THE NEW LANKA

A QVARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II. JANUARY 1951 No. 2

CONTRIBUTIONS INCLUDE

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Dr. H. W. Howes

The World University Crisis
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The Genesis of America
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G. L. Cooray,
Editor.

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THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1951. No. 2

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THE
NEW LANKA
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
AS OTHERS SEE US

Sir Andrew Caldecott (Pierpont, Itchenor) :

" All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and warm congratulations on the high standard maintained by the *New Lanka*."

Rev. A. G. Fraser (Lanka, Corbett Avenue, Droitwich) :

" We thank you also for the *New Lanka* of July, a very good number we thought. We lend it to Lady Graham Thompson who still keeps her vital interest in Ceylon.

" All good wishes from us both, for my wife too is a keen reader of the *New Lanka*."

Dr. L. D. Parsons (Merton Park, London, S.W., 18th August, 1950) :

" I received No. 4 of the *New Lanka* this morning and I enclose my subscription for the next volume. I cannot conclude without saying how excellent all your issues have been and congratulate you on the high standard that *New Lanka* maintains."

Major D. J. G. Hennessy (Nelson, New Zealand, 9th September, 1950) :

" I must congratulate you on this great effort on your part . . . The standard is far above anything in the Antipodes."

Lars J. Lind (Press Division, Unesco, Paris) :

" Congratulations on a fine publication."

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THE STATE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS IN CEYLON

By H. W. Howes

BEFORE discussing the subject which heads this article, I feel that I should make some sort of *Apologia pro vita sua*, or at least an *Apologia* for presuming, as a guest, to give my views after only a few months' residence. Therefore, I apologise in advance to all those who have every right to claim to know more about the topic than I can. In mitigation of my " crime," I plead that I have a love of the arts and crafts, have studied them, so far as possible, in different lands, written a few slight books about one or two, lectured in Europe upon certain aspects, and as an educationalist have tried to view them within the cultural whole of anthropology ! Having pleaded extenuating circumstances I trust, that, after expressing true contrition and shown a firm purpose of amendment, I may be absolved !

The observer from outside, like myself, is impressed by a number of trends in the artistic life of present-day Ceylon. Some people, in thought as well as in various art forms, emphasise that much that is unsatisfactory today is due to the basic fact of four hundred years of foreign domination and influence. They look back to a golden age which they say ended at the dawn of the sixteenth century. Others again point out that Western influences cannot and should not be turned aside just because they are Occidental, and indeed, often think and act as if they preferred them to their own Oriental. Clearly, Lanka is at the cross-roads in the matter of artistic expression, at a transition stage between one era and another, and yet in a world that, despite wars and rumours of wars, is in many ways closer than ever before. Unless one is prepared to live in splendid isolation, it is necessary to recognise that Lanka cannot avoid receiving outside influences which have nothing to do with any form of imperialism or desire to impose a cultural pattern from beyond.

Hard thinking is necessary, and happy dreams will be no substitute. What is the present position ? It seems to me that certain tendencies can be fairly clearly observed. In painting, there is a good deal of copying, conscious or unconscious of the Occidental, whereas, as I have seen in schools, our children can do wonderful work with Oriental patterns, and, although here and there there is an exception to the rule, the majority seem much happier in expressing themselves in the forms of the East, and the result is more satisfying. To digress

for a moment, when one is in Belgium and sees the many examples of the Flemish Masters in Bruges, it is clear that a real contribution to Art was being made. In the seventeenth century, leading artists of Flanders went to Italy, and when they returned they attempted to blend the Italian Art with forms of the Low Countries, and, in most cases, the result was lamentable. There is no need to point the moral!

For seven centuries, not four, Spain was subjected to Moorish domination, and Moorish Art and Architecture, until relatively recently, prevailed from 1492, although the last invader had been driven out of Spain in that year. True, there was the Mudejar period when there was an attempt in Architecture to blend Spanish Christian and Moorish forms. In painting, after 1492, three men were outstanding. El Greco was a man whose origins were Cretan Greek and he was notable for his construction of form in light and colour. The Court Painter, Velasquez showed, within a limited palette, a detached observation of the pictorial possibilities of life, especially of the Court. The satire of Goya, his exquisite painting of silks and jewels and dynamic form were masterly. Yet, it can hardly be said that, besides these three and Murillo and Zuraban, there had been anything outstanding. Personally, I believe that the Moorish influence against the pictorial was mainly responsible. When one comes to the industrial and minor arts, Spain reached, and as I have seen, maintained, high standards of craftsmanship. There is the beautiful work in hammered iron of Seville, the leatherwork of Cordova and the jet statues and ornaments of Galicia. The delicate work of silversmiths and goldsmiths was fairly widespread, and much of it, particularly the work done for the Church was outstanding. The guilds, under Church influence, were exceptionally strict about their productions. Both in Spain and Italy the trade guilds set very high standards, and in England in the days before the Industrial Revolution craft guilds were very strict about shoddy work.

Music, in many ways, is more international than many other arts and crafts. A Debussy can follow Oriental ideas and a Ravel produce excellent work in the Spanish style, while a Gounoud blends Italian with French. It would not be incorrect to say that in the world of sound, the base is just music, however expressed, environmentally. Nevertheless, the folk songs of a country are its peculiar musical contribution, arising naturally from the folk, and they are characteristic. Dutch folk dancing, that typical of Elizabethan England, the Flemish type or that of Yugoslavia are distinctive. But in large countries such as India, the folk songs are often regional, and to lesser extent, this is true of smaller lands.

The dance is another form of expression, and in most lands though called national dances, they are often regional. Frequently, man has danced out his religious ritual, and, as in parts of Spain, the dance has come from the Church down into secular life. In most places, there are work dances, such as the reaping dances we know in Ceylon or the sea shanty of the old sailing ship days. Africa has a wonderful series of traditional dances which have survived, despite Colonial rule, associated with major events in life, such as initiation ceremonies, while war dances are often very important.

Let us turn to Ceylon. Indian music and dancing and indeed Indian Arts and Crafts have had a profound influence on the artistic life of Ceylon, and today, from my observation, the position seems very complex. Painting is a medium in which there is uncertainty, and the position is even more difficult in music. The crafts seem to be in need of higher standards, for unless they are first-class and distinctive, well-designed machine made products can beat them. Kandyan dancing, a unique survival of entire masculinity, is holding its own, but many of the other indigenous (even if some are of Indian derivation) folk dances are in danger of decline, or of being so adapted as to lose their own special qualities. I have been astounded by the way some people will put on English folk dances which nearly always fail, just as the people of Britain could not express themselves adequately through the Kandyan form! This tendency I have seen in some of our schools, and I have expressed myself somewhat forcibly whenever I have seen it! Now it seems to me that the policy of drift or of competing groups of those engaged in an art or craft is getting us nowhere, and the question arises as to what can be done about it. At the risk of being torn limb from limb, I would venture to set down my ideas! In the first place, our Art seems to be like a ship without an anchor, perhaps it is even worse, because the ship's officers do not seem to know their ultimate destination. If the Captain does not know the port to which he is to go, he cannot know what course to set. The effect on the crew is devastating, because their morale suffers, and contesting groups will be formed because there is no sense of purpose about the ship's voyage.

The people of Ceylon want to express themselves in the most natural form possible, and I fail to see that they should want to go outside, and in this connection, I do not mean from the West, but from the North as well. Therefore, I believe that if the accepted aim is to foster existing Arts and Crafts it is proper to suggest that the true idiom should be Ceylonese. The more this is accepted, the quicker will we find new composers, dramatists, artists and craftsmen arising to further the artistic life of Lanka. Poor imitations of other people's

styles will not do. Patriotism in the arts and crafts has much to commend it, and should be encouraged.

Possibly, somebody may say that if we aim at having distinctive Ceylonese arts and crafts, music, drama and dancing, we should go back to days prior to 1504. With all due humility, I would object, and say that we might be enforcing an unnatural pattern. No one can say what will be produced, and it would be wrong to force the artistic sense of today into a particular historic mould. On the other hand, if artists in all media arise to express the soul of Ceylon of today, the public will need some education in these matters, and its financial, as well as æsthetic interest, is necessary. To merge, for example, all our artistic and craft work, into that of India would, in my view, be a mistake. India, with its millions of people and its huge extent could probably beat us in a number of forms of expression. In any case this is Ceylon, and the world should be able to appreciate the flavour of our own particular artistic achievements, and which have flowered on our soil, nurtured in our own atmosphere. The man who goes to Italy does not want to buy Austrian lace work ; he wants, and will be able to buy, lace of high craftsmanship which is distinctively Italian. When I visit North Africa I can buy Moorish camel-hide handbags, embossed with Moorish symbols and decorated in a colour pattern which everyone knows is Moorish and North African. The work is excellent, and if I want a typical souvenir for a lady I would buy one of these bags. London cannot produce these lovely hand-made articles, and so I must obtain them from their place of manufacture. High standards are maintained, and there is keen competition about price. The shop-keeper employs the craftsman and a middleman's profit is eliminated.

I would argue, therefore, that it would be wise to aim at establishing, and in some cases re-establishing, the clear aim that our forms of artistic and craft expression should be the natural products of our people. In this way, the outside world will be able to appreciate the better the special contributions of Lanka of today in the fine industrial arts and crafts. Love of art and beauty and æsthetic values generally do not seem to be widespread. The villager, often living at a low economic plane, can hardly expect to look out with the eyes of the artist, any more than we should picture him after working hours as a philosopher communing with nature. Nevertheless, I have seen the work of village children in our Central Schools, and in the decorative art of the Sinhalese, the best have a true surety of line and a sense of harmony which is most encouraging. In the towns, on the other hand, I have been less impressed. As an Occidental, I would say that much

of the artistic work of the town is interesting, but then this is Ceylon of the Orient, and I would prefer to see more work in the local idiom. Maybe I am at fault, maybe it is my sense of values that is wrong. I wonder ?

Dr. N. D. Wijesekera, in his book, " The People of Ceylon," has pointed out that " true modern Sinhalese art remains to be born." He is certainly very distressed at the state of other arts, including music, dancing and the drama. His book was written in 1945, and published in 1949, yet I feel what he then said is still true. He foresaw the very grave danger of " the total disappearance of indigenous arts and crafts with their special techniques and processes long before they became industrialised and this would result in the loss of the traditional craftsmen." He analyses the causes, and to me, one of the most important, is the absence of necessary patronage.

We cannot be satisfied with this state of affairs, more particularly as the best of our arts and crafts are precious things of outstanding beauty. Something should be done here and now for all the arts and crafts of this country, and I would venture to offer a few ideas. In the first place, much, very much, more remains to be done in our schools. This very article is at least evidence that those responsible for education are awake to the necessity of improving standards among those of school age, and in fact, a definite beginning has been made, but the road will be long before a deep impress is made upon the whole of the natural culture. It is not enough to teach the Art and the Craft in the form of an appreciation lesson, the child must be an executant. Properly guided, I believe that through the schools we can raise the general level of æsthetics in our particular culture. Moreover, for the many we can give the unutterable sense of satisfaction derived from true craftsmanship.

Given teachers with lofty artistic ideals and ability to demonstrate arts and crafts worthily, an Education Department can work wonders within a few years. Nevertheless, something must be done here and now for those interested in arts and crafts, and also for those who could be interested. I have in mind, of course, persons who have recently left school and the more mature persons of adult life. First, I would contend that Art and the various crafts needed viewing as a whole, and not as a series of small parts, unrelated to that whole. A sense of direction is necessary, and who is to give it is the next question. This is the crucial question ; in the realm of secular art, in Ceylon as in the old City States of Italy, there were patrons, masters and apprentices. There seems little possibility of a revival of individual

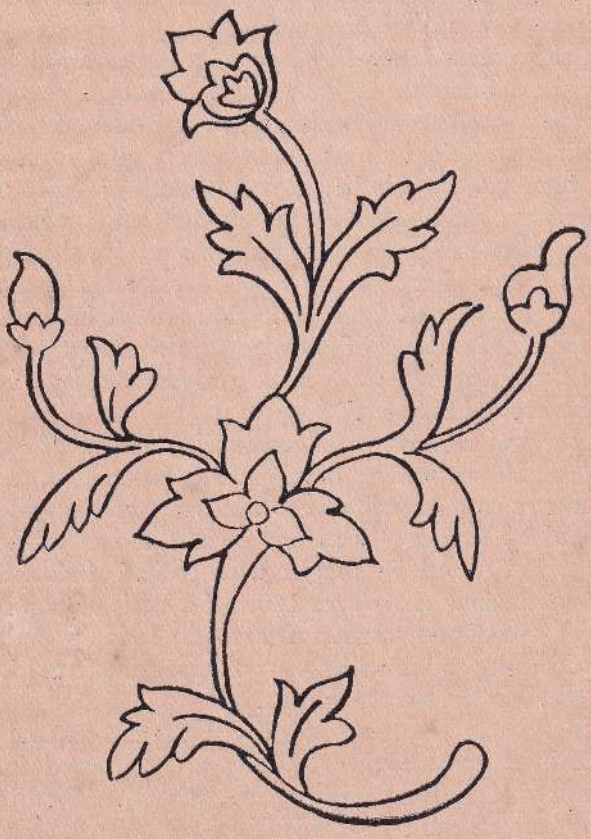
patronage, and one may rightly regret the decline in the master-apprentice relationship. The Co-operative and Rural Development movements will, I feel sure, continue to foster craftsmanship in days where the individual patron is a rarity.

During the war in England a Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts was formed. Collectors of paintings of art and of the crafts travelled the country. Talented musicians brought music into factories and small towns. If I may here intrude a personal note, the great Italian tenor, Gigli, told me in Gibraltar about two years ago, that he had been absolutely astounded at the deep, intelligent and widespread interest in music in Britain which had developed since the War. Previously music had been largely for the few, now it was something valued by the millions. He was full of praise for the work of those who had not waited for the average man to come to music, but had taken it out to him. CEMA was responsible for collecting talented actors and actresses who produced Shakespeare and the masters of English drama under the most adverse conditions in all sorts of remote as well as important places in the country, while the exhibitions of art and the crafts presented the highest standards to the people. Today the Arts Council of Britain is continuing the pioneering work of CEMA.

Some adaptation of this idea is an urgent necessity of Ceylon, but whatever body is erected it should not be solely concerned with encouraging the development of our art and our own crafts by sending out musicians, actors and actresses and providing exhibitions. Art is both national and international, and I, for one, while enthusiastic for the utmost encouragment of self-expression through the Ceylonese idiom, would deplore any attempt to bar the accepted masters and masterpieces of other lands. We can surely appreciate without feeling an urge to copy. In Ceylon, knowing the state, generally speaking, of the indigenous art and crafts, drama and music, we shall expect the body to get together our best representatives in each field, arrive at minimum standards of performance, and at the same time present the highest. In some ways, I feel this would be its greatest task, and despite the numerous difficulties which will arise, it will be one which, if successfully undertaken, will be a major contribution in the cultural history of our country. The body envisaged can, in my opinion, help to create artistic and craft employment, give a rebirth to our true arts and crafts in the matter of purpose and standards, and co-ordinate many unco-ordinated activities.

Money will be necessary. Surely this would be a real investment, a genuine expression by those who give money, time and enthusiasm,

of their abiding love of country. I believe the country will respond, and it will be to the greater glory of Lanka. More than once I have been called an optimist, and I prefer to think it is not a derogatory title ! The time, I believe, is ripe for this major cultural move. Much spadework will have to be done, but the seed, given favourable conditions of growth, will rise from the soil of Lanka and flourish abundantly. Every man and woman who shares in the project will have every right to be proud, for he or she will have benefited the present and future generations of Lanka. If I wanted to provide a slogan for the movement, I can think of nothing better than that which is found at the entrance to every room in the Gruuthuis of Bruges. Wherever, the Count of Bruges went in his palace he was met with a French phrase which translated into English said " There is more in you yet."



WORLD UNIVERSITY CRISIS

By Winburn T. Thomas

"LIFE, when long deprived of its natural food of truth and freedom of growth, develops an unnatural craving for success ; and our students have fallen victims to the mania for success in examinations. Success contains in obtaining the largest number of marks with the strictest economy of knowledge. It is a deliberate cultivation of disloyalty to truth, of intellectual dishonesty, of a foolish imposition by which the mind is encouraged to rob itself. But as we are by means of it made to forget the existence of mind, we are supremely happy at the result. We pass examinations and shrive up into clerks, lawyers and police inspectors and we die young.

"Universities should never be made into mechanical organisations for collecting and distributing knowledge. Through them the people should offer their intellectual hospitality, their wealth of mind to others and earn their proud right in return to receive gifts from the rest of the world. But in the whole length and breadth of India there is not a single university established in the modern time where a foreign or an Indian student can properly be acquainted with the best products of the Indian mind. For that we have to cross the sea, and knock at the doors of France and Germany. Educational institutions in our country are India's alms-bowl of knowledge ; they lower our intellectual self-respect ; they encourage us to make a foolish display of decorations composed of borrowed feathers." *

Human survival is a matter of universal concern. If man is to be no more then his collective development is irrelevant. Einstein's remark, in answer to a question as to the weapons with which World War III would be fought, "I'm not certain about World War III, but World War IV will be fought with rocks" indicates that the fears which overshadow us are symptoms of a crisis of human relations rather than of techniques, attributable to no lack of moral idealism but to man's inability and unwillingness to approximate in his individual and group behaviour the best he knows.

Universities share the responsibility for this cultural crisis. In war-time, institutions of higher learning are converted into officers' training camps and military intelligence schools. Totalitarian states transform the universities into institutions for strengthening the hand

* *An Eastern University by Rabindranath Tagore. Pages 4 & 5.*

of the dictators ; universities in free states voluntarily place their resources at the disposal of their governments to promote the war effort. Universities accept some of the credit, or blame, for the development of atomic energy and the bomb which so dramatically ended the last war. The universities of the West are engrossed in technological research which, while productive of data and information that are morally neutral in their abstract form, are capable of exploitation for destructive purposes. A recent book on the university problem (Education and World Tragedy, by Howard Mumford Jones, Harvard University Press, 1946) has recommended that a fifteen-year moratorium on technological subjects be imposed, in order that the humanities and history might regain their rightful place in the curriculum. Only, by developing cultural controls and sociological disciplines to the point that they can check the destructive potential of man's technological knowledge, can civilisation survive, says the professor-author.

That prophet without hope, the late George Orwell, author of the satire *Animal Farm*, and the vision of things to come, *Nineteen Eighty Four*, has depicted life under a government which rewrites history daily in order to make the records of the past consistent with dictator Big Brother's whims of today, which adopts as a coat-of-arms a mailed boot perpetually stamping the face of a human being, which utilizes the discoveries of science to enslave still further the scientists who make the discoveries, which eliminates not only the external forms of freedom but even the will to be free, and finally reaches into the heart of man to root out such basic emotions as human love. *The New Yorker*, in reviewing this provocative work, said " the triumph of certain forces of the mind in their naked pride and excess may produce things far worse than anything we have yet seen." The concentration of the university upon pure science, facts, the discoveries and conclusions of the mind, to the exclusion of the will, the emotions, man's morals, its mass production of " scientists " who to earn a living are willing to sell their services to the highest bidders, finds its *reductio ad absurdum* in some of the atomic scientists who, after the Hiroshima explosion, claimed in completing their individual assignments they had not known what they were doing.

The university intensifies the problem by a mass production of scholars in particular fields whose training in morality casts no light upon the proper utilization of their knowledge at the point of group responsibilities. General Smuts at St. Andrew's university in 1934 reminded the students that the disappearance of the sturdy, independent, freedom-loving individual, and his replacement by a servile standardized mass-mentality constituted the world's greatest menace. As his

observation was made just one year after Hitler took over Germany it was made not upon the basis of what had happened in Germany, but upon developments which were becoming increasingly common on every continent. The " standardized man " whom General Smuts deprecated is in part a by-product of the levelling-process of universal education. There is a sociological parallel in the 1870 prophecy of von Sybel that universal suffrage would soon be followed by the end of popular government. Sixty years afterwards von Sybel's own people voted themselves a Hitler, and three-quarters of a century later the freedom-loving Czechs elected a government that within three years transformed the Czechoslovakia of John Hus into a police state. The standardized man is a threat to civilization and to human survival because he can be controlled even as he is produced, on a mass basis by utilizing assembly line psychological techniques.

Having indicated that the university problem is primarily an aspect of the world situation let us now turn from the milieu within which the university has its existence to the university itself. Even as we are confronted with imponderables in viewing the contemporary social situation, even so do we discover that there are shortcomings inherent within the character and constitution of the modern university which render it far from adequate to do all that is required of it in the area of social development. As the faithful wife who criticises her spouse out of love and always for his own good, so this attempt to indicate some deficiencies of the university is made in a spirit of appreciation and confidence in its intrinsic and ultimate significance.

I.—PLURALISM VERSUS A UNITARY PHILOSOPHY

The ancient universities were based on a comprehensive system of philosophy, metaphysics or religion. Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas provided the European universities with their basis of learning ; Confucian classics were the texts of Chinese and Japanese scholars ; Buddhist metaphysic provided the undergirding of the temple schools in many of the lands of South-east Asia ; Calvin's theology supplied learning's presuppositions at Yale and Harvard at the time of their founding.

Modern universities have reacted against dogma in general and these medieval dogmas in particular. We thus have gained the freedom to think and reason as we will, without heeding the " No Trespassing " signs which are incident to closed systems of thought. But some of the " No Trespassing " signs were also directional pointers, the loss of which compounded by the darkness of the day has caused us to lose our way. The utilitarian pragmatism, which the modern universities offer us as a substitute for authoritarian standards, tells us neither how

to recognize "truth" when we find it, nor how to use it once we happen upon it.

Only in the Marxist universities can there be found a unity comparable to that which the medieval students took for granted. Elsewhere the different curricular subjects are contained in insulated compartments. The staff of different faculties hold conversations only with colleagues in their own fields so that there is a minimum or no interchange of ideas or cross-fertilization across departmental lines. Although in theory devoted to the search for truth, members of the teaching staff openly criticise or ridicule other branches of learning during their classroom lectures. The major interdepartmental activity is the movement of the students from class to class, and that is limited by the tendency to specialization. Concentration upon a single subject or field of research is a limiting but not a unifying experience. Specialization is not the equivalent of unity.

The philosophical pluralism that has developed with and in the modern university produces unintegrated graduates. An Indian Student Christian Movement report says, "The average student comes out of our universities an evolutionist in natural science, a materialist in history, determinist in economics, an idealist in politics . . ." The university so pulverizes and insulates sections of learning and culture it might more aptly be called a multi-versity.

II.—THE ILLUSION OF RELIGIOUS NEUTRALITY

The metaphysical and philosophical systems which undergirded the ancient universities were religious in character. They made certain affirmations about God, about creation, man, the world and history. The modern university has enthroned reason, human reason, making it the final arbiter of truth and falsehood, good and evil. The modern university claims to be religiously neutral.

The phrase "religious neutrality" might mean that the university has no official religious position, and expounds no one religious system, but presents objectively within the university life and curriculum the data relevant to the making of religious choices. More commonly, the term "religious neutrality" indicates the exclusion of religion and religious teaching.

But religion cannot be excluded from the university. The presuppositions of the instructor inevitably are insinuated into his teaching. Only in the area of pure research can this possibility be avoided. Whether a lecturer be expounding a physical or a philosophical concept, his world view will be made apparent. G. K. Chesterton puts it this way, "I'm quite capable of writing about Dutch gardens or the game

of chess ; but, if I did so, I am quite certain that my words would be coloured by my view of the cosmos."

The university's concentration on science, approaching it almost exclusively from the standpoint of materialism, has tended to propagate this particular explanation of life and creation. Because the student of science so concentrates on his one field he knows but that one field when he becomes an instructor. Thus the materialistic assumptions of science are commonly accepted within large areas of the university community.

