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"—

What conscious Art of man can give me the panoramic scenes that open out before me, when I look up to the sky above with all its shining stars? This, however, does not mean that I refuse to accept the value of productions of Art, generally accepted as such, but only that I personally feel how inadequate these are compared with the eternal symbols of beauty in Nature.—GANDHIJI.

These are the words of Gandhiji. They signify the importance of real Beauty in man's mortal life. Man's environment is not to be neglected. The soul has environed itself in the corpus and not without a purpose.

In India both body and environment are grossly undervalued. For centuries we have neglected the teachings of the Sages, on body and environment. It would seem as if one of the hidden purposes of the British Rule in India had been to awaken us to the truth that matter, body, environment have values.

The Occident has over-emphasized and over-valued environment. It has blundered into the belief that sanitation and architecture, pictures and songs, radio and television sustain and evolve the soul. Nay more—these are the creators of the human soul! India seems likely to be lured by the glamour of gadgets.

Lusts of all kinds continuously enslave man; often he knows it not. When his attention is drawn to his enslavement he excuses himself after a fashion and philosophizes—it all is as Science teaches, Determinism. Modern knowledge, even of psychology, psychiatry and psycho-analysis, does not provide the answer which the ancient Oriental Psychology gives. The latter offers an explanation and a remedy for the lust of things.

The constant enemy of man on earth is a power which circulates in his brain, his blood, his glands and his senses. It overpowers his mind, blinds his intuitions and silences the action of Spirit Itself. The process is well described in the closing portion of the third chapter of the *Gita*.

It is this power, inimical to Man,

the spiritual Thinker, which brings about "enjoyments which arise through the contact of the senses with external objects which are wombs of pain." This power inclines man's senses to objects of possession and creates in him the strength of egotism and causes pride to rule his will. It causes the contact of the senses with the many objects created by human hands and human mind. These are often created for the purpose and in the hope of increasing the wealth and power of their creators. Such man-made objects are not always after the pattern of the pure mind.

What human hands create as objects are surcharged with human feelings; they carry the magnetism of the maker of the objects. In the shop window, objects attract by their form, their colour, their glitter. But the attraction is ensouled by the ambitions, yearnings and hopes of the fabricating hand and brain. The lure of the world is not as imponderable as it appears to be. The substantial nature of human magnetism is not suspected by ordinary knowledge. The transmission of the fabricator's magnetism to the objects of his making has become very complex in our machine age with its mass production. But the subtle aura of man-made goods, however invisible, is a fact and it plays an important part in the lure which attracts men and women to the siren song of the "constant enemy."

Occultism, the Science of the Higher Life, warns against following the desires and the passions and advocates discrimination even in the purchase and use of objects. That great Science does not advocate foolish asceticism, or recommend sensuous hedonism. It suggests the Vow of Poverty to be observed in and by the mind of the Heart. The motive of such poverty is the enjoyment of objects of the senses as vehicles of experience which will lead to true development.

To enjoy the totality of human creation without coveting the wealth of another is possible, when the *Gita* teaching is followed. The good, the beautiful and the true have pragmatic values. To use the world as his footstool in the true sense, man must be practical, as the up-to-date capitalist, bourgeois, or proletarian is not; nor is the modern æsthete practical. Between the creative artist and the skilful artisan there is a gulf. It has to be bridged. The Sage who worships Pure Truth, the Saint who embodies Pure Virtue, the Seer who creates Pure Beauty are builders of that bridge.

The great pair of opposites, Necessity and Luxury, contains a clue. The balance point between the two must be reached. The pride of poverty is as false and as ugly as the pride of possessions. Egotism, separating the True from the Beautiful, is the source of Evil. Destroy Egotism and Evil dies and Good lives. Then man-made beauty reflects Divine Beauty. Is not that the truth to which the Buddha was pointing when he said to Bhaggava, the Wanderer, "Whenever one reaches up to the Release, called the Beautiful, then he knows indeed what Beauty is"?

SHRAVAKA

1st February 1951

BROADSIDE FOR MAMMON

AN ALLEGORY

[It is a graphic allegory—as easy to understand as it is difficult to apply —which **Jack Shepherd** gives us here. Who can say, indeed, what may not be accomplished by such independent "working pilgrims" as he describes, bound to each other only by Compassion shared? For how can Mammon ever be discomfited and mankind freed from servitude to self without the voluntary sacrifice of those who, whether having little or much to give, give all? If he and his fellow "working pilgrims" can make the gift of Wisdom to those whom their Compassion bids them serve, they will be following in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors.—ED.]

"The superb fraud!" chuckled Mammon to his prophet Barabbas. "A masterpiece of deception! Let me explain."

Barabbas begged his Master to do so. Poor Barabbas was tired after many generations of jobbing politics, nurturing chicanery. He needed encouragement.

Mammon spread himself, and began: "You will have learned that I, Mammon, crept fully grown out of the Womb of Circumstance a long time ago. Before my time human creatures in jungles and deserts, hills and meadows, whose walls were only built of leaves, desired only to lift their faces to the sun, breathe the wind, and live as brothers to the mountain. It did not suit me at all. What did I do? I inspired them...to throw up walls, plant fences, mark out boundaries. Their old simplicity fell sick and has never recovered. They were mine. The first of my many millions of generations of worshippers.

"The story of my prosperous career is well known to you, my dear Barabbas. I enrolled you as a prophet without hesitation. I have had many prophets, but you are my most profitable, eh?"

Barabbas smirked, and thanked Mammon, who continued:—

"You will remember how we made hay out of the Industrial Revolution; how we taught our worshippers to make the world class-conscious and realist; how we thrived in social unrest; and how we flourish from our Temples in Fleet Street and Hollywood! I am now in the proud position of numbering the whole world of humans as my serfs...save a handful of lunatics."

"Ah..." sighed Barabbas, fingering his dirty cuffs, "those lunatics! The trouble they give!"

"True," Mammon admitted, "but they have never been clever enough to beat us yet. We have always... ah...infiltrated. I thought for one ghastly moment that the Galilean carpenter might have pulled me down. You have a personal interest

in him, of course. But fortunately for us, his followers went astray as soon as they took command. We soon had them.

"Before your time there was that Prince in India. He was a headache! That man in Greece, too. One of my prouder triumphs. I persuaded his friends to make him drink poison. Also an old scholar in China. He was a cheerful customer. They actually named him "Old Boy." I disliked him personally. He ignored me so completely. It was humiliating. But there...we have contrived to make all the teachings of these people negative. My worshippers honestly think they are devoted to those men; yet all the time, day and night, they serve me. A wonderful swindle, wonderful!"

"Yet, you know," Barabbas ventured, "I am sometimes worried. Supposing our worshippers begin to think?"

"Oh, they have often begun to think," Mammon grinned benignly, "but I have always managed to infiltrate at once. For example, they wonder at the existence of what they call Evil. I whisper to them, and they imagine into existence a kind of inverted deity; they call him Satan; they give him a home called Hell; and thenceforth problems may be left on his doorstep. Observe the cunning! This operatic device diverts their attention from me.

"You see, Barabbas, if they looked at me at all shrewdly they would see...that which must never come to light: I do not exist...except in so far as the humans themselves have created me. What a magnificent fraud! I, Mammon, the shadow of men themselves, am the source of Evil! Yet they worship me. Unless and until men walk up to the Light, I am safe and prosperous.

"Don't look so worried, Barabbas! We have held our own for a long time. As long as they don't realize it...all is well. And why should they realize it? There are none so blind as those who will not see."

"I admire your genius," said Barabbas. "I see that as long as we let human beings think that *they* are geniuses, we have nothing to fear. But...those lunatics do worry me. I'm sure they see through us."

"To be sure they do. But nobody will listen to them. No human likes to admit, even to himself, that he is wrong, or not clever. Have faith in my organization, Barabbas. All the people who might be dangerous to us are so placed that they must waste a good proportion of their energy in pointless activity. That idea of ours to develop names, establishments, conventicles and exclusive groups, among the enemy... ah! It has paid good dividends.

"The lunatics have not yet come to see that a...what shall I call it? ...a free-lance ministry, a working pilgrimage, apprehending the common factors of all our most dangerous enemies, factors which have universal appeal, would lay me low! As long as they attach them-

selves to a named body with a hard-and-fast set of standing orders, they are suitably restricted."

Barabbas rubbed his unattractive jaw, and asked: "*Is* there such a common factor of universal appeal?"

"There is indeed. A very simple one: Compassion. The Galilean had it. The Buddha Prince had it. Make no mistake, Barabbas, Compassion is more than a characteristic. It can be a force! A positive power. And if it came into full play...well ...things would go hard with us! But, you see, as long as we can keep our enemies concerned with status, gentility, dignity, security, and the like—they cannot apprehend Compassion strongly enough. And we are safe....

"Barabbas! What's the matter?"

For the first time during the interview Mammon began to look concerned. As for Barabbas, his face had turned a revolting, mottled grey.

"I've just remembered," he muttered, "one of my latest Intelligence Reports. It mentioned... oh! This is awful!..."

"It mentioned what? Pull yourself together!"

"We had better be careful, Mammon! It mentioned...a handful of people...of all kinds. Independent. They won't descirbe themselves as anything...except... working pilgrims."

"What sort of people?" Mammon asked sharply. Barabbas mopped his brow, and recalled the Intelligence:

"Born of different races and creeds; various things by trade... but they are ready to work, as they say, wherever in the world human needs are most urgent...regardless of status...with anybody apprehending Compassion! They earn their keep as they go. They ignore us. They work and live with the unfortunates...you know, the hungry, homeless people, sick, naked, the unhappy. I thought it just another mild nuisance...but when you said that Compassion was our biggest danger ...well! That's the only thing they insist on! What shall we do?"

"Something! And pretty quick! Confuse their administration."

"There isn't one."

"Make them denomination-conscious, then!"

"How can we? There is no name to work on."

"Deny them platforms! Silence them! Keep them out of print! off the air!"

"They don't need to talk."

Mammon sat dazed for a moment. Then he thought, furiously. He made a decision, and stood up.

"Call a conference! At once. I want your colleagues...Nietzsche, Machiavelli, Marx, Marlborough and Napoleon. This must be a major operation!"

JACK SHEPHERD

THE INDIAN INTERPRETATION OF CHRISTIANITY

[**Prof. A. N. Marlow** of the University of Manchester has done well to call his essay " The Indian Interpretation of Christianity, " instead of " Indian Christians' Interpretation of Christianity, " because neither Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, whom he quotes, nor his son Rabindranath ever embraced Christianity, and even Keshub Chunder Sen, despite his leanings to Christianity, was, like the senior Tagore, a leader of the definitely Hindu organization, the Brahmo Samaj. Devendranath Tagore was, in fact, at one time extremely active and influential in subverting the influence of Christian missionaries, and the quotations given in this essay from Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali* can no more than the rich spiritual experience of his young manhood be claimed for Christianity. Communion with the Divine, which is in every human heart, is the prerogative of no particular faith, as witness the fundamental identity of the testimony of the mystics of the many religious backgrounds. Religion must, truly, be a personal experience. But Western Christians can enrich their spiritual experience by studying the Upanishads and especially the *Bhagavad-Gita*, just as Hindus can broaden their outlook and deepen their faith by familiarity with the Sermon on the Mount, or St. John's Gospel or Paul's Epistles. Both take thereby a step towards the realization of the Universal Brotherhood of the Spirit; but to do so does not and should not call for the assumption of a new credal label. The world's great scriptures, like the inspiring example of the lives of the world's great Teachers, is the common inheritance of all mankind. —ED.]

Two factors in our present-day affairs conspire to focus attention on the Indian contribution to religion and in particular to Christianity. One is the tremendous change that has taken place in India's political status; the sudden confronting of the Indian mind with responsibility; the incalculable significance of the steps which India has now to take towards making her own decisions and adjusting, not only her relations with the rest of the world, but also the relations between her different sects. How she will interpret her new responsibilities is of supreme concern to us all.

The second factor is the growing concern of Christians in the West with the staleness of their presentation of the Gospel; the lumbering archaism of much church machinery; the barrenness not only of ecclesiastical writing and of apologetics but also of the new creeds with the horrible titles like " Existentialism " —a name that carries its own condemnation in its hideousness. The beehive communities who profess Communism annihilate everything

that redeems men from being "lecherous, guzzling little mammals," in John Buchan's phrase. We desperately need something to help us to rely on those cries of the heart that will not be stilled. I believe that to understand the directness and lovely simplicity of the viewpoint of the best Indian Christians would help us to approach Christ afresh.

In the first place, Indian mystics remind us that Jesus Christ is from the East. It is Albert Schweitzer who has pointed out that Jesus is not of our own age or clime but a stranger: not the Christ of Western liberal theology but a figure who, loosed from the fetters of dogma and tradition and left free to move as a person, passes us by and returns to His own age. It is the Indians who most directly and simply remind us that Jesus was of Asia. "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic, His disciples Asiatics?" asks Keshab Chunder Sen:—

When I reflect on this, I feel Him nearer in my heart, and deeper in my national sympathies....If you say we must renounce our nationality, all the devotion of our Eastern faith, we shall say most emphatically, No! It is *our* Christ, Asia's Christ, you have come to return to us. The East gratefully and lovingly welcomes back her Christ.

