AUM

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

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"THAT IS WHY I LIVE HAPPILY"

So said the Great Buddha.

The world is unhappy. Every one is longing for peace, for a tranquil mind and a heart which throbs good will for all. The great Buddha has been called a pessimist because he had the courage to state the truth he fully perceived that the world was chasing suffering and sorrow when it talked of wanting happiness and bliss. In numerous ways he taught the truth of pain and the ceasing of pain.

During this month the Buddhists will celebrate the triple festival of the birth, enlightenment and passing of Gautama. It is appropriate therefore to offer to our readers a condensed sermon of the Buddha in which he shows how it came to pass that he lived happily. Our civilization affirms its desire to learn the truth; will it accept the advice and instruction of the Buddha founded on his own personal experience?

—Thus have I heard.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One was staying near Ālavī, at Cowpath in Siṇsapa Grove, lodging on the leaf-strewn ground.

Now Hatthaka of Ālavī was wandering there afoot, and as he went along he saw the Exalted One in that place, seated on the ground strewn with leaves. On seeing him he approached and saluting him sat down at one side. So seated Hatthaka said:

"Pray sir, does the Exalted One live happily?"

"Yes, my lad, I live happily. I am one of those who live happily in the world."

"But, sir, the winter nights are cold, the dark half on the month is the time of snowfall. Hard is the ground trampled by the hoofs of cattle, thin the carpet of fallen leaves, sparse are the leaves of the tree, cold are the saffron robes and cold the gale of wind that blows."

Then said the Exalted One:

"Still, my lad, I live happily. Of those who live happily in the world I am one. Now, my lad, I will question you about this and do you reply as you think fit. What think you, my lad? Suppose a housefather or housefather's son has a house with a gabled roof, plastered inside and out, with well-fitting doors and casements. Therein is a couch spread with a long-fleeced woollen rug, a bed-spread of white wool, a coverlet embroidered with flowers, spread with a costly skin of antelope, having a canopy overhead and a scarlet cushion at each end. Here is a lamp burning and four wives to wait upon him with all their charms. Now what think you, my lad? Would he live happily or not? How think you?"

"Yes, he would, sir. He is one of those who live happily in the world."

"Well now, my lad, what think you? Would there not arise in that housefather or housefather's son torments of body or of mind that are born of lust so that, tortured by them, he would live unhappily?"

"They would arise, sir."

"Again, would there not arise torments of body or of mind, born of malice, so that, tortured by them, he would live unhappily?"

"They would arise, sir."

"Again, would not there arise torments of body or of mind, born of delusion, so that, tortured by them, he would live unhappily?"

"They would arise, sir."

"Well, my lad, as to those torments of body or of mind born of lust, of malice, of delusion, tortured by which he would live unhappily, that lust, that malice, that delusion, have been abandoned by the Tathāgata, cut off at the root, made like a palm-tree stump, made unable to become again, of a nature not to arise again in future time. That is why I live happily."

Lust, malice and delusion are shown to be wombs of pain and anguish. The lust of modern men and women is encouraged by, say, birth-control practices, founded on unproven theories. Their malice is a natural growth of the competitive system which flourishes in school and mart. And stupefying delusion is the outcome of minds enslaved by senses and passions, minds which make strife and thus produce unhappiness.

Do men and women desire happiness? They say they do. In reality most people want excitement; only a few take the way of the Buddha and prove out for themselves that what he said in the above sermon is an eternal verity

THE LAW OF PERIODICITY

[The Hindu *Chakra* is the symbol of Cycles which the Greeks knew under the term—*Kuklos*. They celebrated the Sacred Mysteries of *Kuklos Anagkês*, "the Unavoidable Cycle" or "the Circle of Necessity" which denoted the period of the post-mortem states of the soul between two incarnations and also the longer period taken by the Eternal Pilgrims to complete their round of evolution in the cosmic field. The ancients divided time into endless cycles, wheels within wheels, all such periods being of various durations, and each marking the beginning or the end of some event either cosmic, mundane, physical, or metaphysical. There were cycles of only a few years, and cycles of immense duration, the great Orphic cycle, referring to the ethnological change of races, lasting 120,000 years, and the cycle of Cassandrus of 136,000, which brought about a complete change in planetary influences and their correlations between men and gods—a fact entirely lost sight of by modern astrologers.

It is necessary to emphasise the universality of the Law of Periodicity. Not only are there vast or long historical cycles but the Law of Rhythmic Repetition also works in small events of every individual life. Bodily diseases, for example, certain types of fever run their own cyclic course, so do human moods of depression or elation. The cyclic law prevails everywhere. It prevails in every kingdom of nature and encompasses the vast manifested universe.

In these two articles the subject is dealt with: The first demonstrates the activity of the Law of Periodicity in modern astronomy and meteorology. The second examines the Spenglerian view of cycles in European History.—EDS.]

I.—CYCLES AND THEIR MEANING

[**Jacques W. Redway**, is the doyen of American geographers and has an international reputation. He has written many books, the first of which was published as long ago as 1887.—EDS.]

Our English word "cycle" is a heritage from Greek literature, but we may trace it back beyond heroic times, for it has the tang of the Sanscrit; indeed it seems to have been born in Chaldea. The oldest cycle known must be credited to the astronomers of the far east. In the literature of the Greeks it must have been a term familiar to *hoi poloi* with whom it designated a circle, a ring, a wheel, the vault of the sky, and any orbital movement.

In English speech a cycle is still restricted to the cult of science. It is a series of events or conditions that recur at regular intervals of uniform duration. In popular cant there is a tendency to apply the word to periods that vary in time and in character. A meteorologist who is an authority in that science recently wrote, "Our weather comes in cycles, warm and cold, wet and dry, etc." Such a construction is contrary to the literal meaning of the word, but it has the sanction of newspaper use.

The cycle is primarily a function of astronomy, a period of time when heavenly bodies recur in certain positions, especially those that have to do with the activities of humanity. Planetary bodies revolve about the sun in regular orbits, each in an unchanging period of time. Each revolution is one unit of a cycle—and so long as they continue so to move, and so long as numbers have least common multiples, there will be cycles. The year of the earth is a familiar example. It is a long trip from start to finish—more than half a billion miles bowling along at the rate of eighteen miles a second, getting to the starting point without measurable gain or loss of time. Other planets too whirl around the sun, each creating a cycle or " year " of its own. One of the planetary cycles, that of Jupiter, is a factor in the earth's climate, as we shall see.

Were the earth's axis perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, the weather conditions in places in the same latitude would vary but little during the year. There would be no seasons. The inclination of the axis, however, brings the northern hemisphere under the nearly vertical rays of the sun in June, and under very oblique rays in December. Thereby is created the cycle of the seasons. A most important factor in the affairs of human life. There are but few events in the world's history in which the cycle of the seasons has not played a part.

Humanity hardly thinks of the day as a cycle; but in its effects it is the most far-reaching of all. At either pole of the earth an observer merely turns around, but at the equator he whisks along at the rate of one thousand miles an hour—a part of the time in sunlight, a part in the darkness of night.

Our forbears may not have been wise in the intricacies of astronomy but they were acquainted with cycles of which nowadays we rarely hear. Ask the man in the street, or even the professor on the lecture platform, about the Metonic cycle—and most likely he will be wondering in his mind from what asylum you recently escaped. Nevertheless in the astronomy of the ancients it was a most important milepost; it was the period after which new moons recurred on the same day of the year. Two hundred and twenty-five trips of the moon around the earth, requiring about nineteen years, constituted a Metonic cycle. We moderns have discarded it, substituting a single lunation or revolution of the moon around the earth, a time of a little more than twenty-nine and one-half days. To this lunar cycle we have tried to fit twelve months of crazy construction—incidentally, lunacy and craziness are synonyms.

Certain eclipses of the sun as well as those of the moon occur at regular intervals, thereby constituting cycles. One of them, of the sun, discovered many centuries ago by Chaldean astronomers, bears the name " Saros ". It is a cycle approximately of eighteen years and eleven days. Once an eclipse has occurred it will recur with the passage of each cycle, but visible in another locality. The eclipse visible in New York January 24, 1925, s due again in 1943, 1961, and 1979. According to Professor Luyten, Harvard Assistant in Astronomy, t will be a spectacle for New Yorkers again in 3075—provided the sky on the appointed day is not overcast.

That the complexion of the sun s sometimes impaired by spots was known to the Chinese more than sixteen centuries ago. Years ago—several hundred of them—a Jesuit priest told his superior about the maculae his small telescope was revealing. He was sternly rebuked and informed that the maculae were nothing but imperfections in his eyesight. Galileo also was made to recant all that his telescope was telling him. Nevertheless each was able to laugh last. Not only were their observations confirmed, but out of them a sunspot cycle in time was evolved. Sunspots occur in increasing and decreasing number uniformly as to time, thereby constituting a cycle. The time when they are most numerous is technically the "sunspot maxima," and it coincides closely with the perihelion, or the time when the planet Jupiter is nearest the Sun. Another cycle, seemingly related to that of the sunspots, has a period of thirty-three years, or about three sunspot cycles. This, the "Brueckner cycle" has an interesting history. Professor Brueckner's research in climatology extends backward for more than two centuries. He finds that it pertains to the rise and the fall of waters in certain lakes and to the opening of the navigation of the rivers in the same basins—therefore covering temperature and rainfall in alternating periods. But Sir Francis Bacon antedates Professor Brueckner by a century. In one of his essays he writes:—

> They say it is observed in the Low Countries (I know not what part) that every five and thirty years, the same kind and suit of years comes about again, as great frosts, great wet, great droughts, warm winters, summers with little heat, and the like.

Professor Brueckner's researches pertain to the eastern continent: of their application to the western continent little is known.

The relation of sunspot cycles to world weather has been one of stormy controversy for many years. More than half a century ago Professor Maxwell found that the time of sunspot maxima corresponded with the seasons of generous rainfall in India. That meant also the coincidence of bountiful cotton crops and financial prosperity. Maxwell's discovery aroused great interest, and meteorologists all over the world began to investigate and to check results. The results were discordant. Thereby began the contention that remained unsettled until about twenty years ago. Some observers reported increased rainfall; others, a well-defined shortage of cloud water. In time, it was found that both sides were right. Extended observations have shown that, in general, on the coasts of the continental areas of the northern hemisphere there is an increase of rainfall during the times of sunspot maxima, and a decrease in their interiors. Half a dozen more cycles, however, are necessary to determine the facts more accurately. Why the opposite conditions? The answer is not certain. It may be that a shifting of rain-bearing winds alternately north and south is the explanation, but that is a question yet to be determined. Another possibility is receiving investigation. A slight lowering of the earth's temperature, due to the dense clouds of gases emitted from the sun, may intercept heat that otherwise reaching the earth might increase the humidity and thereby the rainfall. That, however, is only a theory.

Within the past few years the relation of sunspot cycles to earthquakes has attracted the study of many scientists. Long ago, Professor Milne compiled a list of destructive earthquakes, discarding the feeble tremors of which there are many each year. In the meantime, Professor Wolf compiled a catalogue of sunspots, showing their occurrence by months, covering about the same period. Professors Huntington and Visher composed a symposium of the two in which it is shown that earthquakes are far more numerous when the number of sunspots is at the maximum. More observations are necessary to determine the indicated relation, but the information so far obtained seems to be almost conclusive.

Our ancient brethren were astronomers whose discoveries are not to be despised by moderns. They had computed the cycle of the year and the major planets—a Greek word meaning " wanderer "—very closely. Modern astronomy ha added but little to their knowledg of eclipses. The Magi knew abou " novae "; and, when a nova hovered over Bethlehem some among their number journeyed thithe in order to learn if a traditiona prophecy had been fulfilled.

Our ancient observers viewed cycles in ways that we moderners are apt to reject. In the opinion of the ancients we had " temperaments " which were Jovial, Saturnine, Martial, or Mercurial according to which planet was nearest at the time when an infant came to earth. We have discarded their beliefs but we have not yet given them a fair investigation. Is there anything in this theory that was held for several centuries? The approach of the planet Jupiter to the sun creates tremendous physical disturbances; does it cause the sun to emit rays that may affect life on the earth? We now know that ultra-violet rays are more or less essential to life; are there other rays that are similarly potent in one way or another? Two or three decades ago that question would have been regarded unworthy of investigation, but the more recent discovery of new and unknown rays has changed scientific opinion about such matters.

The belief that planetary cycles affect life and its activities is older than Christianity. Incidentally we must bear in mind that for several centuries the attitude of the Western Church toward the science of astronomy was " non credo ". In the score of years just past marvellous discoveries in radiology have been made. It is now known that rays of solar energy—"emanations" we may call them—affect life and its activities adversely as well as beneficially. When a major planet approaches the sun, thereby creating tornadic disturbances, is it unreasonable to suppose that, in some way, they affect the earth? We may "suppose" but as yet the answer is not at hand.

The ancients certainly had great faith in cycles as affecting human emotions. They attributed the cause of many evils to the influence of heavenly bodies—stars, planets and comets. At one time the Litany contained the exorcism reading: "From the Turk, the Comet, and the Devil; Good Lord, deliver us." At that time there was a widespread belief that comets were harbingers of war, or pestilence, or famine. Even to this day there is a belief that the fatal pandemic, the grippe, is due to the malign influence of the stars,—hence the name "influenza."

Inasmuch as the excitation both of the approaching body and of the sun are most intense at the time of perihelion, it is not unreasonable to assume that life on the earth may react thereto. Except as noted, however, evidence of such influences are wanting. The theory deserves investigation—but we must wait to see what we shall some time see.

JACQUES W. REDWAY

II.—SPENGLER'S THEORY OF HISTORIC CYCLES

[**Quincy Howe** is the Editor who has made *The Living Age* famous by his discriminative analysis of world-events. His book, *World Diary: 1929-1934*, has just appeared. Spengler was not the inventor of the idea that cycles mould human history. Dr. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, was the first in modern times to speak of them. It is, however, a very well-known teaching in ancient Hindu Philosophy.—EDS.]

In his masterpiece, *The Decline of the West*, Oswald Spengler set himself the task of "predetermining history," adopting the method of historical analogy. What is this method? What results has it yielded? How much respect does it deserve?

"The philosophy of the future," Spengler declares, italics and all, "expands into the conception of a *morphology of world history.*" Humanity, he asserts, has brought forth seven great "Cultures"—Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Classical, Arabian, Mayan and West European—all of which finally congealed into "Civilizations". Spengler defines culture in these words.

> Culture is born in the moment when a great soul awakens out of the proto–spirituality (*Dem urse lenhaften Zustande*) of ever childish humanity, and detaches itself, a form from the formless, a bounded and mortal thing from the boundless and enduring. It blooms on the soil of an exactly-definable landscape to which plant-wise it remains bound. It dies when this soul has actualized the full sum of its

possibilities in the shape of peoples, languages, dogmas, arts, states, sciences, and it reverts into the proto-soul.

He then draws this contrast between Culture and Civilization :—

> Every Culture has *its own* Civilization. In this work for the first time the two words, hitherto used to express an indefinite, more or less ethical distinction, are used in a *periodic* sense, to express a strict and necessary *organic succession.* The Civilization is the inevitable *destiny* of the Culture, and in this principle we obtain the viewpoint from which the deepest and gravest problems of historical morphology become capable of solution. Civilizations are the most external and artificial states of which a species of developed humanity is capable.

To illustrate his point, Spengler has devised three tables of what he calls " contemporary " spiritual, cultural and political epochs in the different Cultures. Thus he demonstrates that Cultures live exactly 1000 years and undergo identical changes at identical stages. Classical Culture, for instance, began in 1000 B. C. with Homer and the " Homeric Kings ". Then came the age of the tyrants, the city state and the rise of Pericles and Themistocles. The cults of Dionysus and Orpheus replaced the early worship of Demeter. Socrates ushered in an age of " Enlightenment " which culminated in Plato and Aristotle. This period came to a conclusion with the rise of Alexander of Macedon and philosophy turned to Epicureanism and Stoicism. Civilization appeared when Rome conquered Greece.

Arabian Culture followed a parallel course. It began with the birth of Christ and had its "Reformation" under the leadership of Mohammed. But Arabian Culture coincided with Roman Civilization and never fully expanded. In like manner, the Spanish conquistadors destroyed the Mayan Culture in the New World before it had exhausted its possibilities. But from what we know of Arabian, Classical and other Cultures, it is possible to trace parallel developments in all of them and to identify these with similar developments in Western Europe. Thus Spengler identifies the Siegfried legends as the " contemporaries " of Homer in Classical times and the Aryan hero-tales in India. The Egyptian pyramids, the Doric column, the basilica and the Romanesque and early Gothic cathedrals all appeared at corresponding periods in their respective Cultures. Martin Luther is the " contemporary " of Mohammed ; Napoleon of Alexander ; Goethe and Kant of Aristotle and Plato ; Schopenhauer and Nietzsche of Epicurus and Zeno. Finally the years 1800 to 2000 in Europe correspond to the years 300 to 100 B. C. in Rome.

The first volume of *The Decline of the West*, "Form and Actuality," starts, in the words of its author,

> from the form-language of the great Cultures, attempts to penetrate to the deepest roots of their origin, and so provides itself with the basis for a science of the Symbolic. The second part, "World-historical Perspectives," starts from the *facts of actual life*, and from the historical practice of higher mankind seeks to obtain a quintessence of historical experience that we can set to work upon in the formation of

our own future.

Not only does Spengler indicate in great detail the parallels between the different Cultures; he defines the character of each :—

> The Egyptian soul, conspicuously historical in its texture and impelled with primitive passion towards the infinite, perceived past and future as its *whole* world, and the present (which is identical with waking consciousness) appeared to him [the Egyptian] simply as the narrow common frontier of two immeasurable stretches.

In Indian Culture, on the other hand :—

> We have the perfectly ahistoric soul. There is no pure Indian astronomy, no calendar, and therefore no history so far as history is the track of a conscious spiritual evolution.

But it is to the Classical, Arabian, and Western Cultures that he devotes most of his attention.

Spengler makes no secret of his prejudice against "the Greek who describes his ego as *soma* (body) and who lacks all idea of an inner development and therefore all real history, inward and outward". He prefers "the Magian soul of the Arabian Culture with its algebra, astronomy and alchemy, its mosaics and arabesques, its caliphates and mosques, and the sacraments and scriptures of the Persian, Jewish, Christian, 'post-Classical' and Manichaean religions". Above all he resents the Romans, whose Empire stifled the "Magian Soul" to which he devotes nearly one quarter of his entire second volume.

But he reserves his greatest enthusiasm for the "Faustian Soul" of Western Europe, since it justifies his entire work.

> The Faustian soul looks for an immortality to follow the bodily end, a sort of marriage with endless space, and it disembodies the stone in its Gothic Thrust-system till at last nothing remained visible but the indwelling depth–and height–energy of this self-extension.