Students of the history of education fear the consequences of this loss of " faith." A number of recent studies have called attention to the danger that the university may be cutting the roots which sustain it. (Arnold Nash's *The University and the Modern World,* A. J. Coleman's *The Task of the Christian in the University* and John Baillie's *The Mind of the Modern University* are three titles which pioneered the field). A 1949 volume by Sir Walter Moberly, Chairman of the University Grants Commission in Great Britain, entitled *The Crisis in the University,* argues that if religion is true at all it is relevant to the academic disciplines. The university should therefore study man in the totality of his activities and relations because, at least hypothetically, the most important of his relations and the one affecting all others is his relation to God.

Sir Walter recently stated in a radio broadcast that a secular university is not religiously neutral. The curriculum and the university community which exclude God indicate thereby that He does not count, that religion is a luxury for those who can afford its comfort rather than a necessity. The omission of religious instruction from the curriculum is not to introduce neutrality but to teach that it is unimportant.

This British authority thus affirms that religious pre-suppositions and practices belong to the curriculum, that reason is related to faith. Practically Dr. S. Radhakrishnan's *Report on Indian University Education* takes the same position in recommending that three religious elements be included in the university programme : silent meditation, a study of the lives of great religious teachers, and the universal scriptures. The Report then defines religion as : (1) a changed life, (2) spiritual training, (3) self-effort, (4) freedom of inquiry, (5) respect for other religions, and (6) an ecumenical rather than a parochial outlook.

III.—TEMPLES TO TECHNOLOGY

While the crisis is moral rather than due to the advancement and application of science, rapid technological developments have accelerated the motion of the various moral and cultural streams that have combined

to create modern man's predicament. Although it is now a truism to state that there is a cultural lag, the hackneyed character of the expression does not vitiate the consequent dangers to civilization. We rationalize this lag by pointing to the contributions made by science to health and progress, and to the stimulus of two world wars. Science deals with the quantitative aspects of reality, it limits its findings to reproducible phenomena. The emotional, volitional, aesthetic, artistic and religious aspects of life it omits, as we already have seen. Thus the temples of learning, which daily reveal new discoveries in physical nature, are paralyzed or irresponsible at the point of sociological know-how and the moral disciplines by which these new findings can be used for man's improvement rather than his destruction.

This is not intended as a blanket condemnation of technology. The machine is with us to stay. It can bring to Ceylon as it has brought to the industrialized Western peoples things which are needed to sustain and improve life. But it has its dangers, dangers which have been called to the attention of the world by the martyr-prophet, Mahatma Gandhi. We would be wise to appropriate for our own thought the contributions of Gandhi-ji at this point. The machine has come and is coming to Asia. How can these undeveloped rural lands utilize it to the best advantage and with a minimum of social maladjustment? The university, which has helped to create this frankenstein that robs men of employment and annihilates them *en masse,* has a responsibility for its creative utilization.

IV.—FACTORY OR SERVICE STATION

British professor Oakshott has pointed out that the pursuit of learning is essentially a conversation, the stimulating contact of mind with mind trained in different disciplines. A colloquial American definition of a university is " Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." The ancient Asian universities were communities of students with their teacher, a *guru* and his disciples, living and studying together.

Implicit or explicit in each of these university patterns is a common life with certain ethical disciplines, the existence of a measure of neighbourliness, and a submission of frictions to a common judgment, in short a community, for a community is a unity with a common aim.

Colleges and universities which have retained the tutorial system, those colleges of liberal arts which have kept down enrolment to a low numerical point, those in which staff teaching loads are at most ten students per instructor, have retained a measure of community.

At least they have maintained the possibility of developing conversations and disciplines on a community basis. But in most universities of the world, physical and psychological changes have reduced or obliterated these possibilities.

University enrolments have increased, in many places astronomically. The extension of universal education, *i.e.*, the broadening of the educational base, has fed a growing number of students through the primary and secondary schools, and has created within them the desire or necessity for securing a college degree. Urbanization and industrialization have effected a concentration of population and surplus wealth to provide both students and economic support for the universities. The back-log of students and would-be students who were prevented by the war from completing their university course has created a pressure upon Asian universities, particularly to enlarge their facilities. The educational subsidies afforded to veterans enabled thousands, who would never have been able economically to complete their education, to matriculate in the universities of their respective lands and abroad.

The university plant and staff have not expanded in a ratio commensurate with the increase in enrolment. Classes have been enlarged, instructors who because of personality or academic deficiencies would not have been placed on the staff in normal times were employed, thereby reducing the scholastic level of university work. Because of real or alleged collaboration with the enemy during occupation, or for having backed totalitarian regimes, faculties have been pruned by dialectical and loyalty tests, thereby removing instructors and professors who in terms of their specialty have not always been replaceable. In the former colonies of Western powers, there is a tendency to replace the foreign teachers with nationals, who in many instances lack academic qualifications equal to those whom they are replacing.

University life has been disrupted by the impact of new ideas, currents and trends, particularly those which disturb the *status quo* politically, economically, and socially. Thus the chasm between staff and students has widened. Political tensions have become study-impeding irritants within university life. Student strikes both create disharmony within the academic body and take the students away from their classes. In the Marxist universities and in certain liberal universities as well the position of student and instructor has been reversed, with students instructing the administration what fees to charge (if any), and what to teach (that is, what ideas and facts are consistent with the Marxist line).

The commercial motive has superseded the purpose to study. Thus the university is tempted to become a " service station " offering those courses which lead to remunerative positions. While as Lord Birkel has pointed out in a BBC broadcast, the universities from their inception prepared students for responsible positions in public life, the recent tendency has been to include a wide range of vocational courses which formerly were left to trade schools. In some Asian lands the universities have been founded patently to train governmental servants for the bureaucracy ; since governmental positions offer a measure of security and prestige the universities have been able to recruit sufficient raw material to produce the desired product.

The examination, a necessary device if there is to be a determination of academic attainment under such factory-like conditions, has become an end within itself. The syllabus and printed notes have taken on an artificial value, for they indicate what must be memorized to complete the examinations. Courses are pursued for commercial motives ; therefore, when the examination is successfully behind, the subject is dropped. Not knowledge for its own sake or even for society's sake but to clear the examination hurdle is the object of study.

Under such conditions, Diogenes would need to search diligently in the university for an honest scholar. The conditions needed for the creation of community are absent. There can be no integrated common search for truth where the students are commuters, attending lectures shouted over a microphone to hundreds of students from teachers too busy either for personal contacts with their students or for inter-departmental and inter-faculty conversations.

Fraternities and clubs, although snobbish and undemocratic, are attempts to create social communities within universities. The college system, as inaugurated by Yale University, is illustrative of administrative attempts to break asunder the student body to living units of compassable size.

V.—IVORY TOWER OR BATTLEGROUND ?

Contradictory tendencies within the university are : (1) the necessity for detachment to secure objectivity, the price of which is an isolation that separates " town and gown." (2) the concerns of students as citizens of communities, states and members of political, ethnic, religious and social groups leading them to participate in affairs outside the university on a non-objective basis, and often to the impairment of their studies.

The detachment which some universities seek leads them to teach the social sciences without establishing contact with the forces within

society which war against each other. Lest they be accused of disseminating Marxism, universities do not teach *about* it. Students cannot learn to swim sociologically unless they go near the troubled political and economic flood waters. Universities under pressure from business interests, religious groups and governments willingly harness science to the industrial process, but refuse to turn the scientific floodlights upon the social and economic system within which industry operates.

The universities of western Europe reverence the research ideal. They would lift higher education above the level of religion or politics. American students, (save in a few eastern and metropolitan universities) conditioned by the national milieu within which there are no significant (relatively speaking) political or religious tensions, concentrate their non-academic energies upon recreation and sports. Asian educators share the idealism of their colleagues in western Europe, but in both Europe and Asia students redeem the ivory tower ideal by bringing politics into the university and by entering into the struggles which are focused off-campus. Egyptian, Chinese and Indian students, since the war, have organized strikes and protests in defiance of university and police authorities. In every Asian land where the people were—or are—fighting for national independence, students have entered actively into the struggle. When Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, students were murdered in their beds ; when the Communists pulled their *coup d' etat*, Prague students protested at the cost of physical violence and even death. Probably the first revolt of the Germans against Nazism was from students at the University of Munich ; only a tyrannic ruthlessness of the Gestapo prevented its spread to other universities. Politics for Asian and European students are national politics ; in the words of a Japanese student worker, " We are not dilettantes, politics is a life and death matter."

This is not to approve wholly of all student action. The immaturity of students makes them easy tools in the hands of agents clever enough to exploit their idealism. Their lack of responsibility leads them to too easy indictments of the *status quo*, and to a lack of objectivity in evaluating the alternatives. Their ignorance of the terribleness of suffering which can arise out of revolution causes them to bargain their energies and sometimes their lives too cheaply. Lacking the emotional disciplines which are the product of age and experience their activities frequently degenerate into rowdyism.

Neither are the university authorities and police to be excused for the unimaginative and unsympathetic methods they employ in combating student activities. Words and reason rather than weapons

and rebuffs should be the university's means of dealing with social discontent instead of forcibly throttling the students' efforts to express themselves.

The Marxist university resolves this paradox of "ivory tower versus battle ground" by its insistence that all knowledge must serve a social purpose, by universalizing knowledge through the scientific approach, by accepting as normative the dogma that education is an instrument to serve and strengthen the state in fulfilling its responsibilities towards the people. Higher education in the Soviet states has, even as religion, become domesticated. The Marxian university is no ivory tower: students may dismiss classes for weeks or months to initiate or promote schemes of social or physical engineering. The Marxian university replaces the frustrating doctrines of liberal education with a set of dogmas by which the admissibility and relevance of all knowledge, even in the field of physical science, is tested.

VI.—THE ROLE OF THE UNIVERSITY IN SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT

These are illustrations of the inadequacies of liberal higher education as it confronts the university's responsibilities for the development of society. Having diagnosed the pathology we also must undertake to prescribe for the university's illness. The following ingredients should be incorporated into any formula we might propose:—

(1) The university will correlate knowledge and human intelligence, personality and the emotional and social factors which mould the individual's thought; it will challenge students to answer the question, "Why am I here?"; it will help students disentangle and examine critically the assumptions underlying their studies, professions, judgments and convictions; it will confront them with the necessity of making a conscious religious choice.

(2) The university will make self-conscious experiments with respect to the areas of crisis, in a sincere effort to diagnose the problems and to make its resources available for their solution.

(3) Asian universities will recognize that they are urban institutions transplanted to a rural world, and that they have made little effort to bridge the ideological and economic chasm which separates education from the agricultural life which supports the schools. The failure of Japan to deal more equitably with the rural masses, on whose shoulders the cultural and industrial superstructure erected by the new Japan rested, contributed directly to the development of internal fascism and Japan's imperialistic bid for world power. Dr. Arthur

E. Morgan's study of the Rural University, in the Indian Report on *the University Education* Commission, provides us with a convenient and provocative starting point.

(4) The universities, in conjunction with governments and international organizations, must assume a larger responsibility for the physical as well as for the educational welfare of its students. A large proportion of the youth enrolled in institutions of higher learning throughout the world are lacking in the elemental resources for supporting an intellectual life. Many of them must work while they study. Too much work makes them vulnerable to disease. Students' health is frequently broken by the time they receive their degrees. The welfare states provide for students on the basis that they are producers while studying and thus eligible for state subsidies. The special provisions made for students and the recognition accorded them by Marxist groups predispose them to favour revolution. (This is not to minimize the importance of student idealism, the identification of independence and revolution, the demand for social justice, as more basic conditioning factors).

Children of farmers and the working classes should be given pre-university assistance that they might prepare for a higher education. For most agrarian families the question of education is determined not at the point of whether to go to university or not, but whether to go to school at all. It is more economical to pay fines for avoiding compulsory school laws (where such exist) than to lose the income of a child while he attends the elementary and secondary schools. Thus the economic limitation prevents all, save the children of commercial barons, the landed nobility and the small middle class (in Asia and Eastern Europe), from attending the university. The welfare state reverses this situation, by facilitating the education of the children of these depressed classes. Thus a voluntary remedying of this situation by the free states and universities is a vote for liberty and democracy and against totalitarianism.

THE GENESIS OF AMERICA

By Argus Tresidder

THE history of the United States is familiar to the people of non-Asiatic countries because many of those countries have had a share in shaping the United States. For example, the French know that when the rebellious American colonies needed help in their war with England, they sent Benjamin Franklin to France. The important aid given at that time by General Lafayette and other adventurous Frenchmen was gratefully remembered over a hundred and forty years later when General Pershing landed with American troops in France and said, " Lafayette, we are here." The Spanish are well aware of the short struggle between their country and the United States in 1898, called the Spanish-American War, which resulted in the freeing of Cuba and the first steps towards Philippine Independence. Central Europeans have respectful memory of President Woodrow Wilson, who brought the ideal of a United Nations to Europe. The Chinese, through the Boxer Rebellion, came to know that America has no imperial designs on Asia. The indemnity incurred in that brief conflict was converted by America into scholarships for Chinese students. The other peoples of Asia have had little direct contact with America in the making. But wherever you are from—Italy or Liberia or Ceylon or Australia or Finland—you already have some opinions about the United States, based on the special conditions of friendship or trade or warfare or geopolitics. To all of you, who have an interest in America but no clear picture of her development, this brief account of her early days is directed.

Where shall we start? Everybody knows that the discoverer of the lands of the western hemisphere was an Italian adventurer named Christopher Columbus, who was searching for a passage to India for the king and queen of Spain in 1492. It is quite probable, however, that daring voyagers from the Scandinavian countries had found the way to America many years earlier. In Newport, Rhode Island, is a strange ruined tower which is believed by many to have been built by visiting Norsemen as early as 1000 A.D., and far inland in Minnesota a runic tablet telling about the massacre of a Viking party has been found indicating that the men from northern Europe had not only landed on the east coast of what is now the United States, but had

penetrated deep into the central part of the country. It is quite likely that some bold Norse warrior, in horned helmet and metal breastplate, was the first European to look upon the mighty cataract at Niagara and venture upon the inland freshwater seas that we call the Great Lakes, rather than the French explorers who came after Columbus.

Let's see what was happening in other parts of the world in 1492 so that you can realize how young America really is. The Renaissance was well under way in Europe. Curiosity about the past was matched by new eager curiosity about the world. The old belief that the world was flat and that the sun and other planets moved about the earth had not yet disappeared. As late as 1635 the astronomer Galileo was forced to deny his supposedly unchristian opinion that the earth moves about the sun, which had been first published by Copernicus about 1530. But men like the Portuguese Vasco de Gama and Magellan, Italians like Columbus and John Cabot, Spaniards like Cortez and Balboa, and Englishmen like John Smith and Henry Hudson were disregarding the theories of scholars and exploring the far reaches of the mysterious world.

In 1492 China and India were already old empires which had outlasted the brilliant civilizations of Greece and Rome, and Ceylon had had a long record of cultural and scientific achievement. Though the contributions of Egypt and the Arab States to culture and science were well recognized, Africa was little known except as a source of slaves; the Portuguese had begun in 1481 a slave trade which was to bring misery to millions of Negroes and to introduce social problems not even today satisfactorily settled—foreshadowing the terrible American Civil War. Alcohol was not yet known in Europe except as a precious essence, the water of life for which philosophers had sought for centuries. Not for twenty-five years was dominant Catholicism to be challenged in a large way, when the Protestant Reformation began in Germany, quickly spreading through northern Europe. The Bible was not to be translated into English until 1535, shortly after Henry VIII ended the power of the Pope in England by declaring himself head of the English church. In Italy, Michelangelo, Rafael, and Leonardo da Vinci were busily creating the finest art of the Renaissance. Thus the discovery of America coincided with the awakening of the world to new religious, cultural, and social developments. It was a New World, but its settlement began at the same time the Old World had a rebirth of energy, creative genius, and progressive thought.

We still speak of the United States as a young nation because when it came into existence about 275 years after Columbus first set foot on West Indian soil, England and France and Spain and the Ger-

man-speaking States of the Holy Roman Empire were already old. Yet today it is already a senior nation, younger only than Great Britain among the chief nations of the world. The continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa had written history long before the continents of America. But when you call the roll of the nations today, you'll find them young indeed : Pakistan, Ceylon, India, Burma, Israel, and the Philippines among the youngest ; the Republic of China dating back only to 1912 ; much of modern Europe being formed by the Treaty of Versailles, only to have gone through drastic changes during the past few years ; Germany, 1870 ; Italy, 1859 ; the U.S.S.R., 1917. Switzerland, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, and Great Britain have a longer continuous history, but it's time to stop thinking of the United States as an immature nation.

The Spaniards, who laid first claim to the Americas because of Columbus's voyages, made little effort to colonize. Since they were mainly interested in exploiting the riches of the new country, they sent over soldiers and merchants rather than builders and planters and the artisans necessary to found homes and make a living. The oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, in Florida, which was established by the Spanish in 1565. For the most part, however, Spanish influence was limited to Mexico, and the nearby territory which eventually became part of the United States. Spanish missionaries found their way to California, where many churches and houses to this day have Spanish design. In Louisiana too, which was under the Spanish flag for a long time before it came into the hands of France, are still to be found traces of Spanish influence. It is safe to say that Spain made a relatively slight impression on that part of the New World which was north of Mexico.

The first permanent settlements were made by the English, in Virginia in 1607, and in New England in 1620. By that time the world had moved on some distance into the modern period. Great Britain, under the leadership of Queen Elizabeth (the " Virgin Queen " after whom the colony of Virginia was named), had boldly challenged the leadership of Spain in Europe and taken the first important steps in creating the great empire that was to dominate the world for 350 years. Spain, which had founded a kingdom in Mexico a hundred years earlier, under Cortez, and plundered the cities of the Incas in Peru, was disastrously defeated by the English in the 16th century and slowly declined after that time until it reached the pitiful condition of passivity in which it fought against the United States in 1898. France (under Louis XIII and his prime minister, Richelieu) was beginning its rise towards greatness. The Thirty Years' War,

which involved the religious and political disputes of most of Europe, began a whole series of bitter, protracted struggles which occupied that continent for the next two centuries. Only about twenty years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock the Manchus established their dynasty in China which was to continue until the democratic revolution led by Sun Yet Sen in 1912. Russia was still a vast barbarous country which was not to begin to look towards the West until near the end of the 17th century. India was under the Muslim Mogul Dynasty, one of whose emperors, Shah-Jahan, began to build the famous Taj Mahal in 1631. In Ceylon the Dutch had not yet begun to take the place of the Portuguese and to get the better of King Raja Sinha II, who came to the throne in 1632. The English established their first settlement in India in 1611.

The North America that began to attract the persecuted, the adventurous, the politically unfortunate, was at first a very forbidding country. The north-eastern section, where the Puritan religious refugees landed in December of 1620, had fierce, cold winters and great forests that had to be conquered before the newcomers could make settlements, plant grain, and begin tolerable living. Virginia, to the south, had a less trying climate, though its summers were hot and its marshy coast unhealthful. The whole continent had everything on a vast scale : lakes that were inland seas, long rivers, rolling chains of mountains, great distances. At first the newcomers were contented with the land east of the Appalachian range which rose in tangles of laurel and rhododendron behind the coastal plain from Canada all the way to what was to become Georgia. The Atlantic seaboard was extremely irregular, with many good harbours that became centers for the thirteen small colonies that sprang up during the 17th century. The land along the coast was fertile, growing abundantly the seeds brought from Europe by the first settlers and yielding as well two native vegetables, corn and potatoes, that were to become very important to the entire world. Wild game was plentiful, and the rivers and bays were full of fish. A number of navigable rivers penetrated the lowlands of the Appalachians : the Hudson, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the Delaware, the James, tempting explorers to go beyond the mountain barrier. Those who did climb through the wilderness that guarded the middle country found themselves in the region of great plains, whose deep black topsoil was like that of the Russian Ukraine. Into this bountiful section moved the most daring of the coastal dwellers, who were joined by immigrants from Western Europe, come to seek their fortune in the New World. They travelled west along the splendid wide rivers that were everywhere, the Ohio,

the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Wisconsin, the Illinois, the Arkansas ; then north and south on the Mississippi and Missouri.

Blocking the far west, beyond the prairies, were dry plains and more mountains, the Rockies, higher and more rugged than the eastern mountains, which discouraged those who searched for routes to California. Quite early, thanks to Spanish missionaries and bold seekers who had gone around the southernmost tip of South America to explore the west coast of the North American continent, California had been settled. But it was a long time before there was easy travel between the east and the west. Visitors today who fly from New York to San Francisco in a few hours or go by comfortable train in a few days have little idea of the hardships that went into the conquest of the western territories. The great expanse of the west had always attracted venturesome travellers, like the Spaniard de Soto from the south and brave Jesuit missionaries like the Frenchmen Marquette from the north (who followed the Great Lakes route of earlier mysterious Vikings). Beyond the waterways, however, were great plains, over which roamed countless herds of bison, the shaggy, humped American buffalo, the principal source of meat for Indians, who never welcomed the coming of aliens.

Perhaps we had better say a word here about the Indians, the savage natives who were the only inhabitants of North America before the time of Columbus. Many visitors from other countries believe that the Indians were brutally treated by the whites until they were nearly exterminated and that their descendants are kept in a state of humiliating poverty today. One of the strongest criticisms of Americans by those who do not fully understand the relationship between the Indians and their conquerors is that the early settlers seized land which had belonged to the Indians for perhaps thousands of years and that the true owners were ruthlessly hunted until only a few were left, who degenerate today in concentration camps called reservations.

There is a measure of truth in the accusation that the early comers to this continent either exploited or brushed aside the Indians whom they encountered. The natives were called Indians, of course, because Columbus and his men thought that they had found a western passage to India and that the red-skinned, shy, people who met them were inhabitants of that country. The Spaniards had cruelly enslaved the Indians of Mexico and South America, whose civilization was well advanced. The Indians of the American continent north of Mexico were far more primitive than their brothers to the south. There were surprisingly few of them for so large a territory, probably not more than half a million altogether, of whom fewer than half lived

east of the Mississippi. There were hundreds of small independent tribes, making up about sixty families or groups, whose names, such as Iroquois, Cherokee, Sioux, and Seminole, are quite familiar today. For the most part, the Indians were wasteful, unresourceful, unproductive people. We are inclined to regard them romantically now, long after their warriors were subdued by the invaders' superior arms. But you must readily see that a great continent capable of supporting more than 150 million people could not be permitted to remain in the hands of a few savage tribes which had never even learned to make the fertile land produce their food.

Perhaps the methods used by the new Americans were unnecessarily brutal. The first settlers in New Engand found some of the Indians friendly and learned from them what crops would flourish. But as the white men extended their territory, they encroached upon the hunting grounds of the Indians, who were by nature a cruel, often treacherous people. The conflict was unequal, and though the Indians did their best to prevent further advance of the whites by bitter guerilla warfare, they never did more than harass the victorious race. Even when unscrupulous traders encouraged Indian resistance by selling them guns—and spirits—in exchange for valuable furs, they were unable to check the irresistible westward flow of the immigrants.

One bitter struggle occurred in 1637 in New England, when the fierce tribe of Pequots, in eastern Connecticut, had to be virtually exterminated before any settlers were safe in that region. In Virginia too, Indian resentment against the settlers led to a succession of savage raids by the famous Chief Powhatan. Other wars were fought in North and South Carolina and in other parts of New England, all resulting in loss of lives and property to the newcomers, but eventually in total defeat of the Indians. In the next century the Indians fighting against the English found unscrupulous allies in the French who were attacking from Canada and in the Spaniards who were causing trouble on the southern borders. Only one group of tribes, the relatively progressive Iroquois of New York (whose five member families had federated to form a strong government), helped the English in their long struggle with the French just preceding the American Declaration of Independence. Not until late in the nineteenth century did the Indians cease to be a serious menace. As early as the 1820's Congress passed legislation to move the Indians east of the Mississippi to the western plains, which at that time were regarded as unsuited for all but nomad people. The Indian territory thus created at first extended from the Canadian border to Mexico. Not until 1840, however, were most of the eastern Indians removed to the west. The Southern

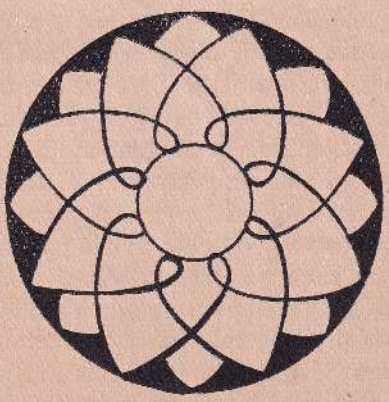
Indians of the Cherokee, Seminole, Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw tribes had to be moved by force from their beloved lands, and many of them died in the sad migration.