We must remember these things when pondering the form and import of some of Jesus' "darker sayings," or when trying to make of Him a good Schoolman or a Platonist or a Liberal or a Socialist, after our Western fashion. The effort to unthink our own dogmas and prepossessions and simply to listen to His words is priceless in these days when everything is stripped of comfortable accretions and elaborate pretence.

The Indians can also remind us that Christianity is a personal religion: another fact which Western churches are slow to admit. Again and again Indian writers and mystics pay courteous tribute to it: Wrote Debendranath Tagore, the father of the poet:—

A divine voice had descended from heaven to respond to my heart of hearts. What is it that He has given? He has given Himself. Leave everything else and enjoy that supreme pleasure.

Keshab Chunder Sen had the same experience:—

Jesus lay discovered in my heart as a strange, human, kindred love, as a repose, a sympathetic consolation, an unpurchased treasure to which I was freely invited. The response of my nature was unhesitating and immediate. Jesus from that day, became a reality whereon I might lean.

The famous Sadhu Sundar Singh said, "I felt when first I saw Him as if there were some old and forgotten connection between us, as though He had said but not in words, 'I am He through whom you were created.'" And Rabindranath Tagore himself passed through a rich personal and spiritual experience, which, as has been pointed out, cannot be derived from Hinduism or from the Vedānta, but, directly or

indirectly, from Christ. He has described in a prose poem this sense of personal relationship with, and responsibility to, the Father. The very words have an ancient, authentic ring in the repetition of phrase and the simple, reserved dignity of the language :—

Day after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face ? With folded hands, O lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face ?....

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face ?

And when my work shall be done in this world, O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face ?

Not only is the experience of Christ personal, but it is of the heart rather than the intellect. "It was not the dictum of my own poor intellect," says Debendranath Tagore of his experience of the love of Christ, "it was the word of God Himself." And Keshab Chunder Sen wrote :—

My aspiration has been, not to speculate on Christ, but to be what Jesus tells us all to be. In the midst of the crumbling system of Hindu error and superstition, of the cold, spectral shadows of secularism and agnostic doubt, to me Christ has been like the meat and drink of my soul.

Sundar Singh was once insistently questioned by a professor of comparative religion on the principle, the philosophic basis, which, for him, differentiated Christianity from his native religion. To every attempt of his questioner to turn the problem into the realms of metaphysics or philosophy, Sundar Singh returned the same simple and direct answer: "The particular thing I have found is Christ." R. E. Welsh says of Sundar Singh :—

He does not pretend to be a philosopher; his gift is of another order. What he has sought and knows by experience is, not metaphysical comprehension of the Infinite but personal devotion, not the vision of Reality but the love of One who saves.

It is in this way that we can best answer those piecemeal critics who dissect the teaching of the Gospels and think they can destroy Christianity or reduce it to a lower level by pointing out parallels from China, India, Greece or elsewhere. As a Hindu poet once pointed out, you can find parallel principles in the *Gitâ* and the Upanishads, but you cannot find the nectar of the life of Christ in either of them. Tagore wrote that "the history of the human soul is only its journey from law to love, from discipline to liberation, from the moral plane to the spiritual."

Religion is for the Indian Christian not a creed; not a matter of architecture, not what Rudolph Otto would call a "sense of the numinous," partly at least induced by awe-inspiring buildings or lovely arches and pillars; nor is it mediated by a scholarly priesthood who dot the 'i's and cross the 't's of holy writ; it is direct and personal, a warming of

the heart, a feeling of love.

And what of the working out of this inner warmth and personal relationship? Firstly, there is the duty of self-respect, of maintaining the citadel of one's integrity, of preserving the body and the senses as the temple of the Most High, of sharpening one's perceptions and powers by *ascesis*—not that severity of mortification which gives meaning to our present use of the word ascetic, but a firm and continued training of the whole being. Tagore puts it into words for us :—

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy strength gives me strength to act.

The renunciation is not to be of the senses: "I will never shut the door of my senses to the delights of sight and hearing," he says; but we must keep ourselves pure and active only that we may serve others. It is here that the Indian interpretation of Christianity has a simple directness and even a naïve literalness of interpretation that sets us thinking of Jesus' saying concerning the wisdom which is withheld from the wise and revealed to babes.

Leslie Weatherhead tells of the Indian student who taught the alphabet to an outcaste, although such a thing was strictly forbidden, and who in an examination, seeing a fellow-student who had forgotten to bring a pen, immediately lent him his own fountain-pen and himself continued writing with a pencil.

Stanley Jones, in his books on India, has numberless instances of quiet, enduring self-sacrifice, from the 300 homeless children in the institution at Dohnavur, cared for without pay or reward by a group of young women, who radiated love so that one could feel the presence of Jesus everywhere, to the theological student who enlisted as a sweeper in the 1914-18 war in order to go to Mesopotamia with some outcaste converts :—

He shared their life, bore their contempts, wrote their letters, kept them from evil and brought them back to India safe and true.

Religion must issue, not in organized philanthropy, not in socialistic nebulosities, but in the giving of *oneself* in personal relationships, in doing things for those whom we meet. Wrote Tagore :—

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him

come down on the dusty soil !

...leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Since India has had her millions of underfed, unclothed, illiterate outcasts, never in literature has the duty of caring for the least of God's children been more poignantly and appealingly phrased. One of the most beautiful of Tagore's prose poems is upon this theme :—

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

Keshab Chunder Sen puts it almost as appealingly :—

Christ reigns in some as the spirit of trustful, speechless suffering ; in others as the spirit of agony, for others' sins... ; as the recognizer of divine humanity in the fallen and despicable, the healer of the unhappy and the unclean and sore diseased; in the sweet humanity that goes forth to find and save its kin in every land and clime.

Would not Jesus Himself love those words and set His seal upon them ?

Renunciation is not a pleasant word ; much apter is what T. E. Lawrence referred to as the gospel of " bareness in materials " ; living, not as if we were bodies which had a spirit, but as spirits who had a body. In meekness, love, service we can learn much from the handful of Indians who in the last century have written and thought of the impact of Christ upon them.

A. N. MARLOW

THE GLITTERING GATE

Along a lonely road,
One by one,
From contest and challenge,
The valiant come
To a hill, gold crested,
Where fairies wait
To destine the trusted
Through a glittering gate.

Here the Angels offer
To those who dare ;
Imbued with their splendour,
Their crusade to share;
To the world in danger,
To light the way,
Like flaming messengers
Of the Coming Day.

MAUD BAYNES

THE INTERNATIONALITY OF LITERATURE

[In the lecture which we publish here, delivered by **Dr. Wallace Stegner** of Stanford University, U.S.A., at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on November 30th, 1950, he analyzes illuminatingly the universal appeal of great literature. Great literature, like all great art, is rooted in the particular but ramifies in the universal. Because the artist is more sensitive than the average individual, he is better able to catch intimations of enduring significance in life's eternal play of light and shade, insights which can be shared with the more dull of vision through the interpretative medium of art. The glimpse into the fundamental unity of humanity, the common background of our varied experiences, which great art gives, appealing as it does to something deeper in us than the mere brain-mind, contributes more to the realization of brotherhood and unity and peace than could a thousand homilies.—Ed.]

It is a truism that science is a truly international activity, not limited by national boundaries and differences, and applicable up and down the whole range of humanity. It is only when science is perverted, as once by Hitler's ethnologists and more recently by Russian biologists, that it becomes the instrument of special national propaganda. And it is only in time of war, hot or cold, that science becomes a secret race for secret knowledge, jealously guarded and exchanged only by reciprocal theft.

Truth is a higher end than political advantage, but politics, and especially the failure of politics which we call war, can poison the sources of all science and of all art. All the sciences and all the arts are arts of peace, they thrive, are freely offered and freely taken, only in peace time and in a free environment.

But there is a marked difference between a science, any science, and an art such as literature. Science knows no language problem. Recently I attended, in an Indian university, a mathematics class conducted in Hindi. The formulas and explanations and equations put up on the blackboard would have been intelligible to any mathematics student in any country in the world. Hindi mathematics is identical with English mathematics, or German mathematics, or Arabic mathematics, but Hindi literature and English literature are two different things. Their surfaces at least are utterly different, they are mutually unintelligible. Their immediate appeal is local or national, not international, and in this fact is to be found not only the greatest limitation of literatures as a medium of cultural exchange, but their ultimate strength.

Consider facts such as this: Here is a writer, the Russian playwright and story-teller Anton Chekhov. The son of a peasant store-keeper, reared and educated in Russia, steeped in Russian life and knowing

no other except through books, he ought to be all but unintelligible to me. His stories and plays are written in Russian, of which I know not a word, and they deal with St. Petersburg cab drivers, Crimean peasants, Siberian exiles, Moscow sophisticates, artillery captains, girls in provincial places yearning for Moscow, noblemen on shooting parties, wide-eyed boys making journeys across the steppes, in weathers and among people I have never known.

Yet once the barrier of language has been crossed by the help of a translator, Chekhov speaks to me more plainly than mathematics will ever speak to me about anything. Across an abyss of cultural difference he reaches out to touch the very spot where I most live. Why?

Or Charles Dickens, with his street boys hanging around Wapping Stairs or the Inner Temple, or his derelicts jailed for debt under a law more bitter than any I have experienced. What do I know of the sort of school Nicholas Nickleby fled from, or the troubles that afflicted Oliver Twist? Nevertheless I feel those troubles as I feel my own.

Or Knut Hamsun, the early Knut Hamsun, who was a poet before he was a Quisling; a poet who wrote strange, filmy, Northern-lights stories about a Norwegian town, and followed them with an epic novel about the settlement of a remote farmstead in Finmarken. My mother's people were Norwegian, but I know no Norwegian myself and have never visited Norway. Yet Knut Hamsun used to shake me like a leaf when I was an undergraduate in college in Salt Lake City, in the middle of a Mormon community, 8,000 miles from Hamsun's Norwegian village.

Or Rabindranath Tagore, one of the few Indians whom an American can read because he is one of the few whose books have been published in the United States. I read Tagore in English, partly his own English, but everything else in him was strange. Hardly able to tell Hindu from Moslem; not knowing Krishna from Vishnu or from Shiva; my whole knowledge of India a vague notion that the dead were burned and the cow worshipped, and that Gandhi wore a loin-cloth and disbelieved in the machine—as ignorant as that, I could still move carefully and half-enchanted through Tagore's metaphysical world, and light such a lamp as I had at the flame he provided. Time after time he uses the symbol of the lamp humbly lighted and held aloft in darkness. His poems are like that, even to an outlander.

All of these, and dozens more, have to speak across barriers that science does not know, but they speak in ways impossible to science. They speak not only to the mind but also to the emotions and the spirit and the memory, out of a common humanity that is all the more exciting for appearing in strange forms and unfamiliar clothes.

The point that cannot be overlooked or over-emphasized is that

when it is most truly capable of reaching an international audience, literature is likely to be triumphantly local, even colloquial, in its settings, characters, morality, beliefs, in the whole back drop of its human and environmental scenery. To be a figure worth the attention of mankind at large, a writer must first be a good Indian, or a good American, or a good Russian, or a good Englishman—and I don't mean anything even remotely resembling politics.

Let us turn for a more explicit example to the work of the American poet Robert Frost, certainly the most distinguished American poet and one of the three or four finest living poets in English. It is possible that as yet he is not as well-known abroad as he deserves to be, because he is incorrigibly American in idiom and tone. In future years he may be especially admired for precisely these things. These are the trappings through which the man shines. The Americanisms are almost like a playful disguise, meant to be penetrated; so that in the poems of Frost, the two great literary effects of recognition and surprise can both be had—the recognition of the universal human spirit penetrating the initial disguise of the local manner.

One or two poems will illustrate. This is one called "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" :—

Whose woods these are, I think I know.
His house is in the village, though.
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep—
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Even for an Indian ear, through the unfamiliar machinery of a snowy evening in northern New England and behind the unfamiliar muted cadence of the words, there may be in those lines the sound of a great poet confronting the ancient conflict between desire and responsibility, and the choice that is emphasized by the austerity of the repeated last line. The full flavour is there, undoubtedly, only for one who is bred up to the tartness of the idiom; but it is there to some extent, I think, for everyone, and a stranger may get an extra pleasure from the unfamiliarity.

Something of the same laconic, conversational approach to a problem as old as humanity is in "The Road Not Taken" :—

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth:

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the greater claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear:
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The universal tongue of poetry is there, deceptively discoursing in speech that might have come from the mouth of a Vermont farmer. And the universal anguish of choice, the hesitation and the doubt and the half-regret, are there too, ready to speak to any one who has ever doubted or hesitated before a hard choice.

Recognition in poetry is instant and complete and beyond language. Once, in Mexico, in a little village called Pericutin, where a new volcano had burst suddenly from a cornfield and poured out cinders and ash over the countryside for miles, coating trees and fields with 12 inches of powdery ash, filling air and nostrils, we stood in the street and watched the people of the doomed town. They had not yet moved out, though Pericutin was a village of death and silence. A pig rooted hopelessly through the cinders, people passed with their faces covered, like shadows. We saw roofs caving in under the weight of ash, and heard the whisper of falling dust and the rumble of the volcano, and our whole minds were filled with that strangeness and that slow death. And at that moment two little girls came out of a gateway in a wall, girls with their *rebozos* held across their faces and only their eyes showing.

