man's Soul to Nature, but so presents the case for Nature that there is no doubt left in the reader's mind regarding Arnold's own preference.

There is a remarkable similarity in the structure of the two poems. Both are composed as irregular odes and in unrhymed verse. The first stanza in "The Youth of Nature" sketches the scenery around Rydal and Fairfield, which is the setting for Arnold's meditative effusion, and it states the central theme :—

> Nature is fresh as of old,
> Is lovely: a mortal is dead.

Arnold pays a noble tribute to the memory of Wordsworth, recently dead, in the three succeeding stanzas. He compares him to Tiresias, the prophet of Thebes. But this elegiac strain is no mere digression. The life and personality of Wordsworth throw the central theme of the poem into bold relief. Wordsworth had lent a new life to these lakes and hills. Men had seen with his eyes and been glad. Now that he was dead, darkness had returned to their eyes. This leads Arnold on to speculate in the next stanza as to the origin of beauty and delight. Is it moonlight, lake and mountain that fill us with joy or is it the poet who sings them so well? Is beauty subjective or objective?

The stanzas that follow state the case for Nature. Arnold hears the murmur of Nature and reproduces it in exquisite words. At the end of a long argument, Nature proclaims :—

They are dust, they are changed,
they are gone!
I remain.

"The Youth of Man" is a little loose and thin, but it follows the same pattern. The first two stanzas state the central theme. Nature, who sees us die, sees us also change while we live; and it is well for us that we change from the mistakes of our youth to the contrition of old age. The scenery in the poem is the still valley and the "Imperial Stream." In place of Wordsworth who had lent a new life to the hills and the lakes, we have the old pair who had felt, when they were young, that Nature was nothing and that her charm lived in their eyes. Though Nature does not murmur in reply in this poem, her muteness and inscrutable calm are themselves a sufficient commentary on the change that has taken place in them. The old couple themselves supply the answer. Time has brushed off the bloom from their souls. They droop and grow old within the walls of an ever-narrowing world. They see no longer their youth in Nature. The valley had been entrancingly beautiful when they saw it in their youth. Now, in old age, they hear the children's shouts and the bark of a dog from a distant farm. But they see and hear nothing besides. The valley and the copse are darkening fast and the glory of day plays now only on the city spires; it is the vanishing glory of the sunset. The past returns to their memory and they feel the vast difference between what they are and what they were. They now feel that Nature was always fair. It was their own pride that made them think that the beauty of Nature was not inherent but emanated from them. The mists of delusion fall from their eyes and they feel that their lives have been wasted.

Fruit grows from such sorrow as theirs. Repentance brings wisdom in its wake. But old age has no longer the ardour of youth which is necessary for identifying oneself with all the beauty, variety and movement of Nature. Man should have this wisdom when he is young. He should yearn to the greatness of Nature when the fire of youth is still burning in him.

Arnold inserts a touching prayer to Nature—the "Soul of the world"—in the middle of the poem:—

Only the living can feel you:
But leave us not while we live!

In three rhythmical phrases Arnold lays bare his conception of Nature:—

Murmur of living!
Stir of existence!
Soul of the world!

It is the *process* that underlies all phenomena. It is the persisting pattern of change and movement and recurrence of movement behind sunset and moonlight, the songs of birds, the life of animals and the collective and individual life and dreams of man. The vast stir of existence in the universe from the worm beneath the sod to the stars in the firmament, the murmur of living, from the wind among the reeds to the music of the reed turned into a

flute—all that, taken together, is Nature. Nature, in one word, is Life —life in all its manifestations on the material, the vital and the mental planes.

Life or Nature, says Arnold, is immortal. One race of men after another has thought that the secret of Nature was theirs, that Nature lived but for them. But they are dust, they are changed. Nature remains. Loveliness, magic and grace are set here in the world immortally; they inhere in the objects of Nature. Men do not even know themselves and their fellows. How can they know Nature—the One that remains while the many "change and pass"? They cannot scan all her thoughts or speak in the voice of her hills. Even the finest of souls or the greatest of poets have not been thrilled by all Nature's beauty, nor is the dullest soul quite dead to it. At his best, the artist can but give the image of life, and can the image have the glow, the motion of life itself?

Described in this way, Nature is the Divine in its cosmic manifestation, the Cosmic Self. But what about the artist? He is, no doubt, a priest of the wonder and bloom of the world. But loveliness, magic and grace are the life of the world and are immortal, whereas the poet who sings them will die. The artist hardly knows

> The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom
> Of the unlit gulph of himself.

This is a vivid phrase, and reminds one of Wordsworth's lines :—

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

Again, the artist cannot adequately express the glow and freshness of all his experience, his own pain, joy or inner consciousness. He can, at the most, imitate feebly what charmed him in others, but cannot make it "re-live." The artist's pencil cannot restore the bloom of his beloved as she was in the morning of spring. The gleam of Nature's skies cannot be rendered or the moan of her seas echoed even by the greatest artist or poet.

Lastly, not only is the artist mortal; Nature, that sees him die, also sees him change while he lives. He loses the power of response which he had when he was young. He droops and grows blind. The range of his interests as a young man was as wide as the universe. But the circumference is now no wider than the centre itself. The best that the artist can do, therefore, is to "rally the good in the depths" of himself and "yearn to the greatness of Nature" when he is still young and his power of response is intact.

But one feels that full justice has not been done to the artist or the individual in this "debate." This is so partly because of Arnold's agnosticism. But there are other reasons for it. The poet may not be able to convey the poignancy of all his feelings, but his utterance, whenever it is great, is representative. It becomes the voice of humanity. It is the agony and faith of

humanity itself that finds expression in a drama like *Othello* or *King Lear*. Secondly, the artist may not be able to render the gleam of the skies or to give to the image the glow and motion of life. But an ideal element enters into his art. He gives the archetype, the pattern that persists behind phenomena. He may not be able to restore the bloom of *his* beloved. But the bloom of love itself will be ever fresh in his pages.

Again, the artist is, no doubt, a mortal. But this comparison of the individual of a species with Nature on the other side is unfair. If Nature is immortal, so is the race of poets that celebrate her glory in song. The poetic torch is handed down by one generation to another.

Arnold further says that the finest of souls have not been thrilled by all the beauties of Nature. This is obviously impossible in the physical or intellectual sense, though an individual may visit all the famous beauty spots of the world. Nor can he know all that there is to be known about Nature. But it is possible for man to approach Nature intuitively. The Soul of man can experience an inner unity with the Soul of Nature, the Dynamic Self or the Cosmic Divine.

