THE ARYAN PATH

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

VOL. XXXI OCTOBER 1960 No. 10

MAN AT THE CROSSROADS

[**Dr. S. Vahiduddin,** Chairman of the Department of Philosophy, Osmania University, Hyderabad, finds much to regret in the "historical limitations" of our time. Yet, for man, he knows, there is always choice, and what happy signs there are in our time are those of an increasing sense of a universal human brotherhood among some groups. To the rest, he commends the truth that a grudging tolerance is not enough — each different community and individual express something of the infinite possibilities of the human being, and hence deserve appreciation for mirroring humanity to us. — ED.]

MAN is the most paradoxical of all living beings. His situation remains always ambiguous. In the march of life he is always faced with alternatives. It is nothing to wonder at if the development of his situation should reflect the essential bi-polarity of his existence and a constant swing between extremes. In the region of his highest activity, in his achievements in science and technology, in the creativity of his artistic imagination, in his persistent quest on the path of philosophical speculation, we find him involved in situations which bristle with conflicting possibilities. Be it in the individual growth of his person or in the development of his civilization, he has to pass through many conflicts and live through many crises. Unlike sub-human levels of life his path is not fixed once for all by the species to which he belongs. This is the reason why philosophical anthropologists like Arnold Gehlen call him an incomplete animal. From the outset he is exposed to a life of perils and risks, and it is his destiny to work out his own future without full guidance from Nature. The civilization that is his creation is not the simple recurrence of an inherited pattern but the birth of a new system. In the course of his earthly life he is dovetailed with two different orders, Nature and History. Nature has given us birth, but history inculcates culture in us and awakens in the human mind a

sense of values. Traditions and language forge the individual personality in a super-personal mould.

But the historicity of man's existence creates its own problems. A given period of history allows room only for a limited perspective, and it is necessary to take cognizance of historical limitations. Every poet, said Schiller, is necessarily a child of his times, and woe betide him if he becomes a spoilt child!

The momentous discoveries in physical sciences and the tremendous improvement in economic conditions have made man oblivious of values other than the vital. Even religion has converted itself into a mass concern and has lost all contact with its origins in the experience of ultimateness. As a result it has become tremendously vocal and unauthentic. Silence, which was once held to be the crux of the religious situation, has no more any relevance in the religious context. Utility, publicity and success are the values which now set our axiological perspective. Where is the passion for beauty and sublimity which was once considered to be the highest grace of the human situation? The feeling for the transcendent which once distinguished the intimacy of lonely moments in human experience has been lost in the impetuous haste of the modern world. Once in constant communion with Nature at all its levels, man has now been slowly robbed of all his contacts with animal life and rural atmosphere. Torn by tension in the privacy of his individual life and in national and international relationships, he is striving hard to gain tranquillity at home and peace outside. He has indeed become the victim of his own ingenuity.

What is now required is to save man from himself. And how can the peace for which he is clamouring be assured unless he comes into his own and becomes what he is? This is the mission which Goethe assigned to man. As it is at present, industrialization has benumbed human affection and science has made man clever without making him wise. Where once there was a moment of love even in business, there is now an element of business even in love. The consequence is the prevalence of suspicion and hatred on every plane of human relationships. Scientific advancement has led to arrogance and has provoked insatiable lust for destruction. Hypocrisy on the international plane is the new virtue that we have acquired. We freely practise what we condemn in others. We show our concern for peace only in preparing for war. Secret diplomacy, which Kant considered a potential source of war, is still the reigning principle of inter-state relationships. The espionage system is not confined to any one country. The choice to be is not given us but may be decided by a few men in power. Let the young men and women of the world realize that existence is inter-dependence

and must needs be co-existence. But it is of no avail for us to consider one another's existence a necessary evil and force ourselves into a state of tolerance by an unsteady act of will. What is required is not the recognition of difference but the appreciation of the truth that every culture, past or present, like the individual, is irreplaceable and unique. Man's potentialities for good and evil are not exhausted in any one culture or epoch but can unfold themselves in any part of the world or in any period of the historical process.

Such a universality of vision alone can make us see the limitations of every human achievement and can work for reconciliation between conflicting ideologies. To Hegel goes the credit of having stressed the antithetic structure of reality. Sometimes the conflict may be born of difference and may not develop into any serious hostility. But even the difference demands recognition and may constitute a challenge to our capacity for adjustment. Even when the conflict is not merely the outcome of difference but issues forth from real antagonism, the possibility of reconciliation is not ruled out. This is indeed the assumption of the Hegelian dialectic, that reconciliation is final and ultimate and the opposition is transitional. But unfortunately in the reality which we experience reconciliation is at the most a desideratum. And this is really the tragic moment of the human adventure which we call history. We are humanly concerned not to bewail the scheme of things but to recognize the immense potentialities for good immanent in the divine order and, by our own limited initiative and striving, force the historical process to yield new surprises in the realm of knowledge and human relationships. There is indeed no denying the fact that man has arrived today at a critical juncture of his history. In weak and fatal moments he may let loose a catastrophe which will mean the end of his culture. With the extinction of his culture man severs his links with history and sinks to the level of barbarity and primitivity.

Happily there are some hopeful signs. Out of the ruins of human misdeeds and from the anguish of human suffering the vision of a new world is slowly emerging. Against the division of race and language and the dissensions of beliefs and ideas a new generation is asserting itself and forcing its way.

How unfortunate that whereas in the war-ridden West there is a universal trend in every group towards integration with a larger whole and gaining strength and spiritual enrichment by a process of unification, we in Asia and Africa should be moving on a downward course! Regional rivalries and parochial affiliations have taken roots in our native soil and

have made us blind to the unity underlying all creation. Doubtless, not only the region where we have first seen the light of the day and grown in the midst of our dear ones but also the language in which the heritage of our forefathers is enshrined is worthy enough to make every sacrifice worth while. But let not our attachments to our immediate surroundings sever our bonds with the great country with which our joys and sufferings are indissolubly linked and let not our devotion to our region and group make us ignore the imperatives which are applicable to us as human beings no matter who we are and where we are.

It is high time also for us to see that the East and the West have lost all their exclusiveness and the twain who could never meet have become the twins one cannot part. Let us, then, wake up to the vision of new men who will be equally at home in the East and the West and who will be determined not only to live with one another but for one another and hold themselves responsible for the weal and woe of all. Only then can the ephemeral existence of Man on earth assume perennial significance and the shadows of an imminent termination of his earthly career recede.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

THE THEOSOPHIST who knows anything about life insists that Universal Brotherhood is not a mere theory. It is a fact, a living ever-present fact, from which no nation can hope to escape; no man can escape from it, and every man who violates it violates a law, violates the greatest law of nature, which will react upon him and make him suffer. And that is why we have had suffering; that is why you have in Chicago, in London, in New York, in Berlin, in all the great cities of the world, masses of people who are claiming with violence what they call their rights and saying they must have them, and that another class is oppressing them; and danger lurks in every corner because men are insisting on Universal Brotherhood. This noble doctrine has already become a danger. The reason of all these things is that men have denied the fact.

—W. Q. JUDGE (in 1893)

THE SOCRATIC METHOD IN TEACHING

[**Mr. R. W. Crammer,** M.A., taught for many years in various schools, retiring as Headmaster of The City of Leicester Grammar School for Boys in 1950. Since retiring he has been a Tutor first in the Department of Education of the University of Leicester and since 1957 at Newland College Training College for Men Teachers, where he is responsible for "The Philosophy of Education" in a half-time post. With so much experience in the classroom behind him, Mr. Crammer is specially qualified to speak with authority on methods of teaching.

What he says of students in England and the United States is unfortunately true of our students as well. In spite of University degrees one finds them often ill-equipped and hesitant to think for themselves. Perhaps the fault lies with the method of teaching. The primary aim of education should be to make the student self-reliant in his views. The outstanding merit of the Socratic method of teaching, of which Mr. Crammer writes, is that it does exactly this. Through discussion the student learns to think independently, in a precise and logical manner, considering and weighing carefully, to arrive at a "satisfactory and constructive answer" by his own thinking.—ED.]

THE SOCRATIC METHOD in teaching is known as "midwifery" from Socrates' description of it in Plato's *Theaetetus*. He compared his art to that of midwives. It, however, differed from theirs in that he attended men and looked after their souls and not their bodies. Like midwives, he, too, was barren. By this he meant that he was himself unable to produce a constructive answer to the questions he went about asking people concerning the precise meaning of the words they used in their everyday life, such as "justice," "virtue," "courage," etc. Their answers to these questions, which he described as the thoughts their minds brought forth, he subjected to a thorough, critical examination in discussions with them in order to discover whether these answers were "phantoms and lies or a true birth." The discussions ended inconclusively.

With his usual irony or, it may be, genuine humility based upon his recognition that his wisdom consisted in his awareness of his ignorance, he declared himself not wise enough to bring forth positive instruction to those whom he questioned. Nevertheless, he claimed that they profited from their discussions with him. Even some of them who appeared dull at first did in the course of time make admittedly astonishing progress, as was acknowledged by others as well as by the questioned themselves. He fully realized that this negative education was intellectually very painful

and unsettling. But the demolition of the conventional answers was essential before the young men could be in a position to arrive at a satisfactory, constructive answer by their own thinking. Socrates maintained that all that they discovered came from themselves; to him they owed only the "delivery" of the truth that was in them. Before they could make their discovery they had first to be purged of their prejudices, and in order to learn modesty they had to be refuted, for without refutation, he held, a man is uneducated and in an awful state of impurity.

Socrates, then, did not propound a philosophic system; he merely employed the philosophic method of dialectical argument. His insistence on endeavouring to discover precise definitions was really a search for the general principles of thought and action. And, though his method did not produce final positive answers from him to the questions he asked of others, it was very far from barren in its results. Underlying the method were three positive principles: (1) a passionate search for the truth; (2) honest, strenuous and persistent thinking, by which alone there could be any hope of discovering it; and (3) intellectual humility, springing from a clear recognition of the arduousness of the search and revealing itself in being ever ready to welcome criticism and trying to learn from it as well as in engaging in sincere self-criticism.

His method, however, undoubtedly has its dangers. But the question has to be squarely faced whether encouraging one's pupils to think for themselves is right or not. I believe that it is right, and that this freedom of thought, though exposed like any other freedom to dangers, it is imperative to stimulate and to uphold. One of the most important things in education is to train one's pupils in thinking, to endeavour to arouse in them a keen interest in searching for the truth and to show them how to set about the process. What does this involve?

They must learn thoroughly to appreciate the relation between thought and language and the necessity of examining very carefully the words used by themselves and by others, if their thinking is to be clear and exact. This is essential, particularly in our age, when, as never before, we are subjected to the assault of words and to the machinations of interested persons who by propaganda in all the mass media of communication try to rob us of our judgment. Our pupils need to have their critical sense trained and always on the alert to be proof against their insidious efforts. They must be taught to distinguish between factual statements and emotive utterances. In short, they must learn the various uses of language in their subjects of study, but especially in the study of literature.

Ezra Pound has put the matter well in "How to Read" — "Has literature," he asks, "a function in the state?"

> It has... [he continues]. It has to do with the clarity and vigour of "any and every" thought and opinion. It has to do with maintaining the very cleanliness of the tools, the health of the very matter of thought itself.... When... the application of word to thing goes rotten, *i.e.* becomes slushy and inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot.

In our age, when science and technology are in the ascendant because of their importance for economic prosperity and national defence, we must see to it that literature and the other Arts subjects retain their indispensable place in our curricula. But it is obvious that, when we learn from the Oxford examiners in English Literature how dissatisfied they were last year with the quality of the Honours Candidates' English, it is high time that the way of teaching it was overhauled. So, too, in the United States, the distinguished critic, Edmund Wilson, in *A Piece of My Mind*, wrote about his experience of English papers of university students, saying:—

> Among the authors studied were Virginia Woolf, Yeats and Joyce — one of the greatest of English poets and two of the greatest masters of the harmonics of English prose; but the papers of the students dismayed me as a hideous revelation of the abysses of non-education that are possible in the United States.

My insistence on the thorough scrutiny of words is in line with not only Socrates but also the modern analysis of language by the logical positivists and the analytical philosophers. As Wittgenstein said, philosophy is the struggle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language. In *English Philosophy Since 1900* G. J. Warnock of Oxford writes, "The proper concern of philosophy is with concepts, with the ways in which and the means by which we think and communicate... this implies a concern with the uses of words." Clearly, we are concerned with words not as mere words but with the concepts and the categories they embody.