Those eyes were bright and quick and alive in the darkness of their faces, so bright and alive that they denied all the death that sifted over the village. Through all the strangeness of race and scene and circumstance we had an instant strong recognition of the community of human endurance and persistence and the capacity to stay alive. Something like that, some shared understanding, is what a truly captured human situation in poem or story can give.

Difficulties of language or custom, national boundaries, iron or silken curtains, cannot halt that kind of communion. But the literature that inspires it must first have its origin in real soil, among real people, before it can have the immediacy and striking colour to catch and hold a reader. The Mexican children would not have made so deep an impression without their unfamiliar costume and the strangeness of the setting; Robert Frost, squaring his moral shoulders before his human responsibility in "Stopping by Woods" would be less immediate and arresting if the situation were not given a half-dramatized local setting, the sensuous imagery of a real place, and a language hewn out to be appropriate to place and time.

No one can read Frost or Dickens, or Chekhov, or Mark Twain, or Knut Hamsun or Tagore without feeling that each wrote out of what he knew and loved. Among them, for all the differences, there is a great shared sensitiveness to the vivid currents of life, *an inalienable common humanity. Put it in a paper lantern, or a chrome-*

plated flashlight, it is still light, it still shines.

That sharing which is so freely enjoyed, except when the arts are perverted to party ends and doctrinaire "correctness," is endangered or partially extinguished in our time by the rise of totalitarianism, but I believe it cannot be utterly extinguished for any length of time. There is some unanimity toward which people grope, as well as some originality or difference toward which they aspire, and the world swings uneasily from one to the other, tearing itself apart only to heal itself again, but always moving toward oneness, the oneness that is expressed in great art.

There is a body of principles common to all the great literatures, as to all the great religions. Archimedes, who remarked that if he had a pole long enough and a place to stand he could move the earth, might have stood on those principles. The only pole long enough, probably, is Time. There is a place to stand; for centuries men have been trying to trample it out wider, but there is even now a place. There is nothing to prevent its growing larger with every generation except the narrow denominationalisms of religion and politics and national cultures that divide us. These are the survivals of the ages of ignorance, and until we outgrow them it would be foolish to expect any real betterment of man's state on earth.

For a literary man, either writer or reader, there is one limited course of action which does, though only by painful inches, enlarge the area of common understanding. This is to circulate freely and widely and curiously among each others' books, making voyages of discovery among the strange and foreign in search of that invaluable flash of the familiar. There is nothing but death in a church, a country, a political party, that wants to burn any book. There is the hope of life in any church or country or political party which is willing to read and learn.

In any half-way developed literature there will be something to arrest and startle and impress, some glimpse of the essence that men share but that in different places is institutionalized differently. That essence is always much the same; it is always peace, always kindness, always generosity, always personal responsibility, always both active and passive, both Yang and Yin. No man who has seen it or heard it in the literature of another people can ever again live quite fully behind parochial and prejudiced walls.

That is the true internationalism of literature; it is born out of the homely and immediate, but it comes to belong to mankind.

WALLACE STEGNER

INDIA—A " SECULAR " STATE

[**Shri N. B. Parulekar** here adds his contribution to the discussion, begun in our September issue, of the implications of India's avowed status as a Secular State, with which status, we are in fullest sympathy. Fellow feeling for one's co-religionists is understandable, but surely no less sympathy should be called forth by sufferings inflicted by intolerance on human beings of whatever creed or land. A more restricted sympathy may blind one to the other side of the picture. If, in the disturbances consequent to the partition of the country, Hindus have suffered at the hands of Muslim fanatics—and they undeniably have—no less incontestably has Hindu fanaticism claimed its Muslim victims. Neither the people of India nor of Pakistan, alas, can come before the court with clean hands. Government of each territory has indeed a solemn obligation before its own conscience and world opinion to protect *all* within its territory. But, if it fails to do so, is it for any single country to assume the avenger's rôle ? If India were to claim the right of armed intervention to protect Hindu nationals of Pakistan, she would logically have to concede to that country the right to protect Muslims in India if the Indian Government should prove unequal to the task. How much better to bury the old animosity, suspicion and grievances and to step forward, friends for the future !—Ed.]

What object is there in specially declaring India in the new political set-up, to be a " Secular " as opposed to a " Theocratic " State ?

What are the correct definitions of the terms " Secular " and " Theocratic. " According to the dictionary, " Secular " means " worldly, " or " belonging to this world, " that is to say, " not belonging to the other world, " or quite free from any spiritual basis, or " not belonging to a religious order. " A " Theocratic " State is one in which the Almighty is regarded as the sole sovereign and the laws of the realm are looked upon as divine commands rather than human ordinances.

Thus, a " Secular " State is one which refuses to bring religion into politics, while a " Theocratic " State bases all its laws on the principles of religion. In practice, a " Theocratic " State is supposed to be partial to a particular faith which the majority of its citizens profess, leaving those of its citizens professing a different faith at certain disadvantages. A " Secular " State, in practice, may refuse to encourage any move based purely on religious grounds. The object apparently is to prevent clashes of interest between rival faiths.

No State, however, in my opinion, under the present changing beliefs of thinking people, can afford to dispense absolutely with the supreme authority of Deity and Moral Laws and to require its citizens to hold man-made laws only as supreme, if it wants to contribute to increasing

harmony and peace in the world. There is a growing realization among thoughtful people that all our worldly affairs, including politics, must be based more and more on spiritual principles, as most of the evils from which the world is suffering today are due to separating economics from ethics and politics from spirituality. Even the Government of India owes its own existence to the "Non-violent Movement" which was based wholly on spiritual foundations, on unshakeable belief in the Moral Laws of "Truth and Non-violence." Gandhiji's avowed mission was to spiritualize politics.

How is it that the Government of India thought it fit and necessary to declare itself to be "Secular"? What is actually meant by that term? Has it acquired some special significance.

Let us look at the background. Prior to the advent of the British, it had been only during the reign of the Muslim Emperor Aurangzeb that religious fanaticism had taken a somewhat virulent form. The success of Maratha arms, however, had effectively checked its growth.

How the British, fomented communal feelings in the subtlest manner, and also encouraged them openly, is clear. During the 150 years of British rule in India, they took every opportunity to foster communalism and it was allowed to play a heinous part in the life of the country. "Majorities" and "Minorities" on a religious basis came to be recognized and encouraged in the political life of India. Hindus were kept in perpetual dread of the militant Muslim minority and the Muslims were repeatedly made conscious of their numerical minority and of the consequent probability of their extinction by the Hindu majority.

For exacting maximum material gains for the British and for enriching the Treasury, the whole of the population had to be kept permanently in subjection; without this successful exploitation would have been very difficult. The Muslims had, thus, to be reminded often of their inevitable domination by the Hindu majority in the event of British withdrawal.

The growth of Indian nationalism under the Indian National Congress had to be checked and the formation of the Muslim League was a successful attempt towards that end. It automatically brought into existence the Hindu Mahasabha as a rival communal organization. These two communal bodies were a sufficient guarantee against the formation of any united front against British authority. The inevitable result was the hurling of charges and countercharges between the Muslims and the Hindus.

The Indian National Congress had to tackle this growing menace to the national solidarity so essential for a successful fight for freedom. And, when Gandhiji appeared on the political scene and took in hand the affairs of the Indian National Congress, he introduced as the basis of all political activities the novel prin-

ciple of "Truth and Non-Violence," a spiritual weapon, which was no monopoly of any one religion but was the fundamental principle of all the great religions.

The Indian National Congress claimed to be the people's organization, representing all classes and communities irrespective of religious affiliation. The Muslim spokesmen, however, began to attack this claim, alleging that, although a few Muslims had strayed into the Congress, it, being composed of a majority of Hindus, was essentially a Hindu organization and could not safeguard Muslims' interests.

To make this distinction on a religious basis more clear, the Muslim League went to the length of asserting that Hindus and Muslims had two altogether different cultures and therefore were in effect two different nations and could not live on the basis of equality as part and parcel of one nation. On the plea of their being a minority, the Muslim League began to claim for the Muslims more and more benefits in the services, a larger and larger proportional representation in parliamentary bodies, and a bigger and bigger share in political power and material gains. Any concessions given to them increased their greed. They looked to communalism to bring them limitless advantages and privileges.

Several times, under the British rule, communal riots broke out to intensify this communal hostility. All appeals by Gandhiji to higher spiritual realities were ascribed to ulterior motives and their sincerity was questioned. Gandhiji's lofty ideals of the unity of all religions and the necessity for mutual toleration and respect were scoffed at as impracticable and unsuitable to human nature. The Muslim Leaguers missed no occasion to charge the Indian National Congress with being a purely communal organization and the Congress Governments with tyrannizing over the Muslims. They loudly expressed their fears that there would be no safety for the Muslims at the hands of the Hindus, although, temperamentally and traditionally, an average Hindu has respect for a person belonging to another faith.

The result of all this was the political division of the country into Pakistan and India, with all its bitter consequences of uprooting whole populations and shifting them to strange surroundings, involving untold hardships, and heart-rending incidents occurring daily before our very eyes.

It was against this background that India thought it necessary to declare itself a "Secular" State. Therefore, the term "Secular" certainly cannot be expected here to convey its dictionary meaning. What it means is that India does not belong to a particular religious order; that is to say, India is not a Hindu State, but is cosmopolitan in outlook. India's "Secularity" is not on the Russian model. India cannot but hold to the truth of the Supreme Spirit, and regard Laws of Nature

as too sacred to be ignored. Laws of Nature do not mean only those described in the Hindu Scriptures. Other religions also deal with such Laws and equally correctly.

Therefore, the Indian Government's only concern is not to give any preferential treatment to the followers of any particular religion; nor to put followers of some religions to any disadvantage. It must treat all its citizens as on an equal footing, irrespective of the faith they profess. The Government has enforced this policy so rigorously in protecting the life and property of Muslims within its own borders, when they were threatened by provoked Hindu mobs, that the Hindus were left wondering why the Government was so partial to the Muslims who had precipitated the issue of the two-nation theory to the point of the partition of India.

In the event of persecution of Hindus in Pakistan by Muslims and of the Pakistan Government's failure to give the Hindus effective protection, what should our government do? Would the Indian Government, if necessary, permit direct armed action against the Government of Pakistan? This has agitated a section of the Hindus. These suspect that the Indian Government would be reluctant to do so, because of its avowed "Secularity."

We can, however, safely hold that the Indian Government's "Secularity" need not prevent it from rushing to the help of Hindus, even within Pakistan borders, if it considered this absolutely necessary. The Indian Government should take account of atrocities perpetrated in the name of religion anywhere within the borders of old India. It cannot remain a helpless witness to them. It cannot escape the responsibility of having been a party to the partition arrangement. Some of the population, if given sufficient time to make their choice of habitation and to make a move accordingly, would in a peaceful atmosphere and in safety have moved under the Indian Government's protection. These, who suddenly found themselves in hostile territory, were a sacred trust, entrusted by the Indian Government to the care of the Government of Pakistan. Such had a rightful claim upon the Indian Government for rescue if they did not feel safe in the hands of their caretakers.

The suspicion expressed in certain quarters that the Government of India, because of its avowed "Secularity," would not be able to render help to Hindus persecuted in Pakistan is thus without foundation. And the suggestion from the same quarters that India should become a "Theocratic" State in order to be able to deal effectively with such persecution is equally unsound in principle.

N. B. PARULEKAR

THE GREEK IDEAL OF THE PERFECT MAN

[**Mr. Ernest V. Hayes,** writes here of the Greek ideal of all-round development and the desirability of its revival. The Greek ideal of *areté*, or doing beautifully whatever needs to be done is but another way of stating the ancient Indian ideal of the perfect performance of *dharma*. To adopt either as the ideal would redeem the modern world alike from sordid materialism, aimless drifting, and dependence for salvation upon priest and rite.—ED.]

This paper is inspired mainly by two ideas. First, the undenied debt we owe to ancient Greece in philosophy, art and science. Second, the growing belief that the "wheel" is turning once again in favour of that heroic little country; that in religion, commerce, political tendencies and, possibly, more romantic ties, Britain and Greece are drawing near to each other, and that the latter country is likely to become in the future the spiritual heart of Europe as in the days before the beginning of the Christian Era.

It must be admitted, too, that the old idea of the tubercular, scrofulous and anæmic, man of God needs replacing by an ideal more vigorous and healthy, if religion is to win back some of the respect it has forfeited in modern times.

For modern Greece this should be easy, if she but revive her Past; Christ can be honoured by young athletes as much as Apollo, and the festivals of the Saints can end in the same healthy way as did the festivals of the demi-gods.

For Britain, accustomed so long to believe that to be good is to be thoroughly miserable, and that to live harmlessly is to live ineffectually, the future points to a great renaissance in the strength of her men and the beauty of her women, to a fuller and healthier life, but away (for the time being) from spirituality. Yet her young men will be the stronger if they can dream dreams (more real than daybreak) and her young women more beautiful, when to a well-formed and well cared-for body can be made manifest the loveliness of an awakened soul.

Nor must we forget India. The darkest days of her humiliation are surely passing; there will be lightning-streaked days of recovery. But as India faces her many difficult problems with a new heart, she will remember that her God-like King Rama, and her Buddha, were young athletes in body as well as athletes in the spiritual life. If Greece, then, can recover her olden glory of perfect manhood and perfect womanhood, she will stand out as the great example of what any nation, great or small, should be.