But the Indian problem had not yet been settled. Into the western country came mining prospectors and railroad surveyors, cattlemen and farmers. The Indians were pushed aside, and their chief source of food, the buffalo, was all but killed off in the wasteful progress of border civilization. The fierce western tribes—Sioux, Blackfoot, Cheyennes, Comanche, and others—held out as long as they could, plundering wagon trains and raiding isolated settlements. The Indian Wars lasted through most of the century. Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, who became presidents of the United States, fought in bloody Indian battles during their younger days. One of the last major attacks of the Indians was in the battle of Little Big Horn, in 1876, when a federal army unit, under General Custer, was annihilated. By 1890 the frontier had disappeared, and the great western plains had passed into the hands of the conquerors. Many Indians today live on government reservations, where they are protected and cared for. Foreigners sometimes think that the native American has been humiliated and degraded until the few survivors of the hundreds of thousands who once roamed this continent freely are segregated and abused. Actually Indians may live wherever they wish. Many good Americans today are proud that they have Indian blood. Many Oklahoma Indians, on whose land oil was discovered, have become very wealthy. The number of Indians has declined, of course, and many have been absorbed, but they remain proud, independent, and vigorous, among their country's most colorful minority groups.

So America began. The English spread out over New England and the southern colonies. New York, which had been settled by the Dutch, was taken over by the British in 1664, consolidating their holdings along the entire coast, from Maine to Florida. The French still held Canada and the Louisiana territory, and the Spanish Mexicans held sovereignty over the Southwest and California. But through powerful trading companies and proprietary grants, the enterprising British took over the seacoast, quickly moving inland, until they held possession of most of the new world. After the early settlements, word of the political and religious freedom and of the wonderful opportunities for good living made possible in the American colonies brought large numbers of immigrants. It is estimated that between 1628 and 1640 no fewer than 20,000 new settlers came from England alone, including many Puritans, mainly to live in New England. During the Cromwellian revolution many more Englishmen came

to America, among them a large number of prosperous gentry, destined to settle in Virginia. It is customary to think of the New Englanders as sternly religious, hard-working burghers, and of the Virginians as aristocratic, well-to-do landowners. Actually most of the immigrants were of the middle-class, shopkeepers, farmers, craftsmen, some professional men. Virginia did indeed become the center of polite society, led by large landowners, while New England was the home of God-fearing, industrious commoners, who had no time for gracious living. Nevertheless, the prevailing influence was that of the lower middle-class, with a sprinkling of aristocracy and another sprinkling of indentured servants and even exiled convicts.

Very shortly after the first waves of British colonists, immigrants came in from other countries. From Germany came those who had suffered under the invasions of Louis XIV's armies in the Rhineland; they settled chiefly in Pennsylvania. The Scotch-Irish settled in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. From France came the Huguenots, oppressed after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1655; they scattered all over the colonies. Along with the Germans came many Swiss. The Dutch had already become well established in New York. Thus America was from the very beginning a meeting-place of many nationalities. By 1776, though more than three-fourths of the colonists were of British blood, the mixture with other racial stocks was already influential. The character of the American people was early determined as basically international.



PEACE AND THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

By Julien Benda

NOW that UNESCO is pointing out how the spirit of peace may or may not be inculcated in men by the way in which history is presented, and when it is about to call upon Member States to revise their text-books on this subject, there is a book which everyone should read who is interested in this important question ; it is written by a prominent English historian, Christopher Dawson, and is called *The Making of Europe : An Introduction to the History of European Unity.* The author's argument is that, across Europe's national frontiers and for many centuries, a multifarious and heterogeneous body of concepts dominated the whole Continent ; and further that, even today, the civilizations of Europe's various States are determined, contrary to their own beliefs, by that general civilization far more than by the individual and superficial characteristics which each of them has contributed to it. The book is an inventory of the components of this parent civilization.

We must be grateful to the author for drawing our attention at length to certain of these components about which ordinary teaching is silent. It will be admitted that our teachers told us little of the part played in our contemporary Western civilization by the spread of Moslem culture, by the conversion of the Vikings to Christianity, or by the Byzantine Renaissance. The influence of the Greco-Roman literary tradition is an educational cliché ; but new and suggestive perspectives are opened up when we are shown that the institution of the lay writer, of the man of letters who addresses a wide and cultivated public—a type which is characteristic of the whole of Europe and almost unknown to any other civilization—is due to the cult of Latin rhetoric and to the veneration in which Cicero was held ; and that, without that Ciceronian cult, European literature would have remained purely ecclesiastical, as it did for so long in Asia. It is also agreeable to be invited to reflect that the nationalism of modern Europe is wholly a legacy of the Barbarians, who set up the *Gentes* in opposition to the *Imperium* and the *Ecclesia.* The most striking point in this balance sheet of components, however, is the preponderance which the author accords to Christianity ; whether he is showing that Charlemagne's empire was European far less because of its imperial, than because of its religious, character ; whether, in a particularly fine

passage, he explains that Western civilization was saved because the world turned to the Church and not to the State, as it did in the East ; or demonstrates how, after the break-up of the Carolingian Empire and of a centralized administration, the Church was able—because of its transcendent tradition—to keep alive in men a feeling for the common interest which overrode their individual egoisms, and which still forms the quintessence of our institutions. The historian records the truth, which was felt intuitively by poets like Stendhal and Chateaubriand, that modern Europe is the offspring of Christianity.

There is much material for thought in this book. You begin to reflect when you see that civilization, of which we say glibly that it has never been so gravely threatened as it is today, was often in infinitely greater peril ; that on the morrow of the fall of Rome and of the death of Charlemagne, Europe saw its whole legal structure destroyed and its social order disappear on a scale undreamt of in our worst hours. The passage in which the author reminds us that, in the Middle Ages, heroism was extolled only by the poets, and not by the moralists or the statesmen, is suggestive and reminds us that the bravura heroics of a Barrès or a Hitler are war factors invented by our own era. Again, it gives food for thought to see how law in the Middle Ages emerged from the interpenetration of civilizations, for the author speaks continually of a Christian-Arab, of a Roman-Germanic, of a Slav-Western civilization. The reciprocal xenophovia of cultures is obviously a creation of what we are pleased to call our civilized age.

Mr. Dawson is justifiably aware of the timeliness of his book. He points out quite rightly that every nation claims a cultural independence which it does not really possess. Each considers its slice of European tradition its own original creation, and disregards the common soil in which that individual tradition is rooted. That error, he goes on to say, met its punishment in the European War of 1914, which created a schism in European life far deeper than that of any war of the past, with consequences visible today in the crazy national rivalries that threaten to ruin the whole economy of the Continent. From this, Mr. Dawson concludes that we must rewrite history from the European angle. More precisely, the Europeans must reacquire a European spirit, which it must be admitted they have for the time being wholly lost. May our secondary school teachers, with this book in their hands, endeavour to reveal Europe to their young pupils !

A reform in the teaching of history, aimed at creating a European-mindedness, would involve reversing the scale of values which has hitherto—I believe everywhere—concentrated on extolling whatever in the past was directed towards the forming of nations, and on disparaging

whatever tried to build up Europe as a whole. Even if the first of these tendencies need not be too crudely decried, such a reversal would certainly mean speaking of the second in terms very different from those employed hitherto.

It would begin like this. When the men of my generation were at school, their masters taught them to smile at those mediaeval Emperors and Popes—those " dreamers "—who wanted to create Europe and " Christendom," and to admire only—and according to each one's nationality—the Capets, those hard-headed men who built France, the Hohenzollerns who built Prussia, the Hapsburgs who built Austria, or Cavour who made Italy. " Well," I would say to history teachers in sympathy with our ideas, " you must reverse that judgment ; you must proclaim that it was the " dreamers " who were great, and that, in spite of their defects and their blindness, it was in them that dwelt the true spirit of Europe and who, in their crazy cavalcades from one end of the Continent to the other, represented a purer and nobler type of humanity than the little peasants of the Ile-de-France or corporals of Brandenburg, busy from father to son in adding to their acres ; that an Innocent III, though he paid tribute to the passions of his time, or a Napoleon, with all his violence, were figures of greater stature than the crafty " petit bourgois," Louis XI, or a royal parade-sergeant. Above all, you would change your lesson on the famous Verdun Settlement ; instead of extolling that treaty, because it broke up the Western bloc and gave birth to nationality, you would on that very account deplore it. You would quote respectfully the monk who lamented: ' Instead of kings we see only kinglets, the universal has been forgotten and all men think only of themselves.'(1) Like Bossuet on the dispersion of Babel, you would exclaim sadly : ' Then God allowed the peoples to follow their own paths.'(2) You would admire Napoleon when—a European rather than a Frenchman—he told his chauvinist Ministers : ' Do not forget that I am the successor of Charlemagne, and not of Louis XIV.' Instead of presenting the failure of these attempts to unite Europe as having been to her advantage (and in what way were they so ? We were not told, and with good reason), you would show that this upsurge of nationality resulting from the Verdun Settlement cost Europe a thousand years of bloodshed and that the wars of 1914 and 1939 were its direct sequels.

" But," you will object, " that doctrine excuses Hitler, who also wanted to make a Europe." But Hitler had nothing in common with

(1) Florus : *Plaintes sur le partage de l'Empire.*
(2) *Elévations*, VIII, 8.

Innocent III, or even with Napoleon. Hitler thought only of a Europe beneath the German jackboot, and the teaching I require of our educators condemns him utterly.

We may expect this reversal to be difficult, when we observe how the old scale of values persists even in the best teachers, who clearly do not perceive its mischievous effects. A striking example is given by Renan, who—despite his attachment to peace, blesses in his *Marc-Aurèle XXXIII* the hour when the Pope and the Emperor quarrelled, thus, as he puts it, "opening the door even wider to nationality." He did not see that it was through that very "door" that national sovereignty—the source of all European anarchy since the end of the Holy Roman Empire—passed.

Of the various ways in which teaching must be reversed, one seems to me particularly desirable; it concerns the struggle in the fourteenth century between the Papacy and the Kings of France. All our masters taught us to rejoice at the defeat of the Church by the national ideal embodied in Philippe le Bel. It seems to me that any teaching which is to accord with Europe's interests—though not concealing the errors committed by the Popes, and that their failure was inevitable, even had they shown wisdom—must regret that it was not the universalist institution which triumphed.

There is another point on which teaching should sacrifice what it worshipped and worship what it sacrificed: the exclusive devotion of the mediaeval scholars to the Church and the image of the Roman Empire, and their indifference to the events of their own day. Here, again, our teachers taught us to smile. It was with a note of pity that one of them, Ernest Lavisse, himself an ardent devotee of peace, wrote in his preface to Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*: "The thinkers of the Middle Ages knew nothing of the charters of the communes, of feudal contracts, of all those rights of countries, estates and persons which were being established at that time. They guarded the treasures of the classical and Christian relics, which, owing to the prevalent confusion between Church and Empire, were to them equally sacred . . . Their way of thinking was determined by the interpretation of a parable of Christ, of a verse of Virgil or a text of Roman Law."

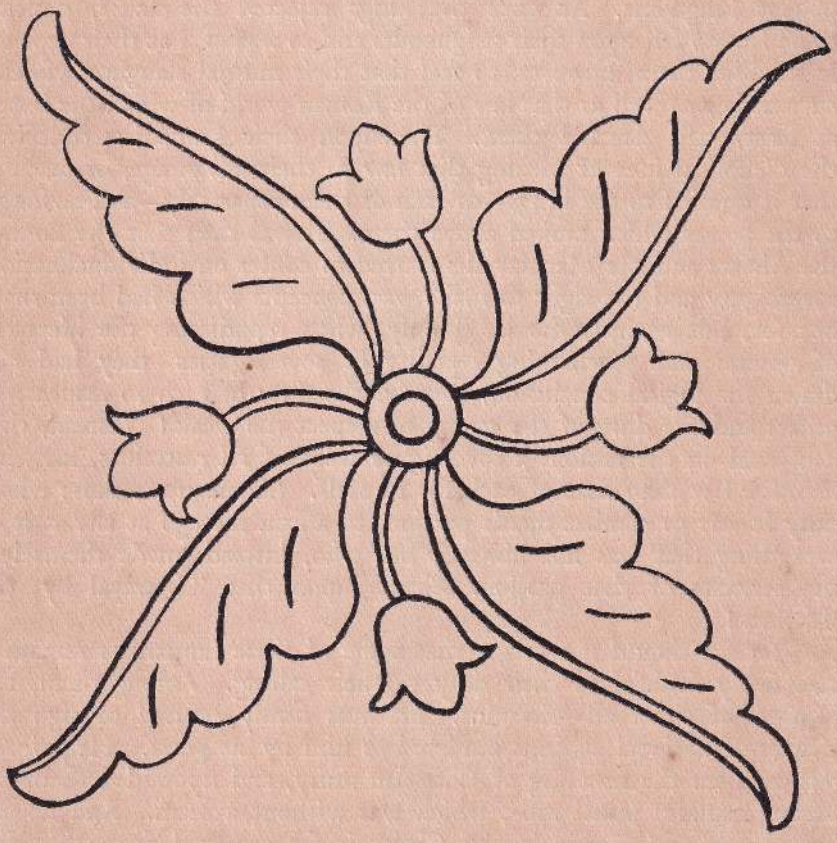
"Here again," I would say to educators wishing to make Europe, "you must explain to your flocks that these men of old were great because they had always in mind large human syntheses and sought to ignore the particularist passions of their age; while those who, like the jurists of the kings of France, strove after narrow local units and fought against the universal, were little men."

Lastly, there is another attitude which I would like our teachers to adopt. It is that they should castigate those doctors of the Renaissance and the Reformation—the "Humanists"—who opposed Christian unity and placed at the service of the princes and their separatist ambitions a shameful travesty of the idea of the *imperium romanum* and the veneration it enjoyed. According to that idea, sovereignty, with its essential attribute—the right to make war—was vested in the Empire, and in it alone; it did not belong to the parts of the Empire between which, thanks to that clause, Rome succeeded in preventing war and in imposing the rule of the *pax romana*. That great idea was transferred, as it stood, to the double overlordship of Pope and Emperor. That two-headed Empire was also sovereign, and thus, in theory at least, thwarted the lust for mutual war among its component kingdoms. At once the kings rejected the clause, desiring to be free to fall upon their neighbours and to wax rich at their expense. It troubled them, however, to feel that their mutual slaughter violated current law as well as that law of the Roman world of which the latter, at least, still dazzled them. Thereupon their humanists conceived the diabolical idea of turning that law to their advantage, of teaching that it applied to the kings—to each of them separately—and no longer to the power which ranked above them. It was then that the Bodins, the Alciats and the Machiavellis started to confer on individual nations sovereignty and the right to make war, concepts which had been made not for, but against, them. If only, when repudiating the hierarchy of powers and proclaiming equality of sovereignties, they had also drawn the logical conclusion, namely, the duty of each to respect the others and the duty of the strong to respect the weak! Instead, they conferred on the nations a sovereignty freed of all restraints, knowing no other law than that of each for himself. Shame upon those whose duty it was to combat man's passion, to affirm his ego at the cost of everything that was not himself, but who, instead, made themselves the servants of that passion. Shame upon that "betrayal by the Scholars!"

Yet we should not forget that some of these humanists remained steadfastly faithful to their duty to their calling. Among them, the greatest of them all—Erasmus. Erasmus firmly refused to sign the charter of national egoisms tendered to him by his peers. He pointed out to them the meaning of Christian unity, and upbraided them for tearing asunder Jesus' robe, which was without a seam. And he exhorted them: "The spirit of Christ is far removed from this distinction between Italian and German, between Frenchman and Englishman, between Englishman and Scot. What has become of that charity

which bids us love even our enemies, when a changed name, a differently-coloured dress, a girdle, a shoe and similar paltry details render men hateful one to another?"

We have to proffer to Europe heroes of the European idea. Here is one ready to hand. By your exertions, his memorial should stand from the North Sea to the Adriatic, in Oxford, Paris, Mainz, Venice—in all these places where, despite their diversity, he remained true to himself, because he lived only the life of the intellect, and that part of it which is everywhere true to itselt. Erasmus is the perfect symbol of the European citizen, transcending all its divisions.



METTEYA BODHISATTVA—THE COMING BUDDHA

By F. L. Woodward

WHEN a Fully-Enlightened One has passed away from our world, a Teacher of Devas and mankind, His place is taken by another sage who for countless ages has been preparing himself to take the great step of Sammā-sambuddha. Gotama Sākyamuni brought the Light, and is referred to as the Light of the World. In one passage only of the Pali Tipitaka He refers to His immediate successor, Metteya, in these words :—

" Now in those days, monks, there shall arise in the world an Exalted One by name Metteya, an Arahant, a Fully-Enlightened One, endowed with wisdom and righteousness, a Happy One, a World-Knower, a peerless charioteer of men fit to be tamed, the Teacher of Devas and mankind, Exalted One, a Buddha, just as I myself have here and now arisen in the world . . . He of his own abnormal powers shall realize and make known the world, the worlds of the Devas, with their Māras, their Brahmās, the host of recluses and brahmins, of Devas and mankind alike, even as I do now.

" He shall proclaim Dhamma, lovely in its beginning, lovely midway and lovely in the end thereof. He shall make known the wholly perfect life of righteousness in all its purity, both in the spirit and the letter thereof, even as I do now.

" He shall lead an Order of Monks numbering many thousands, even as I do now lead an Order of Monks numbering many hundreds . . ."

These words refer to His final coming on earth as Buddha Supreme, and at a period very far remote. Meanwhile He is supposed to be dwelling in the World of the Thirty-three (Tāvatimsa-devaloka) Great Devas.

What is the meaning of Metteya (Samskrit Maitreya)? It is The Kindly One. Metta is love based on compassion for all ; love, not in the sense of the Latin *amor*, Greek *erōs* or *philia*, Pali *pema*, which words denote a condition of emotion which is mutual attraction, affection, friendship, also sexual love.

It is spiritual *goodwill*, unity, forgetfulness of self. The Bodhisattva will bring in its highest sense the bodhi-metta, wisdom-love, the second aspect of the Trinity of Will, Wisdom an Intellectual

Activity. We may call the Buddha's message the *will-to-good* which is Dhamma, and the Bodhisattva's message, the *goodwill-to-men*.

Buddhists are familiar with the *Brahma-vihārā*, the four ways of meditation or ways of living with Brahma or the Brahma-life, a form of meditation constantly enjoined by the Master, and said to have been first used by the disciple Assaji, who first introduced Sāriputta to the Master. In this meditation one is urged to suffuse all beings, everywhere and always with loving thoughts of *metta* and compassion. So much for the word *metta*.

Who is the Metteya, the Lord of Love? When and how will He appear? We have many a fable in the Pali *Jātakā*, or Birth-Stories composed upon certain verses, to explain them. In these the Buddha Gotama Sākyamuni is represented as appearing through the far-off animal stages of man in various ways, and setting an example of the virtues to be obtained before becoming a Full Buddha.

According to the famous Mahayana sage, Ariyasanga,[1] the Bodhisattva works on the life evolving within the form (rupa), and implants in our minds religious ideas, develops philosophical concepts in individuals and races, and ever aims at the advancement of the human race, for He stands at the head of what may be called the *Bodhi-raṁsi*, the ray of Love-Wisdom.

It is said in the Anāgata-Vaṁsa, to which I refer below, that He was born as the son of the Raja Ajātasattu, in the time of the Buddha. He has been waiting a long time for this return, but wars and tumults have prevented it. The terrible troubles of the last thirty-five years may be regarded as similar to the eruptions of the human body, which must throw off long accumulated evil humours before health can be resumed.

In what nation will He appear? Doubtless He will come when He thinks that the time is ripe and when the world is at peace again and more united. Surely He will appear in that nation which will best welcome Him. Buddhists are apt to think that they themselves are always reborn in a Buddhist, perhaps in an Eastern, land, and that the Bodhisattva will be also. It is said, however, that in His *last* birth the Buddha-to-be is always born in Jambudipa, rose-apple-land, which includes Ceylon. But I believe the word really refers to the whole planet.

Certain nations have never heard of Him, others would reject Him as unorthodox, and would not recognise His greatness. In what

1 Contemporary perhaps with Buddhaghosa, about 400-500 A.D.

shape would He appear? Probably not as a new-born babe, like Krishna, but overshadowing some disciple who would be worthy. He might even influence some great statesman or scientist, some artist, even some great man of business. Such now-a-days have greater influence than monks and priests, who have a particular view or *diṭṭhi*. With Him it is certain would appear some great disciples.

As to the word Bodhisattva and His nature Buddhists regard the attainment of the Fourth Path, Arahantship, as the goal of humanity. It is not the full goal, but means release from compulsory rebirth in the ocean of samsāra or endless round of existence. The later *Mahāyāna* (Great Vehicle or Way) Buddhism is more comprehensive than the *Hīnayāna* (Lesser Vehicle or Way) Buddhism. The latter denies the reality of the self (Personality or *pañca-kkhandha*), the former denies *all* phenomenal reality, and lays stress on spiritual energy both for self and others. To seek swift release from *bhava* (again-becoming) is not its aim, as it is that of the Theravādins who make Arahantship the supreme goal. The *asekha* (Master) aims at Buddhahood itself, not just to be a perfect saint. Sammā-sambuddha-hood is, of course, a different thing. There can be only one at a time. Hence in Mahāyāna *all* such aspirants are called Bodhisattvas, and such go far beyond the stage of Arahantship. Our Buddha Sākyamuni always calls Himself Arahant, but must have attained that stage ages ago. These Bodhisattvas-to-be, therefore, do not cut off relationship with our world, but take part in the manifold life of human beings without being defiled by such action. They are like the lotus-leaf off which the drops of water slip or remain thereon without defiling it. As regards the arahant it may be said that on completing the fourth stage of the Path a man's long-cherished ego vanishes, and he is henceforth a flame of power, freed from compulsion and free to go where he chooses, for his karma is finished. He is *vimutto*, and exists as a free being.

It may be objected that, as there is only one Bodhisattva in thousands of years, what chance have the millions of aspirants to become one? Well, Time is infinite, and a freed man has many choices. This little planet of our humanity is a mere speck in the solar system, and the solar system itself is just a bubble in the Cosmic system. Though the Buddha has retired, He has not deserted us. Freemasons will understand when I say: The Buddha is now the Immediate Past Master of the World-Lodge, always at hand to give advice, and the Bodhisattva is now the Right Worshipful Master in the Chair, with His senior officers and staff chosen by Himself.

To the Mahāyānists the Bodhisattva is always with us and waiting to be welcomed. Teacher of Devas and mankind, he is above all formal

religions but presides over them, not being responsible for the many errors of those who profess and teach such religions. He Himself aims at being a Sammāsambuddha, and (though it may seem strange to say it) He needs our help to attain it. How ? We can supply the base on which He can build, We can supply the goodwill and that state of harmony with all that lives, feeble though our efforts may seem at the present time.

In the Māhāyāna scriptures the vow of one aiming to be a Bodhisattva is thus given :—

" In the presence of my master and of all the Buddhas I give rise to the thought of enlightenment. To become a Perfect Buddha I apply the merit of my confession, of my refuge in the Triple Gem and my aspiration for Enlightenment.

" In this world of beings, when no Buddha is in the world, may I be their refuge, shelter, safety and island (dīpa, perhaps ' lamp '). May I carry them across the ocean of *saṁsāra*. I do adopt all beings as mother, father, brothers, sons and sisters. For the bliss of beings I will cultivate charity, morals, patience, (*dāna, sīla, khanti*) striving, meditation, knowledge and skill to release. I am a coming Buddha. May my teacher so accept me."

Thus he comes to treat his neighbour as himself (the injunction to the Christians). His aim is to help all beings until each one is delivered from *samsāra*. He does not take upon himself the sins of the whole world in a literal sense of suffering for them, but, free from evil Himself, he urges others to save themselves by His example and attain the *bodhi*.