In the group discussions with my pupils or students I have impressed upon them that their first task in dealing with any problem is the careful examination of its terms, so that we can be quite clear what it is we are discussing and that we shall not be arguing at cross-purposes through using the same words but not all of us meaning the same things. Moreover, in considering an author's point of view, they must have regard to the meaning of his words at the period of history when he wrote and must,

if possible, find out the relevant context from which a critic has quoted a phrase or a sentence, giving it his interpretation, to see whether they agree with that interpretation or not.

What scope there is in teaching here! Whether the subject discussed lies in the sphere of religion, philosophy, science, art, politics, economics or education, there is almost endless work to be done in clarifying the terms used. I recall a lesson when I went into the Sixth Form and asked the class, "What does religion mean to you?" The first three answers I got were (1) "a set of ideals," (2) "belief in something above you," (3) "belief in God." In politics we had discussions on the meaning of democracy, the concept of liberty, the use of physical force by the State and in the settlement of disputes between states, etc. In economics we examined the phrase, "a fair wage," to find out what meaning it had, if any. In science, I once started a discussion with a group of university graduates doing their year of professional training as teachers by asking them what makes a subject of study a science, pointing out to them the difference between the British interpretation of it which tended to confine it to the natural sciences and the Continental view which included the so-called social sciences.

Discussion of questions like these, as can readily be imagined, raised all kinds of interesting problems. For example, with the last-mentioned group, I told them that about 1925 Professor C. D. Broad spoke of psychology as being then in the stage merely of "the hope of a science" and I asked them what they thought of psychology now in the 1950's. Had it reached the status of a science and, if so, what changes had taken place in it to justify that status? Or again, what did Professor W. H. J. Sprott mean by referring to sociology as being merely in the stage of "random botanizing"?

In all the discussions I made a point of impressing upon the group the necessity of taking care to see the difference between fact and opinion or comment, between an observation and a deduction, what exactly is meant by the word "proof," and what kind of proof a question would reasonably admit of. What is relevant and entirely irrelevant, what is the main argument and what the subsidiary or incidental arguments advanced — these must be clearly distinguished. It is not uncommon for pupils learning how to think to believe that they have demolished a point of view or at any rate shown it to be unworthy of further consideration by them when they have merely found out errors of detail, whether of fact or argument.

Here I would stress the importance of their endeavouring to get inside a point of view fairly and of their finding out what is the foundation on

which it is based, what are its assumptions or presuppositions. I would impress upon them, also, the indubitable fact that we all have our assumptions as well as our prejudices and biases, often unknown to ourselves, that our individuality consists in the particular angle from which we look at life and interpret our experience. This will make clear to them that complete impartiality is impossible, but that nevertheless we must strive to do our utmost to be as just as is humanly possible to someone else's standpoint. For criticism to be fully responsible demands a just understanding of what is being criticized, and we should always aim at avoiding irresponsible criticism.

My pupils will, thus, I hope, learn not only how to think but also the necessary democratic virtues of tolerance, patience in listening to another, etc., involved in the co-operative effort of group discussion. I am not indoctrinating them with a belief in democracy, though that may well be the outcome of the discussions; all that I am concerned with is that I should teach them how to think straight.

I tell them beforehand that I do not intend to give my answers to the questions I raise with them, that I am resolutely opposed to spoon-feeding them. My intention is to start them on the road to intellectual maturity. There are, I know, many students who would be glad to be relieved of the arduous task of thinking things out for themselves and, because of the teacher's authority, to adopt his beliefs. I have a great respect for the individuality of my students, and I have been most anxious during the whole of my teaching life, which has been a very varied and a very long one, from 1912 till the present day, to guard against the risk of indoctrination or propaganda, which to me are the very antithesis of education.

I am well aware that my method may be painful and unsettling to my pupils. But my answer is that they must learn to have their views challenged and also, if necessary, to bear suspension of judgment. Intellectual independence is bound to have its difficulties, like the growth from the dependence of childhood through adolescence to the independence of manhood. The scepticism and bewilderment it involves may, however, be temporary, as some of my pupils have revealed to me, one, for example, telling me that after a short period of religious doubt he had arrived at a stronger, because better-based, faith, whilst another as a result of our political discussions became a "broader-minded" Conservative.

The objections advanced against my attitude of neutrality in the classroom are well known to me, but my teaching experience leads me to remain unmoved by them. What I will say is that it has thrown a greater

burden upon me, a burden I have gladly accepted because of the great good I know it to have conferred upon my pupils. They have invariably found the genuinely co-operative discussion in the democratic atmosphere of the classroom so exciting an intellectual adventure that it has to my knowledge often been continued amongst themselves after the class period has ended. If the three marks of being a person are freedom, responsibility and rationality, I believe that by my method I have appreciably contributed to their growth as persons.

R. W. CRAMMER

THERE IS A TIGER

There is a tiger caged behind my ribs
On the side of the heart which was
Strong as the tiger.
That is why he failed to conquer
In our first encounter,
Yet he only sleeps deeply,
Anæsthetized by my will,
And imprisoned in the cage of bones.

When that time we came to grips
Both by pale winter's day
And in the jungle of the night,
As we wrestled, I willed
That tiger to be killed.

Descended into hell...
But deliver us from evil...
On the third day...
I could hear the Voice as we fought,
And then knew it was mine,
And that the tiger lay beaten.

All these long months he is not dead,
But waits in slumber for the chance
I must not give him.
Only a far southern sun, or the high mountains'
Bright, clean snows could kill him quite.
In a rare summer, stifling warm at night,
I heard my tiger purr
In his sleep, and stir.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM

[**Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita** is already well known to our readers by his many thoughtful contributions. In this article, which is a chapter from his forthcoming book, tentatively titled *Buddhism : An Outline*, he writes of the "Essence of Buddhism," which marks all the forms in which Buddhism finds expression. He defines it as Enlightenment-experience, the realization of the "non-duality of the conditioned and the unconditioned as that realization appears from the viewpoint of the conditioned."— ED.]

MANY STUDENTS OF BUDDHISM are at first staggered by the vastness of the field before them and bewildered by the abundance of material. This is natural. Like Christianity and Islam, Buddhism is not only a teaching but a culture, a civilization, a movement in history, a social order, in fact a whole world in itself. It comprises systems of philosophy, methods of meditation, rituals, manners and customs, clothes, languages, sacred literature, pagodas, temples, monasteries, calligraphy, poems, paintings, plays, stories, games, flower-arrangements, pottery and a thousand other things. All this is Buddhist, and often immediately recognizable as such. Whether it be a stone Buddha seated cross-legged in the jungles of Anuraddhapura, a Tibetan sacred dance, a cup of tea between friends in Japan, or the way in which a *bhikshu* answers a question in London, everything is invisibly signed with the same mysterious seal. Sometimes it floats with the clouds between heaven and earth, shines in the rainbow or gurgles over pebbles in the company of a mountain stream. "Looked at, it cannot be seen; listened to, it cannot be heard."[1] Sooner or later, however, the student tries to identify it. He wonders what it could be that gives unity to all these divers expressions, so that however remote in space and time, and however different their respective mediums, one perfectly harmonizes with another, creating not the dissonance that might have been expected but "a concord of sweet sounds." Eventually a question shapes itself in his mind, and at last he enquires, "What is the essence of Buddhism?"

The best answer to this question would be the "thunder-like silence" with which Vimalakirti, in the Mahayana *sutra* which bears his name, answered the Bodhisattva Manjusri's question about the nature of Reality. Can we describe even the colour of a rose? But this apparently negative procedure the student would not find very helpful. Concessions must be made. Buddhism is essentially an experience. "An experience of what?"

---

[1] *Tao-Teh-King*, XXV. Lin Yutang's translation.

Before answering this second question let us try to explain why, of all the words in the dictionary, "experience" is the first term on which one falls back when compelled to abandon the "thunder-like silence." Unlike thought, experience is direct, unmediated; it is knowledge by acquaintance. Hence it is characterized by a feeling of absolute certainty. When we see the sun shining in a clear sky we do not doubt that it is bright; when a thorn runs beneath our finger-nail we do not speculate whether it is painful. In saying that Buddhism is essentially an experience we do not suggest that the object of that experience in any way resembles the objects of sense-experience, or even that there is an object at all. We simply draw attention to its unique unconceptualized immediacy. The relation between sense-experience and the one with which we are now concerned is merely analogical. For this reason it is necessary to go a step further and complete our definition by saying that the essence of Buddhism consists in a *spiritual* or *transcendental* experience. This is what in traditional terminology is called *Enlightenment*-experience.

Apart from conveying an impression of the subject having now been lost sight of in the clouds, the mere addition of these adjectives is inconclusive. They themselves need definition. But inasmuch as this will involve the use of terms even more abstract, more remote from concrete experience, such definition will set up a process of conceptualization as a result of which the reflection of Enlightenment-experience in our minds will be in danger of complete distortion, like the moon's reflection in a pond the surface of which the wind has chopped into waves. Concepts had therefore better be treated as symbols, the value of which lies not in their literal meaning so much as in their suggestiveness. They should be handled in the spirit not of logic but of poetry; not pushed hither and thither with grim calculation like pieces on a chessboard, but tossed lightly, playfully in the air like a juggler's multicoloured balls. Approaching the subject in this spirit we may define Enlightenment-experience as "seeing things as they are (*yathabhutam*)." This is the traditional definition. Here also, it will be observed, the use of the word "seeing" (*darsana*), which primarily denotes a form of sense-perception, emphasizes not only the directness and immediacy of the experience but also its noetic character. Enlightenment-experience is not just a blind sensing of things but, as the English word suggests, the shining forth of a light, an illumination, in the brightness of which things become visible in their reality. Such expressions should not mislead us into thinking that there is any real difference between the subject and the object of the experience, between the light and the things illuminated (which disposes of the second question raised above). Were it

not for the fact that all words indicative of existence have for Buddhism a disagreeably substantialist flavour, it might even be preferable not to speak of Enlightenment as an experience at all but as a state of being. Fortunately other ways of surmounting the difficulty are available. The *Avatamsaka Sutra*, for instance, depicts the world of Enlightenment-experience as consisting not of objects illuminated from without but entirely of innumerable beams of light, all intersecting and intersected, none of which offers any resistance to the passage of any other. Light being always in motion, this striking similitude has the additional advantage of precluding the notion that Enlightenment is a definite state in which one as it were settles comfortably down for good, instead of a movement from perfection to greater perfection in a process in which there is no final term, the direction of movement alone remaining constant.

If spiritual or transcendental experience is a state of seeing things as they are, its opposite, mundane experience, wherein all unenlightened beings are involved, must be one of seeing them as they are not. The cause of this blindness is twofold. Being a creature of desires, man is concerned with things only to the extent that they can be made to subserve his own ends. He is interested not in truth but in utility. For him things and people exist not in their own right but only as actual or possible means of his own gratification. This is "the veil of passions" (*klesavarana*). Usually we do not like to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that our attitude towards life is often no better than that of a pig rooting for acorns. Motives are therefore rationalized. Instead of admitting that we hate somebody, we say he is wicked and ought to be punished. Rather than admit we enjoy eating flesh, we maintain that sheep and cows were created for man's benefit. Not wishing to die, we invent the dogma of the immortality of the individual soul. Craving help and protection, we start believing in a personal God. According to the Buddha, all the philosophies, and a great deal of religious teaching, are rationalizations of desires. This is "the veil of (false) assumptions" (*jneyavarana*). On the attainment of Enlightenment both veils are rent asunder. For this reason the experience is accompanied by an exhilarating sense of release. The Buddha compares the state of mind of one gaining Enlightenment to that of a man who has come safe out of a dangerous jungle, or been freed from debt, or released from prison. It is as though an intolerable burden had at last been lifted from his back. So intense is this feeling of release from pain, suffering, conflicting emotions, and mental sterility and stagnation that many of the older canonical texts speak of the Enlightenment-experience exclusively in terms of freedom or emancipation (*vimukti*). One of them represents

the Buddha Himself as saying that even as the great ocean had one taste, the taste of salt, so His Teaching had one flavour, the flavour of emancipation.[2] Besides a psychological, *vimukti* has an intellectual and an existential aspect. In the first place it is a freedom from all theories and speculations about Reality; in the second from any form of conditioned existence whatever, including "re-becoming" as a result of *karma*. The freedom into which one breaks through at the time of Enlightenment is not limited and partial but absolute and unconditioned.