What was the ideal of a perfect man in Pagan Greece, before the beginning of her decadence? In speaking of the "perfect man" (and woman) do not think of those great

spiritual geniuses who were the hierophants of all the mysteries, worshipped as gods, or as closely related to the gods. Those elect souls were, strictly speaking, Supermen. They retained a human expression, not because they needed it but for the sake of their race. They were held to earth by the loveliest fetter of all, and that only: love for their younger brothers. They "held life and death in their strong hands." Think only, then, of men and women, still held by the earth's attraction, subject to Karma or Fate (symbolized as the three deities with their weaving and interweaving threads) yet making of that Karma a much pleasanter and less binding thing, and of the weaving a more delightful pattern, through an ideal attempted and sometimes fulfilled.

If we visit in imagination any of the great cities and centres of Greek culture of the past, we shall in most cases notice three institutions in particular. There will be others: market-places, theatres, pleasure-houses, but we can avoid them if we wish. The three that will force themselves upon our notice will be the Gymnasia and Baths, the Temples, and the Façades of the Mysteries. The Mysteries, truly, will be hidden, but not the Façades, for "many are called, but few chosen."

The whole life of the cultured Greek centred round these three institutions. It cannot be denied that the markets, the pleasure-houses, entered into the life of the Greek male rather fully in some cases; but his inner life did not centre round them; he went to them, did his business and took his pleasure, and turned again to the focal points of all that was great in him: to the Gymnasia for the culture of the Body; to the Temples for the training of the Soul; to the Mysteries (or at least, the Façades) for the unfoldment of the Spirit. It was the Latin, and later the Gothic, temperament that gave us the self-torturing saint of the mediæval ages; though, when Greece had utterly fallen, she also badly imitated a gross mortification which is the very opposite of a spiritual athleticism. And so Christ and His Saints became heavily clothed—whereas Apollo and his brothers had been as naked as they could be, having nothing to be ashamed of.

The perfect body was a part of religion. That meant moderation in all things. All things were lawful, subject to certain taboos devised for the stability of the family and the state. There was a natural control of the Flesh. It was to the males that Greek culture turned its chief attention (save in Sparta) for it is the male that experiences the greater difficulty in a chaste life. You do not have to ask the Gods to make men brave and women chaste; They have done it without the asking. But if you are to save men from too frequent visits to pleasure-houses (and worse) and so help them to save their souls alive, you have to create interests of an inner appeal, not outer. You have to make the young male *long* for a perfect body,

and then to know that he is not likely to get it, or maintain it, in gross bodily indulgence of food or drink or sex or indolence. The Greeks made the young male prefer to sleep in his own arms rather than in the softer arms of purchasable beauty. It led to certain undesirable extremes and swayings, but in the main, it worked, as in Sparta. Plutarch's account of Sparta will be recalled: the young women trained with the young men, and the women were generally honoured; the men, even when wed, reticent in sex. The reader can read for himself Plutarch's "Life of Lycurgus" in this connection. One anecdote is worth recalling now. A foreign lady expressed her surprise that the men of Sparta allowed themselves to be ruled by their women. The Spartan lady responded: "We are the only women who bring forth men." Lycurgus, too, once said in reply to the question what athletic exercises he most approved of: "All, except those in which you hold out your hand." Independence of mind, as well as excellence in body, shine out in this answer, and to both ideals the whole Spartan culture was directed.

And the Soul, and the Temples? The Psyche was seen as rational and irrational. The irrational was what Paul (Hellenized Jew as he was, touched by Christ) saw as "sinful nature" stamped inevitably with death. The rational was what we today sometimes call the Higher Ego, the Real Man, and not the Animal. Save in some occult schools, we allow this Soul to run all over the place, till, in the end, we do not know which is the Animal and which is the Man. We yield to some purely animal impulse, and we excuse ourselves with: "Well, after all, it is only human." The trouble is that it is not human; it is Lucius Apuleius as an Ass, and not restored to his former human shape by the power of the Divine Sophia. The Greeks faced this as later Apuleius was to face it, not with the plaintive "*Miserere*" of St. Augustine, (his fellow country-man in a later century,) but seeing with clear insight touched with humour, that a man can sink very low into the mire, a shape abhorred of the benign Goddess, but that the roses of restoration are always near at hand when one is ready.

It may sound like hypocrisy and self-delusion to believe when you are deepest in the mire that you have the power to rise, past Zeus, to the potencies beyond Him, but it is your salvation all the time that you do not lose faith in the spark within your inmost consciousness. The Temple helped you to realize that; it temporarily made a better man of you; you were, for an hour or so, what for the rest of the twenty-four hours of the day you denied. You were not afraid to pray, though you were stained; you looked your Gods in the eyes, standing, as you addressed them, and paid your homage. You knew you ought to be better, but you never allowed yourself to think you could not be worse, and from time to time, there would be a

repentance; not the mere being remorseful (as repentance has come to mean) but that changing of your mind, which is what the Greek word translated as repentance really means. And because of this training of the Soul in the Temples, added to the culture of the Body in the Gymnasia, at the right moment, you found your self being led to the Façade of the Mysteries; you were almost in the Outer Court of the Mysteries before you knew where you were, perhaps through such a training as the Pythagorean Discipline. You were initiated. Initiation is really death. Something died in you as it died in Apuleius. What died was your animal self. You were reborn, resurrected. After initiation, your life was not changed so much (save for the animal that was not really You) but heightened, intensified, as with inner fire, the Fire of the Spirit; Agathon, the God within. If you had been an artist before, you were one still, but like Phidias; if before an orator, now gifted with the golden tongue and irresistible sway; if a leader, now like Lycurgus; if an Advocate, a just one; if a business man, able still to drive a bargain but not unfairly; if an athlete, a vessel for a God; if a priest, something more than a priest. If misfortune came to you personally, or even death, you faced whatever came with the serenity and courage and good humour of Socrates. If misfortune, or even complete destruction, came to your city or your state (more grievous to a true patriot than one's own pettier afflictions) you were able to say with Hecuba, at the fall of Troy:—

Had He not turned us in His hand, and thrust
Our high things low, and shook our hills to dust;
We had not been this splendour. And our wrong
An everlasting music for the song
Of earth and heaven....

When the Greek ideal had faded, the Mysteries were withdrawn, and fanatical monks were allowed to break into white dust the lovely statues of the Gods. Who shall say that they cannot be restored, and not to Greece only? Not advertized, and not priced in dollars, but as the unsuspected result of a New Culture based on ancient Greek ideals; a culture through Theosophy, which is true spiritual healing, because it ends the conflict in man's inner nature. So Apollonius of Tyana saw when he said: "Pythagoras considered that the most divine art was that of healing. It must occupy itself with soul as well as with body. No creature can be sound if the higher part is sickly." And so, we shall take a great step forward in the spiritual unfolding of man, through the Gymnasia, through the Temples of the future, and finally within the seclusion of the Adyta.

ERNEST HAYES

THE RELIGION OF THE SANTALS

[The religion of the Santal tribesmen, as described in this article by **Shri Charulal Mukherjea, M.A., B.L.**, has points of resemblance not only with the religions of other primitive tribes, but also with those of more sophisticated peoples, being, like all formal religions in varying degrees, a mixture of truth and superstition. Some of their practices obviously fall in the category of sorcery, *e. g.*, sacrilegious animal sacrifices to godlings and to the spirits of ancestors and the revolting and dangerous relations alleged to subsist between certain members of the tribe and elemental beings—tools beyond a doubt in many cases of actively malevolent intelligences—relations such as have disfigured the annals of modern Spiritism. On the other side of the ledger they have a concept of a formless and inscrutable Deity, "the Creator and Sustainer of all" as well as the Destroyer, a Deity who does not "interfere with men" and who is honoured, when formally worshipped at all, by offerings only of water. The tradition that the ancient Santals had no gods or goddesses but believed in that Deity alone, no less than the evidence of one of their teachers, quoted here, to the Santals' belief in equitable recompense for good or evil acts, seems to be an echo of the truth which has characterized every religion in its original purity, only to be obscured by superstitious accretions in the course of time.—ED.]

"Do, please, tell me if we have any religion at all," an educated Santal lad at Rairangpur, Mayurbhanj, questioned me with a pathetic look. I was there studying the tribal life and manners, on the invitation of the State. I was mystified at first. But when the first shock of surprise was over, I realized that many young Bengalis of the Derozio school, who felt the heady impact of Western civilization with its introduction of the English medium of education, with its Occidental ideals, and Christianity in its train, must have questioned thus. The difference was in the time factor. That was in Bengal, in the time of Lord William Bentinck, whereas I was at Mayurbhanj in 1938.

The Santal lad was only seeing things from the angle of modernism; he had heard from preachers in the various missions, established to save the souls of the aboriginals, that theirs was a religion of "Animism," with myriads of godlings crowding the tribal pantheon. True, but with a goodly mixture of half-truth, more dangerous than untruth.

The Santals are one of the Proto-Australoid tribes of the Chota Nagpur plateau and, in common with the others, they believe in hill-spirits, village-spirits, ancestor-spirits, a house-hold deity and a number of mischievous gods. The chief presiding deity, *Maran Buru* (the great hill), possesses wide powers and is associated with both benevolent and malevolent gods and goddesses. He is offered a white

fowl, and, if a goat is offered, it also must be white and uncastrated. He requires propitiation in all birth, death and marriage ceremonies of the tribe, with a liberal offering of rice-beer.

But, to the ethnologist, the most important conception of the Santals is that of a Supreme Deity called *Thakur Jiu*, the creator of the earth according to Santal tradition. This religion of a fainéant Supreme Deity struck some early ethnographers as a theological conception. We closely questioned the Santals of Mayurbhanj as to their ideas regarding this Deity, whom they name *Dhorom*. Some identified him with the idea of God, the only One with no second. But it was clear that those living under Christian influence were attributing to him Biblical ideas, while others within the orbit of the Hindus were identifying him with the Upanishadic conception. The educated Santals of Mayurbhanj belonged to the latter category. It is, however, to be noted that ordinarily the Santal does not bother very much about this Supreme Deity, as he is too passive and good to interfere with men.

Sir Herbert Risley doubts whether a Hindu name like *Thakur* could belong to the original Santal system. And this Deity's exercise of supreme powers leads some ethnologists to associate him with a later stage of theological development. However that may be, this idea of a Supreme Deity makes it clear that the Santal cannot be dismissed as a fetish-worshipping savage.

It may be interesting to present the account of the Santal guru Kolean, as recorded by the Reverend Mr. Skrefsrud in 1870-71. *Horkoren Mare Hapramko Reak Katha*, which contains the institutions and traditions of the tribe, asserts that the Santals of primitive times had no gods or goddesses, but got these (as culture loans, of course) in the course of their legendary wanderings. At *Sinduar*, the gate of the Sun, they contacted *Sing Bonga*, the Sun-god. The ancient Santals, says Kolean, believed in God alone. They gradually forgot God as they met ghostly spirits in the course of their traditional wanderings. Now, the name of *Thakur* alone lingers in the tribal memory. Proceeding, Kolean says:—

> Many Santals today say, "The Sun-god (Sing Bonga) is the *Thakur* of the Santals because he was first seen with the very origin of the creation and our religion." But the ancients and their gurus even now say, "No, it is not correct. Certainly there is God; you cannot see him with your earthly eyes, but He sees everything. He has created the earth, the air, man, animals, birds, ants, snakes, scorpions, fish, crabs, trees, corn, millets and other things himself. He rules over us and everything and preserves and nourishes us all, great or small. He himself is our Creator and Destroyer. The creation did not result from the caprice of man or spirits, nor will it be destroyed at his or their will. God has measured everything during the creation and, till its destruction, none can be

obliterated. Good or bad will be measured out to us in *Svarag* (Heaven), exactly as we do and act here upon the earth.

Added to this the Santals of Mayurbhanj worship *Basuki* or *Basumata*, to exercise her benevolence for the welfare of agriculture, with offerings of fowls and goats. And in their own way they have evolved a theory regarding the disembodied spirits of ancestors, as evinced in the offering at all festivals, public or private, to *Haramko* or *Burha-Burhi*, a cock and a hen respectively, together with a share of *handia* (rice-beer). Thus, during the Spring Flower-Festival and the December Harvest Home Festival, supplications are made with obvious reverence and awe to the spirits of ancestors so that the tribe may have no diseases. Even the departed spirits of brothers and unmarried sisters receive worship after prayers for the benedictions of the ancestor-spirits.

Till the other day ethnologists like Sir Herbert Risley were content to describe the religion of the Munda tribes as "Animism." It appeared to him that the religious practices of the Santals were the active worship of some gods, good or bad to men, associated with the hazy belief in soul and a life hereafter, connoted by the term "Animism." Analyzing the reaction of a Santal when he thinks of a tiger-spirit, Risley observes that it is neither reverence for its flesh nor the apprehension of being injured by it that impels the Santal to placate it. When he thinks of a tiger-spirit, he does so from the vague dread of a mysterious tiger-power or tiger-demon, the essence and archetype of all tigers, whose vengeance no man...could hope to escape.[1]

With all deference to Risley and his like, they are, it seems to us, making a large draft upon the mental powers of the aboriginal. Here is an abstract power independent of a material vehicle awaiting mental apprehension; we must pause before making a hasty generalization.

