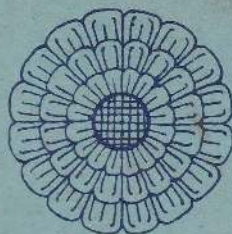


THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II JULY 1951 No. 4.



CONTENTS

Purpose in Education	
The Rt. Rev. Archibald Graham-Campbell	
The Fate of Mankind	
Dr. Paul A. Schilpp	
The Philosophy of the Felt-Need	
Dr. D. Spencer Hatch	
The Greek Ideal of Man	
C. W. Amerasinghe	
The Festival of Britain	
Harry Williams	
A Message from New China	
Mme. Sun Yat-Sen	
The Upanishads	
J. Vijayatunga	
The Copper-Plate Charter of Vijayabahu I	
C. M. Austin de Silva	
A Buddhist Dictionary	
F. L. Woodward	
American Journey	
Theja Gunawardhana	
Some Aspects of Rodiya and Kinnaraya Tribal Cultures	
M. D. Raghavan	
George Macaulay Trveleyan, O.M.	
Dr. S. C. Roberts	
Stanzas for Transplanting	
H. Jayasinghe and L. C. VanGeyzel	
Books in Review	
Language and Intelligence (<i>Professor T. L. Green</i>) * The Art of Being a Woman (<i>Professor E. F. C. Ludowyk</i>) * The Vedic Age (<i>Professor O. H. de A. Wijesekera</i>) * Visual Methods in Education (<i>J. C. A. Corea</i>) * My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh (<i>P. E. P. Deraniyagala</i>) * Abhidhamma Studies (<i>K. N. Jayatilleke</i>) * Journey to Siwa (<i>Margaret Warnken Ryan</i>) * Books New and Old (<i>Alan Bird</i> .)	
The World at Large	
Victor Lewis	

Almost a Century of SERVICE



STHE foundation of Millers' was laid at Kandy in the early fifties when that city was the ancient glory and capital of Ceylon. With Colombo as the seat of the Government and the rapidly growing importance of the Port, its business continued to expand and the metropolis became the headquarters of the Firm.

THOSE who are acquainted with the remarkable history of the Firm cannot fail to be impressed by the extraordinary progress that has been achieved. As a leading Firm of universal providers with a clientele embracing the highest and humblest in the land it has forged ahead with "Service" as the keynote of its policy.

WE now look forward, with confidence, to the dawn of a new era in the years that lie ahead when we shall be able to serve you better than ever before.

millers Ltd

THE FINEST RETAIL ORGANISATION IN CEYLON

MORE & MORE

... PEOPLE

USE RANI

SANDAL

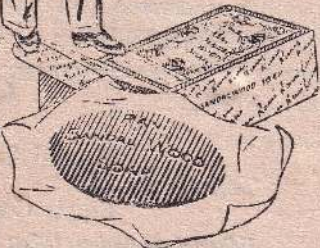
WOOD

SOAP

?



Reason is Obvious



THE SWADESHI INDUSTRIAL WORKS LTD., COLOMBO.

THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II.

JULY, 1951.

No. 4.

CONTENTS

	Page
Purpose in Education— <i>The Rt. Rev. Archibald Graham-Campbell</i> ..	4
The Fate of Mankind— <i>Paul A. Schilpp</i>	9
The Philosophy of the Felt-Need— <i>D. Spencer Hatch</i>	14
The Greek Ideal of Man— <i>C. W. Amerasinghe</i>	17
The Festival of Britain— <i>Harry Williams</i>	22
A Message from New China— <i>Soon Ching Ling (Mme. Sun Yat-Sen)</i> ...	27
The Upanishads— <i>J. Vijayatunga</i>	35
The Copper-Plate Charter of Vijayabahu I— <i>C. M. Austin de Silva</i>	39
A Buddhist Dictionary— <i>F. L. Woodward</i>	45
American Journey—A Visit to Indian Territory— <i>Theja Guma-wardhana</i>	48
Some Aspects of Rodiya and Kinnaraya Tribal Cultures— <i>M. D. Raghavan</i>	59
George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M.— <i>S. C. Roberts</i>	63
Stanzas for Transplanting— <i>H. Jayasinghe and L. C. VanGeysel</i> ...	67
Books in Review	70
Language and Intelligence (<i>Professor T. L. Green</i>) * The Art of Being a Woman (<i>Professor E. F. C. Ludowyk</i>) * The Vedic Age (<i>Professor O. H. de A. Wijesekera</i>) * Visual Methods in Education (<i>J. C. A. Corea</i>) * My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh (<i>P. E. P. Deraniyagala</i>) * Abhidhamma Studies (<i>K. N. Jayatilleke</i>) * Journey to Siwa (<i>Margaret Warnken Ryan</i>) * Books New and Old (<i>Alan Bird</i>).	
The World at Large— <i>Victor Lewis</i>	87

Articles, preferably in typescript, on topics of current interest are gladly considered. Length: governed by subject-matter, average 2,000 words. Payment by arrangement. Stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed but authors are advised to retain duplicate copies of articles as no responsibility is undertaken for the return of contributions.

We offer to the people of *The New Lanka* a medium in which they could discuss from different points of view matters of general or special interest to them. We accordingly solicit contributions from the different parties and classes of the people of our country, but the fact that we accept and publish their contributions should not be understood to mean that we share or take responsibility for the views expressed in them.

G. L. Cooray,

Editor.

Annual Subscription Post Free.

Ceylon Rs. 10.

Overseas Rs. 11 (16s.)

Single Copy Rs. 2-75 Post Free.

Editorial and Business Office: 51, Turret Road, Colombo 7. Tele. : 3905.

THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. II.

JULY, 1951.

No. 4.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.

The Rt. Rev. **ARCHIBALD GRAHAM-CAMPBELL**, M.A. (Cantab), Bishop of Colombo since 1948; was Dean of King's College, Cambridge *** **PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP**, Professor of Philosophy, Northwestern University, Illinois; Editor, The Library of Living Philosophers, Inc.; lectured at 15 Indian Universities, March-April, 1951 *** **D. SPENCER HATCH**, B.Sc., M.Sc., in Agr., Ph.D. (Cornell and Yale Universities). Director, UNESCO-Government of Ceylon Fundamental Education Project; formerly Rural Reconstruction Secretary, International Committee Y.M.C.A. in India and Mexico; UNESCO Adviser to Government of India on Rural Adult Education *** **C. W. AMERASINGHE**, B.A. (Lond.), M.A. (Cantab), Lecturer, Western Classics, University of Ceylon *** **HARRY WILLIAMS**, Author, Novelist and Journalist, Editor of "Coming Events," Author of "Ceylon, Pearl of the East" *** **SOONG CHING LING**, widow of Sun Yat-Sen (Founder and First President of the Republic of China), and sister of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek *** **J. VIJAYATUNGA**, Journalist, Poet and Essayist, Author of "Grass For My Feet" *** **C. M. AUSTIN DE SILVA**, Secretary and Librarian, National Museums of Ceylon *** **F. L. WOODWARD**, M.A. (Cantab), Principal, Mahinda College, Galle (1903-1918) *** **M. D. RAGHAVAN**, M.A., Dip. Anth. (Oxon), Ethnologist, National Museums of Ceylon *** **S. C. ROBERTS**, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University *** **L. C. VANGEYZEL**, B.A. (Cantab), Literary and Music Critic *** **T. L. GREEN**, M.A. (Bristol), Professor of Education, University of Ceylon *** **E. F. C. LUDOWYK**, M.A., Ph.D. (Cantab), Professor of English, University of Ceylon *** **O. H. DE A. WIJEYSEKERA**, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.), Professor of Sanskrit, University of Ceylon *** **J. C. A. COREA**, M.A. (Lond.), Principal, Royal College, Colombo *** **P. E. P. DERANIYAGALA**, M.A. (Cantab), A.M. (Harvard), F.Z.S., F.L.S., Director of National Museums, Colombo *** **K. N. JAYATILLEKE**, B.A. (Cantab), B.A. (Lond.) *** **ALAN BIRD**, B.A. (Cantab), Chancellor's Gold Medal for English verse *** **VICTOR LEWIS**, Editor-in-Chief, "Times of Ceylon," former Assistant Editor, "Daily Graphic," London.

(iii)

*what provision have
you made for the
replacement of
earning power
on your
retirement?*



the
prudential assurance
company
limited

(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND)

Principal Agents for Life Business in Ceylon :
DELMEGE FORSYTH & CO., LTD.,
Post Box No. 45, COLOMBO.

THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW
AS OTHERS SEE US

The Editor, "Ceylon Daily News":

"*The New Lanka* fills a long-felt want . . . Its contents are rich and varied. It is greatly to be hoped that this lusty infant will receive the support it deserves and will survive to a ripe old age to play an important part in the journalistic and intellectual life of the *New Lanka*."

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*."

Mrs. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (74, Buller St., Brookline, Mass.):

"I found your publication interesting and full of vitality, suggesting broad views, so badly wanted in a world grown small and full of chaos. Best wishes to you and above all may you have Quality before all else!"

F. L. Woodward (Rowella, Tasmania):

"The magazine continues to be of high quality and I hope you will be able to carry it on at such a level."

H. Williams, Author of "Ceylon, Pearl of the East" (Bromley, Kent):

"I was greatly impressed with the whole format of your magazine—print, paper and content—and as an editor myself I should like to congratulate you on this production. I shall take out a subscription to your magazine and show it to my Ceylon friends in Britain."

C. Jinarajadasa, President, Theosophical Society (Adyar, Madras):

"I congratulate you on the excellence of your magazine—better than anything in India—and particularly for its latitudinarian attitude."

Lars J. Lind (UNESCO, Paris):

"Congratulations on a fine publication."

The Literary Editor, "Statesman," New Delhi and Calcutta:

"Ceylon has recently been producing periodicals and magazines whose technical standards put India's and Pakistan's to shame. *The New Lanka*, a political, literary and general Review, reminiscent of English production, is an interesting and in some respects an intimidating example."



WHENEVER YOU FLY

fly to COOK'S for your reservations and information. As agents for all lines of repute they can be relied upon to offer UNBIASED advice. All bookings are at the Transportation Company's advertised fares. It does not cost you any more and you become entitled to service from any Office of the Cook Organisation, of which there are over 300 in various parts of the world.

THOS. COOK & SON

(Continental and Overseas) Ltd.

(Incorporated in England)

PRINCE STREET, COLOMBO.

Telephone:
2278/9,
5911.

Telegrams:
"COUPON,"
COLOMBO.

Always Carry COOK'S Travellers' Cheques

PURPOSE IN EDUCATION

By The Rt. Rev. Archibald Graham-Campbell

WHAT is here written attempts no more than to set down one or two preliminary thoughts about the purpose of education. At a time when there is much talk about methods of education some consideration of its purpose may not be out of place.

The Introduction to the White Paper issued last year containing the Government proposals for Educational Reform in Ceylon contains these words : " The broad general aim may be described as the development and enrichment of personality, alike in the individual life of which it is the expression and in the diverse relationships to others which make up our human civilisation." If that be taken as a starting point, it is necessary to ask what is meant by personality, and whether personality is to be regarded as an end in itself.

Dr. Spencer Leeson, formerly Headmaster of Winchester College, said in his Bampton lectures on Christian Education : " To centre our educational thinking on the child's personality as an end in itself and to encourage its unregulated growth towards a something unstated is to create confusion, to foster an unbalanced introspection, to unfit him for discipline, self-mastery in the service of a great cause and to enthrone even more firmly the self at the heart of our being where another power should reign." And in any case, as he says again, " To develop all parts of the personality without distinction or discrimination or method or purpose would end in moral ruin."

We hear a great deal nowadays about the importance of self-expression and self-development and of allowing the personality to develop along natural lines so that we realise, as we say, all that we have it in us to become. On the one hand the advocates of the New Morality (though what they advocate is neither new nor conspicuously moral) urge us to give free play to all our passions, suggesting that self-control is out-of-date and that because a thing is natural for an animal it is therefore right for a man ; while others warn us about the dangers of repression, a word which many use but few understand. It is right, of course, that each man should realise or develop the best that is in him. But it is impossible to develop the best self, which after all is the only self worth developing, without the aid of self-discipline.

Unregulated development will certainly spell disaster. The natural self is in part a sinful self, with instincts and desires some higher, some lower, often at variance with each other, a self divided and disarranged. If we are to make the best of ourselves, or as St. Paul would say, if we are to attain to "the glorious liberty of the sons of God" for which we were created, it will be, not through the self-indulgence which allows those instincts and desires to run wild and loose for our own selfish pleasure, but through the self-control, learnt only in the school of self-discipline, which harnesses and directs them for the glory of God.

On one occasion, it may be remembered, Humpty Dumpty ended one of his arguments with the words, "There's glory for you!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory'," Alice said. Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean a 'nice knock-down argument'," Alice objected.

"When I used a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

There is no doubt that much misunderstanding is caused by people speaking without defining their terms, and so using the same word in different senses; and among the words which are on everyone's lips nowadays, though by no means always with the same significance, is the word *personality*. "Personality," writes Professor Leonard Hodgson, "is one of those slippery words of which one has to be perennially cautious, one of those words which mean one thing at one time and another at another, one thing to this man and another to that." And he adds, "Perhaps it is just because of this that it often seems to provide us with so satisfying a solution of profound mysteries, for it buries them in the depths of its own indeterminateness." (*Essays in Christian Philosophy*). Be that as it may, we may perhaps say that by self and personality we mean the subject of experience, selfhood being, as it were, a given fact and personality "standing for a quality to be acquired though implicit in every self"—a quality not so much given as in process of becoming. "Personality" it has been said, "is the capacity, by means of fellowship, of becoming conscious of and striving towards the attainment of ideals. And the ideals in which personality seeks and finds its completeness are the ideals of truth, goodness, and beauty"—ideals answering to the three elementary qualities of the Self, feeling, thought and will, which can only be developed by intercourse with other selves. (J. H. Beibitz. "*Belief, Faith and Proof*.") As Aristotle discovered long ago, man is a political animal: fellowship, social life, is the essence of his being. "Personality," said Dr. Temple once,

"is the capacity for fellowship" ; and it is only in fellowship with other persons that personality comes to its true fulfilment. The significance of this is obvious when we consider the place of the school in education. A still deeper significance becomes apparent when it is realised that for the full development of personality there must be fellowship not only with man, but with God.

Of the many factors which contribute to the development of the character of man none perhaps is more important than the ideal which a man sets before himself, the end or object on which he sets his heart and which he consciously strives to attain. It is the things which we really desire, the things we live for, for which we are ready to spend our gifts of body and of mind, which constitute our scale of values and which more than anything else determine the kind of people that we become. And Jesus Christ said that true happiness, the deepest satisfaction of our being, the true fulfilment of personality, consists not in wanting nothing, but in wanting, in hungering after, the right things—the things of real value—the things that are more excellent.

That man should learn to discriminate between the better and the best is, I take it, no small part of the purpose of education rightly conceived. It is a commonplace to say that education is more than the imparting of information, and it would be unnecessary to repeat it were it not that what is common is so often overlooked. "A commonplace truth," said Dr. Illingworth, "like a commonplace person is often only a name for one with whose appearance we are very familiar but whose character we are too indolent to probe." Certainly there is in our day no lack of information to impart. As Father Waggert said in the University pulpit at Cambridge thirty years ago: "The growth of information, even of information easily reached, is all but intolerable." And the burden does not grow less.

Knowledge increases ; bowed beneath its weight
Our Universities more learn'd each year
Reel forward, conscious how inadequate
Their power to occupy the widening sphere.

We know now, if we never knew before, that learning is not necessarily the same as wisdom, and that the Tree of Knowledge bears often a bitter fruit. Secular education, said a great Headmaster once, may be but "an expensive method of giving brains to the devil."

Of course it is important to be well-informed, and we shall ill serve the interests of wisdom by belittling learning. It is said of King Henry the Sixth, the Founder both of Eton and of King's College, Cambridge, that "he had good learning in great reverence, and loved those who

were indewyd therewithal ” ; and if we are wise we shall value learning alike for its own sake and for the uses which we may have of it. Scholarship, technical skill, the knowledge of our craft—all these are of the utmost importance, and a veneer of culture, or even of piety, is no substitute for the sound learning which is the fruit of accurate scholarship and discipline of mind. But education, as King Henry knew well, and as his two great chapels bear witness, is more than the imparting and acquisition of information—the learning of a great many facts or skills. It is more even than the learning how to think. Ruskin says somewhere: “Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see ” ; and the best teacher is he who can help others not merely to learn and to think but to see ; to distinguish between what is false and what is true ; between what is ugly and what is beautiful ; between what is bad and what is good ; to form, that is to say, judgments of value, which much include above all else the discovery of an aim and purpose which shall make life worth living ; to care for the best things ; to distinguish between the gold in life and the dross, the really valuable and the sham.

“The failing,” said Benjamin Whichcote, the Cambridge Platonist, who was Provost of King’s in the time of the Commonwealth and who was himself, we are told, “a great Encourager of Learning and good Order ”—“the failing is doing without difference”—failing to distinguish, and it may be not caring to distinguish ; journeying through life without any true standards, without any real aim or with only a second-rate ambition. As Plato said long ago, “He who has abundant learning and is skilful in many arts, but does not possess the knowledge of the Best, but is under some other guidance, will make, as he deserves, a sorry voyage : he will, I believe, hurry through the brief space of human life, pilotless in mid-ocean . . . When the soul rushes in pursuit of wealth or bodily strength or anything else, not having knowledge of the Best, so much the more is she likely to meet with misfortune.”

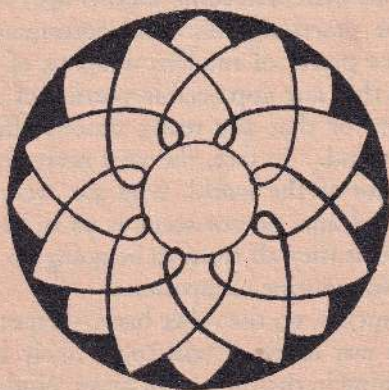
Life has much good to offer.

The grace of friendship—mind and heart
 Linked with their fellow heart and mind ;
 The gains of science, gifts of art,
 The sense of oneness with our kind ;
 The thirst to know and understand—
 A large and liberal discontent ;
 These are the goods in life’s rich hand,
 The things that are more Excellent.

Yes, these and much else. But there is something more excellent still. The best of all is that we should grow in the knowledge of God and in the understanding of His will, in which alone is our peace and the true fulfilment of our being.