This introduces an aspect of Enlightenment-experience which is not always properly understood. Freedom, to be really unconditioned, must transcend the distinction between conditioned and unconditioned, *samsara* and *nirvana*, bondage and liberation, all of which are really mental constructions and, as such, part of the "veil of assumptions." Therefore there can in the ultimate sense be no question of escaping from the conditioned to the Unconditioned as though they were distinct entities. Or, to speak paradoxically, in order to be truly free one has to escape not only from bondage but from liberation, not only from the *samsara* into *nirvana* but from *nirvana* back into *samsara*. It is this "escape" or descent that constitutes the *mahakaruna* or "Great Compassion" of the Buddha, which is in reality His realization of the non-duality of the conditioned and the Unconditioned as that realization appears from the viewpoint of the conditioned. The Enlightenment-experience is therefore not only one of illumination and freedom but also of infinite and inexhaustible love, a love which has for object all sentient beings, and which manifests as uninterrupted activity in pursuit of their temporal and spiritual welfare.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

---

[2] *Udana*, V. 5.

BHATTA TAUTA'S DEFENCE OF POETRY

[**Dr. K. Krishnamoorthy, M.A., B.T., Ph.D.,** Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Karnataka University, Dharwar, has become known to our readers by several thoughtful and substantial essays on aspects of Sanskrit æsthetics. In this essay he writes of Bhaṭṭa Tauta, master of the celebrated Abhinavagupta. It is remarkable that, like Sidney and Shelley, Bhaṭṭa Tauta also formulated a defence of poetry.—ED.]

POETRY IN INDIA originated as a handmaid of religion; and it ran for centuries in the groove prescribed by orthodoxy. The celebrated epics of Vālmīki and Vyāsa were construed as popular and pleasing presentations of the ethical codes laid down in law-books (*Smṛti* or *Dharmaśāstra*).

The ends or values sought to be achieved by the moral codes are the *puruṣārthas*—*dharma* (righteousness), *artha* (wealth), *kāma* (pleasure) and *mokṣa* (liberation). While all the early codes (*śāstras*) are agreed on the primacy of the first three (called *trivarga*), philosophical schools emphasize the fourth, which alone, according to them, is the highest end of human life.

If Vālmīki is extolled by Indian commentators as the best poet, it is mainly because Rāma, in their opinion, represents a living embodiment of all the precepts in the *śāstras* regarding the triple values of life: a hero *par excellence*. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is great because it is both didactic and poetic. Vyāsa's epic must be no less praiseworthy for its wider canvas on the one hand and for its fuller exposition of *mokṣa* on the other. Even the Buddhist poet Aśvaghoṣa readily admits that he has deliberately used the sugar-coating of poetry to popularize the otherwise dry truth. Knowing the secret of popular appeal, he makes free use of the erotic and shows rare skill in devising melodious measures. But with all that he prefers to be known to posterity as a preacher rather than as a poet.

Kālidāsa and Bhāravi, who are the two premier representatives of the later form of court-epics (*mahākāvyas*) are no exceptions to the trend we noted above. Their concern with poetry as a fine art is only matched by the didactic intent which underlies their plot and characterization. Their works point to the necessity of keeping the claims of *artha* and *kāma* well within the bounds of *dharma*. Even the lyric *Cloud Messenger* does not appear to be an exception, in view of its initial reference to the hero's lapse and the curse consequent.

The "didactic tradition" in Sanskrit poetry was thus followed by poets and patronized by kings until it eventually came to be standardized by

early rhetoricians by the sixth century. Finding that poetry had been assigned no place in the traditional schemes of study (*vidyāsthānas*), rhetoricians like Bhāmaha began to claim for poetry the highest place, inasmuch as it included in itself the essence of all the arts and all the sciences, and could be relied upon to instruct delightfully in all the values of life including *mokṣa*.

Philosophers appear to have felt that the claims of poetry were being pitched too high. In the golden age of philosophical systematization (*c.* 500-800 A.D.), almost every thinker was actively engaged in clarifying the concept of *mokṣa*; and there was little chance of the views of rhetoricians going unchallenged, especially when they were encroaching upon the very *raison d'être* of the philosophical schools. Although the different systems of philosophy (*darśanas*), like the earlier *Dharmaśāstras*, were not troubled about poetry so long as it did not clash with their premises, the inevitable clash between the immediate end of poetry and the ultimate value of philosophy could not be long avoided. So long as the theorists of poetry were content to hold that poetic delight was an end subsidiary to moral instruction, there was no conflict of interests. But when the apologists for poetry reversed their original position and came to hold that *Rasa* (æsthetic experience) was the value of values, when they began affirming, on ostensibly metaphysical grounds, that it was virtually on a par with *mokṣa* (Spiritual Beatitude) itself, the clash with the philosophers became unavoidable.

Many a battle must have been fought by the champions of poetry and philosophy; but almost all the works that arose in the heat of controversy have been lost, and the curious student has to content himself with faint echoes he might happen to hear in the course of laborious research. Scholars know that the addition of *Śānta* (Tranquillity), first as a ninth *rasa*, and later its vindication as the *rasa par excellence*, are to be traced to this period of hot controversy. All that we know with certainty is that metaphysical explanations of art experience were in the air some time before the great Abhinavagupta wrote his *magnum opus*, the *Abhinavabhārati*, and finalized them once and for all.

Abhinavagupta himself has testified more than once to the fact that he owes most of his ideas to his revered *guru*, Bhaṭṭa Tauta, who wrote a treatise called *Kāvya-kautuka* or "The Wonder of Poetry." Among the stray quotations from this lost work which are available to us today, very few indeed have a bearing on the problem we are considering here. Our regard for Tauta is mostly confined to his celebrated definition of *Pratibhā*, which reads almost like a Romantic's account of the "Imagination":—

Pratibhā is the faculty of imagination which is freshly creative. A poet is one who is skilled in the artistic expression of that which is vivified by *pratibhā* ; and his work is Poetry.

One can catch here some glimpses of the new trend in Sanskrit poetics. Poetry is now coming into its own, shaking off the accumulated shackles of extra-literary categories. Poetry is being looked upon as a "Wonder," a thing of beauty, valuable in itself, for its own sake.

It emerges from another famous fragment of Tauta that he did not hesitate to raise the poet to the rank of a "seer" (*ṛṣi*) and to declare boldly that the poet-seer was greater than the seers of *śāstras*, because of his creative genius. According to him :—

Two are the paths of *Sarasvatī* : One, Science, the result of intellect ; and, two, Poetry, the product of *pratibhā*.

One feels happy indeed to be able to read a few more quotations from Tauta's *Wonder of Poetry* in Śrīdhara's *Kāvyaprakāśa-viveka*, published recently for the first time.[1] The four verses preserved in this old commentary (13th century A.D.) throw interesting sidelights on the polemic between the champions of poetry and philosophy.

Śrīdhara introduces the four verses by stating the contention of philosophers who are prepared to concede, in a way, that poetry might be of help in the attainment of the first three values of life, but who demur when it comes to admitting the efficacy of poetry as a means to *mokṣa*. Their complaint is that poetry rouses the very passions whose absolute restraint is demanded by *mokṣa*. They point to the sensuous and erotic elements that are preponderant in poetry and ask how these, which are really hindrances, can be of help in the achievement of *mokṣa*.

The objection seems unanswerable indeed ; but Tauta makes short work of it in his ready rejoinder :—

Surely, there is no *real* existence of sense-objects in poetic experience. How, then, can you complain that passions are profoundly excited by poetry ?

Should you urge that the dominant state of mind (revealed in poetry) is itself the object, well, your position contradicts the nature of æsthetic experience wherein the state of mind *is not felt* as an outside object. (Verse 1)

If you should say that "æsthetic experience" itself is passion you fail to distinguish once again between æsthetic emotion and passion for

[1] Edited by Professor S. P. Bhattacharya and published in the Calcutta Sanskrit College Research Series as No. VII, 1959. P. 9.

women. If you persist in holding that the badness of the stimulus is inferred from the badness of the response, we have only to ask you back how a character like Sītā can ever have dual objects of love. (Verse 2)

Our position can be stated thus: Just as dust is used to clean up a rusty[2] mirror, the mind of the critic is purified of passion through passion itself![3] (Verse 3)

How can we ever have an all-inclusive experience (like that of *mokṣa*) at a jump, without the aid of a like experience [*viz.*, *rasa* in poetry]?[4]

Therefore the Sage (Bharata) is rather earnest in stressing a delight known while discoursing on the ultimate values. (Verse 4)

This "purification" theory of Bhaṭṭa Tauta may well remind one of the theory of "katharsis" in the *Poetics* of Aristotle. In the history of Sanskrit poetics, however, Tauta's contribution is significant as coming from not only an able advocate of poetry but also one who virtually inaugurated true æsthetics in Sanskrit, perfected later by his worthy disciple, Abhinavagupta.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

---

[2] The original word *mala* means both "dust" and "rust". Polished plates of metal were used as mirrors in ancient India.

[3] The idea has its close parallel in the Āyurvedic principle — *uṣṇamuṣṇena śāmyati*. *Cf.* Milton's explanation of "katharsis" in homœopathic terms: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity."

[4] *Cf.* "Poetry does not save souls; it makes souls worth saving."—James Elroy Flecker.

VISION AT MIDNIGHT

[**Mr. Claude Houghton,** our old and esteemed contributor, has written another of his characteristic impressive and meaningful tales.— ED.]

WHAT I have to describe is something that happened to me at midnight, forty-eight hours ago. But in order to reveal that event in perspective it is essential to indicate, as briefly as possible, the formative influences of my life.

The fact is that, from the age of eleven, I have had—intermittently—visions of a bewildering nature which are difficult to describe.

Now, directly you read that, you will probably imagine that I am a seer or a saint. That is, a man of exceptional stature to whom, therefore, are granted visions of higher Reality. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I tell you that, for years and years, the supreme problem of my life has been to discover *why* visions came to a man like me. I just could not understand it. I am a highly emotional man. I do not believe that there are many emotions known to humanity which, at some time or another, I have not experienced. Consequently, some of my visions have not been elevated.

I must stress two things: I am old in years, and childhood was my most formative period. And a childhood like mine would be sheer impossibility in this day and age.

I am an only child. I was brought up in the deep seclusion of the country. Compared with the Babel of today, mine was a silent world. No cars—no telephones—no traffic. And, of course, no planes—no jets—and no hypnotic TV screen to mesmerize and "kill time." (You'll never be as good at killing Time as Time is at killing you.)

My father and mother were isolated by the deep all-inclusive love which made them one.

I was too delicate to go to school, and was educated by a tutor who had the rare gift of making education seem an exciting adventure.

Even as a child I led two lives—the everyday one, which was sometimes made magical by another, of which I had sudden intoxicating glimpses. Quite trivial-seeming things gave a glimpse of this other world: a silvery tune from an ornate German musical-box; the garden, ghostly under a midnight moon. And if I gazed long enough at the colours in my glass marbles, or at a ball of tinsel, I seemed to enter this "other world," leaving my body in the familiar one.

An old Irish nurse told me that there were people who "go out of themselves."

I had my first vision when I was eleven — soon after Meggie Hickson visited us. And I am certain that this first vision was intimately related to her, although it was not concerned with her. I remember the day on which my mother told me that Meggie Hickson would soon be coming to stay with us. But what is indelibly inscribed on my memory is the day of her arrival.

I was in the nursery on the second floor. The door was open. I often spent hours in this nursery, which evoked so many, and such different, memories. It had diamond-shaped windows and the walls were covered with gay fantastic drawings in many-coloured chalks, done by my father. A high shimmering guard stood in front of the fire. A cuckoo clock hung above the blue mantelpiece. At the foot of a sofa was a five-fold screen on which was depicted in brilliant colours a bird like a stork.

When I was eight, and recovering from a severe illness, I spent hours on the sofa gazing at this "stork," half-expecting that at any moment it would fly back to the unimaginable country where it belonged.

I knew my mother was waiting in the hall to welcome Meggie Hickson.

I went to the top of the stairs.

There was a ring at the bell. Then I heard Meggie greet my mother.

I had never heard a voice in the least like hers. Never before. And I have never heard one since. The sound of it altered everything—made the familiar strange. When she came into the house, all kinds of marvellous beings seemed to come with her. Everything about her was different — magical. She never said anything extraordinary. She had the grayest, and the most luminous, eyes imaginable. I never heard her laugh, but when she smiled her features were irradiated, as if a light had been switched on behind them.

She looked like a visitor to this world — not a resident.

My mother always rested in the afternoon and, when it was fine, Meggie and I wandered along dusty winding lanes, lulled by the live murmur of a May day. If it were wet, we talked in the nursery.

One afternoon, I told her how I "went out of myself" if I looked long enough at the colours in my glass marbles, or listened to the silvery tune from the old German musical-box. I said I seemed to enter some "other" world, leaving my body in the familiar one. She asked if that frightened me. I said I wasn't afraid. Then she said:

"Would you be frightened if that other world became so real that you felt you might never return to the familiar one?"

