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

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

The light of the spirit is the eternal Sabbath of the mystic or the occultist. That which is meant by the allegorical sentence, *Fiat Lux* is—when esoterically rendered—"Let there be the 'Sons of Light.'"—H. P. BLAVATSKY

Without spiritual afflatus the mind remains the playground of the senses and falls prey to the sweet tongued voices of illusion. The mind needs not only breadth and depth but also points to draw it to the Supreme. To help aspiring minds, teachers of soul wisdom have always presented simple but profound images which awaken the mind, assisting it to assimilate one or more aspects of the eternal verities.

To continue our study of some of these images which energize us to high endeavour: last month we wrote of the first of the four which Jesus used to exhort his admirers to right practice—"Ye are the salt of the earth." The next three bring in the imagery of Light, which almost every teacher has used in instructing the few elect or the many less ardent. The image of Light is profound and may well be compared to the ocean, shallow enough at the shore for a child to paddle in, but gradually deepening until it may drown the most expert of swimmers. The light of the eyes, the light of the mind, the light of the Soul, are the phrases most commonly used. But there are philosophical and mystical aspects to them which make the understanding and interpretation of the image of light most fascinating.

"Ye are the light of the world," exclaims Jesus and calls upon his devotees not to hide the light within them, but to let it shine so that some at least among the *hoipolloi*, struck by the radiance, may be emboldened to kindle their own small lamps. But why does he address his intimates thus? How did they come to possess the Divine Light? In silence and secrecy, listening to his words, reflecting upon his parables, perceiving the "miracles" he wrought which drew their attention not only to the existence of the worlds invisible but

to the fact that the laws governing them could be mastered by the humble yet persevering learner provided his heart was pure.

But the human tendency to hide the knowledge of such experiences, lest they be doubted and scoffed at, prompts many who know to hold their tongues, to compress their brain and slow down the beats of the heart. How many men of today do we not know, who, aware of the mystical urges of their mind, seek knowledge in secret like the good Nicodemus? And again, how many are there who keep mum about their quest, findings and realizations of spiritual things, lest they be laughed at by their colleagues of the business world for "getting religion," or by their club friends for "becoming queer"! The followers of Jesus had more reason to "light a candle and put it under a bushel"—the suspicious, tyrannical Sanhedrin! But Jesus demands that they let their divine light shine so that all may know of their real Self, the Christos, the Buddha, the Krishna within. And such showing would not be out of egotism but as a sacrament which would give an outward and visible sign of the grace of Light Supernal within, ever ready to preside in the heart of the meek, the humble, the aspiring lover of mankind. This is the Light of all lights. (*Gita* XIII, 17)

The light of the mind is different from the light of the Spirit; and even the light of the Thinker, the real man, does not shine equally in all mortals. Ordinary education gives breadth and depth to the mind and increases mind light; but extraordinary instruction is necessary to make the Spirit Light manifest through the human mind. It is the self-imposed task of the divine *avataras* and the real *gurus* to offer special knowledge and to light that which is named the *Tathagata* Light —to create in the mortal man a Son of Light by whose grace that mortal can become immortal.

The Wisdom-Religion, Bodhi-Dharma, teaches a way of living founded upon a moral philosophy which is a very definite body of knowledge, called in the *Gita* the Kingly Science and the Kingly Mystery. It is ageless. Ever does it move silently and secretly in the midst of ignorance begotten by false knowledge. The study of its doctrines stirs the depths of the human mind; the application of them stirs the depths of the heart, causing it to respond to the higher morality of the Universal and the Impersonal. When the altruistic service of teaching ignorant or proud minds and empty or depraved hearts is undertaken, the glorification of "the Father which is in heaven" takes place. In the process the Light of the Buddhas and the Christs—the great Sons of Light—begins to glow in us—the Tathagata Light—the Light of the Illustrious Predecessors. Of such are the words of the image:

"A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."

SHRAVAKA

THE OPTIMISM OF CHRISTOPHER FRY

[**Derek Stanford,** poet, essayist and critic, whose appreciation of the distinguished English playwright of whom he writes here has appeared in book form, analyzes in this study a particular facet of Christopher Fry's genius, one to which his plays may well owe much of their appeal. It is not only escapism but an innate unshakable conviction that this is a universe of justice which is the only true mercy and that "the Soul of things is sweet" that makes so many turn to reasoned optimism as sunflowers to the sun.—ED.]

Since the 18th century the element of optimism in European literature has considerably diminished. The Age of Reason provided the writer with a cheerful, ordered vision of existence, whilst the Age of Progress (which followed after) revealed in the complexion of its popular authors a type of humour which might be described as a blush on the cheek of economic well-being. This quality of mirth, however, which we meet in Dickens and Thackeray was not of a reasoned order. It was like the comfortable flush of good spirits momentarily produced by a pleasurable dinner; there was something of the satisfied gourmand about it. Indeed, the more serious 19th-century writers—Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Hardy—saw things in quite a different light, and the analysis to which they subjected their world left little room for Voltaire's Dr. Pangloss or the gastronomic gaieties of Dickens.

This *exposé* of cheerfulness was taken up by the 20th-century writers who were hardly encouraged by current history to look on the bright side of the universe. Humour—as in Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley—assumed a mordant cynical tone, whilst H. G. Wells renounced his early dreams of hopeful Utopian materialism for one of the blackest misanthropy in his last book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether*.

Exceptions, of course, could be found to the rule, but they were of so dubious or qualified a nature as not seriously to weaken this premise. In Graham Greene's novels, for instance, there is a certain perspective of salvation, but always of an eschatological order: happiness, beatitude, he suggests, is the proper end of human living, though not to be achieved this side of the grave. Similarly, in the work of T. S. Eliot, we see how his phase of original despair has yielded to one of Christian promise; and in his play *The Cocktail Party* we are actually treated to a half-happy ending—at least for two of his characters. But here the optimism is diluted by news of the true heroine's ghastly death, and also by the insinuation that the restored amity of the married pair is of a very humdrum unelevated species.

In fact, the whole literature of our day can be seen as a reflection of

what the philosopher Martin Buber has termed a " Paulistic period. " Such periods, he maintains, are discovered in history when the contradictions in man's social life mount up so unbearably that they assume " the character of a fate."

Optimism, then, it can be ventured—in so far as it possesses an articulate voice—is almost entirely limited today to professional script-writers and broadcast " comics."

The breach that the plays of Christopher Fry have made in these fortifications of despair cannot therefore be labelled and dismissed, with the term " optimism " jauntily affixed, without some preliminary explanation. It is not sufficient, we can see, to argue that three of his works are optimistic because they belong to comedic composition. Neither is that which provokes our laughter necessarily of optimistic import (we need only think of *Gulliver's Travels* and countless other works in the cruel realms of satire, the sardonic, the sarcastic and ironic to realize the truth of this). An additional objection to the equation of the comic and the optimistic is that Fry's three comedies all contain tragic elements. The *impasse* of action and intrigue which constitutes one of the chief effects of comedy, compelling our laughter by its spectacle of the embarrassment generated, takes place at a deeper level in Fry. It is more than their surface self-respect or material well-being that Fry's characters stand to lose. In each case, in his comedies, the predicament threatens their very lives. In *A Phœnix Too Frequent* the young corporal anticipates capital punishment for neglecting his military duty ; in *The Lady's Not for Burning* a so-called witch awaits the lit faggots on the morrow ; and in *Venus Observed* the amorous Duke is nearly burnt alive by an act of jealousy and arson.

When, then, Fry tells us, in the foreword to the first edition of *The Lady*, that his type of comedy might be thought of as something possessed of " a seriousness which has been sufficiently mocked by a distress to be able to mock back, " we begin to have an inkling of his intentions. The windings-up of his comedies are clearly not presented as merely formal resolutions, convenient curtain-scenes to an hour of cachinnation. They have, as well, a more far-reaching function. This function, I would like to suggest, is that of portraying a real solution to a specific type of human problem ; and its efficacy might be described as both dramatic and existential. Fry, we feel by the end of his plays, has taken a full look at the bad before he has dared hint at a final rosy promise. His conclusions have been reached after strenuous testing.

It is not, however, the endurance value of these conclusions which makes Fry an optimist. Other writers have submitted themselves to the " destructive element " of existence, and emerged, chastened, with certain precepts that were stoical rather than optimistic. It is not,

Fry intimates, a matter of " holding on," of " trying to make the best of a bad job," but of responding positively—of creatively desiring to know a state of grace. " Shall I be happy for myself ? " asks the Duke in *Venus Observed* after his near-termination by fire, " In the name of existence I'll be happy for myself." Whence does this ultimate buoyancy proceed ? That is the question which must be asked before we can define Fry's optimism.

The answer, I think, is from his sense of wonder ; from his feeling for the unplotted mystery of things. " Poetry," Fry has said, " is the language in which man explores his own amazement " and it is, I believe, this faculty for wonder which provides him with that password to possibility, to a more generous vision of alternatives than most of his generation possess. Dominated by Marxist thought or some other arid determinism, the artist of our day has too often tended to view existence solely in terms of unrelenting necessity. Others—the Surrealists, for example, with their theory of limitless " free association "—conceived of it likewise in the light of unrestricted possibility. Both these attitudes, experience proves wrong. None the less, for the main part, contemporary literature has erred by accenting necessity ; and the balance is healthily adjusted by Fry.

This is not to say that he is deficient in seeing the part which necessity plays (as those who know his tragedy, *The Firstborn*, will recognize). " For the purpose of becoming," Kierkegaard tells us, speaking of the task of achieving selfhood, " possibility and necessity are equally essential " ; and Fry at his best bears out this statement.

Now it might be argued that optimism at its highest is symbolized by the idea of God's love for the world ; and, after this, perhaps, by the notion of human love when love is given a happy interpretation. With this latter theme all three of Fry's comedies are concerned ; but here I shall concentrate on *Venus Observed* which I consider the most psychologically mature.

The hero of the piece is the Duke of Althair, a middle-aged amorist who decides to marry because he can see no end " to the parcelling out of heaven in small beauties. " Lost, as he feels himself to be, in a " blinding snow-storm of virginity, " he can only close his eyes and hope for the best from a random marriage. This is how he expresses his problem in a vigorous rhetoric characteristic of him ; but beneath the brocaded bombast of his talk he is perplexed and disillusioned. Gathering three former mistresses together, he attempts to select a wife by proxy, telling his son to do the picking for him. Those who see beyond the fantasy of this act will understand how it signalizes the Duke's disbelief in intelligent choice and a nonchalance that is next door to despair.

Fortunately for him, his scheme miscarries. Providence intervenes in the person of his agent's young

daughter, Perpetua. The "old magician in his blood" is revived at the sight of her loveliness, and—like Thomas in *The Lady*—he resolves for one "last throw," one "last poor gamble on the human heart." But on this occasion his instinctive belief in his powers of seduction proves unfounded. The girl, Perpetua, is young, and is drawn into the orbit of his own son, Edgar, who until this moment has felt himself paralyzed by his father's literally all-embracing prowess. The Duke, however, does not yield without a struggle; and it takes a kind of catastrophe to bring him to his proper senses—to a truer, kinder, more responsible self-knowledge.

Keeping a tryst with Perpetua in his observatory at midnight he extracts an admission of love from her on their suddenly finding themselves trapped by flames. Rescued at the last moment, he discovers that her pledge was prompted by fear, and that he is a lonely and aging man. It is here that the Duke transcends his fate. The fire, he learns, was started by Rosabel, one of his former mistresses, who wished to shock him out of his heartless behaviour—his ardent but insensible virtuosity. This, she thought, she could bring about by burning down his observatory (a symbol of the Duke's inhuman isolation). The observatory she believes to be empty; and when she realizes that the Duke and Perpetua were almost burnt too, she is filled with remorse and straightway gives herself up to the law.

This action the Duke generously forgives, understanding how it proceeded from Rosabel's loving him "beyond her strength." So much he delighted in "is all of ash," including his image of himself as an irresistible Don Juan. This self-conception was becoming burdensome, and now that he has had his vanity razed he can plan his life on surer foundations. But before he can do this he must freely confess his limitations and his fallibility. He must stop masquerading as king of hearts, recognize that youth is outside his reach, content himself with an autumn love, and substitute thoughtfulness for selfish charm. The practical outcome of this inner change is that he decides to marry Rosabel. This union, he recognizes, like its partners, will have its shortcomings. There will be no illusion of that twin identity which the doctrine of romantic love asserts. Instead,

> She and I, sharing two solitudes,
> Will bear our spirits up to where not even
> The nightingale can know,
> Where the song is quiet, and quiet
> Is the song.

Death and an ultimate aloneness; such is what the passage promises, for such is the eventual awareness of life. But the compensation is also to be noted—our solitude can be companionated; and therefore, "in the name of existence," we must be happy for ourselves.

If it be objected that this is small comfort, I suggest that we compare this play with Congreve's comedy, *The Old Bachelor*. Heartwell, in

his old age doting on Silvia (who is young enough to be his daughter) is a sort of parallel figure to the Duke. From resemblance, however, we soon pass on to contrast. Heartwell is ridiculous and refuses to accept his old age, whereas the Duke comes to see his true position and turns his natural drawback to a constructive end. Both playwrights are masters of comedy, but Congreve's view of life is abrupt and cynical, while Fry's—though realistic—promises redemption.

This refusal to believe that the realistic implies an acceptance of pessimism—of a cynical, nostalgic attitude to living—is one of Fry's deep-seated convictions, and of the greatest importance to his development as an artist. "Beauty," said Stendhal, "is the promise of happiness," and hope, one may add, the trust in such beauty.

DEREK STANFORD

UNO AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

Mr. J. B. Orrick, Director of the United Nations Information Centre, New Delhi, speaking at the Indian Institute of Culture in Basavangudi, Bangalore, on April 4th, deplored the popular tendency to think about the UNO in terms of Matthew Arnold's definition of God, as "a Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," though people substituted "peace" for "righteousness" in the definition. The UNO had no power, he emphasized, that was not derived finally from the people. It was an organization of Governments, whose representatives had been elected by the people. Perhaps, we might suggest, the fact of its being an organization of Governments rather than of peoples is its weakest point. Nevertheless, as Mr. Orrick said, it represents the maximum of co-operation on which the Nations could agree in 1945. Since then, Governments had receded from their attitude, but the responsibility rested on the peoples to push their Governments into more vigorous action. The UNO was the employee of 60 Nations.