This yearning for the infinite has equipped Western man as he enters the period of Civilization to undertake such a study of world history as has never been made before and may never be made again since "we men of the Western Culture are, with our historical sense, an exception and not a rule". And Spengler offers his own theory of historical cycles as the best method of undertaking his appointed task.

From the standpoint of scholarship Spengler remains unchallenged. No important historian has yet detected any serious errors of fact in his interpretation of familiar material, and his interpretation of Arabian culture breaks new ground. His analysis of contemporary affairs also holds water. We have entered upon what was known in China as the period of "contending states" and what was known in Classical times as the "Punic Wars". To-day "the coming of Cæsarism breaks the dictature of money and its political weapon democracy" just as Marius and Sulla broke down the Roman Republic. Finally, few would dispute Spengler's emphasis on the machine as the unique contribution of Western Europe. In spite of his personal antagonism to Communism he even admits that Russia is on the verge of creating a new Culture as distinctive as any that has gone before but he regards Dostoevsky, not Lenin, as its precursor. "To Dostoevsky's Christianity the next thousand years will belong."

So much for Spengler's method and the results they have yielded. How much respect do they deserve? As a monument of scholarship and literature, *The Decline of the West* belongs on the same shelf with the works of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer; its journalistic flourishes surpass H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* which may be regarded as its British equivalent. Spengler himself, however, cannot be ranked among the immortals, with Goethe, Voltaire or Marx, with that small body of men whose work actually changed the face of the world. Even his theory of historic cycles remains a brilliant *tour de force* that falls apart if pushed too far into the remote past.

Ten years after *The Decline of the West* he wrote another and much shorter book, *Man and Technics*, that shows on what a shaky base his whole structure rests. Here he not only makes the categorical assertion that "man is a beast of prey"; he flatly declares that man emerged suddenly "like everything decisive in world history" fifteen thousand years before the birth of Christ. Man owed his first success to his hands, but it took him ten thousand years to develop a communal life and at that point history began.

Needless to say, there is no more reason to accept this theory than to accept the Darwinian theory on which Spengler heaps scorn; both are mere hypotheses. But if we do admit the revolutionary effects that the human hand and human organization have had on human history, we must also admit that the harnessing of natural forces during the last two hundred years has created a revolution at least as sudden and as far-reaching as the two earlier revolutions on which Spengler bases his whole work. The best that can be said for the theory of historic cycles is that it may hold good for the seven known Cultures, and does yield results when applied to the three of which we have anything like a complete knowledge. It excludes however the possibility that other Cultures of an entirely different nature may be lost in the mists of antiquity. Furthermore, Spengler would impose his theory on us at a time when, even by his own assumptions, mankind's tools have undergone the most revolutionary change in fifteen thousand years.

In this period of rigidly limited possibilities when the Culture of the West is freezing into Civilization, when the artists, philosophers, poets and musicians have fulfilled their accomplished tasks, when "the men of the new generation" should devote themselves "to technics instead of to lyrics, to the sea instead of the paint-brush, to politics instead of epistemology," Spengler maintains that "many an inventor, many a diplomat, many a financier is a sounder philosopher than all those who practise the dull craft of experimental psychology". He looks around him in vain "for an instance in which a modern 'philosopher' has made one deep or far-seeing pronouncement on an important question of the day". But he would be as unsympathetic to the socialism of a Steinmetz or the pacifism of an Einstein as he would be contemptuous of the philosophisings of a Montagu Norman, a J. P. Morgan or a Norman Davis.

Actually Spengler's own work is its own most complete refutation: its value lies not in its contribution to science, statecraft, or technology, but in its poetic vision. He has not revealed the secret of the ages, but the soul of the twentieth-century Germany, a hothouse growth. For between 1848 and 1914 Germany changed from an inchoate group of independent and backward states into a highly centralized Empire possessing the finest industrial equipment and the most highly trained personnel in Europe. England has taken twice as long to pass through a corresponding period of development and during those years produced, among other things, historians and philosophers who reinterpreted past and present in the light of changing conditions. Germany, on the other hand, crammed into the space of a single human lifetime transformations which in England had been interpreted by Adam Smith in one century, by Charles Darwin in another and by Alfred Whitehead in a third.

This sudden emergence of Germany as a world power accounts in a large measure for Spengler's defects as well as for his qualities.

His literary and intellectual powers are beyond dispute and would have made him an outstanding figure in any age. But his sublime assurance that he can foresee history smacks of the nineteenth century rather than the twentieth.

Nor does he give any indication of having grasped the world revolution that the nineteenth century produced He rails at the white race for having sold its birthright—technology—to the coloured peoples, as if any other course had been possible in an age of mass production and high-speed communication. He announces not the birth of a new idea but the death-rattle of an old.

QUINCY HOWE

POETRY AND COMMON SENSE

II. THE POET AS MAGICIAN

[In the first instalment of this essay, which appeared in our pages last month, **Mr. L. A. G. Strong** used the key of dreams to understand the activity of the poet's consciousness. He continues his examination to show how the true poet is a magician.

Just as psycho-analysis fails as an aid to a real understanding of dreams, so modern science fails to help us to know the nature of real magic. Poetry is a door which leads to the mysteries both of dreams and of magic, but one must go to ancient Indian views to obtain the key that fits.

A dreamer is subject to his imagination ; a magician is master of his image-making faculty. The Vedic sages were poets who heard the melodious incantations of the Gods and recorded them in deathless hymns. Therefore they were called the Seers of the Mantras (मंत्रद्रष्टार:) ; they repeated in the language of men the ideas of divinities, and their incantations are said to offer mortals the power to reach the world of the immortals.

In the struggles of the poet of to-day Mr. Strong perceives the birth-pangs of the Genius-Magician who, hearing the Song of the Gods, would transcribe it as a message for the children of men.—Eds.]

A poem is not an arbitrary way of saying something which can be said in another form. It is the unique statement of something which must otherwise go unsaid. Infinite harm is done to impressionable minds, in schools and other places, by setting as an exercise the paraphrasing of poetry into prose. Not only is the exercise useless, but it inculcates an idea which is harmful to all future appreciation of poetry: the idea that poetry is an artificial way of saying something, a sort of fancy dress for a prose statement. It is nothing of the kind. There are a great many reasons why it is nothing of the kind, but the vital reason is that the magic of the poem and the emotion it rouses are as much a part of the poem, of its truth and reality, as any content of it which we can express in prose.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

The significance of this is swift and obvious. It hits the mind like a lightning flash. To put it into prose yields either nonsense, or nothing. It will not bear logical prose analysis for a moment. Tigers do not burn, and even if we take " burning bright " to be an allusion to their stripes, " in the forests of the night " these would be invisible. The thing is of a higher order of statement than prose. It is the utterance of the kindled imagination, carrying instantaneous conviction. It says more about the essential tigerishness of the tiger than pages of a natural history book. Nothing could show more clearly the fatuousness of thinking of poetry in terms of prose. In case any reader of these lines has ever set children this absurd kind of task, I would implore him or her to desist at once from a practice which all poets abominate, and which puts a definite and too often a permanent obstacle in the way of the child's subsequent appreciation of poetry.

We have now come to a position from which can be seen exactly what Professor Housman means when he says that poetry is not the thing said but a way of saying it. He means that poetry is not valuable for any logical wisdom or prose content which may possibly be extracted from it. It is valuable for the poem itself, from which no "thing said" can be separable. The magicians of old time used to utter incantations whereby they hoped to summon up spirits. The poet likewise utters incantations, which he hopes will call up the shapes of beauty which have troubled his mind. These shapes he can never expressly set down. He can only call them up by his magic. They elude definition. Poetry is an attempt to reach out and snare the intangible by tangible means. The most a poem can be is an organised collection of symbols which will call up beauty and feeling to our hearts.

WEST WIND

O white austerity,
Less cloud than flying air,
Light more than birds:

Under this sky how lost
The word that dowers form
Or prisons quality:

For what we see we know,
Yet know not with our eyes,
Cannot discern

Bird, light, or cloud
In the pure vision blown
Over our heads, and gone.

It is always like that; the pure vision is blown over our heads and gone before our lagging prose minds can analyse or define it. It is a fleeting image, to be recalled only by magic, and the poet is the magician. His magic lies in symbols.

The philosopher Berkeley spoke of the material universe as a kind of language, expressing in finite terms the thoughts of the Infinite Mind. In a similar way we may envisage the poet making use of tangible symbols to express thoughts otherwise beyond his reach. Just as a crowd is more than the sum total of the characteristics of those who make it up; just as the love of two human beings for one another is not two factors but three, the third being the influence of one upon the other; so a poem which, considered prosaically, is but a chance assortment of the names for various qualities and actions, is more than the sum of those names. There is also the magical factor, the factor of their association in such a way as to produce music, and an incantation to call up shapes and spirits that are otherwise inaccessible. It does not matter by what symbols this is done, whether they are new symbols personal to the poet, or whether they are drawn from the oldest of mythologies. As long as the poet is inspired and knows his craft, the symbols will do their work.

STILL-HEART

Dread are the death-pale Kings
Who bend to the oar,
Dread is the voice that sings
On the starless shore,

Lamentations and woes ;
Cold on the wave
Beautiful Still-Heart goes
To the rock hewn grave.
The limbs are bound, and the breasts
That I kissed are cold ;
Beautiful Still-Heart rests
With the queens of old.

These verses by a little-known poet, Dr. Pearce Sturm, whose symbols are generally taken from Egyptian mythology, at once arrest our attention. Why ?

This is no place for a discussion of such deep theories of symbolism as are put forward, for instance, by Dr. Jung, or for investigation into theories of the memory of the race. It is true enough that, as I found during the years I spent teaching, children will often dream versions of classical myths and legends which they could never have read in any book, and which make very plain the significance of their dreams. It is true also that there is a certain elementary symbolism buried so deep in our minds that we take it literally, without realising what it is or why we do so. There is no need to go into this, not only because it is disputable and would lead to all sorts of irrelevances, but because it does not matter. It is enough if we realise that the symbolism of a poem, the language, the imagery—call it what we will—has for us a magical effect which cannot be attached to any of the words or pictures or images taken from their context and considered separately. If a certain association of words makes our eyes smart and sends a tingling sensation up our spine ; if it sets our minds wandering upon a higher level and seems to add for the moment a cubit to our spiritual stature, then it is enough for us to be content with the fact and to leave speculation on one side. It is the poet who has wrought this magic upon us, and we need not inquire over-deeply into the means. Of the pedantry which too often comes from such inquiry, a total loss of spirit in a waste of letters, the older universities have lately been providing us with fearsome examples. In art as in religion, definition often leads to heresy : and the reason for this is that it is almost always an attempt at analysis upon mistaken lines. The man who sits down to analyse a poem and the effect it has had upon him, unless he is himself a poet or a critic of exceptional sensibility, will almost inevitably bring the wrong sort of technique to his task. He will attempt to make a scientific analysis, an analysis by enumeration, and his attempt will be foredoomed to fail. A scientist, who is also an artist, Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, has recently published a book, *Limitations of Science*, in which he tells us what, in his opinion, science can do and what it cannot.

> The fact that science is confined to a knowledge of structure is obviously of great " humanistic " importance. For it means that the problem of the nature of reality is not prejudged. We are no longer required to believe that our response to beauty, or the mystic's sense of communion with God, have no objective counterpart. It is perfectly possible that they are, what they have so often been taken to be, clues to the nature of reality. Thus our various experiences are put on a more equal footing as it were. Our

religious aspirations, our perceptions of beauty, may not be the essentially illusory phenomena they were supposed to be. In this new scientific universe even mystics may have a right to exist.

Science can tell us about the structure of things. It can tell us about the structure of a poem. It can tell us—perhaps, if it can be brought to handle anything so disputable—about the exact connotation of the various classical symbols used in a poem. But there it stops short. The scientist who is also an artist, in other words, the man of supreme common sense, will approach a poem on its own ground, and analyse it in its own terminology. He will not leave out those intuitions which, on his own showing, may be a permanent aspect of reality. The mistake of those teachers referred to just now, who approach a poem from the angle of prose and invite their pupils to do so, will be impossible to him. Common sense in everyday life is the faculty of dealing with a situation in its own terms, of dealing with life in the round, of approaching a three-dimensional object in a three-dimensional way. The spirit of poetry may be likened to a kind of fourth dimension. To approach a four-dimensional reality in terms of three dimensions is not common sense, but nonsense. It will now be plain, if it has not been plain already, why, in connecting the term "common sense" with poetry, I am intending to poetry no disrespect. Common sense is a faculty which the world admires, the faculty for approaching things and people as they are. We should approach poetry as it is.

Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears—
Ah, she did depart.

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by.
Silently, invisibly—
He took her with a sigh.

Mr. Middleton Murry, in his recent book on Blake, a book with many evidences of profound perception, would have us believe that this poem means little more than Blake's comment on the unwisdom of confiding to one's wife the fact that one admires another lady. He is led to make this interpretation by an actual experience of Blake in the realms of everyday fact. Here for once Mr. Murry has made the mistake of approaching poetry through the medium of prose, of attempting to interpret a four-dimensional reality in terms of three dimensions. There are some who *know* that the poem means more than this. It has, in the holy sense of the word, mystery. It has magic. With our spirits we may know what it means, and know that it is a meaning insusceptible to expression in prose, not merely the poetical equivalent of "Never let on too much to the wife". (It is patently unfair to Mr. Murry to make this the sole mention of his book, which sheds a very definite light upon Blake, and is an indispensable part of the Blake student's library: but it is an instance in point.)

The fact is, as has already been insisted, the poet is always busy trying to reduce to language the things that are beyond language. Language lags behind perception. It is a kind of common agreement to give certain names to the things men see often enough to be able to agree about them. The poet sees ahead. He sees things before there is any agreement as to what they shall be called, and has somehow to adapt language as he knows it so as to make a permanent and personal record of what he has seen. Goethe says of this:—

> If now a man of genius gains an insight into the secret operations of Nature, the language which has been handed down to him is inadequate to express anything so remote from ordinary affairs. He ought to have at his command the language of spirits to express truly his peculiar perceptions.

The language of spirits: that is what poetry is, and that is why it must be approached, not in the terms of any special science or technique, but with all faculties, in the round; in other words, with common sense.

When we come then to the study of poetry, and particularly to the study of contemporary poetry, we are first of all likely to be held up by difficulties in the thought. The poet who is ahead of his time, who is endeavouring in the terms of some personal symbolism to express thoughts and visions which have not come the way of the rest of us, is probably going to be what we call obscure. There is a great deal of this obscurity at the present time, principally because the younger poets are insisting that, to be alive, poetry must take note of the difficulties and social chaos of the time. Many of the young poets profess in their work a kind of theoretical communism, a brotherhood of man along the only terms in which they can see it. This does not make their work any easier, but, however we look upon it, we must accept it as the first constructive impulse out of the disillusionment into which their generation has been born. We must accept it in the hope that it will produce poetry. In the long run, almost all theories of art go the same way. A genuine impulse in poetry lasts perhaps thirty years, perhaps not so long. Of these, the first years are those of rebellion, chaos, and experiment. Then the wave sweeps to its peak, and the genius or the highest talents of the movement do their best work. After that, the movement declines, becomes conventional and respectable, till it in turn is rebelled against by a new movement. What the original impulse was does not matter to anyone but the poets. All that matters is the one or two or three works of genius or great talent which the movement produced. Hence the precise poetic faith of the newest movement, any theory its leaders may have adopted, is less important than the work it produces and may produce. Least of all is it a reason for suspecting or deriding the poets. It may as a theory be wrong as wrong can be—and I personally suspect that it is wrong; but that is neither here nor there.

Some of these new poets,—I

have not only read what they say, but am honoured with their personal acquaintance—maintain that poetry will die if it does not take account of and spring from the social order of the day. They savagely deride the Georgians and the Nature poets of this century as refugees from reality, mere escapers who have dodged their responsibilities. This seems to me fallacious, and for several reasons. First of all, it begs the question whether in contemplating nature a man is not living as intensely as when contesting a by-election on the Socialist ticket. Secondly, it rules out the contemplative life, an exclusion which history has always shown to be disastrous. Thirdly it goes flat against the history of poetry and art in general. We know that rather over a hundred years ago Coleridge advocated a communistic theory of life as fiercely as any modern poet. Yet Pantisocracy is not what we remember Coleridge for to-day. Shelley held all manner of political and social theories, including a strong dose of Godwin's Liberalism; yet I suggest that when Shelley's name is mentioned these are not the first things about him which we recall. The young Wordsworth was passionately interested in the French Revolution, but to-day we turn to the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* and the *Sonnet on Westminster Bridge*. Poetry is written out of conflict and disturbance in the soul. There is no lack of conflict to-day, and plenty to disturb the soul of a sensitive observer. There is also plenty of poetry being written, and I think that soon the genius of the movement will come, even supposing he has not come already. We have been going through an age of spade-work in the arts, and spade-work is highly honourable. The genius who is to come will profit by all these labours, will pick up from all the experiments what is valuable for his purpose, will make his magical synthesis and produce the work which will be the full and ample justification of the labours of those who have gone before.

Let us be prepared, then, to find difficulty and harshness in contemporary poetry, and to make allowances for it. At the same time, it is folly to be browbeaten into the acceptance of any particular theory, or to have our admiration exclusively commanded by work of any particular kind. Poetry matters a great deal more than poets. We have at our backs the greatest treasury of poetry possessed by any country in the world. Let us study it sensitively, and study the new poetry sensitively, avoiding complacent insistence upon the supposed rightness of our own tastes, and being always ready for an adventure. If our poetic reading has not prepared us for adventure, it has done us little good. We ought all to be ready for the shock of meeting something new and strange and vital. Dr. W. B. Yeats, whom no one who talks about poetry can escape from quoting, said once that culture consisted, not in acquiring opinions, but in shedding them. Our studies in poetry ought to have left us with minds sensitive, flexible and experimental, not rigidly loaded with opinions. Let us read the new poetry without prejudice, and when we meet anything which strikes us as difficult or even ugly, let us not timidly scuttle back to what we understand and feel safe with, nor complacently lay hands upon some classic and condemn the new for not resembling it. We have our own tastes, and as sincere human beings we must be loyal to them; but loyal in humility.

L. A. G. STRONG

WAR AND PRIESTS OF THE CHURCH

The International Union of Anti-militarist Ministers and Clergymen was formed in 1928 at Amsterdam and is said to number already 8,000 members. The clerical profession has not usually been distinguished for its clear perception of the incompatibility of war and preparations for war with the Gospel of Jesus. That incompatibility, however, is fearlessly proclaimed in a protest dated January, 1935, to the French Government from the Dutch Branch of that Union. The protest was signed by all members of the council and 320 clergymen, members of that Branch, "Kerk en Vrede".