I said I thought I might be.

The day came when Meggie left us. The luggage was stacked in the hall.

We were alone together. We stood looking at one another. Suddenly, I knew, with absolute certainty, that I should never see her again.

She gave me both her hands, kissed me, then said:

"Don't be afraid of anything—except Fear."

Then she went.

I stood in the porch, listening to the sound of the horses' hoofs until all was silent.

A great emptiness invaded the house. It was impossible to believe that only one person had left it.

Two days later the weather changed dramatically.

All day it had been dark and heavy with thunder. Rain rattled like buck-shot on the window panes. The trees writhed under the invisible flail of the wind.

After tea, I went into the garden. Everywhere was dripping desolation. A sable sky seemed to announce the death of the sun. It was so oppressive that I threw my old, dented, garden hat on to a bench.

Then, everything vanished, as if a world-wide curtain had descended. Darkness and vast silence.

I lost all sense of my own identity. I became a bodiless consciousness, aware of a secret relationship, subtly linking all things in all the worlds.

Then I discovered that something miraculous had happened to my old, upside-down, garden hat. It had been transformed into a superbly-shaped bowl, full of flowers of fretted flame, which changed colour with bewildering rapidity—each variation exceeding its predecessor in glory—until I dared look no longer. The beauty of these celestial flowers was too sacred for mortal beholding.

They faded, and darkness returned.

Then swiftly, as if a master magician had snapped omnipotent fingers, buildings of barbaric Eastern splendour emerged. Above glowed the cloudless dome of a cobalt-blue sky. From a narrow street rose the multiple discordant sounds of an Eastern bazaar. On a balcony stood an Oriental in flowing lilac robes, regarding the animation below. His features were static as a mask.

The sound of an invisible gong spread over the scene, reducing all other sounds to silence. The massive barbaric buildings began to quiver—then dissolved into opalescent mist.

Slowly, the dripping desolation of the garden, under a sable sky, emerged. I stood motionless, starting at my old, upside-down garden hat, lying on a damp bench.

I was not afraid. I remembered Meggie had said: "Don't be afraid of

anything—except fear." But I was certain that I must be ill—seriously ill.

I did not tell my parents what had happened because I did not want to frighten them.

...A few months later I was told that Meggie Hickson had died in her sleep....

And now I must race through the years, because what I have to tell relates to what happened at midnight, forty-eight hours ago. But I must give you a sketched-in portrait of the man to whom it happened.

It was only when I went into the world that I discovered the extent of my isolation with my parents—and my innocence. For a very long time, the actual world seemed very strange.

Architecture had always interested me. Soon after I took my degree, my parents died in the same month. I sold The White House, retaining only the things most treasured by my parents. I took a flat at the top of a modern London block. I had private means, so I accepted only those commissions which interested me. These came chiefly from abroad. I travelled widely, returning to London seldom and at long intervals. And, during most of those many years, I had, intermittently, visions of all kinds. Not always elevated ones. Not by a long way! And this made it all the more difficult to understand why I, of all men, should have visions of worlds other than this. During these years, I discovered the extraordinary range of my emotions, which, at times, made my life almost an impossibility. If my mental capacity had been as great as my emotional, I should have been a genius!

And now I must describe what happened to me at midnight, forty-eight hours ago.

But I must emphasize this: for at least ten years, I had had *no* visions of any kind. And this fact induced the belief that all former visions had been caused by psychic disturbances, created by an abnormal emotional nature. But, at midnight, forty-eight hours ago, I had a vision unlike any former ones....

I had recently returned to my flat. It was an almost unbearably hot August night, still, airless, apprehensive with the menace of thunder. Just before midnight I went on to the roof, hoping there might be the ghost of a breeze. For some moments I stood motionless, looking down at the lights of the monstrous city—listening to the chaotic sounds which rose from the streets.

Everything blacked out. Utter darkness. Terrifying silence. Then I found myself standing on the roof of an incredibly tall building. No stars

were visible; no lights could be seen below.

Suddenly, thousands and thousands of different coloured flames rose through the darkness towards the starless sky. Marvellous colours. Colours for which we have no names. Each flame had a different shape. Some tiny, some twisted, some like dragonflies, some like sparks, some prisoned in snaky coils of smoke and some like veritable pillars of fire.

The sky had become white, immaculate. Those flames which ascended high enough lost their individual colour to become one with the immaculate sky.

And I KNEW that these flames were the prayers of humanity. The prayers of humanity. Endlessly rising from the darkness! Endlessly! Endlessly! Age after age!

Then there was only one flame—a spiral-shaped flame. And I knew that it was the prayer of a poet--an old poet whose features, like Dante's, had become iron with many sorrows.

I heard his prayer.

O Lord, who gave us the glory of dawn, the miracle of day, the solace of night; O Lord, who decked the spacious House of Life with infinite mirrors wherein Thy glory is reflected, so that we who enter by the Portal of Birth may glimpse an image of Thee before we pass through the Portal of Death; O Lord, who saw fit to share with man the spirit of creation, that out of man's imagination might soar the shadow of Thy glory....Be with us now in the inferno of fear which shrouds Thy people; deliver us from the terror of destruction by our own inventions; quench the fire of hatred in all hearts—so that the silence of Peace may rise to Thee like a prayer.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

NATURAL SELECTION AND PURPOSE

[**Mr. Michael Byrom** has published one book, *Evolution for Beginners*. He is an original thinker and has great sympathy for the Beat generation, which he thinks symbolizes a blind form of revolt against slavery, commercialism and the cultural decay of the present time.

In this article he approaches the Theosophical idea that evolution changes its nature on reaching the human kingdom. The Natural-Selective process, which is a manifestation of the unconscious Will of Life, becomes transformed into a process of conscious intellectual trial-and-error. The human will is only the Will of Life become conscious.

Mr. Byrom is also able to resolve the conflict between the extreme theories of Darwinism and Lamarckianism. There *is* a Divine Purpose in evolution, but it is unconscious before it becomes conscious and "the significance of life lies in the evolution of this consciousness." — ED.]

EVOLUTION has taken a new form. At pre-human levels, the process of Natural Selection is the agent of organic change, but, within the human species, bodily variation has given way to psychic variation. As Sir Julian Huxley has said, "Evolution is no longer purely biological, but primarily cultural."

It is not difficult to see how this transformation has occurred. As long ago as 1864, Wallace argued that the mental development of man enables him "to keep with an unchanged body in harmony with the changing universe." Man, in fact, is more adaptable than the animals because intelligent adaptation to new conditions is more flexible and far less drastic than biological adaptation through the process of Natural Selection. An animal species threatened, for instance, by excessive cold must increase its resistance and thicken its fur by the eliminative means of Natural Selection acting on successive generations. A man, or even a sub-man possessing a rudimentary intelligence, will make himself clothing and weatherproof his house; the Natural-Selective process, in his case, becoming transformed into a process of conscious intellectual trial-and-error.

Now, as both the animal and the man share the same danger, in this instance death from exposure, it is reasonable to suppose that they also share the same purpose, which is to escape the danger. But whereas, in the animal's case, the adaptive measures taken are unconscious because it is not conscious of its purpose, in the man's case, the adaptive measures taken are conscious. The human will, being the most highly evolved manifestation of Life, is nothing less than the Will or purpose of Life arrived

at a conscious state. Similarly, the human reason which guides the Will is the action of Natural Selection become conscious.

It must not be assumed that there is no Will where there is only no conscious Will; conscious Will, which is found fully developed in man alone, is a recent evolutionary achievement. This idea is not new; it can be found in the neglected philosophy of Schopenhauer, who had a profound understanding of evolution without knowing anything of Darwin's theory. There is much evidence to support it. For instance, it can be seen that the Will of Life working unconsciously through Natural Selection at the organic level of evolution presents much the same pattern of development as the Will of Life working consciously through rational selection at the level of human civilization. For civilization is simply another word for evolution. The history of mankind is a history of political, social, industrial and cultural evolution in which the most successful experiments are preserved at the expense of the rest, and in which faults that appear in the social fabric are eliminated in a way that is analogous to the elimination of organic faults in variable species.

The highly complicated life of a modern city with its motor vehicles, trains, hospitals, telephone systems and systems of government is an astonishing manifestation of adaptive evolution—the motor bus having evolved from the horse-drawn cart (we still measure an engine by horse power) and complicated democratic government from the crude despotism of the tribal chief. A series of comparative photographs beginning with the airplane in which the Wright brothers made their celebrated flight and ending with the newest jet-propelled stratocruiser oddly resembles a series of fossilized remains designed to illustrate the skeletal evolution of, say, the eohippus into the horse. But there the comparison ends, as the evolution of the horse is estimated to have taken sixty million years, whereas the evolution of the stratocruiser has taken no more than fifty.

This again illustrates the immense superiority of conscious Will and rational selection over unconscious Will evolving unconsciously through Natural Selection. To produce a bird-man capable of circling the globe in comfort equivalent to that of a pressurized luxury cabin could not have been achieved by organic evolution in sixty or even a hundred million years, being outside the range of biological possibility.

Expert evolutionists may have noticed that this conception of evolutionary development through Natural Selection from unconscious to conscious purpose in fact resolves the time-worn philosophical conflict between Lamarckian and Darwinian evolutionists. In my view, the conflict need never have existed.

The difference between Lamarckianism and Darwinism is the difference of two extremes, neither true in itself; the truth lying mid-way between them. The entirely creditable objection of the neo-Lamarckians to Darwinian evolution is that the theory of Natural Selection by eliminating the concept of conscious Will from the process of evolution banishes Mind, or God, from the universe, thus reducing the whole of Life to a mechanical and empty materialism. The Darwinians, on the other hand, have protested that a theory of creation which postulates the notion of "conscious Will to evolve" for butterflies or jellyfish is self-evident nonsense as well as being absurdly unscientific, and that there is no evidence of Divine Purpose in life. To put the matter concisely, the choice we are offered is All or Nothing. At one extreme, the Lamarckian insists that Divine Purpose must always be conscious Will; at the other, the Darwinian refuses to accept that there is any Divine Purpose at all. As I have said, the truth of the matter is that Divine Purpose or Will is unconscious before it is conscious, and that the significance of Life lies in the evolution of this consciousness.

The evolution of consciousness, like organic evolution, is a process of exploration. And, like organic evolution, it proceeds through the experimental process of Natural Selection. The unconscious purpose of organic evolution is the exploration of every possibility for physical life from the deepest ocean bed to the topmost mountain peak. The purpose of consciousness or conscious evolution is the systematic exploration of the possibilities of Knowledge. Such consciousness naturally begins with material knowledge of use to the progress of physical adaptation, but as this progress increases and life becomes more secure, consciousness turns inward and begins to explore the mysteries of the human soul. I am referring here not to scientific psychology but to an entirely new form of apprehension. I mean that scientific consciousness gives way to spiritual consciousness.

This statement may seem contradictory to the facts, as our age is acknowledged as one in which religion has been eclipsed by the rise of scientific materialism. But although scientific materialism has discredited the mythological and superstitious elements of religious belief, it has not discredited the fundamental truth of religion. Those who believe it has done so are constitutionally irreligious and, in a pre-scientific age, would be no more than superstitious believers. We live in a transitional period from which will emerge a new religious belief shorn of all obscuring superstition and symbolism and thus strengthened by scientific enlightenment. Science is not the enemy of religion although religious experience falls outside the domain of science. Nothing that is true can be harmed by the

truth, and scientific research is a process by which the truth is sought and the false is rejected. It is, in fact, a powerful form of evolution through Natural Selection, which, far from being a materialistic mechanism, is nothing less than the process through which a search for Truth is made.

When something is true we say it is good. The True is felt to have more than a practical significance even when it is only a working truth. It is felt to be ethically valuable. Organic evolution is really a search for Truth at the elementary organic level, a fact which can be recognized by the poet or mystic but never by the scientist whose understanding of life is limited to empirical facts. To Darwin, every petal of every flower and every feather of every bird had significance only in its usefulness, because to him, as a scientist, there was no Truth beyond physical adaptation. Beauty was not a more exalted form of Truth than physical adaptation but merely the accessory of physical adaptation.

The exciting colours of many flowers and the fantastic plumage of some birds are obvious luxuries of Nature, which unconsciously seeks to achieve a higher form of Truth beyond mere organic adaptation. It is true to say that the greater the luxury the less efficient the organism, as, for instance, in the case of the peacock, whose plumage interferes with efficiency merely as a bird.