It is on the great festivals of full-moon days that we can help the Bodhisattva and be helped by Him. I would stress the importance of observing full-moon days, twelve in number. At the Wesak Festival, at the moment of full-moon for India it is said that the Buddha shows Himself in the sky in His old form in *padma* or lotus posture to those who are able to be present at a certain spot near the Sacred Lake of Manosaravara, north of the Himalayas, and pours out His power through the Bodhisattva, who distributes it through the world by his disciples. On the Āsāḷha Festival of the July Full-moon the Bodhisattva is said to recite the Buddha's First Sermon to assembled disciples, of which we have still an outline in *Samyutta-Nikāya,* and probably comments upon it. In Buddhist lands the united goodwill of the people on those days can be felt as a tangible influence ; a higher standard of life prevails, and the sacred day is not made an excuse for extra eating and drinking. A particular planetary influence is also felt on those days, missed by the movable feast days of Western religions. So then it is

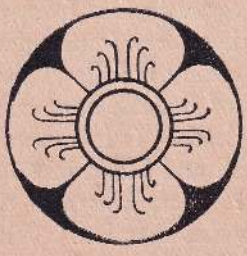
to the Himalayas that we may lift up our eyes. 'I will lift up mine eyes to the Hills,' says the poet, 'whence cometh my help.'

It remains to be asked: 'Who will recognise Him when He comes?' Let me quote from *Anāgata-vaṁsa* (Story of the Future) a late Pali work, professing to be the answer of Sākyamuni to Sāriputta, who asks: "What sort of hero is the one who shall follow Thee?" The Buddha then replies, giving a list of names of the three Buddhas who preceded Himself in this kalpa or world-period, namely Kakusandha, Konāgama, and Kassapa, and continues, "after me comes Metteya in this blessed kalpa, the Chief of men. After Metteya are to come Ramā, Pasenadi, and (in the next period) Abhibhu, Dighasoni, Sankacca, Subha, Todeyya, Nālāgiri, and Palaleyya—these ten future Buddhas in due course shall attain."

And who shall *not* behold Him when he comes for the last time? Those who create differences, people like Devadatta; heretics and slanderers, self-torturers and the like. Who shall behold Him? Those who give gifts, keep the precepts, observe the Sabbaths, do their duties, plant trees and gardens for the people, build bridges, clear the roads and dig wells; those who further the Buddha-dhamma, who honour parents and elders; in short, those who definitely seek the welfare of others, forgetting self, shall hear the Dhamma of Metteya and attain their goal.

Let me then in this my eightieth year conclude with the aspiration of the old sage, Buddhaghosa, who thus ends his labours on his great work, *Visuddhi-Magga*:—

In my last birth may I behold
Metteya, the sage-bull, world-chief,
That Lord who seeks the happiness
Of every creature. May I hear
That wise one preach the Dhamma true;
Winning the topmost fruit may I make clear
The Teaching of the Conqueror.



THE DOGMA OF THE ASSUMPTION

By Very Rev. Father S. I. Pinto.

MUCH ink has been spilt and that badly, by those outside the Catholic Church, as a result of the definition of the Assumption as a dogma of the Catholic Faith. For the life of me, I cannot understand why the Church should not be free to speak its own mind, to its own children, on one of its own articles of Faith. Why should Protestants or Rationalists now bother as to what the Catholic Church tells her own children on a matter in which her own children all agree. It is long since they parted company from the Church on a number of issues. Why then this outburst on something which is but the logical consequence of the other issues? Why this protest that they are not one with the Catholic Church on this matter when they are out on a hundred others? Were they hoping that they had covered up their original withdrawal and now angry that we have gone and done it, by exposing the fact that they are not of our company?

There is not a single Catholic theologian or layman who has voiced a dissentient note; no heresiarch has arisen within the Church on this question as has happened on so many other doctrinal questions in the past history of the Church. For once everybody inside the Church has been unanimous; and this is not surprising as all that the Church has done, has been to declare officially as an article of her Faith what has been a daily living article of Faith to Catholics for centuries. The Pope and Six hundred Bishops at St. Peter's in Rome were only giving public expression to the living faith of 400 millions of the Universal Church.

Theologically the doctrine of the Assumption is irreproachable. If one accepts the doctrine that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ and that Christ was God: that to be the worthy mother of the Godhead, Mary was herself spotlessly free from the slightest taint of Original sin: that she was, therefore, Immaculate in her Conception—if one accepts all this, then surely it follows that she should also be free from all the consequences of sin, the most conspicuous of which is that of physical corruption at death. Is it not proper that the body out of which was formed the flesh and blood of Christ who was God should itself not see corruption? Mary was also the first fruits of Christ's victory over death by His Resurrection. What more natural then that her incorrupt body should be assumed into heaven as the first fruits

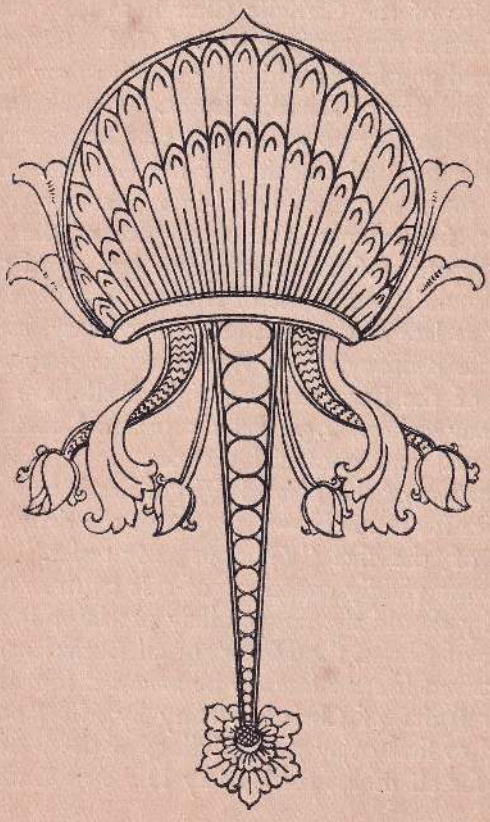
of that Resurrection by which all the bodies of the just are to be finally assumed into Heaven on the Last Day.

It is said that this doctrine is not found in Scripture, but are we not justified in deducing from what is in Scripture? Besides what is the warrant for Scripture without the living authority of the Church? The Scriptures themselves would be of little value unless warranted by Tradition itself and the authority of the Church to guarantee their authenticity and integrity. After all, Scripture is only the written part (scriptura—written matter) of the original teaching handed down orally from the time of the Apostles. In fact the Gospels themselves are but written records of the original Catechesis or teaching of the Apostles. The Bible itself is a collection of disparate tracts which has only the authority of the Catholic Church to keep its parts together or to consider them as the inspired word of God. Give up the authority of the Church and you have nothing by which to say that an epistle of Paul is inspired and that of Barnabas is not. The absence of something from Scripture is therefore no warrant that a Christian truth or doctrine is not part of the original teaching of the Church. In fact it might even have been so common or so well-known as not even to have been written down as, for instance, the observance of the Sabbath on the Sunday or the baptism of infant children, etc. And there is nothing unnatural or unsound about some of this oral tradition being indicated in writing only as late as the fifth or sixth century, especially if there is nothing to the contrary. The Apostles, the first witnesses of the Assumption as of the Resurrection, might well have handed on this truth as so many others, *e.g.*, Peter's personal meeting of the risen Christ, in a casual and unofficial manner.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin has been a living article of faith to Catholics for centuries—it figures in the daily recitation of the Rosary as one of the five "Glorious Mysteries." Now that the Church has become vividly conscious of this truth as one of her priceless treasures why should she not publicly proclaim it to the world?—that the Mother of Christ, the Mother of all Christians, was privileged, as she was conceived immaculate, to be assumed into heaven body and soul as the first fruits of Christ's victory by His Resurrection. And who more fitted to first enjoy this privilege of the Resurrection of the Body, destined for all of us, than Mary His own Immaculate Mother and Ours!

The Scriptures themselves bear witness that the Church is to be guaranteed from error by its Master; Christ has promised to be with it all days even unto the consummation of the world. If the Church has erred now, then the Scriptures have written false, and Christ has failed us.

May we not rather hope that the proclamation of the Assumption far from dividing the Church of Christ will only serve to bring back so many erring children to their Mother's house ; for they must remember, if they love Jesus, that it was Mary who first kept house for her Son and she still does ! For He is the first-born among her many children of all nations and all generations to call her Blessed. Is it not Mary who is to have the privilege of bringing all men to Christ ?



A VISIT TO MOHAN-JO-DARO

By D. J. G. Hennessy

OF the migrants who, so many times throughout the ages, invaded India, the chief were the tall, fair Aryan-speaking people who entered India from the North-west. They spread over the North of India and infiltrated slowly southwards, taking with them their language, their religion (in which we find the Sun worship of Egypt) and the substance of the Vedas, the oldest scriptures in the world. These people were by no means savages, for when they came to India about 1500 B.C. and found Dravidian-speaking tribes living alongside the older aboriginal inhabitants, they classed them as " Dasas and Dasyus " (slaves and outlaws). Little did they know, these Aryan-speaking invaders, or perhaps they did not trouble to think, that before ever they had entered India, there had been in Mohan-jo-Daro in Sind, (circa 2500 B.C.), a civilisation far greater than their own—a civilisation in whose religious beliefs Hinduism has its roots.

The people of Mohan-jo-Daro, as we shall see, were contemporaries of those of Sumer and ancient Ur of the Chaldees, with whom they had trade intercourse. Yet each culture is distinct from the other, thus illustrating, perhaps, the possibility that there was really no " cradle of civilisation " but a series of civilisations, each contributing its quota to the general advancement of mankind. Mohan-jo-Daro, with its perfect drainage and water supply systems, its wonderful baths of burnt bricks, its exquisitely-carved seals and figurines, furnishes one of the most tantalising archæological problems which still remain unsolved ; for when the Aryan-speaking invaders arrived in India, they apparently found no trace of this highly cultured race—all trace of it had vanished beneath the sands of the desert where it remained for 5,000 years.

It was not until 1922 that Rakhal Das Bannerji, Superintendent of Archæological Survey, Western Circle, Poona, India, gave the world its first inkling of its existence. During the five winters, 1918-1922, he was surveying along the old dried up channels of the Beas and Indus, his object being to discover, if possible, the twelve stone altars with Greek and Indian inscriptions, which were erected by Alexander the Great when he commenced his retreat from the Beas in September, 326 B.C. It was here the Greek soldiers refused to go any further. Accordingly, Alexander erected these altars to mark the final point of his advance.

During the course of his quest, Bannerji came upon Mohan-jo-Daro, which was then simply a group of light, sand-coloured mounds, covered with desert scrub. One of the mounds was the top of a Buddhist Stupa and Monastery of a later era, built of sun-dried bricks. Expecting to find nothing more than the remains of a Buddhist Temple, he raised the necessary funds and, with his gang of workmen, commenced to delve further into the past. After a time they unearthed some thirty cells ranged on each side of a court-yard. The discovery in some of the cells of several coins of the Kushan period placed the age of that part of the building in the reign of King Vasudeva (A.D. 158). The cells were believed to have been used by the Buddhist monks before Brahmanism practically wiped out Buddhism.

Bannerji was one day kicking over some unearthed rubble when he came by accident on a pictorial seal of soap stone, bearing the engraving of a unicorn. The finding of this seal aroused world-wide interest, for previously a similar pictographic seal had been found 400 miles to the North-east at a place called Harrappa, (now partly excavated), proving that the civilisation and culture to which this find belonged embraced an area from the Southern Panjab to Sind on the banks of Mother Indus.

The sands of the desert, which for 5,000 years had hidden so valuable a treasure, soon began to reveal the great civilisation which had flourished here.

Since Bannerji's first discovery, 550 specimens of such seals, of various shapes and sizes, have been found, some of them made of ivory, others of copper and soap stone. Most of them bear one or two lines of pictographs in addition to the pictures of various animals. This shows that the people of those days were conversant with a certain form of writing—picture writing. So far as I know this writing still remains unread, though various eminent scholars have endeavoured to decipher it.

Sir John Marshall, then Director-General of Archæology in India tried, in vain, to elucidate the pictographic script. His reports attracted the attention of many great professors and scholars, who, between them, recognised the similarity between the antiquities unearthed in the Indus Valley civilisation and the Babylonian antiquities of the third millennium B.C. (circa 2500 B.C.). Finally, a seal found under the temple of Hammurabi (circa 2100 B.C.) was almost identical with a seal found in Mohan-jo-Daro. Thus the pendulum of Indian history was swung from the third century B.C. to 2500 B.C. and even earlier; for, before the discovery of Mohan-jo-Daro, the Pillars of Asoka, the great Indian Emperor who fostered the spread of Buddhism in India

(273 B.C. to 232 B.C.), were thought to be the most ancient finds yet brought to light.

These discoveries at Mohan-jo-Daro and their similarity with the Babylonian antiquities of the third millennium B.C. were of vast importance and interest for it meant that the Indus civilisation was contemporary with that of Sumeria and that there must have been trade and other intercourse between the surrounding countries, both by sea and the old land route running through Quetta along the Bolan Pass and farther afield to Nal, also in Baluchistan, and onwards.

It was here in Quetta we were stationed with the 8th Gurkha Rifles. Much to the amazement of our dear old Colonel, I asked for 14 days' leave to visit Mohan-jo-Daro with my wife. It is not every officer who chooses a barren desert in which to enjoy his leave, for arid grim old Quetta of earthquake-fame was itself a place which the inhabitants said "God started to make and left His bearer to finish." A very apt description.

Mohan-jo-Daro lies in the Sind desert about half way between Quetta and Karachi. Molly and I travelled the 12 miles from the nearest railway station at *Dokri* to Mohan-jo-Daro in a very primitive Sind cart pulled by a venerable bull who might have come out of one of the pictures on a pictographic seal. We lived comfortably in a little Dâk or circuit bungalow and spent our days in exploration, painting, reading and very interesting talks with the Curator of the Museum who was most thoughtful for our comfort. We were the only visitors for the whole fortnight but workmen were still excavating. It will be a long time before these excavations are complete. Far away from beloved Ceylon it was, but one of the most pleasant leaves I have ever spent outside a jungle in Lanka, away from a somewhat precarious "civilisation."

As one walks through the excavated portions of Mohan-jo-Daro, one is at once struck with the method and planning. The great age of the city or cities, for there are seven of them superimposed one upon the other, each successive age being indicated by a stratum in the walls, leaves one in wonderment and awe. The seven strata are classified into three periods. The early period is estimated by Sir John Marshall to date from 3250 to 2750 B.C. and to belong to a Chalcolithic culture, *i.e.*, the use of stone and copper. Mother Indus is a treacherous old river, even to this day, and the inundations and floods must have been as frequent in those ancient days. After the floods, the people returned and built their houses over the previous one, making the original the foundation of a new house. There is also evidence of destruction of the town by fire in certain stages. One must not rule out the possi-

bility of earthquakes as well. Some of the skeletal remains, too, point to a violent death, indicating the possibility of ravages by robbers and marauders. These may have been the ancestors of the Hurs who caused us so much trouble in 1943. Skeletal remains have been found in curious positions such as at the bottom of a flight of steps, head downwards, others decapitated. In fact, the name Mohan-jo-Daro means " Mound of the Dead."

No cemetery has been found at Mohan-jo-Daro ; so it is assumed that the people cremated their dead, probably on the banks of the river. In the upper stratum buried urns with ashes and burnt bones were found. Lower down there was evidence of what has been called " Jar burial." These jars, similar to ones used in Sind today for the storage of grain, are not unlike the " bissa " of Ceylon and were big enough to accommodate " Ali Baba and his forty thieves." Smaller jars were placed in the large one, each containing one burnt bone. Lower still oblong terracotta coffins were unearthed. Similar chests were found in Mesopotamia and at Gehareh in Babylon. In the lowest stratum burials took place in brick chambers and here complete skeletons were found in a crouching position " showing affinity with the pre-historic burials of Mesopotamia and the pre-dynastic tombs of Egypt."[1]

In these burials some food, clothing, weapons, household utensils have invariably been found to assist the deceased in his next sphere of existence. We know how this was once the practice of the Veddas of Ceylon.

Below the Great Bath, which space prevents me from describing, was the flint-makers' house, (now just a mound of sand). Here we found arrow heads and scrapers which were used in pre-historic times (Neolithic or New Stone Age) as knives and razors and for other purposes as well. We gave our best finds to the Curator of the Museum in Mohan-jo-Daro, and were allowed to keep what we now have in our possession.

Delving among the street drains, so well laid out, both private and public drains for the carriage of sewage and rain water, we found several, at that time, valueless beads, anklets and pieces of jewellery among the ruins, for the women of those days too apparently showed the same love of ornaments as we find in India and Ceylon today. Every variety of metal, such as gold, silver, copper, bronze, as well as faience shell and terracotta were utilised according to the tastes and, no doubt, the pockets of the different classes of people. Hoards of jewellery

1 Bherumal Mahirchand.

placed in urns made of copper, silver, bronze have been unearthed from under the houses in Mohan-jo-Daro, indicating as I said, at the commencement of this article, the possibility of a hurried departure with the idea of reclaiming their hidden possessions as soon as the danger passed. What exactly the danger was, must, I am afriad, remain a surmise.

Apart from ornaments and jewellery, it has been found that the toilet of the maidens must have included face paint, collyrium and other make-up devices, as cockle shells containing red ochre and various coloured earths have been discovered.

That the people of Mohan-jo-Daro, 5,000 years ago, were fond of their children, we are poignantly reminded by the finding of many and varied toys. A large number of terracotta models of bulls and carts found are very like those in use in the Sind District to this very day, with their strong broad characteristic wheels and low body. Round, pointed rattles with pellets inside, bulls with nodding heads, miniature monkeys, dogs, birds, rhinoceros have also been brought to light. I think the most interesting exhibits we saw in the Museum were the mouse traps—simple terracotta boxes with round holes about the size of a fifty-cent piece.

Dice have been excavated near the flint-makers' house. Some of these are made of ivory, others of stone or terracotta. The discovery of chess men made of clay or stone, gives food for thought as to whether the game of chess originated with the Indus civilisation. Some scholars, however, look upon these chess pieces as "phallic emblems," but I prefer to think of them as chess men for they resemble our modern pieces to such a remarkable degree—especially too, as game boards were obviously used. Certain bricks, for instance, have been incised into squares in rows of four to six enabling us to visualise such games, including, perhaps, something akin to that game which Sinhalese podians and even grown-ups play with shells, often astraddle a bench, while looking after their buffaloes or waiting for the pittu to cook.

I think our greatest find of all and now one of our most treasured possessions was the figurine of a Mother Goddess, the Goddess of Earth, whose various appellations differ in different sects, such as *Amba, Devi Mata* or *Durga* of the little Gurkhas, who is propitiated at the festival of Dashera with the slaughter of countless buffaloes, goats, ducks, etc., when there is great merry-making and rum-drinking among all ranks of the Regiment from the Colonel down to the smallest line boy. I mention this as the same practice of propitiating the Goddess was current in those early pre-historic days. In fact the Mother Goddess was the focal point of the religion of the pre-Aryan-speaking

inhabitants of Mohan-jo-Daro and probably the seed and later the root with which other religious practices and beliefs were later emancipated and interwoven. She appears in many forms. In one seal, for example, she is depicted upside down with outspread legs with a tree spreading from her womb. Other seals symbolise her as standing on the outspread branch of a Pipal Tree. The sanctity of the Pipal Tree is too well-known to go into here but although the worship of the Mother Goddess survives even to this day in some parts of Jambodwipa, as some call the sub-continent, the sanctity of the Pipal Tree in its association with the Mother Goddess has not progressed or been sustained to such an extent.

As regards the animals which inhabited the erstwhile forest and marshes near the river bank, we can deduce fr m the pictures on the various seals found that there must have been elephants, tiger, pig, rhinoceros, crocodile and various birds, all of which were hunted. Owing to the gradual cessation of the South-west monsoon through the centuries, the forest and marsh land became drier and more arid so that the forest and marsh-inhabiting animals gradually drifted away, for they like not the hot sands of the desert. Perhaps, too, this fact had something to do with the decline and disappearance of Mohan-jo-Daro.

We know, too, from the same source, that writing was not unknown, but their literature, if ever there was any, has perished with them probably owing to the fact that only leaves and other fragile material must have been used, as was the case in pre-Mahawansa days when only the ola leaf was used and stories and legends were handed down from mouth to mouth.

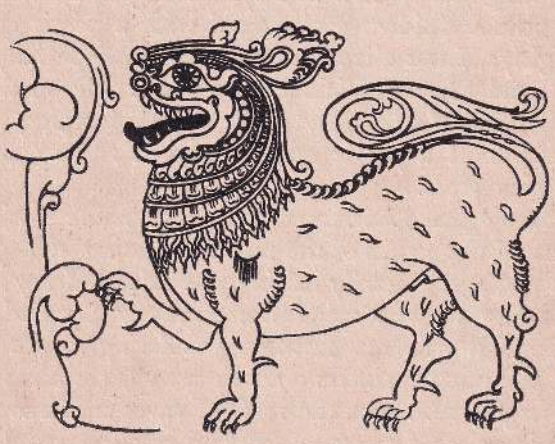
That agriculture was their means of support besides trade and intercourse with oth r neighbouring countries has been proved by the discovery of a wheat and barley seed near a burial urn. Whether it was expected that the deceased required these in the next land to which he was precipitated, I do not know, but it is interesting to note that from that single grain of wheat, there is, in one of the Agricultural schools of India, a whole plot of Mohan-jo-Daro wheat thriving as it must have done 5,000 years ago.

Who were these people who were in the transition stage between the Stone and Copper ages ; who were familiar with the working of gold and copper ; who knew how to spin and weave ; who lived on wheat and barley, dates, mutton and fish ; who used domestic animals like the bull, sheep, goats, pigs and dogs ; who worshipped the Mother Goddess, Trees, Water and whose ideas and beliefs have found their way into the roots of modern Hinduism ; who enjoyed a good time and

played with their children and lived their lives as the pioneers of modern civilisation ?

In thinking thus, we must never forget the men who made it possible for us laymen to visualise the life of those days by switching Indian history so interestingly from Buddhistic times to 3250 B.C., and establishing, beyond all manner of doubt, the existence of a great civilisation akin to and in many respects greater than that of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

To Sir Aurel Stein, Sir John Marshall, Mr. N. G. Majumdar, Rao Bahadur, K. N. Dikshit, Mr. M. S. Vats, Dr. B. S. Guha, Mr. Rakhal Das Bannerji, Mr. H. Hargreaves, Dr. B. Prasad, Dr. Hunter, Dr. E. J. Mackay, Mr. V. Gordon Childe and other pioneers who have shed for us so much light, new light, on the ancient East, it is not so much gratitude we express but our unbounded admiration.



FOREIGN EYES ON THE LOST CITIES

By G. T. Howard Smith

DURING my stay here in Ceylon I have been thoroughly spoilt by one and all. Now my recent journey to a few of the Lost Cities has not helped matters, especially as on this occasion I travelled around like a Prince in a luxurious British car, the like of which I have never seen in austere England. Chauffeur and guide were thrust upon me, able and distinguished guides offered me unstintingly of their services and scholarship, bolstering up my vanity with their tactful attention to my elementary questions. The people of Ceylon are impossibly generous to me, these being but small examples of their largess. I only hope that I manage to convey to them something of the gratitude which I owe them for making my visit to this Island such an enlightening experience.

Having left Kurunegala in the early hours, the day was still young as I glided through the jungle towards Sigiriya. Like the vast majority of my countrymen I know too little about the history of Ceylon, but thanks to a young master, now at Royal College, who once held countless London school children spell-bound with a poetic account of the history of Sigiriya, I was alive with anticipation, especially as the night before I had read Martin Wickramasinghe's article on Sigiriya in the July number of *New Lanka*. And there it was, looming up like a tropical Athens out of a jungle sea, red brown and apparently barren, tufted with tiny trees.