“The only end of true education,” it has been said, “is the beholding by the new generation of the vision of God.” There is in every man the power, the capacity for God. As John Wesley said, “Man is capable of God”—capable of responding to the vision of truth and beauty and goodness wherever they are to be found. And the purpose of education should be to help men towards that vision. In the words of the Report of one of the Committees of the last Lambeth Conference: “Man needs every aspect of God’s self-revelation—truth and beauty as well as goodness. Fullness of life in this world as God has made it consists in the exercise of all our faculties upon the content of God’s self-revelation. This is to love God “with heart and soul and mind.” The full development of a man into a son of God is all-round as well as life-long unto eternity. Church, State, parents, and teachers must co-operate to open up for the young all the ways into the full riches of God’s inheritance.”

Such an education is “the birthright of every individual as made in the image of God.” So made in His image man will become His son.



THE FATE OF MANKIND

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

A FEW short months after the dropping of an A-bomb on Hiroshima, a New York newspaper reporter came to Professor Albert Einstein, the world's greatest living scientist, with the following question: "What will be the weapons in World War III?" Without a moment's hesitation Dr. Einstein replied: "I am sorry that I am unable to answer this question, because I do not know. But I can tell you for a certainty what will be the weapons in World War IV, namely sticks and stones."

Better than any words of mine could do, this remark of the world-famous scientist tells the impending fate of mankind. It calls our attention to the fact, no longer doubted by the near unanimity of the world's atomic scientists, that, if another world war is allowed to occur at all, it will be the end of everything that we have known as civilization. India and Ceylon will be no exception! Scattered men, here and there, may escape the almost universal destruction following in the wake of an atomic and bacteriological war. But the deadly radiations of such a war will drive all of the survivors underground, for a longer or shorter period of time. Thus there will come another age of the caveman.

Yet, despite the practically universal agreement among those who know the destructive power of modern weapons of warfare, there is no significant evidence that any appreciable portion of mankind is aware of its impending doom, or that any really serious efforts are being made to stop the present trend. In fact, the very reverse is the case. On the one hand, the peoples of the world, who are everywhere to-day living atop a smouldering volcano, do not seem at all to be aware of what is in store for them; at least they all seem to be going on in their accustomed tempo, following their routine occupations.

And the governments, on the other hand,—especially those by whose conduct the die for war or peace will most likely be cast,—appear to do just about everything in their power to make World War III inevitable. Not, of course, that the governments on either side of the fence admitted this fact. Quite the contrary. Each government is pursuing its own path under the pretext—whether sincere or insincere need not be judged, inasmuch as the result will be the same in either case—that everything

is being done in the interest of the preservation of peace. Yet, the international armaments race is on. And each side loudly proclaims that it is engaging in this race for only two reasons : first, that it is forced to do so by the increased armaments of its opponent ; and, secondly, that not merely its own freedom and independent further existence, but the peace of the world itself, depends upon thus being armed. All the verdict of history is thus being denied by both sides. For, if history teaches us anything at all, it certainly has demonstrated the fact that increasing preparedness for war certainly leads to war. History offers not one single exception to this contention. Yet, both governments and peoples seem to be completely blind to this fact.

For, if even the common people themselves, on both sides of the fence (or is it the curtain ?), were at all aware of the inevitability of this drift towards war, they certainly could call a halt to the deeds and trends of their respective governments. Even in the world of modern dictatorships the ultimate power of government still depends upon the consent of the governed. That is to say, if the common people of the world were clearly aware of the directions toward World War III into which we are all being pushed, they certainly could stop this mad drift to war. For, without their taxes, governments simply could not carry on.

But, so far as we people ourselves are concerned, we seem to live in a fool's paradise. Ever since the dawning of the atomic age, it seems to have been impossible to rouse a majority of us from our lethargic indifferentism or to awaken us to any realization of the fate which awaits us. It is impossible, therefore, to put the entire blame for the drift to war upon the shoulders of the governments themselves ; these latter have been reinforced in their decisions and actions not merely by the lethargy of their own people but also by the impassioned patriotism and nationalism, which has always been the powerful emotional background and drive of most peoples in the modern world, and in the name of which most anything that governments have done has been excused, if not positively approved, by the people. No one in our day has put this latter fact more pointedly than has Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, India's most famous living philosopher, in his statement : " Patriotism is ordinarily only hatred disguised in acceptable terms, and commended to the common people with striped cloth, silver medals and sweet hymns." (*Religion and Society*, 228).

Nothing but universal disaster beyond the imagination of man can result if these trends are pursued much longer. In that case, mankind's fate is sealed.

What is worse is the fact that many among those who realize which way mankind is headed to-day are offering remedies, which are good

enough in themselves and are as such wholly praise-worthy, but which simply require infinitely more time for their realization than is available to mankind before the eruption of a third world war. When we are told, for example—by a lot of intelligent and certainly well-intentioned men—that peace is possible only among “just men and good,” that only genuine world brotherhood can bring the nations of the world together so that they will live in amity and co-operation, such claims may, *in the long run*, be not far removed from the truth; but in the exceedingly short time available to us now, their advice is the advice of despair. For, every one who knows anything at all and is willing to face facts knows that human brotherhoods is not going to be established on a world-wide scale inside the next three to seven years. Yet it is equally clear that, if an atomic war is coming at all, it will come within that period of time. In other words, one may very well be completely in favour of the achievement of human brotherhood (and the present writer certainly is), and yet realize the fact that this particular solution is no solution at all, confronted as the world is to-day by the swiftly moving currents of present international alignments.

Is there, then, no way out at all?

I think there is. And it is a way, moreover, which is not merely possible—and that in a very brief time, indeed—, but one which seems to be quite self-evident. For, after all, it is not universal brotherhood which is keeping law and order among people in villages, towns, cities, counties, states, and nations, but it is government which is accomplishing this salutary end, quite without everybody loving everyone else in the community, large or small. Since time immemorial men have created governments of various kinds for their own self-protection. To the governments they have given sufficient power and authority to make laws as well as to maintain and enforce them. Moreover, when the laws have been, on the whole, just, men have gladly and willingly subjected themselves to the laws. Order and peace have been assured to the communities, whether large or small, in direct proportion to more or less universal obedience to the law. A law-abiding community has practically always been a peaceful community. In this way peace has been kept within the smallest community as well as within the largest cities and nations. This is so well established and universally known a fact that one feels apologetic for calling attention to it.

It is equally well-known that in the relations of nations with each other there has existed universal anarchy. The reason is simple enough. No laws are applicable, still less enforceable, in the relations of nations with each other. Every nation claims sovereignty for itself; which means that it insists upon being a law unto itself and refuses to recognize

any law or laws above itself. So long as this situation persists there can only be one result, namely international anarchy. Lawless behaviour is anarchic behaviour. And there are no laws regulating the relations of nations with each other, so-called "international law" to the contrary notwithstanding. For, international law does not yet exist in the world. International treaties and relations, yes ; but international law, no. Besides, even if there were such a thing, it would not mean anything so long as no authority exists which could enforce such international laws.

In the light of these facts, the answer to humanity's problem to-day is simple enough : It requires nothing more and nothing less than the creation of world government, to which every person as well as every nation would owe highest allegiance. Can anyone think of any good reason why man's highest allegiance should not be to mankind itself ?

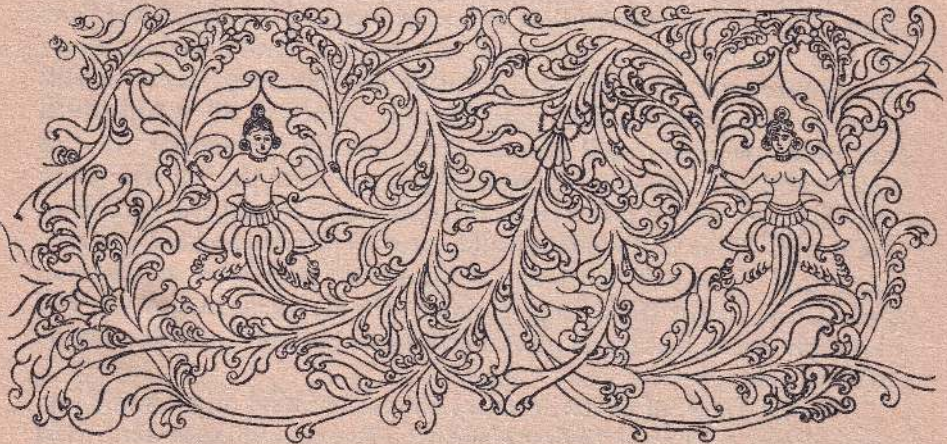
Nothing short of such an actual, honest-to-goodness world government, to which each and every nation in the world owes allegiance, can create, maintain, and enforce peace in a world which, like our own, has shrunk into a small neighbourhood. In this kind of a world we are either going to learn to behave like neighbours, or else we are going to blow each other up : there is no other choice. And, whereas it is perfectly true that peace among neighbours is kept best when all the neighbours are on good friendly terms with each other, it is also a fact that peace is kept in most actual neighbourhoods in the world to-day by the reign and enforcement of law (whether any particular neighbours happen to like each other or not). Let us begin to face facts, therefore. Science and technology have made our world a small neighbourhood ; let us now proceed, therefore, to make the necessary laws for this world-neighbourhood and to create the only agency in the world which can make, maintain, and enforce laws, namely government, in this case, world government. There simply is no other way by which law can displace anarchy and peace can replace war among the nations of the world. This is the only possible way by which mankind can now save itself from self-destruction. Moreover, such men as Einstein, Nehru, and Ernest Bevin long ago joined the ever-increasing number of those who insist that world government offers the only possible solution to mankind to-day.

We all know, of course, that, in almost any kind of a community, there always exist some lawless elements. But we also know that these lawless elements are being held in check by the generally law-abiding character of the overwhelming majority of the community. Exactly the same facts are applicable to nations. Certainly there are some nations which are more lawless than others. But an actual world

government would be able to take care of such lawless nations in exactly the same fashion in which local, provincial, state, and national governments are now able to take care of similar lawless characters at the level of these smaller governmental units. At any rate, there simply exists no other hope for mankind to-day. Either we build such a world government and do so in the shortest possible span of time, or most of us will be dead tomorrow. World government affords mankind's last and only hope.

Moreover, if these, after all very simple, facts could be brought home to human beings everywhere, there can be no doubt that men would rise up almost to a man and demand of their respective governments the creation of world government. Such organizations as the United World Federalists (of which Norman Cousins, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, who spoke in Colombo last January, is a leading member), World Republic, Inc., and the Parliamentary Group in England, led by the Hon. Henry Osborne, M.P., are the types of organizations which are bending every effort to bring about world government before it is too late.

The fate of mankind is up to each one of us. We can do it, if we will. If we do not, nothing else we do will matter anyway.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FELT-NEED

By D. Spencer Hatch

LONG tradition and practices between government and people in certain Eastern countries have made self-help very difficult to engender among the rural peoples of these countries. Though it is the easiest thing in the world to dispense charity, a benign government desires to help, but knows that it never can have enough funds to meet the appalling needs. It realizes also that millions spent in spoon-feeding will not raise, permanently, the standard of welfare of the rural masses, will not even be fully appreciated or made use of by the recipients. It will not lead to a permanently better state of economy of living ; it will not even give a self-able citizenry.

We who are engaged in Fundamental Education through comprehensive Rural Reconstruction know that too. We would not waste our funds and those of others who trust us. We must get the rural people started on self-help as the essential basis for use of Government funds, or any other funds. Government can never by a distant, dispersed, approach break the habit of waiting for Government to do it all. To engender self-help is also our most difficult task, especially where the people have the contrary habit.

In Ceylon at present Government funds are ready to complete needed works in villages, if the people will start by their own effort and labours. Where a well of pure drinking water is needed to replace the filthy pool or ditch and the people are so poor they can spend no actual money for it, if they will dig the well, Government is ready to bring the cement, the bricks and whatever else is necessary to complete a permanent, protected, well of safe water. Government has given, outright, whole wells to some people, how can we now get these other poor folk to dig ?

Experiences on both sides of the world have proved to us that the felt-need is the basis for getting the essential self-help from the people. We can go into any village in any country, East or West, and in a few minutes of conversing with the residents, have them tell us what are the needs uppermost in their minds—what are the things which are troubling them most. Then we know, also from experience, if we start working with them to try to solve one of those keenly felt needs, they

will take hold and work along with us. We have immediately a very different situation than the common but ridiculous one of a Government or other benefactor doing something in a local place while the people sit back with folded arms, possibly interested in this intrusion which is no affair of theirs and which they rightly are almost sure won't be much of a success. On the contrary when we are working with them on their own expressed felt-needs, it is their programme on which we are helping. Their programme—it is essential that all programmes be the people's own, not ours or any other outsider's.

It is not only possible to find out the felt-need items for the early stages of the programme, but it is a thrillingly interesting process.

Let me tell you the actual findings in a meeting of farm labourers in the Extension Area of the new UNESCO-Government of Ceylon Fundamental Education Centre, one evening in the past week. Over two hundred men labourers had assembled to form an Adult Education Centre. An UNESCO technician had explained to them the meaning of Fundamental Education, that it aimed to help them to help themselves to those things which they had missed and which they needed for well-rounded, satisfactory, living. Then he asked them what did they feel they would like to do in the programme of their new Centre; what were their felt-needs? After a moment of natural diffidence of the farm labour, they came forward and expressed themselves. Here are the actual needs expressed, each by a different person, one after another:—

FIRST LABOURER: "I have a wife and four children. I belong to the class called "squatters." We have no land of our own on which we have a right to stay. I want to know where I can have a piece of land on which I can make a house.

SECOND LABOURER: "We do not have fodder to feed our cattle; show us how to raise it."

THIRD LABOURER: "We labourers pay for two teachers in order that we may have a school for our children here; I myself have a fair knowledge of Sinhalese, but I should like to learn more. I ask that in our programme we have adult classes in all three: Sinhalese, Tamil and English" (This was supported by several speakers).

FOURTH LABOURER: "While supporting the request for classes, my request is that you teach us how to enjoy ourselves in a good way. We receive fair wages, but we spend it going to cinemas, gambling and drinking. Show us how to enjoy without wasting our money. Lead us to participation in dramas; in our Country folk dances, and in new ones; teach us edifying things from outside and to know our own country better."

FIFTH LABOURER : " We pay for teachers for our children, but a large number of our older children still have to stay home and look after the younger children, while both fathers and mothers work in the fields. Let our new Centre organize a creche so that our little ones may be looked after and the older children can go to school." (Creches are common, in cities ; why not in isolated rural places ?)

SIXTH LABOURER : " Old as I am, I want to learn more Sinhalese."

SEVENTH LABOURER : " Help us buy more games equipment. We want to be the best players in the North Central Province."

EIGHTH LABOURER : " Teach us some cottage industries and spare time crafts."

NINTH LABOURER : " We earn and we spend all through life, and life is miserable throughout. Please teach us how to spend our money."

TENTH LABOURER : " All the suggestions so far are for material improvements, let us have one day in each week when our Centre's programme shall emphasize religious and spiritual devotion, and observances, emphasizing how to serve, to respect others and, above all, to purify and correct our own lives."

ELEVENTH LABOURER : " I have been here seven years and, during that time, have cured without any remuneration a good many cases of snake-bite. Could the new friends bring the best methods of treating snake-bite? I would like to improve my knowledge."

Now it was late and time to close the meeting. There were more felt-needs to be expressed. Those and the ones quoted above give the new centre the basis for the programme. We begin at once on these labourers' own programme. When there is success in carrying out these items, we know that the people will then have confidence in our teaching and leadership. These are the present uppermost felt-needs. Education and fellowship with us in the work will lead them to put into their programme later certain needs which they do not now realize. This is a group of farm labourers. Felt-needs will be different and some of them more of a community nature when expressed in a group of villagers or in a group of colonists. The programme will not be the same in any two places.

With eagerness and interest we go forward in like manner to find the felt-needs, and start programmes based on them in everyone of the thirty-eight villages, and ten sections of the Minneriya and Polonnaruwa Colonies which comprise the extension area of our Fundamental Education Pilot Project.

THE GREEK IDEAL OF MAN

By C. W. Amerasinghe

HOMER relates about Achilles that his father, when he engaged old Phoenix as his tutor, requested him to bring him up to be a 'maker of speeches and a doer of deeds'—a strange combination of accomplishments. We are accustomed to a classification which distinguishes 'men of words' from 'men of deeds' and a 'man of words,' however charming, we consider of little worth. But for Homer and his age there was no incompatibility between the two, nor did Achilles' father wish his son to grow up an idle babbler. The Greek for 'word' (*logos*) means also 'reason,' and for the Greek being a 'man of words' would imply being a 'man of reason.' No people perhaps have spent more time in talking than the Greeks, but their talking appears to have been to some purpose. Incidentally Homer uses a curious epithet to describe words when they are used to some purpose. He calls them 'winged.' I don't believe anyone knows exactly why, but it is a pleasing fancy to remember that wings are a swift and powerful instrument of motion. They get you straight to the point.

However that may be, this little difference about 'words' between us and the ancient Greeks is merely a hint of a more fundamental difference in our attitude to life. It was characteristic of the Greeks in the heyday of their civilisation that they saw things 'whole'—their view of life was, to use a word they coined, more 'synoptic.' We have developed a habit of seeing things only in parts. We do this very well indeed, better than the Greeks ever did, but we have lost their sense of the 'whole.' Is there any connection, one wonders, between the high incidence of split personalities in this modern age and the dexterity with which it splits atoms? But look at any department of Greek activity, and you will find it is based on an almost instinctive belief in the existence of a unity beneath every form of diversity. So much so that their search for knowledge is invariably a search for the unifying principle which is also the principle of order or harmony and the very essence of 'being.' Their theory and practice of art, of science, of philosophy, of politics is conditioned by this assumption. The very word they use for the universe (*cosmos*), whose secrets they sought to

probe, is a word that means 'order' and 'harmony': it implies also 'beauty,' for to the Greek 'truth' and 'beauty' are the same and they are both 'harmony.' Their sculpture and their drama reveal their preoccupation with the 'universal,' the 'ideal' and the 'permanent.' The appeal of Greek art and literature lies in no small measure in its timelessness. Their theory of the state is more comprehensive than ours; its function is to secure the 'summum bonum' for its citizens, which is their well-being not only economic but spiritual. We divide these functions between church and state, making two worlds where the Greeks made one. And we do not always succeed in determining where the line should be drawn between them.