The same holds true for humans. The greater the consciousness, the lesser the efficiency as an animal organism. Great artists and thinkers are very rarely great breeders; as extreme luxuries of Nature, they may have to live on other people's labour as Darwin did himself.

Defined in evolutionary terms, the artist, musician, philosopher or mystic is an embodiment of consciousness, the equivalent, at the level of spiritual evolution, of the organic mutation at the level of physical evolution. The process whereby the best thought and the best works of art are preserved whilst the poor ones are forgotten is, of course, Natural Selection. It is Natural Selection working consciously through human reason and human judgment that is the agent behind the evolution of culture.

My contention, therefore, is this: there is more than order in the Universe; there is purpose. All is not blind chance, because although chance is blind, a chance variation is eventually eliminated if it proves untrue. The ethics of Christianity, the music of Bach, and the paintings of Leonardo have not survived by sheer accident from amidst innumerable forgotten teachings and artistic creations. They have survived because of their superior Truth and Beauty. Neither is it accidental that the words Truth and Beauty are interchangeable.

MICHAEL BYROM

THE MONKEYS' DISCIPLE

[In this philosophic poem, **Shrimati Lila Ray** offers an impressive re-interpretation of the well-known three monkeys. Not the strangling but the right use of natural powers is the path of spiritual good sense.— ED.]

Quaeque videt spermat, quae non videt ut mereatur
Secreta ignitus penetraus caelestia sensus
(their senses kindled like a torch that may blaze
through the secrets of eternity).

— PAULINUS OF NOLA

I

Let me lead you to the stable
Of an ancient Japanese shrine,
Tosho-gongen at Nikko. Famous
Is the elegant carving by Jingoro
Above the door grooms used to use,
In and out of which trotted horses
Bearing their monkish masters.
Three monkeys the monks set there,
Sub-human, admirable below stairs,
As a silent sermon to servants
In an oblong panel of wood.

II

The first has eyes which he hides
With the paws of his apish nature.
Animal needs block his vision.
Faith is also blind. Not to see
What is evil is it necessary
To deny the delight in the eye?
Or should one secretly peep
Through the interstices of sly fingers?
As a strong current sweeps all waters
Into a single, cleansing stream,
Assimilate all kinds of knowledge.
Each has its use. To know is to see.
A lifting sense of rising light is sight,
Space-sped. The wise are open-eyed.

III

The second monkey cowers
With closely covered ears. Fear
Hangs heavy on his scampering back,
In the carved and curving corridors

Of the world's auditorium. Triple-chambered
Is the ear, set midway between eye and mouth,
The pivot of the feeling mind's trinity of perception.
The eye is confined to the present. Its immediacy
Is vividness of vision. It is corporeal.
And sight is silent. We see in solitude, isolated.
Companionable is the social ear. Aural
Are the treasures that elude the eye.
Listening to the lipped cadences of time
We touch the source of continuity.
Attention is the price of the rich old lore.
Causes seek the ear. Judgment resides in hearing.
Sound is the primal sensation. In depths
Of consciousness the elements pulse,
Throbbing as seasonal cycles whorl,
Incorporeal compulsion, speed,
Shaping penetration, rounding projection.
From the death of forgetfulness is born
Memory, moving to a deathless music,
Summoning us from the deafness of denial
To rejoice in the orderly existence of dance.
Song flies into the open, exultant, ear.

IV

The third Darwinian preceptor
Tightly holds loose lips together.
No monkey can manage the tongue.
In the maturity of his manhood
Man is not a gibberer. A signpost
The tongue is, a gallows maybe, a stake
At the crossroads of mind and body ;
A divider, sorting sweet from sour,
Savouring quality, testing the significance
Of sensation. The symbol of choice it is,
Of selection. With decision comes the grace,
The restraint, the perfection, of mastery.
The mouth is not a tongueless Japanese bell,
Ringing at the bidding of an outside blow
On a sensitive spot. Moved by inner conviction
Man passes sentence on what he perceives,
Saying what he thinks in language cut
To the cloth of thought. Receiving,
Recording, comprehending, recreating,
The eye, the ear, have a fourfold function

In passivity. Active is the tongue. In
Patterned speech the word reveals
The structured world. From mountains of meaning
Flow the twin streams of hearing and seeing
To issue forth in the thunder
Of powerful phrases proudly spoken.

V

Wilfully blind, wilfully deaf, wilfully dumb,
Man condemns himself to beasthood,
The servitude that preserves the privacy
Of lordly passions. Afraid
To believe his eyes, afraid to believe
His ears, he dares not trust his tongue.
Blindness has no positive existence
But it deprives the eye of sight
As deafness deprives the ear of its power
To hear. Privation of being is evil,
The mutilation of sentience. Single
Is the focus of the eye that sees,
Dual the duty of the tasting, telling tongue,
Triple the ear, link of past and future.
The eye initiates, the ear instructs,
With prophecy the tongue, measuring
Man's movements by the baton of a musician,
Directs him from primal confrontation
To final comprehension. Simian it is
To have ears and not to hear,
To have eyes and not to see,
A tongue and not to speak.
By what men hear and how they hear
By what men see and how they see
By what men say and how they speak
Men stand revealed for what they are.
Divine also the man will be
All of whom sees, all of whom hears,
All of whom thinks; who, open,
Ready in his wholeness, hallows
The experience of sacramental sense.

LILA RAY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL LIFE"*

THIS, the latest work from the prolific pen of this most eminent Indian philosopher, enables us happily to welcome a new Ācharya. The philosophical world is already familiar with his books *The Bhagavad-Gītā* and *The Principal Upaniṣads*. This book embodies his considered views of the Vedanta as formulated in the *Brahma-Sūtra*. It completes the work the first fruits of which were seen in his *Idealist View of Life*, especially in its last chapter, entitled "Ultimate Reality."

The work has the same liberal outlook, moral earnestness and concern for the spiritual welfare of mankind — notice its subtitle — which are marked features of all his writings. Here is fresh air in the arid desert of sterile speculation which now passes as philosophical thinking. For, in the spirit of the true Indian tradition, the author takes as his theme not only the theoretical problems of philosophy but also the practical issues of moral and spiritual living. At the same time, in keeping with the spirit of the age, there is a refreshing emphasis on perfected collective human life in the world. The insufficiency of humanism has been admirably shown by Dr. Radhakrishnan, yet he is never tired of emphasizing the inadequacy of a purely personal spiritual quest for oneself. Here he puts in a powerful plea for the spiritual fulfilment not only of man but of mankind also.

The plan of the book is much the same as that of the author's works on the *Gita* and the *Upaniṣads*. It has a long and extremely informative historical introduction followed by a summary of the views of twelve classical commentators on the *Brahma-Sūtra* on the main topics of the nature of Brahman, the status of the world and the nature and destiny of man. Then Dr. Radhakrishnan gives his own views on these issues as well as on "Reason and Revelation," "The Way to Perfection," "Rebirth and Pre-existence," "Some Objections to the Hypothesis of Re-birth" and "Life Eternal." In the course of expounding his views, he takes the opportunity of drawing upon his phenomenal erudition to demonstrate the common spiritual heritage of the East and the West.

The Sanskrit text, printed in the Latin script, and word by word rendering of the *sūtras* into English are followed by their straightforward translation into English and notes culled from relevant commentaries of the Āchāryas. Variant readings of the *sūtras* are noted and even different interpretations of small but significant words like *vā* are mentioned. The unfailing attention given to these details will be a great help to the readers, particularly to those who will use it as an introduction to a comparative study of the different schools of the Vedānta. The masterly manner in which the work has been planned and executed is wonderful but not surprising. For one has come to expect it from Radhakrishnan.

The contents of the book may be judged according to two standards. First, how far does the author depend upon Śankara's interpretation of the

---

* *The Brahma Sūtra : The Philosophy of Spiritual Life.* Translated with an Introduction and Notes by S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 606 pp. 1960. 42*s*.)

Brahma-Sūtra? Secondly, how far do his own views on the main issues of the Vedanta bear out the intention of the *sūtra*? We ask the first question because the author himself says that he principally follows Śankara. And the second question may seem to be a rather cumbersome way of asking: how faithful is Radhakrishnan's interpretation? We, however, cannot formulate our query in that way because he hardly ever comments on the *sūtras* themselves. He faithfully gives the gist of the main points of the commentaries he considers important but does not add much of his own.

According to our author the following are the main conclusions of Śankara. *Brahman* is Being — Consciousness — Bliss, non-dual, devoid of any features and the basis of the world-appearance. From the point of view of the world, *Brahman* is viewed as *Iśwara*, the creative God. But this view of the ultimate reality is wrong and due to *Maya*, the force of Ignorance. The world which is the becoming of *Brahman* regarded as *Iśwara* disappears and is cancelled as unreal on the dawn of the true knowledge of the nature of *Brahman*. *Maya* is not an entity and yet not entirely non-existent. The individual soul is *Brahman* falsely considered as separate from it. Though the world is not ultimately real, is even unreal, it is not illusory. Radhakrishnan uses the term "illusion" for the content of dreams and private erroneous experiences like seeing a snake where there is a rope. He rightly insists that Śankara makes a clear distinction between dream-objects and the snake-rope on the one hand and the world on the other because there is no spatial, temporal and causal determination in the former while in the latter things are orderly and governed by laws. The fact that Śankara maintains that the world as effect has no existence apart from *Brahman* the cause is emphasized by him. Indeed this is a most important point in his interpretation of Śankara's doctrine of the status of the world.

We would like briefly to examine Radhakrishnan's interpretation of Śankara's theory that the effect has no existence apart from its cause and also its bearing on the status of the world. Our author construes this theory to mean that to regard the world as existing independently of *Brahman* is wrong and true knowledge should reveal it as a manifestation, an expression of *Brahman*. Can this really be Śankara's intention? Is it rather not that knowledge of *Brahman* shows up the world as not-*Brahman* and unreal, though it can appear only on the basis of *Brahman* the sole differenceless Reality, and that hence the apparent world-existence is non-different from its cause? If the world is superimposed on *Brahman* by *Maya*, how can it be a manifestation of that featureless, quality-less Absolute? Surely the doctrine of the non-difference of world-effect from the *Brahman-cause* cannot be stretched to give the world any genuine reality, and so the world cannot be an expression of *Brahman*. The distinction drawn by Śankara between dreams and the snake-rope on the one hand and the waking world on the other does not also really help our author. For Śankara makes it quite clear that this distinction holds good only within the sphere of *Maya* and that from the ultimate standpoint of *Brahman*, the world is as much *Maya* as dreams and other illusory objects.

Coming now to Radhakrishnan's own position, we find it is vastly different from Śankara's. First, he accepts both the *Nirguṇa* and *Saguṇa*, the *Nirviśeṣa* and *Saviśeṣa* aspects of Brahman as *valid* forms of the same Reality. *Iśwara* is the creative dynamic aspect of *Brahman*. He is not Brahman falsely regarded, due to Ignorance, as the cause and controller of the World. *Maya* is his real creative energy. Creation is loosing forth of what

is already contained in *Brahman*. The world is a self-manifestation of *Iśwara*. *Brahmā* or *Hiranyagarbha*, the first emanation of *Iśwara*, is the world-soul and presides over cosmic evolution. And the world is the fourth of the fourfold status of reality — the Absolute Brahman; God, *Iśwara;* world-soul, *Hiranyagarbha*; and the world, *Virātswarūpa*.

The individual self is a Ray of the supreme Light and obviously real. It is not separate from *Brahman* but also not an unreal refraction of *Brahman* in *Maya*. Not only is the self real but it also keeps its distinct individuality in the state of release. *Mukti* has two sides. First, inward, which is the intuition of the self; secondly, outward, which has to do with the release of others. Release is a change of being, a putting on of the divine nature. And this is the destiny of all. It is for the sake of participating freely in the cosmic process of *sarva-mukti*, the corporate release of all, that the individual self keeps its distinct existence. Radhakrishnan does not renounce Śankara's idea of *mukti* as identification with *Brahman*. But, he says, the view that release is perfect identity with *Brahman* represents the state in which all mankind is saved and thus the cosmic destiny achieved, while Ramanuja's view of *mukti* represents the cosmic destiny for which released souls work. Thus our author seeks to reconcile the views of Śankara and Ramanuja to provide a basis for his idea of cosmic liberation.

On these basic issues, Radhakrishnan's views may be said to bear out the intention of Badarayana, whose philosophy does not seem to be a-cosmism.