It is useful here to remember that the Santal, in common with many of the Austric-speaking tribes, describes his gods as *Bonga*. Bodding, in his Santali-English dictionary, defines the word as meaning "a spirit, godling, demon." This omnibus word, standing for the spiritual hierarchy of the Chota Nagpur tribes, has fascinated Prof. D. N. Mozumdar, in his work on the Hos[2] and he coined the term "Bongaism" to describe their religion. He maintains that the meaning of "*Bonga*" is a power, a force, impersonal and supernatural, and that the Hos have derived it from the original idea of a vague and mysterious power akin to the conception of "*Mana*" prevalent in Melanesia.

The Reverend W. J. Culshaw rejects this idea, observing:—

Among the Santals there is no evidence to show that they either now or in the past have held beliefs which would

[1] Risley, *People of India*, p. 225.

[2] *A Tribe in Transmition*. 1937.

justify us in maintaining that the word "Bonga" can mean an impersonal and all-pervading power. Pantheistic notions among present-day Santals are a late accretion due to Hindu influences, and are in no way reflected in their customary practices and beliefs. It would seem that we must look elsewhere than in their "Bongaism" for traces of a conception analogous to "Mana."[1]

We closely questioned Nabin Manjhi, a patriarchal Head-man of Chamardahani, Muruda, Mayurbhanj, regarding their ideas on the Supreme Deity, styled *Dhorom* in their area and considered as the Creator of the universe. Asked whether *Dhorom* was at present worshipped by the Santals, he replied that he was invoked in all marriage ceremonies, with offerings of pure water, and nothing else. He emphasized that *Dhorom* had no shape and that he was called *Nirakar* (formless).

We found the Santal conception of the *Bongas* to be that they are spirits who exist everywhere and take an active part in human affairs. Some assume human shape and enter into extra-marital union with Santals of opposite sexes. Their folk-tales reveal that the *Bongas* have coiled-up seats like serpents (*Bonga gando*) near which fierce tigers crouch. They eat like men but when their food is brought on to this earth, it will be transformed into leaves and cow-dung. Santals in liaison with *Bongas* sometimes gain untold material advantages.

The early missionaries were only too prone to consider all the *Bongas* malevolent spirits and to assert that the Santals lived in perpetual fear of *Bongas*. The Reverend Mr. Culshaw improves upon this when he opines that

> the word has a neutral connotation... they believe that the "*Bongas*" can be controlled by proper ceremonies, and that they will play their part, of non-interference rather than active benevolence, if the ceremonies are properly performed.[2]

The Santals' reverent awe of an inscrutable Providence as symbolized by the conception of *Thakur Jiu* or *Dhorom* comes out in bold relief in a sentence towards the close of Kolean's account, in "*Horkoran Mare Hapramko Reak Katha*, where, speaking of their constant wanderings like "caterpillars advancing, grazing and eating," the tradition exclaims: "We do not know why *Thakur* (the Creator) is punishing us in this way." The Reverend Mr. Culshaw also admits that "He (*Thakur Jiu*) is acknowledged as the Creator and Sustainer of all." A system of belief which considers its Supreme Deity as the "sustainer" also, is not a "religion of mere crouching fear of the baffling mysterious powers of the dark."

From the dim prehistoric times, culture loans between the Proto-Australoids and people of the Aryan

[1] "Some Notes on Bongaism," *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, Letters*, Volume V, p. 431. 1939.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 430.

strain have been going on. Studying the *Bratas* of Bengal, the *stri achar* (folk-customs of women during marriages), and other institutions of Aryan culture, one finds the very basis sometimes to be pre-Aryan. But they are now the warp and woof of one great synthesis that is *Bharatvarsa*. To consider everything noble in the aboriginal as due to Hindu influence, and to weigh the Naga and the Santal in the same scale as anthropological specimens, is the way to arrive at the reverse of truth.

CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

HELP FOR THE HOME

We often say that the world has grown smaller with the improvements in communications and in transportation. It is sometimes overlooked that, paralleling the widening of the circle of human interdependence by international exchange of products has gone a narrowing of the walls of the home. In the East the trend away from the joint family system is strong, though with a perverse survival of the former sense of family responsibility in nepotism. In the West the single family, long the norm, has been thrust increasingly upon its own resources for domestic service, as more and more of the former servant class have sought employment carrying higher prestige.

As a result, under the stresses of modern life in Europe and America, many families are living dangerously close to the margin, not necessarily of subsistence, but certainly of the strength and energy of the home-maker. Any uncalculated contingency, such as illness, the mother's having to go out to work, etc., may challenge the stability and functioning of the home, which has been well called the corner-stone of our civilization.

This difficulty is being met to some extent in Europe by a new profession for young women which is reported by Yves Hécquard in *Unesco Features* for 1st January 1951. This calling is that of "the family helper," affording only a modest livelihood but paying large dividends to the worker in training and experience as well as in the gratitude of hard-pressed families whom she tides over a domestic crisis. Society benefits from raised standards of house-keeping and added recognition of the value and dignity of household work, than which no work is more important to society.

Besides the Family Association in France, the Home Help Service in England, the House Sisters in Finland, there are similar organizations in Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland. In France, the "family helper" is officially recognized; short preliminary theoretical and practical training in cooking, sewing, hygiene, domestic management, maternity care and child-rearing is required. Already 3,500 young women in France alone are "family helpers" and greatly in demand. The new profession bears witness to human interdependence and recognizes its obligations.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

The Way of the Silpis or Hindu Approach to Art and Science. By GOVINDA KRISHNA PILLAI, M. & C. E. etc. (The Indian Press, Ltd., Allahabad. 357 pp. Illustrated. 1950. Rs. 22/8)

This is an outstanding contribution to our knowledge of ancient Indian art and architecture. The organic unity of the Indian view of life pervading all the spheres of Indian achievement is brought out in a vivid and natural way. The author is not content with general ideas and sentimental *clichés*. The work goes into detail in the comprehensive framework of mathematical and geophysical data which shaped the vision and work of Indian craftsmen, engineers and architects. The field includes the Mohenjo-daro and Harappa findings and links up the Dravidian and Aryan contributions in a convincing way.

Dr. Pillai throws a flood of light on the Indian way of determining the cardinal points and the equinoxes, the Tamil and Northern calendars, the Hindu system of surveying, as preserved obscurely in the sacrificial rites and rules of altar construction, the Hindu system of measurements and mathematical calculations of fractions and limiting values and so on. There are illuminating chapters on Town-Planning, House-Planning and Sculpture. Indian sources are competently utilized and the continuity of the tradition with the present-day practice of artisans and workmen is indicated.

A valuable table shows the derivations of Tamil months and their influence on North Indian systems, and compares the Indian months with the Greek Zodiac and Egyptian hieroglyphics. There are 29 diagrams illustrating a wealth of astronomical data and the principal types of town-planning. There are also many photographic reproductions of typical art products, images of Buddha, Siva and Parvati, decorative figures in temples, and, lastly, an interesting image of Sukra Acharya the ancient authority on Indian architecture and sculpture.

The work fills a void and carries forward the restoration and appreciation of ancient Indian cultural contributions. A useful bibliography enhances its value.

In addition to throwing light on the technical aspects of the field, the governing outlook and operative philosophy characteristic of the Indian genius are shown in sufficient outline. The work of the Silpis who stem from non-Aryan sources is seen to have coalesced with the Aryan cultural ways to make a single complex Aryan-Dravidian tradition, supplementing the work of Bharata's *natya sastra* and the theories of dramatists and literary critics of the *rasa* school. The outlines of a comprehensive Indian philosophy of art and craft emerges, covering all the fine arts in living integration with a spiritual vision and metaphysic.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Stories. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 525 pp.; *The Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Selected and introduced by MALCOLM ELWIN. 479 pp. (Macdonald Illustrated Classics Nos. 17 and 18, Macdonald and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., London. 1950); *The Master of Ballantrae.* By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (Hamish Hamilton, London. 251 pp. 1948. 6*s.*); *The Stevenson Companion.* Arranged and introduced by JOHN HAMPDEN. Illustrated. (Phœnix House, Ltd., London. 312 pp. 1950. 10*s.* 6*d.*); *Tales and Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edited and introduced by G. B. STERN. (The Falcon Press (London) Ltd. 112 pp. 1950. 5*s.*); *Selected Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edited and introduced by G. B. STERN. (Crown Classics, The Grey Walls Press, Ltd., London. 64 pp. 1950. 3*s.* 6*d.*) [All these received through the courtesy of the Representative of the British Council in Agra.]

Fittingly, a number of British publishers have brought out centenary editions of selections from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is a rich and representative assortment, revealing the great writer's versatility and imaginative power, combined with thorough mastery of his craft. Here are, too, his courage and his unshakable conviction of "the Liveableness of Life." But it was not only the confirmed invalid's living up to "the duty of being happy" which he preached that endeared him to his contemporaries and entitles him to the respect of posterity. Stevenson could feel deeply and express his condemnation of injustice in the strongest terms, as in his powerful defence of Father Damien in an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, which it is good to find included in the *Tales and Essays.*

That collection contains also a powerful scene from the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston,* which critics consider would have been Stevenson's masterpiece. The entire novel as far as written appears in *The Stevenson Companion,* which offers besides, a discriminating selection of stories, essays, travel sketches, poems, letters and *The Beach of Falesá.*

The Master of Ballantrae externalizes in the persons of two brothers the conflict between good and evil so unforgettably portrayed in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

"A Chapter on Dreams" in the volume of *Essays,* whatever one makes of Stevenson's "little people" or "Brownies," is a fascinating psychological study and throws a very interesting light not only on the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde but also on "Olalla," deservedly less widely known, included in the collection of stories.

The popularity of *A Child's Garden of Verses* has well-nigh eclipsed Stevenson the serious poet, and it is well that a number of his major poems are brought together in one volume with many which have delighted the child's heart. Several are rewarding. "If This Were Faith" deserves to rank with the Epilogue to Browning's "Asolando" as the *credo* of a poet and a courageous man. It concludes:—

> To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
> And be mauled to the earth and arise,
> And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes:
> With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night

That somehow the right is the right rough ;
And the smooth shall bloom from the Lord, if that were enough ?

E. M. H.

The Whig Interpretation of History. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London. 132 pp. First published 1931, reprinted 1950. *7s. 6d.*)

It would be unreasonable to ask professors to profess less and to practise more. Professing is their job. Yet in face of such a booklet as this it is hard not to wish that its author, instead of talking about other historians' history, had given us some more of his own, such as he gave in *Christianity and History*. He would not then have fallen into the pit which he has here digged for those others.

His theme is that "the Whig historians" have "studied the past in too direct reference to the present day." They have, he contends, persisted in treating events of long ago as if they contributed directly to the developments of a later time, especially of their own time. Now that, it seems to me, is just what Professor Butterfield himself did in *Christianity and History*. There, however, the history outweighed the thesis. Here there is little but the thesis, repeated over and over again in varying phrases and with Martin Luther bobbing up so constantly as to produce on me the effect of King Charles's head in the table talk of Dickens's Mr. Dick.

No doubt some historians have overemphasized Luther's share in promoting religious liberty, but is there any need now to drive home the fact that he and other Reformers did not want to promote religious liberty at all? This was established long ago and summed up in the saying "Presbyter is but priest writ large."

Who "the Whig historians" are, the book does not tell us. Lord Acton is the only one mentioned by name and he was, though a Liberal, by no means Whiggish in the usual sense. Most readers' minds will turn to Macaulay, but he is not mentioned. If in controversy you set about demolishing an Aunt Sally, it is just as well to let the target be seen.

On the whole Professor Butterfield's outburst, first published 20 years ago, seems to me much ado about nothing. Historians have, it is true, dealt with far-off concurrences as if they all moved to "one far-off event," divine or otherwise, and have pronounced moral judgments, which Professor Butterfield says they ought not to have done. But does that matter? His own definition of history is "a form of descriptive writing" and descriptions must always be more or less coloured by the personality of the describer; they tend to be dull when they are not. Compare, for instance, Freeman with Froude. No intelligent person supposes that any kind of history can be strictly accurate, though one need not say with Sir Robert Walpole that it is all "lies," or adopt the late Mr. Henry Ford's term for it—"bunk." There are many facets of truth. Purely objective history, as Professor Butterfield conceives it, would be as deceptive as any other kind and much less interesting.

HAMILTON FYFE

Into the Unknown. By LORD AMWELL, C. B. E., SIR JOHN ANDERSON, BART, J. P., LAURENCE J. BENDIT, M. A., M.D. (Cantab), MRS. CHARLOTTE HALDANE, THE REV. CANON M. KNIGHT, B. D., and L. A. G. STRONG. Postscript by HANNEN SWAFFER. (Odhams Press, Ltd., London. 200 pp. 1950. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is described by the publishers as a "Report of an investigation into Psychic Force by a panel of independant experts." There were six "experts" all of whom, except Canon M. Knight, seem to have been unprejudiced during their sittings with various mediums. They hoped to find proof that human consciousness survives death, but they reported that they could not go further than an admission that some of the mediums seemed to have demonstrated the reality of telepathy and mind-reading. Of course they would have been exceedingly lucky if, in these somewhat formal experiments, they had caught up any evidence which could not possibly be explained by telepathy.