The protest was against the imprisonment of Pasteur Philippe Vernier, who for conscientious scruples had declined to undergo military training. The courageous martyr to his convictions is reported, after nine and a half months' imprisonment, to have again refused to join his regiment and to be now in solitary confinement at Marseilles, under a two-year sentence. The protest to the French Foreign Minister requests his release and recommends the drafting of a measure like those passed in the Netherlands and Scandinavian countries to give conscientious objectors the opportunity of serving their country in the civil instead of the military service.

We confess to considerable gratification at the firm stand of these clergymen on the Christian Teacher's injunction of *ahimsa*: Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

PH. D.

THE HOME AND THE WOMAN

[Here are the pronouncements of two thinkers—an English man, **J. S. Collis** and an American woman, **Mary R. Beard**. The Englishman deplores the disappearance of the family, and the consequent loneliness of the individual—" the most appalling result of the machine". The American Feminist surveys the achievements of her sex, and hears the new throb of the woman's heart, " a desire to play a better social role"—not by the rebuilding of the family but by " a braver and more intelligent advance into life in the large".

In our civilization the individual is lost in the mass—the State is regarded as more important than the citizen. The social club imposes its morality, the political party enforces its programme, and the Trades Union inculcates its "ca' canny" methods—not so much with the idea that the minds of their respective members might be benefited, but rather that each organization should get its own way, subjugating the individual wills of its component units. Individual life has become lonely, and most men and women are wandering monks and nuns in this wilderness called the world—each selfishly seeking the peace of God (which, to them, is self-satisfaction) and as selfishly trying to attain immortality (which means keeping fit in order to survive as long as possible in the struggle of life).

Psychologically Japan has become a part of Europe, and China and India may follow suit. To rebuild the collapsed institution of the home, the modern thinker must adapt the ancient pattern (still technically recognized in India) of the Four Orders through which every man and every woman passed in succession, looking upon each of them as a training ground for the soul, as a field for evolution.

We include in this series a third article, describing this ancient pattern, which can be adapted to modern conditions.—EDS.]

I.—WHY RELIGION IS NECESSARY

> What life have you if you have not life together ?
> There is no life that is not in community,
> And no community not lived in praise of God . . .
> And now you live dispersed on ribbon roads,
> And no man knows or cares who is his neighbour
> Unless his neighbour makes too much disturbance,
> But all dash to and fro in motor cars,
> Familiar with the roads and settled nowhere.
> Nor does the family move about together,
> But every son would have his motor cycle,
> And daughters ride away on casual pillions.
>
> T. S. ELIOT

Religion is what men do with their solitariness, is a definition given by Whitehead. It is all right as far as it goes, but it certainly takes us only a very short distance. Some people might even regard it as the antithesis of religion, which is essentially a binding together, a communion of souls. For though religion can only begin when the individual has created his soul, it can scarcely be said to bear fruit if the social life is not thereafter enriched. If a scientist had not given that definition it is doubtful whether it would have been taken seriously by the religious world.

Now it is precisely in lack of

communion that modern life is particularly desperate. For our mastery of the Machine has led to the most miserable of all goals—loneliness. We are continually told that owing to the machine life is becoming wider for everyone. It certainly is. From henceforth no man is limited by the village in which he lives. The skyline of the ploughed field is no longer the end of any man's vision. He has only to go to the nearest cinema to see all the world unfolded before him. He need not go to the cinema, he need not stir from his house or cottage—for instructors, lecturers, entertainers from every part of the earth are waiting on him if he will but press the radio switch. And when he is bored with his particular place, he has only to leap on to a car, a bus, a tram, a train, an aeroplane, a liner, and be swiftly taken somewhere else. If he is rich he can go anywhere; if he is poor he can at least see everywhere and hear everything.

But this leads away from all we most profoundly desire. There is only one thing we really want—and that is friendship. Call it congenial society, if you like. That is what we want. If we live amongst people whom we like, we can dispose of the motor car. Though it is pleasant to have a radio set, we can dispose of it also if we love our neighbours.

Yet never before has the neighbour been less loved. In this era of the most unexampled amount of discussion regarding socialism and communism there is less social spirit and less communion than in the whole of recorded time.

That is what it has now come to—in England especially—the country of inhuman humanitarians. There is no longer any society. There never has been a large society. But there have been circles. Many people groaned at the smallness and pettiness of their circle. Now nearly all circles have been broken down and the individual stands alone: he—and especially she—has no circle at all. There has never been greater loneliness than to-day.

This is far the most appalling result of the Machine. It is heartbreaking. In the old days the life of the village was centred round the Manor or the Big House. And the Church was an integral part of the little kingdom. Now the Manor is dead, and the Church is dead. Now there are less rich and less poor. In the old times a crowd of servants and labourers worked together, and were happy to that extent; now everyone is as good as everyone else—and perfectly miserable. The peaceful hamlet no longer exists. By peace I do not mean lack of conflict and gossip; such things make the life of any community. I mean freedom from restlessness, and the conditions of social life. But to-day no one is at rest. Everyone wants to get out into the world—or at any rate into the town.

But is it better in the town? It is not better. We pass from the hateful village into the hateful city or into the still more loathsome garden city. And once more we find everything except love and friendship. A hundred years ago Wordsworth was amazed when he visited London to find that no one knew his next door neighbour. Now no one knows or speaks to the people who live in the same house. There are thousands of streets in London consisting of large houses each of which was once inhabited by a family. But now the circle that consisted of a big family has disappeared, and each one of these houses is divided up into "flats" where either single individuals or tiny families exist in isolation. Often there are as many as five families living in one old family house—and each would separate itself stellar distance from contact with its neighbour. Elsewhere enormous buildings are set up straightaway as flats which house often over a hundred or two hundred people, none of whom address a word to each other unless to complain about noise.

Thus the smallest circle left is the family. And nowadays the family consists of mother, father, and two to three children at most. This small unit would hold together if there was a community. Family life is only possible when each family mingles with other families on a family basis. When it has to feed upon itself it cannot stand the strain. And now it makes little attempt to stand that strain. Each member of every household endeavours to escape by means of the Machine.

The words by Mr T. S. Eliot in "The Rock" quoted at the head of this article, are very true. And his remark—"no community not lived in praise of God" is central. Men cannot unite save in their knowledge of God.

For the sake of clarity I have written this purely with an eye to England. Is it universal? Is the same thing happening in the East? Or is it only *about to happen*—in spite of all Gandhi's efforts?

J. S. Collis

II.—THE NEW FEMINISM

The word "new" as applied to any movement suggests a sharp break with the "old," a contrast, a clash, whereas the so-called new movement may be in fact but the natural growth of wisdom based on experience, part and parcel of a movement long in process of development. It is customary, for example, outside Russia to-day to regard the life and labour of women under the Soviet Republic as marking a radical change in the nature and spirit of Russian women themselves and a revolutionized attitude of Russian men toward the opposite sex. But the history of the Russian people warrants no such conclusion. In a recent work entitled *Women in Soviet Russia*, Fannina Halle shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that the social role of the Russian women to-day derives from the indomitable spirit of their sex manifest throughout their history running back to the matriarchate. Their active and responsible share in the making of a worker's republic is the same active and responsible share they have had in making every other type of society Russia has known. No attempt on the part of wilful males, even of the forceful Peter, to subdue the Russian women to arbitrary notions of the proprieties has found them utterly pliable. Only on paper has there been gross sex subjection. The Slav woman has been of a bold breed. If at this moment in time the Russian women are a prime factor in the operation of a workers' republic, it is because they have always been a prime factor in work and its direction. One could not therefore with justification speak of a "new feminism" in Russia as if it were a sudden expression of a sex long somnolent. Sex equality in Russia at this moment in time is a chip off the old block of feminine energy and resourcefulness characteristic of the Russian women since the dawn of time.

Nor have other women in truth been the passive and oppressed sex which written laws have often made them appear to modern historians who see life merely through the spectacles of statutes. More critical writers point out, for instance, the sex issues which coloured all Greek drama and letters. To the Greek sex struggle they give a setting in the effort of statesmen to establish private property and its affiliate, family loyalty, amid a popular preference for the traditional liberty to love and roam. If one examines t sources without prejudice, o discovers feminism self-conscio and vigorous throughout the ce turies of Greek preëminence.

The Vedic hymns show how t proud women of another ra entered upon marriage, with fu appreciation of its advantage particularly in the matter of grea er security for their childre Later when women of India and o Rome rejected marriage for ascet cism, their new attitude towar life reflected in large measure thei experiences with war and politics In other words, asceticism ha roots in the political economy o India and Rome. So it did in Eng land and in places on the conti nent of Europe where monasticism for women meant rather an escape into life than a flight from it.

Yet the modern world has grown accustomed to think of feminist insurgence, on any scale at least, as a phenomenon peculiar to itself. Feminism is now generally associated with the bourgeois economy of the contemporary age. Its challenging sex ring is to-day pitched in tone to the strident competition characteristic of the capitalist process of industry. Its declared objective—sex equality—has given countenance to the belief that sex subjection has throughout all the ages of mankind been an actuality. Its Holy Writ—the Woman's Declaration of Independence—drawn up at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848, (a programme of "woman's rights" patterned upon the programme of men's "rights" proclaimed in 1776 at Philadelphia,) has tended to obscure the fact that rights so conceived for man or woman were a late arrival on the historic stage. In the nineteenth century the habit of taking for granted that one sex has been dominant over the other throughout time spread and grew rigid. This habit was encouraged by such special pleading as that of the German Socialist, August Bebel, and that of the English Liberal, John Stuart Mill, both of whom argued that women had been as *nothing* in the past but could quickly—indeed automatically—become *something* by joining the Socialist party or by engaging in the democratic competition of a capitalist regime. Though these two parliamentary leaders relied on statutory law for their store of power (much as if one were to rely on a law of prohibition or repeal with respect to the liquor traffic as a faithful picture of liquor consumption) they played messianic roles in their mastery over the minds of men and women devoid of any historic knowledge even of law. Their reasoning was effective because convenient. But in such ways women became a lost sex—lost to themselves, to history, to political science, to the social sciences, to ethics and to philosophy. They entered the intellectual arena with but a casual appearance as "women in industry" or careerists.

Since men had invented the major machines of an industrial revolution and were manipulating them to suit their own taste, women learned to observe only men in their landscape and to talk about the "man's world" as if it were the only world in which they could steer their course, and imitatively. The factory system brought to women accustomed to the security of household industry the immediate issue of how they were to obtain food, clothing and shelter in a changed economy, and it was natural for them to concentrate overmuch on this immediate and burning question. Lightly they relegated their mothers and grandmothers to the status of anachronisms and spent no time studying their relation to the system that had gone before.

For American women this new order of life and labour had exceptionally exciting and alluring potentialities for a while. When the feminist programme was framed in New York in 1848 calling for equality of rights as between the sexes, a virgin continent of enormous size and natural wealth invited them to acquire and enjoy. For its exploitation amazing instruments had just been devised, and more were steadily available. Railways, steamships, automobiles and airplanes made physical movement across so vast a space a remarkably easy affair. The machines for mining and farming, for cutting timber and pumping water were so adapted to a swift and productive exploitation of minerals and soil, of trees and streams, that the future was lost sight of in the rush to profit by the present. Never had women at large been so tempted to forsake their primordial concern for human welfare in the large and plunge on such a scale into self-aggrandisement, sometimes given the charming name of "personality". "Success" in terms of income and personal power was written blatantly in their heavens. A bourgeois complacency settled down upon the successful, equipped with the civil and political as well as the mechanical machinery for making headway in the "man's world".

Unfortunately for feminism so conceived—and so influential as a philosophy of life and labour among all the races of women in the world affected by the industrial revolution—capitalistic competition received a stunning blow when its excesses brought on a world trade war less than a century after 1848. The outcome was a resurgence of sheer brute force of a masculine temper in many parts of the world. Then in country after country women were pushed out of gainful occupations and driven to unpaid labour at home, divorced from the original access to raw materials which had once relieved that labour of its stigma and made it a work of joy and art. If Italy and Germany were the frankest in their display of anti-feminist zeal, even in Britain and the United States where gainful occupations for women, with wide business and professional opportunities, had become an accepted custom, the tide turned to running swiftly against equality so conceived. The "man's world" was having to battle for survival within itself. And as the year 1935 goes on its way British and American women seem we aware that they may be unde siege in the last fortresses of feminism unqualifiedly indivic ualistic in design.

In the circumstances, what ar women's choices with respect t life and labour? They may remai intransigent defenders of thei "rights" irrespective of how thei rights are to be upheld, and so di intellectually at their posts, if tha is the alternative to thought. They may retreat to asylums in kitchens and nurseries and try to forget i that seclusion the big world outside, or solace themselves, if its memory breaks in upon their minds, with the thought that they are loyal servitors of the State, accepting martyrdom as supreme wisdom. They may come to terms with life and labour on a more substantial basis.

Indeed all these choices now figure in the decisions of women. There are those who are satisfied with "equality" even though it be only equality in disaster. There are those who turn away from the liberal philosophy of traditional feminism and worship at the shrine of the totalitarian state demanding of them the ultimate offering. No more avid supporters of Nazism exist, for example, than some of the ex-liberal German women who are ecstatic in their readiness to yield themselves and their sons as sacrifices to the revived God of War, eternal foe of feminism of every brand.

But a powerful mass movement of women now assumes another form. Its objective is a more moral world than either individualistic equality or self-annihilation creates. Millions of women are catching up with Emerson, whether they know it or not, who said, referring to Napoleon's failure :—

> He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of the man and the world, which balked and ruined him ; and the result, in a million experiments, would be the same.

Through the disaster conditioned by ruthless competition, induced in large measure by self-love, rises a compassion for a humanity-in-grief which savours of the understanding and sympathy of a first woman, a Mother Goddess, a Buddha, or a Christ. Women are reverting to first principles—the principles of mutual aid—without which human society could never have got a start, and apart from which it has no future worth contemplating. Feminists are enlarging their mental and spiritual horizon. They have travelled afar. They have seen and heard and felt. They have had experiences, with life and its labour. They have read the thoughts about thought. They are socializing themselves as a consequence. They are growing ethical. Their assemblies, their organisations, their journals, their programmes, their books, their outcry against the resurgence of force in international relations, their analyses of their own misadventures all indicate a deep-seated re-evaluating of objectives and a desire to play a better social role.

The new feminism, so conceived, does not call for a withdrawal from life in the large. On the contrary it demands a braver and more intelligent advance into life in the large. It is still activist in temper. But it is creative for that very reason. There is no mood of resignation in its spirit. It breathes of feminine indomitability as of yore. But the revision of its goals is clearly evident in recent women's conferences, notably at Chicago.

In July of 1933 at Chicago two great assemblies of women,—one international and resulting from the call of twenty affiliated national American women's associations claiming a total membership of five million, the other the Federation of Business and Professional Women,—took up the study of civilisation as a common concern and the issue of planning for its improvement.

It was generally agreed that while the initiative, courage, and competence of individualistic feminism were to be retained and no civil and political privileges renounced, social responsibilities were to be assumed as an antidote to excessive concentration on self. In this decision anthropology and other forms of modern knowledge played their part. Since the discovery has been made that woman launched civilisation, that she brought to bear on the first human crisis the essential intelligence necessary to save human life from destruction, that she in fact made the first clear distinction between the beast and the human by her invention of the industrial arts, that she was the more likely inventor of agriculture, that she apparently found labour a joy judging from the beauty of her implements, that her respect for the group life was a primordial excellence, women now feel less ashamed to talk about social responsibilities and the commonweal even in machine-industry countries.

The primordial humanitarianism of the woman has indeed remained a trait of woman throughout the ages. If it can now utilize the agencies of modern technology while holding fast to its commonweal urge, the most creative stage in human life may be reached—to enrich the story of mankind's experiences with itself. That experience has been fruitful of more good than evil, or humanity would be such not even in name.

MARY R. BEARD

III.—THE FOUR ASHRAMAS

"Ashrama" is literally a resting place, a stage in a journey, and derives from the Sanskrit root "shram," "to suffer" or "to labour". Spiritual evolution consists of three successive steps—self-effort, birth-pangs, rhythmic growth. In the ancient Hindu Codes of Law the term "Ashrama" signifies a definite period of special spiritual discipline, of which there are four in one life. Varna or caste symbolizes the stages of the individual ego or soul during many lives on earth, while Ashrama restricts itself to the progress during a single life. The four stages are those of the Student, of the Householder, of the Retired Contemplator, and of the Disinterested Servant of all. Each stage has its discipline. Ancient Hindu Lawgivers like Baudhayana, Apastambha, Gautama, Manu and Yajnyavalkya have treated them in exhaustive detail. The following verses from Manu outline the four Ashramas:—

THE STUDENT

A student should live with his teacher and practise control of his senses.

He should abstain from meat, honey, tasty dishes, acid foods, perfumes, garlands, and women. He should not injure any living creature.

He who takes the vow of discipleship must beg his food; but he should not ask it from one person only.

The student should apply himself to the study of Vedas even when his teacher has not expressly ordered him to do so. He must also try to be of service to his teacher.

THE HOUSEHOLDER

After living with his teacher for the fourth part of his life the student should marry and spend his second quarter in the household stage.

The householder should gain wealth by blameless occupations and only for the purpose of maintenance; he should not be avaricious in gaining property and his vocation should be in conformity with his caste.

For the sake of livelihood he should never stoop to the foul ways of the world; he should live a pure, simple and honest life.

He should avoid all ways of making

money which would distract him from the study of the Vedas because it is that study which will enable him to fulfil the main object of his life, namely, the realization of the Self.

The householder should practise hospitality—but with discrimination.

Having first honoured the gods, the guardian deities of the home, the Pitris, the sages and men, the householder should eat whatever is left over.

He should not indulge in sensual pleasures, and should particularly guard himself in this. He should not accept presents and gifts from anybody.

THE RETIRED CONTEMPLATOR

When a householder has grown old, with grey hair and skin wrinkled; when he has had grandsons, he should retire to a forest for a secluded life.

After studying the Vedas, having produced the progeny in obedience to the sacred law, a man is fit to direct his mind to final liberation.

He should cast away all his possessions and should live simply on roots and fruit. His wife may accompany him or he may leave her with his sons.

He should study the Vedas, be patient in all troubles and hardships. He should be friendly to all; he should have a poised mind and compassion towards all.

THE DISINTERESTED SERVANT

The real ascetic should desire neither to die nor to live; as a servant waits for his wages he should bide his time of departure from this world.

Let him not be sorry if he obtains nothing nor rejoice if he obtains much. Let him accept only that which is necessary for the sustenance of life.

By the control of his senses, by overcoming love and hate, and by complete abstention from violence towards all creatures, the renouncer becomes fit for immortality.

When he becomes indifferent to all objects of desire he gains everlasting peace here and hereafter.

The renouncer who has thus reached the apex of detachment and who has freed himself from all the pairs of opposites, reposes himself in Brahman the Absolute.