No less comprehensive than the rest of their attitude to life was the Greek view of human excellence. Consider the hero of the *Odyssey*, often referred to as the ideal Greek. We, in later times, have, with a characteristic one-sidedness, emphasised only one of his qualities. *Odysseus* is for us usually the 'wily' *Odysseus*, (Roman *Virgil* was partly to blame for this). But that is not the complete picture as *Homer* paints it. His *Odysseus* is a courageous fighter, a fluent and persuasive speaker, a wise counsellor, a man of resource and daring: he won prizes for athletics and was as good a ploughman as he was a ship's captain: he could appreciate good music and tell a good tale: not unduly elated by success, he could endure failure with submission to the will of the gods. In short he possesses that combination of physical and intellectual excellence which represented for the Greeks in their heyday the complete man. A Greek before the 4th century B.C. would have understood the ascetic ideal as little as he would the antipathy which in our age exists between 'brain' and 'brawn.' The word they use to denote the quality of a 'good' man (the word 'arete,' usually translated 'virtue') is wider in meaning than the word 'virtue,' whose associations are for the most part purely moral. 'Arete' can be used in Greek to express the quality of a good knife or a good horse no less than that of a good man. It means excellence of function, and the function of a thing is in accordance with its nature. Since the nature of man comprises body and mind his excellence is excellence in the functioning of both body and mind, which is possible only if a harmony is established between the requirements of the two so that the functions of the one will assist rather than impede the functions of the other. Very significantly *Plato* remarked that 'a sound mind by its very soundness will ensure maximum soundness of body.'

The ideal of manhood illustrated here from the *Odyssey* was not confined to the Homeric age, nor was it merely a poet's dream. If you turn from *Homer* to the public games which the Greeks held periodically

in more historical times, you will encounter the ideal in action. The Greek saw nothing odd in combining athletic meets with contests in poetry and music. He could switch over easily from being spectator of a race to listening to a recital of Homer, or even to a discourse from a historian or a philosopher delivered on the same occasion. He was as keen on the theatre as he was on athletics : and it wasn't all Bing Crosby he expected either. He could take four plays by an Aeschylus or a Sophocles at one sitting as a matter of course. We too, we attempt to combine athletics and the fine arts, but how differently ! The amplifier has displaced the Muses and even competes with the athletes.

But turning from sport to the more serious side of their public life, here too you will find that the average Athenian of the 5th century was expected to be a good all-rounder. While pursuing his private calling, whatever that might be, he must also be a soldier, a member of Parliament and a judge. If you could do no more than your private job, even if you were the one and only expert in your line, you were still an 'idiot'—the word is Greek ! It has usually been argued that the Greeks could do all this because their states were small. Plato fixed on 5,000 citizens as the ideal number for a state. Aristotle prescribed that a state should be of a size that would permit each citizen to know all the others by sight. But smallness could not have been all. We are a small nation and each of us knows the worst about pretty nearly everyone else, and yet . . . ! Besides smallness could easily have led to parochialism, while the Athenians in their 'parochial' state produced men of remarkable quality. Their versatility was amazing. Solon, in addition to being a legislator as well as an economic and social reformer, was also a poet and became almost proverbial for his wisdom. Pericles was a military leader of distinction, a statesman, and, though not a poet himself, the patron and friend of poets and even philosophers. Socrates was a sculptor, a good soldier, a fearless judge, and could hold his cups at a carouse as well as he could down his opponents in an argument. The Greek artist was not 'arty.' He cultivated no eccentricities of long hair, beard or unorthodox dress. An Aeschylus would seem to have taken the writing of tragedies in his stride while performing like any other Athenian his normal duties of soldier, jurymen and member of Parliament. This normality is reflected in an art whose salient feature is its equilibrium. Impressionism, surrealism and other abnormalities could take no root in such soil.

Even their philosophers reflect in their ethical theories the common Greek ideal. For Aristotle virtue (arete) is a 'mean' between extremes, the establishment of a harmony between a multiplicity of emotions often conflicting. Plato sees righteousness as a 'unanimity' between reason,

impulse and appetite, with reason calling the tune. Plato's conformity is, like most things about Plato, most intriguing, and is itself evidence for the strength of the tradition. For Plato is in many ways un-Greek. Born amongst a versatile people he had a horror of versatility. In a society which had no use for the specialist he propounded the revolutionary theory (it is strange how Plato is referred to as a reactionary) that specialisation was the only hope for society, and nowhere, he thought, was specialisation more urgently needed than in the sphere of government. Thus his ideal state is one in which everyone will 'mind his own business'—'his own business' being that for which he has a natural aptitude and for which he has been specially trained. And while most people will be carpenters, doctors, University lecturers, etc., only a few who have a natural genius for it will be trained to be governors. Now the curious thing about this specialist in administration is that he still reflects that quality of all-round excellence which had always been the Greek ideal of manhood. He is selected from those who have the best physique and show the greatest moral and intellectual promise. He is brought up on gymnastics, music and literature, mathematics, philosophy—a training of body, emotion and reason, welding these three into a single harmony. This was the sort of person Plato would have liked everyone to have been, but he was too realistic to imagine that everyone could be this. The material on which his ideal man is educated is broadly the same as that on which the average Athenian had in fact been educated—with this difference, that he seeks to refine the instruments of education and organise a process hitherto unconscious by giving it conscious direction. The necessity for organisation lay in the fact that by his day he had already witnessed a degeneration in that process of unconscious conditioning which had earlier borne fruit that was good. He condemns the men of his day as being mere 'lovers of sights and sounds' and no longer 'lovers of wisdom.' It would seem as though by his day a spirit of vulgar pleasure-hunting had begun to attend those public festivals whose original significance was religious. History has often witnessed this process by which a once living faith, which gave significant direction to the activities of the individual as well as of the community, gradually dies. When that happens forms of public ceremonial which once had a meaning may survive as idle pageantry. Their educative value is lost. It was a collapse of this kind that Plato saw imminent in his day. He sought to stem the tide by attempting to recapture the wisdom that was being lost in bits of knowledge. With a cynicism that offends, because it condemns, most of us, he leaves the majority to play about with the bits of specialised knowledge and reserves for his elect, who are to be the saviours of society, the

pursuit of 'wisdom.' Now wisdom, in his view no less than in Aristotle's, is founded on a knowledge of the ultimate ends of existence. His criticism even of the intellectuals of his day, whom he called 'sophists,' was precisely that they pursued knowledge unrelated to a specific design for living. After all how much value is there in a walking encyclopaedia?

And now, lest admiration for the Greeks blind us to their failures, it has to be acknowledged that the Greek ideal, despite its singular excellence, did not survive the test of history. If they did at one time possess a wisdom that could save they must have lost it. Or, perhaps, there was some flaw in their wisdom itself. It may be that their ideal was founded too much on faith in themselves—a foundation not exactly of rock.



THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

By Harry Williams

AS long ago as December, 1947, it was announced in Parliament that the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was to be marked by a national Festival of Britain in 1951—and, by the way, there was no party disagreement, in principle, over this decision. There have been squabbles over detail, for that is our way of doing things, but all were united over the actual project.

And now a word, first, about the original Exhibition which the present Festival commemorates. It is worth commemorating, for the Great Exhibition of 1851 was an event of world significance, a fact little realised at the time. It was not, as so many people have stated, a display of Victorian pomposity and complacency, for Britain at that time was very unsure of herself. Only the energy and vision of one man—Albert the Good, the Prince Consort—made the enterprise possible, for there were many misgivings in high places. Riots, even bloodshed, were feared, and speeches were made by many eminent politicians depicting London at the mercy of an ignorant horde of workmen who would be sure to plunder wherever they went. Thus, when that glittering edifice nicknamed the Crystal Palace rose in Hyde Park—the world's first pre-fabricated monster—public confidence was at a low ebb. Nevertheless, Sir Joseph Paxton's giant building was to house a display that created a precedent and achieved world fame, while from the material standpoint the Exhibition was a startling success. The prophets of woe were confounded by other, and more substantial, profits, and a handsome section of London—handsome in a Victorian sense—rose, in consequence, in Kensington. Mighty indeed it all seemed at the time, yet by comparison with this year's stirring of the national yeast it was a parish pump affair, for the whole Exhibition was confined to one building in one city. This one is spread in every corner of the British Isles.

It is perhaps inevitable that London will prove the centre of attraction for overseas visitors . . . at first. I add those last two words because visitors will soon discover that the metropolis is only one centre of many, and some of the most exciting events of all will take place hundreds of

miles from London. But it is, of course, the heart of the Commonwealth, the beloved city, and as such I must take its arrangements first.

The great South Bank Exhibition is open to the public. It covers thirty-three acres on the south shore of the river Thames, a small area, but so cunningly used that the impression gained is one of spaciousness. There is only one permanent building on the whole site, the Royal Festival Concert Hall built within a mile of the site of that immortal "Wooden O," William Shakespeare's Globe Theatre on Bankside. The intention is ultimately to make this south bank site another, and if possible a greater cultural centre than was Bankside in Elizabethan times, and within the next year or two a theatre is to be built in close proximity to the new concert hall. Meanwhile we have the Hall. Outwardly, as far as I am concerned, it is a nondescript box of a place far inferior to the Albert Hall which receives so much good-natured scorn from the moderns, but inside it is quite superb. It seats 3,500 people in accoustic perfection. It makes no difference where you sit as far as clarity is concerned. Underneath the Hall itself the foyer can accommodate 1,000 people for a dance, and the magnificent restaurant with a balcony overlooking the Kings Reach of the Thames will surely prove one of London's favourite centres of attraction. Just to sit there, looking at the gay traffic of the river of history, with that marvellous curve of banked architecture on the north shore—London's glory—is good enough for me . . . but of course the main attraction is the musical fare provided. Certain it is that the Royal Festival Hall will rank high among the great concert centres of the world.

The buildings of the Exhibition proper have a story to tell, and they tell it in sequence. I make no bones about my own belief that no other nation in world history—so far—has lived such a saga, and not very much of it has been overlooked. But the *sequence* is important, and should be studied before the visitor begins his tour, for the place is bewildering. To go to the wrong pavilion first would be like beginning an exciting novel on page 168. There are 27 displays, and I am not going to set them out here, but they include every aspect of the life of the British people, including the creation of the very plot of earth upon which we live. The most curious building is called the Dome of Discovery, squatting there like some Martian toadstool, the largest Dome in the world. As I hinted before, modern architecture makes no appeal to me—even the famous Skylon, 300 feet high, which stands on nothing, merely reminds me of the wireless masts at Daventry—but the interior of the Dome is stupefying. It would need a week to explore it.

The rest of the pavilions, gay and colourful enough, are unremarkable from the outside. Inside is another matter. Homes and Gardens, the Lion and the Unicorn, Sport, the Land, Power and Production, Transport, the Sea, and many others, all are attractively set out.

Connected by an underground railway and by a service of river launches, is the up-stream Pleasure Garden in Battersea Park. This is a fairy phantasy, a place of delight. Fun Fairs, a children's corner, places to rest and eat and drink, a riverside theatre, illuminations, fireworks, a fantastic railway . . . all these are set in naturally beautiful surroundings made trebly lovely by the crazy exuberance—a deliberate exuberance—of architectural design. It is something out of the Arabian Night's Entertainment, and one can not help contrasting it with the harsh, angular functionalism of the Exhibition buildings—to the detriment of the latter.

Downstream from the Exhibition, at Poplar . . . again easily reached by launch . . . there is a "live" architectural Exhibition; a modern town built for immediate occupation, with houses, schools, a community centre, churches, shops, and pubs. Very fine, and fascinating, but it must be clear by now that I am not the man to do justice to modern architecture in Britain. Give me the gracious old Dutch bungalows in the Pettah in preference to this lot. Frankly I think that western architects will have to start thinking again before very long.

At South Kensington a wing has been added to the famous Science Museum, and it has been fitted out in a bewildering display of modern science. There is a display, too, of books and literature by British authors in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and also an exact model of the original Crystal Palace. As for the London Season of the Arts . . . it is overwhelming. Concerts, ballet, opera, chamber music, over 200 musical events of the first importance without mentioning the drama, open-air theatres, exhibitions, art galleries, cinemas, and the whole of the 'west end' *en fête* with street decorations, floodlighting, bands in the parks, serenade concerts . . . well, it would need a separate article of this length to do justice to the whole astonishing programme.

So much for London. What of the rest of England? With so little space and so much to describe one can only dart madly about the map of Britain from one point of interest to another. I should explain that, although there are twenty-six *official* centres of the Festival, any place in the four kingdoms can carry out large-scale programmes, and in fact many of them—such as Rochester, St. Albans, Carlisle and numerous others—are doing so. Rochester has a Dickensian Pageant with *two thousand* performers, Dickens' plays, dances, concerts and tours

of Dickensland, and that is typical of a hundred other non-official towns. But here I can do no more than touch on the official centres of which England has fourteen—London, Aldeburgh, Bath, Bournemouth, Brighton, Cambridge, Canterbury, Cheltenham, Liverpool, Norwich, Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, Worcester and York. In Scotland there are six—Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dumfries, Glasgow, Inverness and Perth. Wales has five—Cardiff, Llangollen, Llanwrst, St. Davids, and Swansea. Lastly, there is little Northern Ireland with one—Belfast. Each one has its own *individual* contribution, some proportionately on the same heroic scale as that of London. Stratford-upon-Avon, for example, is a world shrine for lovers of Shakespearean drama, and this year's programme will be graced by every great actor and actress of the English stage. Then there is Edinburgh, which, only four short years ago organised its first Festival of music and drama and now leads the world. This year it has an embarrassment of riches, including the first visit to this country for over a quarter of a century of the New York Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter and Dimitri Mitropoulos. Ballet, Opera, drama, and a Gathering of the Clans unequalled since 1745, all against the background of the "Athens of the North," here are riches for the connoisseur. I fancy that the march of the thousand pipers along Princes Street may turn out to be the peak moment of the whole brilliant year.

Glasgow's Exhibition of Industrial Power is likely to set a new standard in engineering displays. If there were no other exhibition, Britain would be worth a visit for this vast show alone. York has one of the most exciting experiments of all—the production, in its entirety, of the complete cycle of 15th century York Mystery plays against the background of the ancient city, the Minister, and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. It may well become a permanent occasion, a British Oberammergau.

Aldeburgh's intimate opera—it is the home of Benjamin Britten ; Liverpool's wide range of musical events and thrilling water carnival ; Cheltenham's unique programme of contemporary music ; the splendour of Canterbury's Cathedral music, sacred and symphonic, with a new Cathedral play to carry on the tradition of sacred plays ; the beauty of the University towns of Oxford and Cambridge and the variety of their Festival programmes—these things leave me with a sense of helplessness. After all I can plead the immensity of the canvas. Over *sixteen hundred* local authorities have published programmes, and probably as many more hamlets and villages have programmes but have not published them. Certainly repetition can not convey the prolific invention that has been shown, for—in print—one musical programme looks exactly like another, one pageant sounds precisely the same as

the next. Yet, in fact, all are different, and one may say, with confidence, that visitors from overseas will be filled with astonishment, and, in many cases, reverence. To attend the great Welsh Eisteddfoddi at Llangollen or Llanwrst, for example, is a spiritual experience, no less.

There are two more official Exhibitions that I can not omit. Both of them are mobile. The *Land Traveller* is a miniature South Bank Exhibition taken from town to town on four hundred wheels—in an hundred lorries to be precise. When set up it covers 35,000 square feet, the largest in history. It will visit Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and Nottingham—all of which, by the way, have notable festivals of their own. The second mobile display is sea-borne in *H.M.S. Campania*, an old aircraft carrier adapted to house a similar Exhibition and take it round our coasts to Southampton, Dundee, Newcastle, Hull, Plymouth, Avonmouth (Bristol), Cardiff, Belfast, Birkenhead and the Clyde.

I think it was the Queen of Sheba whom, on a certain biblical occasion complained that she had not been told "the half of it." You have grounds for a similar complaint, for I have done little more than mention a few salient points. In every corner of the land, from the Shetland Isles in the far north to Lands End in the south west, from May until September, Britain will be the centre of art, drama, music, sport—the sport programme is little short of fantastic—such as the world has not seen before. Remember, too, that all this is in *addition* to the annual programme—Test Matches, County championships, Wimbledon, Cowes, International Golf, the Derby and a hundred similar occasions—which normally fill our calendar. It should be a wonderful year indeed.

People from overseas will be welcome as perhaps never before. All insular barriers are down and if, at times, I—like many another carping critic—felt inclined to doubt the wisdom of such proceedings at a time of world tension, I do so no longer. The wisdom of events has proved greater than the calculations of Man. It seems to me, perhaps because it was never consciously intended as such, that the Festival of Britain is the perfect democratic answer to the charges hurled at this country by ceaseless Communist propaganda. It is so naive, so guileless, so utterly without reservations that no-one can fail to see it for what it is—an open-handed invitation to the world and his wife to come and see just how a free people live and move and have their being.

15th May, 1951.

A MESSAGE FROM NEW CHINA

By Soong Ching Ling (Mme. Sun Yat-Sen)

THE People's Republic of China has concluded its first glorious year. It is a period of summing up our accomplishments, for taking into focus the great changes that have come about, and for preparing even more magnificent ones. It is a time which thrills and inspires 475 million people.

The greatest change in China since the historic date of October 1, 1949, is that for the first time in our entire existence, the title by which our country is known has the word "people" in it. That word is not there for mere display, since also for the first time, the emphasis and essence of our government is contained in that massive force—the people.

This makes itself evident in every phase of our daily lives. I would like to tell you each detail of the complete picture, but time does not permit. Therefore, on this occasion, I will restrict my report to the ways in which the new situation has affected emergency relief work and my own organization, the China Welfare Institute. This means I am reluctantly by-passing the tremendous progress that has been made in such vital sectors as land reform, the reconstruction of industry and commerce, the strengthening of national defense, the development of China's minority races' first freedom and many other facets.

In conformity with its surroundings, the whole concept of relief and welfare work has changed. It is no longer considered as some purely humanitarian and endless process. Rather, it is looked upon as an important segment of the entire economic reconstruction programme of the People's Government. It is still humanitarian, but it is positive in approach and strives for concrete results that eliminate the need for relief in the future. Welfare services are considered a fundamental right and privilege of every person, but where emergency relief is specifically concerned, it has a definite beginning, a definite method and a definite ending.

Its beginning is now necessitated by the misery of flood, famine and unemployment. Its method is salvation through self-help, and self-help through production. Its ending is to coincide with the achievement of national economic well-being or when we have achieved what Chairman Mao Tse-tung termed, "The struggle for the basic turn

for the better in our financial and economic situation." We have set the goal of three years to reach that point.

Let us examine how some of these relief problems are met. First let us consider the question of flood.

FLOOD FIGHTING

China has for centuries been afflicted with this menace. However, it became exceedingly destructive in the recent past due to the criminal measures the warlord troops took as they were routed by the valiant People's Liberation Army. In their frenzy, these reactionary forces weakened and wrecked thousands of vital dyke areas. Consequently, when the rains were heavy, the water came flowing over the land, inundating tens of millions of *mow*, destroying houses and crippling the livelihood of millions of people.