Arnold says, too, that Nature is eternally young, that man grows old and loses his power of response. This may be true of a few, like Wordsworth. But what about Rabindranath Tagore? Then there is Sri Aurobindo, who in his seventies composed *Savitri*, his wonderful lyrical epic of cosmic sweep and range. The fact is that Arnold confuses here the youth of the physical organism with the youth of genius and the powers of inspiration and of revelation. These are vastly different from the youth of the body. Man gains command over them by an inner discipline and by living in the light of the spirit. The misfortune of Wordsworth lay in the stagnation of his inner life, not in the mere fact of growing old. It has even been claimed for the ancient disciplines that the transformation of the body into a permanently strong and healthy instrument of the human personality is possible.

We cannot say, therefore, that man is an insignificant creature when compared with Nature. What Arnold says is true, for the large majority, but of the "instrumental self" of man, not of his Soul or psychic self. This latter is as immortal as Nature itself. From the point of view of the psyche, the singer is as great as his theme. Nature at its best is the Cosmic Divine. Man at his best is not merely the psyche, the lord of the physical, vital and mental instruments, but the Spirit, the Individual Divine. Of the three manifestations of the Divine—the Transcendent, the Immanent and the Individual—Nature stands for the second and man for the third. Arnold sees Nature as the Cosmic Divine. But he fails to realize that the human Soul is an immortal portion of the Divine. When man rises to his highest stature, he be-

comes the Son of God.

Arnold states, in both the poems, the subjective view that Nature is nothing. Nature has neither beauty nor warmth, nor life, nor emotion, nor power. But man has a thousand gifts and, as a generous dreamer, he invests the senseless world with them all. The charm of Nature lives only in our eyes which can paint, and in our hearts which can feel.

But Arnold also states and seems to prefer the objective view, the view that beauty inheres in Nature. Man changes and grows old, but Nature remains eternally fresh and beautiful. The poet dies but loveliness, magic and grace, which are the life of the world, are immortal.

Needless to say, Arnold's reluctance to recognize the human Soul has affected his theory of beauty and made it one-sided. A greater poet than Arnold, Wordsworth, Arnold's own master, had apprehended the correct position and stated it in the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*. That view is that the discerning intellect of man is "wedded to this goodly universe in love and holy passion." This great consummation makes Paradise a "simple produce of the common day." Beauty is the offspring of the union of the discerning intellect of man with the universe. It is with their blended might that poetic creation is accomplished. Wordsworth knows how exquisitely the individual Mind is fitted to the external World and *vice versa*, which is possible only because the Mind and the World are twin aspects of the same Reality. It is the innate affinity between the two that gives to the World the power to attract the Mind and to the Mind its power of response.

It must be admitted in fairness to Arnold that, though he does not visualize the fundamental equality of the World and the Mind and the cardinal importance of their union in equality, he describes in a passage, in words of enduring beauty, the process by which the human Soul is united to the Cosmic Divine and thus becomes the parent of beauty :—

> Is it you, O Beauty, O Grace,
> O Charm, O Romance, that we feel,
> Or the voice which reveals what you are?
> Are ye, like daylight and sun,
> Shared and rejoiced in by all?
> Or are ye immersed in the mass
> Of matter, and hard to extract,
> Or sunk at the core of the world
> Too deep for the most to discern?
> Like stars in the deep of the sky,
> Which arise on the glass of the sage,
> But are lost when their watcher is gone.

The great majority of people cannot discern the Cosmic Divine in the universe. Beauty, grace and charm are there, no doubt, but they are lost except for the keen watcher, the seeing eye, the human Soul. Beauty, charm and grace become apparent only when the discerning intellect or vision of the poet and the sage is, as Wordsworth put it,

> ...wedded to this goodly universe
> In love and holy passion.

The singer is less than his theme only in the sense that the individual is a unique, and not a larger and wider, manifestation, like Nature, the One which contains the Many. But both are equal in the Divine.

V. K. GOKAK

THE SPIRIT OF SARVODAYA

[The *Sarvodaya* ideal which Gandhiji proclaimed, setting the universal good higher than the greatest good of the greatest number, is the subject of this short but pregnant essay by **Shri Gurdial Mallik,** long of Santiniketan, who has been a frequent contributor to our pages.—ED.]

The sun is a universally accepted symbol of Truth. Therefore, every aspect of Truth has something of the luminosity and limitlessness of the sun, on the one hand, and of its castelessness and catholicity on the other.

Sarvodaya is like the sun ; it is for all, the rich and the poor, the illiterate and the illumined, the lowly and the proud, for master and servant, men and women, girls and boys, the saint and the sinner, just as the sun shines on all, from the cloud-kissing heights of the Himalayas to the slums of the humanity-forsaken sweepers.

Justice, therefore, is the meed as well as the need of every one. For, " rigid justice rules the world, " says a Teacher of Wisdom. Its working out in human life is, however, two-way traffic. Justice must be done *to* man and justice must also be done *by* man. Often the emphasis is on the former demand, while the latter obligation is almost invariably overlooked, as in the case of the creditor in the parable in the Bible who had his own debts remitted, but did not remit the debts which others owed to him.

The dispensing of justice means respecting the divine in man. And as man expresses his inherent divinity best in his own *dharma* or appointed situation in life, it further implies that his particular vocation also should be respected. That is why " all service ranks the same with God, " as a poet sings.

The ideal of *Sarvodaya* stands for justice to all—even " unto this last. " Its implementation is, however, a co-operative commonwealth. Justice by man to his fellow-men sets in motion the *dharma-chakra*, the wheel of the Law, though generally he is not able to see the revolving movement. All the same, something within him assures him that the *dharma-chakra* is revolving. Hence, it comes to pass that the person in whom the *Sarvodaya* ideal dwells is always more conscious of his own obligations to others than of his dues from others. He has the faith, which is as firm as the proverbial " rock of ages, " that, if in his own conduct he behaves like the lighted candle which burns itself out to give light to others, he will have as his allies, in the implementing of the Moral Law, the very hosts of heaven.

GURDIAL MALLIK

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

GANDHIAN SOLUTION

If, at the turn of the much-vaunted 20th century we find ourselves looking forward to the second half of it with fear and trembling, what can be done about it? During the first half we have experienced great cruelty but cruelty is nothing new. The ferocity of the cruelty to which we have been subjected is, however, unparalleled in the history of human life on this planet as we know it. We have seen unprecedented intoxication with unprecedented power and the unprecedented insolence it breeds. It is not an age of anxiety, as Huxley has called it, except for those lucky enough to have escaped being directly involved so far. For others it is an age of agony. The 20th century can, too appropriately, be called a century of suffering.