These four Stages were marked out by the ancient Hindu Seers in accordance with the laws of human nature and of its spiritual growth. Rhythm is the keynote of all truly natural processes. Lop-sided growth is the sign of a degenerating organism. Our civilization is too far ahead in its cerebrative development. The ratiocinative faculty in man has become hyperactive; but his moral nature remains undeveloped and the spirit in him is unawakened. This is because the principle of Ashrama has been completely ignored in the constitution of modern Western culture. In India of the ancient days the Ashramas were a living reality; now they are no more than a dead ritual.

The principle of "Ashrama" can be successfully applied to modern life and conditions. Our universities, colleges and schools can revive the ancient Stage of Discipleship by creating a new atmosphere of purity, of disinterested learning, of moral sincerity and spiritual earnestness.

The modern loneliness referred to by Mr. Collis results from the absence of real family ties and from the consequent lack of opportunities for cultivating true affection and mutual dependence. Spiritual perception can be best awakened and unfolded by reviving the institution of the family which our present civilization has almost wrecked. Life in a united family gives the necessary scope for exercising our moral nature; there, we are constantly called upon to recognize our responsibilities as also to fulfil our duties. We are also required to be unselfish by the very nature of the situations in which the corporate life in the family often places us. Again, woman's place in the family is vital; it provides a most fruitful opportunity for an all-sided unfoldment, rounding out her nature. Modern woman is anxious to express her gifts and exercise her capacities anywhere except in her proper sphere which is her own home. No wonder she too is a helpless victim to that boring loneliness which is the sorry fate of the man to whom she is wedded and of the children to whom she has given birth. Of all the four Ashramas, that of the householder is the most important. Says Manu :—

> As all streams, great and small, find their resting place in the ocean, even so, men at all Stages find protection with the householders.
>
> The disciple, the householder, the contemplator, and the disinterested servant of life—these constitute the four Ashramas of which that of the householder is the main foundation.

Unless the family becomes the object of central interest for all—men, women and children—life is bound to beget *ennui*.

Then as regards the third Ashrama: having duly fulfilled their duties towards the Family, men and women can prepare themselves and actually begin to spend their life in rendering *personal* help and *personal* service to the needy and to the suffering. And in the last stage of the Renouncer they should concentrate on the highest ideal of life—Meditation on the Infinite Being which is Itself the innermost nature of all beings and things, and which pours Itself out in compassion to all.

Teachings of Manu on the subject of Ashramas and on other sociological topics are based on eternal verities; they can be usefully adapted to modern conditions. "The laws of Manu are the doctrines of Plato, Philo, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, and of the Kabala. . . . Any one who has studied, even superficially, these philosophers, on reading the institutes of Manu, will clearly perceive that they all drew from the same source," says H. P. Blavatsky (*Isis Unveiled*, Vol. I, p. 271). No wonder that a Great Teacher advised modern aspirants to study Manu.

D. G. V.

BRAHMAN IN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY AND THE SECRET DOCTRINE

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In an article in THE ARYAN PATH for May 1933, I pointed out that Theosophy is an expression of the Esoteric Philosophy or the Secret Doctrine (Gupta Vidya) which is described as the mother of all ancient religious philosophies. It is my intention to show that Indian philosophy—which is admittedly the most ancient, successful and influential of all such ancient systems—represents especially in the Advaitic form one such system sprung from this Primeval Fount. It will be sufficient for this purpose to show the real agreement subsisting between the teachings of Theosophy as given in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* and the conclusions of Indian philosophy on such fundamentals as Brahman, Maya, Cosmology, etc. Such a study may help to remove the suspicion with which Theosophy is sometimes regarded in India, and aid in a more sympathetic appreciation of this Ancient Source.

> For in the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined ; and finally, that its teachings antedate the Vedas. (*The Secret Doctrine* I, xxxvii)

In another connection Madame Blavatsky states :—

> Buddhism (of Gautama, the Buddha) was "evoked" and entirely upreared on the tenets of the Secret Doctrine, of which a partial sketch is here attempted, and on which, also, the Upanishads are made to rest (*S. D.* I, 47).

Finally, in summing up her cosmogony, she claims :—

> It is not taught ["as a whole," and "in full," she must mean] in any of the six Indian schools of philosophy, for it pertains to their synthesis—the seventh, which is the Occult doctrine. It is not traced on any crumbling papyrus of Egypt, nor is it any longer graven on Assyrian tile or granite wall. The Books of the *Vedanta* (the last word of human knowledge) give out but the metaphysical aspect of this world-Cosmogony ; and their priceless, thesaurus, the *Upanishads*—*Upa-ni-shad* being a compound word meaning "the conquest of ignorance by the revelation of *secret, spiritual* knowledge"–require now the additional possession of a Master-key to enable the student to get at their full meaning. The reason for this I venture to state here as I learned it from a Master. (*S. D.* I, 269)

The following is peculiarly significant :—

> We say it again : Archaic Occultism would remain incomprehensible to all, if it were rendered otherwise than through the more familiar channels of Buddhism and Hinduism. For the former is the emanation of the latter and both are children of one mother—ancient *Lemuro-Atlantean Wisdom.* (*S. D.* I, 668)

To begin then with the conception of ultimate Reality or Brahman in Advaita : Ultimate Reality must be supposed to be eternal

Existence *per se*, transcending time and space; while specific forms of existence may be thought away, Being *as such* cannot thus be conjured away but must be presupposed, like Descartes' cogitating self, in every act of thought (*Brihadāranyaka*: II, i. 20). Madame Blavatsky prefers the expression "metaphysical ONE ABSOLUTE—BE-NESS," and says that it is "the first fundamental axiom of the Secret Doctrine". (*S. D.* I. 14)

> An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable PRINCIPLE. . . . one absolute Reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned being . . . the rootless root of "all that was, is, or ever shall be". . . . It is "Be-ness" rather than Being (in Sanskrit, *Sat*). (*Ibid*).

But Pure Being—devoid of all determinations—is according to Hegel equivalent to Pure Nothing or Non-being. Some Indian thinkers shy at this identification and criticise Hegel by saying that absolute non-being is unthinkable because it is self-contradictory. But Madame Blavatsky repeatedly endorses Hegel's dictum (*S. D.* I. 16, 53, 193). Her explanations, however, make it clear that she does not mean by non-being *nothing as such* but only fullness of Being.

> The idea of Eternal Non-Being, which is the One Being, will appear a paradox to anyone who does not remember that we limit our ideas of being to our present consciousness of existence; making it a specific, instead of a generic term. An unborn infant, could it think in our acceptation of that term, would necessarily limit its conception of being to the intra-uterine life which alone it knows; and were it to endeavour to express to its consciousness the idea of life after birth (death to it), it would, in the absence of data to go upon, and of faculties to comprehend such data, probably express that life as "Non-Being which is Real Being". (*S. D.* I, 45)

> *Asat* [Non-Being] is not merely the negation of *Sat*, nor is it the "not yet existing"; for *Sat* is in itself neither the "existent" nor "being." SAT is the immutable, the ever present, changeless and eternal root, from and through which all proceeds. . . . . It is the ever-becoming, though the never manifesting. *Sat* is born from *Asat*, and ASAT is begotten by *Sat*. (*S. D.* II, 449-450)

Thus with a better comprehension of the Indian view Madame Blavatsky is able to show that

> The Hegelian doctrine, which identifies *Absolute Being* or "Be-ness" with "non-Being," and represents the universe as an *eternal becoming* is identical with the Vedanta philosophy. (*S. D.* II, 449, footnote)

Such a Reality it need hardly be said must be One and Impartite, and external to it nothing exists.

Now such an Ultimate Reality must be unconditioned and non-relational (according to Advaita); for relation implies difference, and the Absolute is, *ex hypothesi*, undifferentiated, homogeneous, all-comprehensive oneness. The Absolute cannot contain either *swajātīya-bheda* (difference between distincts) or *vijātiya-bheda* (difference between opposites), but can there not be even *swagata-bheda* (difference-in-unity) within it? This is the fundamental issue which sharply divides the Advaita from the Viśistādvaita system, the latter holding that the Absolute is a Unity of differing parts.

The pronouncement of *The Se-*

cret Doctrine, however, sounds rather ambiguous on this point, though Madame Blavatsky stoutly defends Advaita. The One Existence is spoken of as "the undifferentiated essence" (I. 197). And yet she says: "The first and Fundamental dogma of Occultism is Universal Unity (or Homogeneity) *under three aspects.*" (Italics mine) (I, 58). And in order to imagine the Power which acts within the root of a plant, one has "to think of its stalk or trunk and of its leaves and flowers":—

> The idea of *Absolute* Unity would be broken entirely in our conception, had we not something concrete before our eyes to contain that Unity. And the deity being absolute, must be omnipresent, hence not an atom but contains IT within itself. The roots, the trunk and its many branches are three distinct objects, yet they are one tree. (S. D. I. 58,59).

Is this not perilously near Viśistadvaita? Moreover, is not the Eternal Parent said to be "wrapped in her Ever-invisible Robes," *i. e.*, necessarily associated with Mulaprakriti?

Further Madame Blavatsky adopts the standpoint of the *Vishnu Purāṇa* which describes the Pralaya state in the words:—"There was neither day nor night nor any other thing save only One unapprehensible by intellect or that which is Brahma, and Pums (Spirit) and Pradhâna (crude matter)" And she elucidates the text thus significantly:—

> For Pradhâna, though said further on to merge into the Deity as everything else does, in order to leave the ONE absolute during the Pralaya, yet is held as infinite and immortal. The commentator describes the Deity as: "One *Pradhanika* Brahma Spirit: THAT, was," and interprets the compound term as a substantive, not as a derivative word used attributively, *i. e.*, like something conjoined with Pradhâna. (*S. D.* I, 256).
>
> The "Prâdhânika Brahma Spirit" is Mulaprakriti and Parabrahmam. (*S. D.* I, 445).

Thus we find that while Parabrahman in Advaita is, according to the received interpretation, an a-cosmic Principle *unrelated in any manner to anything beyond itself*, the Eternal Parent, the Absolute of the Secret Doctrine, is necessarily and always associated with Mulaprakriti which is the Root of all nature and her evolutes. It is a concrete and synthetic Universal. It is unrelated only to finite and conditioned, *i.e.*, manifested things.

This, I imagine is what Madame Blavatsky means when she says that "Parabrahm, being the '*Supreme* ALL' the ever invisible spirit and Soul of Nature, changeless and eternal, can have no attributes; absoluteness very naturally precluding any idea of the *finite* or *conditioned* from being connected with it." (I. 7). It is 'devoid of attributes and qualities,' "Absolute NIRGUNA" (I. 62), because it is "essentially without any relation to *manifested, finite* being" (I. 14).* It is "the Negatively Existent One" (II. 626), the realm of negativeness corresponding to the Upanishadic *neti, neti.*

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* The italics in the above passage are all mine. They show that the Absolute, while not being related to anything *finite*, may yet *in its entirety* be considered as a Unity of Parts. This is however, strictly *my own* interpretation of Madame Blavatsky.

Ultimate Reality, then, is Existence in the sense described above. Can we say anything more about it? Yes. Just as Descartes in his famous *Cogito—ergo sum* (*S. D.* II. 242) identified thought with existence, so too the Upanishadic seers conceive of Being in terms of consciousness. Reality cannot be different from or opposed to the nature of thought; consciousness must be of the very essence of its nature (*swarupa chaitanyam*). That is, consciousness is not a *property* of Brahman, but Brahman *is* consciousness.

The Secret Doctrine likewise teaches that the One True Existence is "absolute Consciousness" (I. 2) and this "absolute Chit and Chaitanya (intelligence, consciousness) cannot be a cognizer, 'for THAT can have no subject of cognition'" (I. 6). That is, the Absolute knows itself but not through the duality of self (subject) and its own processes (not-self, object). Madame Blavatsky herself explains:—

> Consciousness implies limitations and qualifications; something to be conscious of and some one to be conscious of it. But Absolute Consciousness contains the cognizer, the thing cognized and the cognition, all three in itself and all three *one.* (*S. D.* I. 56)

For this reason, she is not even afraid—as some Vedantists are—of characterising the Absolute consciousness as "Unconsciousness" because our "finite understanding" is unable to distinguish such Absolute Consciousness "from what appears to us as unconsciousness" (I. 56). And yet although the Absolute does not possess self-consciousness in the human sense o the terms (I. 50) and Madam Blavatsky severely criticises Hege and the German Transcendentalist for holding that the Absolut evolves the Universe in order t attain clear Self-consciousnes (I. 50–51) still, it is "Paramârtha satya" or "true self-consciousness, "Svasamvedana" or the "self analysing reflection" (I, 48 foo note).

It follows that, firstly, the One Reality is "impersonal, because i contains all and everything. *Its impersonality is the fundamenta conception* of the System" (I. 273) ; and, secondly, that it "transcends the power of human conception," and is "beyond the range and reach of thought," in short, "unthinkable and unspeakable." (I.14).

If a proof were required for the self-identical existence of consciousness which is nevertheless impersonal, *The Secret Doctrine,* like the Vedanta, points to the experience of deep or dreamless sleep which is not "annihilation" but a state which "not being remembered in a waking state, seems a blank" (I, 47), and which "*leaves no impression on the physical memory and brain, because the sleeper's Higher Self is in its original state of absolute consciousness*" (I. 266).

Finally Vedanta affirms that Brahman is unutterable Bliss—Ananda, because it is perfection itself. And *The Secret Doctrine* likewise refers to the Absolute as "Paranishpanna" or "Paranirvana," which is "that condition of subjectivity which has no relation to anything but the one absolute Truth (Para-mârthasatya)" (I. 53). And where there is conscious Paramârtha, there is Bliss (I. 54), so that "Absolute Being" is "the Bliss of Paranirvana" (I. 268).

Thus through logic as well as intuition, through reason as much as revelation, does *The Secret Doctrine* arrive at the same conclusion as the Vedanta regarding the nature of Ultimate Reality, *viz.*, that it is Sat (Existence), Chit (Consciousness), and Ananda (Bliss) Sacchidananda.

Even then these attributes, according to Advaita, must not be taken as in any sense implying a *positive* characterisation of this Absolute! And in the spirit of a true Vedantin Madame Blavatsky declares :—

> Yet such is the poverty of language that we have no term to distinguish the knowledge not actively thought of, from knowledge we are unable to recall to memory. To forget is synonymous with not to remember. How much greater must be the difficulty of finding terms to describe, and to distinguish between, abstract metaphysical facts or differences. *It must not be forgotten, also, that we give names to things according to the appearances they assume for ourselves.* (Italics mine, K. S.) (I. 56)

If Madame Blavatsky has astonished the Western World by her marvellous mastery of scientific facts and theories, she has no less amazed the Eastern world by her equally wonderful grasp of philosophical distinctions and metaphysical subtleties.

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Spinoza recognized but one universal indivisible substance and absolute ALL, like Parabrahmam. Leibnitz, on the contrary perceived the existence of a plurality of substances. There was but ONE for Spinoza for Leibnitz an infinitude of Beings, *from*, and *in*, the One. Hence, though both admitted but *one real Entity*, while Spinoza made it impersonal and indivisible, Leibnitz divided his *personal* Deity into a number of divine and semi-divine Beings. Spinoza was a *subjective*, Leibnitz an *objective* Pantheist, yet both were great philosophers in their intuitive perceptions.

Now, if these two teachings were blended together and each corrected by the other—and foremost of all the One Reality weeded of its personality—there would remain as sum total a true spirit of esoteric philosophy in them; the impersonal, attributeless, absolute divine essence which is *no* "Being," but the root of all being. Draw a deep line in your thought between that ever-incognizable essence, and the, as invisible, yet comprehensible Presence (*Mulaprakriti*), or Schekinah, from *beyond and through which* vibrates the Sound of the *Verbum*, and from which evolve the numberless hierarchies of intelligent *Egos*, of conscious as of semi-conscious, *perceptive* and *apperceptive* Beings, whose essence is spiritual Force, whose Substance is the Elements and whose Bodies (when needed) are the *atoms*—and our doctrine is there.

H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 629)

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TRUTH AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY: H. G. WELLS AND MIDDLETON MURRY

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Vital truth to-day, it is often said, moves increasingly outside the walls of the Churches. Yet men lose their religion only that they may find it born anew out of their own personal experience. There are, of course, teachers among us still, but each is of necessity become his own prophet, speaking with the authority of no more than his own knowledge and being. In this state of affairs autobiography, as a man's own account if not of his knowledge then certainly of his being, acquires a new significance, a new importance even. For to be made acquainted with the experience, and the personality too, giving a message birth is of necessity to understand that message anew.

Thus the autobiographies of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Middleton Murry have a claim to be regarded as important books altogether apart from their more extrinsic though very definite interest as contemporary social records or portrait galleries of living or recently dead figures interesting in their own right. Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Murry are plainly not only would-be but actually highly influential teachers. The latter could not but echo the words of the former: "I believe I am among those who have found what key is needed." And if the "key" is in each case in part political, it is in each case at bottom avowedly religious. Moreover, there is something in their practically simultaneous appearance which gives these books an added interest. Mr. Wells and Mr. Murry are not only significant figures in themselves; they are in some sort significant one in relation to the other. Mr. Havelock Ellis touches the fringe of that significance when he writes of Mr. Murry as "representative of the generation immediately following Shaw and Wells, not yet attaining to the size of those imposing figures, but truly representing a later age even in its incoherence, and with an insistence on the elements of art and emotion and religion which the more materialistic age had pushed into the background." But it seems to need a deeper explication.

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* *Experiment in Autobiography* (Two Volumes). By H. G. Wells (Victor Gollancz Ltd. and the Cresset Press, Ltd., London. 21*s.*)

Between Two Worlds: An Autobiography. By John Middleton Murry (Jonathan Cape, London, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

It would not be easy, nor probably profitable, to compare these two works in detail. Mr. Wells's is the longer, though not in proportion to the period covered, for he brings his story up practically to the moment of writing the final pages, while Mr. Murry takes quite two-thirds of the space and does not reach his thirtieth birthday. Each is the record of a boy of the poorest lower middle class climbing by his own gifts and efforts to literary and intellectual position. The rungs of Mr. Wells's ladder are fairly well known by now: dingy home, shabby private school, drapers' and chemists' shops, grant-earning pupil-teaching, scholarship studentship at the South Kensington Normal School of Science, teaching, journalism, and so at last authorship turning from sensational if imaginative scientific romance to the novel, and from the novel to (in the broadest meaning of the term) sociology. What is mainly new in the present account is the mass of intimate detail making plain the precise conditions of his ever-forward mental and social struggle, showing his intellectual development in every phase, and sketching the many personalities with whom he made his successive contacts—first the lowly and obscure, his parents and family, his first teachers and school-fellows, his employers and friends, his first wife, his second wife, and then, as he moved into the wider world, men of more familiar names, writers and politicians the most of them. Thomas Huxley entered the earlier part as a revered teacher mostly seen afar off; later portraits range widely from Bernard Shaw, Frank Harris, Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane and Arnold Bennett to Graham Wallas, the Webbs, Milner, Grey, Balfour, the two Roosevelts (Theodore and Franklin), and Lenin and Stalin. The pattern is one of restless drivings forward under urgent impulses of discontent with what life, in each phase, had to offer, a pattern in which one plain strand was the impulse to social order as the condition of personal happiness and harmony. This one strand he sees as ultimately—indeed from an early period—predominant. The "main arch" of all his story, "the structural frame of my life," is, he declares, "the development, the steady progressive growth of a modern vision of the world, and the way in which the planned reconstruction of human relationships in the form of a world-state became at last the frame and test of my activities," taking to itself at last a religious significance, so that he seeks to identify his attitude with that of the religious mystic, with the difference that his own "is still an escape from first-hand egoism and immediacy, but it is no longer an escape from fact". His Open Conspirator remains entirely "this-worldly," finding his sublimation in the active establishment of the kingdom of heaven ("the creative world community") upon earth.