Previously, under the Kuomintang and U.S. "aid" programmes, flood was met with giant talk of what was to be done, but the actions were those of a pigmy. On this occasion, the deeds exceeded the announced plans because the situation was realistically met with the full strength of the People's Government. The Ministry of Water Conservancy was called into action and attacked the problem as if it were a nation-wide military campaign. They set up a massive operational system of 334 work and observation stations throughout the country, linked directly to a flood fighting headquarters in Peking by tele-communications. They mobilized 4,690,000 men, women and members of the People's Liberation Army. During special periods, they further mobilized millions more. On each occasion they especially drew workers from among those hardest hit by the flood. These masses of people were used to effect a short-run and a long-run plan simultaneously. It meant curbing the raging waters immediately, and at the same time working towards strongly harnessing them for the future, so they would benefit the people, not destroy them.

The army of flood fighters were paid for their labours by the government. At the same time, they were educated as to the meaning of their work. Meetings were held on every level, from small village groups to huge area mass gatherings. Every detail was carefully explained—the job to be accomplished, why they were mobilized, how they would get paid, what their work would mean to their future and the future of the country. The result was inspired, creative labour.

These workers shifted in one year's time 365 million cubic meters of earth. To give you some idea of the size and weight of this shift, that is, enough dirt to build a wall one meter high and one meter wide around the equator eight times. In practical terms, our people repaired

more than 25,000 kilometers of dykes, in addition to working towards permanently controlling such rivers as the Yangtze, Huai, Yellow, Yi, Pearl, Han, Liao and the sea dykes of East China.

This strenuous effort enables me to report at this time that seven out of every ten hectares which were under water the previous year, this year are under cultivation. In addition, vital and vast irrigation projects were accomplished. For example, in the dry North-west alone, 300,000 hectares were newly irrigated and work has already started to reach a further two million hectares. As a side result, from this particular project will come three million kilowatts of electric power from the drainage.

This gives you some idea of how we met the threat of flood, how we met the problem of beneficial distribution of water, how our People's Government has the power of the masses and how we used it.

FAMINE

Next, let us consider the question of famine. Yes, we had famine in China. We never denied it. We also made it quite plain that the famine was the result of the floods and the floods were the result of Kuomintang destruction. At the same time, however, we also told the world we had a way out of our troubles.

China has its own strength and through using this efficiently, the suffering was reduced to a minimum. Due to the faith which the farmers have in our government, because of land reform and other beneficial measures, the deliveries of tax grain have been on time and well over 90 per cent. fulfilled. Due to the foresight and energy of our People's Government, we were able to materialize a movement of that grain within our country on such a scale that every food deficiency area was reached. There was not one mode of transportation that was not organised and put to play—the newly-reconstructed railroads, river boats, wagons, wheelbarrows and the very backs of our courageous people. The slogan was "None shall starve."

This unprecedented and decisive action on the part of the government not only defeated famine, but it also had a most salutary effect on the whole economy. Prices of the basic foods were stabilized. This made all other commodities level off and remain relatively constant. To many it seemed as if a miracle had taken place. No other government had been able to do this. But it was no miracle. It was the result of a People's Government that has the support of the people, and that moves with dispatch after thorough preparation for that move.

The final effect of the price stabilization was that universal confidence was established in our people's money. This, in actuality, was the

best of all possible "relief" programmes for the nation as a whole. People's minds were at ease for the first time in years. They could fully concentrate on their job and strive for increased production. Also from this sprung renewed and unswerving faith in Chairman Mao's statement that while our country has difficulties, it also has the solutions.

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

I wish to show how this thinking was applied to other relief matters, that of unemployment in some cities. First, I must point out that this problem was confined to those cities which were most burdened with compradore-imperialist influence and which have only recently been liberated. It must also be made clear that this problem settled on cities which were severely bombed by the American-supported Kuomintang airforce. I have made something special of these factors for the following reasons :

Unemployment is handled through the joint efforts of the trade unions and the government. The labour organizations work this way : They mobilize the workers themselves, both the employed and the unemployed. They conduct campaigns for the collection of funds and supplies and are entrusted with the funds turned over by the government and other organizations.

It should be pointed out here that help has come from every sector and section of the land, in response to the slogan of "Unity : those with jobs and means, help those without." The workers of North-east China, since there is no unemployment there, especially were liberal in their contributions.

These funds were once again mainly used to put the unemployed workers to productive tasks. Public works programmes have been instituted, vital construction jobs undertaken and technical training projects established. Workers are paid for both work and study.

At the same time, the government takes other positive and energetic steps. Every attempt is made to revive production, both in the publicly-owned and the privately-owned plants. Loans are issued by the People's Bank to start the wheels moving when there is no other capital available. Large orders are placed by the government purchasing agencies to keep the factories producing and at the same time to stimulate trade between the city and the country by satisfying the needs of the people in the rural areas. Another way the government steps into the breach is by procuring the necessary raw materials and allocating these to the deficient plants.

THE BATTLE AGAINST DISEASE

Now there is one other field where this mass technique is applied

with signal success. That is, in the realm of medicine. While it is not strictly in the category of emergency relief, there are some aspects of it which have the necessary characteristics of treating emergencies. Therefore, I should report this to you.

As you know, how to take modern medical practice to the Chinese people has always been one of our prime problems. Epidemics have swept our land endlessly. But the time has come when the end is in sight for such catastrophes. The reason is that the People's Government has taken measures to control the forces of nature and has mobilized the great masses of people in this mammoth battle. For the immediate enemies, such as plague, cholera and others, teams consisting of hundreds of medical workers have been assigned to do combat. In North-east China, on two occasions, they have stopped epidemics in their first stages, these, incidentally, being remnants of Japanese bacteriological war preparations. In other areas, medical workers have saved hundreds of thousands of livestock from various animal diseases.

How can these miracles of medicine be accomplished? There is only one way: to educate the masses to participate along with technical personnel in the fight against disease. Workers, farmers and soldiers, all are part of this great medical army. In the main cities, in the regional centres, in the district centres, exhibitions, lectures, demonstrations and training are given to lift the level of medical and sanitation knowledge of the people. Such expansive programmes have been outlined and talked about for years and years. Now the plans have been implemented with vigour over the entire country, even in the newly-liberated areas.

This is not just a temporary measure. It will be years before China will have enough trained personnel in the field. This means that the emphasis in medicine must continue to be along preventive lines. For this to succeed, it must be founded in the masses, and their education and training must be even further deepened and intensified.

In the meantime, the government is undertaking a most ambitious programme. Within three to five years, we hope to establish on every governmental level a medical organization with qualified personnel. This plan calls for medical units in regions, districts and villages all linked and co-operating. To implement this programme, China in the following five years will train 20,000 doctors, over 30,000 medical workers and thousands of technicians and dentists. In addition, as part of China's industrialisation, we will strive to erect factories and laboratories to produce our own supplies and equipment to the greatest extent possible. This plan can only succeed with full participation of the masses.

With this illustration, you have four examples of how the masses of people fight calamity in the New China. The technique, whether implementing relief or projects in the welfare field, is mass in character, in orientation and in backing.

The agency to foster and guide this work and to lead all of the organizations functioning in the relief and welfare fields has been formed. It is the People's Relief Administration of China. It was formed upon the call of people from all over the country and under the auspices of the People's Government.

The purposes of PRAC are as follows :

1. To unify relief and welfare plans throughout the country
2. To determine the spheres of work.
3. To control the allocation of personnel, funds and materials according to the plan.
4. To see that publicity conforms with action.

Armed with these purposes and principles, the People's Relief Administration of China joins forces with our government and with all other people's organizations to meet the trials which are the result of victory and to help push on with the transition from the semi-feudal, semi-colonial society, to the new people's society.

CHINA WELFARE INSTITUTE

I am sure that many are asking how all of these new conditions of the past year have affected my own organization, the China Welfare Institute. The fact is that we have just recently undergone a reorganization which started with our name and worked its way down into every corner of our work. Satisfied that the big relief problems are being handled expeditiously by the government, the conference which initiated PRAC gave us new objectives for our work. We have now entered an advanced phase of our history, to assume one of the positions of leadership in the planning and developing of techniques in the welfare field.

From this point forward, the China Welfare Institute will concentrate its efforts on the women and children of workers, farmers and soldiers. The emphasis will be on the establishment of model and experimental projects in medicine and health, culture and education. The results of our work will be published and will be broadcast throughout the nation by PRAC and other people's organizations.

This emphasis on women and children is in keeping with the new, elevated status they enjoy under the People's Republic of China. In the Common Programme, which is our fundamental law, Article 6 gives women full equality with men in every phase of life. In Article 48, the children of the nation are provided for. Women, in addition, are

aided by the promulgation of the Marriage Law, which obliterates for all time the feudal prerogatives of husbands.

The purpose of the CWI is to help make the emancipation of women and children as complete as possible, as quickly as possible. That is why we operate a maternity, health and child-care network in the textile factory districts, where over 80 per cent. of the workers are women. That is why we have a model nursery and creche for over 250 children. That is why we are ardently striving to perfect our programme, in order that it may be duplicated all over China, thereby freeing millions of women for work in the government, in industry, in the fields and in our People's Liberation Army.

EDUCATION

The China Welfare Institute is similarly attacking problems related to the enhancement of our children's lives. Take the field of education as an example. Our government is doing a magnificent job. Already there are 20 million youngsters in primary schools and another one and a half million in secondary schools. In addition, the Ministry of Education plans to eliminate illiteracy within three to five years. This is a tremendous programme, but it is still not enough to meet all of the educational needs of this country. Every person and organization which can lend a hand must do so. Since the CWI has broad and deep experience in mass education and cultural activities, since we know how to link these activities with the economic and national reconstruction requirements of China, it was natural that we should establish a children's cultural centre in the middle of a workers' district. From there we are able to carry on our mass literary classes, the after school cultural mobilization and other works. Once again, we use this project to point the way, so it can be duplicated a thousand times over, until there are a thousand children's cultural palaces in China.

It is the same story in dramatics and people's art. Our country has become a singing, dancing, acting country since the liberation. Cultural groups and dramatic troupes spring up everywhere. In Mukden, for example, there are 350 amateur theatrical troupes, with over 12,000 members, most of them factory workers.

China has never seen such far-reaching cultural activity, and the CWI is part of the whole movement. Our Children's Theatre is the first of its kind in this country. It is dedicated to the children and is run by them. We have 100 talented youngsters in our theatre. They have their own dramatic troupe, their own playwrights, set designers and stage managers, their own dance ensembles and their own orchestra. As in all of our work, this is a pioneer project and we won't be satisfied

until there are hundreds of such theatres in every part of our country.

As time goes on, the China Welfare Institute will also participate in scientific research. For example, we have already begun a project for the gathering of statistics on the development of Chinese children using control groups. This is the first time that such work is being carried out on a large scale and using the latest scientific methods. There are other similar projects under consideration.

SUMMING UP

To summarize, all of the work of the CWI has the same purpose—to serve the people by spreading the results of our experience as far and as wide as possible.

Thus, through this brief report on how we are handling relief questions and what the outlook of the China Welfare Institute is, you are able to obtain a general idea of how the New China is functioning. First, we do things in step with the people. Second, we face our difficulties squarely and we are a nation hard at work to erase them. Third, we are willing to receive honest, fraternal help from all sides, but at the same time, we are capable of using our own resources and genius to the maximum.



THE UPANISHADS

By J. Vijayatunga

A WORD about *Upanishad*. Upanishad itself means discourses given by a teacher to a pupil with the pupil himself interspersing the discourse with questions. "At the feet of the preceptor," "Sessions close to a preceptor," would be literal translations of the word (*Upa* : near. *Ni* : down. *Sad* : To sit). "Secret Teachings" is another possible meaning of the word.

There are some one hundred and eight Upanishads, but the ten principal Upanishads are mentioned in this *versus memorialis*]—

Isa-Kena-Katha-Prasna-Munda-Mandukya-Tittiri
Aitareyam ca Chandogayam Brhadaranyakam tatha.

(*Muktika Upanishad* 1.30).

Some of them undoubtedly date to a period nearly thirty centuries back, while others are as recent as 300 B.C. However, according to the concensus of opinion among the best scholars, the principal Upanishads belong to the sixth century B.C. that remarkable period in the world's history when Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius and Pythagoras roused Asia and Europe from slumber to active wakefulness. The various sects and schools in India at that period were not so sharply divided as they came to be later; and according to several scholars, Buddhist teachings seeped into such Upanishads as the *Prasna* and *Mundaka*, which form part of the Atharva-Veda, in which the worship of Siva predominates.

In India these teachings have been alive from their semi-historic beginnings to this day, and, therefore, while gloss and commentary have been piled upon the principal teachings the essential Brahma-Knowledge remains unaltered and common to all sects, be they Hindu, Baudha, or Jaina.

In his book, "The Religions of India" (published in 1882) Auguste Barthe wrote :

"India will remain at heart attached to the manner of philosophizing found in the Upanishads. To that its sects will come back again one after another; its poets, its thinkers even, will always take pleasure in

this mysticism, with its modes of procedure, at once so vague and so full of contradictions."

Prof. Paul Deussen, author of *Das System des Vedanta* said :

"The great Upanishads are the deep, still mountain tarns, fed from the pure waters of the everlasting snows, lit by clear sunshine, or by night mirroring the high serenity of the stars."

Again, "On the tree of Indian wisdom there is no fairer flower than the Upanishads, and no finer fruit than the Vedanta philosophy."

Speaking before the Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay, in 1893, he said :

"The Vedanta, in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death. Indians, keep to it !"

Such exhortations had become necessary.

For, taking advantage of the political subjection of Indians (and I might add, of Ceylonese) Christian missionaries basking in the prestige of official favour, and support, were preaching not the Sermon on the Mount, but sermons upholding the value of belonging, though by remote control, to the ruling race in the matter of worship and belief. Raja Ram Mohun Roy, that remarkable Bengali genius, had already done much to undo the damage of the missionaries, and his efforts were strengthened by the enthusiastic praise of Indian culture by such Oriental scholars as Deussen and Max Muller.

What set the Ganges on fire, as we might say, was the translation of the Upanishads into Latin in 1801. And, for that, the world in general and India in particular have to be grateful to a Muslim, who paid with his life for the privilege of sharing his enthusiasm for Vedanta with the rest of humanity. When Aurangzib had his brother, Dara Shukoh, put to death, the excuse given was that he was an Unbeliever, though the real reason was that as the eldest son of Shah Jehan, Dara Shukoh was the heir to the throne of Delhi.

According to Prof. Max Muller, "He seems first to have heard of the Upanishads during his stay in Kashmir in 1640. He afterwards invited several Pandits from Benares to Delhi, who were to assist him in the work of translation. The translation was finished in 1657."

Dara Shukoh was put to death by Aurangzib in 1659.

In 1775, to quote Max Muller, "Anquetil Duperron, the famous traveller and discoverer of the Zend-Avesta, received one Ms. of the Persian translation of the Upanishads, sent to him by M. Gentil, the French resident at the court of Shuja ud daula, and brought to France by M. Bernier. After receiving another Ms., Anquetil Duperron collated the two, and translated the Persian translation into French (not published),

and into Latin. That Latin translation was published in 1801 and 1802, under the title of 'Oupnek 'hat, id est, Secretum tegendum : opus ipsa in India rarissimum, continens, antiquam et arcanam, seu theologiam et philosophicam doctrinam equator sacris Indorum libris Rak baid, Djedjer baid, Sam baid, Athrban baid excerptam ; ad verbum, e Persico idiomate, Samkreticis vocabulis intermixto, in Latinum conversum : Dissertationibus et Annotationibus difficiliora explanantibus illustratum : studio et opera Anquetil Duperron, Indicopleustae. Argentorati typis et impensis fratrum Levrault, vol. i, 1801 ; vol. ii, 1802.'"

Though the translation was "so utterly unintelligible" (in Max Muller's words) it attracted the attention of European scholars and philosophers, and among them that of Schopenhaur who was enraptured by the Upanishads. In the preface to the first edition of his "Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," he wrote :

"If the reader has also received the benefit of the Vedas, the access to which by means of the Upanishads is in my eyes the greatest privilege which this still young century (1818) may claim before all previous centuries, (for I anticipate that the influence of Sanskrit literature will not be less profound than the revival of Greek in the fourteenth century),—if then the reader, I say, has received his initiation in primeval Indian wisdom, and received it with an open heart, he will be prepared in the very best way for hearing what I have to tell him."

From this circuitous beginning, then, the Upanishads and Indian philosophy and religion in general began to exert a fascination upon European scholars which has to-day reached a stage undreamt of even by Schopenhaur. Following Raja Ram Mohun Roy's Bengali translation of Katha, Isa, Kena and Mundaka Upanishads in 1818 there were a number of translations in the various Indian languages, and the impetus set by him has not abated.

In Europe, the translations of H. T. Colebrooke, E. B. Cowell, Sir Monier-Williams, Regnaud Paul, and others, brought about the most unexpected activity in this field. But it was Max Muller's ambitious scheme to present the Sacred Books of the East to the West that really inaugurated a planned study of Indian religion and philosophy. Max Muller has been criticised for his inadequacies and for 'padding,' but he himself admitted that later scholars would be able to turn out more accurate translations. Each fresh translation, therefore, helps to draw our attention to the profundity of the 'primitive' thinking of India.

Upanishad, then, is the collective name given to the original oral discourses which learned Brahmins gave to groups of select pupils.

The custom then was for a boy, if he was intelligent, to leave his home at the age of seven, and spend the next seven years in a pundit's home. There, he was regarded as *Putrah* (son), as *Priyah* (loved one). Some of the Upanishads were, evidently, improvised as a course of instruction for such pupils.

The dwelling-places of such Brahmins (who, as a rule, were family men like Yajnavalkya) were known as *Aranyakas*, not because they were situated in the heart of deep forests but because they were in sylvan retreats. There is sometimes an attempt by Western interpreters to emphasise the esoteric nature of the Brahmana instruction by associating it with the isolation of forests.

The discourses alternate, as in the *Khandogya Upanishad*, between rules for daily conduct and the highest intellectual analysis. For example, the idea of Creation is built up with a wealth of simile. Creatures and things are created from air, water, earth, and fire, and become *Roopa* (Form), and having become *Roopa* acquire *Nama* (name). Once the picture is complete the Guru, or Teacher, proceeds to break it up through reanalysis till it is reduced to the conception of *Maya*, the illusory play of the Creator, and therefore to be distinguished from the Reality which is the Creator Himself.

Form is transitory : only the Spirit is the Truth.