He dealt informatively with the working of the Specialized Agencies, as also of the Security Council and the General Assembly, where the smaller Nations were finding it possible to outvote the Great Powers, as in demanding action on the Reports about Non-Self-Governing Territories.

Sir Samuel Runganadhan, former Indian High Commissioner at London, who presided, dealt with the many problems facing the UNO and the need for supporting it as the organization which could best promote peace and prosperity for the world.

E. M. H.

SAID THE INDIAN VILLAGER:—

[**Shri "G. M.,"** long of Santiniketan, is one who has participated in the training of workers for the Indian villages, with whose underprivileged people he feels great sympathy. He writes suggestively here of the spirit in which help might be proffered and received without doing violence to Indian tradition or to the people's innate spirituality. Workers bearing tangible gifts of technical assistance, etc., may well be somewhat nonplussed by the implications of this prescription but it need not be taken literally. It may evoke a mood in which the Indian temperament and disposition may seem more worth taking into account than is usually done in the planning for the benefit of the villagers of this land. And it may also suggest to the spiritually inclined that the Indian villager has something to bestow, however obvious may be his need to receive.
—ED.]

I

Said the Indian villager to the welfare worker from the West:

"Welcome, stranger, to our destitute and debt-depressed village deserted alike by city-dwellers and by Secretariat. For hospitality of the heart is our ancient creed. So, even though you have come from across the seas, the seas, in our eyes, are not a barrier between you and us, but rather a bridge. Welcome, then, once again, stranger. And we assure you that 'before long our love for you will have made of you a brother more beloved, perhaps, than a blood-brother.' For we feel you have come in our midst in the name of Compassion, that Law of laws which one day shall girdle the whole globe with good-will.

"So, first of all, you, our guest from the Land of Gold, will feel not only for us, but with us, because in this way alone will you be able to know what pinches us externally and pains us internally. Poverty of means and of mind has for decades held us as in a vice or in a nightmare from which we cannot awaken.

"But, pray, do not be in undue haste to heal us and rid us of our suffering and sorrow. Rather, be to us as a midwife, who helps at the birth of a new babe. For, believe us, friend, when we say that, though our brother man has failed to answer the call of the seers and the sages to be his brother's keeper, God has us still in His keeping. Your primary concern, therefore, is to assist us in growing a little more consciously and concretely aware of 'that of God in every man,' a truth which at present we sense only dimly and, may we add, at times dubiously too, when the tyranny of things seems to us well-nigh impossible to bear.

"O midwife of the Spirit, you will have to be extremely patient with us so that the pangs of our new birth may be made somewhat easier.

Your faith, however, in the ultimate manifestation of God in us will enable you to be that. For, have we not been told that Faith can move mountains, nay, can make of mountains mole-hills ?

" Join us, then, in our daily prayer :—

O God, teach us to live in the unity of the spirit and in the unison of aspiration and endeavour.

II

On the day following his arrival, the visitor joined the village people in their morning adoration. They stood facing the east and silently awaited the sunrise. And, as the sun appeared above the horizon from behind a cluster of palms which fringed the village tank, they bowed their heads and folded their hands. They remained in this prayerful posture for a few minutes. At last their silence—deepened and made dynamic by the vast open spaces all around, those avenues to the Infinite Spirit—was broken by the headman of the village with this prayer, uttered in a solemn, sonorous and sweet voice, the villagers repeating it after him :—

O Loving God, Lord of our hearts, as Thy sun dispels every day the darkness of the world, mayest Thou deign to dispel the darkness of our minds ! For, unless our minds are illumined by Thee with Thy own light, we shall never be able to see aright Thy purpose in creating us and this wondrous universe. May our minds be attuned to Thine so that we may acquit ourselves as Thy beloved sons and daughters and as Thy worthy servants !

Then the congregation filled the whole atmosphere with the resounding chant of the Sacred Word, " OM ! "

III

On the third day the visitor met the villagers in the evening and participated in their sunset prayer ; conducted in the Cathedral of Nature :—

O God, as Thou abidest for ever, so does Thy sun shine always. May the sun of Thy presence then shine always in the deepest recesses of our consciousness, so that its radiance may illumine every feeling, thought and activity of ours !

The choral utterance of " OM, " which followed, encircled the villagers with a halo of holiness as of the hush of the Spirit.

The prayer being over, the village head-man requested the visitor to tell those assembled something about community life. Accordingly, saluting the assembly, he began :—

Friends in God, Community Life is the physical expression of the personality and presence of God, as Love is His spiritual signet ring. And the sensing of this truth is made possible and practicable by community of toil, community of food and community of pleasure.

We shall worship the One, who is without form or fetish, in silence, without scriptures or ceremonies.

We shall work, each to his best capacity, in the Vineyard of Welfare.

We shall eat food which does not bear on it the imprint of the beast.

We shall have enjoyments which are more an expression of the light and laughter of the Spirit than of the lusts of the senses.

In short our community life will strive to achieve a holy, not a "high," standard of living. For we shall, all together, aspire after "Fulfilment, not Fortune."

Then the Indian villager and the welfare worker from the West set their hands to the plough in the energizing and abiding faith that as they co-operated with Nature and consecrated their labours to Mother Earth, they would hasten the advent of the Kingdom of Happiness in the world of the debt-depressed and hunger-harassed villager of India; nay, of the East.

G. M.

THE HIDDEN FLOWER

Compassion is far more than an emotion, it is something which springs
Up in the emptiness which is when you yourself are not there,
So that you do not know anything about it.
Nobody, in fact, knows anything about it (if they knew it, it would not
be Compassion);
But they can only smell
The scent of that hidden flower
Which blooms in the Heart of the Void.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

THE VISIONARY LANDSCAPE

INDO-EUROPEAN IMAGERY AND SYMBOLISM IN WESTERN LANDSCAPE ART

[**Mrs. Hannah Closs,** the second part of whose interesting essay we publish here, is a historical novelist, the author of *High Are the Mountains* and *And Sombre the Valleys,* the first two novels of a trilogy on the Albigenses, of whose tragic struggle for spiritual freedom she told in our June 1951 issue. Mrs. Closs is keenly interested in seeking the links between Eastern and Western mystic thought, as readers of her earlier article, "The Meeting of the Waters," will recall. In that article, published in our May and June 1948 numbers, she inquired into the interrelationships of East and West in the mystery of the Grail.—ED.]

II

How strong was the affinity between Western and Eastern chivalric art we have already seen. I would here refer to one of the most amazing examples, a wall painting from the Palazzo Concilio in Trient at the foot of the Tyrolean Alps, illustrating the seasons of the year. Entering the Tower of the Eagle, whose walls they cover, I had almost the impression of being surrounded by gigantic Eastern miniatures, so brilliant and yet subtle is the interweaving and juxtaposition of colour—rose and grey and lemon, scarlet and green and blue. Once again, moreover, we are reminded of the Mystic Love Garden where maidens crown their troubadours with flowers and a girl fetches water from the well. The whole scene is enwoven in a thicket of briar. We may recall for a moment the rose-tree we have already seen in the Indian miniature. It is more than likely that when in the Middle Ages the cultivated rose of Persia was introduced there was brought with it a knowledge of its symbolic meaning. The esoteric symbolism of flowers—tulip, lily and rose—is indeed a problem in itself and one that has been investigated with deep insight by an American authority on mysticism, Professor Stoudt, who traces the flower-patterns of Pennsylvanian folk-art to German Pietist movements and thence suggests religious influence from the East.

As to the transmission of these Eastern influences, it is usually thought to have been largely by means of the Crusades, but we should remember also that the medieval sea and caravan routes of merchandise established a slow but closer relationship with the East than we in our age of high-speed communication dream of. Other important factors are doubtless the trans-

mission of Sufist and other mystic Oriental doctrines through the Arabs in Spain, and the influence of the Albigensian heresy in the south of France. How far not only troubadour poetry but chivalric romance is dependent on Iranian sources we are only beginning to realize. It has even been suggested that Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, inspired by a mysterious Provençal, Kyot by name, is an indirect translation of a Persian romance. Yet perhaps those surprising affinities between Celtic and Iranian myth, though owing a good deal to direct influence, are primarily but the unconscious resurgence of archetypal concepts.

But returning for the moment to the rose and the symbolic garden, we may consider one of its loveliest representations, that by Stefan Lochner, a 15th-century master of Cologne. The painting is in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in that city. I have only time to refer in passing to the exquisite colour and texture, *e.g.*, the feathery softness of the angels' wings. Mary is set before a bower of roses—the mystic rose. Though the bower does not actually enclose her, it forms a screen. This screen or bower is a favourite with German painters, and can be found, for instance, in the Madonna by Schongauer in Colmar. But Schongauer, who exerted so strong an influence on Dürer, has also an engraving of Mary in the enclosed garden which we have already met with in the Frankfurt *Paradiesgärtlein* and in the East. It is the *hortus conclusus* of Christian art.

Charming as these examples are, it is with Matthias Grünewald that the medieval traditional image becomes invested with a power and an individuality that, as in Giorgione's case, sublimate the old iconography to such an extent that for the moment we scarcely recognize the traditional symbolism.

Grünewald was a contemporary of Dürer's living at the turn of the 15th-16th centuries, and the hero of the modern composer Hindemith's opera *Mathis der Maler*. In his "Angel's Concert," part of the great Isenheim altar-piece in Colmar, Mary, dressed in blue and crimson of a brilliance reminiscent of glass-painting, sits in the familiar enclosed garden. The mystic rose is at her side, the spring in the back wall. To the left of a conglomeration of household objects, in a chapel fashioned in the most fantastic late Gothic style, angels, clothed in iridescent raiment and encompassed by globes of bluish incandescent light, surround the crowned and glorified Madonna, in a typically German synthesis of the symbolic and the realistic.

Beyond, the landscape merges into a vista of mountain and mist. But these jagged peaks, ravines on whose precipices the wondering shepherds obtain a hazardous footing, are more than a sublimated vision of the Alps. Shrouded with cloud, from which breaks, like supernatural light, the countenance of God (light,

of which the tiny moth-like forms, scattering earthward like leaves on the wind, seem but an emanation), these mountains recall rather the mountain of the world, the mystic Mount Meru itself on which, as we have said, lay the earthly Paradise.

Here, indeed, in European form we may find the equivalent of the greatest Buddhist art, in which, out of a moon-like halo of light, the Buddha rises against a world-wide landscape whilst Bodhisattvas on lotus flowers float earthward, to take compassion on man.

None the less there remains a fundamental difference between Western and Eastern mystic concepts. By comparison with Buddhist art, Grünewald's art is dynamic, impassioned in its grasp of particularized phenomena as it is in its almost violent subjectivity.

Of landscapes flooded with that supernatural moon-like incandescence (recall Samuel Palmer) I could cite many examples by other German artists of Grünewald's period (the beginning of the 16th century), notably by Albrecht Altdorfer, more of whose works we shall be discussing in a moment. Here, for instance, in this Christmas Eve (Berlin), the whole landscape, as the figures themselves, seems almost dissolved in strands of light. Or we may take a painting by Altdorfer's contemporary Baldung Grün, which was recently displayed in the Munich Exhibition. Here the Christmas scene is set in ruins which for us to day may strike as significant a note as the "blitzed" buildings of Piper and Sutherland. Indeed to use the word "set" at all is misleading for it is the setting itself rather than the figures that are of importance. True, Baldung Grün's setting is more architectural than Altdorfer's. Nevertheless, with its macabre colouring (lurid white and grey with scarlet touches), it supplies, like Altdorfer's wood-entangled timbers, the primal emotional factor in the scene, whilst the radiance that pervades it is not here to produce an Italian chiaroscuro, rendering more dramatic the physical form, the gestures or expression of the *figures*, but rather to conjure up an atmosphere that might almost be termed magical.

But, to return once more to the subject of Paradise, it is significant to notice what an important part the theme of the "Rest on the Flight into Egypt" plays in Western art. For instance, let us consider the picture in Berlin by Lukas Cranach, Grünewald and Altdorfer's contemporary. Here in the wilderness, which is a green, flowering grove shaded by northern firs and birch trees, the Holy Family seem to have found a resting place on their weary voyage—a temporary Paradise of ferns and flowers haunted by the babble of the stream, the hum of insects, the myriad minute movements and sounds that make up the peace of a summer's day. Even the angels that cluster playfully round the Christ-child, making music, bringing him their treasures,

or fetching water in a shell, have rather the nature of elves, as if they were indeed but the embodiment of the ever-changing, incalculable rhythm of Nature itself. With its jewel-like brillance of detail and colour—blue and scarlet and green, the white of the birch-tree against the deep azure of the sky—it conjures up the essence of faery tale.

In Altdorfer's painting of the same theme, also in Berlin, we find ourselves amidst romantic ruins, mountains encompassed by "perilous seas forlorn." But what is most remarkable is that we encounter once more the image of the fountain. Though of Renaissance pattern, how utterly remote is this fantastic tangle of forms from the clear plasticity of Italian design! We can hardly discern which figures belong to the stone carving and which are the angelic actors in this scene, the pale rose and olive-green of which recall the mysterious effect of tapestry.

But to show how this symbolic and romantic aspect of nature continued to be reborn in the north, to be indeed sublimated to a new power of vision, I would draw attention to a "Rest on the Flight into Egypt" from Hamburg, by a 19th-century painter, Philipp Otto Runge, who, incidentally, is mentioned by Mr. Grigson in conjunction with Samuel Palmer. Here, on the verge of an infinite landscape of plain and cliff and sea, the figures of Joseph, Mary and the child, framed by the foreshortened back of the ass on the left and the tree on the right, are welded to a continuous rhythm in the shape of an arabesque—that rococo pattern which, so reminiscent of *chinoiserie*, marks at once a reassertion of fluent Gothic form, as opposed to the static symmetry of the Renaissance.

The whole scene is flooded with light—light that we know, from Runge's own writings, was conceived by him as the manifestation of mystic laws. But it is especially on the tree that I would linger, with its winged creatures which, instead of showering the customary dates on the hungry Christ-child, seem to be rapt in some private contemplation of the vast panorama and of these huge magnolia-like flowers, that shine almost with an inner light.