Telepathy is, like Mesopotamia, a word of great comfort, but it is surprising that most investigators are satisfied with their experiments if they can say, quite justly, that the results could be attributable to telepathy. This, however, is like saying that if a traveller arrives in the United States he obviously voyaged across the Atlantic and entered by way of New York. The traveller might vainly state his belief that he crossed the Pacific and entered by way of San Francisco. In other words, many messages may come from discarnate beings and yet have been within the scope of telepathy. To defeat the telepathic net a message must contain a statement of fact unknown to the medium or the sitters and yet verifiable afterwards. Even then, the sceptic postulates that the medium had clairvoyant access to some old newspaper or long-forgotten will. In short, if the message is verifiable it does not prove that it came from a "spirit": if it is not verifiable, then presumably the medium made it up. The way of a genuine medium is indeed difficult.

CLIFFORD BAX

Personism: A Philosophy of Peace. By JOHN NIBB. (Sheppard Press, London. 83 pp. 1950. 6*s.*)

Modern civilization has reached its latest, though its best expression in nationalism. And nationalism has turned out to be, as the history of the last several decades, especially in the West, has shown like the proverbial Pandora's Box, the parent of a host of ills. "Personism," in the author's opinion, is the antidote. It stands for: (a) individual rights as against State dominance, notably in the question of conscription, and (b) the recognition that governments represent sections of nations and should not, on the pretext of "national unity," be identified with nations.

The book, which is a *résumé* of the arguments advanced in the author's previous two books, entitled *Christianity and Internationalism* and *International Thoughts*, with additional material, criticisms and comments, is thus a charge-sheet against nationalism. The core of its constructive contribution being the proposition that "personism" is "the path to peace or concord and to consequent freedom."

G. M.

Conditions of Freedom. By JOHN MACMURRAY (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 106 pp. 1950. 6*s.*); *Tradition of Freedom.* By GEORGES BERNANOS. (Dennis Dobson, Ltd., London. 165 pp. 1950. 8*s.* 6*d.*); *Of Fear and Freedom.* By CARLO LEVI. Translated from the Italian by ADOLPHE GOUREVITCH. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 102 pp. 1950. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Any or all of these three books would do much, if they could but be put into the right hands, to eradicate the imbecile notions of freedom current in the Western world today: of doing what one likes, that veritable apotheosis of selfishness which is the ideal of millions; or, that mythical "freedom" of the politicians, for the maintenance of which those same millions are plunged into the servitude of totalitarian warfare, cold or hot.

"To believe in freedom, in any sense worthy of consideration," says Macmurray, "is to believe in setting other people free." Elsewhere he says that "humility is the handmaid of freedom. It is the meek who inherit the earth." *Conditions of Freedom* is a Christian essay in the deepest sense: a noble attempt to reinstate the value of the human being, the individual, at a time when the omnipotent and inhuman State is divesting millions of their dignity, their sense of responsibility and the freedom which depends upon the exercise of dignity and responsibility. Professor Macmurray sees freedom as something outside the political field, a "product of human fellowship," a "triumph of friendship over mistrust, of love over fear." Follow our rulers in their frenzied craving for security, he says in effect, and we lose both freedom and security. The price of freedom, in short, is a voluntary insecurity.

In a very different idiom Bernanos says much the same thing. He sees modern society and total war as virtually identical. "Total war is Modern Society at its most efficient." Macmurray is a thinker; Bernanos an artist who gets to the heart of the matter with a sure intuition. "Obedience and irresponsibility—those are the two Magic Words that, tomorrow, will open the gates of the Machine Civilization Paradise." *Tradition of Freedom* is a magnificent indictment of the Machine Age, its politicians and their lickspittle servitors—a passionate, angry, cleansing book, which makes Macmurray's, for all its abundant sanity and virtue, seem academic and almost ladylike in comparison.

As for Carlo Levi's, it is a Book and not merely a book on freedom. Ten years hence, if our Machine Civilization Paradise does not blow itself up in the meantime, both the other two books will be forgotten, or will survive only as part of their respective authors' canon. But it is possible that *Of Fear and Freedom* will endure—for ten years or a hundred years. It suffers but little from the fact that it was originally written in France in the dark autumn of 1939, for its essence is timeless. It tells of man's servitude and tortured enchantment—through the totem and fetich of bloodshed and sacrifice—throughout the centuries of recorded history. Men are afraid of freedom, and set up idols because they cannot bear the sight of their own lineaments.

> For men, incapable of liberty—who cannot stand the terror of the sacred that manifests itself before their open eyes—must turn to mystery, must hide and worship as a dark

symbol, the very *revelation*, the shining light of truth.

This is a difficult book to read, but it is amply worth the effort.

J. P. HOGAN

Interview with India. By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE. (Phœnix House, Ltd., London. 192 pp. 1950. 16s.)

Now here is a remarkable book, and published at a remarkably moderate price. Mrs. Bourke-White is an American journalist, attached to *Life*, and a brilliant photographer. The pictures in the book are alone worth sixteen shillings. Many of them display the old magnificence of Princely India (and Pakistan). As many more, depicting physical misery and utter destitution, will awaken old sorrows in any Westerner who has been a lifelong lover of India and, in philosophy, a lifelong debtor. Perhaps the most impressive of all the 64 pictures are those of Gandhi at prayer (in public) during his last journey and of the cremation of his worn-out body. But any imaginative peruser of the book may easily pass from London to India ancient and modern. He has only to muse upon these pictures, whether of Rulers, untouchables, palaces or "worse than slums" and to listen to what the photographs are saying to him.

Again, Mrs. Bourke-White was no superficial globe-trotter nor does she scribble journalese. Not satisfied by a visit in 1946, she went back to the subcontinent in the two following years. My impression is that she was more sympathetic to India than to Pakistan —certainly more to Pandit Nehru than to Mr. Jinnah. To her, as to so many other visitors, Gandhiji was the mighty country's mightiest man; and she was fortunate enough to have a long and friendly interview with him a few days before his assassination.

So far as I can discover, the handsomest people in Europe are the Spaniards. From some of these photographs it seems that the handsomest people in Asia, and possibly in the world, are numbers of Indian men, women and children. Perhaps the Singalese and Portuguese children might compete without discredit.

CLIFFORD BAX

Gandhism for Millions. By Y. G. KRISHNAMURTI. (Pustak Bhandar, Patna. 37 pp. 1949. Rs. 3/-)

A division in the heart of humanity has brought sad consequences in present-day life. Mankind today suffers from the evil effects of a split personality. Gandhiji, the author avows, offers a philosophy of integration which "can unravel the self-tied knots of the atomic age." Such is the line of argument advanced in this small and rather abstruse book. One cannot, however, help wishing that the writer had not used a style which is at times so concise that it borders on the cryptic and the constrained; concealing, if not cancelling out, that intrinsic and winning simplicity which is the very soul and substance of "Gandhism."

G. M.

The Catholic Church against the Twentieth Century. By AVRO MANHATTAN. Second Edition, revised and expanded. (Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 470 pp. 1950. 5*s.* Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This is the second penetrating analysis of the activities of the Roman Church which has appeared during the last twelve months. Mr. Howell Smith's *Thou Art Peter* dealt entirely with doctrines. Mr. Manhattan does not touch upon these; he examines Catholicism as a political force.

No one should object to any religious body which attempts by persuasion to induce individuals to embrace its tenets. The case is altered when a powerful Church acts as a pressure group with the aim of exercising political power. How the Church of Rome does this is shown very clearly, and also very fairly, by Mr. Manhattan.

At the beginning of this century nothing seemed less likely than that ten European Governments should be headed by and mainly composed of militant Catholic politicians, relying on Catholic majorities and working in co-operation with the Vatican. Yet this has today come to pass in Austria, Belgium, Eire, France, Germany, Holland, Luxembourg, Portugal and Spain. Outside Europe the South American Republics form a solid Catholic block, while in the United States all political leaders are forced to take the very large Catholic vote into serious account when they are shaping their plans. This is especially dangerous because American Catholics have done so much to stir up warlike feeling against Russia and to substitute ignorant hatred for the endeavour to find out how nations with opposing economic systems can live together in peace and friendliness.

From Mr. Manhattan's well-arranged and fully documented chapters can be learned how the Vatican has, during this century, "often and decisively steered the wheel of contemporary history," how with political purpose it contributed to the rise and establishment of Fascism and Hitlerism (hailing Mussolini as "a man sent by Divine Providence"), how it supported Pétain's rule in France, how it seeks everywhere to hold back "the progressive forces which are now sweeping the globe."

Very many Catholics privately dissent from this course of action and would have their Church remain outside politics. The Vatican, they think, should devote itself solely to the spiritual side of Catholicism. If only they would make their disapproval and their desire felt, the world outlook would be less threatening and dark.

HAMILTON FYFE

Sanskrit Culture in a Changing World. By DR. B. BHATTACHARYYA, M.A., PH.D. (Good Companions, Baroda. 106 pp. 1950. Rs. 2/4)

In this small but valuable book the author wishes to bring to the notice of the public the importance of the Sanskrit language for the correct appreciation of Indian culture and traditions. For years Sanskrit has been erroneously regarded in the West as a dead language and, as its study in no way fosters the material betterment of young men and women, it is passing through a crisis even in this country. People are becoming more and more indifferent to what happens to the works published in Sanskrit and allied

languages. No wonder, since they are almost completely ignorant in regard to the extent of the valuable store of knowledge in these Sanskrit works which still adorn—and threaten always merely to adorn—the shelves of the few manuscript libraries in India and abroad.

The main purpose of this book is to impress upon the people and the Government the fact that manuscripts to the number of several lakhs have not yet been published and that therefore the student of ancient Indian culture is deprived of a wealth of valuable information. The author, a keen scholar in the field of Indology, has spent a lifetime in studying, interpreting and editing manuscripts and is pre-eminently suited for writing such a work. His chapters on "Contents of Sanskrit," "Preservation of Sanskrit Manuscripts" and "Publication of Manuscripts" are highly illuminating and authoritative. Those who agree with him in considering that the loss of Sanskrit would be a matter of eternal shame to this country, will bestir themselves early to establish a Central National Institute, entrusted with hunting out manuscripts for preserving and for publishing. Such an Institute would also discharge the duty of passing on to future generations the means for understanding the heritage of ancient India.

M. A. MEHENDALE

Rabindranath Tagore: A Philosophical Study. By VISHWANATH S. NARAVANE, M.A., PH.D. (Central Book Depot, Allahabad. 238 pp. 1950. Rs. 5/-).

A poet's philosophy is, indeed, *darsana* ("philosophy") in the truest sense. For, it is fundamentally based on vision (*darsana*); it is a vision which does not exclude the intellect, while it transcends it. It is in its very nature personal. It is, nevertheless, stamped with the spirit of wholeness; and thus it has a touch of the universality of truth. Therefore the writer has in this thesis (originally presented for his doctorate), wisely eschewed the temptation to derive ideas from the Poet's writings with a view to reducing them to a philosophical system or structure.

Rabindranath Tagore was truly a peace-maker among philosophers. For, being a poet his eye was always intent on achieving harmony between diverse points of view. Dr. Naravane has presented what he believes were the poet's views (a) on Ultimate Reality, which he presents as both personal and impersonal; (b) on the Individual Self, which he presents as finite-Infinite; (c) on Nature and Man, which he explains as going hand-in-hand; (d) on Æsthetics, defined as a blending of inspiration or ideation and expression; and (e) on Ethics, described as an amalgam of self-realization and self-transcendence.

The author has drawn largely upon the poet's original Bengali writings. His work is, therefore, a valuable source for non-Bengali students of Tagore.

G. M.

Medicinal and Food Plants of British Columbia. By DR. IRENE BASTOW HUDSON, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (London), L.M.C. (Canada). (Published by the Author: 1982 Taylor Street, Victoria, B.C. 70 pp. 1950. $1.50)

The value and interest of this recently published illustrated brochure, are not limited to that Province in Western Canada.

With a commendable breadth of outlook the author has drawn on a variety of sources for the medical uses of the "Native Medicinal Plants" and "Naturalised and Introduced Plants" listed in two fairly extensive and informative indexes. Thus she has cited homœopathic as well as allopathic practice, the work of naturopaths and herbalists, and the available medical lore of the American Indians, in whose medical art, she believes, "we can trace a faint knowledge of the ancient medicine of Asia."

> Their knowledge may seem to be slight and their habits crude, while beneath is a basis of wisdom, and signs of ancient teaching which once held sway in Africa, South America, Europe and certainly Asia.

Even hints given by the instinct of reindeer and of bear have not been ignored in the author's quest for medicinal and food plants. Convinced that the bounty of Nature has afforded, in the wilds of her Province, except when under snow, a maintenance diet and many valuable remedies, she pleads for the recognition and conservation of herbal treasures, some of which are reported in danger of extermination.

E. M. H.

A Tear and a Smile. By KAHLIL GIBRAN. (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. 172 pp. 1950. 9*s.* 6*d.*)

Anyone who read, and found beauty in, *The Prophet* will not be disappointed by the fables and verses in this new book by the same author. Gibran, born in 1895, had Lebanon as his childhood background and is therefore a Syrian poet. In time he migrated to Paris and New York. That, no doubt, is why his semi-mystical drawings here, as in *The Prophet,* show so clearly the influence of Blake.