In the course of these discourses words are chased back to their roots, and analogies are drawn, showing how we create as we evolve, and evolve as we create, giving name to Image. Thus, a study of Speech itself can throw light on the beginning of Creation. Here is a discourse from the *Khandogya Upanishad* :

'As they speak of a cow-leader (*go-naya*), a horse-leader (*Asva-naya*), a man-leader (*purusha-naya*), so is water food-leader (*asa-naya*).

The Upanishads alone, if India had no other claim to greatness, would be an ample crown for Bharat, that is India.



THE COPPER-PLATE CHARTER (1084 A.D.)
OF
VIJAYABAHU I (1058-1114 A.D.)

By C. M. Austin de Silva

IN his work "Buddhist India" the late Professor T. W. Rhys Davids records that the use of copper and gold-plates for the purpose of writing was known in ancient India from early times and makes special mention of the copper-plate inscription from Takkasila, a report of which is published in Volume IV of *Epigraphia Indica*. In Ceylon King Nissanka Malla (1187-1196 A.D.) was reputed to be the earliest ruler to issue royal grants inscribed on copper-plates until the discovery, under strange circumstances, of a copper-plate charter dating back to the 27th year of King Vijayabahu I of Ceylon (1058-1114 A.D.) which was unearthed and brought to light in the village of Panakaduva in Moravak Korale in the year 1948.

How Suravirage Carolis Appuhamy, a village farmer, unearthed this copper-plate charter—the oldest known Sinhalese copper-plate inscription, when he was cutting the sod in his field in Panakaduva, and how the plates came into the custody of the Venerable Molokgamuve Saranapala Thera, the incumbent of Ceti yakandarama Bengamuva, who loaned them to the Venerable Pandita Kamburupitiye Vanaratana Thera of Sri Ratanajoti Pirivena, Urapola, is an interesting story. On examining the plates the Venerable Vanaratana Thera realized their historical importance and significance. He contacted Mr. Sarat Vattala of the Archaeological Department and informed him of the valuable document. When the discovery was brought to the notice of Dr. S. Paranavitana, the Archaeological Commissioner, he took action through Government to secure the plates for his Department, and Carolis Appuhamy was the recipient of a handsome reward of Rs. 500. The people living in the villages of Panakaduva and Bengamuva only knew how valuable the plates were, when the Rt. Hon. D. S. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, in person, handed the gift to Carolis Appuhamy at Kamburupitiya in the presence of a large gathering.

At the hands of the Archaeological Commissioner, the copper-plate document received the attention it deserved. Not only did the Commissioner interpret and comment on its text, but he has also chronicled

THE COPPER-PLATE CHARTER (1084 A.D.) 40
OF VIJAYABAHU I (1058-1114 A.D.)

in his Departmental Report for 1949, in vivid manner, the story of the Panakaduva Copper-plates.

“ The purport of the document is to record the privileges granted by Vijayabahu I to a high military officer of Rohana who brought him up in his childhood, and helped him to restore Sinhalese sovereignty in his own person, after the Island had been subject to the Cholas for over half a century. The document quotes the very words of the King, in which he makes reference to his early days of adversity and privations, in a few expressive phrases of great human interest and sincerity.” (Report of the Archaeological Survey of Ceylon, 1949. Para 155).

“ For palaeography as well as for philology the document has points of great interest. The style of its Sinhalese is majestic, furnishing us with a specimen of the language exhibiting its characteristics of tense lucidity, vigour and expressiveness, characteristics which the language has now almost lost due to writers who hanker after respectability smothering it with Sanskrit and other foreign modes of expression incompatible with its genius. The introductory portion, though in prose, is poetic in diction and towards the climax, in describing the royal lips, the scribe has introduced the second half of a Yōgī stanza, perhaps an extract from a poem well-known in those days. The document also throws light on the procedure adopted in drafting legal documents in the chancellories of Sinhalese Kings.” (Same Report, Para 167).

Vijayabahu lived at a time when the Sinhalese had lost their national independence. The Cholas of South India had established a mighty empire that exercised its influence and power as far as the Ganges and vanquished the pride of the Sailendras of Indonesia. Lanka too came under the sway of the Chola Empire. Mahinda V was captured and taken prisoner, and the expeditionary forces of Rajendra Chola I overran Ceylon and the Island was governed as a province of the vast Chola Empire by a military administrator stationed at Polonnaruva.

In those turbulent times of Chola menace, the hopes of the Sinhalese rested on the person of the young prince Kitti, who afterwards became the illustrious Vijayabahu I. Prince Kitti hailed from the ruling family of Ruhuna, the head of which bore the title of Mahasami (the Great Lord). Kitti the son of the Great Lord Mugalan and his consort, the princess Lokita, was born about the year 1039 A.D. The Mahavamsa records that his parents had four children, namely Kitti, the princess Mitta, Mahinda and Rakkhita. The Mahavamsa gives the following account of Kitti in the days of his youth. “ The eldest son Kitti was already in his thirteenth year, a plucky hero, and extremely skilled in

the use of the bow. Swayed by one thought alone, how shall I become possessed of Lanka once I have rid it of the foe? He dwelt in the village called Mulasala."

Kitti started his military career at the early age of fifteen, when he defeated the pretender Lokissara. At the age of sixteen, he assumed the rank of sub-king and took the name of Vijayabahu. The liberation of his country from foreign domination was the mission and sole purpose of his life. In pursuing this ideal he struggled with steadfast courage and indomitable perseverance. His attempt to win Polonnaruva in 1066 A.D. proved a failure; and he was compelled to fortify himself at Vatagiri or Vakirigala in the Kegalla District from where he conducted military operations. At times, when he was wellnigh on the road to success, when the laurels of victory were about to crown his efforts, his own followers proved false to him, and he was compelled to restart the struggle. On several occasions he was exposed to imminent danger. At last the period of disintegration set in, with the outbreak of civil war in the Chola Empire, ending with the accession of Kulottunga Chola I in 1069 A.D. Vijayabahu was then at Mahanagakula on the lower Valave Ganga, whence he directed a threefold attack to overcome the might of the Cholas. Polonnaruva fell like a ripe fruit into his hands, and was renamed Vijayarājapura. After nearly nineteen years of campaigning, Vijayabahu realised the dream of his boyhood. At the age of 34, he was crowned King of Lanka at Anuradhapura in regal splendour.

It is recorded that Vijayabahu married Lilavati, daughter of Jagatipala of Kanauj, and also Tilokasundari of the Kalinga royal race. Tilokasundari bore him five daughters, namely Subhaddā, Sumittā, Lokanāthā, Ratnāvali and Rupāvali and a son Vikkamabāhu. His daughter, the princess Ratnāvali, became the proud mother of Parakramabahu the Great.

A faithful follower of the Lord Buddha Vijayabahu performed manifold acts of piety. He erected several new viharas and renovated old ones. For maintaining the purity and sanctity of the Sangha, he introduced the ordination from Burma. Vijayabahu was a patron of letters and encouraged and richly rewarded poets and men of learning.

Vijayabahu lived at a time when the fusion of Tamil and Sinhalese culture was in the melting-pot. This is obvious from the Tamil inscription of Vijayabahu at Polonnaruva. Commenting on this inscription Mudaliyar C. Rasanayagam says: "The Tamil influence in Ceylon during the 86 years preceding the accession of Vijayabahu under the rule of the Chola kings must have been so permeating that when Vijayabahu became king his environments and surroundings would

have been practically Tamil. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Velaikkara army, composed altogether of Tamils, should have caused the inscription to be inscribed in Tamil. The Polonnaruva inscription refers to King Vijayabahu as follows: The King Sri Sanghabodhi Varman or Sri Vijayabahu Devar, Emperor of the prosperous Island of Lanka, a descendant of Aikshvaku of the Solar dynasty, after defeating many an enemy and entering Anuradhapura wore the crown with the approval of the priesthood (Sangha) for the purpose of protecting the Buddhist religion. He invited priests from Pegu (Aramana) caused the priesthood of the three Nikayas to be purified, presented thrice his own weight in gold to the three Nikayas and practising the ten royal virtues reigned over the whole of Lanka for 55 years under the shade of one umbrella and celebrated 73 birthdays." Well may it be said, that Vijayabahu I was one of the greatest monarchs that ruled over Lanka.

The Copper-plate Charter consists of three plates, each measuring 1 ft. 2½ ins. by 3 ins., and their total weight is 2¼ lbs. As in a leaf of an ola manuscript each plate has two holes, through which strings must have been passed so that the three plates form a copper booklet. The first and the third plates have been inscribed only on the inside, and the second plate bears the inscription on both faces. The inscription confirms the accuracy of the Mahavamsa in giving the name of Vijayabahu's father as Mahasami Mugalan and the name of the chieftain who protected him in his youth as Budal (Buddha). The Chronicler says: "A powerful man known by the name of Buddharaja (Lord Budal) quarrelled at that time with the general Loka. He fled in haste to the district called Cunnasala and having there by every means made subject to himself many people, such as Kitti and others, he dwelt together with numerous warlike kindred at the foot of the Malaya mountains where he was difficult to reach. To him there came a distinguished astrologer Sangha by name, and portrayed the character of the prince (Kitti) in favourable fashion thus. The eldest son of the great Lord (Moggallana), who bears the name of Kitti, carries on him the marks of power, and is gifted with insight and courage. Even in Jambudipa he would, I believe, be capable of uniting the whole realm under one umbrella, how much more so in the Island of Lanka. When the other heard that, he made the resolve to support the Prince and sent emissaries to the Prince."

The English translation of the Copper-plate Charter herein reproduced is a "tentative" one courteously furnished by the Archaeological Commission. We are promised a revised translation which will, in due course, be published in the *Epigraphia Zeylanica*.

COPPER-PLATE CHARTER OF VIJAYABAHU I: TRANSLATION

HAILED! Prosperity! While boundless transcendental virtues were overflowing in multitudes, just as prosperity was, His Majesty, King Sirisangabo Vijayabahu, descended from the lineage of King Okavas who made other Ksatriya families in the whole of Dambadiya his vassals, the lord by right of descent of the damsel, the land of Lak-div, the chief queen of Ksatriya nobles—His Majesty on the seventh day of the month of Vap, when the moon was in (conjunction with) constellation of Kati, in the twenty-seventh year of the raising of the umbrella of dominion, when twenty-six years had been passed enjoying the sovereignty after having, with his own prowess, dispelled the darkness of the hordes of Tamil soldiers and made the whole of the Island of Ceylon (subject to) one umbrella—His Majesty—having ascended the lion throne in the noble city of Anuradha and being seated (thereon), painting (as it were) the inside of the brilliant white umbrella with the effulgence of the jewels in his diadem, in the presence of the royal assembly including his brothers—the heir-presumptive and the heir-apparent—the sub-king and others, lifted up in both hands the iron mace of lion-like prowess and, showing sideways his lips from which flowed renowned majesty and abundant glory and which were made beautiful by the series of rays from his teeth—(spake thus):

“At the time we were remaining concealed in the mountainous wilderness, having been deprived of our own kingdom in consequence of the calamity caused by the Soli Tamils, Lord Budal of Sittarubim, Constable of Ruhuna, with the aid of his retinue, protected the entire royal family, including our father, His Majesty King Mugalan, the Great Lord; (he) brought us up in our tender age; (he) nurtured us with the sustenance of (edible) roots and green herbs from the jungle; (he) concealed us from enemies who were prowling about seeking us wherever we went; engaging himself in battle, in (this) place and (that) place, (he) made the Province of Ruhuna once again loyal to us, took us out of the mountainous wilderness and established us in our own kingdom; and (this is) as favour for the hardships he underwent (on our behalf). With regard to the sons and grandsons of this (Lord Budal), in the manner as it has come down for his lineage, even if they were to commit an offence for which fines or imposts should be exacted, apart from displeasure shown by words convicting (them) of the offence, no fines or imposts should be exacted from them; they should not be put in prison and convicted; should there be an offence committed (by them) which cannot be expiated otherwise than by giving up life, they should be pardoned up to three times; their shares of (land holdings) and estates should not be confiscated; even if treason, of whatever measure,

be committed (by them), beyond dismissing them after having granted amnesty and seem them no chastisement should be administered, let these regulations be made into a charter to last as long as the royal lineage of Okavas of our own Ksatriya family, and granted."

As it was thus commanded (by His Majesty) directing Kilingu Navini Taradetu and Megam Navini Tundadetu, (it is enacted as follows) :

Whereas Lord Budal of Sittarubim, Constable of Ruhuna, increased the welfare of the world by bringing up His Majesty in his tender age, protected the life of the whole world by protecting the entire royal family together, nurtured the whole world by nurturing (His Majesty) with the sustenance of edible roots and green herbs from the jungle, proclaimed the bliss of the whole world by proclaiming His Majesty in his own sovereignty—as favour for the hardships he underwent and so long as the royal lineage of Ksatriya race descended from the lineage of King Okavas continues to exist in the Island of Lanka, concerning the sons and grandsons of this (Lord Budal), in the manner as it has come down in his lineage, beyond a reprimand administered after convicting by word (of mouth) no fines or imposts should be exacted in the case of an offence for which fines and imposts should be exacted ; (they) should not be convicted by putting in prison ; even if an offence be committed which cannot be expiated otherwise than by giving up life, they should be pardoned up to three times ; shares (of land holdings) and estates should not be confiscated ; even if treason, of whatever measure be committed (by them), beyond dismissing them after having granted amnesty and seen them, no chastisement should be administered.

To the effect that these rules have been promulgated (to be effective) after (this) date (to wit) the seventh day of the waning moon in the month of Kati of the twenty-seventh (year), I, Atvara Liyana Dev, (Keeper of) the Register of Tamil Clerks, (do testify).



A BUDDHIST DICTIONARY

By F. L. Woodward

THIS is *Island Hermitage Publication* No. I. The Island Hermitage on the lake at Dodanduwa, S. Ceylon, is a monastic settlement composed chiefly of Western Buddhist monks. It was founded in 1911 by its present leader, the Mahāthera Nyānatiloka, the venerable German monk who for nearly fifty years has carried on his work of spreading the knowledge of Buddhādhamma. A few words about him may be said here.

When I came to Ceylon in 1903 the Mahāthera Nyānatiloka ('Knowledge of the three worlds') was taking, or had just taken, the Buddhist ordination as a *sāmaṇera* in Burma. He was a son, if I remember rightly, of Professor A. Gueth and was himself a scholar and a considerable musician. He lived in Burma with several pupils, seven German and three Tibetan. About 1909, I think it was, he came with six others, named after the Buddha's first disciples Kondañña, Assaji, etc., to live at Kumbalwella, Galle, in a vihāra built for him by one of my pupils and assistant masters at Mahinda College, who was later the bhikkhu Sumedha and died some years ago. I do not know whether these six disciples are still alive or in the Order.

A little later he was given the Island Hermitage at Dodanduwa by some dayakas whose names escape me at the moment. When the first Great War broke out, he and his disciples were bundled off by a suspicious Government to a camp up-country, where they continued their studies. About 1916 I visited the Hermitage and found it in a state of desolation. Returning later to Dodanduwa they were again removed on the outbreak of the second Great War, this time to India, to the Central Internment Camp at Dehradun, where this book was mostly composed about 1942. Of the many other works by this author I may mention *Die Reden des Buddha*, *Das Wort des Buddha*, *The Word of the Buddha*, *Die Fragen des Milindo* (a translation of *Milinda-Pañha*); also *Puggala-Paññatti* and a Pāli Grammar. The author has used English words as equivalents of the Pāli, and well points out that three notable expounders of Buddhism in Germany, Dahlke, Grimm and (earlier) Neumann, have used German words which are quite misleading and often incorrect. It was through Schopenhauer, the famous philosopher, about 100 years ago, that a

knowledge of Buddhism first came to Europe. He has the merit of the deed, but also the demerit of presenting Buddhism as a pessimistic doctrine, an idea which still prevails in the West, whereas the Buddha was the greatest of optimists. This is because most people cling to an everlasting personality (*sakkāya-ditthi*) and dread the thought of its dissolution and other-becoming.

After Schopenhauer came real German scholars like Max Müller, Hermann Oldenberg, Geiger, Pischel, and the Danes Fausböll and Trenckner ; later still in England Professor Rhys Davids and his gifted wife.

Our author rightly points out, as regards the Pāli Tīpitaka, that such works therein included now, as Paṭisambhidā, Niddesa, Buddha-vaṃsa, Cariyāpiṭaka, are really commentaries of Sutta-Piṭaka, of later date and not *Buddha-vacana*, but of earlier date than Abhidhamma and the earlier Commentaries. It should also be remembered that at the First Convention when the Sayings were recorded, there is no mention of any Abhidhamma-Piṭaka ; while much of *Vinaya*, the earlier rules, is to be found in *Anguttara-Nikāya*. The trivial rulings of later *Vinaya* are not likely to have been given by the Master.

The book is not, strictly speaking, a Dictionary, but is a glossary of English and Pāli terms, of nouns. I could wish that some of the more important verbs had been included ; for a noun is really the name of the word, *verbum*, which describes a state or action. Some words, as in all languages, are untranslatable with accuracy ; for instance, Dhamma, Brahma, attā, jhāna. Others like God, soul, heaven, have a different meaning for each man according to his tendencies. So the Buddha Himself, in the use of certain words calls it *anariya-vohāra* or *lokiya-vohāra*, in the sense used by the general public or *puthujjana*.

As to *jhāna*, here translated by *trance* ; I have myself in early translations so rendered it, but wrongly. Trance is a state of abstraction on returning from which one has no recollection. Mrs. Rhys Davids proposed the word *musings*, which may do for first *jhāna*, which is *pondering* over mental states (*vitakka-vicāra*) ; but these cease in second *jhāna*, where 'listening-in' to *para-ghosa* may take place ; neither state could be called *trance*. As to the third and fourth *jhānas*, they are beyond *tiloka* (three worlds) ; they are cosmic in nature and untranslatable. The fourth *jhāna* of *samādhi*, called here *concentration*, is much more than that word, which may be used for *sati*. *Samādhi* has its exact Greek equivalent in the word *synthesis*, a state of absorption or contemplation ; it is in the words of the greatest of thinkers, Plotinus, 'the return of the one to the One,' a state in which one may remain so absorbed that time no longer exists, nor space, therefore the one who enters it has to

make a mental note of the time of his return to consciousness ; such a one is called *vuttāna kusalo*. Of *sammā samādhi* one cannot speak : it is Cosmic.

As regards this word *kusala*, our author well turns it by 'wholesome' ; it really means 'skilful' and is generally translated by 'good.' After all *kusala-kamma*, good karma, is really the result of skill-in-action.

As for *nama-rūpa*, here translated 'mind and corporeality,' I think it must be 'idea of the form' or 'quality of the form' in the Platonic sense of the word 'idea.'