On certain very important issues Radhakrishnan's views are un-Indian. For example, the gods, and the Vedic gods in particular, are according to him anthropomorphic personifications of forces of nature. Whatever may be the ultimate status of the gods, no Indian thinker has questioned their objective existence. Even Śankara accepts them as intelligent beings. On the question of *avatara* also our author strikes an unorthodox note. He says that the possession of our souls, when we open ourselves to it, by the Light of God which is already in us is the true significance of the idea of *Avatara*. Our realization of God is felt as His birth in us. The Incarnation, he says, is not a special event but a continuous process of renewal. This may be a very attractive idea and certainly one can speak meaningfully of the birth of God *in us*. But is there not also an objective, physical descent of God *in the world*? Indeed he himself speaks of *avataras* being born not only to put down evil but also to teach us. But he makes out that they are great souls who appear for our spiritual welfare.

There are a few printing mistakes, *e.g.*, on p. 98, *Sannidhi* instead of *Sandhinī* which is correct. The index is very good for reference and bears testimony to hard and careful work. Here is a work which no student of Indian philosophy, especially the Vedānta, can afford not to study and ponder over. They will have more than enough reason to be grateful for the illuminating guidance to a careful appraisal by them of the burning problems of our selves, both individually and collectively, from Radhakrishnan-ācharya.

A. Basu

Christianity Among the Religions. By E. L. Allen. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 159 pp. 1960. 18*s*.)

Dr. Allen is well qualified, by experience and learning, to write this important and stimulating book. The Dean of St. Paul's has recently stated that intelligent persons no longer find it

possible to regard all religions other than their own with indifference and contempt. This author goes very much further in arguing the case for "the will to boundless communication," using the word in the pregnant sense of Karl Jaspers.

The broad historical survey which occupies half of the book is designed to show how, from the thirteenth century onwards, ever widening knowledge of other religions compelled the Christians of Europe to recognize truth beyond the frontiers of their own faith. It was confrontation with Islam that began to shake Christendom in the conviction that it possessed absolute truth, but it was not till the Fall of Constantinople that Nicholas of Cusa suggested the possibility of mutual understanding between faiths. After the Reformation, the Jesuit missions to the East led to the emergence of a world-historical perspective, the result of debates on the missionaries' favourable reports on Confucianism. Herder, who includes Hinduism in his synoptic view, with his justification of each religion in its own place, represents the beginning of historical relativitism. Of this the problems still await solution. Following on Schleiermacher's discussions, based on his definition of religion as "the feeling of absolute dependence," came Hegel to grapple with the problem of how to combine the relativities of history with the absolute of devotion. Thus far, Western thinking, however tolerant, had assumed its own superiority and judged by its own standards. A new note was struck by Schopenhauer after reading the *Upaniṣads*. He made Indian religions the standard and saw the birth of Christianity as that which it had in common with Hinduism and Buddhism.

Even so brief and selective a *résumé* is enough to show the breadth of Allen's purpose and the skill with which he weaves together what is significant in the long process. The latter part of the book deals with the situation in the present century. Having considered the contributions of Eucken and Troeltsch to the continuing debate, he turns from history to construction, linking the two with a brief account of how East and West differ in the presuppositions governing everyday thought and action. He gives a separate chapter to Indian religions on the ground that they are the only rivals to Christianity for the spiritual allegiance of Western man. The discussion of the four possible attitudes — neutrality, assimilation, hostility, understanding — is illustrated by reference to a leading representative of each.

Finally the "solutions" precipitated in the course of historical confrontation are summed up in five propositions which Allen examines, as he is careful to explain, from the standpoint of the philosophy of religion, not theology. Recognizing how hard to solve the problem of the relation of religions is, he does not offer any conclusion, but moves towards one by the consideration of the position reached by Hocking in his *Living Religions and a World Faith*, sympathizing with the intention but rephrasing the language. In a brief personal confession he looks for "the Christ who is to come." Whatever may be said of the results of this argument, its method and the spirit in which it is undertaken are greatly to be commended.

MARCUS WARD

Vicarious Living. By J. C. KUMARAPPA (Available from Sarvodaya Prachuralayam, Tanjore. 1959. 63 pp. 75 *naye paise*)

Vicarious living is "living for the benefit of humanity as a whole." This requires, however, as a condition precedent, the development of the human

personality in accordance with spiritual values on the one hand, and the propagation and practice of the economics of sharing on the other. *Sarvodaya* seems to answer these two vital needs adequately. Such is the gist of the eleven short extracts from the voluminous writings on the subject from the pen of the late Dr. J. C. Kumarappa which make up the present pamphlet. These deal, among other themes, with "Christianity and *Sarvodaya*," "Ends and Means of *Bhoodan*," "Agrarian Colleges" and "Demonstration Centres." Shri Kumarappa's thought is stamped with vigorous thinking and practical living. Indeed, J.C.K. was a Joyous Christian Knight, so closely had he modelled himself after the pattern of the Christ, who said, "Love your neighbour as yourself."

G. M.

A Seminar on Saints: Papers presented at the Second Seminar of the Union for the Study of the Great Religions (India). Edited by T. M. P. MAHADEVAN. (Ganesh and Co., Madras. 456 pp. 1960. Rs. 12.50)

A review of a volume including as many as fifty-three separate items can do little more than indicate the nature of the contents. Six are general papers. The objectives of the Seminar, and of the Union under whose auspices it was organized, are explained by Mr. K. D. D. Henderson. Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, the local Secretary, has dealt with the significance of sainthood. His definition of sainthood is wide enough to bring in Plotinus as well as Śankara. H. H. Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar, Governor of Mysore, has described the rôle of intuition in a saintly life, treating the Indian concept of *Pratibhā* in a very erudite manner. The rôle of saints is explained, as it were, "from the inside," by Swami Ramdas of Kanhangad, who is himself a contemporary saint with a considerable following. Professor Leon Roth's exposition of "Religion and Piety in Spinoza" is lucid and exhaustive. Dr. Radhakrishnan's Opening Address covers the whole ground and expresses a hope that the efforts of the Seminar "may help to make us slightly more religious and a little more understanding of other religions."

The great bulk of the names included is Indian, and the South has the lion's share, which is perhaps natural, seeing that the venue was Madras. Tamilnad claims Tiruvalluvar, Nakkirar, Nandanar, Gnanasambandar, Sundarar (two papers), Manikkavachagar, Vallimalai Tiruppugazh Svami, Nammalvar, Tirumangai Alvar, Tiruppan Alvar and two women saints, Andal and Karaikkal Ammaiyar. A paper specially deals with the religion of the Alvars.

Puntanam of Guruvayur, Narayana Guru, and an unknown mystic of the seventeenth century represent Kerala. A paper by Professor M. Yamunacharya deals with the saints of Karnataka, among whom may be included Vyasaraja and Nijaguna Siva-Yogi, subjects of separate papers. Tyagaraja, the great devotee and composer, is in the Andhra tradition. Jnaneshwar, the doyen of Maharashtra saints, is the subject of a paper by Yamunabai Hirlekar, while another, by Professor C. D. Deshmukh, describes some recent typical spiritual masters of Maharashtra. A few contemporaries are described in a paper by P. C. Divanji.

Narada, a figure of myth and legend, has a paper to himself. The Sanskritistic and Vedantic school is represented by Appaiya Dikshitar, Sadasiva Brahmendra, Bodhendra and Sadguru Swami, and Ramana Maharshi, all from South India.

Among others come Gorakhnath, Umaswati (Jaina), Sri Ramakrishna (two papers) and Sarada Devi, Sri

Aurobindo, Waris Ali Shah, Kabir and Peer Mohamed Saheb, Sai Baba and Gandhiji.

Saints from outside of India include John the Baptist, Plotinus and St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and St. Ignatius of Loyola. The great saints of Russia form the subject of a paper by Fr. A. Lazarus.

It is hoped that this full conspectus of the contents of the volume will help to give some idea of its range of interest. The papers are not all of equal quality, but as a whole, the book furnishes valuable reading matter, and will also serve as a handy work of reference.

K. GURU DUTT

Five Thousand Years of Indian Art. By HERMANN GOETZ. (Art of the World. Methuen and Co., London. 275 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 42*s.*)

Dr. Hermann Goetz is too well known an art historian to need any introduction. In this volume he has covered the vast panorama of Indian art from *c.* 2,500 B.C. to the present day. In the very beginning he has done well in emphasizing "unity in diversity" in Indian art and how climatic, geographical and cultural factors governed the growth of art in this country. His remarks on the Indus or Harappa culture cover the usual ground, though it is difficult to agree with his view that the sudden urbanization of this culture was due to the Mesopotamian impetus, as cultural contacts with Mesopotamia in Indus Valley sites are not so significant as to effect the growth of the scientifically planned cities of Mohenjodaro and Harappa.

The Aryan problem, archæologically speaking, so far has drawn a blank, but the excavations at Navdatoli which have yielded typical pottery of Sialk type perhaps indicate Iranian contacts. Similarly copper weapons found in the Gangetic valley may have something to do with the Aryans.

Dr. Goetz deals clearly though succinctly with the history of early Indian art and it is refreshing to note that a scholar of his stature follows the orthodox chronology, ignoring the short chronology proposed for Śunga and Andhra bas-reliefs by some European scholars. His clear analyses of Gupta sculpture, architecture and painting incorporate the latest views on the subject. His summing up of the spread of Gupta art tradition through Greater India is also illuminating. How the classical phase of Gupta art laid the foundation of a truly significant art in the Deccan and South India has been dealt with extensively, and Dr. Goetz's suggestions deserve further investigation. The problems of mediæval Hindu art and architecture are too complex to be dealt with in a short chapter. But Dr. Goetz with his usual clarity of style has shown what part the Hindu social organization and the *Śilpaśāstras* played in the growth of that art and how in its last phases, when the internal stimulus weakened, the once great art forms began to lose their meaning.

The chapter on Islamic art and architecture, which is especially the author's province, is well written and illustrated.

The reviewer has no hesitation in commending the book to students and laymen alike.

MOTI CHANDRA

Indonesia: The Art of an Island Group. By FRITS A. WAGNER; Translated by ANN. E. KEEP. (Art of the World. Methuen and Co., London. 257 pp. 42*s*.)

The work deals with the problems of Indonesian art. In the very beginning the author has acknowledged the difficulties in tackling the varied problems of Indonesian art with its immense diversities of modes of expression, techniques and styles, evolved through Indonesia's contacts with China, India and the Islamic world. But the immensity of his task has not deterred the author from dealing with the main artistic achievements of the people of Indonesia excepting only the Buddhistic monuments, for which a separate volume in the Art of the World series has been reserved.

Between 2,500 and 1,500 B.C., the focus of neolithic Indonesian culture was Yunnan. This neolithic culture is typified by highly finished rectangular axes. The migrants were no longer nomads, but enjoyed a certain degree of culture, manifested in housebuilding, the cultivation of rice, pottery-making and, to a lesser extent, cattle-raising. Their magic rituals have also been examined on analogy from present-day communities still in the neolithic stage. A characteristic feature of the ancient culture of Indonesia are two groups of megaliths, one connected with the neolithic phase and the other considerably later. They are indisputably connected with the worship of the dead. The Dong-Son culture, characterized by bronze-making, came from Tonking and northern Annam. The socketed axes and bronze kettledrums are decorated with dancing scenes and also with flat-bottomed ships and human figures, signifying the "ship of the dead." A chapter on applied arts in islands other than Java and Bali covers a vast period, *i.e.*, from the earliest times to 1850 A.D. Frits A. Wagner examines in detail the surviving traditions to draw up a convincing picture of applied arts in bygone days. His treatment of weaving and techniques of textile design, pottery, woodwork and metal work is especially interesting.

The chapters on the spread of Indonesian culture in Indonesia in the early centuries of the Christian era and its varying fortunes, linked with the fortunes of the indigenous rulers, are full of interest, as they treat clearly of the ancient monuments of Java and other places. The author has also fully discussed how the Indian forms were changed when they came in contact with the ancient indigenous culture of the Javanese people.

As a matter of fact the book is a veritable encyclopædia of Indonesian culture, in which the past and the present are so delicately woven as to bring out the fine texture of Indonesian culture.

MOTI CHANDRA

The Truth about a Publisher: An Autobiographical Record. By STANLEY UNWIN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 455 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 25*s*.)

Sir Stanley Unwin, who has already informed and entertained us with *The Truth About Publishing,* tells us with touches of dry humour in this new autobiography the truth about a publisher. He reveals that his excellent first book had to be issued at his own expense, as his colleagues were not in favour of publication. It has since become a world-wide best-seller, translated into many languages, and is the standard textbook for authors and publishers everywhere.

The product of one of the earliest Froebel schools, and the son of parents who refrained on conscientious grounds

from beating their children, it is not surprising that Sir Stanley was a pacifist in World War I. He put into print Bertrand Russell's *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, described at the time by the censor as "a thoroughly mischievous book." Young Unwin's reaction was to exhibit this opinion on the jacket of the second edition.