Now it is a curious fact that in literature we meet with various instances of a tree, now hung with flowers or fruit, now illumined with lights, and amongst whose branches climbs or lies a child. We come across the motif not only in the legends of Prester John where it appears as the tree of Paradise, but also in certain versions of the Perceval legend, where it signifies the sun-tree, the tree of Light whose boughs spread over the whole world. How far more startling is it to find similar concepts in Indian legend! It is told, for instance, of the hermit Mārkandeya

> that he beheld on a peak of the earth a young fig-tree bright with fruit and leaves. On a branch thereof that looked North East he saw a babe lying in the hollow of a leaf, consuming the

gloom with his own radiance....Then the child drew a breath and Markandeya like a gnat passed into his body. And he beheld lying therein the universe in its fullness....As he gazed upon the universe, the child's breath cast him out....and he fell into the ocean of the dissolving world.

Whether Runge, deriving mystic lore from Jakob Böhme, had come across any such concepts I do not know; what I desire rather to suggest is the continuance, conscious and unconscious, of these images in the mind of man. Seen in this light, the motif of the boy climbing in the illumined tree, an example of which we find in the 14th-century frescoes decorating the Pope's palace in Avignon, gains a new significance, even if the artist was consciously concerned only with illustrating courtly scenes.

We have spoken of the Paradise in the Wilderness. Now we come to the Wilderness itself. St. Jerome in a landscape of rock and stream, of gnarled and knotted trees, is a favourite theme, as in the well-known woodcut by Lukas Cranach.

The most magnificent hermit scene is, however, probably that by Matthias Grünewald, which constitutes another panel of his Isenheimer altar in Colmar. Here St. Paul comes to visit St. Anthony in the wilderness. How expressive is the contrast between the gestures of the aged, sophisticated priest and those of the rugged anchorite. Yet the whole atmosphere of the picture is created not by the figures—whose presence, I feel, we almost forget—but by the atmosphere of the landscape, as though we ourselves, entering into the emotions experienced by the hermit in solitude, become one with the Spirit of Nature. Here, where the spirit in contemplation turns inward, there is no need for earthly toil and cares. As from a far-off, half-forgotten world, a bird flies down bearing our daily sustenance. A doe nestles at our feet. In the distance, on the margin of the slow meandering stream, a stag follows in her trail. For the image of Paradise is now but inward experience. The particular loses its identity or, apprehended as the ever-changing manifestation of essence, becomes part of the all-pervading Unity of Being. Here, where rock and tree, bird and beast, merge into a flowing pattern, we seem really to feel the breath of the *Chwarna*, or that animating spirit which, as Shelley wrote in *Adonais*:—

> Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
> All new successions to the forms they wear.

How strangely near such a conception comes to Far Eastern painting we may feel by comparing the background of Grünewald's picture with the Chinese painting with which I opened this essay. Once more I would mention a painting by a 19th-century artist, K. David Friedrich (it hangs in Dresden) to prove how that affinity continues to re-emerge. Yet both here and in Grünewald's painting there is still a difference

between the Eastern and the Western apprehension of Nature's mystery. Perhaps we may say that whilst the Oriental is able to lose utterly his own personality in contemplation of the Infinite, the Westerner sees in nature a sublimated echo of his thoughts and dreams. As Sir Philip Sidney wrote in his poem on "The Delights of Solitarinesse" experienced amongst the woods :—

> Contemplation here holdeth his only seat.
> Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope,
> Climbs even unto the stars, nature is under it.

And speaking of the woods, I would dedicate the last part of this essay mainly to the artists' experience of the *forests*, for in the north, in the German-speaking countries particularly, it is perhaps above all in the solitudes of the forests that man has achieved a profounder realization of his true Self. Let us turn once more to the threshold of the 16th century, to a painting of St. George and the Dragon by Albrecht Altdorfer, a painting so small that it may perhaps have escaped the notice of many a visitor to the Munich Exhibition. Yet within this tiny space how profoundly the artist has managed to convey the breathless choking thicket—this towering ravine of foliage which blots out all hope of air and light except as a minute and far-off opening like the mouth of a cave, so that, completed by the armoured figure, the painting conjures up countless associations, memories of chivalric quests and ancient initiation rites, of the passage and travail of the initiate through cavernous depths. The cave indeed often appears in literature and art as one of the most constant archetypes—now hollowed out of the mystic Mt. Meru itself or as the faery fastness within the hill—the faery land of the Sidhe. Whatever images it arouses, I feel that this choking wilderness, this oozy depth over which the figure of the Knight seems almost to hover, has the quality of dream.

Albrecht Altdorfer holds indeed a unique place in German art. For, on the threshold of the 16th century, German artists did not share the freedom enjoyed by the painters of Italy. They were first and foremost good burghers. Yet when Altdorfer was offered the burgher-mastership of his town, Regensburg, he refused it on the plea that it would interfere with his art. We can hardly imagine Dürer upholding this "*l'art pour l'art*" attitude. Incidentally, the reason that till now Dürer has played no part in this essay is not that I do not value his art but because, relatively speaking (only relatively), it seems less representative of that mystic attitude which we have been studying. Yet Dürer on occasion has certainly conjured up the soul of the Northern forest—as in his delightful woodcut of "The Flight into Egypt." On the whole, though, his vision is cooler and more objective. As in his engraving of St. Eustace, he is obsessed with the structure, the texture of things—

but with an intellectual and spiritual intensity remote from the formal harmonies of Southern art.

His water-colour sketches have a directness and a breadth of vision that are almost startling in view of his detailed engravings, and remind one at moments almost of Cézanne. None the less he would hardly have conceived a tree in so decoratively symbolic or suggestive a manner as does Altdorfer in his numerous sketches of moss-trailing firs. How reminiscent, moreover, are the latter technically, of Far Eastern art!

It is in his bird's-eye view of the landscape that Dürer conjures up most vividly that love of infinity which is so characteristic of Northern art, and which gives even his doctrinal, almost Italianate apotheosis of the Trinity such a sense of wonderful freshness with its cool, awakening dawn, the symbolic value of which I have already referred to in relation to Persian and Indian art.

Yet never, I think, would Dürer have allowed himself that abandonment to the inundation of flaming light that pours out over the vast reaches of Altdorfer's "Triumph of Alexander," in which the heroics of man, despite the panache of glittering arms and banners and pavilions, are reduced to the impersonal activity of ants.

On the other hand, Altdorfer had the daring to leave nearly everything to suggestion. In his sketch of St. Christopher (in the British Museum) the landscape is all but non-existent, yet perhaps we apprehend its immanence with an intensity that surpasses the emotions which any detailed rendering of appearances could ever arouse. Grasping the huge, pronged staff, his cloak blown out in a cavernous hollow upon the wind, the saint, already knee-deep in water, strides forward into a nothingness more terrifying than any visible peril, whilst the child clutches fast the locks of his hairs. Never, perhaps, has European art come so near to Chinese concepts and yet remained essentially true to itself.

More subjective and more interested as a rule in particularized phenomena than the Oriental, Altdorfer possessed nevertheless that extraordinary power to relate his figures not only formally but also metaphysically to their surroundings, that is, he realized profoundly the mystery of the infinite.

In view of his attitude towards nature it is perhaps not surprising to see Altdorfer taking yet another step and creating what no artist had achieved till then, the pure landscape without staffage figures, *i.e.*, as a finished painting, not as a sketch. Thus his little painting of a woodland road, which hangs in Munich, heralds the great triumphs of Northern landscape art. But if it still lacks the grandiose verve and all-embracing design of a Rubens and of 17th-century art, it possesses a quality that makes it at once a last outcome of the symbolic Paradisiacal landscape and the forerun-

ner of the Age of Romanticism that was to come.

For, though it can be regarded, on the one hand, as a result of the ever-growing interest in natural phenomena characteristic of the age and as a typical example of the artist's emancipation from religious or exalted mythological subjects, it is, on the other and I think far more essentially, an expression of the nostalgic vision that sees in nature a mirror of the soul of man. With its deep green woods, and its road winding under the cloud flecked sky into the distant hills, it seems directly to foreshadow the Wanderlust and yearning of the romantic poets, calling up an echo of Eichendorff's poem "*Waldeinsamkeit,*" that deep inward joy in woodland solitude that Sidney, writing his *Arcadia* in Elizabethan England, had already expressed.

More realistic, more essentially European than some of those symbolic and visionary landscapes we have been considering, this woodland scene none the less belongs, though on a more intimate plane, to that attitude towards nature which, seeking in the world of appearances more than the eye sees and apprehending the mystery of infinity, has haunted the mind of man since the days of Celtic and Northern myth and the *Avesta*, continuing into the 19th century with such painters as Samuel Palmer and Philipp Otto Runge.

Today the last trace of traditional symbolism has vanished. The images of Paradise and of Arcady, that so often intertwined, have become unnecessary to the poet's as to the painter's vision of a purely subjective landscape, a landscape of the inner eye. Yet, as I have tried to suggest here, those images have continually been resuscitated and may continue to be, often unconsciously, and even though they tend to be less and less comprehensible except to the artist himself. For they remain the abiding truth of our Indo-European consciousness, closer to us than anthropomorphic glorifications or a rationalized scientific view of the visible world. It is in recognizing that heritage, the affinities and the discrepancies that on the one hand relate it to, on the other asunder it from, the mysticism of the Far East, that we can hope to obtain through the contemplation of nature that vision which in Sidney's phrase "climbs even to the stars," yet leads us simultaneously to a realization of our true selves.

HANNAH CLOSS

VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV

"THE ETERNAL WANDERER"

[**Shri C. T. K. Chari** of the Madras Christian College at Tambaram is deeply interested, not only in the findings of modern psychical research but also in the psychology of the ancient East and in how to link their testimony. This interest was brought out in his article on "The Psychic Quest for the Self" in our July 1952 issue. The present article might be taken as an amplification, with special reference to the intuitions of a Russian mystic poet-philosopher too little known in the West, of a conviction expressed in our October 1950 number, where he wrote on "The Psychic Veil of the Self." That conviction was that "the path of intellectual enquiry does not bring us to the highest grades of mind and reality." These could be discerned, he said, "not with the candle of science, but with the torch of vision." And he added, "Mysticism, high mysticism, is no outmoded philosophy." There is truth in the idea cited here from the article of the Very Rev. Dr. W. R. Inge, as to the mystics of all nations, creeds and times forming an invisible brotherhood. The mutual consistency of their intuitions supplies, indeed, the best evidence for their credibility, short of one's sharing their experience oneself.—ED.]

Classical Indian philosophy was *Ātma Vidyā* or *Brahma Vidyā*: the quest of wisdom or spiritual enlightenment and not merely the pursuit of learning, however scholarly or profound, conducted in the shelter of an academic world. It is worth recalling, at a moment when the tide of militant Communism is rising in the East, that the classical Russian philosophy of the 19th century, at its best, was a way of life rather than a system of abstract ideas. The mysticism of the Eastern Church found a striking, if not quite orthodox, vehicle in the person of Vladimir S. Soloviev (1853-1900), the "Eternal Wanderer" as his contemporaries called him, the son of the Moscow historian S. M. Soloviev (1820-1879).

Soloviev is one of those exceptional instances of a distinguished professional philosopher who also achieved fame in literary circles as a poet. Even Prince D. S. Mirsky, who distrusted facile and sweeping generalizations about the "Russian Soul,"[1] granted that Soloviev was "a true poet, certainly the best poet of his generation."[2] His poetry is remarkable for the way in which it uses the *clichés* of 19th-century Russian romanticism for embodying

[1] See Mirsky's Preface to EDWARD HALLET CARR'S *Dostoevsky*. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 1931.

[2] MIRSKY: *Contemporary Russian Literature: 1881-1925*. Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. 1926. P. 77 *et seq.*

intensely mystical experiences. In a long poem, "Three Meetings," Soloviev tells us that in 1862, at the age of nine, when he was standing at mass in the church, his ordinary surroundings vanished; a strange blue luminosity was all around him; it enveloped his being, penetrated it; through it all he saw "Eternal Wisdom" in the guise of a woman holding in her hands a blossom from unearthly centuries; she nodded to him and smiled. It was the first summons to the poet-philosopher. He had his second vision in 1875 at the British Museum, where he spent some time as a travelling scholar, pondering over Gnostic and Indian systems of philosophy. A voice commanded him: "Be in Egypt." Abandoning his researches, he went to Egypt and took a room at a hotel in Cairo. In 1876, travelling on foot in the desert, he was confronted by his third and crowning vision of Divine Radiance in purple and gold. One of his note-books contained a curious "prayer for a revelation of the supreme mystery" addressed to "Ain-Soph," "Yah"!

If Soloviev had been only a mystic who viewed with high seriousness the revelations vouchsafed to him, he would not have been the strange phenomenon that he is in the history of philosophy and literature. He had an irresistible sense of humour. His poetry was flavoured with a gay irreverence and a cynicism all his own. Like Theodore Sologub, he was a master of nonsense poetry. One of his most nonsensical plays, *The While Lily*, contained passages of transcendent mystical import. "Soloviev's personality," Mirsky has declared, "was extraordinarily complex and its variations and contrasts are greater than we usually allow of in a single man." In this perhaps he was like certain other mystics who cannot be summed up in a conventional religious formula.

Soloviev was a brilliant metaphysician with an astonishingly wide grasp of Occidental and Oriental philosophies. As early as 1875, he submitted a thesis on *The Crisis of Western Philosophy*. He followed it up with his *Critique of Abstract Principles* (1880). His *Lectures on God-Manhood* (1878) and his *Justification of the Good* (1898) were a philosophical defence of his profound Christian convictions. He lectured at the Moscow University and then at St. Petersburg. But it was characteristic of him that he spurned a life of academic ease when the spiritual call came to him. On the 28th of March, 1881, after the murder of Alexander II, he gave a public lecture on capital punishment which he ended with a fervent appeal to Alexander III to pardon his father's assassin in the name of Supreme Truth. The Tsar and his Minister of Public Education were so alarmed that they strictly forbade the philosopher to make any more public speeches for a time. Soloviev tendered his resignation, which was accepted, though not without regrets. "I did not ask you to do that," remarked Baron Nicholay, the

Minister of Public Education.