Mr. Murry tells his story more directly, with fewer generalizations upon science, politics, education, sex and literature. It may appear narrower thereby in interest, but it is none the worse as autobiography. He has fewer well-known personalities to discuss, but to these few his approach is far more intimate. The steps in his progress are first poor London home and Board School, thence by scholarship to Christ's Hospital school and Oxford University, and thence again to literary journalism and to friendship with D. H. Lawrence and marriage with Katherine Mansfield, the knowledge of whose fatal illness, in the winter of 1918-19, creates the dark and tragic mood of the book's ending. That of course is but the barest outline of the story. Its essence is rather Mr. Murry's own personal quest for some faith, in effect some security, wherein he might both lose and find himself. A rootless man, set adrift by education and circumstance from the class of his birth and achieving no compensating anchorage in a stable profession, he sought to orient himself and destroy isolation by "a peculiar intensity" in his personal relationships. But his friends either withdrew from him or were killed in the War; his wife, to whom he came nearest, was doomed to death. The time came when he could find relief, a bearable condition of being, only in the conviction that "the highest condition possible to man . . . was to be able to accept the necessity, and discern the beauty, of the denial of his own deepest heart's desire". He worshipped, in fact, a beauty of necessity which, as he has said elsewhere, was not faith in life at all, but simply "acceptance of life's shipwreck—an ecstasy of death". There the account closes, at any rate for the time being, leaving him in this dreadful and sterile condition which was to find no alleviation until, after his wife's death early in 1923, there came to him that mystical experience which coloured and directed the bulk of his work for a number of years thereafter, giving him, for the first time, a "faith in life" indeed.

These are the two books, the two men: what is their relation? It lies in this: that there was a time when Mr. Wells was something more than a teacher, when he was, more deeply than almost any other figure of his generation, a *leader*. Mr. Murry himself wrote in 1916 of that pre-War Mr. Wells: "He was our standard-bearer, and fought for us so bravely that when he failed we failed with him." In that latter phrase is expressed the very essence of leadership. But a change came, a feeling among these younger men and among those yet younger, that their experience held realities no longer compassed and outpaced by Mr. Wells. He was wise, he was a great teacher, they would do him honour, but in the last resort their path must break away from his. Again we may call upon Mr. Murry to define that feeling. There was a brief period, in 1928 and 1929, when, after a long time of indifference, he seemed to pay particular attention to Mr. Wells's proposals for action; but, in the last resort, to reject them because, basically, politics is not enough and Mr. Wells's ideas, despite the religious claim made for them, did not seem to him to move beyond the lower plane.

> He seems to miss the essential quality of religion. . . . In the last resort he is always for doing, never for being; and because he is impatient of being, he is scarcely even aware that fine doing is the flower of fine being. . . . To present only an ideal of fine doing, as Mr. Wells does, and to neglect the inseparable ideal of fine being, will not really carry us forward. There is nothing in this to fire men's souls, only something to arouse their minds.

And again, on the same topic; "We shall not build the new Jerusalem, unless we first rebuild ourselves." And finally :—

> "World peace" is not a religion, nor can any religion be based upon it. The "Resist not evil" of Jesus, really understood, might polarize thousands into activity; "world peace" will barely move one . . . . Sustained religious devotion can only be aroused by a religious vision. World peace is not a religious vision . . . Why should there be peace? The only answer is: because men in their souls know that there must be peace. And men who know that in their souls will not band themselves into a militant organization to secure it. They would violate their vision, and in themselves annihilate their own ideal.

The criticism was narrow, but it was fundamental. The man who could utter it had penetrated to the heart of the situation, had himself touched those deeper realities for which others were in search. Thereby he was himself become a leader.

In truth there were many for whom Mr. Murry, in the earlier years of the *Adelphi*, in the days when he was writing *To the Unknown God, Things to Come, The Life of Jesus* and above all *Keats and Shakespeare*, was a leader indeed, one who spoke to the very roots of being, who had compassed our experience and outpaced it. What Mr. Wells had been, Mr. Murry now was, and he took the former's place for us by virtue of his deeper religious realizations. Mr. Wells was the child of his generation inheriting the late (or was it the mid?) Victorian optimism of a still expanding world, the faith in a Progress which would not be denied. And all his life, from first to last, has been expansion and progress. It has had its sorrows undoubtedly, but, as Mr. Murry has somewhere noted, "it hasn't got a tragic period; neither has Wells's work." The War came too late, certainly ruffling the surface of his Huxleyite rationalism, but hardly more than causing his optimism to clothe itself in new and perhaps less immediate forms. For it must be insisted upon that if Mr. Wells has been sometimes a prophet of doom he has never been, or more than momentarily, a prophet of despair.

Mr. Murry, in turn, was the child of *his* generation, across whose younger manhood the War broke as sheer naked evil, incapable of such easy compensation. If they—those who survived—were to discover faith in life it would be a hard faith, one rising out of the depths of despair, one that would, to take Mr. Murry's own phrases, reconcile the demand of the heart with the knowledge of the mind, the nature of man with the nature of things. The battle between the contradictory demands of these opposed natures is no more than joined at the point where Mr. Murry breaks off his autobiography. But the question asserts itself: Is the battle finished *yet*? Illumination, it has been said, was given, and life gushed forth. From a predominant intellectualism he turned to a predominant mysticism. He had known in his own experience, as a fact of experience, the reconciliation of these opposites, and in his writing he could make his knowledge manifest. Have that knowledge and that power been sustained in him—or have they lapsed? The question is not easily answered, but it may be wondered whether Mr. Murry does to-day evoke the simple confidence he inspired ten, or even six or seven years ago. Not because he has gone forward, but perhaps because he has gone backward. In his book *God* the mystical experience received its complete rationalization, and while that was a book of more than merely intellectual quality, in certain of the writings which succeeded it intellectualism seemed in the ascendant, asserting categories and divisions, and turning in no small degree from the stress upon being to the immediate need for action, for doing. Of course it is not so simple as that—but neither is the long course of consideration which leads to this too-brief statement. Certainly there seem some odd parallelisms between Mr. Well's "this worldly" Open Conspirator an Mr. Murry's neo-Marxian Socialis whose activity is wholly in th world of Existence.

> There is no possibility of total reconciliation between the nature of ma and the nature of things save in a dedication of oneself to the work o changing the nature of things.

Need Mr. Wells hesitate a moment to accept the authorship of these words of Mr. Murry? And would it not have been plain to Mr. Murry in a more truly visionary phase that the only "things" whose nature man's effort might change were those in some sense born of the "nature of man" itself, that the distinction itself was in fact intellectual, not organic? And is it not clear that he has changed not only the direction but something of the ground of his effort when he turns from the dynamic of Jesus and his "Resist not evil" to reject "revolution by violence" not "because it is violent," but because, as "a political realist," he finds "the political possibilities" overwhelmingly against it? (See *Adelphi*, February 1933.)

Well, if this be true, what does it signify? And what has it to do with autobiography, or autobiography with it? First, this: That both Mr. Wells and Mr. Murry are, in relation to their day, cardinal figures, beings in whom the spirit of their day may be read, who have themselves discerned the problems faced by their generations and striven to their utmost to declare the one thing needful. Little that either has written, or is likely to write, can be without value. Among Mr. Wells's major post-War works, his *Outline of History*, *Science of Life*, and *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* are useful and needed clarifications of their subjects likely to have been conceived and written by no other living man, while Mr. Murry is beyond doubt the profoundest English literary critic alive to-day. But no man can *be* the truth; he is at best its vehicle or interpreter, and the moment passes. For he is not, he cannot be of his nature as a man, wholly pure—the subjective must colour the objective, the personal limit the universal.

Here, to return to our beginning, appears the function of autobiography (and of biography too: indeed the only ultimate justification for either). In every man's gospel there is something we take on faith; when that ceases to be so he has no more to give us. But in that margin of uncertainty, beyond our own knowledge, the truth lies untestable, subjective mixed with objective, the personally with the universally valid. To know the person, in his prepossession and his experience, is to cast a distinguishing ray of light into that darkness; it is, of necessity, as has been said, to understand a man's message anew.

It is not possible, at this point in this article, to demonstrate the illumination directed upon the teachings of Mr. Wells and Mr. Murry by their respective autobiographies; to do so would need an article upon each. It can only, but it must, be asserted. Perhaps something of the sort has been, at any rate in Mr. Wells's case, half indicated, but one would point too to his marked "claustrophobic" impulses, his perpetual restlessness, his tendency to evade direct conflict, and the outward rather than inward turning of his interests as all extremely significant. Mr. Murry is at once more subtle and in a sense more obvious. Reading his own account of his ingrained passivity, inertness, and fear of life, his unassuageable sense of his own non-being, it is hard not to view his insistence upon self-annihilation as the beginning and the end of religious experience, his presentation of every development (as his acceptance of Marxism) in terms primarily of self-sacrifice, and his determined denial of self-responsibility as the crown of his teaching.

To note this is not to note them as untrue, but it is to suggest that we should be more than usually scrutinizing before accepting their universal truth.

A man writes his autobiography at his own peril! But that, if he has sought truth as have these two men, will not deter him. These are important books, we repeat, because Mr. Wells and Mr. Murry are important men; to know their writings intimately, and to pass from the outward truths of the one to the inward truths of the other, is to apprehend something of the authentic and essential movement of the Western Mind to-day.

GEOFFREY WEST

SOCIETY AND FICTION

[**A. N. Monkhouse** is a man of mature literary experience whose voice is readily listened to. In this article he writes about the function of the novel as a mirror of evolving society. Does the novel mould it? Can the novel create a new social order? Mr. Monkhouse says that "it is a function of novel-writing to bind together the classes or, at least, to help them to understand one another". Is there emerging a novelist who visions the binding of races and nations in one great family? There are enough novels of wars and the impending doom. Does this mean that we are still far removed from the birth of a World-State united in peace and unfolding in progress ?.—EDS.]

In the February number of THE ARYAN PATH there is an interesting article on "Society and Literature" by Dr. Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt, who is concerned particularly with questions of class-distinction and literature in its international aspect as a means of unity or fraternity. While recognising the claim of æsthetics he concentrates on the social problems involved and he ranges over a wide ground. Perhaps one may yield but a partial assent to the proposition that "the literary taste of a missionary in India is different from that of a trade unionist in Wales or from that of a spoiled, elegant lady of society in London". Taste is not absolute, but very different people should have much in common. It is one of our difficulties to-day that democracy, with natural and laudable aims to promote its social and political ends, may undervalue literature which has no such aims. The missionary and the trade unionist should unite on "King Lear" and even the elegant lady might be induced to see that there is something in it.

Dr. Kohn-Bramstedt's historical sketch suggests that the old custom of patronage in the arts tended to give a favourable view of the privileged classes. One of the notable things about English and American fiction is the very considerable shifting of interest to the lower social strata. "The publisher has taken the place of the patron" and the sublimities of tragedy are no longer confined to the socially exalted. Dr. Kohn-Bramstedt is not a mere visionary and he assures us that "the unity of mankind is to-day more a matter of easy transport and easy communication than a psychological and political matter". Yet he quotes Goethe, with great effect, upon the necessity of international understanding and sympathy. This must depend largely upon the interchange of literature.

What I have to say about society and literature is of comparatively narrow range. Literature of many kinds has its relations to society, but perhaps it may be agreed that these are especially close and significant in the novel; it is of the English novel particularly that I speak. This may be concerned with sociological themes and even with didactic intentions, but generally the value of the novel depends very much on what may be called the independence of art. Historically we can learn more from the unbiased representation than from the attempt to demonstrate logically. Some shreds of a philosophy may be contained in almost any novel but it is not always a social philosophy.

Lately, for purposes of rest or recreation, I read Anthony Trollope's *Doctor Thorne*, a notable work in a series which has lately renewed its vogue. It was first published in 1858—the year of my birth—and, though it was the year after the Indian Mutiny, it was, as we see it in retrospect, a pretty comfortable time socially. The troubles of the "hungry forties" had died down or were conveniently inconspicuous; there was poverty and hardship but they seemed very much in the nature of things. To-day, with far more of care and effort given to the social problems there is far more—of course I do not mean too much—of complaint and revolt. Trollope's novel indicated a state of society that was comparatively placid though it had, of course, its trials and troubles. I cull from it a passage which represents a curious phase of aristocratic privilege. The scene is a country church on a Sunday Morning:—

> There was a separate door opening from the Greshamsbury pew out into the Greshamsbury grounds, so that the family were not forced into unseemly community with the village multitude in going to and from their prayers; for the front door of the church led out into a road which had no connexion with the private path.

Privileges of this kind are not uncommon now, I believe, and in some parish churchyards the graves of the squire's family are carefully separated from those of the rest of the congregation. Such differences, it need hardly be said, are out of harmony with the spirit of liberal and enlightened Christians; they are hardy survivals from a semi-feudal age. And in this novel, *Doctor Thorne*, there is much that appeals to a sense of history. The hero is heir to a heavily encumbered estate and so the refrain that runs through the story is "Frank must marry money."

Trollope is alive to the ironical implications and to the beginnings of a more humane relation between classes. In the story the difficulty is that the hero's sweetheart is poor and that to marry her must bring disaster to a great family. The solution is typical of the time; the girl succeeds to a large fortune and all is well. A novelist could hardly venture on such a conclusion today, but Trollope knew how far he could go with safety. In a modern novel hero and heroine are called upon for suffering, for sacrifice, and the mere happy ending is discredited. The world has enlarged beyond the confines of the country house, even though this may make the scene or starting point. In reading the mid-Victorian novel one may perceive how far we have travelled.

Yet signs and portents might be observed in those days when the social structure offered a comparatively smooth façade. A novel which deals forcibly with industrial conditions is Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, and in this connection may be mentioned Disraeli's *Sybil*, George Eliot's *Felix Holt* and the novels of Charles Kingsley. Particularly, I think, is the growth of liberal idealism illuminated in that great novel Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career*, belonging though it does to pre-socialist days. With Arnold Bennett in the Potteries, Mr. Wells in an imagined future, the old limits of society seem capable of infinite expansion. Doubtless there is fiction that defies time but there is much, too, that reflects the phase of society. During the last few years there has been a notable contribution to the history of industrial Lancashire in a series of novels which have penetrated to the life of the poor who are suffering from the commercial depression.

It is a function of novel-writing to bind together the classes or, at least, to help them to understand one another. English fiction now is a strange confusion of thoughtful and observant writing which gives much of the form and pressure of the time; and, on the other hand, of recklessness and lack of moral restraint. The London cocktail novel with its facile adulteries may be something between a nuisance and a scandal, yet from the inextricable mixture of motives and tendencies, from moods of revolt and of acquiescence, the issues are not all ignoble. The trend of fiction may be obscure, but it makes for real values in society and not merely feudal or sporting traditions. The most conspicuous of American fiction seems to have almost abolished the drawing-room, and in England, too, attention becomes concentrated upon the hero rather than upon his ancestors. It is recognised, more and more, in current fiction that an aristocracy—even if Big Business sides with it—can have no validity unless it can give us what might be called a spiritual leadership. And it becomes apparent, even to those who may hate Hitlerism as the devil, that we can very well make our aristocracy as we go. There may be more recklessness in society today but in the world there is more sympathy, a nearer approach to fraternity. Our fiction will act as pioneer as well as recorder; our novels are founded on society, and they will contribute to its evolution. In some of them we may find decadence, the irresponsible flare of wit, despair in brilliant disguise. The great Russian novels of the late nineteenth century gave warning of social change; we, too, have changes before us which we must hope to accomplish without disaster.

Is the novel preparing society for great acts of renunciation? Galsworthy's *Man of Property* and its successors may be taken as indications of momentous change. Those of us who are not politicians may yet see that it is a tremendous step from a material world to what we may conceive as a spiritual one. We may recall Browning's monk:—

> I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
> Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-house.

And then comes that fine ironical twist:

> Trash such as those poor devils of Medici
> Have given their hearts to.

The Man of Property has still a long way to go and he may look to fiction for signs of the times. The novel has reflected great changes in our social life and it will reflect greater.

A. N. MONKHOUSE

The Cosmic Cycle. By MAX WALDEMAR KURNIKER. (David McKay Co., Philadelphia.)

This book presents the theory of cosmic genesis developed by Hans Hoerbiger of Vienna, about thirty years ago. In many essential respects it is startingly at variance with the Kant-Laplace theory still commonly accepted with some modifications. The older hypothesis has never been free from intrinsic difficulties, and some of the later variations have given evidence that astronomy is a mixture of facts, theories and guess-work.

This new theory, called glacial cosmogony, explains the origin of our solar system and of the Milky Way which it regards as connected both genetically and dynamically with the solar system of which it is a comparatively near neighbour. It traces many geological and meteorological phenomena (*e. g.*, glacial epochs, floods, submergence of continents, hailstorms, tornadoes, etc.) to the action of cosmic forces—chiefly by the capture and dissolution of moons and by the action of cosmic ice missiles. It posits that all space is filled with atomically fine hydrogen and so offers resistance to the motions of heavenly bodies and tends to narrow the orbits of planets into spirals along which smaller ones march to their dissolution in the larger. It has a theory of primary, secondary and tertiary moons all of which were captured and ultimately "devoured" by our earth with very catastrophic consequences to herself; and it mentions moonless intervals in our earth history—all which the memory of man, (Hoerbiger speaks of primary, secondary, tertiary man) has preserved in myth and legend.

These and many other interesting features of this cosmogony throw out a bold challenge to official astronomy, geology, palæontology, anthropology and comparative mythology. They are calculated to give an altogether new orientation to our accepted ideology of the universe, and new values to the ancient memories and wisdom of humanity. This cosmogony seeks to explain the origin of the solar system by the "explosion" of a giant Mother Star pierced by the "bomb" of a lesser luminary, the chaotic debris from the explosion gradually assuming the shape of our sun, planets, etc. The picture bears a suggestive likeness to some of the traditional cosmogonies of the world, particularly those given in the Vedic literature. The picture will of course require much touching and retouching, both as to outline and detail, with the progress of scientific research and thought; and it remains—purely mechanical as it is—incomplete without a spiritual background. Still it is an interesting, suggestive and promising picture.