The Archæological Department has done noble work here, building up the crumbling banks of the moat, restoring the galleries and priceless frescoes, and generally halting the tide of decay and destruction. Clambering up the spiral iron stairway I gazed through the iron mesh on to the famous frescoes, wondering at the skill and the technique of the mural painters whose masterpieces can still be found, although in fragments, about the roofs of caves and among the hidden corners of this palace fortress. Never in my life can I recall seeing anything to compare with the chunam encased gallery wall, so quiet and shining, for all the world as though it had but recently been lacquered with the finest of varnishes mixed with honey, a honey drawn from those swelling golden-brown combs drooping in all their sweetness from the overhanging rocks above the lion's paw stairway.

It was with no little respect that I clambered by these same honeycombs, each with their busy droning music, as I made my way nervously

to the summit of the rock. Once on top, the wind wrapping me around with coolness, I wandered amazed through the ruins which dressed the entire summit. Here no space was wasted, for all was used and engineered for the service of man, a place for young Ceylon to dream great dreams such as stirred the hearts of her ancient builders who knew the secrets of valour and industry. Looking down on the great blanket of jungle laced with slender roads, I reflected on the collapse of such a city which had known the Romans and had amazed the whole world. I thought of the solitary Kasyapa shutting himself away from his own fears, but all in vain, unable to bear the burden of his own responsibilities in his total ignorance of redemptive repentance. Sigiriya is surely one of the wonders of the world, too little known to the curious traveller.

From Sigiriya I drove on towards Anuradhapura, stopping *en route* to swallow the milk of a king coconut and make friends with a tribe of monkeys. The first majestic sight of the two great Dagabas on the road to Anuradhapura is quickly dispelled by the filth and squalor of the ramshackle modern town, for all the world like a wild-west film set. At the museum attached to the Archæological Department, one can see a delightful little collection of statuary and masonry, although no apparent attempt has been made to label these exhibits as yet. I was fortunate in having a guide, but a printed card is most suitable and often more reliable, and this criticism is true for all the ruins here, especially those some distance from the centre of the city, which to a stranger are sometimes difficult to identify even with a guide-book.

Reflecting on the many wonders that I saw, I was especially delighted by a sumptuous carving of a urinal in one of the western Monasteries, also by the elaborate delicacy of the moonstone at the Queen's Palace, and by a carving of a horseman sitting by his steed worked upon the rock face, as well as by a graceful stone panel of a man and woman seated together, both of these last two works being found in the Isurumuniya Rock Temple. But the gross vulgarity of the hideous new image-house beside the shining Ruanweli Dagoba, and the apparent lack of respect shown by modern Buddhists to their historical treasures, gave me the impression, which I hope and pray is false, that religious ignorance and national indolence are allowing much of the pioneer work of archæologists to slip back into oblivion or even total ruin.

I was particularly struck with the apparent negligence at Mihintale, which I had always been told was to the Buddhists the most sacred place in the whole Island. The surroundings of the Ambustelle Dagoba were filthy, to put it mildly. A ghastly modern statue

to the apostle Mahinda was already showing signs of crumbling and decay—an utterly shoddy piece of work. Is there no Sinhalese with a sense of bathos? The railings, which had been placed to enable pilgrims to reach Mahinda's Couch, had been ripped up and were no longer of any aid to the public, who now mount, if at all, at considerable risk to themselves. Litter strewed a shrine once piled high with temple flowers, and the only building showing any apparent signs of care and attention was the image-house containing the effigy of Vishnu. But for all this squalor, let it be said, with the greatest emphasis, that nothing can hide some of the wonders that were Lanka's, scenes that must hold every foreigner enchanted, even if a little horrified.

At Dambulla an iron bar had been rammed slipshod into a beautiful fresco to make a curtain rod on which to suspend a dirty mesh curtain before the image of the Lord Buddha. Superb wooden carvings were being eaten away by worms, and a miserable veranda decorated with the filthy scrawlings of vandal pilgrims was strewn with the shattered tiles from off the neglected roof. At the door of each cave temple a monk stood and proffered a pencil so that pilgrims should add their names to the subscription list. The official guide openly boasted to me that the temple trustees had a very large banking account, and that, furthermore, this temple owned, although I found it very hard to believe, fifteen thousand acres of land, all of which, and he added this with apparent pride, were jungle.

Here was I in the ridiculous position of a stranger who shows more concern for a building than its owners. Surely, I suggested, even with less than half that amount of land, a mortgage could at least be raised, and the jungle cleared, so that food, employment, and art, not to mention religion, might be the better served.

But the visit that I enjoyed most, after Sigiriya, was undoubtedly that which I made to Polonnaruwa. Here I stayed at the charming Resthouse situated on the banks of the Topawewa with an inspiring view over the water to the distant hills. To be up early in the morning to watch the sun rise and the flocks of birds skimming the surface of the glassy water was, at least to me, a glimpse of Tusita. Here everything was well cared for and well posted, and I was especially delighted by a visit to the Tivanka image-house with its Jataka Frescoes, so very like those of its contemporary Cathedral at Ely. In all the ancient paintings that I have been able to see here in Ceylon, I have been very struck by the absence of the colour blue, and wonder if this is equally true of modern Sinhalese and Hindu paintings. Doubtless it has something to do with the brilliance of the predominating colours which have quite baffled my own water-colour box. The modern

Vishnu statues have been the only exceptions, and I am glad to say that I found no such vulgar additions here. My guide was a charming young man, full of attention and a fount of information, and quite obviously loved his job, passing on his enthusiasm to his wide-eyed follower.

The lotus bath close to the Demala Maha Saya is a glorious example of design and craftsmanship, and solid stone takes on the grace and delicacy of petals, for nature somehow always wins the day, especially where religious art is concerned ; it would seem that the artist, who has served the imagination of the worshipper, has a real field-day when he finds that he is allowed to decorate a moonstone with a line of elephants, each one separate and individual, here one with a curved trunk, there another carrying home the fodder ; and then again, one in the act of eating. They speak of careful and detailed observation, a natural and healthy reaction after much contemplation on a religious representation. There is, however, a real difficulty in comparing the Eastern sculptor with his corresponding number in the West, especially where human form is represented. Here it appears to be essential to have plump, well-fed figures, even in the dancing gods, and especially in the yoga postures of the Lord Buddha. Thus the local artist, tending to portray quiet and contemplation in repose, is prevented from capturing the rippling muscles and athletic shapes that inspired the Greek sculptors with their emphasis on action and energy. But, as always, the artists of the world are united in their common observations of man and nature, although invariably they make their living by portraying the spirit of their several religions upon a puppet stage of symbolism.

A sense of repose and meditation is perfectly portrayed by the three colossal statues hewn out from one vast granite boulder at Gal Vihara. These separate statues of the Lord Buddha, each superbly placid and self-possessed, are indeed, like lamps in a windless place that do not flicker.

There are hidden away in this lovely land, treasures of the past worthy of study and care, wonders for the admiration of the world. I, for one, will return Westward with a fresh vision of Eastern culture as it was in the golden ages of the past, and with a tale to tell of mighty cities of fabulous beauty and peoples of spiritual worth, drowned deep in the tide of the jungle, silted up by the folly of man.

14th October, 1950.

NURSERY SCHOOLS AND CULTURAL ENVIRONMENT

By Maria Montessori

IN 1910, two journals with a wide circulation—the American *McClure Magazine* and the British *World's Work*—printed reports about a successful educational experiment of a new kind, the Nursery Schools.

The experiment had been started with children between three and six years old, taken from wretchedly poor homes in the San Lorenzo district of Rome, and was extended almost at once to children rescued from the ruins of the Messina earthquake of 1908. It was based on a method of education which consisted in helping the children, gently, without forcing them in any way, to recover—or more exactly, to discover for themselves—the sense of human fellowship. This was done through community life and work. Before long the children began to develop, of their own accord, a much stronger spirit of discipline than could have been created by ordinary scholastic methods, and a social sense that sometimes made them behave like one united team. They formed a community where freedom and discipline went hand-in-hand. In this atmosphere, the little victims of the Messina earthquake soon got back the happy, lively spirit natural to their age ; they recovered from the shock that had saddened them for a time, and their sleep was no longer haunted by nightmares. Their manners became much improved, and they began to do their share of collective work, from which they derived a feeling of responsibility that seemed to satisfy an instinctive social need.

Connected with these facts was another, on the intellectual plane—the sudden ability to write, shown simultaneously by children of four to four and a half years old, only two months after their first introduction to the alphabet. School inspectors who examined these infants declared that they wrote as well as nine-year-old pupils in elementary schools . . . and that their spelling was even better, as they seemed to have an exceptional memory for words, even very long ones, and made no mistakes in spelling them (phonetics).

All these were new phenomena, of a psychological and social description, much more closely connected with nature than with education, and which could have been produced at any time in favourable circumstances. What I had done was simply to encourage the free activities of the children, and to prepare special equipment for teaching them.

What I did after that, was to try to bring about the same phenomena in ordinary circumstances, and to develop a system of education by which they could be generalized and extended. Free self-discipline continued to be the outstanding feature of the Montessori schools.

Meantime, a division of opinion arose among the educational authorities and the general public, owing to the mistaken idea that I was trying to train children to be " different "—and more especially, that I wanted to force very small children to read, write, and so on, before they were ready to learn. Schools based on the Montessori system increased rapidly in number, however, and the principle of freedom, and our other basic principle, the provision of surroundings really suited to children, were carried over from them into the elementary schools.

Later on, in studies of child-psychology based on mental tests, it was declared impossible to teach children by the Montessori method until they had reached five years of age. As a result, laws were passed in nearly all countries, forbidding the acceptance of children below five years old in schools where this method was used (as was the case with the Nursery Schools).

So I could only carry on my experiments in isolated cases. Nevertheless, I did carry them on, in small private schools and without financial support or moral encouragement ; and I am still doing so, after more than forty years.

It is these investigations and conclusions, which have never been made public, that I should like to summarize here.

The method, however carefully followed, does not yield the same results when applied to older children. For instance, they do not pass in two months from learning the alphabet to writing long words. Their writing develops gradually instead of suddenly and unexpectedly.

Nevertheless, this way of teaching writing, worked out in the light of the children's first reactions, is in itself more rational and efficient than the usual methods ; so much so, that certain military authorities are experimenting with it in training illiterate recruits ; and, I believe, it would be very useful for illiterate adults in general.

These experiments go to prove that education does not depend only upon methods, but also upon psychological conditions, which vary according to age . . . certain ages present psychological characteristics favourable to this or that branch of study, so that the pupil makes easier and more rapid progress than would be possible at other times.

That is why the study of human beings and their individual psychology at various stages of development forms one of the essential bases of education.

So we were led by experience to the unexpected discovery that very young children can learn certain fundamental subjects, such as reading and writing, more easily than older children or grown-ups. A great many experiments were afterwards made around this fact, and not only in regard to the study of writing. The process of learning, in the case of children, is marked by some special features : eagerness, rapid intuition, memory, etc. The attention of several Dutch psychologists was arrested by what we had observed, *i.e.*, that intellectual development is not uniformly progressive, but reveals special features at certain periods, and that very small children often learn better and more quickly than their elders. They saw a connexion between these facts and the occurrence of " sensitive periods," as demonstrated by De Vries, in the development of various animals. During the sensitive period, habits useful to the still immature creature are formed, and once the habits are well established, the sensitive period comes to an end. The speed with which tiny children learn to write was thought to reveal the existence of a sensitive period covering the development of speech, and ending at five years old. And the alphabet had hastened and stimulated the constructive process of the spoken language, which was indeed helped forward by the pictures and other objects that the children used to help them understand it. Many psychologists have now come to believe in these periods " of intense activity," connected with the development of certain faculties.

My own observations, recorded in a book *Il Segreto del Bambino* (The Secret of Childhood), point not merely to the existence of various sensitive periods, which occur in cycles and come to an end at certain ages (for instance, at puberty), but also to the fact that far more rapid internal developments precede the external manifestations that give them expression. (For instance, the mental development of language begins long before the actual ability to speak). This cannot be shown by " tests," because they can only register external manifestations, *i.e.*, immediate reactions.

During our experiments with the Children's Homes, I lived for a good many months among children of less than three years old, and was able to watch them from morning till night. Without the slightest doubt, tiny children are much more intelligent than people are apt to suppose. Only their intelligence differs in certain respects from ours. And this brings me to my final point—which is, that such children are not mentally fitted to learn from us by word of mouth, and through explanations ; but that they are able to absorb from their surroundings even notions of an intellectual kind, which take root in a special way . . . not as ideas, but as characteristics that become part of their personality.

The clearest proof of this is that a child of two years old can talk, so that it must have learnt a language at a time when it was quite unconscious of doing so : and in reality this language is not an intellectual acquisition, but a characteristic. A characteristic of such importance that it remains a feature of the adult personality and ranks among the " unifying social characteristics " of a particular national or racial group.

This seems to point to the conclusion that language, and the other characteristics which appear to be hereditary in a given human group, arise, in reality, during early childhood—the baby not inheriting the characteristics themselves, but rather the capacity to acquire whatever characteristics are to be found in its environment.

The implications of this theory are very far-reaching. It was by acting on children that the totalitarian governments were able to build up huge reserves of young fanatics, devoted to their leader and filled with warlike spirit. The dictators prepared their men even before preparing their armaments, for they realized that an undertaking draws its greatest strength and its greatest hope of success from suitably-trained manpower.

But what is there to prevent a nobler society, guided by ideals of peace and humanity, from building up—not fabricating, but training, through the encouragement of free and spontaneous development—future generations in which friendship towards all men, and understanding between nations would become natural qualities ?

Apart from that possibility, the method put into practice by the Nursery Schools in the early years of this century can be applied not only to teaching the " three r's," but also to general cultural education.

Useful principles of this training are as follows :—

(*a*) Children less than three years of age take an interest in what their older companions are doing ; and when it is something for which they have a natural inclination, they try of their own accord to imitate it.

(*b*) Tiny children find the explanations they got from older children, when they ask for them, easier to understand and more satisfying than anything a teacher could tell them.

(*c*) Children learn by a kind of osmosis, rather than by being presented with ideas in the abstract.

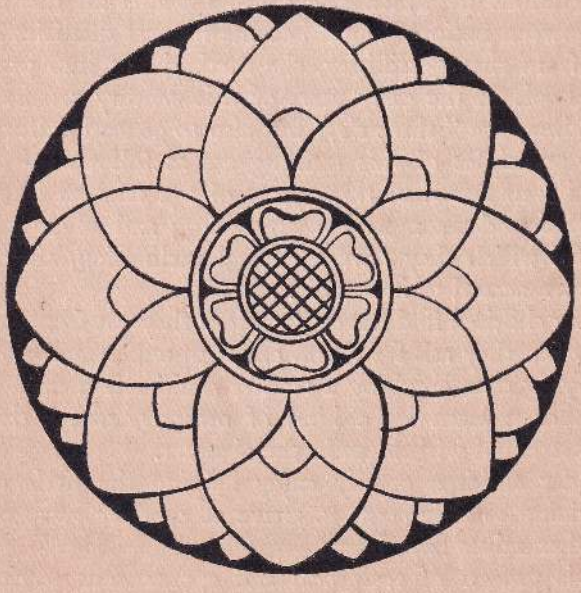
(*d*) Older children greatly enjoy helping the little ones, and in doing so they seem to arrive at a better grasp of what they themselves have learnt.

(*e*) This process of reciprocal and spontaneous teaching gets the big and little children into the habit of working together at

things that interest them all, and thus helps to build up a close-knitted society.

What must be remembered with regard to the education of children is first, that their minds always need to be helped by their hands in acquiring knowledge, and that their hands, in turn, need the help of objects which they can manipulate with ease ; and secondly, that a child's mind develops through co-operating with its equals and sharing in freely-chosen work. Where these conditions are fulfilled, the children can work for several hours a day—provided there are pauses and variations in the work—without getting tired. And this encourages and develops, in a natural way, the child's instinctive tendency to establish friendly and confident relations with its playmates and with the surrounding world.

When children are accustomed, from their very earliest years, to look upon all those around them as a source of help in their exploration of the world, a hostile or suspicious attitude towards members of other races, religions or nations becomes an unnatural tendency. People brought up in this way will therefore be of the greatest help in building a peaceful society and promoting that understanding between nations which UNESCO has as its ideal.



SCANDINAVIAN FOLK HIGH SCHOOLS

By Gunnar Brandell

FOLK high schools are specifically Scandinavian institutions which have aroused a good deal of interest all over the world, and every year groups of foreign educationalists come to study their teaching methods.

What these visitors see is unremarkable as far as the exterior appearance of these schools is concerned. The school buildings recall English or American colleges ; a cluster of buildings houses those essential school units : dormitories, teachers' quarters, classrooms, dining hall, an assembly hall, and a library. In Denmark the folk high schools are often housed in large white stone buildings especially constructed for the school, while in Sweden the school often consists of a group of red or brown wooden houses which sprang up one after another around an old manor house which serves as the central school building.

These buildings may have an ordinary look, but they house schools which are uniquely Scandinavian—schools which during the 100 years of their existence have proved their social utility, schools freed from arid lessons and homework, of the drill work of examinations and internal discipline, schools of which the distinctive characteristic is the free comradeship between pupils and teachers.

These folk high schools are intended for adults without a great deal of previous education, who of their own free will have chosen to continue their education. Popular adult education has been generally recognised as a great aid to the proper functioning of a democracy. In a great number of countries night schools, public lectures and study groups have been used to educate adult citizens. Folk high schools represent an intensification of these educational tactics. They give young people of from twenty to thirty years of age the chance to abandon their regular occupations for some six months and devote themselves to study and discussion with their teachers and fellow-students.

A glance at the history of the creation and development of these folk high schools tells a great deal about their distinctive characteristics. The idea of adult education was born in that wave of liberal and patriotic enthusiasm which swept over Europe in the first half of the 19th century. The chief protagonist of popular adult education was the English Whig politician, Lord Brougham. His ideas reached

the Scandinavian countries as one of the after effects of the revolution of July 1830, and his writings were translated into Swedish in 1832. The popular education movement in Sweden dates from the appearance of these translations. In the same year the Danish philosopher, N. F. S. Grundtvig proposed the idea of the folk high school; and twelve years later, in 1844 the first of these schools was established at Röddiny in North Hesvig. Denmark realized a project which was the outcome of international hope.

The period, between the revolution of July 1830, and of February 1848, was astir not only with liberalism and nationalism, but with romanticism as well. Grundtvig, in spite of the originality of his character and the audacity of his intellectual conceptions, was still a man of his own era. He was all at once liberal, rationalist and romantic, and he tried to blend these currents into a strong philosophical synthesis, but in doing so he often left clarity and logic behind. He had read Herder and borrowed his romantic idea of the people as a mystical national entity, but he associated this essentially conservative concept with a radical principle of liberty which brought him close to the liberals of his time. Grundtvig insisted that the folk high school should be national, that is to say, expressive of the fundamental originality which he felt characterized Danish soil, Danish history, Danish life and the Danish language. He denied that the traditional school with its Latin "humanities" could express this national spirit.

These romantic exaggerations have long since been forgotten, but Grundtvig's folk high schools have lasted. They answered a need for adult education which has grown constantly more pressing in the course of the last 100 years. Just before Grundtvig proposed the idea of education for adults, Denmark which had had an autocratic government, adopted a system of representative government. The Danish people, the peasants in particular, who now had a chance to express their political will, felt the need for some kind of preliminary institution where their future parliamentary representatives could be given a fundamental education. This explains in part the success of the folk high schools. But even more important was the national and religious awakening called Grundtvigianism. In Denmark the folk high schools were for a long time Grundtvigian communities. In Sweden, on the contrary, the development of these schools paralleled the development of political democracy without being marked by any other ideological imprint.

In 1866 Sweden granted to her peasants, who formed the large majority of the population, a considerable voice in the national administration. Two years later the first folk high schools were founded

on the initiative of peasants in Southern Sweden who were unaware of the existence of similar institutions in Denmark. In Sweden these schools were peasant schools from the beginning and traditionally are located in the country. When the nation was industrialized the schools were adapted to meet new problems. At the beginning of this century the power of the working class increased, and after the first World War the working class, in alliance with the liberal party, won a fight for electoral reform and became the nation's dominant political force. The first " workers' schools " were founded in answer to the particular requirements of the industrial working class. But young workers in increasing numbers began to enroll in the folk high schools which until then had been attended almost exclusively by peasants, and by now peasants and workers are represented in equal proportions. The situation is much the same in Norway and Finland except for certain differences explained by the stormy political history of these two countries.

Until well into the 20th century the history of the folk high schools followed an up and down pattern of progress and retrogression. A number of them were occasionally forced to close for lack of pupils. But now they seem to have entered a period of stability. Scandinavia has accepted folk high schools as a necessary educational institution which ranks with more traditional schools. They play a particularly important role in the political life of the Scandinavian nations. In the local and national governments of all of these countries there are a great number of men who made their educational preparation in folk high schools. In Sweden alone there are seventy folk high schools and the total national enrolment is 8,000 students each year. Schools never close down now for lack of pupils ; on the contrary, new schools are being founded and their enrolment constantly increasing.

DON QUIXOTE

By C. Jinarājadāsa

EVERYONE knows the meaning of the word "quixotic," which is a course of action that shows a certain want of mental balance and adjustment to reality, though it may have behind it a very good motive. This conception has arisen from reading the English translations of the work *Don Quixote,* whose author is Cervantes. Incidentally let me mention that the word in Spanish is pronounced *Quihoté,* with an accent on *ho.* It is pronounced in French *Don Quichotte.*

Readers usually get an idea of the hero of the romance as definitely crazy, doing all kinds of outrageous actions, like tilting at a windmill, imagining that the moving sails are some kind of enemy charging at him. He also imagines that peasant girls are duchesses and marchionesses, etc.

Don Quixote is always accompanied in his adventurers by his squire, Sancho Panza. Sancho does not realize that his master is crazy, and believes in the offer made to him that his master presently will make him the governor of an island.

Don Quixote is described as thin and gaunt, a tall man, who has got his head turned by reading innumerable stories of the knights of antiquity who went out to seek adventures and met with various magicians. While to all Don Quixote appears as a ludicrous figure, nevertheless there is something striking about this madman. There is a certain idealism in him, for he goes out seeking adventures as did the knights of old, claiming that he is a Knight Errant whose task is to rescue captive maidens, put down cruelty and battle against injustice.

Now, it is a strange thing that in what is known as Latin America—a phrase used to designate all the countries of South and Central America, Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico, whose colonizers were from Spain, as also Brazil, whose colonizers were from Portugal—in nearly every home there will be found a picture of Don Quixote, and sometimes a statuette. He is always depicted as tall and thin, standing and reading a book, waving one arm, and careless of his dress with one of his long stockings hanging down. Once in Mexico when I went through the weekly market and came to the part where pottery was being sold, I found a statuette of Don Quixote. It was evident, therefore, that this crazy man had a certain attractiveness about him.

Why should almost every home in Latin America have a picture of this crazy man? It is only when one lives in the homes of Latin Americans that one penetrates a little into the feeling behind the respect given to the crazy hero. That respect is so great that a special condensed edition of the great work of Cervantes has been prepared for the use of schools in Mexico, with very graphic illustrations of certain incidents in the story. The true reason for this high regard paid to Don Quixote, the crazy man, is due to the fact that in spite of his madness he represents a certain ideal of what Jesus Christ proclaimed in Palestine.

It is quite easy to note in Roman Catholic countries that outside the churches and cathedrals there are always beggars. That church is the most powerful in the world, and yet Roman Catholicism, as also all forms of Protestantism, has not been able to teach their adherents the significance of Christ's commandment: "Forasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." In spite of churches and hierarchies, and monasteries and nunneries, very little has been done to root out poverty, disease and degradation. I say "very little," for I know well how certain monastic orders of monks and nuns have with the greatest devotion tried to help the poor and the sick. But what they have done is almost like a drop in a bucket. What is noticeable is the attitude of callousness of the religious-minded men and women who go to church and pray to God, yet whose conscience is not pricked by the contrast of wealth and poverty in a so-called Christian civilization. Of course, the same contrast exists in Hindu and Buddhist civilizations. Evidently the religious conscience of mankind has many atrophied spots, so that no response can be obtained from them.