After giving up his membership of the Committee on Education, Soloviev had no permanent abode, no fixed time for meals, sleep or work. He was constantly on the move. There is a quaint reference to him in Anton Tchekhov's *Diary*: Tchekhov says that Soloviev always carried an oak-gall in his trousers pocket as a radical cure for piles.[1] His curly hair and beard made him look uncommonly like a Russian ikon. He was often taken for a priest and greeted with "Why, Father, you are here!" Little children tugged at his fur coat and whispered "That's Jesus." He made it a practice to give away what little money he had to those whose needs were more importunate than his. When he had no money, he gave away his clothing. His friend Prince Troubetzkoy once found him late in autumn shivering with cold and fever. He had given away all his warm clothing to somebody. Prince Troubetzkoy said of him:—

> Spiritually he resembled the type of pilgrim, created by Wandering Russia, who in his search for Heavenly Jerusalem, spends his life wandering across the whole measureless expanse of earth.[2]

The driving force of Soloviev's mystical philosophy, the background of all his ideological reconstructions, his supreme criterion of Life and Value, was his vision of the cosmos as a spiritual unity. He used the dialectic of Hegel, but put something into it which he could not have learned from the German master. To understand this feature of his philosophy, we must turn, not to metaphysical Idealism, but to Hesychast mysticism and the doctrine of Divine Light. Hesychasm, the contemplative silence imposed under special vows, was dedicated to the attainment of a vision of the Divine Light which the three chosen disciples of Christ beheld at his transfiguration on Mt. Tabor. Some of these mystical ideas found their way into the Russian *Philokalia* or *Dobrotolubie* (*The Love of Goodness*) which became a manual for the Russian convents and monasteries. The teaching was popularized by the hermitages of Optina and Sarov, which Soloviev visited more than once.

Soloviev approached Plotinus, Dionysius the Areopagite and the Eastern mystics in his doctrine of the Absolute as the "Unconditionally One," utterly incomprehensible to the intellect. God cannot reveal Himself as Existence or Being; for he is the *Subject* of Being. To the Alexandrian and Hesychast mysticism, however, Soloviev added the Eastern Orthodox emphasis on *sobornost*. "Oneness of Humanity" and "Con-

[1] See Anton Tchekhov: *Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences*; translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. Routledge, London. 1927. P. 181.

[2] Cited by N. O. Lossky: *History of Russian Philosophy*. International University Press, New York. 1951. P. 88.

ciliarity" are but poor attempts to translate an untranslatable word. It signifies the community of all the loyal united in the embrace of love, and much more. Soloviev, who was less exclusive in his sympathies than the Slavophiles, had the dream of the union of the three Churches: the Eastern Orthodox Church with its witnessing for Christ; the Roman Catholic Church with its human will energized by the Divine; and the Protestant Church with its spirit of free analysis and its unceasing search for truth. After many disappointments and rebuffs, the dream lingered in Soloviev's last work, *Three Conversations on War and Christianity* (1900)—"a true masterpiece of a difficult kind" as Mirsky called it.

Soloviev's doctrine of "All-Unity" has been called by Father Bulgakov "syncretism"; philosophical interpreters like Professor N. O. Lossky complain of its "vagueness and inconsistency."[1] "Inconsistency" here probably means little more than that Soloviev's mystical teaching does not conform to our usual yardsticks: the "isms" (pantheism, theism, panentheism, etc.) of which we make so much.[2] If Soloviev's philosophy was "syncretism," it was of that richly significant and dialectical sort which accepts truth wherever it finds it, regardless of its trappings. For such lofty teaching, which unites and does not sunder, Ammonius Saccas, in the third century after Christ, had reserved the name "Theosophy" or "God-Wisdom." Soloviev wrote in his *Lectures on God-Manhood*[3]:—

> The East clave with the entire force of its spirit to the divine, and preserved it, developing in itself the conservative and ascetic attitude necessary for that; while the West spent all its energy for the development of the human beginning....Thus it is obvious that these two directions do not in the least exclude one another, but are perfectly necessary, each for the other....

Is not this statement today applicable to a much larger East and a much larger West than Soloviev himself contemplated? The Very Rev. Inge, writing recently in *The Hibbert Journal*[4] about Russian theology and its insistence on the claim that the mystics of all nations, creeds and times form an invisible brotherhood of the initiated, has commented:—

> This all-important truth is emphasized more by these Russians than by the Catholics of the West....These Russians have surprised me by their great ability and their earnest faith. I believe our theologians would profit by reading them.

W. L. Phelps of the Yale University once said[5]: "Russian fiction is

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[1] LOSSKY, *op. cit.*, p. 131.

[2] See the apt remarks by S. L. FRANK in his Introduction to *A Solovyov Anthology*. Student Christian Movement Press, Ltd., London. 1950. Pp. 12-13.

[3] See PETER ZOUBOFF's translation. Dennis Dobson, Ltd., London. 1948. Introduction, p. 60.

[4] Vol. LI, No. 2, January 1953, pp. 110, 112.

[5] *Essays on Russian Novelists.* Macmillan, New York, 1911, Preface.

like German music—the best in the world." Without subscribing to so partisan a judgment, we may still say that a good case can be made out for classical Russian philosophy. Vladimir Soloviev described his dauntless quest in lines of poetry which will touch sympathetic chords in all those who cherish the great ideals of philosophy in the East.

> And until midnight, with no timid steps,
> I shall go on towards the wished-for shores,
> To where, upon the hill beneath new stars,
> All flaming bright with fires of victory
> There stands awaiting me my promised fane.[1]

C. T. K. CHARI

ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA

Most striking in the *Diamond Jubilee Souvenir* of the Maha Bodhi Society is Bhikshu Sangharakshita's 57-page biography of Anagarika Dharmapala, a story of great and sustained devotion. The Anagarika, the head of a renaissance of Buddhism, found inspiration and sympathy in the founders of the Theosophical Movement of the 19th century. Indeed, Madame Blavatsky turned the Anagarika's interests from practical occultism to his mission. The article says :—

> Calling him to her room one day, she made him sit by her and told him that he need not take up the study of occultism, but that he should study Pali, where all that was needed could be found, and that he should work for the good of humanity, after which she gave him her blessings. Years later Dharmapala wrote in his " Reminiscences " that there and then he decided that henceforth his life should be devoted to the good of humanity, and the history of Buddhism during the last sixty years is the witness of how faithfully he observed his youthful vow.

Anagarika Dharmapala's life is an ennobling study.

The *Souvenir* also contains a report of the history, the influence and the valuable publications of the Society during the 60 years 1891-1951, and interesting articles on " Buddhist Culture " and " Buddhism and India."

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[1] I have followed the English translation of A. BRUCKNER'S *Literary History of Russia*. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. 1908) A more literal, but perhaps less effective, translation of the poem is found in LOSSKY, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

FEAR AND ITS EFFECTS ON PSYCHO-PHYSICAL HEALTH

[**Dr. Irene Bastow Hudson, M.B. (London), M.R.C.S. (England), L.M.C. (Canada)** writes in this article of fear from the standpoint of the medical practitioner convinced of the importance of mental discipline to psychic and physical well-being. Psychosomatic medical theory is more widely accepted today than it was in 1890 when Madame H. P. Blavatsky wrote that "half, if not two-thirds of our ailings and diseases are the fruit of our imagination and fears." She added a prescription which is in line with Dr. Hudson's thesis: "Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest." The subject of this essay is of great importance in our time. Infectious fears upon a continental if not a global scale make the attainment of mental poise, if not of inner peace, not only a desideratum for individual health but also an urgent duty to society.—ED.]

"Fear kills the will and stays all action."

Fear, in its old meaning, included awe and respect, as seen in ancient scriptures. Now its use is more mundane and physical, though one can remember that it was mentioned in the Upanishads as being experienced by more highly developed beings than we.

In our present world fears are usually reserved for ourselves, though a few, more highly developed or naturally more altruistic, can feel fear, love and sorrow for those among us incapable of controlling our senses. So long as we are too ignorant or too lazy to get control of those lower senses we shall remain a prey to fears and pains. The hydra-headed monster often called the lower self may lie down and seem to sleep, but is always ready to take us unawares and strike at a weak spot.

Some psychophysical fears are not wholly selfish: a man may fear to leave his wife and children without support; he may fear a long and costly sickness, in which his loved ones would exhaust themselves nursing him. Many a mother spends her last days worrying about the future of her children and her husband when she is gone. Even here the possessive element enters the picture with her fears.

Temporary fears, appearing before a first sermon or speech, a concert or stage *début*, or before examinations, are well known. The same type of fear seizes some people on the water, on precipices, on suspension bridges, etc. Such fears may be congenital or caused by serious accident and the tendency to them is largely due to some gland abnormality. The nervousness of those with excess thyroid secretion is well known and their fears are not due to cowardice. Sudden fears in battle,

in bombing raids and in fires are known and accepted as unavoidable. Medical treatment and training can do much to counteract such fears, but their elimination cannot be assured without a higher control of the senses and the mind. If this cannot be obtained they return unexpectedly when certain events evoke them. Usually they are inconvenient rather than actually harmful but they often react on the character and render the subject more abnormally nervous.

Fear of insanity, equally with fear of homicidal tendencies, can be truly terrible and either may drive the exhausted wreck to suicide, for such psychic fears play havoc with the physique of even strong persons.

In all cases of specially fearful dispositions, the subjects should have great care shown them.

If they are of the leader type they can easily cause panic in a crisis, and always they emit an aura which influences others. In any institution inmates with a fear complex are difficult to handle and their presence is dangerous, while they themselves become psychopathic cases or even insane. Such unconscious fear needs constant watching, for it can show signs unknown to the person most concerned.

Indeed there are so many kinds of fear that it is well to begin with the physical and instinctual. The lookout bird or animal of a flock or herd, feeding or sleeping, fears attack and immediately communicates with the leader. The bull, stag or bird receives the danger signal and takes immediate action to protect his females and the young and the weaker members of the group. Instinctual it may be, but unselfishness is mixed with the automatic action of giving battle to the enemy. There is good discipline even amongst wild animals. Human beings still show much of the same reaction when fear seizes them; modern life, however, has sapped our sense of personal responsibility and discipline varies much from group to group.

Childish fears are mostly physical, caused by memory of pain, ill-treatment, etc., or fears of anger, quarrelling amongst adults and so forth. Amongst adolescents and adults very many fears originate in ignorance and dislike of pain. Putting off going to the doctor or the dentist is a well-known example of this kind of fear.

External conditions, *e.g.*, lack of air in trains, dark tunnels, electric storms and earthquakes will all produce fear, if not panic, as do severe fires and bombing. Those who show no fear on such occasions are not apathetic; they have learnt to discipline and control the lower senses.

General medical practice for many years gives an all-round picture of human fears and often demonstrations of their results.

Many diseases are brought into activity, when not actually caused, by fear and a preoccupation with some special disease factor. Unless the person involved has acquired real control of his mind, he succumbs

sooner or later.

That cancer, many heart diseases and tuberculosis, as well as most other types of ill-health may start in the mind we all know. Some cases are easier to demonstrate than others. Take Cancer. A surgeon specialist, who examines large numbers of cases and operates on many of them, gets gradually so preoccupied with cancer that his mind is full of it and he may develop it himself and die of it.

Nurses and even private persons, after long years of nursing cancer, frequently develop the disease, especially if some member of their family has had it. The picture of the condition and the fear of it is ever present in the mind. Pathologists who are constantly examining specimens of cancer also sometimes get the mind full of it, develop a fear of it and the disease lays hold of them.

Certain heart diseases run in families partly because the picture of them is always before the mind of the family members and a subconscious fear exists.

The same applies to tuberculosis. Genuine infections do occur, but fear and propinquity are more powerful than infection.

When it is possible to clear the patient's mind of such a fear-picture as is mentioned above, it is usually possible to effect a real cure. If the disease has gone too far only a certain amount can be done, though many patients can be restored to living a fairly normal life if the condition and the cure are fully explained—but the patient must be willing to get well.

That fear is intimately mingled with the pain of child-birth is shown by the fact that suitable medicine in a very small dose or a minute quantity of anæsthetic is all that is needed to banish the pain and relax the tension. Often the mere knowledge that the doctor is there ("my doctor") is sufficient to ease the mental and physical pains.

Pain is a useful symptom within limits and can so often be controlled by releasing tension and removing fear that its importance should not be unduly magnified.

Fear of internal physical conditions is much aggravated by relatives and kind friends who love to fear the worst. The badly constipated child with stomach-ache may have a "fit" (a convulsion), but the foolish mother who is obsessed with the idea of meningitis or tetanus is asking for something the child need not have and unconsciously trying to put disease into her baby.

The psychic fears and fussiness so often seen by doctors are very often bound up with physical conditions, but they abound independently of these, amongst idle selfish people whose all-absorbing interest is self. Dabbling in psychic matters, *e.g.*, hypnotism or Spiritualism, in this life or having done so in a previous existence, can produce mental fears later on, for those who linger in the psychic hall of learning pay dearly for it some time or other.

Alcoholics and drug addicts are also sufferers from pains and fears of the psychic type and their condition may be terrible to witness. Such sufferers become less than human when withdrawal symptoms get hold of them badly, and there then seems

no chance of self-control even on a person who is normal between attacks. In the case of the actually insane, the fears appear devastating, but reason may be so far divorced from the body that the latter may be insensitive to pain.

As already stated, excessive thought for self and the giving of importance to our own personal likes and dislikes, pleasures and pains, will cause fear. This is shown in the frequent improvement in physical and mental condition brought about by inducing patients to help some one else.

Many apparently sound causes and movements founder and fail when doubt of their value and efficacy enters the minds of their leaders.

Jealousy and fear are fond companions in misery; the fear of a rival, a competitor, the possibility of failure can all turn the mind into a playground for evil influences. May we again emphasize that control of the lower self does cleanse the mind of pain and sorrow and thereby banish disorders of the body?

Reference to fears on a higher plane of being is found in various parts of the Upanishads and other sacred scriptures. Also it is said in one of the *sutras* that Prince Siddhartha left his home at the age of 29, to search for the cause of suffering and for enlightenment because of his fear for the future of this quarrelsome mankind. The *sutra* reads:—

"The future Buddha saw that the people were quarrelsome and that the armed hand induced fear. He saw men trembling and throbbing like fishes in insufficient water. And seeing them, each quarrelling with the other, fear entered into him."

The fears of Gautama Buddha, have been justified. We continue to forget the Compassionate Ones and are satisfied to show the way to misery and ill health through fear, when we might, with equal ease, point out the way to Harmony and Peace.