Many words here have been aptly illustrated by passages from *Visuddhi Magga*. There are some very useful sections of some length, notably those on *Paṭicca-samuppāda* ; on the progress of the learner in *Maḡga*, *Sacca*, *visuddhi*. But lack of space prevents comment on other matters. The book is well edited and printed. I have noticed no printer's errors beyond the two or three noted at the end ; except on p. 18, where *steretype* should read *stereotyped*. One misspelling I will refer to because it occurs in every volume of the Pāli Text Society's publications, except in the Dictionary, namely *viññāṇāṇācāyatana*, which should read *viññāṇānācāyatana*. At the end of the book is a useful appendix, also some tables of Abhidhamma matters. The work will be very useful to students of Pāli with a view to render it in English terms. May the venerable author live longer to produce further works such as we have learned to expect from exact German scholarship.



AMERICAN JOURNEY

A VISIT TO INDIAN TERRITORY

By Theja Gunawardhana

IN the course of my State-sponsored tour of the United States last year under the Smith-Mundt Act Leaders and Specialists' Scheme I had intended to pay a visit to Indian Territory. But I failed to apprise the State department of my desire, while the programme of my tour was being drawn up at Washington, and when at the tail end of my tour I tried to get a visit included in the official programme it was too late. So having resolved not to be baulked of my cherished desire I decided to pay a visit on my own.

On a Saturday morning I seized opportunity by the forelock and flew from Denver to Santa Fé. I arrived at Santa Fé too late to catch the bus for the Reservations.* On my way from the airport to the Anthropological Museum I had my first thrill—the sight of American Indians who had come from their Reservation to trade their handcrafts. Their somewhat Mongolian faces reminded one of the Tibetans and Nepalese. The women were clad in manta and moccasin and the men in colourful shirt and trouser with a blanket thrown over the shoulder or wound round the waist. Pride and consciousness of their ancient culture were stamped on them. They stood out different not only in kind but in degree.

A shop window full of genuine Indian folk art next attracted my attention. A visit to the shop proved the turning point. The manageress contacted the curator of the Museum and between them most kindly made the necessary arrangements for my visit to the Reservation. An artist friend of theirs agreed to drive me to Taos Pueblo, a distance of 140 miles, to and fro.

TAOS PUEBLO

We motored along mile after mile of semi-arid plain covered with sage brush and purple aster. When the pine and aspen tree-clad mountains came in view one could not say where the blue sky ended, and where the blue grey mountain line began. It was a land where soft colours changed from time to time. Absence of vivid colour was compensated for by arresting rock formations startling and well defined

* These Reservations in the south-west of the United States are formed of parts of Arizona and New Mexico and are peopled by (a) the nomadic or "plains" Indians comprising the Navajo and Apache tribes, and (b) the Pueblo (town) Indians who are believed to be an offshoot of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico.

in outline. One solitary hill formed during nature's upheaval and left all alone during subsidence was called Huerfarno (Orphan Hill). It was a land of appropriate and colourful names. Past Taos town we travelled over a typically rural road with fields and shade-giving cotton-wood trees on either side. After a few miles at a bend, Taos Pueblo (rising tier upon tier in terrace-like fashion) broke upon one in its sudden breath-taking skyline. The Sangré de Cristo range hovered in the distance like a presiding force which had pushed away disintegrating forces and left Taos unspoiled in its primitive beauty. Our visit was on the eve of the Sundown Dance and Festival of San Jerome—originally the harvest thanksgiving ceremonial dance to the Sun God.

Everyone was busy with preparations for the festival. Apart from preoccupation with their preparations these people appeared unconcerned about extraneous matters. The only abiding reality to them was their own closely guarded Pueblo life. They seemed to have some secret philosophy of life which made them look self-respecting and self-possessed. We visited a few homes, bought a few pieces of pottery, some of which was like our Kelaniya incised variety. We drove back to Santa Fé in the deep pink sunset glow. Looking back I saw some people standing on the housetops probably in prayer during sundown. That will remain an abiding memory—Taos Pueblo against sunset sky and red mountain.

PŌVÉKA

Next morning I went to the Tour's station to visit more Pueblos, to find that a Hungarian Anthropologist and I were the only visitors for whom of course a whole bus could not be set in motion. We agreed to hire a tourist taxi and it was our good fortune to find in the owner driver one who as a shopowner had direct access to Indian homes especially those of master craftswomen. I told him I wished to meet Maria, the internationally famous potter. So we drove through picturesque road lined with piñon and yellow chamisa to the Tewa village of P'owo' gé (Place where the waters meet) in the Rio Grande watershed country. The village is now called San II de Fonso. Here as in Santa Clara which we visited later there were no communal dwellings but the pattern was of our Sinhalese "Gangoda"—houses built around the plaza. Homes are owned by women of these Pueblo clans which are matrilineal. We arrived at Maria's picturesque home typically Pueblo in style and feeling. Soon she appeared, her hands full of clay straight from her beloved craft work. I was in the presence of a most interesting personality. While I admired her, taking in the "bangs" method of hair arrangement, silver jewellery manta and moccassin, she

was smilingly inquiring "What can I do for you?" I told her as a student of folk culture and art I had been very keen to see their Pueblo life and especially to see her at her craft. She explained in full detail all the processes of the millennium-old Pueblo craft of pottery, amazingly simple yet productive of work outstanding in artistic merit. She had standing orders from all parts of the world—yet she gave me one of her unfired little bowls. She showed a few pieces of dance attire by special request. "If you like to see other Indian crafts my son will have them in his shop," and her voice throbbed with pride as she spoke of him. Loath to leave her—her artistic and integrated personality was fascinating—I asked her "What is your name?" "Maria." "No—your real Indian name." "Póvéka," she smilingly replied. I thought how like Ceylon history! But they at least had their own native name side by side with the other. We proceeded to her son's home and later to his shop. In spite of his academic qualifications and training in an American University, he is a typical Pueblo citizen proud of his culture and heritage. Pópóvi Da'—a worthy son of a great mother—true to his ancient ties, adaptive to only the best of the alien culture, he runs his modern shop in which he has his own paintings, his mother's pottery and what struck me most, an inter-tribal collection of arts and crafts. Here I felt that inner core values were yet powerful and indestructible. Here was an example of typical Indian holistic calibre. Little had I dreamt I would see such an extraordinary survival of a primitive culture of such absorbing interest.

"INDIANS"

Popularly known as "Indians," Who are these people of great antiquity? Where did they come from? They may be classified broadly into (1) nomadic and non-agricultural tribes, (2) settled and agricultural groups. The former are believed to be Asiatics in origin who crossed over the Bering Strait to America. The nomadic Navajo and Apache tribes, who come under this category, once lived in small bands in a mainly non-exogamous society. Skilled in raiding and guerilla warfare they were at first a terror to other tribes. Linguistically they belong to the Athabascan family (which includes other tribes in Canada and Alaska, etc.). Though not substantiated by conclusive evidence the view of their Asiatic origin is further strengthened by the fact that linguists discern a genetic connection between the Athabascan and Sino-Tibetan languages. Never conquered, the Navajo entered into a treaty in 1869. "The Navajo desire peace and therefore they pledge their honour to keep it," and they also agreed by treaty to stay in reservations. Since then, their numbers have increased from 9,000

to over 50,000. They call themselves "Dinne" (The People) and these aristocratic desert rulers know the secret of finding happiness within their own "ivory tower" and letting the world go by. But the fearless, restless, irreconcilable spirit of the Apache now about 5,000 in number (living in the Mescalero, Jicarello and White Mountain reservations) is broken, for they detest what seems to them virtual conquest and captivity—"Grief is the meat of eagles caged." Although the Apache and Navajo now resemble Pueblo Indians on basis of anthropometric observations, their physiognomy however reflects an undeniable aristocratic hauteur.

In sharp distinction to these hunting nomadic tribes are the agricultural "Pueblo" (Spanish for Town) Indians, whose town-like, communal, many-storied dwellings impressed Spanish explorers of the mid sixteenth century.

From the early Basket-Maker Period about 300 A.D., Pueblo Indians have advanced through the mediaeval Great Pueblo Period, and survived the Spanish domination and modern American impact. Unbiased historical investigation proves that there were sins of commission on the American side although those of omission due to want of enlightenment were great. We have known such periods elsewhere and in Ceylon too. Americans, however, in an effort to protect Pueblos from marauding Navajo and Apache indirectly created peace and friendship among all tribes. Efforts (by a more sympathetic Indian service) are being made to give the Indian his due which is his right to have and this is made easier to-day by development of transport and travel facilities.

There is no doubt modern Indian history has had its heart break period. Pueblo lands were appropriated by non-Indian disposers and there was also fractionalisation of allotted Indian lands; schools strove to break the tribal soul in children. There was government interference in ethnic matters. The encroachers deforested the land for lumber and gave the Indians floods in return. The Indian Bureau which was responsible for Indian matters to the Federal Government viewed the destruction of native religion as a political necessity.

1922-1929 saw hard and bitter and sometimes unequal struggles for their rights backed by sympathetic Americans. The spearhead of struggle was the Council of All New Mexico Pueblos—A satyagraha parallel of the 1680 anti-Spanish Pueblo rebellion. To quote their words, "Terminate the executive absolutism. Terminate it by law. Enfranchise our societies. Empower and implement our own collective life. Benignant absolutism which perpetuates absolutism is malign, not benign." Public and political sympathy was roused.

INDIAN RE-ORGANISATION ACT

In 1929-'33 under President Hoover and an enlightened Secretary an Interior Indian Commissioner and Educational Director of Indian Service, things changed for the better and schools no longer tried to blight Indian culture. 1929 saw the passing of the Congress Bill that Pueblo arts should be revived and villages made self-supporting. In 1934 the Indian Reorganisation Act was passed. World War II saved the situation further when tribal councils had to shoulder responsibilities and direct Pueblo affairs. Where Government authorities tried to eschew monopoly, reorganisation and work in partnership succeeded, as in Acoma where soil Conservation Service did not command but won over the people after months of patient explanation and conferences democratically pursued. This has proved how constructive work can be done with no conflict between community organisation and science. It is because the Indians met their challenges and trials on physical as well as spiritual and social levels that they retained to this day the beauty, wisdom and indestructible strength of their social democracy.

According to the Reorganisation Act, Congress holds full power but supplies an elastic system for the devolution of authority from the government to the tribes, through their own governors and councilmen. The Pueblo Lands Act places Pueblo tribal corporations in control of communal funds. What is important is that the denial of Indian group-hood which tried to kill the tribal soul is now no longer there and the Reorganisation Act in essence is life-releasing and life-saving for the Pueblo.

RELIGION

For a correct appreciation of their culture it is necessary to understand the nature of their religion and its relation to life and social practice. Like all primitive peoples who live close to nature they venerate fundamentals like the Sun, Rain, etc. Their attitude to life is deeply spiritual. Their process of worship is to chant prayers and perform symbolic acts to commune with those cosmic forces or divine powers which are favourable to human existence and welfare. So rhythm and form become part of their worship.

Their religious sanctum is the "Kiva"—a survival of their ancient pit dwelling. It is also the ceremonial chamber for esoteric rites and centre of clan life. Cults are threefold—(a) Youths are initiated into the Community secret society which trains masked dancers; (b) Men and women are initiated into curing and other Societies, and (c) The "cacique" or spiritual guide who fasts, prays and directs openly all religious affairs and ultimately civil administration too.

When Pueblos were open to peaceful missionization (They resented any attempt at forced conversion when they would withdraw into a secretive aloofness) they accepted the new faith in a unique way. Believing in the essential goodness of every form of worship and that religions were varied expressions of fundamental Truth, they practised their ancient faith side by side with the new. There was no compromise but a typically Indian sense of proportion which we would call dualism. Ancient dances are given on Christian feast days. Age old symbols decorate church vessels. They may pray in a church before their dances but also perform their usual esoteric rites in their own Kiva. This can happen not only because the ceremonial aspect of Indian life has so deeply influenced the civil structure of the group but because religion is the centralizing and motivating force dominating their life—it is life itself.

RITUAL—CEREMONIAL AND DANCE

In primitive culture there is no line of demarcation between ritual and drama. Indian ritual takes the form of prayer symbolized in drama. Perhaps the Mass—the most poignant of all drama—appealed to them for this very reason. The Indian ritual still preserves the essence of true prayer uttered with the greatest reverence in drama.

Ceremonials (including visits to secret mountain shrines and sacred springs) elaborate and lasting many days and nights are open only to clan members. Outsiders may watch only the dance which is the finale of the rite. Many tribes meet at ceremonials.

The Navajo rituals differ in character from those of Pueblos. Ceremonies are for curing the sick, exorcism, averting evil and prayers for blessings. Here the religious leader is the Shaman who is prophet, priest and doctor and is a combination of our "Kapuva and Baliadura." There is no Kiva and as in Ceylon where a special Balimaduwa is made, the Navajo makes a temporary lodge or special "hogan" for ceremonies. Or as the Kattadiya would conduct a "huniyam" cutting in the house of the afflicted person, the Shaman does likewise. In place of our Baliyas the Shaman well versed in his science and also the plastic arts would make ceremonial sand paintings—the highest form of Navajo ceremonial art—memory alone being the sole medium of perpetuation. The Shaman uses the sand painting as a mystic cure and it is destroyed before sundown and buried.

A study of the widely varied Pueblo dances yields rich evidence of animism and totemism. The Snake dance ceremony of the Hopis is a pure totemistic rite lasting 16 days. Here the totemic group is the snake clan who believe their ancestry goes back to the sacred snake. The Deer dancers of Taos in deer hide and head depict the animistic

stage when early hunting man believed in sympathetic magic and used the mask and disguise of nature herself. From the imitative realistic stage we proceed to the pantomimic drama of the hunt in the "Buffalo and Deer dance" of San Felipe. The dance is now suggestive of the pace of the personified animal and the bodies are painted up. In the "Eagle dance" of Tesuque which is part of a healing ceremony we come to interpretative dancing with fleeting footwork and vigorous body movement. Description of their dances impregnated with meaning furnishes matter for a whole book.

The involution of Pueblo dance includes esoteric acting. Peggy James in her poem "Way of the Ancients" writes:—

" This is the way of the Ancients
 If we want our prayers to be answered
 We must dance as the dance began.
 Back before Time's beginning
 Before yesterday was born,
 Out of the needs of the People
 The chant and the pattern was formed.
 The white man's dance is for pleasure,
 The Indian's dance is a prayer ;
 An appeal to the gods of his fathers
 Whose spirits are everywhere."

Distinctive features of the Shalako and Katchina dance of Zuni and Hopi are the amazing range of gigantic masks. Katchina dancers are masked personifications of supernatural beings whose spirit he receives during the dance. In these dances the abstract becomes a living concrete reality. Part of the long Shalako 7-week ceremonial is the Sacred Fire rite. The whole village fasts before the winter solstice and every home has an immaculate fireplace (be it clay oven or American stove) to receive the sacred new fire brought by two priests from the sacred mountain shrine. Most of the Pueblo dances are accompanied by chanting and drumming. Thrown into this atmosphere of serious ritual are moments of comic relief. Each Pueblo has its society of fun makers, the Koshare, Chiffonette and Kossa laughing away foibles, burlesquing, pantomiming and staging bits of impromptu drama with freedom amounting to license. The white man sometimes comes in for harmless caricature—a butt for jokes.

SOCIAL ORGANISATION

Essentially democratic, the Pueblo now as then, elects its own Governor and village council. Above both is the cacique who alone is

exempt from work by virtue of the high calling to which he must devote his entire life. Everyone worked. Hence the community was self-governing and self-supporting, owning land communally at one time. The ancient village system of Ceylon is a close parallel to such a democratic social organization where life itself depended on unity as much as it did on rain. The North-Central Province and parts of the N.W.P., Wannu Hathpattu still retain a framework of Sinhalese culture or perhaps the essence of it. As do the Pueblo, the Wannu folks till live on ancestral land which though now held individually is nevertheless worked communally. Up to this day in the N.C.P. there are communal lands. Even the irrigation rules are similar. Where agriculture was the main source of livelihood and the precious water had to be conserved, social unity played an important part in the care of tanks, channels and fields. In the Rio Grande Pueblos all worked together in their irrigation ditches, and repairing of dams—duties assigned by the council to the people, who obeyed. In the N.C.P. now as then each man keeps the bund clear, contributes labour to repair the bund and clear the weeds. (Pas-wada and ulu-wada). Like our vel-vidanes they too had officers in charge of ditches to see that all householders secured a fair amount of water. The Hopi desert villages, however, in the absence of visible water had dry farming on quite a scientific basis by tapping the subsoil water.

Besides the practical side of farming they have ceremonial connected with planting, sowing and harvesting. The sacred feather-stick planting in the centre of the field is analogous to our "arak" (talisman) planting in the arakwala of the threshing floor. Many of their prayers are addressed to the Great Sun Power—and Mother Earth. Just as our own people use the first ears reaped at an auspicious hour for thanksgiving offering the Zuni carried the first ears in reverence—a symbol of the *Corn Mother* or Spirit of Fertility.

The Navajo, whose life is conditioned by the needs of his sheep, still leads the essential predatory life he loves and not being a primary social group has no social organization as the Pueblos. His home called a "hogan" always faces the East so that at sunrise when the Navajo says his morning prayer no shadow falls between him and the sun. The Navajo whose philosophy holds that the mind has power to attract good and evil forces is supposed to utter his morning prayer as follows:—
"May there be goodness before me. May there be goodness behind me, below me, above me and around me. May I walk in goodness."

The Navajo is bound somewhat by deep ancestral fears. When a death occurs the hogan is deserted for a new one. It is as our veddah folk would desert their cave dwellings if a death occurred in it.

The Hopi cliff villages which escaped the disruptive tendencies of modernism longer due to their remote location have to-day become those most susceptible to this evil—perhaps due to an inherent weakness in their social organization. Unlike other Pueblo tribes the Hopi have no governor or council elected by the village but only a hereditary chief. Hence their government is not democratic—specifically theocratic. Perhaps when rule became despotic, conservatives turned liberal overnight and formed new independent villages. When the oneness of the people is no more the structure is not impregnable, to loosening forces.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

To-day as then they practice their millennium old arts in their aboriginal form. Be it basket weaving, mask-making, jewellery making or pottery the finest of their art objects were those intended to be ritualistically used, and therefore marked by ritualistic decoration. Be it the three-coloured pottery of Zia and Acoma, the black on cream of San Domingo, the lustrous black ware of Santa Clara (where Madeline Ogoqui gave me a specimen) and San Il de Fonso—they are all of perfect workmanship. Not only has each Pueblo its distinctive category of pottery but each bit is stamped with its creator's individuality, no two pieces being ever alike. Pure rhythmic design, ritualistic geometric pattern, naturalistic designs are all put in free hand with an extraordinary control of draftsmanship and finesse of brushwork. Nāmpayo of Hano and Maria Pōvēka have been greatly responsible for the modern renaissance of this ancient art and the American Museum authorities who encouraged them merit special mention.