Many readers of the book will be reminded of the work of Rabindranath Tagore, and if they found inspiration in the Indian's poems they may find some in the Syrian's. It is noteworthy that so true a mystic as "A.E." is quoted by the publisher as having written:—

> I do not think the East has spoken with so beautiful a voice since the *Gitanjali* of Rabindranath Tagore as in *The Prophet* of Kahlil Gibran, who is artist as well as poet. I have not seen for years a book more beautiful in its thought, and when reading it I understood better than ever before what Socrates meant in the Banquet when he spoke of the beauty of thought which exercises a deeper enchantment than the beauty of face ....I could quote from every page, and from every page I could find some beautiful and liberating thought.

"A. E." would probably find the same virtues in this new book, and his appreciation was well worth winning.

CLIFFORD BAX

Shri Aurobindo: Lettres. Vol. I. Translated by JEAN HERBERT. (Les Grands Maîtres Spirituels dans l'Inde Contemporaine, 4, Square Rapp, Adyar, Paris 7. 320 pp. 1950. 480.-fr.)

The letters in this first of three projected volumes in French translation of Shri Aurobindo's letters to his disciples cover a wide range of subjects. The series in which it appears testifies to the growing interest abroad in Indian thought along spiritual lines.

E. M. H.

Men and Manners. By "PARDESI." (Hind Kitabs, Ltd., Bombay 1. 138 pp. 1950. Rs. 3/-)

The author has the lightness of touch which the informal essay or the light skit demand; and an insight into human nature that finds the weak points in another's armour with a gentle prick. His irony rarely deserves the name of thrust, though the fat, avaricious priest who spoils for "Pardesi" an ideal place of peace might cry him mercy.

"Autographs" is a good example of his style, clever but with a barb which will wound the *amour propre* of some who attended the conference he does not name but which he unmistakably describes. His Indian sketches convey a very strong impression of having been written from behind the scenes.

"Pardesi" does not lack originality and a style of his own, but will there ever be a writer of personal essays in English upon whose pages the shadow of "Elia" will not seem to fall, so ineffaceably has Lamb set his stamp upon that literary form? Lamb's wit and Lamb's nostalgia we seem to find, but not Lamb's tenderness.

E. M. H.

CORRESPONDENCE

"ON MEDICINE"

In his article, "On Medicine," in the November 1950 ARYAN PATH, p. 486, Don Salvador de Madariaga says: "This hypothesis [Hahnemann's] confirmed nearly a century later by vaccination (like curing like) has become a scientific law, confirmed time and again by experience."

For the sake of accuracy I think it should be said that vaccination, *i. e.*, for smallpox, is used as a *preventive* measure and has nothing to do with the curative processes in the strict sense of the term. It is claimed that it prevents smallpox; when the disease exists it is not used because it has no curative effect. The advocates of vaccination might claim that like prevents like, but the homœopaths could scarcely claim that as a part of Hahnemann's teachings. Controversialists have shown that vaccination has confirmed very little, and certainly no scientific law.

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195 Bickenhall Mansions,
London W. 1,
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THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[An American naturalist with a genuine reverence for nature, **Dr. Alexander F. Skutch** of Costa Rica, whose valuable paper on "Life and Immortality from a Scientist's Viewpoint," especially prepared for the Indian Institute of Culture, was taken up at a Discussion Group Meeting of the Institute on January 14th, 1950, and published in THE ARYAN PATH in March, prepared another paper for the Institute on "Ahimsa on the Farm," which was discussed at the Institute in January 1951 and is published below. We wish that Dr. Skutch were right in his assumption of the practice of *ahimsa* by Indian farmers, but between the principle of the philosopher and the practice of the sons of the soil there is too often a wide gulf. The hopeful feature in India is that here, perhaps, more people are awakened to the evils of cruelty, and there is a determination to end the present abuses.—ED.]

AHIMSA ON THE FARM

Of the many lofty ideals which India has given to the world, that of *ahimsa* or harmlessness to all creatures, is one of the noblest and most beautiful. It springs from "divine compassion" and a recognition of the essential unity of all forms of life. It is the doctrine of *noblesse oblige* brought to its highest moral perfection and its ultimate logical conclusion. It is the philosophical development of the homely aphorism: "Live and let live." It teaches us that the true measure of wisdom and power, in individuals or societies, is not how many other creatures they can bend to their own inexorable will and crush for their selfish ends, but rather how well they succeed in adjusting their relations with other living things so that all may dwell together in harmony.

Like all noble ideals, that of *ahimsa* is not easy to put into practice; it does not come to men so naturally as walking and eating. In a world where living creatures compete ceaselessly for space and for food, in which animals can stay alive only by eating other living things, *ahimsa* is exceedingly difficult to follow; perhaps in its perfect manifestation it must remain an ideal toward which we strive rather than an accomplishment. When we recall that the ruthless struggle for existence with resultant natural selection has hastened the evolutionary development of living things and their progressive modification into more complex forms, we may question whether it is in any sense desirable to practice *ahimsa*. But out of this very strife and competition may at length emerge beings so powerful, in one way or another, that if they do not mitigate and control their predatory instincts they cause infinite harm not only to the living world as a whole but even to themselves. And once they have become conscious of the cruelty of the strife, of its grimness and pathos, they cannot go on with it without doing violence to those higher qualities of spirit of which this dawning awareness is an expression.

The practice of *ahimsa* is not equally difficult to all men. The scholar among his books, the mendicant friar, even the professional man and the merchant, if they are just in their dealings with other men, refrain from cruel "sports" and are willing at times to endure small annoyances from animal pests of various sorts, may pass their lives do-

ing very little harm directly to other creatures. But all these people must eat, and if their food comes from farms where *ahimsa* is not practised, in eating it they commit violence or *himsa* indirectly or vicariously—even though they may never see these farms and know nothing of what occurs on them. They cannot be held wholly guiltless and without a share in any deviations from the rule of *ahimsa* perpetrated by the farmer who produces the food they eat. And for the farmer, whose business is the exploitation of living things of certain species at the same time that he competes with those of other species, the practice of *ahimsa* is by no means so simple as for the holy recluse, the man of letters, the philosopher, or the astronomer.

The production of food from the earth is incompatible with the practice of *ahimsa* in the highest degree; it inevitably involves strife not only with vegetable but with animal life. So far as vegetation is concerned, the farmer commits violence not so much against his crops as against those plants which grow spontaneously upon the land that he cultivates. We cannot be held to harm vegetable life when we eat fruits; the plant produces them as an inducement to animals to disseminate its seeds; and the husbandman who nurtures fruit-trees and eats or sells their fruits is co-operating with these trees in such a manner as, could they express their volitions to us, they would doubtless highly approve.

But the farmer's relations with the native vegetation are far less happy than those with the plants he cultivates. He must ruthlessly destroy the forest or other natural vegetable growth which covers the land that he intends to work; and he must wage unrelenting warfare against the weeds of all sorts which spring up in his fields, and which, if allowed to grow unchecked, would overwhelm his crops and make them unproductive. I see no avoidance of this strife so long as men must sow that they may eat. Yet we might make some small amends to the native flora by setting aside areas where it can grow in pristine splendour and not be wholly lost from the earth.

With animals of all sorts, too, the farmer inevitably wages war. Hosts of insects prey upon his fruit-trees, his garden vegetables, and his field crops. Although he may, if he practices *ahimsa*, carefully pick the caterpillars from a single small tree or ornamental shrub in his dooryard and carry them to a distance—to starve, most likely, unless they can find another member of that particular group of plants on which they subsist—this is obviously impracticable in the case of a large orchard or an extensive field. Then the farmer must either combat the voracious insects with some poison dust or spray or else lose his labour. The control of insect pests, as well as of fungal diseases of plants, is somewhat easier where agriculture is diversified or scattered and the areas devoted to any particular crop small and separated, than where whole districts are planted almost solidly with a single crop; yet with multitudinous urban populations incessantly clamouring for food, large-scale cultivation with the resulting necessity for drastic control of insect and fungal diseases appears to be inescapable.

Even more lamentable than this warfare against insects is the farmer's strife with birds and mammals, which

are psychically no less than structurally far more closely akin to himself. First he drives them from their ancestral domain of woodland, savanna or prairie, which he clears and subjugates to the plough; then, when, because they have been deprived of their natural sources of food, hunger drives them to claim a portion of the crop produced on the land from which they were expelled, he ruthlessly shoots, traps and poisons them. The law of *ahimsa* no less than a sort of natural justice enjoins us to let them freely take a portion of our fruits and grains. When we know in advance that they will come for their share we can, in some instances, plant a little more for them. The birds repay our bounty with their songs and their bright plumage and their industry in removing destructive insects; the four-footed animals with their grace and the sylvan charm of their presence. But when these wild visitors to our farms become too numerous or persistent and take more than the tithe we can afford to allow to them, we must protect our crops in some fashion or else starve. The first method of control that occurs to the unregenerate is by killing; but if we be wise in the ways of the wild and give thought to the matter we shall find that there are, in many cases, alternative modes of protecting our crops which are economically feasible and not inconsistent with the practice of *ahimsa*.

In our treatment of the domestic animals of the farm the principle of *ahimsa* is often glaringly violated, and with far less excuse than in the case of the wild creatures which at times ravage our crops. We propagate these animals deliberately, and we exercise a greater degree of control over them than over any other living creatures, not even excluding our own children. Society intervenes in a parent's relations with his children to a far greater degree than in a farmer's treatment of his animals. Even where there exist laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals, they can have little force on isolated farms far removed from the eyes of the guardians of the law; and in any case only the more glaring instances of abuse are likely to be brought to the attention of the magistrates. Because the lives of domestic animals are so largely under the owner's control and his treatment of them is regulated by his conscience alone, he is in the highest degree responsible for their welfare.

Happily for these animals, the owner's self-interest operates in their favour even when true kindness and mercy are lacking. If the farmer works his horses or his oxen too hard and with too little food, or maintains his cows on rations too meagre, they may die and he will lose money. But it is amazing how many owners of animals are too stupid or too lazy to look after their own best material interests; and because animal organisms are on the whole so tough and enduring, a good deal of cruelty and abuse may be not incompatible with the economic interest of the owner. On the contrary, as we become more "scientific" we learn how to get more out of our animals, in work or in food-production, with less regard for their natural instincts and comfort, and often by deliberately thwarting them—just as a vindictive tyrant, if he be "scientific," can keep his victims alive for a longer period of torture than if he be quite lacking in science. In the West, at least, the prevailing method is to

handle domestic animals in the fashion which will yield the greatest monetary return, with slight regard for their feelings. Dogs and cats, which although mostly useless are adepts in the art of flattering man, receive the most considerate treatment. Occasionally a horse or, more rarely, a cow will win its master's affection, become a pet, and be pensioned off rather than slaughtered when its period of useful service is past—but these are exceptions to the general rule in the treatment of domestic animals.

Can we, under any circumstances, rear animals for our own advantage without violating the principle of *ahimsa*? It is obvious that raising them for slaughter is incompatible with this principle. But if we keep horses and oxen for traction, cows or goats for milk, chickens for eggs, sheep or llamas for wool, do we not exploit them selfishly and fall short of the full practice of *ahimsa*? This depends, I believe, upon whether we give them a fair return for what they give us. It might be possible to arrange an exchange of services which would be mutually beneficial.

Biologists are familiar with numerous instances of two organisms, often the most dissimilar, which live in close association, to their mutual advantage. Such partnerships are known as symbiosis. One of the most wide-spread and successful of these symbiotic unions is that between algæ and fungi, which, when growing in closest interdependence, form lichens. The fungus provides attachment, protection and raw materials to the embedded green algal cells, which alone are capable of photosynthesis and elaborate the food for both members of the partnership. Each can live alone, but in company they are far more successful and thrive in raw and desolate areas where scarcely any other form of vegetation can exist.

The ideal association between man and his domestic animals is this mutually beneficial symbiosis, of which nature provides so many examples. Only at this level can it conform to the principle of *ahimsa*; if the association degenerate into parasitism or helotism it violates the law of harmlessness.

As physicians and lawyers have special codes of ethics related to the peculiar conditions of their occupation, so farmers need an ethical doctrine to guide them in their treatment of animals, plants and the soil. Ethics begins on the land; no society can be considered moral unless it practises a moral agriculture.

Nearly a decade ago, I settled on a rough and rocky farm at the edge of the wilderness in Central America. I was not attracted to the region by its potentialities for lucrative agriculture; I wished merely to live quietly, to observe the life about me, to study and to meditate. But it was necessary for me to produce enough to eat, with a small surplus to sell and cover the operating expenses of the farm. I had not intended to keep many domestic animals. Although for one reason or another I have had more than my original plans called for, the number has still not been great. I have consistently striven to live with them symbiotically or on the principle of a mutually advantageous exchange of services. My experience has been limited to horses, horned cattle, and chickens, but may serve to exemplify the kind of association which it seems necessary to

foster if we wish to practise *ahimsa* on the farm.