IRENE BASTOW HUDSON

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG

Is the older generation being less than fair to youth? *Manas* (Los Angeles, U.S.A.) puts this challenge in the opening article, "Culture and Human Greatness" in its April 22nd issue. Certainly we have gone beyond the mere usual dampening of youthful ardour. That is an almost inevitable result of the traditional distrust by each older generation of the wisdom, if not of the motives, of those who will succeed them on the stage of life. But we have offered youth the blighting creed of "security and safety first"; we have taught them to shun the hazardous and, in effect, to close their doors instead of trusting life. This is materialism *in excelsis*.

Manas contrasts with this Sri Krishna's hailing of Arjuna, in exhorting him to fearless endeavour, as "*Best* of the Kurus," encouraging him to think of himself as "the very flower of nobility." Every great religion, it is said, has at its heart "this challenge of ultimate trial, with the promise of new opportunities after each relative failure."

> ...the least that one generation can do for another is to surround its childhood with the atmosphere of the quest....The role of culture is to act as the matrix of human greatness, to shield the dreams and foster the hopes of the human soul, and point forever to the golden horizons marked out by the aspiring imagination. Every culture, to be worthy of survival, must address each youth, *O best of the Kurus*, and open the portal of the challenge of life.

THE SAGE OF KONIGSBERG

[An American contributor, **Mr. Rufus Suter,** presents an interesting analysis of the thought of the 18th-century philosopher, Immanuel Kant. About Kant's theory of the origin of the world H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* states that it, " if not in its general aspect, at any rate in some of its features, reminds one strongly of certain esoteric teachings. Here we have the world's system *reborn from its ashes,* through a nebula; the emanation from the bodies, dead and dissolved in Space—resultant of the *incandescence* of the solar centre reanimated by the combustible matter of the planets. In this theory, generated and developed in the brain of a young man hardly twenty-five years of age, who had never left his native place, a small town of Northern Prussia (Konigsberg) one can hardly fail to recognise either an inspiring external power, or the *reincarnation* which the Occultists see in it. It fills a gap which Newton, with all his genius, failed to bridge." (I. 601) Again, calling Immanuel Kant " the greatest philosopher of European birth," she quotes his highly suggestive words: " I confess I am much disposed to assert the existence of Immaterial natures in the world, and to place my own soul in the class of these beings. It will hereafter, I know not where, or when, yet be proved that the human soul stands even in this life in indissoluble connection with all immaterial natures in the spirit-world, that it reciprocally acts upon these and receives impressions from them." (I. 133)—Ed.]

Four centuries ago in Europe a new technique for solving the riddles of nature was invented. Earlier researchers had been bookish scholars or exegetes deciphering the texts of Aristotle and his disciples, as clergymen today read politics out of the Bible. But in the 16th century the worship of the " Master of Them that Know " began to show signs of blighting thought in fields where a direct examination of nature herself is more fruitful than an interpretation of ancient texts about nature. A few hardy souls perceived this: among them, Copernicus in astronomy, Gilbert in magnetism and electrostatics, Francis Bacon in inductive methodology, Galileo in mechanics and astronomy, and Descartes in deductive methodology, mathematics and physics. These pioneers differed in their technique, but they had a common zeal to break the stranglehold of the Aristotelians in the study of natural phenomena. As a result of the efforts of these men, the identification of the scientist with the textual exegete ceased and the scientist emerged as a glorified mechanic or engineer, or as one who takes the same attitude towards the universe as a technological expert does towards a machine.

But this story of the origins of modern science is too well known to need retelling here. The subsequent effect on man's picture of the cosmos

and his place in it and the transforming power of science in the practical details of daily life are also familiar to everyone. The picture of the universe that evolved was of spinning spheres travelling forever through time and infinite space, empty except for the spheres, their surface phenomena, and the sparse *débris* between them, such as gaseous nebulæ, meteors and comets. All things possessed only those qualities which would be of interest to the mechanic; dimension, movement and mass. Physical bodies could be split. In theory, if not in actual engineering practice, one could continue to split them until the ultimate atoms, possessing mass and the other measurable attributes of matter, were reached. All exercise of force and all motion occurred without exception according to universal laws that could be formulated as mathematical equations.

Needless to say, on the practical side there grew up in this new scientific climate a host of inventions, notably the steam-engine, perfected by Watt. This remarkable prime-mover brought tremendous force into the world of everyday affairs and inaugurated the Industrial Revolution.

An odd paradox arose from the new world view. Man became aware of some truth about the structure and operations of the physical universe, and for the first time in history he harnessed the forces of nature to his own service on a vast and systematic scale. He was thus raised to the level of a god who could know and control reality. But the paradox was that with this achievement he saw himself not as a god but as an ineffective chemical accident on a second-rate planet whirling round a third-rate star lost in the abyss of time and space. He was appalled by the weight and immensity of an inanimate environment alien to his inexplicable and abortive spark of will.

The scientific awakening had another effect different from the one we have briefly outlined. This was the influence it exerted on the mind of the Sage of Königsberg.

Königsberg, where this Sage lived, is near the Baltic Sea in East Prussia, now behind the Iron Curtain. It is a pity that the Sage is no longer alive, for the power with which he once converted a recalcitrant travelling salesman to the democratic cause of the American Revolution would be valuable today. The Sage, grandson of a Scottish immigrant and son of a saddler, was Immanuel Kant, a professor at the local Lutheran University. He wrote a book entitled *The Critique of Pure Reason*, in the preface to the second edition of which he alluded to the research methods of Galileo and others. They had approached nature, he said, not as a malleable pupil approaches his schoolmaster, but as an appointed judge faces a witness, compelling the latter to answer the questions he, the judge, proposes. The physicist, in other words, must ask questions skilfully

pre-planned. Otherwise experiment and observation will yield only a helter-skelter of disjointed data, not converging towards any law, indeed, not converging towards anything unless by luck. Kant's contribution to science, nevertheless, did not lie in methodology.

It lay rather in a novel dimension about which his predecessors had not bothered. He asked an original question and he provided a startling answer. His query : " How is science possible ? " may seem gratuitous, since obviously in his own day science was already possible because it existed. But Kant's query, redundant as it may seem, is in fact one of the most disconcerting problems in intellectual history.

The pioneering scientists four centuries ago differed, as has been mentioned, in their technique. They all fought against Aristotle, being mechanics rather than scholars, but as mechanics some relied more on their knowledge of mathematics to figure out how the machine (nature) ran ; others depended more on observation and experiment. The revolution in science resulted from a fecund union of the empirical attitude (" Seeing is believing ") with an overwhelming conviction that whatever the senses revealed would fit into mathematical formulæ. What the senses revealed would coincide with other patterns also, not mathematical but having the same absolute certainty as mathematics, *e.g.*, the principle that time is not reversible (" What's done can't be undone ") and the law that nothing happens without a cause.

Thus, to return to Kant's acute simile, the successful physicist approaches nature like the judge with certain rules already in hand and, instead of listening to a hodge-podge of all sorts of instructions from nature, he compels her, the witness, to answer questions only within the framework of these rules. The odd circumstance is that, though the questioner brings the rules, it turns out that they are the very rules under which nature operates. What is the reason for this fortunate coincidence ? How did the physicist find out about it ? " How is science possible ? "

Knowledge of the universe is available through the senses only : through observation and experiment, that is, by telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, chronometers, balances, verniers, etc. But this knowledge, when we seek for it, we seek with certain basic preconceptions, and when it comes it comes perfectly integrated into these preconceptions. Otherwise there would be no science. But the preconceptions themselves are not the product of the observatory, or the workshop. The scientist does not discover them by experiment or by observation. He does not even test them as long as he holds to the rôle of scientist *qua* mechanic. Then how does he know them to be true ? How, in the last analysis, is science possible ?

Kant's solution to this problem is startling. *The Critique of Pure*

Reason is, among other things, an elaborate working out of the thesis that the very act of perceiving the real objects of the physical universe and of being aware of the regularities of their operation is itself the act of organizing the raw stuff of sensation into full-bodied, substantial things, under the sway of iron-clad natural law.

To make vivid the impact of this solution let us explain it in another way. If you see a star suddenly burst forth into a nova, you know that this cataclysm occurred trillions of miles out in space and centuries ago; and you accept (for the sake of argument) the explanation that the catastrophe was caused by collision with another star. The only elements in this situation in which you played no organizing rôle were a few visual sensations. *You* organized sensory data into two real objects, the two stars; *you* provided the real spatial and temporal continuum in which they existed trillions of miles away and centuries ago; *you* furnished the peculiarity of space and time by which their extent is measurable in terms of a number series; *you* were responsible for positing the necessity of the cause-effect relationship by which there would have been no explosion if there had been no cause of the explosion.

This perhaps too facile hint of Kant's picture of the universe and man's place in it may give the idea that Kant believed the universe to be a figment of the scientific imagination. Nothing could misinterpret him more completely. He did not belong to that company of metaphysical dreamers who reduce reality to a dream. The mind for him does, to be sure, play a creative rôle. In organizing the material of sensation into knowledge it proceeds according to rules of its own: it creates, as has been said, time and space, the cause-effect sequence; it creates as well the substance-quality pattern and many other basic features of reality as known to us; but what it creates (and this is the point to be emphasized) is reality *as known to man*; namely, empirical reality, natural phenomena, the universe as observed by the naked eye or observed through the telescope or microscope or spectroscope, or as experienced in the laboratory, or on the geological field-trip, or as brought under control by the engineer, or as contended with by the mariner and aviator. The mind creates in things only what it gets out of them in the scientific enterprise, and this term "scientific enterprise" is to be understood in the broadest and deepest sense.

None-the-less, phenomena, as the derivation of the word signifies, are only appearances. The scientist, with all his equipment, sees a thing only as it appears to him. What it is in itself is undeterminable by the scientific method. The point we are making, however, is not that the thing-in-itself (Kant's famous *Ding-an-sich*) is unknowable; but rather that even though it is unknowable

there is a thing-in-itself. Just when we have become suspicious that Kant in his analysis of scientific knowledge has reduced nature to a figment of the scientific imagination, we find that instead, for him, the scientific imagination does no more and no less than may be expected of it : it reveals the thing, not as it is in itself, but as it appears to the scientist.

Such was the effect which the scientific awakening of four centuries ago had on the mind of the Sage of Königsberg. Others it left with the picture of a vast, heavy, ruthless material environment where man was ineffective, a conception which made a background suitable in some respects for the Industrial Revolution and the Age of Power : Kant it awakened to a vision of man's rôle in the universe that has in it something reminiscent of the doctrine of the Atman or the Self in the Upanishads of the ancient Hindus.

RUFUS SUTER

A CANADIAN DELEGATION

Co-operation is becoming ever more widely recognized as the most hopeful approach to solving the difficulties of individuals and of groups. Four Canadian specialists in co-operative work and agricultural training, who visited India in connection with the working of the Colombo Plan for helping underdeveloped countries, visited Bangalore and the Indian Institute of Culture on March 19th. The delegation, which was led by Mr. Howard L. Trueman of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, was accompanied by Mr. Graham McInnes, the First Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for Canada. Mr. J. Edward O'Meara, who spoke at the Institute, showed how successful Co-operation had been in Canada since 1900—in wheat marketing, in the field of credit, and in marketing the catch of the fishers of Nova Scotia.

Co-operative farming, with its dual dependence on the weather and on temperamental compatibility—undependable variables both—had apparently failed as often as it had succeeded, which holds perhaps a lesson for the enthusiasts for co-operative farming in India.

Mr. Justice B. Vasudevamurthy, who presided, brought out the predominant accent on credit in the Indian Co-operative Movement, which can doubtless profit much from the experience of other countries where Co-operation has achieved success in many lines.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIANA

The Divine Songs of Zarathushtra: A Philosophical Study of the Gathas of Zarathushtra. Text with literal translation into English and a free English rendering, critical and grammatical Notes, Metrical Index and Glossary. By Dr. Irach J. S. Taraporewala. (D. B. Taraporewala Sons and Co. xvii + 1166 pp. 1951. Rs. 25/-)

The author has devoted 25 years to the completion of this work and his labour of love has produced a monument of painstaking scholarship and devotion. The Gathas are the very foundation of his faith and they embody high ethical and moral precepts.

Western scholars have given us various translations of the Gathas in several European languages. We have also translations into Gujarati by Ervad Kavasji E. Kanga and into Persian by Prof. Poure Davoud, based upon those of the Western scholars. Although these translators were all profound scholars and excellent philologists and their renderings evoke admiration and wonder, they fail to inspire. To inspire is one of the chief characteristics of the original Gathas. This quality is retained in the learned translation of Dr. Taraporewala, who has also had the good fortune to learn Avesta from Prof. Christian Bartholomae, the greatest German Iranist of his time.

Professor Taraporewala has been a student, professor and research scholar since the turn of the century. He has gone through the various versions of the text of the Gathas stanza by stanza with an ingenious system of word numeration that permits even a novice to check the translation and criticize its value. An English rendering of the German translation by his *guru*, Bartholomae, is also given, which adds to the usefulness and importance of the work. In his translation Professor Taraporewala has rigorously followed a fundamental principle which most other scholars have ignored, *viz.*, "a unit of verse is also a unit of sense," and he has given his renderings in simple, readable and at the same time lucid and thoroughly intelligible language, which appeals to the heart and the head. The philological and learned discussions will prove very useful to students and scholars of Iranian studies. His book *Selections from Avesta and Old Persian*, published in 1922, impressed this reviewer deeply and from it he derived great inspiration and enthusiasm for Avesta studies.

In his exhaustive and scholarly Introduction, Professor Taraporewala has enumerated the main principles which have guided him in the work of translation and interpretation of the Message of Zarathushtra. It is needless to mention that no Iranist will have any hesitation in accepting these principles, which are very briefly as follows:—

(i) "The Gathas must be judged by themselves and in the light of their own contents."

(ii) Vedic Literature is nearest to the Gathas, both in language and in spirit. The author, being a Sanskrit scholar too, has compared carefully Vedic words and idioms and ideas.

(iii) "A unit of verse" in the Gathas, as also in the Vedas, is a "unit of sense."

(iv) The Gathas are simple and direct in their style and diction.