Suffering, like everything else, has its laws. Blind suffering, like blind faith, is of little avail. Gandhiji accepts suffering as an indispensable condition of our being but *Satyagraha* is not blind. It is voluntary suffering undertaken with the object of discovering and revealing the truth hidden in human conflicts. Only a masochist indulges in suffering for the sake of suffering but suffering is an unavoidable prelude to the achievement of a difficult and noble purpose. It must be taken in the spirit of an Arctic explorer who accepts the risks of dangerous expeditions and prepares himself for as many exigencies as he can foresee.

The ice-bound regions of the human heart were the scene of Gandhiji's expeditions and on the last one he lost his life. His recorded experience is invaluable to his successors. This book, in which his writings on *Satyagraha* are collected, will undoubtedly be a standard work of reference for all who have to deal with human beings and their complicated relationships.

The faith which gave Gandhiji the courage to set out on his voyages of discovery was as simple as the famous egg by means of which Columbus convinced the learned and sceptical that the earth might be round. Gandhiji formulated this faith in these words :—

> Nature has implanted in the human heart ability to cope with any difficulty or suffering that may come to man unprovoked.

It is upon this faith indeed that modern civilization has been built. Few will be found willing to admit that any natural phenomena or material circumstance can defeat men forever or that there is anything men cannot, in course of time, come to know, understand and master. If we refuse to give way before material obstacles why do we collapse before spiritual ones? Why this despair, drift, negation?

The problems that are blocking further progress and threaten to destroy our small gains, are not material ones. Fear hypnotizes the mind of man. Like a bird bewitched by a serpent, man fancies himself helpless and

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Satyagraha. By M. K. GANDHI. (406 pp. 1951. Rs. 5/8); *An Atheist with Gandhi*. By "GORA." (55 pp. 1951. Re. 1/-). (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad).

hopeless though all his faculties are intact; he forgets the wings of his spirit and docilely abdicates his human status, supinely acquiescing in his own and others' destruction. Fear paralyzes his thought processes and makes his creative activity sterile.

Neither are our problems new. Fear is not new. Death is not new. Evil is not new. Men have met and conquered these things before; the devious devices of the cunning and cruel have been defied and the race has survived. Little by little the conscience of mankind has been formed by this disinterested and sacrificial defiance. Enough experience has now accumulated to enable a single law operating through this defiance to be discerned, a law of voluntary and selfless suffering, a law which was studied by Gandhiji and consciously made use of in order to eradicate the causes of blind, involuntary and unprovoked suffering. The name given to this law by its discoverer is *Satyagraha*. Writing after the massacre of Jallianwala Bagh in 1919 Gandhiji said, "We shall have to undergo such processes many more times till they teach us to take up suffering voluntarily and to find joy in it." It is the joy of a mother in the throes of childbirth, who endures for the sake of the life to come.

"Gora" (Shri Ramchandra Rao) is a Gandhian constructive worker but he differs from Gandhi in his Atheism. On this subject he had a number of discussions with Gandhiji, a summary of which is given in this very interesting book. "I want atheism to make man self-confident and to establish social and economic equalities non-violently," he said,

"Tell me, Bapu, where I am wrong."

Gandhiji replied, "Yes, I see an ideal in your talk. I can neither say my theism is right nor your atheism is wrong. We are seekers after truth. We change whenever we find ourselves in the wrong. I changed like that many times in my life. I see you are a worker. You are not a fanatic. ...Whether you are in the right or I am in the right, results will prove. Then I may go your way or you may come my way; or both of us may go a third way. So go ahead with your work. I will help you though your method is against mine." Gandhiji was as good as his word; he not only helped "Gora" he loved him.

LILA RAY

Cradle of the Clouds. By SUDHIN N. GHOSE. (Michael Joseph, Ltd., London. 304 pp. 1951. 15*s*.)

Few Indian authors writing in English have successfully combined a lyrical spirit with a balanced sense of fun and seriousness as Sudhin Ghose has. The second book of his autobiography, *Cradle of the Clouds*, more than sustains the remarkable narrative achievement of the first *And Gazelles Leaping*. The illustrations are again by Shrimati Arnakali E. Carlile.

Ghose's style has all the merits of sensitive fiction. He allows himself time and scope to catch the poetry of primitive movement in the Santals, whom he greatly admires, and to reflect the glint of ironic paradox contained in such slogans as "India demands Free and Compulsory Higher Education for all." His political bite makes itself felt, but is free of prejudiced venom. The whole effect is sun-warm-

ed, colourful and alive. There is not a dead page in the book.

The writing has a highly imaginative quality. It would be wrong to deduce from this, as more than one critic has, that Ghose's facts are questionable. All who know the Bengal of the villages, bright with light and suddenly sombre with shade, will recognize how these contrasts of shadow and substance are cleverly shown to be present also in the feelings of the people. Ghose passes from spiritual to sensuous perception with a sureness of touch that Tagore had before him: those who doubt the validity of his experience do not understand the subtlety of the Bengali mind. In this book the events and gropings of his later adolescence pass through the fine mesh of his adult intelligence. The result is a work of art. It is far removed from the ego-ridden reportage and anecdotage which has rendered many autobiographies in India, and elsewhere, so popular and so tiresome.

We look forward to more from Ghose. In the third volume he promises to enter Calcutta University where he hopes to discover the seat of Sapience, the "Cradle of the Clouds." But with all respect for this venerable institution, we cannot help anticipating that he did not find the *rishi*-wisdom he sought there.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Index of Papers Submitted to the All-India Oriental Conference (Sessions I to XII); 1919-1944. Compiled by K. VENKATESWARA SARMA. (General Secretary, All-India Oriental Conference, Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona 4. xii—501 pp. 1949. Rs. 12/-; for Members, Rs. 6/-)

Indologists all over the world will welcome this Index to the 12 Volumes of the *Proceedings of the All-India Oriental Conference,* listing papers on diverse subjects of Indology, with a Foreword by Dr. S. K. De. The volume contains an Author index, a Title index and two Appendices containing tables of Inviting Bodies, Presidents, Secretaries, Sectional Presidents, etc. Its reference value is great, as it is a complete alphabetical bibliography of about 3,000 papers, prepared with precision and care.