WEAVING AND BASKETRY

The Hopi ceremonial kirtles and sashes woven and embroidered by men are much coveted bits of folk art. The colours used are identical with those in Sinhalese decorative art—red, black, green, white and yellow. The Navajo who started weaving much later having absorbed the best of other cultures are to-day hardly equalled as craftsmen and creative designers. The women are the weavers here and on most primitive looms, in tapestry style, they produce rugs so fine and smooth textured that one would find it hard to equal the Navajo superior craft intelligence. Working neither by rule nor pattern creating their designs as they weave—they produce rugs of perfect balanced design in exquisite taste. Basketry was the oldest craft and the Apache who were the most skilled weavers had early pieces with such delicate weaves as 500 stitches to the square inch—to make them waterproof. Later on baskets were made waterproof by the application of heated pinion pitch just as

N.C.P. women of Ceylon apply "timbiri" to make their baskets waterproof in like manner.

CHANGES IN THE ECONOMIC STRUCTURE

Apart from certain unhappy results created in Indian culture by the impact of modernism there are distinctively favourable changes in the economic structure of reservation life. To-day an economy based on agriculture, cattle or sheep is insufficient. The Navajo living in 16,000 square miles of arid land, and Hopi in desert plains, face life against great odds. Helped by Museum authorities the Hopi have taken to silversmithing. Though originally weavers and potters, by virtue of their innate talent for craftsmanship, adopting basketry and pottery patterns they now turn out silver work which rivals even the Navajo work in creative beauty. Native mastercraftsmen are being used to give instruction in high schools which are now gradually rectifying their curricula to suit needs of Indian life.

To-day not only old crafts thrive but new horizons open for the use of Indian talent. Men and women who used to paint designs on pottery now paint dances, human figures and animals on paper with great power and feeling in typical Pueblo style. Hence to-day the craft worker besides making things for high ceremonial use has become a skilled professional but is ever conscious of the dignity of Indian art tradition.

Indian creative expression has enriched not only the native art tradition but the artistic wealth of America itself.

CONCLUSION—A COMPARATIVE NOTE

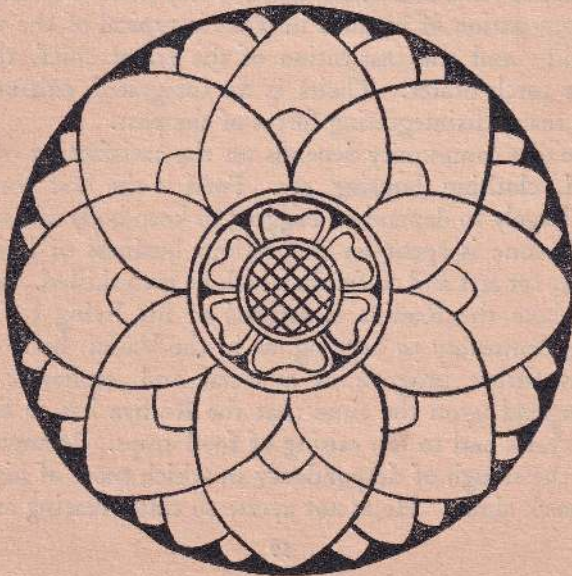
It is interesting to consider the results of the impact of alien culture on Ceylon which had a similar tradition of native art and dance. Take for example our "Ves" dance which is essentially a male indigenous ceremonial dance. The "Ves" headdress was never irresponsibly used as it is to-day. It was regarded as sacred and dancers had to qualify for it by many years of hard training. These ancient dances can not with the change of times and social structure be preserved and perpetuated in their true setting and context in the same measure—but we can at least remembering their high sacramental origin save them from being degraded to circus performances by sometimes even well meaning patrons, and it is time that exploitation of these great artistes in many subtle forms is stopped.

Never can a tourist or anyone else call up an Indian dancer willy-nilly to perform for his delectation. He will have to travel far into the home of the dancers and watch them dance in the appointed time and season. You may be a king or a queen. The Indian did not care.

He extends of course courtesy and sometimes friendliness and hospitality—but he will never sell his culture.

In Ceylon with the disruption of social unity our people grew up divorced from their native traditions which still survive in the remote rural areas. A big gap developed between town and country. Those in the towns grew to be ignorant and sometimes ashamed of their heritage. The arts too suffered irremediably thereby. But in those Pueblos where solidarity of communal life stood impregnable to all inroads they have a living dynamic culture up to this day. They may change in the unimportant things but deep down in the essentials they remained true to themselves. In place of moccasin there will be the nylon and store shoe. Men who once farmed may drive cars to town or work in the nearby towns. Homes may be planned on American pattern. Family life may change slowly, but in the Hopi villages where all this has happened still they were able to recreate with essential vitality a craft not traditionally tribal but Indian however, because they lived in a tradition that could not stifle creative feeling, or annihilate pride in their heritage. This proves that Indian society has the inherent factors for the development, fulfilment and preservation of human personality. They have demonstrated with proof that societies are living things. Proof of a deathless philosophy of life lies in their symbolic art which vibrates now as then with cosmic intensity.

Death came to thousands of Indians, others outwore all attempts at destruction and proved to be amazingly regenerative. They held their own and to-day they are coming into their own.



SOME ASPECTS OF RODIYA AND KINNARAYA TRIBAL CULTURES

By M. D. Raghavan

THE tribal cultures of Ceylon have an interest of their own, as patterns of life uninfluenced by foreign contacts. Among such are the Rodiya and the Kinnaraya, two of the earliest and among the most fascinating of the tribal patterns of the Island.

Skill in handicrafts is the most striking feature of Rodiya culture, highly dexterous as they are in the making of diverse kinds of musical drums, combs of buffalo horns, whips, *chamaras* or fly whisks from the *hana* fibre, ropes of coir and hide, the rice pounding wooden mortar, the long-handled coir brooms which the women are experts in making, etc. As the demand for these Rodiya wares is seldom steady and they do not command an organized sale, practically every Rodiya takes the *pingoe* or the shoulder pole with the wicker basket at one end and trudges the country-side at harvest time begging and collecting paddy. Among their tribal ways of life, are their clan organisation which some ten decades ago was a real force in their social life, the very virile Rodiya dialect which still survives sufficiently to cast our minds back to the days, a thousand years and more, when it was their only language ; their life in an aggregation of hamlets in what is typical of the village settlements of old ; and the institution of the tribal chief, the *bulavaliya*, literally the torch-bearer. Theirs is an integrated culture, which has resisted the many disintegrating forces of the past.

The life of a community depends on the satisfaction of its primary needs, food, clothing, housing, etc. Food is the first need and as the Rodiya has largely to depend on begging to keep body and soul together, much of his time is spent on this serious business of living. He has thus less time for arts and crafts, in which he is so skilled. As a corollary, therefore, where the Rodiya is assured of his living by means other than, or supplementary to begging, as in the Vanni, he is economically better. His future progress as a social and economic unit would obviously depend upon the time that the Rodiya has to apply himself to arts and crafts and to the raising of food crops. If anything can lift him out of the slough of despondency in which most of his community live, it is work alone. He is not averse to cattle rearing and in certain

SOME ASPECTS OF RODIYA AND KINNARAYA TRIBAL 60 CULTURES

villages you see the Rodiya rearing a few heads of cattle, keeping poultry and raising crops of tapioca and pineapple in his sloping and fertile plot of land, where also grow the cocoa-nut, the areca and the plantain.

Rodiya culture and culture change may be viewed from two angles—the traditional and the modern. Traditional social conventions have largely regulated Rodiya life in the past. Though on the one hand they are beyond the pale of society, they have always had an entertainment value to the society. Only about a decade ago Rodiya dancing girls entertained the public at art festivals and exhibitions. Balancing brass plates, rope dancing and projecting a number of coloured balls and catching them alternately, were other Rodiya specialities. Entertainments and shows have had their own part to play in Rodiya life and this has largely helped them as a group to survive. Modern economic notions of ownership have changed their communal outlook, the plot of ground round about a house, being the exclusive ownership of each family. The Rodiya village is a feature of interest to the Ceylon countryside. Standing in isolation and seclusion, the houses are all clustered in a typical village pattern, unlike the usual pattern of Sinhalese villages. The houses themselves are neat, as neat as possible though, where economic hardship works havoc, as in the case of the very poor Uva Rodiyas, the huts are literally “defaced by time and tottering in decay,” though still there is no squalor to speak of. Facilities for a fuller communal life are lacking, as the land is all dotted with houses, and there is seldom any paddy land for cultivation. With a passionate longing for their ancestral lands, they will scarcely survive torn away from their traditional moorings, and planted elsewhere. Such aspects of life go to show that, generally speaking, their welfare is linked up with improving their lot on their present village sites, and assigning them lands for paddy farming or dry cultivation. They had their function in the social life of the past, in the feudal pattern of social life under the Kandyan monarchy. In return for their services, they held the lands on which still stand their villages of rude hamlets. On the downfall of the Kandyan monarchy the feudal structure collapsed, and the Rodiya as the last link in the structure suffered most.

Writers on Ceylon and visitors to the Island have with one voice praised the beauty of Rodiya women. Thus says Ernest M. Bowden writing in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for February, 1892:—“Those wretched outcastes of Ceylon, the Rodiyas, are particularly noted for the looks of the women. Who will not admire her dark expressive eyes, her well chiselled lips, and her slightly wavy hair? There is in her face a touch of sadness as well as sweetness, which is

not unnatural in a member of this down-trodden people, so long banished from all decent society. Few faces that I have met with in the East have more charmed me than the face of this sad and simple Rodiya girl." *Vide*—Monthly Literary Register, Vol. I—1893, page 94. A visitor from Bombay, M. M. Kunte,¹ Assistant Professor of Sanskrit, Elphinstone College, Bombay, speaking of them after a visit to Ceylon in 1879 was so struck by their physical appearance that on his return to Bombay in the course of a lecture on Ceylon, he did not hesitate to declare them Aryans, and to express his opinion that the Rodiyas were in Ceylon even before the colonisation of Ceylon by Vijaya and his followers in 543 B.C. commenting that "these live a degraded life and are known as Rodiyas. The contour of their faces, their general build, their social etiquette, their dress, their language and their religious proclivities—all these point to their being genuine descendants of the Aryans in India." It was the latter half of the last century when these words were expressed, a time when minds of peoples and scholars were alike stirred by doctrines and racial theories which classified all Indian peoples as either Aryans or Dravidians!

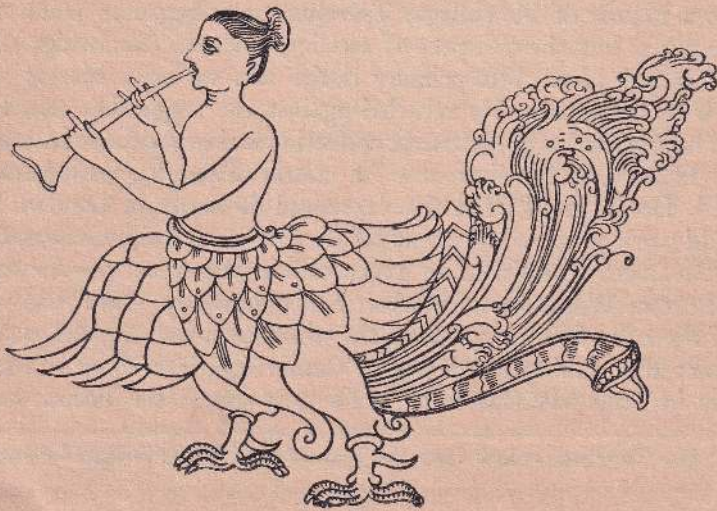
The Ceylon Census Report states that "Rodiya women are tall, well-built, fair and attractive, besides possessing a dignified bearing and carriage. The men are not so handsome, and are often poor physical specimens. The tribe had at one time certain feudal obligations to perform, such as cleansing fields, making leather ropes and burying carcasses; but these are things of the past." (Census of Ceylon, 1946, Vol. I, Part 1, page 165). That the Rodiya has lent some charm to the social setting of the Island is what can rightly be seen from all this talk, though when all is said and done, it is clear that more has been said than done, and that behind all this talk, Rodiya economics have been steadily deteriorating. The much-vaunted beauty of Rodiya womanhood has been on the downward trend and is vanishing fast under the austere conditions and the grim struggle for living. A notable exception is in a section of the Vanni (the drier parts of the North Western Province) where they do well as peasant farmers on land allotments on which they are well settled and where they are scarcely the outcastes which they traditionally have been in social thought. The remarks in the 1946 Census (Page 155) that "the Rodiyas were not enumerated separately as they were regarded as a caste of the Sinhalese and not as a race-group," is noteworthy.

The Kinnaraya or the mat-weaving tribe, weaving mats of exquisite and colourful designs, is the corollary of the Rodiya and provides

1. Kunte, M. M. A Lecture on Ceylon—Ceylon Pamphlets—Vol. 1. pp 9-14.

SOME ASPECTS OF RODIYA AND KINNARAYA TRIBAL 62
CULTURES

interesting comparisons and contrasts. A step higher than the Rodiyas, is the position that the Kinnaraya occupies in present day social life, though there are certain pointers which seem to indicate a time when the Rodiya was the social superior of the Kinnaraya. A traditional rivalry between the Rodiya and Kinnaraya is one of the most noteworthy things in their life history, a rivalry reflected in such sayings, as "Rodiyāta Kinnara hamba una vāgai," "like the Rodiya meeting the Kinnaraya." The strong arm of the Rodiya would appear to have been raised several generations ago against the Kinnaraya, in the course of their social relations, which would account for the reputed rivalry, of which nothing much is evident to-day. The story is that a Kinnaraya once yearned for a Rodiya girl to be bestowed on him in marriage. The Rodiya got so enraged at this insolence that they manhandled him and his companions and cut off their flowing locks of hair. Ever after, the Kinnaraya has kept his hair short. Whatever be the truth of the story, to this day the Kinnaraya never wears his hair in the usual *Konde* mode—he cuts it short and rolls it up in an incipient bunch. The Kinnaraya, man, woman or child is always spinning. He has a roll of fibre slung on his shoulder from which he pulls out strands, spinning it round the spindle held in his right hand. His houses are slightly better and bigger than the average Rodiya house. The Kinnaraya has no dialect of his own, and does not take kindly to cultivation, unlike the Rodiya who pines for cultivable land and who makes a good farmer wherever he is gifted with land. Like the Rodiya, the Kinnaraya also lives in an aggregation of huts, together forming the Kinnaraya village and he has his own headman too—the Duraya.



GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, O.M.

By S. C. Roberts

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN—no name could be more suggestive of the tradition of English history and English literature.

His father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, O.M., was not only prominent in Britain's Parliament and several times a Cabinet Minister in Gladstone's period, but was also the author both of historical and biographical works and of very lively light verse. Perhaps his best, and certainly his best known, work was the *Life and Letters* of his uncle, Lord Macaulay; and it was Macaulay who was the first writer to make history a living document for English readers.

Thus G. M. Trevelyan* began life against a rich background of liberal politics and liberal culture and from his early years he seized upon his inheritance with enthusiasm. He was at school at Harrow and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1893. There he threw himself into the study of history at once. He read widely, more widely indeed than was necessary for his university examination, and was placed in the first class of the History Tripos (that is, of the Honours Examination in History) in 1896. From this success he went on to prepare his dissertation for a Fellowship at Trinity College. He chose for his subject *England in the Age of Wycliffe*. He was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity and in 1899 the dissertation was published as a book, the first of a long series to be spread over 50 years.

As a Fellow of his college, Trevelyan now began to teach and to give lectures, but the prospect of settling down in Cambridge did not wholly satisfy him. His primary desire was to write history and to write it as literature. He rebelled against the suggestion that history should be regarded as the scientific collection and exposition of ascertained facts. History, in his view, was "a matter of rough guessing from the available facts," and he felt that he would do better in London, where he could work as an independent scholar. His second book was *England under the Stuarts*, published in 1904 and in the same year he married Janet Penrose Ward, whose mother, Mrs. Humphry Ward, had written one of the most famous novels of the nineteenth century, *Robert Elsmere*.

Soon after taking his degree at Cambridge, Trevelyan had spent a holiday in Italy with his father. He was shown the Forum and the

* Dr. Trevelyan retired from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, last month.

Palatine and walked from Rome to Veii and back: standing on the Janiculum, his father told him the story of Garibaldi and so, as he has himself recorded, something new had been planted in his mind and heart. One immediate result was that he spent frequent holidays walking over the hills of Tuscany and Umbria and when he read the account of the retreat from Rome to the Adriatic in Garibaldi's *Memoirs*, he was fired with a new enthusiasm to write the story of the retreat himself. He worked hard in London and visited Italy again, going over the ground and talking to veterans who had fought with Garibaldi. By the end of 1906 the book was finished and was published under the title, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, in the following year. This book, followed by two others which continued the story of Garibaldi, laid the foundation of Trevelyan's fame as a writer of history which made its appeal not only to the student, but to the ordinary member of the reading public. The great-nephew of Macaulay was carrying on the tradition and from Garibaldi he turned to two great figures of English Liberalism—John Bright and Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. The biography of John Bright was published in 1913 but that of Lord Grey was delayed by World War I: it appeared in 1920. In that war Trevelyan was Commandant of a British Red Cross Ambulance Unit in Italy and in *Scenes from Italy's War* he recorded his experiences and impressions and described how his unit was enveloped in the famous Caporetto retreat.

When the war came to an end, he still had no other ambition than to be a literary historian. His *Britain in the Nineteenth Century* was published in 1922, but meanwhile he had been brought into touch with his old University by his appointment as a member of the Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. When the work of this Commission was finished, he began to assemble all that he had ever read and thought about English history with a view to the writing of a one-volume *History of England*. This was published in 1926 and was immensely popular. Again, it was a book that could be read by students in their class-rooms or by ordinary citizens with their feet on the fender.

In 1928 Trevelyan returned to Cambridge as Regius Professor of Modern History. It was a post which left him ample time for writing and the last of his three volumes on the Reign of Queen Anne was completed in 1934. After this he wrote a life of Lord Grey of Falldon (1937) whom he regarded as the finest human being he had ever known. From this "labour of love" he turned to yet another general survey the story of England which he entitled *English Social History, A Survey of Six Centuries*. Published in 1944, this has been the most popular of all Trevelyan's works, perhaps because in its broad imaginative sweep

it tells the story of how people have lived and thought and worked and played through six centuries in a way that appeals to every Englishman, and indeed to a great many overseas readers as well.