British censorship, surely one of the most "Heath Robinson-ish" and illogical systems in the world, was at its most idiotic at that period when books issued at the expense of one Government department were secretly destroyed in the post on the instructions of another. Unwin, after relating his frustrating experiences in this connection, adds that his own firm was left without any paper ration, and he was obliged to buy paper from war profiteers at a price inflated to ten times the proper cost.

The peak of his irony is reserved for today. With great good humour he recounts the disturbance that took place among legal circles in 1954 when it was discovered that an action for obscene libel could be brought against the publishers of Shakespeare and the Bible. This disaster was only averted by passing a new Act of Parliament in 1959.

Sir Stanley, an enlightened individualist, was made wary of committees at an early age. Cheated by the Finance Committee of the Congregational Union, he ruefully observes that this incident confirmed his "distrust of committees, and particularly religious committees."

Proud of his many letters to *The Times*, he has a whole chapter on "How to Make a Nuisance of Oneself," and anybody requiring advice on this subject would be well advised to read it. The book contains many fascinating anecdotes about his contacts with well-known authors. Bernard Shaw, approached to allow Sir Edward Elgar to edit his Music Criticisms, sent Unwin a postcard:—

> I shall have to get these old things to-delayed Collected Edition-gether for the long of my works; but God forbid that I should waste Elgar's time on the editorial drudgery.

Sir Stanley shares this healthy respect for the creative artist. Indians will not need to be reminded that he published books by Gandhi, Tagore, Radhakrishnan and C. F. Andrews at a time when their opinions were seriously frowned upon by the British authorities. Lavishly illustrated, and well-indexed, his own new book is one of which Messrs. George Allen and Unwin may justly be proud. One hopes that this time he has not had to pay for its publication himself!

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Riddle of a Changing World. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Angus and Robertson, London. 206 pp. 1960. 18*s*.)

This forward glance by Sir Philip Gibbs takes us only two decades ahead. Yet profound technological and scientific changes could and probably will take place in that short period, so rapidly do machines, devices and gadgets develop.

This veteran author of nearly a hundred novels, books on current affairs and reminiscences, tries to forecast the near future by observing the pattern of change during his own lifetime, which extends to more than 80 years. A writer who has "so long walked hand in hand with time" is now astonished at his own "audacity in daring to look forward to what may happen in this restless world of ours." But in spite of a section cautiously headed "If All Goes Well," he is young enough to deplore, without sharing, the pessimism expressed by some young English writers of today.

New developments in travel attract his early attention. That he retains a youthful spirit of adventure is manifested

by the fact that only a few years ago he was one of the very first passengers to be flown in a Meteor jet of the Royal Air Force. He is up-to-the-minute on the subject of the cushion-of-air machine, which has recently been demonstrated on the Thames near Westminster Palace. Sir Philip's guess that the principle of the Hovercraft will soon be adapted to land vehicles, railway tracks and roads is probably pretty close to the mark.

New weapons, the dawn of the space age, the menace of an overcrowded world, the possibility of a war which will be a holocaust, a seismic calamity of world-wide extent: all of these topics could lead a gloomy prophet towards the utterances of a very Cassandra. But the nearest he gets to gloom is the opinion that we shall probably have to go on living dangerously close to the brink for some time to come.

World Government and the British Commonwealth of Nations are more cheerful chapters, and when he feels the prophet's mantle slipping from his shoulders, which happens very frequently, Sir Philip Gibbs is wise enough to allow his knowledge to be displayed in comment on current affairs rather than in prophecy.

Throughout this most readable book reminiscences insist on breaking in. Discussing rocketry and speed ("How Fast, O Lord?" he exclaims) he manages to slip in a pleasant paragraph about his youthful courting in Somerset, when to visit his sweetheart in a village ten miles away took a whole day; and recalls with delight his first editorial job in Fleet Street, and the excitement of a colleague who burst in one morning with the triumphant assertion: "I have just driven to office in a taxi cab!" "And what," asked the youthful Gibbs, "what is a taxi cab?"

F. Seymour Smith

THE TUNNEL

Cold voices,
Doors closing . . .
So life sometimes seems.
In the heart
Is an aching void,
A longing
For poise and pattern,
A handle for dreams.
Gay streets seem empty;
Sunshine, dark;
Hope is a flint
Emitting no spark.
Then, suddenly, light
Almost blinds with its blaze
Our bewildered sight.

Herbert Bluen

A LETTER FROM LONDON

FROM TIME TO TIME political agitators from other countries come to London to stage some sort of a demonstration of their views and usually they get a great deal of publicity. But the Naga Hills rebel leader, Mr. Phizo, has made the poorest show of all. He came here, a few months ago, duly sponsored by no less a person than the venerated Rev. Michael Scott, "to put Nehru on the spot," as he told British newspaper men. But, in fact, he himself has been put on the spot. The British people had no time for a person who had fought against them on the side of the Japanese. So today, Mr. Phizo is a completely forgotten man in Britain.

This is mainly due to two actions taken by the Indian Government. Firstly, Prime Minister Nehru and his Cabinet colleagues avoided the temptation of making a martyr of Mr. Phizo, as he had hoped for, by demanding his extradition under the Indian Fugitive Act of 1882. Secondly, the Indian Government agreed to the creation of a Naga State within the Union of India and thus removed every cause of just grievance. The British public has accepted the arrangement and the prestige of the Indian Government has been greatly enhanced.

But the effect upon the British public opinion of the wise handling of the Naga problem by the Indian Government has been marred by the reports of the demonstration that are taking place in New Delhi in support of the creation of a new Punjabi language State in East Punjab. I must regretfully report that no one here can see any reasonable objection to the demand of the Sikhs. It is pointed out that the Indian Government and the people of India have accepted the principle of linguistic States. And the objection of the Indian Government that the creation of a Punjabi-speaking State would lead to disunity is regarded here as quite untenable. Had the demand of the Sikhs been the first demand for the creation of a linguistic State, there might have been some place for the argument that is being put forward now to oppose the demands of the Sikhs. But after the application of the principle in the whole of the rest of the country, the argument has no validity in one corner of it. The Indian Government will have to do a lot of explaining to the British people why it is opposed to the Sikh demand for a separate Punjabi Suba.

For years now "wild-cat" strikes have been the plague of British industry. These unofficial strikes are organized not only by the Communists but also by mere mischief-makers. They have almost always proved futile and they have brought the workers no benefit at all. The latest examples are the seamen's strike and the dockers' strike. The latter have already gone back to work, while the seamen's strike has been broken.

What is astonishing about the wild-cat strikes is the gullibility of the men who participate in them. As a general rule, they have been stampeded into it without any idea as to why they have stopped work. The organizers exploit some temporary feeling of resentment or rebelliousness arising out of some trifling incident. Wild-cat strikes have been the subject of a report by the Trades Union Congress.

In Britain strikes no longer command any measure of public sympathy. In days long gone by when the workers were savagely exploited, men went out on strike as a revolt against wholly unbearable conditions. In such circumstances the public conscience was aroused. Today, strikes are organized in a Welfare State against a background of

high wages and comfortable conditions. For instance, the recent strike of dockers brought out the fact that the average pay of a docker is £15 per week, whereas the average pay of an industrial worker is only £14.

The collapse of the strike of clerks in the service of the Indian Government has been received with satisfaction here. At the same time, there is a widespread feeling that salaries of clerks in India should be greatly improved.

From time to time in the political history of the United Kingdom in the past 200 years political parties have disintegrated. And at the moment it looks as though the British Labour Party is threatened with disintegration. The first fissure appeared when Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the Party Leader, raised the question of the amendment of Clause 4 of the Constitution which proclaims Nationalization as the aim of the Party. Then there was a rift over nuclear armaments. But far more disastrous to the Labour Party has been the death of Aneurin Bevan and the recent illness of Mr. Morgan Phillips, the secretary of the Party, who has had a severe stroke. Mr. Phillips has been the backbone of the organization of the Party since 1945 and his wisdom, experience and great abilities as an organizer and administrator are indispensable to the re-establishment of unity in the Party.

Even if Mr. Phillips recovers, and every one fervently hopes that he will do so very soon, he will never be able to actively serve his Party. And there is no one immediately available to take over his enormous responsibilities.

To crown the misfortunes of the Labour Party, the *Daily Herald* is reported to be facing extinction as the organ of the Trade Union Movement and the Labour Party. The Odhams Press have been producing this paper under a licence from the Trade Union Congress which has dictated the policy of the paper. But the paper has been losing over £250,000 per year and the Odhams Press have attributed the failure of the paper to the fact that its policy is dictated by the Trade Union Congress.

Unless the Odhams Press is given the control of the policy of the *Daily Herald* it may be that the paper will cease to exist a year after the Odhams Press give notice to the Trade Union Congress. The Labour Party will then be without a newspaper to support it.

It seems from the correspondence columns of the *Guardian* that Mr. Desmond Donnelly, a prominent member of the Labour Party, is anxious to cure Bertrand Russell of emotional muddleheadedness. Discussing the problem, Mr. Russell has suggested to Mr. Donnelly to establish a seminar to instruct him in the art of logical thinking. Mr. Russell assures Mr. Donnelly that he will attend such a seminar with all due humility.

The argument between Mr. Russell and Mr. Donnelly started over Britain's foreign policy with special reference to nuclear weapons and disarmament. Mr. Donnelly has accepted the invitation to open the seminar. But before this is done, he has still to be convinced by Mr. Russell why the latter insists on calling Britain a satellite of the United States.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of the author of the much-discussed play *Rhinoceros*, Eugène Ionesco.—ED.]

I HAVE long thought of writing about Eugène Ionesco, most of whose plays I have seen over the years. This Rumanian-born dramatist, almost unknown a few years ago, is now one of the leaders of the *avant-garde* writers noted for their reactions against some forms of conventional literature.

I first met Ionesco, not long ago, at a party and later when I invited him to a select literary dinner. We fell to talking, quite naturally, about *Rhinoceros*, his play which had become the talk of many continents. He told me about his favourite earlier play, *La Cantatrice Chauve* still showing at "La Huchette" and the success, in respect of production and *mise en scène*, of *Rhinoceros* in Germany. I told him that *Rhinoceros* was probably more likely to succeed in India than most of his other plays except perhaps *La Leçon* which was a parody on modern education.

In *La Cantatrice Chauve* (The Bald Prima Donna) Ionesco, to use his own words, "depicts a society which is perfect, where all social problems have been resolved." The play deals with a world where economic worries are a thing of the past, a universe without mystery, in which everything runs smoothly, for one section of humanity at least, and this will be the world of tomorrow everywhere for the march of science must finally arrive at stability and social contentment.

In *La Cantatrice Chauve*, Ionesco went on, "I was most concerned with solving purely theatrical problems. If the play is a criticism of anything, it is of all societies, all languages, *clichés*."

Ionesco considers economic problems and class warfare among the crushing problems of our time. We can no longer ask ourselves what we are doing on this planet, how or why we have happened. The people in *La Cantatrice Chauve* have no hunger, no conscious desires; they are plainly bored to death.

To Ionesco the human drama is as absurd as it is painful. The non-metaphysical world of today has destroyed all mystery and the scientific theatre — the theatre of politics and propaganda — has alienated the third dimension which makes a whole man. Ionesco has no use for the crusading theatre, the Morality Plays, preaching and giving solutions. He does not want to save humanity for to him to save it is to kill it. There are no solutions, no recipes, no prescriptions. To realize that is the only solution. There are no alternatives: If man is not tragic, he is ridiculous and painful — even comic. By realizing one's absurdity one can achieve a sort of tragedy. Man, Ionesco insists, must be unhappy (metaphysically unhappy) or stupid.

Ionesco, at fifty, is a short stubby man, quiet but vigorous and as far as I could see quite unflushed with success. He seemed to be too conscious about the Brave New World we are in and he didn't seem to relish the thought. My own feeling is that *La Cantatrice Chauve* could be best performed by marionettes. The hollow automatism of things, automatic men shows the emptiness of the world without metaphysics and a humanity with problems. Erich Fromm would say: Man is not a Thing. Ionesco would make a cryptic reply: Isn't he?

Even *Les Chaises* (The Chairs) is emptiness, frustration, despair, death. The characters are not conscious of their spiritual rootlessness though they feel it instinctively. They are lost in the world.