With the growth of Indological studies in India, the value of such indices is being increasingly recognized by research workers, who are naturally curious to know the work of their predecessors in the specific fields of their study. We must, therefore, congratulate Shri Sarma and the authorities of the All-India Oriental Conference upon this nice Index so neatly printed and cheaply priced for the Members of the Conference. It would not be out of place to suggest here that every volume of papers to be published by the All-India Oriental Conference should be provided with a general index so that the varied material in it can be used by research scholars without waste of time and labour.

P. K. GODE

The Concept of the United Nations : A Philosophical Analysis. By E. M. HOUGH. IIC Transaction No. 9. (The Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. 14 pp. 1951. Re. 1/-)

The Indian Institute of Culture, which is slowly building up a truly international centre of culture at Bangalore, has done well to publish this short monograph devoted to a philosophical analysis of the concept of the United Nations. Dr. Hough has given us a valuable and suggestive interpretation of a concept which holds within itself immense possibilities for the future good of the human race.

Dr. Hough well points out that the "nobly conceived and nobly phrased" Preamble to the Charter, which "is a milestone on humanity's long and difficult road to enduring peace in justice and in freedom" comes straight from "the intuitive and compassionate heart of man," while "the structure of the United Nations Organization is the work of his generally far from disinterested, calculating mind." That there should be a gap between the ideals articulated in the Preamble and the instruments fashioned in the Charter to realize them in everyday life need not, as Dr. Hough has herself explained, make us pessimistic about the future of mankind.

The vision of the oneness of the human family has for centuries past been present in the dim consciousness of the mind of man and some of the noblest of the race, like Buddha, Jesus Christ and Gandhi, have by their living examples striven hard to make that vision come true. And, notwithstanding the many lapses from the ideal, that every man should so order his life as to promote the common good which the teachers of mankind have held before it, which have occurred throughout history, it cannot be denied that humanity has achieved a very large measure of success in co-operative and helpful living in its group life. This fact attests to the innate nobility of the human spirit.

Dr. Hough rightly points out that economic and social amelioration is very necessary if the mental and spiritual faculties of man are to blossom out. The work of the United Nations, through its many agencies, to combat disease, hunger and poverty in many parts of the world, is a heartening spectacle.

One is very glad to notice the excellent suggestion which Dr. Hough makes, namely that "the possibility of bringing the Co-operative Movement into closer relations with the United Nations" needs to be fully explored. Countries like Denmark have made tremendous progress by the application of the co-operative principle to many phases of their life.

We cannot afford to allow this great institution of the United Nations to fail, because it embodies the hope of peace which mankind has cherished through the ages. As Dr. Hough has well put it :—

> Lincoln's exhortation to the espousers of the cause of union and of freedom in the American Civil War is most appropriate in the present context, for by our efforts, individual and national, "we shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

M. RAMASWAMY

The Romance of Indian Embroidery. By KAMALA S. DONGERKERY. (Thacker and Co., Ltd., Fort, Bombay. 62 pp. Illustrated. 1951. Rs. 12/8)

There is a wealth of information as well as a feast for the eye and the imagination in this beautifully written book. The title is appropriate, though the social scientist and the historian will find almost as much in it as will the poet and the connoisseur.

Mrs. Dongerkery, herself an artist and a poet, traces the history of embroidery in India from very ancient times, describing incidentally the development of the art throughout the world and tracing relationships between the embroidery of India and that of other countries. Present-day India is a veritable treasure-house for the lover of beautiful handiwork, and the variations found in different parts of the country offer fascinating clues to the social milieu and the temperaments of the artists, for, whether housewives or professional artisans, artists they are by virtue of their sense of rhythm and of harmonious blending of colours, their original designs and their mastery of their medium.

Cutting across communal barriers, embroidery is shown to have played its own part in cementing the basic cultural unity of India, and this in spite of the distinctive regional types, which the author has so graphically described and interpreted.

Thus, for example,

> the embroidery of Sind, Cutch and Kathiawar bespeaks the pomp and pageantry of a princely order that is fast disappearing, and ...the *kasuti* of the Karnatak is a manifestation of the spiritual and religious yearnings of a sober people,

while the embroidery of picturesque Kashmir competes with that region's charms in its bird and flower motifs in gorgeous colours. In contrast, the *Chikan* work of the Gangetic Plains is all white, with an effect of simplicity, austerity and purity all its own.

This art has so far held its own, despite the borrowing of its designs by weavers, printers and artisans, and the competition of the machine, but in several areas embroidery is hard-pressed today. The extreme poverty of most of the tasteful and original professional artists of the needle is repeatedly referred to by Mrs. Dongerkery. Poverty-stricken and underfed as they are, however, they have been able to produce work of rare loveliness which has become famous everywhere. The author has made out a convincing case for research in the standardization and economics of hand embroidery, and every reader of this book will echo her plea for adequate encouragement of the arts. She suggests fuller exploitation of embroidery as a cottage industry, co-operatively organized. The satisfying of the urge for artistic expression is itself rewarding, no doubt, but the creator of beauty and his family also have to eat.

The book is beautifully and profusely illustrated, many of the plates being in colour; and the dust cover with its embroidery pattern in contrasting hues is most attractive. The documentation is unobtrusive but adequate; and there is a useful index. Prof. G. S. Ghurye has contributed an informative introduction. *The Romance of Indian Embroidery* will be a worthy cultural ambassador from India to other countries.

E. M. H.

Sufism: An Account of the Mystics of Islam. By A. J. Arberry. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 141 pp. 1950. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume in the series of Ethical and Religious Classics of East and West is a "background book" designed to familiarize Western readers with the context in which those classical works of which translations are available originally appeared. Sufism has been much studied by Orientalists during the last half-century or so, but sometimes the non-specialist has been able to see little but the dry bones of scholarship. Professor Arberry is one of the growing number of responsible thinkers who are convinced that a member of one religion may, without abandoning his religion, learn many valuable lessons from the great figures of other religions; and his aim in this book is to indicate how in the present crisis and predicament of the world Sufism is a possible source of guidance. The spirit of the book is well expressed in the concluding paragraph:—

> It is far from useless to look back into the pages of the distant past. Whether we are Muslims or not, we are all surely children of One Father; and it is therefore no impertinence, no irrelevancy for the Christian scholar to aim at rediscovering those vital truths which made the Sufi movement so powerful an influence for good. If he may have the co-operation of his Muslim colleagues in this research—and signs are not wanting that he will—together they may hope to unfold a truly remarkable and inspiring history of high human endeavour; together they may succeed in retracing a pattern of thought and behaviour which will supply the needs of many seeking the re-establishment of moral and spiritual values in these dark and threatening times.