My longest and most satisfactory experience has been with horses, which are the most intelligent, friendly and docile of our farm animals. At one time I considered the breeding of horses for sale, but after learning of the abominable treatment of one which I had sold, I abandoned the notion of making a profit from horses and have bred only enough for the use of the farm. In this region, where the natural vegetation is heavy rain-forest with practically no grass, horses could not survive without the aid of man. Pastures must be laboriously made and at considerable expense kept free of woody and weedy growth, which, if allowed to spring unchecked, will soon shade and choke out the grass. Horses also need salt, and grain if they work frequently, and they enjoy delicacies such as sugar-cane and bananas. It is necessary to keep them free of parasites, to disinfect their wounds, and to treat them when they fall sick.

When, in return for these services, we ask a horse to take us on a journey or to carry sacks of grain, I believe that we do not demand anything unreasonable or exorbitant. We merely take some return for value received. Each member of the partnership does for the other something he could not do for himself, or could not do so well; and both benefit by the exchange of services. But if we make a horse's life miserable with blows, overwork and insufficient food, we reduce him to a state of helotage and steal from him just as surely as though we entered a neighbour's house in the night and carried off his property. Since our animals cannot expostulate with us or form unions for collective bargaining, we are the sole judges of the equity of our demands upon them; and the just man will be careful not to require an excessive amount of work in return for the benefits he gives them. He will wish them to live happily no less than himself. I sometimes wonder whether my horses ever surmise the relationship between the journeys they make with me and the pasturage and other food they enjoy.

I should live more placidly without horned cattle, which require unremitting attention to keep them free of a multitude of external parasites from which horses are largely immune, which frequently develop malodorous sores that must be carefully disinfected, and which have far less respect for fences than horses, so that it is more difficult to keep them out of the planted fields. But because my people are never quite content without milk, I perforce keep a few cows. The usual practice on small farms in Central America is to rear all the calves, at least until the age of weaning. In the afternoon or evening the calf is caught and kept separate from its mother during the night; in the morning at milking time it is allowed to take a few sucks at each teat to start the flow of milk—many of the local people believe it impossible to milk a cow without the calf's assistance. Usually the milk is taken from only three of the teats, the fourth being left for the calf, who is turned out with its mother to suckle when it will, and to graze, through the day. The calves thrive under this regimen; a good cow on rich pasturage gives far more milk than the youngster needs; and to take a portion of her milk in return for food and care appears to be a mutual ex-

change of benefits and no robbery. The male calves are trained as oxen to haul carts and to plough, and the same principle of exchange of services applies here as with horses.

Because they are cheaply produced, easy to transport and to keep without refrigeration, and quickly cooked, eggs are one of the most satisfactory forms of protein and help greatly in balancing the diet, especially in tropical countries where so many of the most common foods, such as bananas, plantains and a multitude of root-crops, run heavily to starch. Gandhiji tells in his autobiography how he refused to give eggs to his ten-year-old son Manilal, although the lad was dangerously ill with typhoid and the physician believed that diet necessary to save his life. The religious conviction that it is wrong to eat eggs, held even by those who do not hesitate to drink milk, is apparently based upon the fact that the former may give rise to living animals, whereas the latter serves only for their nourishment. This difficulty might be obviated by segregating the hens from the cocks and producing sterile eggs.

The question which here concerns us is whether it is possible to produce eggs consistently with the practice of *ahimsa*. The domestic chicken, native of tropical Asia, has never, so far as I can learn, been able to establish itself in a feral state anywhere in the American tropics, although opportunities have certainly not been lacking during a period of four centuries and over an immense area comprising almost all the varied ecological conditions to be found in this hemisphere. Chickens thrive with us only if given food to supplement what they can find for themselves, and a roost where they are inaccessible to opossums, tayras, and other predatory animals. Our hens have the freedom of the yard and surrounding pastures and live happily, if we may judge by the frequency of their not too melodious "songs." I look upon the eggs they lay as a fair exchange for the maize, crushed shell, and other food I give them, the safe roost I provide for them. Because I have close control over the rate of reproduction by "setting" hens to incubate only often enough to replace losses through death and predation by animals from the neighbouring forest, overpopulation does not present a problem with chickens as with cattle. There is, however, the difficulty of the ratio between the sexes. Although males and females are hatched in approximately equal numbers, chickens are naturally polygamous; if there are too many cocks in a flock they annoy the hens and sometimes fight among themselves. What to do with the excess cockerels is a problem I have still not solved to my satisfaction.

For a number of reasons I do not keep pigs, although in this locality they yield a good profit for the farmer. Since they are useful to men only for their flesh and fat, breeding them is inconsistent with *ahimsa*. After living for many years in primitive communities where the swine pass freely around and often within the rustic dwellings, creating unsanitary conditions; where their trespasses upon fields and gardens each year cause great loss, discourage the planting of essential foods and occasion endless disputes between neighbours, I salute the wisdom of the ancient lawgivers who forbade their people to eat pork.

As we find it easier to be helpful and generous to our fellowmen when we love them than when we act merely from an intellectual conviction of duty; so it is easier to treat our domestic animals with kindness and justice when we feel a warm affection toward them. We are the more likely to admire and respect these animals the more they retain something of the grace, the alertness and the intelligence which belonged to their wild ancestors. Modern breeders are amazingly successful in developing races of animals which seem to be hardly more than machines for producing flesh, milk, eggs, or whatever else is required of them, at the expense of those qualities which spontaneously engage our admiration. The owners of these highly selected animals, hypertrophied in certain directions and atrophied in others, find it increasingly difficult to consider them as sentient creatures rather than as food-producing mechanisms. These same animal breeders, given a similarly free hand and an equivalent period of time measured in generations rather than in years, could doubtless develop a race of human morons weighing upward of 300 pounds. Would not the presence of a large group of men whose bodies had become hypertrophied at the expense of their spirits play havoc with accepted ethical principles?

The possibility of practising *ahimsa* is closely related to the problem of population control. Men are not likely to give thought to *ahimsa* in the absence of a fairly generous margin between their basic needs and their resources. If the human population increases to the point where it presses too heavily upon the land, so that the farmer can with difficulty wrest a living from his few acres of impoverished soil, he must drive his oxen and his ass, as he drives himself, almost to the point of exhaustion. In order to survive, he will have to devour everything which by any stretch of the imagination can be considered edible, regardless of ethical principles. This situation is familiar to everyone who knows at first hand the poorest and most crowded agricultural districts. Similarly with our domestic animals, if they increase beyond our means to support them, what shall we do with them? In this recently settled district with an increasing human population, I have found it possible to sell excess cattle to neighbours who will take care of them as milch cows or draft-oxen; but how would it be if the market for such animals were already saturated? Certainly my own pastures would soon be filled beyond their carrying capacity and the cattle would starve. It is for this reason that I feel far more confident that I can follow the principle of *ahimsa* with horses, of which both sexes are useful even when they do not reproduce, than with cows, which continue to yield milk only so long as they continue to give birth to calves.

These are some of the experiences and perplexities of one who has been striving to practise *ahimsa* on a farm situated in a country where scarcely anybody else gives much thought to the matter. In the Occident, especially in English-speaking countries, it is, paradoxically enough, far easier to enlist people's sympathies over the fate of dogs and cats, and even of wild creatures, than for the welfare of those domestic animals which so greatly help them to live. The question, at any rate, will scarcely interest anyone

whose values are measured in monetary units alone, whether in dollars or rupees. Doubtless Indian farmers, with centuries of experience in the practice of *ahimsa* to guide them, have advanced far beyond the point I have reached, and it would be of value to Occidentals to know their methods.

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

Sir Mirza Ismail's formulation of ideals for university education was a particularly valuable feature of his Convocation Address on February 4th at the Muslim University, Aligarh.

His stand against sectarian exclusiveness was uncompromising. He called it "the most insidiously deadly enemy of the essential ideal of a university." He recognized that it offered a special temptation to an institution whose members were chiefly of one community, but

> if it is yielded to by a university in even the slightest degree, that university is doomed to futility and worse.

It was not a sterile neutrality that he envisaged, but "the living sympathy that comes from a sincere attempt at understanding." He implied that such a university as that of Aligarh—and the same applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to other universities—should train students in religious understanding. The opportunity should be deliberately given

> of understanding other religions, the greatness of their teachers, the sublimity of their thought and impulse, the sincerity of their devotees. . . .Surely our times, in particular, require this.

On the academic side, he warned that university and college standards were gradually deteriorating, from a number of causes. The result was stereotyped teaching that failed to train the student to be intellectually self-reliant; it failed largely to provide leaders, whom the country needs.

It was not enough, he made plain, that the products of the universities should be young men of wide knowledge and culture. Even more important was it that they should be "young men of high character, gentlemen in the true sense of the word." Reliability and integrity he called the unvarying essentials of true manhood.

> There is no good in being brilliant but unreliable, clever but lacking in honesty of thought, word, and act.

He brought home to the students themselves their responsibility for effort on their part, not only when they were taking professional studies but also when working for the purely educational degrees which he declared were "really the most useful of all," as the best preparation for life. Conscientious work, he told them, was the best possible investment, not because it brought a degree but because it made a valuable man.

Of encouragement to the stumbling and falling nations no less than to universities and individuals was his wise reminder:—

> Not in a day can you build for all time; slow and unforced is the growth of the fruits of the spirit.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

Several false assumptions of his countrymen are forcefully challenged by Stringfellow Barr, President of the Foundation for World Government, in a brochure published by the University of Chicago Press, "Let's Join the Human Race." "The basic problem of the one world," which modern science and modern techniques have built, is, he maintains, not Communism but the misery of a large proportion of mankind. Russia is not "all that stands between mankind and a stable peace." The only chance is to do something about the real problem.

He insists that it is not an American problem and that America's attempts to "play Santa Claus" not only cannot possibly meet the need but necessarily arouse resentment in those not favoured by her bounty and in many of the rest even suspicion that imperialistic developments are to be looked for next.

...if we start looking at the real facts about the human race...if we stop planning *for* the rest of the race and start planning *with* them, we will find a way to handle this business.

The achievement of the Tennessee Valley Authority in transforming a whole region had caught all peoples' imagination. It had been a public corporation, ultimately responsible to the people, but free to follow sound business practices, and it had represented the devotion of the capital accumulation of the whole country to the making prosperous of one "underdeveloped" part. It offers, he suggests, a model for a World Development Authority, a "TVA of the World."

If the UN, the nearest thing to the common government which is indispensable for a stable peace, is not allowed by the national governments that dominate it to set up such a World Development Authority with adequate *pro rata* national support (mammoth but cheaper than World War), some international group or country

must make the Great Proposal, must call in the neighbours from all the Mighty Neighbourhood....Let us take common counsel for our common cause.

Writing recently on "Asian Renaissance" Lord Pethick-Lawrence declares that what would most startle a statesman of 50 years ago, if he could be awakened like Rip Van Winkle, would be the present status of the Asian countries which border the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In his day, the future had been assumed to lie with the white races.

Brown men and yellow men were all very well in their way...they might perhaps some day under the tutelage of "more advanced" nations, attain to a "civilization" not greatly inferior to that existing in the West. But that by the middle of the twentieth century they would be able to look the white man in the face on equal terms would have seemed a visionary and fantastic prediction.

Comprising but one-seventh of the world's land area but supporting almost half its population, these countries, all claiming great past civilizations and

with a distinctive common Asian outlook, hold the answer, Sir Pethick-Lawrence implies, to the future history of mankind. "On which side will Asia throw its weight in the conflict between totalitarian Communism and Western Democracy?" That answer has not, he thinks, been given finally even by China, whose Government has not yet proved itself Communist in the Russian sense. Its policy may be Chinese rather than Russian.

While the writer does not ignore defensive preparations as a deterrent to aggression, he calls for far-reaching economic reforms which shall remove the poverty and undernourishment which makes the common people of South-east Asia an easy prey to propaganda for another order of society. "...the prime duty of everyone who wishes to prevent Asia from becoming Communist is to do everything to improve the lot of her common people."

Such a policy, dictated by humanity no less than by self-interest, would do more to insure Asian good-will than all the abstract propaganda for the blessings of democracy.

In Shri K. G. Mashruwala's Republic Day article on the "'Ram Raj' of Bapu's Dreams," he challenges the irresponsible and unconsciously hypocritical attitude which clamours for Gandhiji's "Ram Raj," without even a clear idea of its implications. He brings out that Gandhiji's ideals for India, to bring it to a state paralleling that of Ayodhya in the universal prosperity and peace of Rama's rule, would demand changes not only in attitude but also in mode of life.

Gandhiji's "Ram Raj" means, he shows, a sense of common nationality, with peace and mutual trust, without seeking favours for one or another community, class or caste or linguistic division. Regional languages would be fostered, however, and decentralization of administration in favour of local autonomy as far as possible. All honest and useful labour would command equal respect; and civilization would not be judged by the growth of wants and luxuries, cities and palaces, but by the opportunities for preserving health and morals and for development of mind and social instincts. Technical and industrial advance would be regulated in the best human interests. Stress would be on furnishing the conditions of health rather than on medicine; families and villages would care for their own aged and cripples; education would be everywhere, but keyed to life; large cities might be broken up into small towns. The foreign policy would be friendly and non-exploiting and security would rest not on armaments but on the people's moral fibre and the development of the technique of non-violent resistance to injustice and aggression, at home and abroad.

Gandhiji's "Ram Raj" would include these features, Shri Mashruwala concludes. If people do not want them, let them not clamour for it. If they do want them sufficiently, let them work for "the Ram Raj of Bapu's dreams."