PRAMATHANATH MUKHOPADHYAYA

SALVAGING DEMOCRACY

EASTERN LIGHT ON WESTERN PROBLEMS

I.—THE NEW DEAL EXPERIMENT*

This beautifully got-up publication of the Columbia University is a lucid exposition of the principles of the "New Deal". It is a forceful and spirited vindication of the regime of President Roosevelt, a clearly outlined survey of the economic and social problems that confront America, by one who is both a professor and a practical politician, and who holds the responsible post of Under Secretary for Agriculture.

Various are the objects for which the campaign of the " New Deal " was commenced. It is "a definite attempt to evolve a new governmental-economic relationship in response to the needs and opportunities created by the past methods of operating our (the American) economy" (p. 266), the "first great national counter offensive in that war against human misery " (p. 294), co-ordinated administration and negotiation being the key to legislation (p. 11). The " New Deal " tolls the knell of the old order under which competition was assumed to be an inherent part of democracy and the two were taken to be only two aspects of one and the same value (p. 6). Economics is no longer a " dismal science " but essentially social, and competition is recognised as compelling " business confusion" (p. 7). The present is an era of economic maintenance rather than economic development ; and the move is therefore against the old *laissez faire* doctrine, with its "flexible prices" and "freedom in competition" (p. 81). The policeman's doctrine of government is found insufficient and even dangerous, under which government was only to "stop flagrant abuses and not to do more. It was to be negative and arresting not positive and stimulating " (pp. 13, 14). The resulting abuses in the economic and social field have made urgent the need for anti-trust legislation to prevent the further growth of " Big Fellows " in industry and for interference to such an extent as to give the citizen protection against the "leechery" of "fakers, quacks and poisonous nostrum makers" (p. 98). " Incomes must be transformed into larger wages and higher prices to farmers " (p. 56).

Of the many problems that are dealt with in this survey the most important is agricultural. The Agricultural Adjustment and the National Recovery Acts are intended to co-ordinate and control private enterprise in agriculture and industry. The current depression in agriculture was brought about by more and more lands being brought under cultivation, by increased freights and the motorization of America, all which resulted in overproductivity (p. 225), fall in prices of farm products, a general decline in the purchasing power of farmers (p. 227), farm surpluses and farm debts (p. 230). One of the proposals to meet it is that "as fast as good new lands are brought into cultivation, . . . a correspondingly productive unit of poor submarginal lands will be taken out of cultivation " (116). Land is the basic wealth (p. 63), and a gradual resettlement of America and a changed appearance of great stretches of the country now bare and overfarmed (p. 63) by processes of reclamation, improved transportation and organization of industry is likely to achieve the desired result. The scheme outlined requires that industrial corporations, instead of using their earnings to enlarge their surplus, should utilize them to increase their pay-roll or reduce prices to consumers, thereby enlarging the demand for their own products, along with those of others (p. 188).

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* *The Battle for Democracy*, By REXFORD G. TUGWELL. (Columbia University Press, New York. $ 3.00)

As regards the currency policy:—

"The whole gold action [of the President] looks toward freedom from an orthodox myth; it promotes equality and it will force us in the years to come to search for a really satisfactory medium of exchange—which gold never was and never could be" (p. 28).

Gold is a commodity like wheat, silver or iron; its value fluctuates and that rapidly. It is so scarce and so liable to fluctuation that it should give way to some other monetary medium (p. 48). As alternatives are suggested a "managed currency" and the "commodity dollar," each with its merits and defects, though the former is the course adopted by the administration.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the modern era will have to wait patiently awhile before passing its judgment as to the merits or otherwise of the democratic programme outlined in the work. The author says guardedly enough that the legislation of the New Deal may be described as "a charter for experiment and research, for invention and learning" (p. 260). Though it is primarily a book for America and the Americans, some of the modern post-War problems it deals with are of more universal application. Nor is the work lacking in a lesson for the politician of modern India. If even in an essentially industrial country like America are adopted and followed, such "experiments in reconstruction" as in the Tennesee Valley, and the "trial and error" in the Columbia Basin, how much more is there need in India for agricultural adjustment and reconstruction and for the regulation of rural economy? The view of the author on the sphere of governmental interference seems to be similar to the "principle of paternalistic interference" that we find amply illustrated in the political literature of ancient India. The government should play the part of the good parent and regulate its activities in such a way as to secure that posterity would thrive well in body and in mind. The ancient Indian law-givers also realized the impossibility of enforcing "prohibition" and therefore made rules that would rather regulate the traffic than seek to prohibit it. They seem to have granted also that wine taken in moderate quantities might serve as a healthy substitute for intoxicating liquor.

In the interest of topical continuity, rather than chronological sequence that has been kept in the work, the necessity for a re-arrangement of the chapters may suggest itself to the careful reader.

S. V. VISWANATHA

II.—LIBERTY IN THE U. S. A. AND WORLD PEACE*

Woodrow Wilson brought the United States of America into the Great War, determined that "the world must be safe for Democracy. Its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political Liberty." For a season, the world lay under the spell of this declaration. But years have brought disappointment, and it has been bitterly borne in upon us that we live in a world which is neither safe for democracy, nor contains much of democracy to be made safe for. The Dictator's iron heel is everywhere, and a political twilight which is neither peace nor war, enshrouds mankind. The two volumes under review are a powerful exposition of this condition of the world and a stirring appeal to the friends of humanity to rouse themselves and act before it is too late.

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* (1) *The Challenge to Liberty.* By HERBERT HOOVER (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $ 1.75)

(2) *Challenge to Death—No More War!*—By PHILIP NOEL BAKER and others with a Foreword by Viscount Cecil (Constable & Co., Ltd., London).

The Ex-President of the United States of America devotes his volume in the main to the conditions brought about by the "New Deal," which is to him unadulterated despotism and invasion of individual liberty. He is opposed to the regimentation of the hour, though alive to the fact that the hope of humanity lies in co-operation. He holds that the other freedoms cannot be maintained if economic freedom be impaired, but is also opposed to the abuses of Liberty, which take the form of exploitation of labour and of the public. He is apprehensive that Bureaucracy may "rush headlong into visions of the millennium and send the bill to the Treasury," and consequently deprecates the "vast concentration of political and economic authority in the executive". In brief, Mr. Hoover's monograph is a latter-day version of the Millite gospel of Liberty.

The authors of *Challenge to Death* deal with the problem of International Anarchy. They stand for "collective security and for the maintenance and improvement of that machinery, which for all its imperfections, represents our sole defence against anarchy". They realise that "the sovereign State is the remaining wild beast-feræ natural, of the political jungle." They are disquieted by the growth of bitter nationalism all over the civilised World; and although education can do a great deal, and Sir Norman Angell may be right in holding that "when men see, as they can be made to see, that such ideas *are* evil, they will also cease to like them," they fear that those who preach peace will not be given time to finish their work. The authors, therefore, feel that the opponents of war must look for other means, and among them, "the collective ownership of armaments and the collective enforcement of sanctions against an aggressor".

Both the volumes are imbued with a vivid appreciation of the inexorable truth of Wilson's dictum that world peace can be established only on the tested foundation of political liberty. The authors of the co-operative work on the establishment of world peace see that Fascism is an ally of war, while Mr. Hoover holds that "the most practical proposal of Peace to the World has been the extension of Self-Government. . . . . Modern Despotism has achieved its purpose by fanning the fires of Nationalism." If this is so, it is worth while asking ourselves why Democracy, instead of setting out on its appointed task of enforcing world peace, has tamely made room for the Despot. Why this double failure?

The answer is that Democracy is under a shadow, because it has disappointed both the privileged classes and the people at large in those countries where it has been at work. The former were prepared to acquiesce in changes in the constitutional scaffolding, so long as the structure remained unaltered in its essential characteristics of social and economic inequality. The masses cherished the hope that the possession of a vote would enable them in the fullness of time to obtain the reality of power for their representatives. Parliamentary Government in recent years went too far in its promotion of social welfare to retain its innocuous character in the eyes of the privileged classes; on the other hand, it became clear to the working classes, that even a sweeping majority in the elections would by no means place real power in their hands, so long as the vested interests held the citadel, safely ensconced in the Civil Service, the Army, the Judiciary, etc. Disappointed with the unbecoming behaviour of Democracy, Privilege has sought its remedy in the authoritative state, while the masses faced with "the perpetual menace of destitution," which "has been the most intolerable feature of the modern industrial system" (Saeter) are turning away from a form of Government, whose wheels refuse to move when their leaders are "in power". This in brief explains why Fascism, Communism, and Direct Action are exercising a fascination over men's minds at the present time.

One may discern the same conflict between the Privilege of the few and the Rights of the many in the international field. If international anarchy is to be ended, and the rule of law should prevail among nations, the privileges of the great Powers must yield before the rights of the nations in general, and the League of Nations cease to be a gathering of the delegates of the Powers, but function freely as a real Parliament of Nations. But the great Powers, have great possessions, and will not willingly enter into an order of things in which the first may be last and the last first.

What then is the remedy? If mankind only would, it could enter into a great heritage of plenty and peace, now that Science has placed within its reach powerful instruments of abundant production and swift transport. But "the lust for domination, self-assertion, coercion" (Norman Angell) stand in the path of the march of men towards a better order. Ultimately it is passion, and not calculation, "the passion roused in rulers and ruled alike by what appears as a threat to their existence, that makes wars possible and inevitable": what is wanted is to use an overworked expression, a change of heart. As has been well said by M. Benda: "What is needed is not the abstaining from the act, but the coming of a state of mind." The only recipe is enlightenment, and education the one method.

Is not a great part of the political maladies of the West the result of the unhappy divorce of politics from ethics, appropriately associated with the sinister name of Machiavelli? It is worth while remarking that in India, politics has never been allowed to make itself completely independent of religion and ethics. Of the principle of *laissez faire*, which for a time ruled the industrial West and is now discredited, Indian political theory takes no account, and the State did not confine itself to "the hindrance of hindrances," but set out to promote virtue and the good life among the citizens. Political power was a trust held by the ruler, and misrule was held in check not by constitutional devices, but by the enthronement of Dharma as the supreme arbiter. Even realist statesmen, like Chanakya, are alive to the supreme call of Dharma, and that line of succession continues in Mahatma Gandhi, whose unswerving loyalty to Dharma against the pressure of political exigencies is often a puzzle and an embarrassment to followers and critics alike. It was Gladstone's great service to humanity to set his face against the spread in his time of the sinister doctrine that "the State has nothing to do with the restraint of morals," and "the odious contention that moral progress in the relations of Nations and States to one another is an illusion and a dream". The West must now make a new synthesis of her life in which ethics and religion exercise their guiding and healing influence in politics and economics.

N. S. SUBBA RAO

III.—THE METHOD OF GANDHIJI*

Violence has so often led to sudden and spectacular accession to *Power* that the two almost appear to be necessary concomitants; so much so that the "Power of Non-violence" strikes us at first as a contradiction in terms! Alexander and Cæsar, Napoleon and Bismark are but chance reflections of the power-cult dominating the history of the Occident. The fundamental contradiction underlying the Cæsar versus Christ complex has not yet been solved, only conveniently shelved through Western political sophistication. It paid to be violent in Western history which developed a veritable ritual of violence through the systematic apotheosis of violent powers and only half-hearted appreciation of non-violent potencies incarnate in a Buddha or a Christ.

The East has also her power-cults, but by a strange coincidence we find most of the heroes of non-violence coming from Oriental countries. Oriental histories are but indifferently studied outside the group of professional Orientalists. Moreover, most of the Oriental peoples being politically or economically subject to the Occidental powers, both the ethics and the efficacy of non-violence came to be matters of dispute. Yet a growing section of thinkers of the East and the West now appears to be sincerely inquisitive about the Oriental technique of non-violence, as we feel when reading the admirable book of Mr. Richard B. Gregg. A graduate of the Harvard School of Law, he plunged into the study of labour and industrial relations from his headquarters in Chicago during the great strike, and chanced to see a booklet on Gandhi and his movement. He writes:—

> I decided to go to India to find out about Gandhi and his methods at first hand, for he seemed more like Christ than anyone I had heard of in the present world.

Between 1925-1930, the author spent about four years working in close co-operation with Gandhi and finally published his considered opinions in *The Power of Non-Violence* in which we are called upon, as the Rev. Rufus Jones says in his Introduction, "to follow a careful dialectic process which shows an effective method of life demonstrating itself, proving its genuine worth and verifying itself in practice".

With the characteristic thoroughness of a Western inquirer, the author turned his analytical genius to fundamental considerations of a biological nature, coming to the conclusion that "war and violence and divisive attitudes spell eventual biological suicide". Political, economic and social liberty are found to rest on *tolerance* which is the soul of non-violence. We talk glibly of liberty and pretend to die for it but the entire structure of political and economic governance of to-day is hostile to liberty of speech and conviction. Hence the non-violent resistance of Gandhi emerges as a precious instrument for the service of man and the furtherance of human liberty. The psychological problems involved are discussed in two brilliant chapters: "Moral Jiu-Jitsu" and "What Happens," leading to the method of "integration" in the solution of conflicting claims. In this line of argument the author has ably sustained his thesis referring to recent studies of capital importance like Prof. Hocking's *Human Nature and its Remaking* and Mr. Bartlett's *Psychology and the Soldier*. The author has significantly quoted the words of Marshal Foch: "The new kind of war has begun, the hearts of soldiers have become a new weapon." That war will not stop in a day is certain but the nature of war is changing and is bound to change from the primitive brutal annihilation to a civilized integration of conflicting aims and individualities. But conflict is not limited to individual units. It is assuming colossal proportions transcending political and social frontiers in the form of *class-war*. But even here, non-violence, according to Mr. Gregg, is going to play a dominant rôle unless humanity submits to sacrificing all that is best in our history and culture.

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* *The Power of Non-Violence*: By RICHARD B. GREGG (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and London $. 2. 50).

Class-war may be on the national or supra-national plane in the form of communism, syndicalism, national self-determination and assertion of minority rights. But in each case civilised mankind would be challenged, through mistakes of violence, to the settlement of durable peace and concord by means of non-violence. "Non-violent resistance builds up a finer system of values and a profounder and more permanent trust than violence can do." (p. 137) This may be doubted still by thousands of people whom the author has duly acknowledged in his incisive chapter "Doubts and Queries". But the heroic suffering involved in non-violence and the *soul-force* emanating therefrom, as observed by Gandhi, are bound to triumph over temporary scepticism. A new science of self-discipline through a sincere preparation for and practice of non-violence would soon reveal to us new truths which may justify modern man's pretensions to the attainment of heights undreamt of. Buddha affirmed the principles of *Maitri* (Fraternity); and Christ, the creative power of Love in suffering. It requires some courage to treat them to-day as "back-numbers," staggering, as we do, under the dead-weight of *avidya* crushing the fabric of our civilisation. Ours is an age of titanic conflicts, and India through her noble son Gandhi offers to benighted humanity the new method of solving conflicts—*Satyagraha*—holding to Truth, which alone makes Peace enduring. It is this India which "defies Time" that was saluted by that eminent French pacifist Romain Rolland dedicating his impassioned "*Mahatma Gandhi*" : "*a la Terrãe de gloire et de servitude*"–to the Land of Glory and of Servitude ! Deathless heroes of human thought from Galileo to Einstein have been bullied, nay, brutally persecuted by pseudo-heroes of history. But their prevision, their quiet courage and infinite faith have disarmed all doubts liberated new forces of good-will and renewed the very basis of human life and creative aspirations.

Our ultra-modern age is threatening to revive the cult of violence, of the strong man pursuing the policy of "blood and iron". But this over-acting is already boring the majority in the Grande Opéra. The Tin-Gods would soon cry a halt and the elemental hunger for justice and amity, let us hope, would make for a new Drama of Peace and Concord. Crucified Christs and defeated Gandhis may still emerge as archetypes of the great Passion-Play fertilizing the souls of countless generations to come. We shall always admire Power even when we reach those supernal heights, but it will certainly be the power of Non-violence. Hence the India of Gandhi may be proud that she of all nations was called to act as the Prologue to the new Cosmo-drama, breaking, through infinite pains of Promethean grandeur, the vicious circle of violence, staggering out into the ineffable region of *Ahimsâ* where each human being may maintain his or her specific role and yet avoid the atavistic relapse to violent savagery. Mr. Gregg may appear now and then to plead for a Utopia but surely for a Utopia that seems possible, nay, inevitable if human mind and soul are to fulfil their divine mission.

KALIDAS NAG

Honoré de Balzac—Letters to his Family 1809-1850. Edited by WALTER SCOTT HASTINGS. (Princeton University Press, Princeton. $ 5.00)

We are not generally aware of the enormous efforts that authors must put forth in order to produce worth while monuments of literature, nor with what odds they must contend. It is only by intimate correspondence, by diaries and stray fragments, that the actual truth is revealed to us. Balzac's work is tremendous, a gallery of portraits, a series of frescoes, a survey of almost every aspect of human life, truly "La Comédie Humaine". The stolid peasant, the conservatist bourgeois, the clergyman, the miser and the sinner, the *arriviste* and the soldier, the rich and the poor, the atheist and the religious, the materialist and the mystic, live and act before us. These many volumes of minute observation, painted by a master hand, were produced in an almost unbelievable rush and hurry. After unwise speculations, Balzac was left early in his career burdened down with debts. His only source of income was his writing and he therefore was forced to write constantly, unceasingly, very often selling even before he had written, in order to keep afloat. He sat at his table on the average of twelve to fourteen hours daily, stimulated by countless cups of black coffee. In spite of all his efforts he died with his debts unpaid and in a deplorable financial condition.

Nothing can show better the harassed life of our author than the letters which he wrote to his immediate family, Laure, his sister, and his mother Mme de Balzac. We have now a revised and corrected edition of his letters and some very interesting answers of Mme de Balzac. This whole collection brings to light his most intimate trials and tribulations, and though they prove tiresome reading now and again, they reveal a vivid picture of his character and his family life. For several years he was forced to live outside of Paris to avoid his creditors; and he wrote his mother, left in charge of his business, all his instructions, hopes and fears. His constantly recurring wish was that within the year he might have paid off all bills and debts.