In furtherance of his aim Professor Arberry has chapters on the main stages and aspects of the development of Sufism. He starts with its source in the Koran and the life of Muhammad he follows it through phases in which asceticism, then pure mystical experience, then reflection on that experience, were dominant; he comes to the growth of the Sufi orders, which meant so much to Islam as a religion from the 12th century to the 19th, and to the parallel elaboration of a theosophy; and he ends with the decay that set in about the 16th century but was never all-pervading. To a considerable extent Professor Arberry allows us to hear the actual words of the outstanding Sufis, usually in his own most felicitous renderings; some passages are from manuscripts not so far published. This very sympathetic account of the Mystics of Islam should help to unlock the doors of a rich treasure-house.

W. Montgomery Watt

White Dawns of Awakening. By Lotika Ghose. (Thacker, Spink and Co. (1933), Ltd., Calcutta. 96 pp. 1950. Rs. 4/8)

This well-produced volume consists of a sequence of 31 lyrics ("White Dawns of Awakening"), another sequence of 16 lyrics ("At the Vedic Altar") and a group of about 40 lyrics collectively described as "Waves of Eternity." These titles and the dedication to Sri Aurobindo—"At the Master's feet I lay these poems, pale glimmerings from his Central Sun awaiting the full light of his dawn in my heart"—define with some clarity both the sources of the author's inspiration and the nature of her preoccupations as a poet. It is obvious that Miss Lotika Ghose is irresistibly lured by

the far horizons of the Spirit; her mind is filled with visions of the panorama of the Spirit's landscape and she is seized with a divine discontent that can only end with the finality of Realization. The first verse in the volume indicates at once the amplitude of her theme and the simple mode of her poetic expression:—

> The mystic unborn in my heart is calling
> Out of some shoreless sea,
> Whose waves are a bliss and joy unending
> Whose chant is eternity.

Ardours, aspirations, gleams, visions, half-lights, elations, set-backs, shocks of ecstasy...they are all in the programme; yet, zigzagging her way through the difficulties, she presses on to her goal. Aurobindonian echoes, in thought as well as in phrase, are scattered throughout the book, and in consequence the lyrics gain in meaning and melodic richness. The rhymes, although generally satisfying, are occasionally uncouth (come, home; morn, sworn); and the repetition of the same rhymes (light, might; seeing, being) within a few pages might have been avoided. On the other hand, criticism must silence itself in the face of such complete fusion of idea and expression as in—

> Ignorant, blind, how could I know
> That He whom I sought all day,
> On this stormy night, a stranger unknown,
> Had come to my house of clay?

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Mystery of Dreams. By WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 280 pp. 1950. 16*s*.)

Who is there who is not interested in and mystified by dreams? From the primitive savage to the ultra-rational scientist of the present day, from the care-free, romping child to the care-worn, old man, every one has been a willing captive to the seductive charm of the mystery of Dreams.

No wonder that books galore have appeared claiming to unravel the mysteries of dreams and dream symbols. But the world had to wait for Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, for its first scientific treatise: *The Interpretation of Dreams.* Freud confined himself to an explanation of dreams based upon tracing their causes to antecedent experiences in the dreamer's life. There are, however, telepathic, clairvoyant and premonitory dreams which do not yield readily to psychoanalytical treatment. These are the kind of dreams which have engaged the attention of the Society for Psychical Research; and these are the dreams which form the main theme of the book under review.

The author cites examples, duly authenticated, of veridical dreams of the three main kinds mentioned above. He observes that these dreams, for which modern psychology has no satisfying explanation, have a profound bearing on human personality.

The book makes fascinating reading, and comes out as a challenge to the modern scientist and psychologist. If all human beings have the capacity to perceive the future—though the capacity may be latent, then our present conception of time will have to undergo a revolutionary change. And the science of psychology will also have to change in regard to its fundamental assumptions.

The Mystery of Dreams is a book which psychologists and layman alike should take seriously.

P. S. NAIDU

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[A series of three interesting lectures on Indian art was given recently at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, by Prof. O. C. Gangoly of Calcutta. The other valuable recent lectures have included "Prohibition and Excise" by Shri P. Kodanda Rao; "Carlyle and Vedanta" by Shri D. A. Subba Rao; "Ancient Iran and the Gobi Desert" by Shri R. N. Mirza; "Reconciliation Between East and West" by Shri T. L. Kantam; "Structural Economy in South-East Asia" by Dr. S. Kamesam; "Population Problems" by Shri P. H. Krishna Rao; "Walt Whitman: The Poet of Democracy" by Dr. Ralph E. Purcell of the U.S.I.S.; "Psycho-analysis Today" by Dr. Mayer-Gross; "The Sociology of Culture" by the Rev. L. M. Schiff; "Places of Interest in India" by Shri B. V. Sundararaja Iyengar; and "The Place of the Universities in Modern Education" by Prof. J. T. Christie, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford University.

Paracelsus Day was celebrated on September 24th with a lecture by Dr. L. S. Dorasami; Gandhi Jayanti on October 2nd with a symposium on "War and Peace," from the viewpoints of Gandhiji and Tolstoy, respectively, presented by Prof. V. Sitaramiah and Shri L. S. Seshagiri Rao; United Nations Day with a symposium in which Shri P. Kodanda Rao and Dr. E. M. Hough spoke; in a symposium on November 22nd on "Are Freedom and Justice Incompatible" the speakers were Shri P. M. S. Pinto, Shri C. Abdul Nabi, Dr. N. S. N. Sastry and Shri P. Kodanda Rao; Human Rights Day was celebrated with a Special Meeting on December 10th.

Reviews at Discussion Meetings have included Jung and Kerenyi's *Introduction to a Science of Mythology*, reviewed by Shri K. Guru Dutt, Director of Public Instruction, Mysore; Charles A. Morgan's *Liberties of the Mind*, reviewed by Mr. Philip Spratt; H. C. Goddard's *The Meaning of Shakespeare*, reviewed by Prof. A. N. Moorthy Rao; and Papers on "Freedom and Authority in International Relations" by Dr. Hans Kohn; on "Contentions with God: Some Aspects of Jewish Folklore" by Dr. Immanuel Olsvanger of Jerusalem; and on "Marx and History" by Dr. Margaret T. Hodgen of the University of California.

The Institute's new auditorium was formally opened on November 10th, with a lecture on "Our Need: The Light of Great Ideas," felicitations received were read and there was a programme of Indian devotional music by Shrimati Vengadamma and Shrimati Kailasam.