In the romance *Don Quixote,* this crazy man who sets out on what he calls adventures, again and again proclaims that he belongs to the ancient band of chivalrous knights founded by King Arthur, and that he has taken the vow to aid those in need and to put down the oppression of the weak by the strong. He says, "My office is no other than to avenge those who suffer injustice, and to castigate the proud. If you can inform me that you have any work for me to do in this locality, you have only to tell me, and I promise you by the order of the knighthood which I have received, to give you full satisfaction according to your wishes." Again, "Friend Sancho, recollect that I have been born by the will of heaven in this year of iron to transform it to the year of gold. It is for me that dangers, great actions and valourous deeds have been reserved. It is I who have resuscitated the Round

Table, the twelve knights of France and the nine of fame. I have to abolish the memory of tyrants." Elsewhere he says, " Well is it that many possessions and rest were invented for weak men of the royal court, but work, inquietude and arms were invented for those whom the world calls Knights Errant, of whom I am, though not worthy, the least." Again he says, " I seek adventures in order to offer my arms and my person for the most dangerous fate that may appear before you, in order to aid those who are weak and in need."

Each knight of old pledged himself to valourous deeds in the name of his lady of adoration. All the time his work of adventure is to put down evil, remembering that he is doing the work of God, but also as an offering to his lady.

It is because of this strange idealism of a mad man, who tries to live the ancient teachings of Palestine, that the peoples of Latin America, while they smile at his crazy adventures, have their hearts touched by the idealism of deeds that should be done by the followers of a religion, but are not done.

One very striking element in the romance is the contrast between knight and squire. The knight is the idealist, though he is crazy. Sancho, the squire, is the materialist whose first thought is " What am I going to get out of all this ? " He is all the time thinking of the good things of life, especially his meals, and making a nest for himself. Sancho represents, to Latin America, the man of the world whose first interest is himself, while in contrast Don Quixote is the idealist, though he does crazy actions.

A long poem by Roberto Nieto of the Republic of Colombia, with the title, " Oh, Sancho," says as follows regarding Don Quixote and Sancho :—

" Oh Sancho ! You have not died ! In the midst of the motley restless crowds of each day I have seen the reflection of your face in the noisy gabble. But how changed you are, and with what elegance ! You have changed the pack-saddle for gloves, and instead of riding on a sorry nag, you drive in a car. Casting on one side the garb you wore, you have now the trappings of a gentleman. Good Sancho, who can discover in your present outfit the base lackey of once upon a time ?

" But your uncouth nature has not changed ; today, as yesterday, it is matter incarnate. What to your eyes is our bitter savage war with grief and pain ? Only a fair. You are still the same ; still

come from your lips the empty good-natured outbursts of laughter. With your bourgeois stride you strut proudly among the learned.

" Meanwhile Quixote overthrown in battle rolls in the dust with his broken lance, invokes the lovely Dulcinea, and dreams of a far away island.

" When you come on the scene, the world bows before you ; for in this bizarre and outlandish age only one light shines—that of your genius.

" Ye comrades of Don Quixote, ye brave paladins who tread the bitter road to the trumpet-tunes of warlike horns, defying the wrath of Destiny ! Your mission is ended. Do you wonder ? Sheath the sword that defended your ruined ramparts. And salute in Sancho, the lackey without blemish, the heroes of the future.

" What matters the ideal ? Wounded and withered, as are yourselves, in the fearful reverses in the tenacious struggle, the ideal lies dead on the bloody field of battle."

Cervantes' great classic appeared in Spain in 1605. The first English translation by Shelton appeared in England in 1612. Evidently Butler, the author of Hudibras, had read Shelton, for we have Dr. Johnson writing as follows :—

" The poem Hudibras is not wholly English ; the original idea is to be found in the history of Don Quixote, a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace."

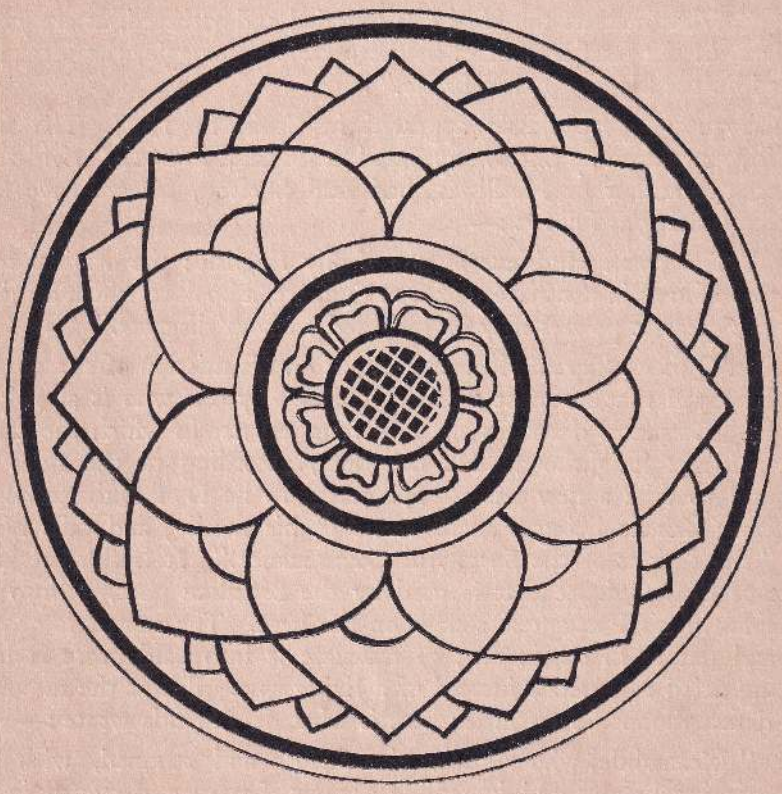
Don Quixote knows when he sets out on his mission of succouring the distressed that he must first be knighted by one who is already a Knight. Cervantes describes the ludicrous manner in which the crazy man achieves knighthood. He has then, according to the rules of chivalry, to take a new name. He ceases to be Don Quixote de la Mancha (Mancha being a small estate of his family) and calls himself " the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance." It is this knightly name of Don Quixote that is used by the Brazilian poet, Filinto de Almeida, in his Portuguese sonnet on the hero. The sonnet is exquisite and tender in sentiment ; to translate it into bald prose is like offering dried rose petals instead of a living rose. But at the moment that defect cannot be rectified ; here is what de Almeida wrote :—

" Meanwhile, whoever sees him forlorn and stunned, with his astonishing helmet and incredible armour, beaten and stoned in so many combats, will call him a Knight, but of the Sorrowful Countenance. What matters ? The hero dreams on ever, grave and saddened. And if to dream so is near to insanity, he is strong and happy

in the armour of his dream, and so dreaming he marches down the centuries.

"Leave him alone to go on his way, though we laugh at him, as he battles for justice and combats crimes. Leave him with his illusion and its great inglorious efforts. For it is such gallant lunacy that makes him so sublime. Awaken him never; leave him drunk with his golden pertinacious ideal which no suffering shall lessen, so as to dream of glory, love, justice, and loving kindness. For only who knows to dream thus is worthy of the name—a *Man*."

The word Quixotic conveys no meaning in Latin America.



CHINESE POETRY

By Graham Martyr

I HAVE in my possession a little bowl dating from the time of the Ming Dynasty, who sat on the Dragon Throne from 1368 to 1644 A.D. There is a charming blue glaze upon the upper portion ; lower down is visible the brown clay of which the vessel is made, about which the fragrance of rain-wet soil still seems to linger. The effect of the whole gives pleasure, for the potter was an artist—and knew it not. There is no finish in the ornamentation, the lines are blurred, the design but half fulfilled ; and yet it is artistic. It makes me think of Chinese song, especially the early poems such as one finds in the Odes of Kung Fu Tsze, whom we call Confucius, collected by the Sage around B.C. 500 from sources dating between 1765 and 585 B.C. The unknown singers of the songs were poets—and knew it not. There is no finish on the pottery or in the poem, but both enchant. In sheer delight they sang or wrought. Someone wrote that greatness is but another name for interpretation ; and in so far as these nameless craftsmen of old have interpreted themselves and the times in which they lived, they have attained enduring greatness.

The centuries slipped by, until for a short period of a little under three hundred years from A.D. 618 to 906, the era of the Dynasty of the Golden T'ang Emperors, the great fulfilment of Chinese poetry had come and gone. The roughness had been refined ; the polished jewel glittered from the finished setting. Many lovely poems have graced the passing of the years even to our own day, and there have lived artists who could say :—" Tarry awhile : I have captured one moment from eternity." They have shewn us life in all its possibilities of beauty and romance.

These are two poems of very early date from the Odes of Confucius :—

A pretty maid at time of gloaming
Hath whispered me to go and meet her
Without the city gate.
I love her, but she tarries coming :
Shall I return, or stay to greet her ?
I burn, and wait.

She has gathered with her lily fingers
A lily fair and rare to see.
Oh ! sweeter still the fragrance lingers
From the warm hand that gave it me.

" Falling into trouble " is a long poem written by Ch'u Yuan, a Minister of the feudal Prince of Ch'u. He lived about 550 B.C. and his master having been taken prisoner by some of his enemies, the Prince's successor banished Ch'u in disgrace. The poet was eventually drowned in the River Mi-lo, and his body was never found. The Dragon-boat Festival was instituted in his memory, and up to the fall of the Empire in 1912 it was celebrated every May to the accompaniment of banquet and many a cup of drowsy yellow rice wine. This couplet is his :—

Their palaces of jade the kings may keep ;
Here, in this leafy hut, we two can sleep.

The Imperial House of Han ruled China from 200 B.C. to A.D. 200. The Chinese still call themselves " Sons of Han." In that time Buddhism came to the Middle Kingdom from India. Its effect can be traced in the poetry of the period, where the minds of the singers took refuge in an ideal world from the illusions of the senses. This ballad has come down to us, echoing through the ages :—

There is some one of whom I keep a-thinking ;
There is some one whom I visit in my dreams,
Though a hundred hills stand sentinel between us,
And the dark rage of a hundred sunless streams.
But the same bright moon is kind to us,
And the same untrammelled wind to us,
Daring a thousand hills,
Whispers the word that thrills.
And the dust of my heart, laid bare,
Shows the flowe.s that linger there.

The Third Century A.D. saw the birth of what was probably the first literary club ever known, the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove. Hard drinkers the seven were, but none the less inspired for that, for besides being poets and musicians, they were alchemists, philosophers, and had many talents in common. Between them and the exquisite age of the golden T'ang Dynasty, one great name shines, T'ao Ch'ien, whose allegory " The Peach Blossom Fountain " is quoted by Professor Herbert Giles in his *Chinese Literature*. His philosophy

was of the *carpe diem* strain that swayed Horace. From the Seven Sages comes this love poem which charms by its delicacy. Some grandee had sent the lady a present of pearls delved from the far blue seas of the Kwangtung coast. She replied :—

Knowing, fair lord, my matrimonial thrall,
Two pearls thou sentest me, costly withall.
And I, seeing that love thy heart possessed
Did not disdain to fold them to my breast.
But mine is a household of high degree,
My husband a captain in the King's army :
And one with wit like thine should say
" The troth of wives is ever and for aye."
With thy two pearls I send thee back two tears,
Tears—that we did not meet in earlier years.

Then dawns the golden age of Chinese Poetry to which all poets turn with wistful eyes. If you call the roll of those wonderful three hundred years of the Golden T'angs, all the great Masters of Song will answer you. Emperors and statesmen honoured them. Their poems came as a refreshment, an escape from the monotony of public life and the burden of governing. L. Cranmer-Byng writes in his Introduction to *The Lute of Jade* : " The great men of the age were at once servants of duty and the lords of life. To them official routine and the responsibilities of the State were burdens to be borne along the highway, with periods of rest and intimate re-union with nature to cheer the travellers. When the heavy load was laid aside, song rose naturally from the lips. Subtly connecting the arts, they were at once painters and poets, musicians and singers. And because they were philosophers and seekers after the beauty that underlies the form of things, they made the picture express its own significance, and every song find echo in the souls of those that heard."

This is made clearer when one understands that many of the T'ang poets were ministers of State, occupying the loftiest positions. Tu Fu, A.D. 712-770, was Master of the Ceremonies at the Imperial Court of Ch'ang-an, the glorious Capital of China in that age. He was later appointed Imperial Censor, and justly fulfilled his duties by telling His Majesty the whole unpalatable truth, and was then made Viceroy of a distant province. Li Po, the most famous name in Chinese literature, A.D. 702-762, obtained his doctor's degree at the age of twenty. He was Poet Laureate to the Emperor Ming Huang of the T'ang, in which Dynasty that Sovereign himself holds the foremost place. Not in History is his name immortal. Romance is nearer to his life ;

no great ruler, but an artist. But what Prince could escape immortality who had Tu Fu and Li Po for his servants, Ch'ang-an for his capital, and T'ai Chen of a thousand songs for his love? Poet and sportsman, mystic and man of the world, he was the passionate lover of one beautiful woman whose ill-starred fate inspired Po Chu-i, 772-846, the tenderest of all their singers; the Emperor is more to Literature than to History. Po Chu-i gained his Doctorate of Literature at the age of seventeen. All competed for the honour of his presence: Viceroy and Minister all sent for him, as he travels lightheartedly and fancy-free over the Empire. In provincial Europe such a man would be unknown unless he beat his wife or stole his neighbour's pig, but in China his Celestial Majesty hears of his journeys and becomes jealous for his servant. On not too willing shoulders the load of State must be laid. So Po Chu-i is promoted from province to capital, and is at last made President of the Board of War. Two short poems, one of which is rendered below are, "Peaceful Old Age" and "The Penalties of Rank," and give us a glimpse of the poet in his declining years, conscious of fading powers, glad to be rid of office, and waiting to be "one with the pulsings of Eternity."

Here is Tu Fu's "Little Rain":—

Oh! she is good, the little rain, and well she knows our need
Who cometh in the time of spring to aid the sun-drawn seed;
She wanders with a friendly wind through silent nights unseen,
The furrows feel her happy tears, and lo! the land is green.

Last night, cloud shadows gloomed the path that winds to my abode,
And the torches of the river boats like angry meteors glowed.
Today, fresh colours break the soil, and butterflies take wing
Down broidered lawns parterre'd with flowers in the garden of the King.

In the Imperial City of Ch'ang-an, with its triple rows of glittering walls and their tall towers uprising at intervals, its seven royal palaces girdled with gardens, its wonderful Yen Tower nine stories high, encased in marble, drum towers and bell towers, moon-gazing pavilions whose eaves were hung with tinkling wind-bells, canals and lakes with their floating theatres, dwelt the Emperor Ming Huang and T'ai Chen. Within the Forbidden park, on the border of the lake stood a little pavilion around whose balcony crept jasmine and magnolia branches scenting the air. Just underneath flamed a tangle of peonies in bloom, leaning down to the calm blue water. Here in the evening the favourite reclined, watching the peonies vie with the sunset beyond, and the Emperor sends his Minister for Li Po, and so the great lyrist sets her

mortal beauty to glow from the perfumed, flower-haunted balustrade immortally through all the twilights yet to come.

This is what he sang, calling the poem "An Emperor's Love," lauding the wondrous lady, the conquering glances of whose almond eyes inspired armies to victory, and wrought at last her own sad fall.

In all the clouds He sees her light robes trail,
And roses seem beholden to her face;
O'er scented balcony the perfumed gale
Blows warm from spring, and dew drops form apace.
Her outline on the mountain He can trace,
Now leans she from the tower in matchless grace.

The most renowned of blossoms, most divine
Of those whose conquering glances overthrow
Cities and kingdoms, for His sake combine
And win the ready smiles that ever flow
From royal lips. What matter if the snow
Blot out the garden? She shall still recline
Upon the scented balustrade, and glow with spring
That thrills her warm blood into wine.

And Po Chu-i's "Peaceful Old Age," promised above:—

Swiftly and soon the golden sun goes down,
The blue sky wells afar into the night.
Tao is the changeful world's environment;
Happy are they that in its laws delight.

Tao gives me toil, youth's passion to achieve,
And leisure in life's autumn and decay,
I follow Tao,—the seasons are my friends;
Opposing it, misfortunes come my way.

As underneath the mulberry tree I dream,
The water-clock drips on and dawn appears:
A new day shines on wrinkles and white hair,
The symbols of the fullness of my years.

If I depart, I cast no look behind:
Still wed to life, I yet am free from care.
Since life and death in cycles come and go,
Of little moment are the days to spare.

Thus strong in fate I wait, and long to be
One with the pulsings of Eternity.

Here we have an indication of the influence of Buddhism and Taoism on Chinese poetry. The two systems are sisters. Their parents are self-observance and the Law. Both are quietists, yet in this respect they differ, for the former is the grey quietist, the latter the opalescent pearl. The neutral tint is better adapted to the sister in whose eyes all things are Maya — Illusion. The shimmer of pearl belongs of right to her whose soul reflects the colour and quiet radiance of a thousand dreams. Compassion urged the one, the love of harmony led the other. How near they were akin! how far apart they have wandered! To look on beautiful things is only to feel more poignantly the passing of bright days, and the time when the petals must leave the rose; thus Buddhism. And Tao: the poet meets with an unknown girl; here is reality emerging from the unreal, spring renewing, love and beauty triumphant over death and decay. From the girl's eyes a thousand dead women look out once more on spring; through her, poets find their inspiration.

Hear now the Emperor Ming Huang, the "Lord of a Myriad Years," Emperor of Cathay.

A thing of stone beside lake Kouen-ming
Has for a thousand autumns borne the name
Of the Celestial Weaver. Like that star
She shines above the waters, wondering
At her pale loveliness. Unnumbered waves
Have broidered with green moss the marble folds
About her feet. Toiling eternally
They knock the stone, like tireless shuttles plied
Upon a sounding loom.

Her pearly locks
Resembles snow-coils on the mountain top;
Her eyebrows' arch—the crescent moon. A smile
Lies in the opened lily of her face;
And, since she breathes not, being stone, the birds
Light on her shoulders, flutter without fear
At her still breast. Immovable she stands
Before the shining mirror of her charms
And, gazing on their beauty, lets the years
Slip into centuries past her . . .

Some T'ang poets. Wang Po. A.D. 648-676.

A KING OF TANG

There looms a lordly pleasure tower o'er you dim shore,
Raised by some King of Tang,
Jade pendants at his girdle clashed, and golden bells
Around his chariot rang.

Strange guests through sounding halls at dawn go trailing by,
Grey mists and mocking winds ;
And sullen brooding twilights break in rain on rain
To lash the ragged blinds.

The slow, sun-dappled clouds lean down o'er waters blue,
Clear mirrored one by one ;
They drift as all the world shall drift. The very stars
Their timeless courses run.

How many autumn moons have steeped those palace walls
And paled the shattered beams !
Where is their royal builder now ? A lord of Dust ?
An Emperor of Dreams ?

Wang Wei, 699-759.

WHILE ROSES FALL

Dawn after dawn the last doth nearer bring,
Ah ! what avails the shy return of spring ?
Then fill the wine-cup of today and let
Night and the roses fall, while we forget.

Po Chu-i, 772-846.

IN YUNG-YANG

I was a child in Yung-Yang ;
A little child I waved farewell.
After long years again I dwell
In world-forgotten Yung-Yang.

Yet I recall my play-time
And in my dreams I see
The little ghosts of May-time
Waving farewell tome.

My father's house in Yung-Yang
Has fallen on evil days.
No kinsmen on the crooked ways
Hail me as once in Yung-Yang.

No longer stands the old Moot-hall,
Gone is the market from the town ;
The very hills have tumbled down
And stoned the valleys in their fall.

Only the waters of the Ch'in and Wei
Roll green and changeless as in days gone by.

Yet I recall my play-time
And in my dreams I see
The little ghosts of May-time
Waving farewell to me.

MORNING STUDIES

Smooth and white the walls that ring the pool,
Carefully swept the rose-walk's mossy green,
Across the water dimpling winds blow cool
There lotus leaves as large as fans are seen.
What does yon flower-bright pavilion hold ?
Only a lute and there a song enscrolled.
To the sound of dropping pearls I turn the leaves,
Playing, swaying beneath the spell the autumn weaves.
Thus quietly the morning studies end,
And so I wait my friend.

AT FORTY-ONE

The waters from the pool are vanishing ;
A mellow sun-light steeps the window panes,
And autumn winds ply many a pleasant fan.
O gold and green, half ripe, the acacias glow,
While o'er the threshold of his summer falls
The shadow of a solitary man.

Ou-yang Hsiu, 1007-1072.

RETURN

You far away—you know
That when the wine-cup reddens o'er the lake
I call to you a thousand leagues apart
From the sheer confines of the world—and lo !
All golden for your sake
Spring dimples through the door-way of my heart.

Su Tung-P'o, 1036-1101.

Long do I sorrow that the spring should end ;
Fain is the host to stay the parting friend.
When for a while the dull routine is done,
We statesmen idle in the sun.
The kettle yields its stream of golden tea,
And warm winds spread the odours of congee.
Finished the cup, faded the crimson peach,
Twilight, the green embankment levelled to the beach.
My boat is poled along the shore, and soon
In the blue night unlanterned we recline ;
Until, caps off to conquering wine,
We nod, the dream companions of the moon.

In Chang, Circa 1150.

THE SECRET LAND

The flower fairies bring their playmate spring,
But the spring goes and takes no rose.
She breaks all hearts to incense and departs.
The river fain would keep one cloud upon its breast
Of the twilight flocks that sweep like red flamingoes winging west,
Away, away, to build beyond the day.
Give me the green gloom of a lofty tree,
Leaf and bough to shutter and bar
My dream of the world as it ought to be
From the drifting ghosts of the things that are.
Mine is a secret land, where spring
And sunset clouds cease wandering.

In this sketch I am deeply in debt to borrowings from Prof. Giles' *Chinese Literature* ; and to L. Cranmer-Byng in *A Feast of Lanterns* and *The Lute of Jade,* in the Wisdom of the East Series.

The great storehouse of Chinese verse is still largely untouched. Of the forty-eight thousand odd collected poems of the T'ang Dynasty, possibly only some three or four hundred have been translated into European languages : songs of men who sang, not for fame nor even the remembrance of bright hours, but only because their hearts were full of song.

Lawrence Binyon in his *Flight of the Dragon* tells of a painter who was sent by his Emperor to paint the scenery of a certain river. On the artist's return His Majesty was surprised that he had no sketches

to show. "I have it all," he said as he took up his brush, "in my heart." In like manner I may express the hope that the poems I have rendered here, which chime of beauty and romance, may have swept your eyes beyond their gaze into the beauty beyond all vision—in your heart.

In one last song let Yuan Mei, 1715-1797, close our survey of the poesy of Cathay, wherein the fairy music of wind-bells hung upon the moony eaves comes tinkling. He is one of the happiest poets the world has ever known. Yuan Mei's genius was universal. He was by turn philospher, historian, prose writer and poet. His home was in the lovely city of Hangchow where some two hundred years ago he lived the life of a garden philosopher, on the outskirts of the walled city by the side of the summer-sleepy lake. This garden became a shrine of literary pilgrimage frequented by the most talented men and women of the day, who would there seek his wisdom, to whom he would, not lecture, but speak beguilingly in periods of flowing erudition and delicate humour. A weaver of wiles. It was befitting that so fastidious an exponent of an epicurian philosophy, served as it were with *sauce piquante*, should be one of the most skilled cooks of his time. There was a dish of baby mouse dipped in honey wrapped in a coffin of almond paste scented with winter-blooming plum blossom . . . But Yuan Mei will not live by reason of his table, but for the sake of a garden which he made immortal, where he wandered and gave us the radiant children of his dreams.

IN AN OLD LIBRARY

Ten thousand tomes with pendant discs of jade,
Bowls of old Ming with bronze of Chow displayed,
When suddenly the small
Tinkle of eave-hung bells floats through the hall
As though a ghost-custodian sings :—
"I guard the fragrance of a thousand springs.
Draw near ! Draw near !
Ten thousand yesterdays are gathered here."