It is strange however that during all these years of separation, neither Balzac nor his mother mentioned any other subject, outside of a few words of affection, business directions and money details. Their letters are strikingly bare of anything else. And yet we know that there were many subjects which held their common interest. The time of Louis-Philippe is known for its interest in mysticism, occultism, spiritualism and magnetism. Mme de Balzac followed this trend and indulged in the reading of her favourite mystics, Swedenborg and others. There is little doubt that she influenced her son and he influenced her, for he also delved into the mysteries of the Orient and occultism; but we have to glean his theories and his intuitive perceptions from his works, for he does not seem to have expressed himself clearly and definitely in any one place. Perhaps due to the haste of production his novels do not reveal much of his inner feelings, and we are often struck by the lightness and flippancy with which he discusses such philosophers as Swedenborg, Liebniz, Spinoza and Kant. Did his insight penetrate their minds? We can, however, find more definite ideas expressed in for instance *Louis Lambert* the story of his own intellectual development while at school. The *Traité de la Volonté* incorporated in it puts forth the theory of the "Homo Duplex," matter and spirit interpenetrating each other, man within which we find this duality. In *Seraphita* he discusses the possibility of conceiving the Infinite and God through an analysis of number. Both theories would lead to high philosophical discussions and speculations if carried out, but unfortunately circumstances as well as temperament kept Balzac firmly tied to the round of material life. His most urgent desire, as we said, was, "J'espère qu'à mon retour les feuilletons auront repris et qu'alors mes romans me permettront de finir mes dettes, et d' être utile aux miens"; and it was only unconsciously that he was pushed towards philosophical subjects.

Man is partly good and partly evil. In him the divine and the demoniac—God and Devil—mix and mingle. This universal phenomenon sometimes, though rarely, results in the emergence of two distinct psychological types, types not unknown to the student of Occultism. The first is the unconscious intriguer, who does evil without conscious intent, without knowledge, without motive; in such a one the assemblage of the nefarious and demoniac forces has grown so strong that it overpowers not only his soul but even his conscience.

The second type is the unconscious occultist (sometimes a resting-adept) in whom the divine forces of knowledge have gathered strength so that he speaks and writes and acts in a wise manner, especially when the Presence of his own Divinity is upon him. Honoré de Balzac was one such unconscious occultist—so writes Madame Blavatsky (*The Secret Doctrine*, I. 66).

In these personal letters his knowledge and inspiration are not to be found. Just as Mr. Hyde shut out the action of Dr. Jekyll, so also Balzac, the person, shut out the activity of the unconscious occultist of French literature. In Balzac's case there was, however, no evil Hyde hidden, but there was what may be described as the corresponding aspect of Hyde on the white and beneficent side.

These thoughts occur to us as we peruse this volume of personal, prosaic letters, and then suddenly remember such a passage as this:—

"Then began for me a series of spells."

"Spells! exclaimed the clergyman. Is there such a thing as a spell?"

"But surely you who are reading just now so attentively the book of INCANTATIONS of Jean Wier, you will be able to follow the explanation I shall give you of my sensations," at once retorted Wilfrid. "If one studies Nature carefully, both in her great revolutions as in her minutest phenomena, it is impossible not to perceive that spell is a possibility, and your giving to that word its real significance. Man does not create forces, he uses the only one which exists and which comprises them all—motion, incomprehensible breath of the sovereign manufacturer of worlds. Species are too definitely separated to enable the human hand to confuse them; and the only miracle of which man was capable has been accomplished through the combination of two inimical substances. At that gun-powder is allied to lightning! As to compelling creation to emerge suddenly, that cannot be, for all creation demands time, and time neither hastens nor slows down under man's finger. Thus, outside of us plastic nature obeys laws the method and functioning of which can be interfered with by no man. But, having once conceded to Matter its share, it would be unreasonable not to recognize within us the existence of a colossal power the effects of which are so incalculable that known generations have not yet succeeded in classifying them. I am not referring to the faculty of becoming immersed in deep thought, of compelling Nature to be confined within the Verbum, gigantic action to which the average person pays no attention just as he fails to reflect upon motion; It is that action, however, which led Indian Theosophists to explain Creation by means of the Verbum which they endowed with an immense power. The smallest portion of their food, a grain of rice from which alternately creation springs and into which it is again condensed, offered them such a pure image of the Creative Verbum and of the abstract verbum, that it was but natural for them to apply the same system to the production of worlds."

OCCULTUS

The Mystic Mandrake. By C. J. S. Thompson, M. B. E. (Rider & Co., London. 15*s.*)

It has been said that the proper study of mankind is man; and to study man we must study his beliefs. In his search for truth he has followed many tortuous byways; and it is pertinent to ask why he has chosen one rather than another, or not selected the path which to-day seems so plain.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that poisonous herbs filled his mind with awe. It was easy for him to revert to an animism, no longer accepted by the schools of philosophy, and to see in them the embodiments of demons. Moreover, when to great physiological or even psychical activity was added a root often bifurcated in form, in which an imaginative mind could see the replica of the human body, the plant almost inevitably became a centre for the clustering of fantastic and superstitious beliefs.

Above all plants, these conditions were fulfilled by the Mandrake, or to give it its scientific name *Mandragora offininarum* Linn., a native of the Mediterranean region, and a member of the *Solanaceae,* a family rich in herbs potent to kill, and, when rightly used, to cure.

Modern research has shown the roots of this strange plant to contain hyoscine, one of the alkaloids which can lull man to sleep, but is also able, according to dosage, to excite him to madness. Its action is fortified by the presence of hyoscyamine and other alkaloids, the nature of which have not yet been fully investigated.

The ancients were acquainted with the remarkable properties of Mandrake root as a drug; and, in the form of an infusion or decoction, it was much employed legitimately as an anæsthetic during surgical operations. But it was perhaps, its power of creating a form of temporary madness, of making the man or woman who drank enough of the infusion indifferent as to his or her actions and forgetful of them when the effect of the drug had passed off, that seized the popular imagination: that, and the similitude of the root to the human form. The similitude is not normally a very striking one though the root as I have indicated is frequently bifurcated. The idea, however, having once gained currency, it was fostered by impostors who fashioned Mandrake and other roots into little manikins by devices about which one may read in Mr. Thompson's book.

He tells the strange story of the Mandrake in an interesting manner which should make a strong appeal to the general reader, though the more serious student of the byways of human thought would, perhaps, have been more grateful had the book been more fully documented. Much has been written about the Mandrake; but, for the most part, the old writers are either too credulous or alternatively too contemptuous of beliefs recently exploded; and Mr. Thompson's readable book is very welcome. He deals with every aspect of the subject, and it is a large one; for legends about other plants seem to have had a habit of getting themselves transferred to the Mandrake. Even the story of the dreadful shriek which the Mandrake uttered when pulled from the ground, and the consequent necessity of utilising a dog to drag the plant up so that the shriek might not be heard, which is probably one of the best known of the many Mandrake legends, seems originally to have belonged to some other plant. At any rate, I find some difficulty in equating the *Baaras* of Josephus with the Mandrake, though this presented no difficulty to a more credulous generation. Indeed, the Mandrake has gathered to itself a larger and more curious collection of beliefs than any other plant in the world. It was a centre of phantasy; and hence, to the student of the mind of man, constitutes the most interesting plant there is.

H. S. Redgrove.

[We appeal to this review by a man of science, two extracts from the works of H. P. Blavatsky.—EDS.]

The Mandragora is the *mandrake* of the Bible, of Rachel and Leach. They are the roots of a plant, fleshy, hairy, and forked below, representing roughly the limbs of a man, the body and even a head. Its magical and mysterious properties have been proclaimed in fable and play from the most archaic ages. From Rachel and Leah, who indulged in witchcraft with them, down to Shakespeare, who speaks of *shrieking*—

> .... "Like mandrakes torn out of the earth
> That living mortals, hearing them, run mad"

—the mandragora was *the* magic plant *par excellence.*

These roots, without any stalk, and with large leaves growing out of the head of the root, like a gigantic crop of hair, present little similitude to man when found in Spain, Italy, Asia Minor, or Syria. But on the Isle of Candia, and in Karamania near the city of Adan, they have a wonderfully human form; being very highly prized as amulets. They are also worn by women as a charm against sterility, and for other purposes. They are especially effective in *Black Magic.*

—*The Secret Doctrine,* Vol. II, 27

MANDRAGORA (*Gr.*). A plant whose root has the human form. In Occultism it is used by *black* magicians for various illicit objects, and some of the "left-hand" Occultists make *homunculi* with it. It is commonly called *mandrake,* and is supposed to cry out when pulled out of the ground.

—*Theosophical Glossary*

Mirabai, Saint and Singer of India. By ANATH NATH BASU. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This unpretentious little book should be welcome to all interested in Indian religions and poetical thought. The introduction briefly outlines the available facts and traditions about Mirabai. Born a Rajput princess, her married life was surrounded by luxury. Her inner spiritual yearnings had, however, awakened early, and these eventually brought her into situations of much personal difficulty and even persecution. Always remaining true to her resolves, after the death of her husband she gave up the life of the palace and set out as a wanderer in search of spiritual rebirth.

Mirabai's songs depict with simplicity, and yet with the strength born of an inner conviction, the yearnings of the human soul, its aspirations its struggles, its frustrations, and the humility, the devotion, the sorrows and joys of the aspirant who would come out from among them and become as one newly born. Each poem enshrines, as it were, some aspect of the singer's strivings, and the author has been fortunate in retaining in the English rendition the graphic simplicity of expression so dear to the Indian heart and mind.

Unfortunately too many Indians have neglected their old wisdom and have turned for inspiration to our chaotic West, with saddening results. On the other hand, there are those few of East and West, whom the suffering produced by a purely mechanistic civilization has awakened and who have turned their faces to the wisdom of the ancient East. They are slowly realizing that the regaining and retaining of lost standards of physical well-being are not sufficient. They are searching for some examples and inspiration which can fan into flame the dying embers of their hopes and aspirations. The lives and teachings of such as Ramananda, Kabir, Nanak and Mirabai can help to give the necessary impetus, but only if Indians themselves can present them sympathetically and with understanding.

B. T.

This Was Ivor Trent. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

One who knew only the titles of Mr. Houghton's works might suppose him to be the author of "thrillers" or detective stories. Nor would he be far wrong. But the mysteries he unravels are of a psychic rather than of a criminal kind. His latest work is no exception. It begins in one of those yellow London fogs which were so congenial to Sherlock Holmes and before long there emerges from it a shrouded figure. Its face, however, is not of a kind to interest Scotland Yard.

> The glance of the eyes transmitted a secret wisdom. The forehead was crested with serenity. *Trent knew that a man from the future confronted him.*

Yet no implacable Oriental on the track of a stolen diamond could have produced a more terrifying effect. Trent runs blindly through the fog to the house he was making for, beats with clenched fists on the door and falls senseless at the feet of his kindly landlady, Mrs. Frazer. And from that time until we reach the closing section of the novel, we see him no more. Immersed in his secret refuge, a self-contained flat at the top of 77 Potiphar Street, he becomes a mysterious question-mark and particularly to Rendell, who, reading in an evening paper of the distinguished novelist's sudden illness, calls at 77 Potiphar Street to inquire and almost involuntarily takes a room on the ground-floor. It is through and with Rendell that we discover some of the facts of Trent's past life. For there are other inquirers and Rendell has to open the door to most of them. The most frantic are two women who are in terror lest Trent in his supposed delirium should compromise them. Each is a "psychic invalid," and so in different ways are the other associates with whom Trent seems to have killed time between bouts of novel writing. Of these the most notable is Denis Wrayburn who detects so clearly the deathrattle in all contemporary activities that his blood is frozen in his incisive brain. Rendell helps and studies them all with unfailing zest. He has indeed a talent for combining the roles of amateur detective and family doctor. But while he is engaged in soothing his neurotic patients at the cost of only one suicide, Trent himself is almost forgotten. At least we only get glimpses at second hand through his hysterical friends of what "*was* Ivor Trent". Nor does he reappear in the flesh. He leaves, however, a pseudo-Dostoevskian manuscript for Rendell to read, in which after laying bare the bankruptcy in his past and describing the crisis of revelation in the fog, he sensationally invokes the being he saw.

Mr. Houghton is at his worst in this concluding climax. In a sense his whole novel is a climax. For it has an ingrained theatricality, which is equally apparent in the plot, the characters and the style. His touch on human life is generally too insensitive and his view of spiritual problems always too crudely external to evoke the inner truths of either. He exploits both for the purposes of excitement and entertainment. And so long as he confines himself to the surface of the disintegrated modern world, we can enjoy the power and pungency of his writing and a humour that is as often kind as ruthless. But when he attempts to reduce to the same melodramatic level the mystery of re-birth and regeneration, the result is grotesquely meretricious. Of all the ghosts in his pages that have lost their way in the fog of the present and stare "into futurity with fanatical eyes," the Ivor Trent who announces with the skill of a practised showman that he has become the man of the future is the most spectacularly false.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Outline of Buddhism. By C. H. S. WARD (The Epworth Press, London. 2*s*. 6*d*.)

A perusal of this book is almost sure to leave a new enquirer into Buddhistic philosophy as confused as the author himself appears to be. It is written in a thinly veiled spirit of Christian protagonism, but as the churches many centuries ago abandoned Gnosis, their adherents should not perhaps be expected to be unbiased or philosophical. This "Outline" is based almost entirely upon the teachings and interpretations current in, and derived from, the *Hinayana* or Southern School of Buddhism, although it is admitted that the *Mahayana* Buddhism "is the faith of the overwhelming majority of living Buddhists."

There is no more deeply philosophical a people than the Hindus, and the Buddha was a flower of Aryan soil. His teachings are not different from the older doctrines which included Reincarnation, Karma, Moksha, etc., but he had first to arrest the prevailing superstition before restating the Truth. Unequipped, however, with the requisite philosophical background, the author in his comments on the twin doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma and on Nirvana has merely added to the prevailing confusion. He seems unable to take a general survey of the subject and produce either a synthetic whole or a rational explanation of doctrinal development. He is still talking about the view long since exploded, one had hoped, that Nirvana means "extinction": the Buddha having attained to it, continued to teach humanity for some forty-five years thereafter! As to Reincarnation, the Westerner suffers from the absence of the rudiments of this doctrine from his religious thought. And so with other teachings. No, this book does not outline Buddhism; it is a view of Buddhism as a church sectarian looks at it.

B.

Crime and Humane Ethics. By CARL HEATH (Allenson & Co., London. 1 *s*.)

This brochure is the 1934 Roy Calvert Memorial Lecture. Calvert was an ardent humanitarian whose efforts were directed towards the abolition of capital punishment up to his death in 1933. Mr. Heath brings forward no new conclusive arguments. He goes over the old ground and launches the suggestion that more serious study should be given to the "psychic" or the metaphysical side of the problem. His viewpoint, it is regrettable to note, seems coloured with the conceptions of orthodox Christianity, and these suggestions are therefore in the main somewhat vague and to the materialistically inclined, unsatisfactory. On the other hand, his appeal that within each human soul there is something of fineness and nobility which can be evoked even from the most degraded, is entirely Spiritual.

But we find Mr. Heath unable to go to the root of the matter. If death means the end of everything then the materialistic idea of doing away with a noxious human weed, is but logical and correct. If however, there is an understanding of what death really means, and what the human soul is, what its evolution and ultimate goal, then the solution of this pressing problem of the death penalty will be more readily understood. Unfortunately Mr. Heath seems more unaware of, than unwilling to consider, the result of civilizations whose metaphysical and philosophical sciences were and are still more advanced than our own. Unless he is prepared to consider the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma, which indicate that *death* is but change of state in the pilgrimage of the soul, all other arguments, despite their humaneness, will lose the requisite fortifying strength against attacks. These teachings are modernly enshrined in Theosophy and they indicate the *reasons* why the death penalty should be done away with.

T.

The Secret Path, By PAUL BRUNTON (Rider and Co. Ltd., London. 5s.)

Who writes publishers' "blurbs"? In this case the book is termed "an amazing new system for unfolding the powers of the mysterious Overself". This sort of language only serves to prejudice readers against what is in fact a good book. It is certainly not new and scarcely "amazing". There is too much padding and far too much journalese but, all the same, it is a book which should be of service to many who are looking for the light and it is a welcome sign of the awakening spiritual aspirations of the West that such a book should have been written at the request of many of the readers of the author's previous work.

The Path described is the age-old one of detachment from the various sheaths of the Self, the physical body, the emotions and thoughts, leading to a realisation of the true Self, the God within the heart. It is the same Path that is set forth in the twelve verses of the Māndukya Upanishad but it is here presented in simple unsymbolic language which should be clear to the average reader though, to another class, the very fact that it has been found possible to dispense with symbolism may suggest a limitation.

The "yoga breathing exercise" which is "revealed" in the book is also a perfectly standard one being that which was recommended long ages ago in the Gita :—

"Prāṇāpānau samau kritwā nāsābhyantarachāriṇau"

The author is convinced that the path recommended by him is a perfectly safe one even in the absence of a teacher, and it is certainly true that it is refreshingly free from all mystery-mongering and is as safe for a normally balanced man as any path can be which leads to the inner worlds. But, in truth, in the absence of a competent teacher, no inner path can be absolutely devoid of dangerous pitfalls. The independence-loving Westerner is too little apt to realise that the necessity of the teacher arises, not only in connection with spectacular "yogic" techniques, but is inherent in any method, however "safe"—provided it is one which will give any results at all!

The pursuit of what the author calls "mental quiet" can, and only too often does, lead to a passive mediumship and to a misinterpretation of the psychic experiences which may come to the *sādhaka*. The teacher is always necessary to dispel the lure of the psychic and, above all, to ward off what is perhaps the greatest danger of all for many Westerners, namely, the intensification of the separated personal life by a sort of sucking down of the spiritual power that is brought about by the passionate thirst for personal advancement.

For this reason, if I have any criticism to offer, it is that insufficient stress is laid upon the strenuous moral effort to transform the character that is the only possible safeguard on this path. Morality is apt to be unpopular nowadays and I recently read a review praising Patanjali for his supposed indifference to it but the truth remains that, however much we may react from the canting respectability that often passes for morality, no lasting spiritual edifice can ever be erected except on a basis of a sound moral character. I think the author would assent to this but, in view of the current delusions about the non-moral nature of yoga, it would perhaps have been wise to place a stronger emphasis on this aspect of the path. It is fatally easy to fancy oneself "beyond good and evil".

Nevertheless, it is a book which should prove a source of inspiration to many and, above all, it is delightfully free from all theological nonsense. It might be read with profit by a follower of any religion—or of none!—and, even if not as absolutely fool-proof as the author believes, yet it must be admitted to give a truer, more useful and safer account of yoga than many far more pretentious treatises.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

Grains of Gold: *From the Vaishnava Mystics.* By R. S. DESIKAN M.A., and B. L. RANGANATHAN, M. A., (S. R. Chari, Madras.)

The authors describe their work as "an English rendering, from Tamil, of some of the soul-animating strains of the vaishnava mystics". They add that they have been true to the original, in the sense that they have been true to themselves in transcribing their own reactions to the Tamil Texts. This criterion of faithfulness to the original material is somewhat too subjective, and might justify the wildest possible rendering. But whatever degree of freedom these two authors have allowed themselves they have succeeded in making the translations beautiful; from the literary point of view they are well finished. But they do lack something even more essential—they lack the real mystical stamina, the spiritual strength and fervour which, probably, could have been secured in a degree if the translators had remained closer to the Tamil texts.