The article published here was prepared by the Institute in the form of suggestions sent for the East-West Round-Table Discussion at New Delhi, December 13th-20th, sponsored jointly by Unesco and the Indian Government.—ED.]

THE CONCEPT OF MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION IN EAST AND WEST.

The Indian Institute of Culture is in sympathy with every well-considered effort to promote universal brotherhood. It is in that spirit that it has given thoughtful consideration to the theme proposed for discussion at the Round-Table Conference and offers the following for such interest as it may have for the distinguished conferees.

Much truth may frankly be conceded to the criticisms in the Unesco Basic Document CUA/28 of August 3rd, 1951, because in neither East nor West are the majority of the people rising to the demands of their highest traditions. But, to our mind, those highest tradi-

tions are not fundamentally different and the best hope of a united world lies in that fact.

We recognize that there are certain ideas and attitudes sufficiently widespread in the West and in the East, respectively, to be considered characteristic of each. It appears to us, however, that to label them "Eastern" and "Western" with the weight of Unesco's prestige behind the proposed alignment will be to risk the crystallization in men's minds of a division between men on geographical lines which has been exaggerated. We submit, moreover, that there are universal concepts, common to enlightened minds in both parts of the world, which offer the best ground for reconciliation of the different points of view. Very many educated persons, however, in East and West alike, need truer education in these universal concepts, rather than being encouraged to think that an unbridgeable chasm exists between East and West.

There are in East and West today, as there have no doubt always been, moral men and immoral men, men of genius and imbeciles, altruists and egoists, servers and exploiters of their fellows. Recognizable differences between Easterners and Westerners there certainly are, but underneath the surface differences there is the man, with his human weaknesses and failings, to be sure, but also with his ideals and his aspirations. Underlying the differences is Manhood, which is universal. The mutual understanding and appreciation of human ideals and aspirations by men in all parts of the world seems to us to offer the best hope of peace and unity.

The Unesco Basic Document itself concedes an Eastern source for the religion professed most widely in the West. But was Jesus in truth "Eastern" or a *universal* teacher, like Krishna, Buddha, Lao-tse, Confucius and Plato?

The existence of diverse elements making up "the" civilizations of the East and the West, respectively, is mentioned. In that connection, the basic contribution of the East to science, especially in mathematics and astronomy, is referred to. This thesis has been developed more fully in a paper prepared for the Indian Institute of Culture by Dr. H. J. J. Winter, M.SC., PH.D., A. INST. P., M.R.A.S., of the University College of the South-West of England at Exeter. His essay has been published by this Institute as its Transaction No. 5. "The History of Scientific Thought with Special Reference to Asia."

On the side of technology, the ruins of Mohenjo-daro show a high development of technical skill, though that city was probably built by a spiritual-minded people. The epigraphic records, moreover, of great irrigation dams, as well as the surviving architectural marvels of antiquity, testify to the presence of practical doers as well as of metaphysical thinkers in "the contemplative East" of the prevailing Western concept.

The Basic Document of Unesco brings out well that the West has had its saints and sages whose influence is still potent. But, under the suggested division between East and West, are Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi "Westerners"? On the other hand, are the Indian *Charvakas* "Easterners" according to the general characterization given, or the great Indian Em-

perors Asoka and Akbar? Do the "Meditations" of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius show no affinities with Eastern thought? None of these individuals seem to fit the pattern of their region.

It seems to us that an approach to reconciliation should concentrate less on the differences in attitude, which have been well defined in the Basic Document, than on the universal concepts which offer the corrective both to impracticality and materialism as guiding principles of *individuals* wherever domiciled. This difference ramifies in all directions, profoundly affecting "the fundamental conceptions of man in his relationship to the divine principle, to the world, nature, society and the practical sphere of action."

According to the materialistic view, there is no divine principle and no unity of being to be mystically realized. Man is the simple product of evolutionary forces; mankind began in savagery and has made its way to such domination of the environment as has been achieved solely by chance discoveries and individual efforts. According to the materialist, intelligence and emotional nature are products of body and brain and human mortality is taken for granted. The satisfaction of physical wants with the least possible interference from outside is the desideratum. Obviously, mere similarity of physical constituents and physical origin and subjection to the same natural laws do not offer a sound basis for a regenerating, practical brotherhood. The insufficiency and the positive dangers in this attitude have been forced upon the present-day world by the world tensions and by atomic developments.

From the spiritual point of view, on the other hand, there is a fundamental unity of all life, all being rooted in and expressing aspects of the same omnipresent Divine Principle. Infant humanity was not untaught and unguided, according to the ancient traditions in many parts of the world of Divine Kings and Instructors. Mankind is a brotherhood, not only by virtue of physical derivation and composition, but also spiritually and intellectually, the spiritual nature or soul of each man being a ray of the Universal Spirit, working in and through the mind, emotions and body. Where the materialistic emphasis is on the dignity and freedom of the mortal man, the spiritual view-point recognizes the individual's supreme importance as an immortal soul. Human progress is made man by man.

Illiteracy and illness and hunger are indeed wide-spread today in the East, as is pointed out. But illiteracy applies not only to inability to read the printed page, but also to inability to read between the lines of writings the dead letter of which conveys little. There is illness mental and psychic as well as physical, and the former is far more serious than bodily ailments. It is often forgotten, also, that there is starvation of the spiritual nature as well as of physical bodies.

A civilization in which spiritual aspirations are fostered as well as material needs met, should be the ideal for all parts of the world.

Western man is claimed to believe in progress rather than in tradition, but his roots are in the same ideological soil as those of Eastern man, and reliance on either tradition or progress to the exclusion of the other is like trying

to rise on a single wing. The great need for human unity and mutual understanding is to get down, below surface prejudices, predilections, superstitions, etc., to the basic ideals everywhere valid, because they satisfy both the mind and the heart of man. Such would be a real reconciliation, allowing full freedom of application of those ideals in terms of local needs and preferences. The traditional ideals of man and conduct do not need re-definition, but rediscovery and implementation. We are convinced that the "spiritual and material *needs* of contemporary man" (italics ours) are not different from the spiritual and material needs of man throughout the ages; artificially stimulated *wants* are another matter.

Broadly speaking, the analytic and synthetic approaches to knowledge are predominantly characteristic of the materialistic and the spiritual attitudes, respectively. The synthetic or deductive approach recognizes an underlying body of principles making up the spiritual tradition which forms the fundamental ideational inheritance of the race. These, it is claimed, can be traced as far back as the retrospective human vision can go.