(v) It is the thought of the Gathas which is profound. The unconscious tendency to read into the text the beautiful things that one would like to find there for one's own satisfaction and spiritual comfort, which is known by the term "subjectivism," is noticed

in this book and has exerted considerable influence on the author's exposition.

(vi) The Gathas are spiritual in the fullest sense of the term.

(vii) "The great Prophets and Teachers of Humanity in the ancient days spoke with a *fullness of wisdom*, of which we 'modern minded' people can have no conception."

In observing these principles Dr. Taraporewala has not neglected linguistic and historical methods or grammar and philology as understood by competent authorities in the field of Iranian studies.

In the beginning the author has discussed at length the Amesha Spentas, who figure so frequently in the Gathas. Here he differs from the views of Western scholars, who have always regarded these names as "personified qualities" of the Supreme. According to Professor Taraporewala they are to be considered as distinct Entities, or Beings and they can be best regarded as "Rays" or "Aspects" of the Godhead. He explains *Ahura* as "Lord of Life" and *Mazda* as "Creator of Matter," the first the Life side and the second the Form side of the Supreme, the Active and the Passive. He has also given an erudite exposition of "the Holy Word of the religion of Zarathushtra," and has explained the philosophic thought underlying the most sacred verse, the Ahuna-Vairya. The reader will be greatly impressed by the manner in which the author has unravelled the thoughts enshrined in that formula.

The Appendices given at the end of the book show the care that Dr. Taraporewala has taken, and these will be highly useful to students and scholars alike. No scholar has dealt with the theme of Gatha metre so exhaustively and so systematically as Professor Taraporewala has done.

The second Appendix deals with "the Family of Zarathushtra." It was published in *The New Indian Antiquary* (April-June, 1946). This theme is rather polemical. It is not understood why the author has made efforts to turn Zarathushtra into a celibate. In the entire atmosphere and tradition of Indo-Iranian culture in its ancient stages and more especially in all the historically known Zoroastrian tradition the trend is definitely against such a conception. Appendix 3 gives a complete list of the MSS. cited from the Prolegomena of Geldner's Texts. The fourth Appendix covers 18 pages and in it the author has given a list of the variations introduced by him in the text and his reasons for the alterations. The value of the work is enhanced by its Glossary and General Index.

The Divine Songs of Zarathushtra bears ample testimony to the sound, accurate scholarship and research, critical acumen and painstaking care of the erudite and distinguished author in the preparation of this fine volume. The book is rightly dedicated to the late K. R. Cama, the "Lay Dastur" of the Parsis and the Father of Avestan studies in Bombay.

M. F. KANGA

Mahadev Desai's Early Life. By NARAHARI D. PARIKH. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 71 pp. 1953. Re. 1/-)

The late Mahadev Desai served Gandhiji as private secretary for a quarter of a century. It was indeed a rare privilege for him. But the fact must not be overlooked that when Mahadev joined Gandhiji's service in 1917 he brought with him a character and qualities which fully entitled him to the proud position of the keeper of his master's conscience as well as his correspondence. The author, a life-long colleague and companion of Mahadev and at present the editor of his diaries, has therefore done well to lift the veil off the period (1892-1917), preceding Mahadev's private secretaryship to Gandhiji, and to let us see for ourselves the various forces which helped to shape this good man of many parts. For, as the late Shri Kishorlal

Mashruwala once remarked, Mahadev was a philosopher, poet, singer, artist, server, nurse, ambassador, advocate, arbitrator, seeker and lover of mankind and of its Maker, all rolled into one.

G. M.

Rebuilding Our Villages. By M. K. GANDHI. Edited by BHARATAN KUMARAPPA. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 126 pp. 1952. Re. 1/8)

For three decades and more Gandhiji lived and laboured for India and the teeming millions who dwell in her villages. For to him they were *Daridra-Narayana* (God, of and in the poor) who had to be worshipped through continued, consecrated service in various spheres for their welfare. The present volume, containing a concise presentation of Gandhiji's ideas in regard to village reconstruction, deals with the diverse problems of the villagers: sanitation, health, diet, education, industries, agriculture, transport, self-defence, self-government, land tenure and the ideal of non-violence. It is a very helpful guide for all those who are now engaged in the arduous but absolutely essential work of rural rehabilitation or reorientation. For, as Gandhiji says:

> If the village perishes India will perish too. It will be no more India. Her own mission in the world will get lost. (*Harijan*, 29-8-1936.)

G. M.

The Twilight of Faith and Reason: Alavandar: Stotra-Ratna. Edited by M. V. V. K. RANGACHARI (Editor, Kakinada. x+265 pp. 1952. Rs. 4/-)

The number of *Stotras* or devotional poems preserved in Sanskrit is indeed vast and only a small percentage of them is as yet in print. But of the *Stotra-Ratna* (literally a hymnic gem) several editions have been published as it was composed by Alavandar (a ruler) or Yamunācārya (A.D. 918-1040), the illustrious predecessor of Rāmānujācārya, the greatest Teacher of the Vaishnavas.

According to tradition the *Stotra-Ratna* "was composed to celebrate the Shrine of Kanchi Varadarajaswami." It consists of 65 stanzas and teaches that Vishnu is the cause of the Universe, is superior to all other deities, is the abode of all auspicious qualities and that surrender (*prapatti*) to Him is the only way to liberation and that veneration to the *Guru* is a great help towards its attainment. This *Stotra* is so highly esteemed that the last nine stanzas "are incorporated in the daily worship in the temples of Vishnu in the place of *Mantras.*" It is also known as the *Kuṭṭi Bhaṣya* or brief commentary, "being considered to contain in an abridged form the essence" of the teachings of the Alvar saints in the 4,000 stanzas of the *Prabandha*, and also the philosophy later expounded by Rāmānuja in his *Srībhāṣya.*

In this edition Shri Rangachari has given the Sanskrit text in Roman type and each stanza is followed by its translation, a significance, detailed notes on each word, its context and application to modern thought. This plan is very useful for gaining a thorough understanding of the *Stotra.*

It would have been much better had the text been given in Devanāgari script, particularly so because no diacritical marks are used in the romanized text and the correction of proofs leaves much to be desired. But in spite of these drawbacks, this edition is sure to be appreciated by the devout students of the *Stotra-Ratna*, and deserves to be widely known in spite of its ungainly external garb.

N. A. GORE

Homage to Ananda Coomaraswamy: A Memorial Volume. Edited by S. DURAI RAJA SINGHAM. (Editor, Kuantan, Malaya. 331 pp. 1952. Rs. 15/-)

This book being a collection of tributes to the memory of the late Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, stands as evidence that a master mind may be approached in a variety of ways. Coomaraswamy was a cultural giant,

who embodied vast learning and penetrating insight. He shines as one of the illustrious leaders of the Indian Renaissance, those who were responsible for the cultural regeneration of the country. Also, he was one of those few who worked for a new orientation of world-culture. It is not too late for India and the world to pay respect to Coomaraswamy or to begin to recognize all that he stood for.

Dr. Coomaraswamy was a torch-bearer of the cultural heritage of India for a whole generation and a great exponent of the ideals and meaning of Indian art. As a genuine art critic he looked into the spirit of art, beneath its outer forms, recognizing its deeper cultural roots through its expressions in society. But, to consider Coomaraswamy merely as an art critic is not to understand the whole of his creative genius, or his unique insight, which yielded him "the voice of the spiritual conscience of man." Even surpassing his pre-eminent distinction as the foremost authority on Indian art, stands Coomaraswamy's devotion to the cause of promoting the common spiritual heritage of mankind. His wide scholarship and "panoramic mind" undoubtedly fitted him admirably for this. It was he who boldly indicated the spirit of tradition and stood for the *Philosophia Perennis* exposing at the same time the oddities of the modern mind, when it was estranged from the spiritual values of life. This welcome volume of tributes brings to us the knowledge of Coomaraswamy's unique stature as a cultural mediator between East and West.

B. SINHA

Nipatavyayopasargavritti of Tilaka. Edited by APPALLA S. SARMA. (Sri V. Oriental Series No. 28. Tirupati Devasthanams, Tirupati. iii+70 pp. 1951. Rs. 2/-)

A true history of Sanskrit grammar can only be written after the publication of all the known works on grammar now in different collections of manuscripts in India and outside it. We are, therefore, glad to have the present edition of a small text on grammar dealing with *nipāta* (indeclinables), *avyaya* (indeclinable particles) and *upasarga* (prepositions prefixed to roots). This edition is based on a rare MS. in the Arsa library at Vishakhapaṭṭaṇa. According to the editor that MS. is based on the work of Bhatta Kshirasvami (*c.* A.D. 1050), the reputed commentator on the lexicon *Amarakośa.*

Professor Sarma is unable to throw any light on the exact date of Tilaka, the author of this work. We have to thank him, however, for making this small but valuable work on grammar available to the students of Sanskrit grammar the study of which is rather neglected in our schools and colleges at present.

P. K. GODE

The Dharmasūtras and the Dharmaśāstras. Lectures by DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI. (S. V. Oriental Institute Studies No. 5. Tirupati Devasthanams, Tirupati. 45 pp. 1952. As. 12)

Dewan Bahadur Ramaswami Sastri, Retired District and Sessions Judge, has been a close student of Hindu Law and its sources, *viz.*, the early *Dharmasūtras* and the later *Dharmaśāstras.* The three lectures he delivered on these texts before the Summer School of Hindu Religion conducted by the Tirupati Devasthanams will acquaint the reader with the correct background of the Hindu religious doctrines, which have exercised a profound influence on Hindu society through the last 2,500 years. The first lecture deals with the origin and growth of these texts, which have a Vedic basis. The second lecture elucidates the three aspects of these texts, *viz.*, *ācāra* (general conduct), *vyavahāra* (law), and *prāyaścitta* (ceremonial expiation). In his treatment of the present and future of these texts in the third lecture Dewan Bahadur Sastri correctly observes that in the

department of ancient Hindu law certain general principles will be found valid and useful to this day. Some of the ceremonial and ethical disciplines and spiritual ideas stated in the *Dharmasūtras* and *Dharmaśāstras* will survive for all time in India and will be woven in the texture of Hindu thought and life forever. Though brief, these lectures of Dewan Bahadur Sastri are fully documented and contain a good presentation of the central teachings of ancient Indian texts on *Dharmaśāstra* in a nutshell.

P. K. GODE

Dharmasangraha: A Collection of Moral Sayings Collected from the Itihāsas and the Purāṇas. Edited by P. V. RAMANUJASWAMI. Sri Venkateswara Oriental Series No. 27. (S. V. Oriental Institute, Tirupati. viii + 84 pp. 1951. Rs. 2/-)

Sanskrit literature has been the fountainhead of the best religious and ethical thought that governed the life and character of our ancestors through centuries of political vicissitudes. In India religion and ethics have never been separated. Accordingly, a truly religious man was expected to possess a good character. This is also required, even in a Secular State, from a candidate applying for any job in a Government department.

The foundations of good character must be laid in the education of boys and girls, in schools and colleges, and for this purpose the Principal and professors of the S. V. Oriental College, Tirupati, have prepared the present manual *Dharmasangraha*. It is for religious and moral instruction, free from sectarianism. The religious and moral excerpts from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Māhābharata*, etc., which are incorporated in this Manual are quite representative. A judicious daily use of them in the education of the younger generation should serve as a corrective to the modern way of life, which hardly contributes to the harmonious development of the personality of a child.

This anthology of good thoughts contains the quintessence of Indian wisdom, a product of human experience of 3,000 years. We heartily congratulate Principal Ramanujaswami and his colleagues upon the preparation and publication of this *Dharmasangraha*, which, if accompanied with an English translation of the excerpts in the second edition, could be read with delight by all lovers of Indian wisdom even outside of India.

P. K. GODE

The Stotras of Śrī Vedanta Deśika. (Sri Vedanta Desika Sampradaya Sabha, Bombay 19. iv + 232 + xxiii pp. 1952. Rs. 3/8)

Śrī Vedānta Deśika was the most learned scholar of his time. In the history of Vaiśnavism, he occupies a place second only to that of Śrī Rāmānuja. He was looked upon as an incarnation of Lord Śrī Venkatesa. He lived for a little over a century, from A D. 1268 to 1369.

He wrote both in Sanskrit and in Tamil and his works, numbering over 100, consist of original treatises as well as commentaries. He was equally great as philosopher, poet and controversialist. On account of his versatile genius he was called *Kavi-tarkika-simha*, "the lion of poets and philosophers," and *Sarva-tantra-svatantra*, "the master of all sciences and knowledge." His *stotras* or hymns of praise are characterized by a happy blending of sound and sense. They present the quintessence of the philosophy of the *Viśiṣṭadvaita* school of Vedanta in language marked by sweetness of diction and a variety of metres.

Some of the *stotras* of Śrī Vedānta Deśika have the *mantras* pertaining to the deity concerned cleverly woven into them along with their significances. Owing to this, these *stotras* are learnt by heart and recited in their daily prayers by his followers, even to this day.

The present edition contains 28 of the most popular hymns, and about a dozen excellent photographs, some

images of the author and some of the deities extolled in the hymns. All the verses are serially numbered and the different members of a compound are separately shown by a slight gap in the head-line. Though this innovation is helpful to the understanding of the text, a regular hyphen would be preferable to a gap in the head-line. There is an index of verses also at the end. The printing, get-up and binding leave nothing to be desired and the publishers deserve the warmest congratulations for this excellent edition at a very modest price.

N. A. GORE

PHILOSOPHY

God and the World. By THOMAS MILLER FORSYTH, M.A., D.PHIL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 160 pp. 1952. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Forsyth has succeeded in compressing into this small volume a lucid and stimulating study of Western philosophical thought on God and the Universe from Plato and Aristotle to Bergson and Whitehead.

By whatever process of reasoning the great philosophers have analyzed life, they have all concluded that there is purpose and meaning in it. Yet to ordinary people, especially in this century of wars and conflict, life as a whole seems to be motivated by blind and ruthless forces which play havoc with the individual's lonely search for peace and harmony. At the simple level of inter-human contact, there is often more frustration and psychological tension than harmony and goodwill. In the greater sphere of international relations, this frustration and tension is expressed in the building up of defence forces of unprecedented capacity for indiscriminate destruction.

We naturally ask in the present conditions whether the great thinkers of a remote age, an age that seemed to them to have some permanence, were unjustifiably optimistic in concluding that life, despite all evidence to the contrary, was governed by a principle of Goodness.