SRI AUROBINDO

By J. Vijayatunga

SRI AUROBINDO entered Samadhi on 5th December, 1950. As I write this on the fourth day of his Samadhi his body lies covered with a creamy silken cloth edged with gold lace in the upper room where he has remained for more than twenty-five years. Three eminent doctors from Calcutta as well as the Chief Medical Officer of French India having examined his body have testified that up to now there is no decomposition in the body.§ His disciples working day and night have prepared a tomb for him within the Ashram itself under the shade of the gold mohur tree where it is said Sri Aurobindo used to meditate in those early days before his retirement in 1926.

His death will make no difference as far as his teachings are concerned. These, stated with such originality and profundity, are to be found in his numerous books. Many who came to have a brief *darshan* of him four times a year will miss his mortal presence. But a greater number are likely to be attracted to his teachings and in the years to come his name will ring throughout the world.

The bare details of his life are well-known. Born into a gifted family in Bengal his father wished him to have an exclusive European education. Accordingly he and his two brothers were boarded at a European school in Darjeeling when they were still at a tender age. At the age of seven he was sent to England where he remained until he was twenty-one when, having distinguished himself at his studies at Cambridge, he came to India having taken service under the Maharajah of Baroda. In England he had become proficient in Latin and Greek (he won all the prizes for Greek and Latin verse in one year while he was at King's College) and had read also Italian, Spanish and German. He was already steeped in English poetry and in French literature. During the thirteen years he spent in Baroda he mastered Sanskrit, Marathi and Gujarati, as well as his mother-tongue, Bengali. In 1906, he became Principal of the Bengal National College which had just been started in Calcutta. Bengal was then in a political ferment and Sri Aurobindo was persuaded by Bepin Chandra Pal to take up the editorship of the *Bande Mataram* daily newspaper. It was in this paper that Sri Aurobindo wrote those spirited political articles which really ushered in the national movement in India. Long before Mahatma Gandhi had spoken of Swadeshi, Sri Aurobindo was preaching it ; and

§ *On Saturday, 9th December, his body was interred in the Ashram grounds.*

in an *Open Letter* to his countrymen published in the *Karmayogin* it was he who first raised the cry " no co-operation without control." About this time he was arrested in connection with the Alipore Bomb case and remained a year in the Alipore Jail while Police investigation went on. At his trial at the Sessions Court he was defended by C. R. Das and acquitted. He then started two weeklies, *Karmayogin* (English) and *Dharma* (Bengali) and took part openly in political conferences. But having learnt that the Police were still trying to implicate him and arrest him he left secretly for Chandernagore (then under the French) and from there reached Pondicherry on April 4, 1910.

While he was in the Alipore Jail he had seen a vision of Sri Krishna. He had been spending his time in his cell studying the Bhagavat Gita and the Upanishads and in fact before he left Baroda he had taken a vow, " One day I will see God face to face." Though after he came to live in Pondicherry he was invited to preside at a session of the Indian National Congress he took no further part in political activity but continued to be interested in the political development of India. It was, therefore, more than a coincidence that the day of India's Independence should have fallen on his birthday, August 15th.

In Pondicherry he was attended by a few close disciples and in 1914 he was joined by a French lady of high lineage and wide culture who is today known as The Mother. With her he began publishing the magazine *Arya* in which has appeared most of his philosophical and spiritual discourses and which have since been reprinted in book form. Little by little his Ashram began to grow, and in 1926 he retired completely. Since then only a handful of disciples and The Mother have had daily access to him and the rest of the *Sādhaks* and *Sādhikās* of the Ashram as well as the outside world had to be satisfied with four darshans a year. But he continued to be approachable on important matters and letters sent to him on such subjects usually elicited replies through his close associates.

Yoga is not new to India. It is a part of Hindu thought. He who wants to quicken his evolution—to see God face to face—takes his life in hand and goes through certain exercises, physical, mental and spiritual. Certain forms of Yoga stop at the physical, certain others at the mental stage but true Yoga must transcend these two stages. Certain Yogins might retire to the Himalayas and control their breathing and thus live without knowing of the passage of time. But that is only a stage of Yoga. Yoga is Union with the Divine. Most religions teach this under various symbols as the consummation of man's spiritual pilgrimage, but Yoga teaches that this can be achieved in this very life. And the record of India is full of such great souls.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa was such a Divine personage. Sri Ramana Maharishi was another such Divine personage. In their lives they realised their goal. Sri Aurobindo was distinct from them for many years.

In saying this one is not thinking of his vast cultural background and his catholicity of outlook. Which other Yogin could assess the comparative merits of Goethe and Shakespeare or speak on the potentialities of the new experimental writing? Which other Yogin has written such an epic as Sri Aurobindo has when he wrote his unfinished *Savitri*? Which other Yogin has written such helpful replies to the questions of his disciples and that in such faultless English prose?

These things apart—and they are considerable—Sri Aurobindo struck a new note not only in India's spiritual life but in the spiritual message as Man has known it. While he grieved at the blunder of India's partition (if one could speak of a Yogin of his stature as grieving) he did not regard Humanity piecemeal. He did not decry the achievements of science but only directed men's gaze to the higher possibilities of scientific achievement. He did not teach the ordinary doctrine of Evil and that the World is Maya but taught that the World was Real.

If Man can ascend to the Divine, the Divine can descend provided we make ourselves ready for it. But it is not by mental processes that we can make ourselves ready for such a great happening. Describing *Vijñana* or Gnosis Sri Aurobindo has said:

> "For while the reason proceeds from moment to moment of time losing and acquiring and losing again and acquiring again, the gnosis possesses time in one view and links past, present and future in their indivisible connections. The gnosis starts from the totality and sees parts, groups and details only in relation to the totality, while the mental reason cannot really see the totality at all and does not know fully any whole except by starting from analysis and synthesis of its parts, masses and details; otherwise its whole-view is always vague or imperfect or a confused view . . . The reason dwells in the diversity and deals with things separately and treats each as a separate existence, as it deals with sections of Time and divisions of Space; it sees unity only in a sum or by elimination of diversity or as a general conception the gnosis dwells in the unity and starts from the unity and it sees diversities only of a unity, it does not recognise any real division nor treat things separately as if they were independent of their real and original unity . . . Because of this creative force of the divine Idea, the Sun, the lord and symbol of the

gnosis, is described in the Veda as the Light which is the father of all things, Surya Savitri, the Wisdom-Luminous who is the bringer-out into being . . ."

All this knowledge has remained buried there in the Veda to be dug out only by a few. Sri Aurobindo delved into them with a concentration possessed by few teachers, ancient or modern, and has expressed them in modern terms so that mankind, standing as it does today on the threshold of an atomic age can see Wholeness and save itself from error. In a letter to a disciple written in 1933 he explains:

"What is a perfect technique of Yoga or rather of a world-changing or Nature-changing Yoga? Not one that takes one man by a little bit of him somewhere, attaches a hook and pulls him up into Nirvana or Paradise. The technique of a world-changing Yoga has to be multiform, sinuous, all-including as the world itself. If it does not deal with all the difficulties or possibilities and carefully deal with each necessary element, has it any chance of success? . . . How can one judge what is beyond the ordinary consciousness when one is oneself in the ordinary consciousness? Is it not, only by exceeding yourself that you can feel, experience, judge what exceeds you? . . . What the Supramental will do the mind cannot foresee or lay down. In a Supramental world imperfection and disharmony are bound to disappear. But what we propose just now is not to make the earth a Supramental world but to bring down the Supramental as a Power and establish consciousness in the midst of the rest—to let it work there and fulfil itself as Mind descended into life and matter and has worked as a Power there to fulfil itself in the midst of the rest. This will be enough to change the world and to change Nature by breaking down her present limits. But what, how, by what degrees it will do it is a thing that ought not to be said now. When the Light is there the Light will itself do its work—when the Supramental Will stands on earth that Will will decide. It will establish a perfection, a harmony, a Truth creation—for the rest, well, it will be the rest: that is all."

Or as he put it with fine poetic fervour in *Savitri*:—

"A thought was sown in the unsounded Void.
A sense was born within the darkness' depths,
A memory quivered in the heart of Time
As if a soul long dead were moved to live:
But the oblivion that succeeds the fall,
Had blotted the crowded tablets of the past,
And all that was destroyed must be rebuilt

And old experience laboured out once more.
All can be done if the god-touch is there . . ."

Again in " The Synthesis of Yoga " he has written :—

" Whatever we see of the Divine and fix our concentrated effort upon it that we can become or grow into some kind of unity with it or at the lowest into tune and harmony with it. The old Upanishad put it trenchantly in its highest terms : ' Whoever envisages it as the Existence becomes that existence and whoever envisages it as the Non-existence becomes that Non-Existence.' So too it is with all else that we see of the Divine—that we may say is the essential and the pragmatic truth of the Godhead . . ."

The vastness of Sri Aurobindo's literary output alone is sufficient to give him a permanent place in history. And curiously enough though he was deeply versed in Sanskrit he used English as the medium of his expression. His commentary upon the Bhagavat Gita, his " Essays on the Gita " and many other of his books that have been recently published both in India and America—all these achievements of his etch him out against the dark background of our half-century. But he does not belong to the contemporary scene alone. He is of that great line of India's Rishis. What is more he is the Rishi of the Atomic Age. It is fitting, therefore, that he should have synthesised the ancient forms of Yoga and made them into an instrument that can be wielded by modern man. He has done this without lowering values. His teachings are not to be regarded in terms of efficiency. He was not a revivalist. He was not a Guru who initiated disciples by the accepted methods. Just when mankind is standing alarmed by the gathering forces of the Asuras he has given us courage and strength by convincing us that the " Supremental is a truth and inevitable." The world is positive and real and man can be a power for good. It is for him to will it and the Supremental will descend and establish the harmony that Man hungers for so keenly.

THE WORLD AT LARGE No. 5.

By Victor Lewis

IS A GLOBAL WAR INEVITABLE?

A SHREWD and seasoned British diplomat said to me with much appreciated sympathy most recently that he could not see how this particular article could be written since events moved so quickly and the picture changed so rapidly that anything written today might be entirely out of focus by tomorrow. He was, of course, quite right and it is inevitable that references to the immediate state of affairs must on that account be guarded. But there is no doubt that, with the active intervention of Communist China in the Korean war; with her unprovoked move into Tibet; with continued Soviet obstructionism within the United Nations; with the stepping-up of war material manufacture in Britain and the United States; and with the daily freezing impact of the cold war, the world is more conscious of the seeming inevitability of global warfare, with all the horrors of new weapons, than it has probably ever been before. To ignore a study of the chances of such a war, merely on the ground that any prediction made might be wrong; or merely because one might be accused of "creating alarm and despondency," would be criminal.

The Korean situation has come to the point where grave consideration must be given to the problem of whether it can, in fact, be militarily retrieved without such acts as would inevitably precipitate the world into war. Responsible thought is already posing the question of whether, indeed, it would not be more profitable to withdraw from Korea rather than pour in more and more troops and material to fight a long battle without recourse to the obvious military strategy of attacking supply sources—an essential move in modern warfare, but one denied to the struggling United Nations forces.

Such a withdrawal, of course, would be so serious a blow to the prestige of the United Nations that there must naturally be the utmost reluctance even to consider it. But whatever politicians and statesmen want, the fact remains that wars are fought by military strategy alone and it would not be difficult for the commander of forces so placed to show that, in fact, a withdrawal would be sound military tactics and

therefore not damaging to prestige. The annihilation of United Nations troops, fighting against tremendous odds without the power to use all their strategy, would be a greater tragedy, surely, than an organised withdrawal based on sound military expediency.

WHAT IS IN STALIN'S MIND?

To try and discuss in detail a problem in so fluid a state as the actual battle in Korea would be unprofitable. It is, I think, better to study the wider picture, for, though the immediate focus is upon Korea, the background is Russia. One of Britain's most shrewd observers of events, Beverley Baxter, recently wrote to tell me of a military staff exercise which had been carried out. In these exercises two " sides," chosen from high-ranking officers, pretend to be at war—and they set about planning it. In this particular " war game " one side was Russian, the other British. Baxter explained that the Russian team had received orders from the Politburo to make total war against the West. The British were to go into action as part of the Atlantic Treaty Force, carrying out their part of the Allied world strategy. Each side had to counteract the designs of the other and, in turn, conduct offensive as well as defensive measures.

What happened? Russia immediately attacked Turkey and Norway and dashed rapidly for Persia to try and grab the oilfields before they were " scorched." Turkey was overcome but the Persian oilfields were successfully destroyed. Russia more or less simultaneously started to sweep into Europe with the Channel ports, and thus the domination of the British Isles, as their objective. Russian suicide planes dropped atomic bombs on New York and Seattle (the latter, presumably to keep a large American army pegged down on the west coast). Atomic bombs were dropped on London and British ports. Submarines were used in great numbers to blockade Britain in the Hitler technique.

All this was based on the existing strength of the Allied forces and the assumed strength of the Russians. And now, says Baxter, comes the strange part of this story. The Russian team found they were having a far worse time than they anticipated. The referees' verdict in this " war game " was that Russia took two months to reach the Channel ports. The difficulty of maintaining supplies proved enormous and the power of defensive armaments on chosen strategic lines proved that numbers alone cannot secure swift victory. Moscow had been atom-bombed. The industrial centres of Russia were wiped out. The Baku oil wells were in ruins and lines of communication were in considerable disorder. The English Channel remained an unbridgeable

anti-tank defence and swift invasion of Britain was impossible. On the other hand, Britain was heavily punished by bombs and long-range artillery but new detection devices took heavy toll of Russian submarines. That is not a pretty picture, and the human misery involved is horrible to contemplate. But since this " war game " was played by the men who, to a large extent, would operate the " real thing " it is probably safe to assume that we can envisage with fair accuracy the pattern of war if it came in Europe. The question is, whether these are results which make for the inevitability of war.

WHAT IS THE GAIN ?

I do not want unduly to emphasise the possibility or fears of war in Europe when one is actually going on in the East, but it is necessary to look upon the immediate prospects on a global and not local basis ; to see what there is to be gained by wide aggression. There is a vast difference between fomenting and feeding a war in which the nationals of another country are having to do all the fighting—and dying—and engaging in a war in which your own troops, and civilians, cannot be looked upon as expendable. That alone must make the most bellicose leader hesitate. Whether that applies to a fanatic is another thing.

We cannot pretend to know what is really in Stalin's mind. But we can make some tenable deductions. The free newspapers of the civilised world are available to Stalin (which puts him one up on other country's statesmen trying to study Russia). Stalin must know that President Truman is a man of peace and that America has not " territorial ambitions." He must know, too, that Britain has no territorial designs but seeks only to maintain the brotherhood of the Commonwealth. As for Germany, she is divided and incapable of action, while France is exhausted. Stalin can have no fear of aggressors, then.

Neither has he, in fact, shown any signs of anxiety to embark upon direct warfare. If he were determined on war there have been incidents which would have allowed him the opportunity of justifying himself to his people. It should be recalled that, when he was badly outsmarted by the Berlin airlift, which defeated his ban on road transport, he took no hostile action. Neither has he done anything other than protest against the proposed arming of Western Germany—though it might easily be argued that such a proposal is a breach of agreements. Both of these might have furnished good pretexts for a man anxious to go to war.

It may be argued by some that Stalin is a fanatic who realises that Communism in Russia can only survive by attaining power in the

rest of the world ; that if Europe (including Britain), is reduced to chaos the people, in despair, will be forced to accept Communism, since ordered democratic government would no longer be possible. But it would seem more likely that Stalin does not want a war which would leave most of the world, including Russia, destroyed.

If that deduction should be correct, it does not mean that the menace of Communism is removed. Indeed, it is strengthened, for it points to the probability that Stalin prefers to stir up wars elsewhere, being always ready to mediate finally on terms which are beneficial to Russia, while at the same time disrupting the world economically by making necessary vast and continuous expenditure on rearmament. Communism thrives where living standards are low. Vast rearmament schemes mean inflation ; prices are forced up, workers find life difficult, and immediately become subjects for Communistic propaganda.

THE PUZZLE OF TIBET

The Chinese Communist entry into Tibet almost exactly coincided with the conclusion of a treaty between Nepal and Great Britain, and those whose purposes are served by such allegations have not been slow to say that there was some connection between these two events. It needs little more than a glance at the background to see that the assumption is absurd. The negotiations between Nepal and Britain arose from the 1923 Treaty of Katmandu. Some of the provisions of the Treaty became anomalous with the transfer of power to India more than three years ago. The new treaty merely regulates the new position.

Inspiration for the mis-belief was, of course, Nepal's geographical relationship to Tibet. The Chinese excuse for marching into Tibet was protection of that country, and the south-west corner of China, from imperialist aggression. Where the threat of aggression is supposed to come from is hard to detect. Southern Tibet is bordered by Nepal but her resources are small and any entrance into Tibet is restricted by mountains which would make warfare well-nigh impossible. The only other possible source of " imperialist aggression " is India. India's only interests in Tibet are cultural and commercial. The idea of aggressive intention is absurd. No other country with aggressive intentions toward Tibet could carry them out without the connivance of India. Contemplation of such a possibility provides its own refutation and the only possible conclusion is that China is forcing its will upon Tibet without regard for Tibetan wishes—and without regard for her (China's) own undertakings following their expulsion after the 1911 occupation.

THE FUTURE OF SUEZ

To get away from wars and threats of wars for a moment. There is a tricky position arising in one part of the world which will ere long directly or indirectly affect people and countries east and west of Suez. By which I mean, of course, the business of Suez Canal itself. It is very much a matter of life and death with this, probably the world's most important waterway. Outwardly everything looks as calm as the Canal itself. The Universal Company of the Suez Maritime Canal is again reaping a big harvest of fees. Last year it made record-breaking profits. In 1948 it paid dividends of 32 dollars on 50 dollar nominal share value ; the receipts were sixty million dollars. Despite that, it faces a crisis. So much so, that an alternative route is being suggested.

There is little likelihood that Britain's treaty rights will be renewed when they expire in eight years' time. The concession of Suez itself expires in 20 years and there is no hope at all that the company would get a renewal. Egypt has been anxious for a long time now to see both the company (which is international) and Britain go. America has a big stake in the Canal and the company, Britain and America, as well as other interested powers, have to begin soon preparing for the future so that this vital highway is not left at the mercy of chance events.

The alternative which is under consideration—though it is still very much a hush-hush affair—is to link the Mediterranean with the Red Sea *via* the Gulf of Aqaba. The Gulf forms the eastern boundary of the Sinai peninsula, of which Suez in the western boundary. It goes deep into the desert and makes a parallel canal possible. Aqaba is in the kingdom of Transjordan.

THE OTHER WAR

Back to war again—that other war in Asia which has moved out of the daily paper headlines since Korea flared up. A colleague just back from Saigon brings a tale of the Indo-China war which freezes the blood. According to him—and he has seen some of the war in Korea, too—there has been nothing so barbarous as the atrocities committed by the Viet Minh Reds. A seasoned campaigner in the business of " covering " wars for a responsible newspaper, he went to Indo-China ready to credit the Viet Minh with a genuine desire for self-government after eighty years of French colonisation. But now he has seen the atrocities committed in the name of " liberty " he thinks otherwise.

Barbaric slaughter is consistently and methodically committed against innocent French civilians and against the native population. The world, he says, will stand aghast when the full story of the Caobang massacre is told—the story of how a thousand French troops were killed in a

quarter of an hour, and of how three thousand died in five days, and of the documentary proof in French hands of the ghastly large-scale torturings which were ordered.

Militarily, the position is grave. It has taken nearly half of France's total flying personnel, a quarter of her navy and every crack army unit she possesses to fight the slow retreat out of Indo-China's mountains. There are grave doubts whether she could hold out against further aggression in which, it is feared, Red Chinese troops may join.

COMMUNISM IN AFRICA

There is a growing fear that the next full-scale Cominform effort will be in Africa and it is certainly true that at the moment it is, sadly, something like a perfect target. The living standard is low enough to encourage Communist hopes of conquest. There are already political and racial battlegrounds between black and white. It would, perhaps, be unfair to say that these are inspired by the Communists. But they are certainly exploited by them and there is grave fear that an all-out Communists campaign is in the offing.

The material is easy to mould to the Communist pattern. Probably because the African has rarely had to exercise either initiative or authority he is apathetic. He depends completely on whoever happens to be ruling him, and I doubt if he notices a great deal of difference between one and the other. So long as his rulers are efficient, and give him a little help, he is content. And it is in that apathy that the danger lies. Communist agents are hard at work. In Nigeria they have stirred up labour and nationalistic troubles. In the Gold Coast they have been behind riots. They have their eyes of the tribes of Basutoland and Bechuanaland, ready to make capital out of the threatened absorption of new territories within the Union.

THE "GOLDEN MOULD"

There have in recent months been developments in the world of science which get all too scant mention in newspapers. Unless it is a new type of bomb we rarely hear of a discovery or a development and yet many vitally important things utterly unconnected with weapons of war have come out of laboratories recently and have been unheard of except by scientists themselves. Fortunately UNESCO is doing a great deal to spread knowledge of these developments.

There will be few who have yet heard of the recent experiments which have proved that aureomycin, the "gold mould," is the greatest growth-promoting substances so far discovered by man. When it is realised that today the world population is ten per cent. higher than 1940, while the food supplies are less than three per cent. greater, the

far-reaching consequences of the aureomycin discoveries will be appreciated. In Stockholm Professor Gosta Haggqvist has succeeded in raising rabbits half again as large as their parents, and at a greatly increased rate of growth. The most startling aspect of this experiment is that a permanent change in the hereditary units controlling the rabbits' physique has been effected. Thus only one generation would need to be treated with the colchicine (the yellow liquid extracted from the autumn crocus which is responsible for this amazing growth) in order to ensure a giant strain of rabbits. If similar results can be obtained with other animals ; with pigs or cattle or poultry ; desperate world shortages might in time be eased. Many experiments will have yet to be made to see whether these seemingly fantastic hopes can be realised.

Aureomycin, of course, is already in practical use with striking results in the treatment of typhus, virus pneumonia and amoebic dysentery and the use of aureomycin feeds has increased the rate of growth of pigs, chicks and turkeys from 26 to 153 per cent., although the animals so treated in American laboratories have not grown above normal size. Only the rate of growth has been affected but that in itself is vitally important for it means that considerably less than the customary eight pounds of vegetable matter are required to produce the normal one pound of meat for the market. Thus the cost to the producer is greatly reduced, for only minute quantities of aureomycin are needed for mixing with the food (approximately five pounds per ton).

THE NEW LANKA
COMMENT
BUDDHA ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

By K. N. Jayatilleke

(*New Lanka*, Vol. I, No. 3, page 8)

F. L. Woodward (Rowella, Tasmania) :

The article on *God in Buddhism* is very ably done and quite correct. The general tendency of Ceylon Buddhists has been to regard " God " as merely a Brahmā and to place the Buddha beyond all such Brahmās—not seeing that our solar system is a mere bubble in the immense scheme of things, and that, though the Buddha has transcended our solar system, He has still to win further in the unlimited Cosmos. About these things the Buddha has told us really nothing. There is always something beyond.

P. V. Bapat (University of Poona) :

The author has tried to give a pretty correct appreciation of the position that can be assigned to the Buddha in the domain of philosophical and religious thought. Towards the end of the article he has shown that he could be labelled differently from different angles. He was more of a practical rationalist who often had to take up the position of an Agnostic as there are certain problems which have not found any satisfactory solution. The interpretation of Brahmā in Pali is " highest " (Settha) and may not often be the same as the personal God Brahmā.

Nyanatiloka Thero (Island Hermitage, Dodanduwa) :

The article is indeed splendidly written by its able and learned author, though I myself would not have gone so far. As to the question whether the Buddha teaches the existence of " God "—of an everlasting, almighty and all-merciful Creator of the world together with all its beings—I would have simply stated that the Buddha did not teach such a doctrine, as it would directly contradict the very teachings of the Four Noble Truths, the dependent origination of all forms of existence and of the Impermanency, Unsatisfactoriness, Phenomenality and Impersonality of all life and existence whatever.