The East, with its ancient records, offers perhaps the most readily accessible statement of these principles, but unmistakable echoes of them can be caught in the monumental and literary records of early Greece and other parts of Europe, as well as among the survivals of the aboriginal American civilization. Ethics, so strikingly similar throughout the world, bear witness to their common origin. Myths show the same unquestionable similarity, as brought out in the recently published *Introduction to a Science of Mythology*, by Professors C. G. Jung and C. Kerenyi, which was orally reviewed at the Indian Institute of Culture in September by Shri. K. Guru Dutt, Director of Public Instruction in Mysore State, his review having been followed by a long and lively discussion.

Mystics everywhere have testified to the fundamental, universal unity of man with all men and with Deity and Nature; and Brotherhood has been taught by all the great teachers, however flagrantly denied in practice by their professed followers, in sectarian exclusiveness, race prejudice, "untouchability," aggressiveness and greed.

The Basic Document attributes to the West the discovery of humane values of the highest importance. We heartily concur as to the importance of the humane values mentioned in this connection, but we regard the modern achievement, highly creditable and praiseworthy as it is, as a rediscovery and adaptation of values which have long been known.

When, for example, has the universal application of law not been recognized by enlightened men? The *Rigveda*, certainly one of the oldest records extant, shows (iii, 56, i) the eternity and immutability of the cosmic laws, which none can set at nought. The repudiation of miracle is basic to the psychological systems of the ancient East. It does not derogate from modern science's confirmatory recognition of Law to admit that evolution (more logically preceded by the involution of Spirit and embracing in its scope the spiritual and intellectual elements in the cosmos as well as the physical) has been taught from the greatest antiquity.

And as for freedom of thought, where has it been freer than among the Hindu philosophers with their wide-ranging and deep-penetrating insights and formulations, finding expression in the Six Schools—*Darshanas*, points of view ?

It may be mentioned in passing that the achievement of sanctity and wisdom, to the neglect of the world, for the attainment of the *summum bonum* for oneself (as suggested in the Unesco Basic Document), has not been the highest ideal in the spiritual tradition of East or West. The exclamation is attributed to the Buddha :—

> Let the sins of the whole world fall upon me that I may relieve man's misery and suffering !

This is but an extension of his teaching in the *Mettasutta* :—

> As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her own child, her only child, so also let everyone cultivate a boundless (friendly) mind towards all beings.

His own refraining from passing into the state of bliss which he had attained, in order to teach, is better known in the West, perhaps, than the pledge of Kwan-Yin in the Chinese tradition, which is also an extension of the ideal voiced by the Buddha :—

> Never will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation. Never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the redemption of every creature throughout the world.

The beneficence radiated by the Self-realized man has been everywhere recognized. Shankara in ancient India wrote in the *Vivekachudamani* (The Crest Jewel of Wisdom) :—

> The mighty ones who have attained to peace dwell in righteousness, bringing life to the world like the coming of spring; they, who have themselves crossed the dread sea of passional life, aid others to cross it through compassion that seeks no return.

As suggested above, the discussion of differences and how to reconcile them is bound to be infructuous until it is brought down to the basis of individual attitude and outlook. Seeking the unification of vast regions, or even of nations, in full mutual sympathy is like trying to make an omelet without breaking the shells of the eggs. And, since it is individuals who have to understand each other, the Basic Document does well to stress, in connection with the promotion of world unity, the importance of education.

The concept of man held by the educators and imparted to the children —whether man is presented as a social animal or an unfolding ray of the Divine—is, however, vital to the success of education in promoting mutual understanding and peace. It outweighs altogether pedagogical methods, though ancient Indian educational systems, Brahmanical and Buddhist, as well described by Dr. Radhakumud Mookerji in his *Ancient Indian Education*, offer not a few suggestions for the modern educationist, *e.g.*, the personal relationship between the teacher and his pupils; the avoidance of a divorce of thought and life, and the effort to develop all the pupil's faculties; the emphasis on moral attributes as a prerequisite to learning, and on freedom of thought and toleration. The regulated life at Nalanda University, with its wide range of studies, Brahmanical as well as Buddhist, sacred and secular, is no less striking than its democratic management, which, as described by I-tsing in the seventh century, was obviously in the interest of harmony and apparently the precursor of modern student government.

It is our conviction that the spiritual point of view holds the best hope of a united world, and that educators who let their pupils grow up ignorant of it are doing a great disservice not only to them but also to the cause of unity and peace. For, if the child is given the idea that he is a physical body in whom consciousness has sprung up, and that this life from birth to death is all there is, how expect him to recognize all men as his brothers or to sacrifice for the commonweal ?

One doctrine fundamental to the ancient spiritual tradition still widely held in the East is that man is a spiritual being, wearing temporary garments of physical body and environment, inner and outer. As it is beautifully put in the second chapter of the *Bhagvad-Gita*, rendered in English verse by Sir Edwin Arnold as *The Song Celestial* :—

Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall
cease to be never ;
Never was time it was not; End and
Beginning are dreams !
Birthless and deathless and changeless
remaineth the spirit for ever ;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead
though the house of it seems !. . .

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
" These will I wear today ! "
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

This doctrine has not been absent from the Western tradition. It was clearly taught by Plato in the last book of *The Republic* and a former existence is implied besides in the *Meno*, the *Phaedrus* and the *Phaedo*, as in the writings of such Church Fathers as Origen, in *De Principiis* and *Contra Celsum*, and St. Clement in his *Exhortations to the Pagans*. It is found even in the *New Testament*, where (*Matt.* 11 : 14) Jesus declares John the Baptist to have been the reincarnation of Elias, in spite of which the Council of Constantinople in 553 A. D. found the pre-existence of the soul a heretical doctrine.

Many well-known poets have referred to reincarnation. These have included Victor Hugo and Béranger in France and Campanella in Italy, Goethe and Schiller in Germany, Walt Whitman, Whittier and Longfellow in America, " A.E. " in Ireland, and a long roll of English poets—Milton, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Matthew Arnold and John Masefield, the Poet-Laureate, to mention but a few.

Herder, Schopenhauer, Emerson and McTaggart are among the Western philosophers to whom the idea of reincarnation has appealed. Space does not permit mention of the novelists and dramatists, besides Rider Haggard, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, who have woven reincarnation into their works.