This excellent study, however, dispels such gloom. In this scientific century philosophy tends to be regarded as of little importance to mankind. So many are thinking of mastering nature, splitting the atom, flying to the moon, that by and large they have ceased to think about fundamental realities. Man seems to have lost his sense of significance. If we believed in ourselves, if we had faith in Spirit, half the world would not tolerate the snuffing out of the life of the other half.

A key to this "sorry scheme of things" is offered by the great thinkers of the past, who found in the words of the author, that only if God is Love can any reason be found for the creation or the existence of finite spirits seeking a way through error and evil, through strife and conflict, towards unity and harmony.

SUNDER KABADI

Living Time and the Integration of Life. By MAURICE NICOLL. (Vincent Stuart Publishers, Ltd., London. xiii + 252 pp. 1952. 25*s.*)

We have in this book a richness of content which includes a high order of thinking. This is combined with an extensive research in the right quarters for an explanation of the age-old mystery of Time. Fortunately Dr. Nicoll's style is so clear that reading these valuable findings is most profitable.

There are two main themes, Eternity and Time. Included in these are three subsidiary themes, namely, consciousness, idea and time (our time). These latter are within the orbit of our own experience. Glancing through this much-loved book I observe that the

author deals first with "idea" and provides an immediate example on page three of *direct, timeless cognition* as opposed to the *description* of an idea, which moves word by word along the line of time; whereas the idea is instantaneous and intact in its own place in Time. The example of "idea" holds a hint of Eternity in which all possibilities exist. "Everything exists always. There is only the eternal present, the Eternal Now."

Passing on to the next theme, consciousness. We *think* we are self-conscious. Are we? There are different levels of consciousness. We, as we are, exist on a low level of sensuous consciousness. With this as our *principal* asset there is disintegration of being. Our passage through time gives us the impression of succession—even progress—and sometimes of hurtling through space, heedlessly passing and heedlessly reacting to each moment. Then we must summon our knowledge. The chapter "Integration of Life" reassures us and provides a way of salvation by balance, unity and wholeness.

Another interesting point is the invisibility of ourselves (not the body), of our emotion, feelings and fantasies. With this knowledge a different world emerges for our observation and deductions therefrom, a world in which we can find the origin of most of our troubles and ills. In recent times mankind has added a fourth dimension to the age-old sacred three. With this addition the way opens to the invisible world and a possible *conscious* breakaway from the one-line stream of psychic action and reaction.

And so as I read about Eternity and Time, Integration of Being and Eternal Recurrence, it appears to me that this book is written for those who want something. What? Is it desire "to lay hold of Eternity, to become a whole being"?

Why are we so ignorant? "Because we are asleep," says Dr. Nicoll. "What kind of sleep?" it is asked. "Hypnotic sleep," replies P. D. Ouspensky. "Illusions," comes the gentle answer from the East. "Awake! Watch! Overcome Maya!" is the answer of ever young Wisdom.

MAUD HOFFMAN

Idealism and Progress. By GOVINDA CHANDRA DEV, M.A., PH.D. (Das Gupta and Co., Ltd., Calcutta. 446 pp. 1952. Rs. 10/-)

This is a doctoral thesis submitted to the University of Calcutta in 1944 under the title "Reason, Intuition and Reality." The present title indicates more clearly the social inspiration of the effort. Dr. Dev's work is a piece of sustained thinking on Vedantic idealism to redefine it so as to accommodate social progress. The bulk of the book is devoted to the rôles of sense, reason and intuition in the pursuit of the absolute. Dr. Dev considers the position of Shankara's *advaita* regarding *nirguna Brahman* and *maya prapancha* (pure identity and the apparent world) to be logically superior to the corresponding positions of Bradley and Hegel. There is no need to include the world in *Brahman* and resort to theories of transmutation and enrichment. The last chapter draws the conclusion that modern aspirations for the material progress of the masses are not merely consonant with but are logically required by Vedanta. The *jivanmukta* will, according to Dr. Dev, spend his life in assisting others, not merely to attain *moksha*, but also to make the best of life here on earth.

The work is a good example of the contemporary effort in the Indian universities to review Western idealism from the point of view of Vedanta.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

Medieval Philosophy. By FREDERICK C. COPLESTON. Home Study Books. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. 185 pp. 1952. *7s. 6d.*)

This is a clear, readable account of mediæval philosophy. The main movements of thought starting from the

time of Charlemagne and ending with the dawn of the Renaissance are described with sufficient fullness. Thinkers of the 13th and 14th centuries, Duns Scotus, St. Thomas Aquinas, William of Occam and his school are dealt with. The influence of the Arab thinkers, Avicenna and Averroes, through whose translations the mediæval thinkers came into contact with the thought of Aristotle, of the Neo-Platonic mystical tradition, through Dionysius the Areopagite, and St. Augustine, and of the Jewish mystic theologian Maimonides are traced in the formation of the world outlook of medieval Christianity. The genesis of political philosophy gets a chapter to itself. The mystical philosophy of Bonaventura, Eckhart and Nicolas receives some mention. The mutual influence of theology and philosophy is traced in clear terms.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

The Fathers of the Western Church. By ROBERT PAYNE. (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. xvii + 264 pp. 1952. 21s.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council.

The Fathers of the Christian Church are shadowy figures to most modern people. They are supposed to have lived "absurdly, flogged by categorical imperatives of their own shallow imaginings," to have fought unreal battles and to have died insanely, grasping for hands that were not there. But they are presented in this volume as living personalities of great relevance to our own times. The greatest of them lived at a time of utter despair, when the Roman Empire was crumbling and there seemed little hope that civilization would survive the nihilism of barbarian conquests. Western civilization is again facing an upsurge of barbarism and it may be only by recapturing something of the courage and faith of these heroic "athletes of God" that our own civilization can survive the catastrophe that is threatening to submerge it.

Robert Payne has done a great service in rescuing these great heroes of the Christian faith from the obscurity that has surrounded them and their writings. Tertullian and Jerome, Augustine and Aquinas, Francis and Benedict, stand out as dramatic characters in the long drama of Christianity. Though this is a work of consummate scholarship, the controversies that raged round these men and their teachings in their own and subsequent ages are not allowed to dim the light in which they stand as heroic men of faith, moved by the twin imperatives of love to God and love to fellow men.

In the concluding section of the book the author points out the message of the Fathers to our own times. During dark days of distress and crises they raged against the evils of their times and strove to erect in the world a city which would be pleasing to God. "It is their spiritual dignity, their sense of adventure, and their sense of the brotherhood of man under God which should commend them to us now."

The present volume is to be followed by another on the Fathers of the Eastern Church, and together they will make a valuable contribution to the understanding of the men who laid the foundations of Christian belief, which, according to the author, represents

> a marriage between the active principle of the West, believing that all things are real and tangible, or can be made so, and the passive principle of the East that regards the world as illusion, puts meditation and withdrawal and detachment above material success, and considers eternal life more important than human.

A set of eight illustrations, reproductions of famous paintings of the great Fathers, adds to the value of a very interesting book.

S. K. GEORGE

Tagebucher aus Asien. (Diaries from Asia.) By HANS-HASSO VON VELTHEIM-OSTRAU. Vol. I. (Greven Verlag, Cologne. 1951. D.M. 18.60)

In reading these "Diaries from Asia" one receives the impression that the author made his extensive travels through Asian countries moved not merely by friendly and sympathetic feelings but by his conviction of a deep spiritual affinity between the ancient Oriental philosophies and that German characteristic to which Germany owes the designation of "the nation of poets and thinkers." He evidently wishes to see these spiritual relations strengthened, and this attitude will certainly win many admirers for the "Diaries" in Germany. In this connection a conversation deserves to be mentioned, which Dr. von Veltheim had with the renowned Indo-Persian poet and philosopher, Sir Muhammad Iqbal, when he visited the latter on his sick bed. Sir Muhammad was a sincere friend of Germany, which he knew well from his studies and travels there. For years he had agreed with Baron von Veltheim that closer spiritual relations between Indians and Germans were a deeply motivated claim of the present time. Dr. von Veltheim finds highly appreciative words for this "philosopher and poet of timeless significance, since deceased."

The present world crisis is treated by the author with complete sincerity. In his opinion there is no great world problem more pressing for solution within the near future than the East-West Problem. "...the possibilities for a new world culture will depend on the forms under which an East-West reconciliation and mutual peaceful penetration will take place...." Europeans will find fascinating the beautiful descriptions of the grandiose scenery, architecture and ancient monuments. But it is especially the religious-philosophical aspect of the "Diaries from Asia" which makes them so attractive to those readers who feel that a new world-order must emerge if humanity is to survive.

It would exceed the limits of this short review to cite all the pertinent and important remarks made by Dr. von Veltheim in this connection. Suffice it, therefore, to quote a passage from one of his many conversations with eminent Asian personalities. In one of these a Kashmir Guru, Swami Sant Dev Maharaj, made the following statement:—

> After the priests have failed, it is the task of science not only to rediscover true religion, but also to introduce it into life, setting a good example by proving the practical values of religion in all its departments. Only thereby will the individual be of service to all and all to the individual. Jointly and severally.

VERA KNAUERHASE

Nisida and Other Poems. By K. H. JUDGE. (Alfred J. Smith for Bombay Publications, 83, Esplanade Mansions, Bombay 1. 148 pp. 1952. 10s.)

Mr. Judge's forte is the narrative poem. In "Nisida" he has put into spirited verse a stirring tragedy from Dumas' *Celebrated Crimes.* This and "Napoleon's Return from Elba" are outstanding among the verses in this collection, which are of uneven merit. "The Sun and Night" has a whimsical charm. Some of the poems show sincere feeling and good sentiment, but neither the romantic nor the didactic verses are among this poet's best. The metre, moreover, is not always well adapted to his thought. Reading the "Lines Composed on Snowden Hill, Ootacamund," in blank verse, one hopes that Mr. Judge will oftener have recourse to this medium, which he handles with very good effect.

E. M. H.

Mau Mau and the Kikuyu. By L. S. B. LEAKEY. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. xi+115 pp. 1952. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book should be read by all who wish to understand what is at the bottom of the Mau Mau disturbance among the Kikuyu of Kenya Colony. In simple language, Dr. Leakey describes the social, political and religious background of the Kikuyu. In the organization of the tribe, two things in particular stand out: the nature and significance of ceremonial oaths, and the individual ownership of land. It is the latter that seems to be at the root of the trouble, not mere shortage of land, for the Kikuyu family which owns no land has nowhere in the tribal area in which to live. Dr. Leakey emphasizes the breakdown of tribal institutions, and the consequent lessening of authority during the last half-century, as one of the contributary causes of the present outbreak of lawlessness in a tribe which till the coming of Europeans had no chiefs. This breakdown, however, is not confined to the Kikuyu. Another cause of discontent among the young men is that owing to the substitution of cash for live-stock as a means of getting a wife, it is becoming increasingly difficult to raise the money that is needed, sometimes as much as £ 100. A knowledge of these things helps to the understanding of the causes of unrest, and although in themselves they do not explain the peculiar character of Mau Mau, they give some indication of what needs to be rectified; and in his last chapter Dr. Leakey outlines some of the steps that should be taken.

G. W. B. HUNTINGFORD

The Problem of Rebirth. By SRI AUROBINDO. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press, Pondicherry. 194 pp. 1952. Rs. 3/8)

This book consists of articles, republished with some revisions, from early volumes of the *Arya,* chiefly between the years 1919 and 1921. They form a natural sequential order, the first group dealing generally with the problem of rebirth and the evolution of the human soul and passing into considerations of Karmic law, free will, destiny, justice, etc.

In the second group, the workings of the law of Karma are more definitely drawn and continued along higher lines in the third. Only two articles in this last group appeared in the *Arya,* and it is to be regretted that Sri Aurobindo was unable to complete the exposition as he had at one time contemplated.

Sri Aurobindo leads the reader step by step through various stages of human reasoning on the great problems of what the soul is and what the purpose of life is. The inadequacy of modern science to deal with these topics and the futility of answers derived merely from physical sense data is demonstrated. The law of Karma is expanded into the greater law of Harmony covering every aspect of life, physical, psychical and spiritual. The higher levels of mind are shown to be the field *par excellence* where man, the soul and thinker, consciously cooperates with nature in harmony with karmic law and where pains and sufferings are seen to be not punishment for sins but opportunities for growth and trial of native strength.

J. O. M.

Divine Direction or Chaos? By CHARLES H. LEE. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 98 pp. 1952. $3.00)

This slim and very elegant volume is in praise of Christian Science as discovered and practised by Mary Baker Eddy. If the book had been merely in praise of Christian Science it would have been held innocuous or edifying according to the mentality of the reader. For proofs of the truth of miracles, of healing through faith and prayer, are afforded by all religions of the world. But unfortunately there is a very elaborate and unnecessary introduction in the course of which the author refers to all other religions and philosophical systems, East and West, ancient and modern, only to pronounce a sweeping judgment against them all.

If the author has found spiritual consolation in or through Mrs. Eddy it is all to the good. But it is necessary to remind him that there are not only many paths leading to Rome, but that there are many mansions in our Father's house. The author does not seem to realize that the basic principles of Christian Science, in so far as they are an attempt at a philosophy or metaphysical system, are caught up in the sort of contradictions that a purely cerebral approach to the apprehension of the ultimate Reality cannot avoid. For example, the author quotes Mrs. Eddy as saying: "Man is the image and likeness of God co-existent with him" (p. 65); but, on the next page, he adds: "God is primary and man is secondary."

Chapter V, which is the shortest in the book, is also most deplorable; for it dismisses the entire body of Eastern thought and experience in the sphere of spiritual realization as *non est*! The author seems ignorant of the continuous tradition of God-ward aspiration in India which has produced great mystics even in our time.

If the author could even now make a more open-minded approach to Indian thought and religious experience, he might come to stand like stout Cortez in unbounded amazement, "Silent, upon a peak in Darien"!