To Ionesco tragic and comic are mere-

ly two aspects of the same situation and he finds it hard to tell the difference. Ionesco is trying to do in the theatre what Joyce has done for the novel, Picasso for painting and Stravinsky for music. Do Ionesco's plays have a meaning? The answer, to use ordinary terms, is definitely no. He is anxious to provide a dramatic experience and the meaning is to be found in the knowledge of ourselves. In a way, though without knowing it, Ionesco is asking the questions to which sages have found the answer: "What am I?" Viewed from this point of view Ionesco's plays are a kind of search. They are voyages through a weird, shadowy, cruel, comic world to oneself. And there no one can help us. We are thrown back upon our own resources. We are utterly, irretrievably, alone. In his plays Ionesco rejects all traditional means by which dramatists have sought to reinvigorate contemporary drama. He dispenses, so to speak, with ideas, characters, language, yet all three are ever present. *La Cantatrice Chauve,* a somewhat satirical play, is a criticism of married life and family ties. *Les Chaises* about the illusions we have and how we waste our lives: we want to justify and refuse to face facts, we try to find meanings in things where no meaning exists. We cannot lead our lives untrammelled, so there is nothing left but to put out the light. The world is too much with us. Objects and things take hold of us and we cannot reach even those we deeply care for. So we move from birth to death. We race faster, ever faster to protect ourselves from life, but life is no more.

What is the remedy? None. The dramatist merely asks questions. He does not give the answers.

There are no characters in Ionesco's plays. At least, there are no characters that are meant to stand out. His characters are types. They are not recognizable human beings. If we know what has made us, we know what has made the characters. The language of these plays is dramatic, witty but not literary. There is no telling phrase, no striking passage.

Ionesco points in a new direction. He wants to cut through *clichés* and hidebound traditionalism to discover the one true and living tradition. In a way he does this by making one see things as they are. Thus he formulates no thesis for, to quote an ancient maxim, the more bitterly and acutely we form a thesis, the more irresistibly it clamours for the antithesis.

BALDOON DHINGRA

AN ACTION will not be right unless the will be right; for from thence is the action derived. Again, the will will not be right unless the disposition of the mind be right; for from thence comes the will.

— SENECA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A survey was made recently by *The Sunday Times* (London) of the attitudes towards, as well as the nature of, the phenomena loosely called spiritualistic. Susan Cooper, the newspaper's representative, brought an intelligent, well-balanced and open mind to her task, and her presentation is eminently readable without in any way catering to sensationalism. The three articles (July 24th and 31st, August 7th) give a valuable bird's-eye view of the groups (with one curious exception) interested in the subject. What emerges is the "diffuse and decentralized" character of spiritualist group activity. There is the Spiritualist Association of Great Britain, but also various independent spiritualist "Churches," some, like the Greater World Christian Spiritualist League, Christian in tone, others, like the Spiritualist National Union, with their own particular "religion." There are numerous small circles which exist only while a particular medium lives. Some are meditation groups rather than seekers after phenomena. There is no common ground of spiritualist tenets, except the claim to communication with the dead. No active materializing medium could be found by the investigating newspaper. Messages are generally vague and very much a medley. The common types of mental phenomena today are clairvoyance, psychometry, automatic writing and trance mediumship.

Of the research groups, the College of Psychic Science is spiritualistic in character, though it does not attribute all phenomena to the "spirits." It tends to attract those looking for proofs of survival. The Society for Psychic Research is non-committal in its systematic investigation of phenomena, yet its general trend is sceptical as regards the spiritualist belief. It has adopted the general name of extra-sensory perception, ESP.

The investigator found that information obtained through mediums about her grandparents (her parents were alive) "was quite often correct; the descriptions and messages were always woolly and improbable." And her conclusion is that the scientific investigators, using natural mediums or psychics, are more likely to find the truth than the spiritualists, with their wish-beliefs and uncritical acceptance without any real inquiry into the nature of after-death states. The theories some of them have adopted about the gradual separation of good and evil in the soul after death are imperfect and partial copies of Theosophical concepts (a fact not mentioned in the survey).

The Roman Catholic Church has banned spiritualistic practices. The Church of England looks askance upon them, but many Anglicans, prominent and otherwise, have been drawn to a study of the phenomena without accepting the claims. As a result has arisen the Churches Fellowship for Psychical Study, which is trying "to relate extra-sensory thought and perception to Christian thought and practice." Miss Cooper ends with examples of ESP, and notes the delusion of reality that subjective visions, however produced, can give. Finally she cites the theory of a scientist, Professor H. H. Price (*cf.* also THE ARYAN PATH, January and February 1956, "Heaven and Hell From the Point of View of Psychic Research" by him). She feels that while spiritualism may temporarily pacify the emo-

tions of the bereaved, on the integration of science, philosophy and psychical research may depend the truth that will satisfy man's need to know about himself, and which can co-exist (though it is not identical) with the idea of the immortality of the soul.

The one thing left out of the survey is the Theosophical approach to the subject. This is a pity as the interpretation offered by it of the phenomena fits into the larger picture of the powers and constitution, spiritual, psychological and physical, of man. It asserts, however, that a preliminary study of the theory is essential, and safer than any empirical practice. It is corroborated by the ancient Eastern philosophies and religions that have preserved a larger measure of knowledge about the subjective and psychological states than the West has ever learnt. Perhaps one day Miss Cooper may carry her survey a step further.

The London monthly magazine, *Twentieth Century* (August 1960), reports on the first Conference at Rome of the European Community of Writers. Its founder is G. B. Angioletti (best known in England as the Italian Correspondent of T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*), who made a first attempt at organizing it two years ago. The Italian Society of Authors is among those sponsoring it, while the Italian Government has presented to it a villa and gardens as headquarters at Naples. There is a Rome office also. To some extent its activities come into the same field as the P.E.N. Club and UNESCO, but its chief interests, as a purely literary body, are the protection of authors' international rights, the removal of import-export restrictions on books; problems of copyright; radio, television and cinema relations; translation rights and payments, etc. The Editor of the international monthly, *L'Europa Letteria,* Gian-Carlo Vigorelli, was elected unanimously as General Secretary by the delegates from all over Europe, who included Western liberals, Communist East Europeans and Franco-Spaniards. The E.C.W. aims at a policy of toleration and non-exclusiveness, and, above all, of encouragement of personal independence and "freedom from all forms of persecution whether religious or political." Literature and the arts must not be used by government authorities "as a means to the propaganda of their dogmas."

It is, however, interesting to note that any group or nucleus that draws a ring around itself (however tolerant it aims to be within that circle) lays itself open to anomalies and dissensions. The European Community of Writers recognizes that it must expect clashes. The reporter cites as an example the problem of the ambiguity of British feelings towards Europe, for how should one define Europe and European culture? If English-speaking Britain and her culture belongs to Europe, can all the other English-speaking nations geographically outside Europe (who are in the majority) possibly be excluded? Yet would a group including them all be "European"?

This corroborates once again the axiom that unity can only be achieved when the whole is seen as interdependent, with no part excluded. Smaller localized groups may serve as temporary aggregates for convenience of function, but there can be no rigid line of demarcation in fundamentals. There only universality can satisfy — European writers within the world pattern, not European writers versus the rest of the world. And this is doubtless the final aim of the European Community of Writers.

The human "guinea-pig" who submitted to the experiments with the new "wonder" drug LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) at Bristol, England, three

years ago, had pleasing visions and strange hallucinations on using the drug. Since then this drug appears to have gained favour in America as a curative for chronic alcoholics and as a possible weapon for fighting cancer. Some well-known actors, musicians, artists and philosophers have claimed a greater ability to love, an increase in artistic talent and a deepening of spiritual life from its use.

The obtaining of such sensations by an indiscriminate use of the drug is denounced by Dr. Franz E. Winkler, M.D., who sounds a warning in the magaline *This Week* (San Francisco) for May 15th, 1960.

When LSD is used, it opens the door of the otherwise normally fettered and enclosed mind to physically invisible regions of perfidious beauty, by a relaxation of the nervous system and generation of abnormal magnetic conditions.

By the administration of drugs like morphine, mescalin, and now LSD, hard-headed materialistic medical science is leading people of the present day into regions of fascination not very different from those opened by "mediumship" in the past. Sometimes, of course, as Dr. Winkler says:—

> Such drugs may induce the patient to face certain depths in his subconscious mind and to lower his guards against his fellow men. A door to his heart is thus opened.... But his ultimate fate will not be determined by the opening of the door, but by what will enter through it.

Dr. Winkler does not think that in fact LSD can always do what many people are wildly hoping for from it; but, if it did, would it be desirable? What man with a living sense of human dignity and the beauty of self-mastery would disagree with these words of Dr. Winkler?

> It is longing for these gifts (creativity, love and experience of God) which keeps man struggling along the hard road of moral evolution. Every step on this road is essential, even though it may lead through sin and repentance. But if we take the incentive away by giving man by drugs what he ought to earn through moral efforts, we may have committed the one unforgivable sin, the sin against the meaning of his earthly existence.

Many explanations have been advanced for the prevailing student indiscipline, ranging from the legacy of student participation in the political struggle for freedom to the exercise of the right to absent themselves from classes. Successive seminars and conferences have debated the subject, analyzing the problem so threadbare that it is only a question of drawing the proper conclusions from them and applying the needed correctives.

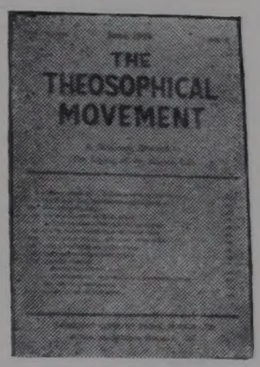
Educational authorities, however, do not seem to have learned the lesson, as the developments in Miranda House, a women's college in Delhi, indicate. The trouble seems to have arisen there from their Principal's order to close the gates of the college from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in order to inculcate a sense of discipline amongst students. It is doubtful whether discipline and good sense can be inculcated in this manner by restricting the movements of students. It is surprising that, in an age when public opinion is for demolishing the walls even of prisons, new walls should be raised and gates locked to improve discipline among the girls in the college. Surely, there is no place for such high walls if only the students are taught to build up moral and spiritual walls, which are stronger than any walls of brick and mortar.

It is obvious that boys and girls at the university stage should be encouraged to think seriously as the men and women of tomorrow and not be treated like children. If a few among them are inclined grossly to abuse the privileges, surely that is no reason to brand the entire young generation as irresponsible or worse. Effective checks on the errant ones, like even rustication in extreme cases, would prove a more salutary warning to students than external restrictions which naturally invite evasions.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

A Magazine Devoted to
The Living of the Higher Life

Vol. XXX **October 1960** **No. 12**



Annual Subscription :
Rs. 4.00 ; 8s. ; $2.00
(Post free)

THEOSOPHY COMPANY (INDIA) PRIVATE LTD.
40 New Marine Lines, Bombay 1, India.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

6, Shri B. P. Wadia Road,
Basavangudi, Bangalore 4

LITERATURE SERIES

NORWEGIAN LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by TORBJORN STOVERUD — Re. 1.00

ITALIAN LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by A. F. MAGRI MACMAHON — Re. 1.00

SWEDISH LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by S. A. BERGMANN — Re. 1.00

FRENCH LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by ANNE-MARIE MATLEY — Re. 1.00

DUTCH LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by ADRIAAN VAN DER VEEN — Re. 1.00

GERMAN LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by ELIZABETH BURGER — Re. 1.00

SPANISH LITERATURE With a Bibliography of English translations by ESTEBAN PUJALS — Re. 1.00

BOOKS

THE INDIAN HERITAGE With Indexes and Bibliography by Dr. V. Raghavan (*second edition*) — Rs. 13.00

THUS HAVE I HEARD by B. P. Wadia — Rs. 10.00

"TILL WE MEET—" by Mikhail Naimy — Rs. 7.50

AVADHŪTA : Reason and Reverence by H. H. Sri Jayachamarajendra Wadiyar — Re. 1.00

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER FROM ASSAM by Lakshminath Bezbaroa. Translated by Aruna Devi Mukerjea — Rs. 5.75

EXISTENTIALISM AND INDIAN THOUGHT by K. Guru Dutt (3rd edition) — Rs. 3.00

EQUITIES by Lila Ray — Rs. 3.00

PERSONALITY: In the Light of Western and Indian Psychologies by Sita Ram Jayaswal — Rs. 3.00

PARADOX AND POETRY IN "THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE" by Bhikshu Sangharakshita — Re. 1.00

A SURVEY OF BUDDHISM With Index and Bibliography by Bhikshu Sangharakshita (*second edition*) — Rs. 18.00

DISJECTA MEMBRA: Studies in Literature and Life by S. V. Mukerjea — Rs. 13.00

THE BUILDING OF THE HOME by B. P. Wadia (2nd edition) — Re. 1.50