We need not concern ourselves here with the several ways in which reincarnation has been interpreted. Some view it as the return of the personality, which is rather illogical, as Ananda K. Coomaraswamy has well shown in his *Time and Eternity*, where he declares it to be a mistake to identify ourselves with " the mutable psycho-physical tabernacles that our Self assumes " (p. 126), declaring " the pseudo-identity of the transient self " and " the real identity of the constant Self, " which he calls the " trans-

migrant," to be complementary propositions. (p. 60) A popular distortion of the teaching of reincarnation in the East is the idea that the human consciousness can go into lower forms, which is an obvious logical fallacy. The highest traditions in the East present reincarnation as the return of the individual, who is growing imperceptibly because slowly, learning in one human body and incarnation after another.

The doctrine of reincarnation, to our mind, offers a great corrective for racial or religious arrogance, showing all differences to be transient or superficial, and suggesting that the fanatical follower of one creed or member of one race today may well have belonged to another yesterday or may do so tomorrow.

The twin doctrine of reincarnation is that of the Moral Law, known in the East as Karma, the recognition of which is of basic importance to the establishment and maintenance of right relations throughout the world. This teaching is found in all the great scriptures, put in one way or another. Man or nation, it proclaims, is free to sow, but whatever is sown must inescapably be reaped. Karma is not a passive submission to fate, but an active combating of destiny. Bhishma, the grandsire of both Pandavas and Kauravas, said:— "Exertion is greater than Destiny."

These are among the basic values of the spiritual traditions, East and West, and finding the confirmation of the same values in each other's cultural heritage will be the soundest foundation for agreement upon ends and for finding a harmonious and equitable pattern for human and international relationships. On that solid foundation the superstructure of application of principles in individual and collective life can be securely reared. Mutual consultations in a spirit of harmony will bring out how to secure to all the advantages of technocracy without allowing it to submerge the end of human progress and unfoldment, to which all techniques and systems—industrial, social, economic or political—are properly but means; how to have the benefits of machine production without sacrifice of human creativity and of love of beauty and of freedom.

What is to be sought, in other words, is the universal point of view in which what the Basic Document characterizes as Eastern and Western, and we have called the spiritual and the material, are synthesized. For, such humane values as the materialists rightly defend are flowerings of the spirit in spite of its denial and must be given their due valuation in planning for a better world for better men and women.

The human mind must be free. The duty, however, is clear of giving to children the real values, universal, unsectarian, moral and constructive. The production of individuals free intellectually and morally, giving them high ideals and awakening mutual sympathy and respect, is to our minds the highest contribution which education can make towards a united and peaceful world.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

The third anniversary of the acceptance by the United Nations General Assembly of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was celebrated on December 10th at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, at a meeting attended by some 200 people. Exhibits from the Unesco *Exhibition Album of Human Rights*, which had been presented to the Institute, lined the walls, the display being open to the public for two days; and the showing of film strips followed the speeches.

The importance of this great Document, which Prof. S. A. Asirvatham well described as "the conscience of UNO" and Mr. M. Ramaswamy as "an affirmation and a promise" was brought out in the addresses of both as also in that of the Chairman, Mr. Philip Spratt. The social and economic rights which it defined may have been conceded in response to the challenge of the antilibertarian forces now rampant in the world, as the Chairman suggested, but the importance of bringing existing laws and practices into line with them was brought out by both speakers.

A model Bill of Rights for individual States to adopt was seen by Mr Ramaswamy as an urgent need. He saw hope of success in the progress already achieved in community life, the faithful performance of duty by humble men and the generous response to human need in catastrophes, all testifying to man's innate nobility. But human values were more important even than economic ones and freedom to think and express one's thoughts was a vital freedom. Atrophy of the power of thinking was a greater danger than thinking wrongly.

Professor Asirvatham stressed particularly the basic assumption of the framers of the Human Rights Declaration of the fundamental fraternity of mankind. It was as "members of the human family" that human beings possessed inherent rights. The fact that rights carry responsibilities, and that the individual must be prepared to put the general good ahead of his own was also brought out. The great and difficult task was now to evolve a binding Covenant for the implementation of the Charter, but popular support was also necessary, hence the great importance of Unesco's efforts to spread the knowledge of these rights throughout the world.

The tendency of present-day education to divide the people into two groups, the privileged leaders and the under-privileged led, was deplored by Dr. H. C. Mookerjee, Governor of West Bengal, in his Convocation Address at Nagpur University on 26th November. The gap should be narrowed, he declared, by the intellectual discipline and culture which alone gave quality to leadership and, at the same time, assured its maintaining contact with the common people. He questioned how many young people were imbued

with sufficient idealism to devote themselves to the task of popularizing basic education throughout the country, meaning, as such self-dedication would at present mean, a life of privation and often thankless service. We do not doubt the idealism which inspires many of India's young people, but to canalize it requires keeping before them the need and how it can be met, as also the example of individuals who have set the commonweal above self-interest. The call to "come and sacrifice for our weaker brothers," a call implicit in such dedicated lives, can enkindle zeal to serve and to sacrifice in not a few whom exhortations to go and do their duty by the villagers would leave entirely unmoved.

We heartily endorse Dr. Mookerjee's forceful plea in the same address against the tendency to "depose English from its rightful place in the curriculum of higher studies." Not only is it most useful even in inter-State contacts but, as he also brought out,

> if we neglect a proper study of English, we run the risk of losing our rightful place in the international cultural, economic and even commercial world.

Today, when world peace depends to such a great extent on mutual understanding, it would be the height of folly for India to isolate herself from the rest of the world by sacrificing the entrée to the culture of all countries which is hers in virtue partly of the facility in the *lingua franca* which too many thoughtless patriots value so lightly. With Dr. Mookerjee, we would "most earnestly pray the authorities of our universities to pay due heed to this aspect of university teaching."

A strong plea for humane treatment of the prisoner and for giving the ex-prisoner a chance to make good in society was made on November 12th by Dr. Walter C. Reckless, in his address at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. Dr. Reckless, who has come to India under the UN Technical Assistance Programme, to organize classes on Criminology and Correctional Administration at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay, described how the rigours of the penal code in many parts of the world had been progressively relaxed. He was personally opposed to capital punishment, which had, like transportation to penal colonies, gradually been restricted, and the old idea of the jail as a mere custodial institution, in which men were found to deteriorate, had yielded place to the ideal of rehabilitation. Remission of sentences for good behaviour, work, recreation, elementary education and some medical care had been introduced; and curtailment of privileges had been substituted for flogging for infractions of jail discipline. Suspended sentence and parole had been introduced in some countries; also probation, successful in 75 to 80 cases out of 100 in America. Dr. Reckless strongly favoured the indeterminate sentence and stressed the human element, kind and sympathetic but firm treatment by all the staff helping the prisoner to gain a new faith in life and in society.