P. MAHADEVAN

Shrutanjali. By INDIRA DEVI, with translations of her songs by DILIP KUMAR ROY. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 310 pp. 1951. Rs. 5/-)

This is in some ways a remarkable book. It is claimed that Indira, a Punjabi girl and a disciple of Shri Dilip Kumar Roy, in the trance state had a number of visions of Mira in which that devotee of Krishna recited some of her songs, narrated the salient points of her life, and gave a few spiritual lessons. These were all recorded later and are published here. The book contains a Foreword by Shri Sisir Kumar Ghosh, an Introduction by Dr. Indra Sen, some songs of Mira and some composed by Indira herself, together with beautiful poetic renderings of these songs in Bengali by Shri Dilip Kumar Roy. Some have also been translated into English. The teachings of Mira contain telling parables.

The book raises many questions difficult for a layman to answer. Are the songs examples of clairaudience or a trick of the subconscious? Mira composed her songs either in Rajasthani or Brajabhasha. There is no song in Rajasthani in the book. The language of the songs in many cases is a mixture of Brajabhasha and modern Hindi. Perhaps, as the Introduction puts it, "something of Indira's own personality and way of feeling gets imported into these songs," but they are all inspiring and the teachings helpful to the spiritual aspirant.

JAIDEVA SINGH

Focus on Films. By J. P. Le Harivel. (90 pp.); *Must Man Wage War? The Biological Aspect.* By F. A. E. Crew. (93 pp.); *What Goes on Beneath Big Ben.* By C. D. Bateman. (89 pp.); *Botany from the Beginning.* By H. L. K. Whitehouse. (93 pp.). (Thrift Books Nos. 17-20. C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 1952. 1*s.* 6*d.* each)

The Thrift Books of this batch cover their usual wide range. *Focus on Films* considers the triumvirate of production, distribution and art, and their interrelation. J. P. Le Harivel has had a full and enthusiastic experience with a mobile projection unit, with the Film Producers' Guild, and as lecturer, broadcaster, journalist, etc. Professor Crew, out of his experience as army combatant, medical officer and scientific research director, sorts out the causes and effects and issues in the question of *Must Man Wage War?* and leaves the reader to continue thinking from there. C. D. Bateman, Chief of the Parliamentary Staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, gives in *What Goes on Beneath Big Ben* an interesting "Cook's Tour" of the Houses of Parliament, the running of them, the procedure in the Commons and the Lords, and subsidiary activities also like hansard. H. L. K. Whitehouse's *Botany from the Beginning* appeals to the present-day interest in nature, and deals with the evolution of plants from their sea origin through algæ and seaweeds and their colonization of the land, as fungi, mosses and ferns, to the development of true flowering plants and trees, on which animal evolution depends.

L. M. A.

Values Reviewed. By N. P. (Author, "Firgrove," Ootacamund, South India. 53 pp. 1952. Price not indicated)

A considerable amount of thought has gone into the 239 reflections recorded here. Most of them are in the form of aphorisms, though there are a few longer developments of the thought. It might perhaps be suggested that in another edition related thoughts might helpfully be grouped. Without such a classification, the concepts, some of which are quite original and interesting, sometimes even profound, lack the continuity of presentation that would enhance their appeal.

E. M. H.

Dardi ane Davā. (Invalids and Curatives.) By Vaidya Hormasji Ratanshah Acharia. With a Foreword in English by Dr. J. M. Jussawala. (Author, 82, First Marine St., Bombay 2. 336 pp. Rs. 10/-)

Lord Buddha taught in verse 204 of the *Dhammapada*: "Health is the greatest acquisition"; but because of a lack of correct knowledge and wrong, artificial methods of living, today a very large portion of humanity suffers and is deprived of this great boon. Therefore an attempt to supply information about the prevention of diseases and the restoration of health is most welcome.

In this useful and interesting book, Vaidya Acharia gives a good collection of homely hints and simple inexpensive remedies from different systems of healing. These cover all kinds of ailments from ordinary headaches to fatal cancer and diphtheria. The healing power of sound and of light and the importance of fasts and various types of baths is indicated. A whole section deals with the properties of different foods, herbs and spices. A knowledge of these would be helpful to every housewife in preparing well-balanced meals in her home, which will certainly aid in restoring and maintaining health in her family. Correct diet would, no doubt, ultimately prove the truth of the ancient adage: "Prevention is better than cure."

To the subscribers to The Aryan Path, the book is offered at half price.

J. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

"INTELLIGENCE TESTS AND MORAL WORTH"

[The basis of this letter is a discussion, held informally at the Kharang Rural Centre in the Khasi Hills, on the article "Intelligence Tests and Moral Worth" by Elizabeth Cross, which appeared in our March number. The participants were Miss Margaret Barr, who is already well known to readers of THE ARYAN PATH for her work in the Khasi Hills, Miss Joan Alsford, an English school teacher who has been working with SCI teams in India for over a year, and Mr. Bruce Findlow, ex-civil servant, ex-officer, student of "things Japanese," who is visiting the Kharang Rural Centre for a year. They are all interested in both education and moral questions.—ED.]

Behind Miss Cross's article appears to lie the assumption that the threat to a nation's moral standards, particularly in professional behaviour, is more important than the welfare of particular individuals such as Hubert and James. In this we find ourselves in complete disagreement with her and consequently we feel sorry for both these boys, or rather, for what Miss Cross would do with them. Hubert is to use "his artful intelligence in some lower sphere where, we hope, he could do less harm" while James is to flog his lesser brain and plough through the higher strata of education and employment "specially so in order to justify his father's faith in him." If, as Miss Cross suggests, the existence of Intelligence Tests means that these things will not come to pass, we are inclined to say, "Bless them!"

There is not really enough evidence in the article to prove the thesis but, on the other hand, we are no better equipped in this isolated spot to refute it. Our views, therefore, are in the form of questions and speculations rather than positive statements of fact. For example, is the unmoral behaviour of those in positions of authority any greater now than it used to be? We doubt it, but, if it is, can the blame be laid wholly at the door of Intelligence Tests? May it not be that what happens in high places is merely one manifestation of a general social trend resulting perhaps from the immorality of war? The cause of Hubert's lack of spiritual perception seems to be his home life, to which might be added the deficiencies of an educational system unable to compensate for inadequate family training. For him the Intelligence Test is just a gateway through which he is able to pass when others are not. At the time he negotiates it in his school career he may not appreciate spiritual values, but does that mean that he never will? Will the rest of his education and his subsequent experience of life teach him nothing that will offset his bad start? For his *is* a bad start and those who lay some claim to morality should be just as interested in a bad start as in a "bad end." On the level of national welfare it is worth remembering that the democratic system is more often criticized for its inefficiency than for its moral turpitude.

As school children, both Hubert and James seem to be rather extreme examples, but of the two Hubert is more typical of the eleven or twelve year old boys we know. James must be almost unique. Amongst other things he is full of good-will and friendliness, universally popular, athletic, strong, kind, just naturally good, brave, sensible, and possessed of a delightful sense of humour. Education scarcely seems necessary for him! But more seriously, will his moral worth go unnoticed, will it be without value to the community, simply because it is not measurable and because he falls short in that which can be measured? If a modicum of common sense and honesty goes with his other virtues he will find,

and accept, the level of education and employment for which his mental capacities suit him. Even if he does get his higher education and go on to a professional career, there is always the chance that the strain of a special effort, made out of a stern sense of duty or for the satisfaction of someone other than himself, may tarnish the golden splendour of his youthful goodness. To be a happy and contributing member of the community he certainly seems to need far less outside help than does Hubert ; and an increase in the number of happy and well-behaved members in a particular society will have its own effect for good in the long run.

Some comment seems necessary on the coloured language which Miss Cross uses in making her case. " Wrong sorts, " " bad hats, " " sharp customers, " " clever but unsuitable children " and " smart Alecs " are all mentioned. They seem to have in common simply that talent which in another discussion might be called intellectual brilliance ! The difficulty with this sort of language can be seen in the phrase, "clever but unsuitable children. " The second adjective is extremely vague and is, moreover, some individual's private judgment or a kind of prediction about the clever child's future behaviour. If it is the latter we must turn back at once to the question of the adequacy or otherwise of the educational system.

Summing up, it seems that Miss Cross would steer both Hubert and James (as the representatives of two kinds of school children) to particular social levels in the name of morality, although their mental equipment suggests that, if left to themselves, they might find different levels to those she would choose. Intelligence Tests are held to prevent this sort of steering of our most moral children into positions of responsibility because they measure only their brain power and fail to take note of their virtues. We doubt if the present system with its tests is as likely to produce unhappy and maladjusted children as would the course which Miss Cross would like to see followed. We doubt whether it would be fair to individuals to attempt to lead them into the kind of life with which they would be able to cope morally but to which they might be at some strain to measure up mentally.

The whole subject is one which cannot really be reduced to the simple terms of Miss Cross's article. In terms of society, moral stature is never wasted, no matter what the social level at which it is found. It is reflected in the lives of others at the same level as its possessor ; it finds expression in an individual's vote, and in many other ways. It always offers a chance of increasing the number of people who are blessed with the happy combination of good brains and sound morals. That combination is the real need and in the production of it, family life has a part to play, the existing social background has some relevance, and education which is broad in scope and fluid in application may be able to make up for the deficiencies of other agencies. Is it too optimistic to suppose that if the adults who use Intelligence Tests have a little of both brains and morality, such tests are not likely to be misused to any great extent ?

BRUCE FINDLOW

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Shri J. B. Mallaradhya, Director of Public Instruction, Mysore, inaugurated at Bangalore on April 20th the Refresher Course for English teachers in high schools offered by the British Council, Madras, and the Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore. The auditorium of the Institute hummed with classes and lectures. Shri Mallaradhya deplored the setting up of a false antithesis between English and the mother tongue. On the contrary, he maintained, strength in the mother tongue meant, other things being equal, greater strength in English. The Mysore Committee for Educational Reform had by no means ignored the importance of English, or relegated it to a comparatively insignificant position, in recommending Kannada as the medium of instruction through the intermediate stage. The Committee, he remarked, was of the view that,

> whatever might have been the attitude towards English in the pre-independence days and immediately after, there has been a marked unanimity in the desire for study of English. "Now that the English have gone, we want English to stay" seems to indicate the present attitude.

This insistence on education in English augurs well for the retaining and strengthening of international cultural and other ties but it is regrettable that many parents desiring for their children an earlier introduction to English find no alternative to the mission schools. The sooner secular education in different parts of India is able to meet the demand, the better for educated India's retaining of her painfully acquired but precious facility in the English tongue.

The Refresher Course lasted till May 1st. The programme alone shows that the teaching of English (or anything else), if it is done with enthusiasm and imagination, will not be a task but an adventure of the spirit.

Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar of the Andhra University, Waltair, lectured at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on April 13th, on "Spiritual Values in Literature," under the chairmanship of Shri B. V. Narayana Reddy. He recalled the great ages in the literature of India, of Greece and of England when man's relations with the Spirit within him and without had been the direct theme of literature. For a time, in the 18th century, politics and sociology had pushed spiritual values aside, but the problem of good and evil had been the theme of many 19th- and 20th-century writers.

The speaker found a telling image of the struggle between the two power blocs in Melville's powerful novel of the 19th century, *Moby Dick*, whose hero, drawn from the path of his duty as a captain by his inner urge to destroy evil, had searched madly for the white whale and in his struggle with it had gone to his own destruction, engulfing his companions in his own disaster.

> His gigantic egotism must be satisfied as to what is evil and what good. He fails. Today the world is caught up in a cosmic struggle with two global madnesses glaring at each other like global cats and ignoring the still, small voice of humanity which pleads for a respite. We are like the helpless sailors in *Moby Dick*.

Each man had many adjustments to make to his environment and to other people—but more difficult was the problem of controlling the millions of energies within our own hearts and minds, the problem of living at peace with oneself. The modern novelists

were creating the atmosphere of the triumph of good over evil, bringing out the truth that no one was so utterly depraved that a way upward might not be found. They were not escapists but wrote in such a way as to enable us to solve our problems. And once the main problem of spiritual values was solved all its corollaries could be easily disposed of.

The Times Literary Supplement devoted its March 20th issue to "French Literature Today," presenting a number of thoughtful essays on the present-day French writers' way of life, their output in drama, poetry and fiction, and the translator's task.

Of special interest is Mr. Charles Morgan's opening article, "The Same Sky," in which he mentions factors fostering *rapprochement* between the French and English cultures while regretting the failure to achieve "a productive interpenetration of our lives and thought." He sees a barrier to English understanding in the idea of fragmentation which he finds in current French thought, with its correspondence in French æstheticism. Be the root cause what it may, he considers that "though the French and the English are importing each other's literary harvests, they are not planting each other's seed."

The ideal for fruitful relations between cultures generally is derivable from Mr. Morgan's statement of that for Anglo-French cultural association as being,

> ...quite simply, an awareness of France and a French awareness of England, a kind of responsive closeness, so that we are mutually renewed and refreshed, as two friends may be who walk together under the same sky without attempting to persuade or "influence" each other.

A Symposium was held at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on April 14th, under the chairmanship of Dr. R. B. Watson, to consider several aspects of the proposition, "Health Is Wealth." The Chairman dealt with food scarcity and undernourishment, pointing out that for many in India the food problem was not what to eat but whether a meal of any kind was to be counted on. He illustrated the effect on population graphs of famines and epidemics, as well as of the high mortality of children and young people.

Dr. N. Sivaram spoke on "Diet and Health," Prof. K. V. Iyer on "Physical Culture and Health," Dr. S. Kamesam on "Positive Health by Natural Methods"; and Public Health problems were incidentally touched on.

Dr. M. V. Govindaswamy, Superintendent of the Mental Hospital, Bangalore, offered practical suggestions for positive mental health. For the child, he said, the happiness and security of the home environment was all-important. Adolescents had problems of adjustment to other personalities; and poverty and loneliness were foes to many college students. His prescription for well-balanced adult minds included a wholesome individual philosophy, not expecting perfection from others or ourselves, honest self-appraisement, thinking clearly, developing social poise and liking oneself less and others more. Consideration for others was the best achievement in all situations and the expending of oneself in service was a great mental stabilizer.

The applicability of some of these suggestions to national, communal and even linguistic groups is obvious. Fanaticism and hysteria are contagious and dangerous. Self-centredness and hypercritical tendencies threaten the mental health of groups and prevent the mutual accommodation essential to harmonious mutual relations. The individual megalomaniac may be a harmless if ludicrous boaster, deceiving no one but himself, but communal megalomania is a standing menace to national unity and to democratic principles, as its national counterpart is to world peace.