The preliminary matter in this book resembles in bulk, though only in bulk, the Prefaces of Bernard Shaw. There is first the Introduction, then the Characteristics of Mysticism, the Quest, the Symbolism, and lastly the Alwars or Tamil mystics. These essays seem to be suffocated by references and quotations and fail to make any substantial point. They compare poorly with the literary art exercised in the actual English renderings, which are strongly recommended since they give a valuable echo of Vaishnava songs in the Tamil language.

D. G. V.

The Promise of All Ages. By CHRISTOPHIL. (Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

This propagandist work on Bahaism seeks to show Bahaullah as the fulfilment of the Divine Promise of all ages, the "Peer and Successor" of Muhammad as well as the Saviour universally expected by all religions. The Bahaists dream that world-peace will be established in this century through Bahaullah. Christians and Muslims are appealed to accept the gospel of Bahaullah, who is believed to have appeared "to make nations one in faith and all men brothers in love".

The life and teachings of the three leaders of the Bahaist Movement are interestingly described—The Bab, the Forerunner, who was shot dead in the presence of ten thousand people; Bahaullah, the Founder, who suffered lifelong persecution at the hands of the Persian Government for preaching against orthodox Islamic traditions; and Abdul Baha, the Exemplar. The Bahai scheme of reformation and unification of mankind, however, is uninteresting, and the aims of a world-calendar and government, a universal language and law, seem fantastic.

Bahaism in its essence is equally as broad in appeal and outlook as Sufism, the first liberalising movement of Islam. Bahaism in some respects is to orthodox Islam as the Brahmo-Samaj is to orthodox Hinduism. Bahaism seeks to liberate Islam by discarding its dead incrustations. Therein, we think, lies its true mission. The sooner Islam becomes broader, the better for the world. The Bahaism of Persia seems wider in scope than the Ahmadiyya Movement of the Punjab. Though this book is meant primarily for Christians it is more suited to Muslims, and Indian Muslims particularly should peruse it.

The book makes extravagant claims for Bahaism as the sole remedy for all world-problems, but how can a sectarian religion, however broad, solve world-problems? The claims of Bahaism as a substitute for older faiths are meaningless. The great religions will continue, and harmony among them can alone be achieved by reinterpretation to bring out their common basis.

SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA

CORRESPONDENCE

CONTEMPORARY INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

[In our March issue was published Dr. D. M. Datta's paper on " Contemporary Indian Philosophy," the remaining portion of which forms an independent whole to appear in a subsequent number. Meanwhile we have received from **Dr. R. Naga Raja Sarma** a criticism of Dr. Datta's views which seems to complete the survey of modern tendencies in Indian Philosophy.—EDS.]

I was considerably amused to read Dr. D. M. Datta's article published in the March Number of THE ARYAN PATH which purports to be a survey of " Contemporary Indian Philosophy " but, which as a matter of fact only contains the names of some Indian writers on Indian and European Philosophy and of their publications—these chosen and selected in a haphazard manner according to the personal preferences of Dr. Datta. If Dr. Datta had desired to commend the work of the Indian Philosophical Congress which had its latest session at Waltair, he might have summed up for the benefit of the readers of THE ARYAN PATH, the contents of the principal papers read and contributed, offering his own comments on the Presidential Address and the Address of the Chairman of the Reception Committee. If, on the other hand, he had intended to undertake a serious and systematic survey he might have proceeded along *two* approaches—(1) He might have examined the work done (the so-called Research work) in different Universities of different Provinces proceeding on a territorial basis. But if in these days of Nationalism and Internationalism, a provincial or a territorial approach should seem repugnant to Dr. Datta, he had another approach available. (2) He might have reviewed or surveyed the work of various scholars in India in reference to the *six* Darsanas and in especial reference to the three schools of the Vedanta : Advaita, Visishtadvaita, and Dvaita. Dr. Datta's judgment on contemporary Indian Philosophy and Philosophers has, as far as I am able to see, had absolutely nothing to do with the *two* lines of approach ; he seems anxious rather to advertise the work done by certain institutions and certain authors.

Without entering into controversy, Dr. Datta should be able to see that he is absolutely *not* justified in including Dr. P. K. Ray's Text-Books on Logic as epoch-making publications of "Contemporary Indian Philosophy". Dr. Ray's Text-Books contain just an ordinary account of the topics of Deductive and Inductive Logic, and Dr. Datta must have known that lecturers in different colleges have written more attractive accounts since. In *Neo-Hegelianism*, Dr. Haldar has examined in a sketchy manner the contributions to philosophy of the champions of Neo-Hegelianism like Stirling, Green, the two Cairds, Bradley and others. In his "Standard Work on the Subject" Dr. Hasan neither openly champions European and American Realism, nor openly condemns it. Let that alone for a moment.

Dr. Datta however is entertaining when he sums up the work of philosophers assigned by him to the second category. (p. 198 THE ARYAN PATH) Does Dr. Datta think that he is distributing patronage (presumably on the doctrine of "Yamevaisha-vrinute-tena-labhyah")? Otherwise, I fail to understand why he has *not* mentioned the following translators. (1) Prof. S. Subba Rao has translated Madhva's *Sutra-Bhashya*, and *Gita-Bhashya*. Prof. Subba Rao's translations are the first in the field—has not Dr. Datta seen his *Purnaprajnya-Darsana*? Why has Dr. Datta not mentioned Dr. C. Kunhan Raja who has collaborated with Prof. Suryanarayana Sastry in translating *Bhamati* and *Manameyodaya*? Why, again, has he not mentioned Prof. M. Rangacharya's translation of *Sarva-siddhanta-sangraha*? While Dr. Datta mentions the work of Dr. Vidyabhushan, why has he not referred to the translations of Srischandra Vasu? Coming to those who according to Dr. Datta have to their credit "presentation of Indian Philosophy in English" I would like to know why he has ignored Professor K. Sundararama Iyer who is perhaps the most accurate thinker among the Advaitins in South India. His *Ethical Aspects of the Vedanta* is more a standard work than the "standard realism" of Dr. Hasan. By the way, is not Chatterjee's "Realism" also equally "standard"? Why has Dr. Datta not mentioned it? Who is the standardising authority? Then why has Dr. Datta failed to notice Professor (now Principal of the Madras Pachayaippa's college) P. N. Srinivasacharya's *two* "standard" works—*Ramanuja's Idea of Finite Self* and *Philosophy of Bheda-abheda*? Why, once again, has Dr. Datta failed to notice the remarkable, brilliant, and epoch-making translation of the Bhagavad-Gita by Professor (now Principal of the Rajahmundry College) D. Subrahmanya Sarma, and his *Primer of Hinduism* epoch-making and standard to be sure? Why, finally, has Dr. Datta not a word to say about Mr. K. A. Krishnaswamy Iyer's *Vedanta—A Science of Reality* which is from many a standpoint a new vindication of "Advaita-Vedanta"?

If Dr. Datta had cared to survey "Contemporary Indian Philosophy" as it has revealed itself in Sanskrit he might with considerable profit to himself and to his readers have mentioned *Moola-Avidya-Nirasa* of Pandit Subrahmanya Sarma; *Sutra-Anugunya-siddhi* of M. M. Krishna Sastry, and the controversial critique of it by Mr. A. V. Gopalacharya entitled *Sutra-anugunasiddhi-vimarsa*; M. M. Desikacharya's *Vyasa-siddhanta-Martanda*, and M. M. Pandit Srinivasachara's *Darsana-meemamsa*. These controversial publications are devoted to a vindication of the supremacy and pre-eminence of Advaita and Visishtadvaita. *Vyasatatparya-Nirnaya* and Anantakrishna Sastry's *Advaita-martanda* may also be recalled.

I shall indicate one or two more instances which would convincingly demonstrate that the so-called "little progress," a "review" of which appears under the flamboyant title of "Contemporary Indian Philosophy" has made Dr. Datta advertise his own idols. Dr. Datta has not cared to note anything of the work done by Principal A. B. Dhruva. And pray what is the mystery behind the omission of Mr. Jadunath Sinha—author of *Psychology of Perception*—a very decent volume? The contention that Dr. Datta is *not* attempting any exhaustive bibliography or *catalogus catalagorum* of contemporary philosophical publications is illogical as it should be quite transparent from the instances cited that his survey of "Contemporary Indian Philosophy" is restricted just to the work of his idols.

Let us face facts. Dr. Datta's idols and many others are presenting Indian philosophical doctrines after administering to them a European and American orientation. In the works of Dr. Datta's idols there is a nervous apprehension that this or that Indian doctrine may not be accepted and acclaimed unless it is shown to walk along the path of IDEALISM or MONISTIC ABSOLUTISM. This attitude is unphilosophical, and lacks the historical sense. Sankara has been discussed threadbare. Genuine workers in Indian Philosophy should turn hereafter to the systems of Ramanuja and Madhva. Two lines of research remain yet to be pursued. (1) The formidable mass of Realistic literature should be explored. (2) Indian Psychology should be investigated, as therein lies the characteristic differentium of Indian genius. So far as I am aware Dr. Datta's idols have nothing to contribute to the two types of investigation.

In conclusion, I shall propose a simple test and ask a simple question—Is there a single systematic history of Sanskrit Literature on the lines of Keith's work? I have no sycophantic admiration for that work of Keith's. Dr. Datta knows here, there, and everywhere there are Sanskritists of provincial, all-India, world-wide reputation and it is perfectly reasonable to expect some half-a-dozen histories at least of Sanskrit literature. This remark would apply to Indian philosophy as well.

Take for example, Sankara's Advaita which is believed to be the philosophy of the Upanishads. Here are some philosophies of Upanishads—one by Deussen, another by Gough, one by Ranade another by Radhakrishnan. Does Dr. Datta contend that the latter two constitute an improvement over the former? Improvement or no improvement would after all be a matter of opinion. What Masson-Oursel has said about Indian Psychology is distinctly more illuminating than what Dr. B. N. Seal has said. The Indian systems of philosophy should stand or fall on their own merits and on account of their incapacity to survive at the end of the struggle for existence, respectively. In the works of Dr. Datta's idols, Indian doctrines are presented in an apologetic manner and criticised from the ill-understood and ill-assimilated conclusion of Western systems. In the series of *four* contributions which appeared in THE ARYAN PATH early last year, I had something to say about what I considered and still continue to consider "Indian Misrepresentations of Indian Philosophy," and so far as I am aware there are no independent views in any of the works enumerated by Dr. Datta arising out of an assimilation of both Eastern and Western systems of thought. Dr. Datta mentions with enthusiasm *The Philosophical Quarterly* but *not The Review of Philosophy and Religion.* I await with interest what Dr. Datta has to say about the evolution of the independent philosophical views of his idols arising out of an assimilation of both Indian and Western systems of thought. Meanwhile, I feel I must honestly state that his account of "Contemporary Indian Philosophy" appearing in the March ARYAN PATH is incomplete, and confined to the work of some few personal friends and acquaintances of Dr. Datta. It is emphatically *not* a systematic survey based on any valid objective criteria of philosophic criticism.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN PHYSICS

In his presidential address before the British Association last September, Sir James Jeans expressed views that have aroused widespread interest among the laity of science. His subject was "The New World-Picture of Modern Physics" but he digressed at intervals to indicate certain philosophical and moral interpretations of a few of the recent advances in physical science. Brief comment on some of his remarks has already been made in THE ARYAN PATH*, but the tenor of his thought lies so close to Theosophy that it is difficult to refrain from further quotation.

When, for example, he says, nature's "truths can only be made comprehensible in the form of parables," he is voicing a theosophical and occult aphorism of long standing. In physical science, however, it is new. Until comparatively recently it was thought (by physicists) that physics was contacting absolute reality, and that to parable was wilfully to mislead.

He said also:—

> Atomicity and division into individual existences are fundamental in the restricted space-time picture, but disappear in the wider, and as far as we know more truthful, picture which transcends space and time.

This, of course, is pure Theosophy, which teaches the fundamental unity of all on the higher planes of existence. He amplifies his statement a little later:—

> When we view ourselves in space and time we are quite obviously distinct individuals; when we pass beyond space and time we may perhaps form ingredients of a continuous stream of life.

These quotations give the flavour of Jeans's musings on the philosophy toward which point the discoveries of modern physics, but when reading them we must not deceive ourselves with the thought that science, and particularly physical science, is turning toward Theosophy, or even becoming metaphysical. To the working physicist such statements are almost sufficient in themselves to discredit their enunciator as a physicist. Because of such statements, and similar ones made before, probably most physicists would not bother to read Jeans at all. This attitude seems narrow and perhaps hard to believe, but nevertheless it exists, and not entirely without justification. "The old physics," again quoting Jeans, "imagined it was studying an objective Nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceives it." Although Jeans attributes this point of view to the old physics alone, it really is that of the "new physics" as well, and it is this feeling—always at least subconsciously held—that makes the working physicist have mental shudders at the suggestion of a theory that would so seriously undermine the importance of the work he is doing.

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*THE ARYAN PATH, Nov. 1934, p. 734.

The scientist of to-day fills a place in the world not unlike that occupied before the twelfth century by the philosopher. To a larger extent he represents the intellectuality of humanity, and upon him devolves—it seems to him—the duty of acquiring true knowledge and imparting it to the masses. The physicist in particular, because of the large degree of success he has attained in apparently explaining nature, feels himself in a situation resembling that of the early prophets. To tell him that he is investigating only one narrow and relatively unimportant side of a many faceted nature, and that so far as the real destiny of man is concerned all the discoveries he can ever make, working along present lines, will never be of appreciable importance, is, figuratively speaking, to impute falsity to his gods—an arraignment few can brook with equanimity.

This reaction of the physicist is closely akin to the instinct of self-preservation, which is fundamental to all organic existences. It is the only possible position for physics as a science. Nothing exists for physics but what can make itself known through the senses, or what may be inferred by recognized and accepted logical induction and deduction from observations. To allow departure from this procedure would convert an ordered science into chaos. It is hardly fair to the physicist to expect him to take any other view of the matter.

On the other hand it is exceedingly interesting to note that the further the physical investigations are carried on, the more certain are the indications that our knowledge—to quote Jeans again—"is at best a smeared picture of the clear cut reality which we believe to lie beneath." Now and then a scientist with unusual mental equipment will have intimations of a higher reality lying behind the apparent reality of physical life. In giving voice to this sentiment, however, he puts himself beyond the pale of physics.

Those who take Theosophy as the subject of their major study do not meet the ready successes of students in physical science. They carry on their researches without the help of touch, sight, or hearing. Discouragement is their common fare, frustration their daily companion. To them, therefore, it is great encouragement to find workers in the field of physical science discovering that their own researches are leading nowhere, that the deeper they delve, the more their findings seem artifacts of a vastly older science.

New York PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

ENDS AND SAYINGS

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

HUDIBRAS

Here and there, through the ashes of mental lethargy and moral indolence a living ember gleams, which gentle breezes of soul-wisdom could quicken into flame. One of the functions of THE ARYAN PATH is to help disperse these ashes and to fan the dormant sparks into a blaze. But any fan however consistently wielded, has a limited range. The influence, for instance, of THE ARYAN PATH cannot reach far beyond its circulation list. It welcomes, therefore, every kindred breeze that quickens into life the scintillae of idealistic thought and lights the sparks of brotherhood. THE ARYAN PATH is the friend of every idealistic and cultural movement along un-sectarian lines. One such we spoke of in our April "Ends and Sayings"—the International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation of Paris, which is doing excellent service in breaking down prejudice and promoting sympathetic understanding among men of different nations.

Another potent and growing influence for brotherhood and the spread of the power of ideas is the International P. E. N. Club whose Annual Congress convenes in Barcelona on the 20th of this month. These conferences bring together for friendly interchange outstanding writers from the four corners of the world.

The International P. E. N. not only seeks to promote a closer *rapprochement* among men of letters everywhere and to encourage the exchange of literature, but also has assumed the difficult and potentially dangerous task of championing freedom of thought and expression wherever its clubs exist. The insistence of the P. E. N. Club on absolute tolerance and freedom of expression—racial, political and religious—makes it unwelcome in countries where liberty is unknown or has "gone glimmering down the stream of things that were". The U. S. S. R., for example, has no P. E. N. Centre, despite the personal visit of the International President, Mr. H. G. Wells, to urge the establishment of one; the German P. E. N. had to be disowned by the International Club because of political enslavement. A threatened break with the Centre in Fascist Italy on similar grounds has recently been happily averted.

All organizations which cut across conventional boundaries help men to recognize their kind beyond the pale. But there are none more promising than those that rest, as does the P. E. N., upon free interchange of thought.

There are provisions for passport issuance and recognition, for visas and the rest, to enable men and women to move freely about the world, and such travel is good in so far as it serves the cause of better international understanding. But more important still is the free passage of ideas and ideals from land to land. Alas! there is no provision in international law for *their* safe-conduct. Be they constructive or iconoclastic, views that lack the imprimatur of accepted thought are turned back often by the bigotry that makes and preserves the frontiers of thought—and there are none more impassable. Proscription has been carried to absurd lengths in certain autocratically governed countries.

A world renaissance seems overdue. Not so much ignorance as ill-digested knowledge hinders clear perception. And modern knowledge, especially the scientific, is like the shifting sands of the desert—ever changing and ever raising a thirst which it is incapable of assuaging. Literature is greatly influenced by scientific theories though its life-movements show better promise of uniting the peoples of the world; it cannot be exploited by big business nor be harnessed into its service by finance, as much as science, and therefore it has not the difficulty of science to overcome. On the other hand literature has a greater power to harm racial morals than science to injure the human mind. The more literature frees itself from nationalistic politics and from ever-changing theories of science, especially the questionable ones of psychology and psycho-analysis, the purer and more harmonizing its influence will become.

India has had a P. E. N. centre since 1933 and naturally the progress is slow, for this is a land of numerous languages and English is used only by those educated in modern schools and colleges. The work of the Club announced in their organ *The Indian P. E. N.* is two-fold: to make the English writings of Indian authors better known and secondly to co-ordinate the results of the literary movements in different linguistic areas, "to bring outstanding writers in different language groups together in friendly relationship, and to spread interest in and information about vernacular literary achievements."

Even organizations somewhat restricted in aim and scope may make their contribution to the whole, especially if they bring a tolerant spirit to their task. Such, for example, is the Islamic Research Association of Bombay, also formed in 1933 to promote research in Islamic Studies. This Association already has issued several publications and is rendering scholarly service to the spread of appreciation of Islamic culture. Its constitution creditably disavows intent to "enter into any present-day religious or political controversy or propaganda" or to publish works relative thereto.

So can the complicated pattern of our modern culture be achieved each movement working along its own line and in its own way, but in a spirit of friendly tolerance and mutual help.