A CORRECTION

Authorship in Ceylon

J. Vijayatunga (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry) :

On page 51, (*The New Lanka*, Vol. II, No. I), where I have written " We cannot do better than follow . . . " it should be read as : We cannot do better than adopt the proposal now under consideration in England (and the practice in France) and impose a tax on such books as *Ummagga Jataka, Pada Nitiya, Sidat Sangara, Kavyasekara,* and others, which our booksellers print and sell and on which they do not have to pay royalties.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

By Alan Bird

" So with your books, and as the Various Fits
Of Humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song."

" NOBLE ESSENCES," by Sir Osbert Sitwell (*Macmillan, 21s.*)
" HELENA," by Evelyn Waugh (*Chapman and Hall, 9s. 6d.*)
" ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES," by Ernest Hemingway (*Cape, 9s. 6d.*)
" PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS BUT," by Richard Aldington (*Heinemann, 15s.*)
" MARCO POLO," by Maurice Collis (*Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.*)
" THE RAINBOW," by D. H. Lawrence (*Penguin Books, 2s. 6d.*)
" GILBERT AND SULLIVAN," by Hesketh Pearson (*Penguin Books, 1s. 6d.*)
" DON QUIXOTE," by Miguel Cervantes (*Penguin Books, 5s.*)

THE most interesting autobiography of the year is surely " Left Hand, Right Hand," of Sir Osbert Sitwell. It reached its conclusion in " Laughter in the Next Room," and has a grand finale, after the manner of a three-act ballet, in a last volume " Noble Essences." This contains portraits of the distinguished men and women whom Sir Osbert knew during their life-time : Arnold Bennett, Ronald Firbank, Sickert, Ada Leverson, Rex Whistler and others. Written on almost the scale of Proust's " A la Recherche du Temps Perdus," these volumes are fascinating in their mixture of wit and reminiscence, evocations of Edwardian days, and introductions to the great houses, beautiful women and celebrated men *au temps jadis*. But like so many readers, alas, I know not these men, and their names, like blinded moths, flutter a while in my memory and then quickly die away. The author wishes to write the portrait of an age rather than the story of a life, but in this he has not succeeded. Proust evokes a whole society, both in its grandeur, decline and fall, revealing to us in stages the complex personalities of his characters. With Sir Osbert, this rarely happens, and unhappily, he confines himself to trivial details of character ; he takes description for penetration. Even so, he tells us much, and the courteous, humane anecdotes, comments and memoirs of his five books, are not only charming but the only valuable record of " society " and artistic life in the

first quarter of this century. He gives life to one figure both semi-tragic and comic—his father, a character who might have stepped from those novels of Dickens so much admired by Sir Osbert. Throughout these books, there is a sensation of flooding light, afternoon sunshine, the first bright rays of the morning sun, drab dawns ; the author is no child of darkness and the unity of " Left Hand, Right Hand " springs from his humour and overwhelming zest for life.

There is a cartoon by Osbert Lancaster depicting, " Mr. Evelyn Waugh reacting strongly to the Century of the Common Man " : this shows Mr. Waugh in bowler hat, immaculate suiting, with his umbrella and a carnation in his button-hole, standing outside a common but unmistakably upper-class house. The point of the cartoon is obvious. Mr. Waugh has earned a place among leading contemporary novelists but it is hard to like him. His travel books are not distinguished by understanding, nor did his reporting of the Italian-Ethiopian war of 1935 strike the reader as either honest or humane. Yet his satirical gifts and style cannot be denied, even if the profundity of his works is questionable. His latest book, " Helena," is not a happy trifle, although he describes it as " just something to read," assuming evidently that the public has nothing better to do than read it. In this he is mistaken. As a well-known convert to Roman Catholicism, he has a vast audience on whose ingenuousness he should not presume too much. " Helena " is the story of the mother of the Emperor Constantine ; by tradition she is supposed to have discovered the True Cross, fragments of which have been distributed throughout the world in ages past by the Papacy. No doubt, Mr. Waugh is at home with Helena, having long professed his dislike of democracy and the lower social orders. For me, the weakness of the book lies there ; for since at the time of which Mr. Waugh writes, Christianity was a movement among oppressed peoples, the poor and downcast, I doubt if he would have been a Christian and so allied himself with the social mis-fits and outcasts of that day. He would have been a member of the Roman aristocracy. His story of Helena, part fact, but largely fiction, has little to commend it. The humour is weak and the speech of the characters (" Oh, what sucks," cries the Princess Helena) resembles that of Hollywood ' period ' films. The citizens of Rome are no more than masks for Mr. Waugh's prejudices. This important period in history, when Christianity was adopted as the official religion of the Roman Empire, offers great chances to the novelist ; that they have not been taken is the least one can say of " Helena."

A novelist writing about another is always instructive—for what it reveals of them both. Mr. Waugh writes of Ernest Hemingway,

"I believe the truth is that they (the critics) have detected in him something they find quite unforgivable—decent feeling. Behind all the bluster and cursing and fisticuffs, he has an elementary sense of chivalry—respect for women, pity for the weak, love of honour—which keeps breaking in." To use the idiom of Mr. Waugh's 4th Century Europe, who is the 'suck'? I read the book in question, "Across the River and into the Trees," the latest novel by Hemingway, without finding these qualities much in evidence. The story revolves round a certain Colonel Cantwell and a young Italian countess, Renata. The scene is Venice although it might as well have been Bruges or Hamburg, anywhere a girl of aristocratic birth and an American officer can come into contact; which is to say, almost all Europe. The decadent but lovely atmosphere of Venice—used so well, for instance, by Thomas Mann in "Death in Venice" is disregarded. All the well-known elements of Hemingway's writings are represented: the snappy dialogue, the tense phrases, and the brief conversations so daringly embellished with asterisks and curses. It's all conscientiously masculine but turns out soft. The Colonel is spending a brief leave from his duties in Trieste. On the way to Venice, he talks with his chauffeur and we learn (like the conversation of the servants in the first scenes of a fifth-rate play) that the Colonel was in the 1914 war, that he is tough and sometimes considerate. Later we find that in the course of his life he has been several times wounded, has a damaged hand, is in bad health, knows Italian, French and Spanish, and—to judge from his speech and writing—a little English. In a bar in Venice, he renews his friendship with Renata, a girl of eighteen, who is waiting to go to school to learn English. They fall in love and spend the evening together. Next morning, the Colonel goes duck-shooting. The lovers meet again only to part, and on the way back to his unit, the Colonel dies. The story reads like a film scenario. In between snatches of love-making, the Colonel recounts his adventures during the recent war, making several unkind references to England. (His description of England as "that green-grassed aircraft carrier" is familiar from the speeches of American military leaders and has not been well received here). But neither the Colonel nor Renata materialise from the cross-current of words; the characters are obviously, but not effectively drawn. The story is not convincing and it is impossible to believe that beneath the rugged, hard-boiled exterior of Colonel Cantwell there burns a heart of pure gold, that he has given to war what he might have given to a woman or children (although he has turned his back on the debris of several marriages) or that he is capable of fine emotion at all. The favourite themes of the romantics,—love and death,—

have never seemed so irreconcilable as they are here. The story fails to rise to tragic heights and the characters, insignificant and ill-drawn as they are, are not touched by the magical hand of fate. Nor are they troubled by any sense of personal responsibility and at the end, when " old desire doth in his death-bed lie," we sigh in vain for any credible ' charm of looks.'

I had considerable pleasure in reading, " Portrait of a Genius But . . ." of Richard Aldington. This is a biography of D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Aldington probably knew that writer as well as any man living today and it is no surprise to find he writes with understanding and sympathy of this genius who, at times, was near to madness. The book is honest, frank and kind ; nothing more can be asked of a biographer. Lawrence was famous abroad as a writer, both on the Continent and in the U.S.A., long before his genius was recognised in England. But then a prophet is never recognised in his own land. His life is traced from his childhood in a mining village, his affection for his mother which lasted until her death and influenced his attitude towards women, his period of teaching, his meeting with Frieda, wife of a Professor at Nottingham, with whom he later eloped and married, his rovings in Europe and America to his death at Bandol. The biography is well-written and detailed although I would have appreciated more literary criticism ; the author, no doubt, felt that did not come within his province. He has provided an appreciation of Lawrence for the complete works now being produced by Penguin Books. It is a sad reflection on literary taste in England that novels which are now rightly recognised as masterpieces were condemned as indecent and unreadable only twenty years ago. " The Rainbow," which was the subject of a prosecution against Lawrence, is now read as a penetrating account of marriages in a family. It is not only that Lawrence can see deep into the springs of human action, can perceive and describe the emotions we are often afraid to recognise, recognises and elevates the value of love in our lives, but he writes with a force and passion unknown to other writers in this century. He can capture the vastness of the night, the brooding remoteness of mountains, and the sadness of decay and ruin in moving, great English prose. " Sea and Sardinia " contains many fine pieces of description ; so too, do his many novels which have at last reached the public for whom he wrote and which so often persecuted and rejected him.

Bertrand Russell, who has recently received the Nobel Peace Prize, has produced a book of essays on many subjects, " Unpopular Essays." At one time, because of his opposition to war and his independent way of thinking, he was unpopular both in the United States and England.

At the beginning of the last war he changed his views and now, I believe, advocates a preventive war with Russia, and also use of the Atom Bomb, a change of view which has given ironic flavour to his acceptance of the Peace Prize and lost him many admirers. However, he has now become a National Character and his words are read with interest. Indeed he writes well in a clear lucid style and with wit. Perhaps I expect too much, but I find in these essays the same annoying qualities which, for me, marred his " History of Western Philosophy " : he dismisses ideas and great men (Socrates, Plato and Bergson among others) with scant respect and with a brief if humorous treatment of their ideas which makes his profundity a matter for doubt. His essays are hardly revolutionary and not likely to live up to their title ; they are interesting and amusing to read.

Maurice Collis, who has already written several books on the Far East, has now compiled an account of the travels of Marco Polo. In the past, I have much enjoyed his books on China (" The Great Within ") and on the activities of the Jesuits in Goa (" The land of the Great Image ") and his newest book is no exception. Collis has a rare gift for clear and fascinating narrative ; there are few other writers who can deliver facts with such lucidity. Not only has he travelled widely and worked for many years in the East, but he has reinforced experience with scholarship. " Marco Polo " is for readers of all ages; the oldest as well as the youngest will find it intriguing. For Marco Polo was a remarkable man. I am dismayed by how much he failed to notice in China—the fact that books were printed, for instance—but even so, the travels he dictated to a fellow-prisoner in jail in Genoa are surprisingly accurate and detailed. Perhaps he omitted a great deal, thinking his stories would never be credited by readers who had not experienced and could not imagine the culture of the East, then almost unknown. He knew of Japan which had been twice attacked by the Mongols, Sumatra where he stayed, Tibet which he skirted when visiting the Chinese provinces, and disproved the belief that asbestos came from the fabled salamander. He also visited India and Ceylon where, on behalf of the Khubla Khan, he purchased a begging bowl, hair, and several teeth said to have belonged to Buddha. Whether they did so or not, the Khan was well pleased with his costly purchases and it was claimed they performed miracles. I commend "Marco Polo " as most pleasant reading. It also happens to be the only easily obtained record of his travels.

Hesketh Pearson has produced several biographies and, in the grip of this good habit, has produced the story of the collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan. At this time of the year when the

cold and dark conspire between them to drive us indoors, there is always a flow of Gilbert and Sullivan productions by amateur operatic societies. I must confess, alas, that I have no great affection for these comic operas. The loss is mine, I am sure. But they have become part of musical life and not a week goes by without the revival of an opera. Their creation was often a stormy business, as Hesketh Pearson makes clear. I think his book will interest the many admirers of the poet and musician. They produced good work apart but their combined efforts produced those happy masterpieces, the only lasting operas in English, and this Hesketh Pearson makes clear.

In the past, Penguin Books have published several distinguished translations :—" The Iliad of Homer," " Candide of Voltaire," Theban Plays of Sophocles," and " The Divine Comedy," of Dante, to mention a few. To this distinguished list they have added " Don Quixote " of Cervantes (an education journal has listed it as " Cervantes " by Don Quixote, a *faux pas* treated in satirical verse by " The Manchester Guardian ") in a spirited translation. It is the largest production yet undertaken by Penguin Books and fills a need which has existed for sometime. Everyone has heard of " Don Quixote," but how few people have had the opportunity to read the book and discover just how great it is ! With pleasure, I am now rectifying that omission, and so returning to the adventures of that picturesque and glorious Knight, must now take my leave of you.

RŪMI, POET AND MYSTIC (1207-1273)

Selections from his writings translated from the Persian with Introduction and Notes by Reynold A. Nicholson.
(*Unwin Bros., Ltd. 8s. 6d.*)

RŪMI, better know by his full name of Jalālu'l-Dīn Rūmi, is one of the three great Sufi mystics of Persia, the second being al-Ghazzali and the third, Jāmī. Very soon after the Prophet Mohammed gave His revelation with its emphasis on the Absolute Unity of God, of Whom no symbol or image must be made, there arose a theosophic mysticism called Sufism. This mysticism proclaimed what was anathema to the orthodox, that the Divine Nature of God exists in man also. One Sufi who boldly proclaimed *Anal Haq,* " I am God " was killed by the populace. The Sufi cult has developed especially in Persia. The verses of Rūmi are still sung even in India. They are so carefully constructed that the audience is held in thrilling anxiety till the last word of the verse is uttered, which explains the drift of the whole verse, and then the audience calls out " Shabash ! "

This translation by Dr. Nicholson, a great Persian scholar, of a selection of Rūmi's thousands of verses has a deep interest for such as respond to mysticism. The whole teaching can be summed up in the following lines :—

" Thou didst contrive this ' I ' and ' we ' in order to play
the game of worship with Thyself,
That all ' I's ' and ' thou's ' might become one soul and
at last be submerged in the Beloved."

In the last verse of poem XII we find this very striking saying :—

" Woman is a ray of God : she is not the earthly beloved.
She is creative : you might say she is not created."

The book contains a hundred and nineteen selections. They cannot be read all at once, as each poem needs to be pondered over because of its deep esoteric significance. One most helpful contribution to an understanding of Rūmi are the notes by Dr. Nicholson to practically every poem, where he explains the theme and also often quotes well-known anecdotes which illustrate the principles of Sufism.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA.

NAGA PATH

By Ursula Graham Bower.
(John Murray, 16s.)

ONE admires the courage and philosophic outlook of the author, who decided to live among the people of the Naga Hill country, an area in the northern part of the hills dividing Assam from Burma. Her avowed objects were to bring medical aid to the people and to study anthropology, and it is happy to note that the finale was wedding bells with a " tall and strong " Colonel !

The book is eminently readable, and full of geographical and human interest, the author's powers of observation being very acute. The Naga people " live " in this work, and that is a very high compliment to pay. There is none of the " superiority " attitude towards peoples living at what is assumed to be a lower level of culture, even though at times Miss Bower seems to have had some difficulties in maintaining a certain degree of privacy. For the general reader, this is a book worth reading, and there is no doubt that some of her observations will prove of value to the student.

On the other hand, it cannot be described as a scientific approach to anthropology. Interesting legends, folklore and ritual behaviour receive due attention, but the anthropologist feels a little frustrated. A very tasty morsel is offered him as a bait, but nothing else happens. An interested student of anthropology it is clear that, like so many who enter this field of research, the basic anthropological training has not been received. It is a great pity because the author has the important prerequisites of careful observation and a desire to enter into the mind of the people. It is necessary to think of custom, magic, religion, tradition and taboo not as interesting tit-bits hung in splendid isolation, but forming an integral part of the whole of a culture.

The relation of the individual to the group, a vital anthropological concept, is appreciated. No man in such a community can work, live and die to himself ; the emotional reactions of the individual tend to become merged into the cultural activities of the group, and to be given a collective evaluation. The trained anthropologist would regard this as the focus of his research. He would also think of the Naga folklore as a way of life rather than as a system of ideas, " the expression of a group consciousness," as my old mentor and friend, Professor E. O. James has written, " ever taking new forms and recreating old patterns according to the emotional reactions of the present."

Miss Bower in her observations shows that she realises that it is essentially the everyday practical concerns that arouse the keenest interest and stimulate emotional reactions among the people with whom she lives. The anthropologist is immensely grateful for this, for he is tired of hearing about that primitive philosopher squatting down communing with nature and evolving fantastic cosmological ideas from the sub-conscious ! The author disarms us, because she does not claim more than that she was interested in anthropological field-work, " I knew nothing at all about it and I had no training, but I felt that there might be some worthwhile work simple enough for a lay-man to tackle." All of which reminds the reviewer that there is a need for such training in Ceylon, and that a pious benefactor could do a noble act by founding a Chair of Social Anthropology ! The Professor would possibly not be fully engaged at first, but many students in more than one faculty could benefit by occasional lectures by such a man, one trained in the modern scientific approach to anthropology. The trained student, however, will hope that when he writes up his researches his pen will be as clear and fluent as that of Miss Bower, because some anthropologists are like the men whom Bacon described as weaving cobwebs of learning about themselves.

H. W. Howes.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE INDIAN REPUBLIC

A Brief Expository Survey,

By M. Ramaswamy, Advocate, The High Court of Mysore.

(Orient Longmans. Re. 1.8)

THERE has just been published a brief expository survey of the Constitution of the Indian Republic by Mr. M. Ramaswamy who is an Advocate of the High Court of Mysore and a well-known authority on the subject of the Indian Constitution.

This was an article prepared for the "Canadian Bar Review" and it is fortunate that it has now been published for the much larger public that is interested in the progress and development of the world's biggest democracy.

In the short space of 27 pages the author deals with the main features of the Indian Constitution, packing it with all the details that are necessary to give the reader an accurate and complete impression of the rather complicated constitutional set-up in India. The mass of material has been so admirably simplified that the readers of the pamphlet can get a clear grasp of the Constitution in all its aspects.

The fundamental rights, the structure of the legislature, the distribution of legislative power, the relationship of the three organs of government, are discussed and one can form a picture of how India has drawn on all the experiences of other democracies and shaped her own structure and scheme. The publishers have done well indeed to issue at such a small cost so valuable a book which should be read by all who are watching the East shaping its destinies and playing its vital role in the history of mankind.

N. E. WEERASOORIA.

LAW, LIBERTY AND LIFE

By the Hon. Mr. M. C. Chagla,

Chief Justice of Bombay.

(Asia Publishing Co., Bombay. Rs. 4)

A LIVING faith in the rule of law as the foundation of the democratic way of life breathes through everyone of the many essays and addresses that are reproduced in this book. "Democracy is not

merely a form of government . . . it is a philosophy of life." To make democracy a success what is needed is the democratic spirit, and that spirit recognises as of first importance the significance, the uniqueness, and the development of the individual. Law exists but to foster the development of the individual—liberation, and not regimentation, is the keynote of law under democracy. "Democracy does not merely mean the rule of the majority. It also means the respect of the majority for the rule of law." Only then can true freedom flourish under the protection of law. "Our State must not merely be a Police State ; it must be a Welfare State." That is the central theme of the book.

But life cannot be lived within even the frame-work of law and liberty without a "working faith." In an intimate glimpse of his inner self the author declares his unflinching faith in man, (disillusioned though he has often been). And why? "You can't get much out of life unless you expect a great deal. You can't get men to put forth their best unless you expect great things from them."

The international aspects of life also find a place among its pages. His speech before the U.N.O., which also helped to bring India into the forefront of the nations, is a passionate plea for placing international relations on a higher plane. He stressed the need for independent states to subordinate their domestic jurisdictions to the overriding needs and dictates of the fundamental rights and freedoms of man.

Freedom of speech association and worship, and equality before the law, are alone not sufficient. He exhorts his people to justify their freedom and establish their claim to be a progressive nation "prepared to be judged by the highest standards laid down by thinkers and public men all the world over." A higher justice than that of the law must be established—social justice, or the debt that society in its turn owes to everyone who is its member.

With becoming sympathy he asks his readers to recall that many of the failings and shortcomings of our fellowmen are due to frustrations and maladjustments for which society is largely responsible.

A delightful chapter towards the end on "What I Read" lets us into the sylvan setting of the well-springs of pure pleasure at which he drinks to replenish himself with life. And you come to the end of the book with a sense of fullness and completeness yourself, at the many aspects of life he has touched upon in a small volume of 165 pages.

N. K. CHOKSY.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN LITERATURE—1949

(Published for the British Council by Longmans, Green and Co.)

IN its seventy-two pages this book gives a clear idea of how the land lies in English literature of 1949—a very useful book. It has a full bibliography and its chapters (*Left Hand, Right Hand, Criticism and Biography, The Personal Theme, Fiction, History as Literature, Poetry,* and *Translations*) are written by critics (L. P. Hartley, Kenneth Muir, John Morris, Walter Allen, C. V. Wedgwood, G. S. Fraser, and John Russell) who are well-known for the part they play both in the writing and in the publication of contemporary literature. No worthwhile publication is likely to have been missed by such critics.

Though the book is useful mainly as a guide, probably the best thing in it for those who value literature is its heartening demonstration that really good literature has been published in a post-war year. Neville Coghill's *The Poet Chaucer* and Professor D. G. James' *The Life of Reason* (criticism), Professor Oswald Doughty's *A Victorian Romantic* (biography), Fitzroy Maclean's *Eastern Approaches* (documentary), Anthony West's *On a Dark Night* and Elizabeth Bowen's *The Heat of Day* (fiction), Professor Herbert Butterfield's *Christianity and History* (philosophical history), Professor J. E. Neale's *Elizabethan House of Commons* (factual history), and the fine translations of books by Herodotus, Turgenev, Kafke, Burckhardt, the Goncourts and others, are only a few of the many good books published in 1949. Only in the field of poetry was the output poor. Hamish Henderson and Roy Fuller are apparently the only young poets worth noticing; and the creditable publications of poetry are editions of the collected works of established minor poets like Louis MacNiece, Edith Sitwell and Roy Campbell. Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand* gets a chapter to itself on the ground that it is one of the most sensitive and comprehensive records of our time. *Mr. Sampath,* the latest novel by the Indian novelist, R. K. Narayan, is very favourably mentioned.

There are also in the book photographs of twenty-three modern writers which (so far as they serve any purpose at all) supply evidence for the view that writers are uncommonly ugly people.

P. K. ELKIN.

CLASSICAL INDIAN SCULPTURE

By Chintamoni Kar.

(Alex Tiranti Ltd., London. 6s.)

THIS publication covers the most important period of Indian Art, B.C. 400 to 500 A.D. The brief but very necessary historical sketch should serve serious students as peg points to hang their knowledge. There are no vague generalisations. Nor does the author indulge in metaphysical retreats usual in books on art.

Rightly he observes, in Mauryan Sculpture " their skilful carving and technical maturity suggest that there must have been a long prior development and practice of Sculpture in India." Of such monumental sculpture he illustrates the female fly—whisk bearer. He deals with the qualities and character of Gandhara and Gupta Schools with the eye of an expert. The cross-section of the contribution of the Andhra's is thought-provoking.

For future students he has embodied in his concise essay hints on the much-neglected subject of Buddhist Iconography. The contribution of the Guptas in this particular field and in Brahmanical mythology is deservedly stressed.

On page one he confines his " classical " period to the fifth century A.D., but on page 25 says " Gupta Art in the sixth century practically concludes the classical tradition," which may be a little disturbing. In fact there are no hard and fast demarcating boundaries in Art as in most things. Artists do not change their technique at the close of a period.

By far the most outstanding contribution of this publication is the choice of illustrations. Hitherto unpublished objects for one, and next familiar and well-known sculptures appear in a new garb. To-day's advanced technique of photography is fruitfully used by artificial lighting of the objects. The quality of light in relation to sculpture is thus fully brought out. The medallions of Amaravati appear almost like pen and ink drawings. The sculpturesque quality of the large figures both in bas-relief and in the round is accentuated in cross lighting. Even to a specialist in Art and Archaeology it is a valuable publication for the light the illustrations throw on details jewellery and costume. It is a book that should be in the shelf of every student of culture.

S. SANMUGANATHAN.

Take it from me..

on duty, the Case of the Missing Capstan can be a trial — and I'll bear witness to the fact. But afterwards! No need to investigate at all. There's plenty of well-attested evidence that, on the beat, or off the beat —

..you can't beat

CAPSTAN

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