Meanwhile, Trevelyan had reached the age of 65 and had therefore to retire from his professorship. Fortunately, however, another great Cambridge office became vacant in 1940—the Mastership of Trinity College. Unlike the heads of other colleges, the Master of Trinity is appointed by the King on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill had on this occasion no doubt about the proper advice to give; amid universal approval Trevelyan succeeded to the Mastership. It was war-time and the new Master, like everyone else, was precluded from entertainment on any large scale. Nevertheless, the Master's Lodge was always open to the many visitors to Cambridge during World War II and especially to the American soldiers and airmen who were stationed in or near Cambridge. To these and to many others the Master was always ready to show the College buildings and to explain their history. Furthermore, looking back on his own undergraduate days, he recalled how ignorant he had been of the long history of the College and accordingly wrote a small book which he entitled *Trinity College: An Historical Sketch* (1943). It was originally designed for circulation amongst freshmen, but fortunately the author was persuaded to have it published and many others, besides members of Trinity College, have appreciated the interest of the story.

Such, in very brief outline, is the story of George Macaulay Trevelyan, historian. Rejecting the claims of the "scientific" historians, he has never ceased to maintain that history is an art.

"The chief value of history," he has written, "is educative, its effect on the mind of the historical student, and on the mind of the public, and therefore the business of conveying the best work and the best thought of historians to the general reader is of prime importance. That can only be done by the art of writing, so that literary skill is a part of the equipment desirable at least in some historians, thought not in all . . ."

What Trevelyan has preached he has also practised and in relation both to the student and to the public he has fulfilled his ambition.

It was once rather cruelly said of Thomas Carlyle that he was "a writer of books—nothing more." Carlyle has always been one of Trevelyan's literary heroes, but Trevelyan himself is much more than a writer of books. Professionally, he has concentrated on being a historian, but he is far from being the cloistered student. Apart from his services to the University of Cambridge and to Trinity College in particular, he has served as a trustee of the British Museum and of the National

Portrait Gallery and has been notably active in the guardianship of the English countryside. Himself an enthusiast in his younger days for solitary walking, when he would frequently cover 40 miles in a day, he has laboured with passionate sincerity for the preservation of that natural beauty which is "the ultimate spiritual appeal of the Universe, of nature, or of the God of nature, to their nursling man." Nor has he confined himself to talking and writing on this theme; he has been a doer of the word.

Not far from his beloved Northumbrian home at Hallington, there was an estate which included stretches of Hadrian's Roman Wall as well as the finest of the Roman forts; this came into the market and was fortunately secured for the National Trust. Trevelyan bought the farm in which these relics of Roman civilisation stood and so secured them against exploitation. Cambridge and the Lake District have similarly benefited by his good offices.

Above all, Trevelyan is an example of the modesty and simplicity which frequently adorn true greatness. He is always as ready to discuss historical or other questions with the young as with those of maturer judgment. In his books he will quote an article by a young scholar as readily as he will refer to the work of an established historian. Age has not withered his infinite curiosity to discover new facts or new ideas about the way in which earlier generations of men have lived and worked and thought. It is this freshness of mind, coupled with the gift of vivid presentation that have given his books their peculiar vitality and secured for them a multitude of affectionate readers. (*Courtesy: The British Council*).



STANZAS FOR TRANSPLANTING

Translated from the Sinhalese

By H. Jayasinghe and L. C. VanGeyzel

THESE "Stanzas for Transplanting" are an example of a type of folk-poem that is found all over the world; the song made up while working. The Sea-shanty which has become so popular in the last twenty-five years or so, is an example of this kind of song. Poems of this sort are not "composed," and certainly not composed by a single person. Each stanza is made up by some member of a working party, and when his or her inspiration has run out, somebody else chimes in. By endless repetition a more or less standardized version comes into being, but variants, of course, there always are.

Verses of this sort are to be distinguished from the more elaborate songs describing the processes of ploughing, mudding, sowing, etc., which begin with elaborate invocations of the gods, and use a more conventional language, for these are in no true sense occupational. In spite of apparent inconsequence these occupational stanzas are bound together by a unity of feeling and atmosphere, for the worker's inspiration would naturally be drawn from those objects and feelings which most immediately affect him.

The language used is largely that of common speech, but of course poetic forms are also employed.

STANZAS FOR TRANSPLANTING

(Translated from the Sinhalese)

Tilling, and fencing, and watching, the Dumbara fields,
Damming Ma'veli waters and flooding the fields,
See the glances Dumbara women give raising their heads!
Like triple-strand weaving transplanting in Dumbara fields!

Winnow the seed-grain voiding the chaff and the litter.
Spread it out on branches sweeping droppings away.
Tease apart the seedlings and soak them in water.
Bear them to the fields in progress on the seventh day.

Is it not done at the right time, the tilling of fields ?
 Come into ear, does the paddy not ripen in fields ?
 Has he not given blessing of rain, Senasura ?*
 When shall we see The World's Teacher, the Lord Buddha ?

Gloom lowering in rain on Senkadagala !
 Tufts of kudumāti grass are choking the field !
 Grief-stricken at loss of my sisters, older and younger !
 No transplanting this time in the share-cropping field.

It did not rain bringing gloom to Senkadagala.
 The kudumāti grass is not choking the field.
 Happy at home my sisters, older and younger.
 Like triple-strand weaving now the share-cropping field.

Straighten your back bowed since the morning was red.
 Put down the bundle of plants that you hold.
 Take in your hand the little scarf from your head.
 Blessed by the four guardian gods, go out of the field.

Not as big as your fist this hen paddy-bird !
 Is it not true she had an elephant killed ?
 She is a hen-bird for she's sitting on eggs.
 Am I not worth even this little paddy-bird.

Lost in the maze of the forest the little boy cries.
 In the coiled hairknot 'twined with flowers how the bees hum !
 Keep me from the wide fields where the ambalam lies.
 Oh, do not let me sit on the bench in the ambalam !

The preaching-hall spire shines in the high Bo-tree court.
 Around the preaching-hall the rāli-palam is bright.
 Eight men from Kalinga are listening to the dhamma.
 Men bearing food-offerings are ready to set out.

At earliest dawn as I walked through the dew,
 Birds were darting about in the ears of the grain.
 At a loud shout of Ho ! to a dry twig they flew,
 And will never come to these village fields again.

* Senasura, a planetary deity.

The green of the young growing paddy was good.
Over it spread the muddy waters of the flood.
On all sides are flocks of the screeching babbler.
Oh, ye gods, how desolate is Tangalla-mulla !

They sit here and there singing stanza and ditty.
Drops of sweat without end come out on my brow.
For wrongs done in the past I pull wild grasses now.
Girls picking madu in chenas are ever so pretty.

Hopeless in back-scorching heat to stand !
Hopeless to pull madu that winds round your hand !
Hopeless the deep-rooted reeds to tear !
Hopeless, planting hill-rice, to put up with care !

It's good in the back-scorching heat to stand !
It's good to pull madu that winds round your hand !
It's good the deep-rooted reeds to tear
It's good, even planting hill-rice to put up with care !

Hirala and himbutu vines climb the field watch-hut.
For the hirala smell pig come in herd upon herd.
Holding your tongue sit tight in the watch-hut,
They will drag you to the wood if you utter a word !

The cockerel that you were raising for food
Was not to be caught, he ran into the wood.
The two spurs on his shanks sprout for the fray.
Old cock, is it still a long time for day ?



BOOKS IN REVIEW

LANGUAGE AND INTELLIGENCE

By John Holloway

(Macmillan 12/6)

THIS excellent book enjoys three important characteristics : timeliness, scholarliness and lucidity. It is timely in the philosophical world because new trends, based on advances in mathematical, physical, biological and psychological fields have led to attacks on " the classical position " in philosophy and there has arisen a need for the critic, with his new experimental background, to be clearly informed as to the nature of the earlier introspective philosophy. It is timely in the world of common mortals who are faced with conflict and confusion arising from a disregard of the relations between language and meaning on the part of those who advance new theories and ' ideologies ' in the worlds of political, social and international action. It is scholarly in the sense that the writer (as befits a philosopher) commands a wide field of knowledge and picks his illustrations with impersonal aptness. Its lucidity of expression leaves no room for verbal misunderstanding and makes the reading of its closely reasoned argument an absorbing, if not, an easy task.

Adequately to review such a book in a short space is impossible. One can but recommend it—supporting one's action by brief reference to a few major points. Chief of these is the continuity of the argument, which the author sees both steadily and whole throughout, a welcome change from frequent examples in which an author has failed to see his problem in its true perspective because it was too large for him. The argument proceeds in three stages : a critical analysis of the classical position in its various aspects and their effects upon other fields of thought : a fascinating discussion which asks, and answers, the startling question of whether intelligence exists? : finally language itself, its characteristics, organisation, ambiguities, use and misuse.

This book was written primarily for "the serious student of philosophy" as the Publisher puts it (—can one be a student of philosophy without being serious?) but, as he also suggests, it will be useful to others. It would be no misuse of words to replace 'useful' by 'important' and, in certain frames of reference even by 'essential.' One such frame is here in Ceylon where language and its relation to culture are being widely, and wildly, discussed; where 'intelligence' has become equated with 'ability to remember'; where critical attitudes, in Mr. Holloway's sense of 'critical,' are discounted in favour of subservience to pseudo-explanations which must be right because they are traditional, and where such logical devices as the 'law of excluded middles' are so often replaced by plans with included muddles.

It cannot be a reviewer's task to define the hierarchic position of a new work in relation to the immortals—but one can say that here is a book which helps one to recall far away undergraduate raptures first aroused by Descartes, Berkely and Hume. Courtesy, not need to do so, suggests saying that the book is in the elegant yet sober Macmillan manner—and that the back flap carries other enticing philosophical titles.

T. L. GREEN.

THE ART OF BEING A WOMAN

By Amabel Williams-Ellis

(The Bodley Head 7/6)

ONE'S first reaction to the book's title that the only fit and proper reviewer would be Tiresias is not long maintainable, because it is clear that Mrs. Williams-Ellis's real subject is the position of women in present-day England and the Dominions. And on this subject, intelligently enunciated and presented by the author, even a male need not possess the qualification of being able to feel like a woman. Mrs. Williams-Ellis writes easily, she is familiar with the best information on such subjects as psychology, sociology and anthropology on which the scientist popularisers have been at work; she is also familiar with her reader and credits her (and him presumably) with understanding and intelligence. But my feeling is that that sort of reader—the person with intelligence and understanding—could be grateful to Mrs. Williams-Ellis without being much in need of her book. The kind of reader most likely to benefit from it is much more likely to be engaged in *Murder on the Back Stairs*, and readier to be interested in the art of being a woman

which is rehearsed through looking at the pictures in a film magazine, than reading a book such as this.

There is a great deal here to interest the reader who has given the slightest thought to the development of the community in England and elsewhere. But Mrs. Williams-Ellis's main point is not to present such communities as clearly as they should have been put before us, if the book was to have the greatest value it might have had, but to address the kind of woman who presumably feels her own difficulties and frustrations much more keenly than the community's responsibility for them. Her most interesting insights are most often asides—for instance her remark that "We (the English) are unusual because we give so little time or attention to the arts." Or the long aside—the chapter on Voices of the Market Place. Because these asides touch on extremely important issues which are left undeveloped, one is left with the feeling that the cheery and soothing hope offered by the book is not the right set of drapes for the scene Mrs. Williams-Ellis stages. Tempered gloom would have been more appropriate. You can hang on the brighter drapes only by refusing to be as intelligent on such subjects as Democracy and Politics. Mrs. Williams-Ellis is careful to state that she has no tailor-made suit for all weathers to offer any orphans of the storm. Even so one is not taken very far by such a remark as this: "Moreover, we also begin to realise that the different and hotly contrasting views of the political parties on such subjects as The Welfare State reach back to a difference in moral outlook. It is when they grasp that point, that many women realise that politics in a democracy are interesting and relevant." The trouble is that most men and women to-day in England share this opinion. Politics is, however, a serious activity.

E. F. C. L.

The Bhāratīya Itihāsa Samiti's History and Culture of the Indian People.

Vol. I. THE VEDIC AGE

General Editor: Dr. R. C. Majumdar

(George Allen & Unwin, 35s.).

ON reading this book, the first of an intended series of ten volumes on the *History and Culture of the Indian People*, the present reviewer was reminded of a characteristic statement made by that eminent historian Toynbee in his *Civilization on Trial*. Referring to the present state of cultural studies he remarks, "An élite in all the non-western societies has in fact re-educated itself out of its traditional self-centred parochial point of view. . . The paradox of our generation is that all the

world has now profited by an education which the West has provided, except the West itself." The publication under review appears like a vindication of this tribute of praise to non-western historians, at least from the Indian side. *The Vedic Age* is the product of modern Indian scholars, most of whom have received their scientific training in the West ; at the same time, it purports to be written with that universality of outlook which results from a knowledge of the evolution of others' cultures and an appreciation of their values, the lack of which Toynbee deplores in the West.

As pointed out by both Mr. K. M. Munshi, the Chairman of the Publishing Committee, in his Foreword and Dr. R. C. Majumdar, the General Editor, in his introductory essay, histories of India written by western writers, with only a rare exception, are coloured by deep-rooted prejudices. It has not been easy for most of these writers to bring a detached scientific spirit to bear on their studies—a spirit which so conspicuously distinguishes European writers of the history of Egypt and other ancient countries. Dr. Majumdar traces this to "a psychological instinct or political prejudice," for India's political subjection and lack of material power had relegated her, in the eyes of the western world, to a position of marked inferiority. "The India of to-day has cast its shadow on the past, and few writers have been able to disentangle the two and view each of them in its true perspective" (p. 39). Another most grievous defect of western writers, and one which is admitted so patently by Toynbee, is that they view Indian culture "through the spectacles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." Some of them, according to Dr. Majumdar, have also "inherited the classical idea that wisdom and enlightenment were always a sort of monopoly of the West, and the East, comparatively as backward as she is to-day, must have acquired all the elements of higher culture from the West."

Thus it is not without legitimate grounds that the present volume has been planned as it is, with an Introduction (Book I) running into nearly hundred pages, and Book II, dealing with the prehistoric age including the Indus Valley civilization, approximating to the same length. In his preliminary essay on "Indian History, its nature, scope and method" Dr. Majumdar correctly emphasizes the *antiquity* of Indian civilization. The discoveries in the Indus Valley, by establishing the close connection between the cultures of India and those of Western Asia such as Babylonia and Assyria have "linked up Indian history with that of the most ancient period of the world known to us." Thus Indian history gains an aspect of *universality* such as distinguishes the histories of Egypt and Mesopotamia in early, and Persia, Greece and Rome in a somewhat later, age. But, as pointed out by Dr. Majumdar,

the chief difference between India and these other ancient cultures lies in the undeniable *continuity* of her history and civilization. Most of the other cultures are now mere past memories and their histories possess only an academic interest, whereas Indian civilization is a living reality even to-day.

The icons brought to light at Mohenjo-daro are those of gods and goddesses still worshipped by the millions in India, and Hindus from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin repeat even to-day the Vedic hymns that were first uttered on the banks of the Indus nearly 4,000 years ago. It is this unbroken cultural continuity and the predominant influence of Sanskrit language all throughout this long history that constitute the *unity* of Indian civilization, although, as Mr. Munshi remarks, the widely advertised "multiplicity of languages and communities" has unfortunately blinded European scholars to this fact. Every generation of Indians, age after age, "from mythical Vasishtha to the modern Gandhiji," have drawn inspiration from the same vast tradition of religion and philosophy, law and science, preserved in Sanskrit literature, and "this was the irresistible creative force which shaped the collective spirit of the people."

The work may be regarded as a signal triumph of modern Indian scholarship. The chapters dealing with the Aryan problem and the Vedic language and literature are models of comprehension and lucid exposition. The exhaustive study of sources and reference-works, existing not only in English but also in German and French, is a pleasing feature of most chapters. A certain degree of incoherence is apparent, but this is hardly avoidable in a voluminous undertaking where the efforts of a large number of specialists become necessary. Even so one would wish that such intrusions as the Appendix to Chapter X were eschewed. The sections dealing with the aesthetic activities of the ancient Indians seem all too brief, and much more evidence could have been adduced for the development of such arts as music and dancing. But these shortcomings do not seriously impair the great value of this scholarly publication. The proof-reading, however, could have been done with greater care (pp. 206, 251, 355). The printing and the general get-up leave nothing to be desired.

O. H. de A. W.

VISUAL METHODS IN EDUCATION

By W. L. Sumner

(Blackwell, Oxford 12/6)

THE popularity of the film has compelled educationists to recognise all forms of visual expression as a valuable instrument of education.

In this book the author covers a wide range of visual methods: the blackboard, maps, pictures, models and diagrams, but his chief interest is in optical projection and its uses for teaching.

He has a short but stimulating chapter on Visual Methods and Language. One could wish that the author had dealt at greater length on the use of pictures—a series of connected pictures, whether motion or still—as a means of stimulating written compositions. So important is this subject for the teacher that space might have been obtained for it by suppressing the earlier chapters on the history of visual aids and the psychology of perception. To us in Ceylon who have to teach children a second language after one language has already become their natural medium of expression, a fuller chapter on the subject would have been of more than ordinary interest.

The main chapters of the book give a full account of the technical side of optical projection. In these days when schools are getting increasingly interested in visual aids, it is useful to know how to select suitable apparatus and how to judge the advantages and drawbacks of projectors and films. All that Sumner says about epidiascopes, film strip projectors, micro-projectors and cine projectors is most valuable.

The author discusses the relative merits of "sound" and "silent" films, the choice of screens, acoustics of projection rooms, animated diagrams and "loop" films and gives detailed instructions on how to meet any contingency that might arise in projection work. He is not satisfied with merely giving a "Practical Handbook," but initiates the reader into the principles of optical projection so that he may acquire the background necessary for handling projectors intelligently.

Enthusiasm for "visual aids" does not get the better of the author, who recognises on the one hand, that "visual aids can never replace methods which require processes of thought conceived in verbal terms" and on the other, that "any diagram or picture or model should always be seen in reference to the things represented."

In dealing with the subject of the film in education, it should be noted that for most children the tempo and sequences of the commercial film are too fast to register that kind of modification of knowledge which the teacher seeks to create. There is the urgent need of shorter films and simplification of apparatus as will enable the easy transition from verbal expression to the film and back again to exposition and discussion.

The sound projector and the microprojector are both too expensive for most schools to own, and educational films are difficult to obtain in Ceylon at reasonable cost. Epidiascopes are cumbersome and need to be housed in a special room. Although the film strip projector is more handy it is, for some reason, not quite so popular with the teacher.

These are some of the difficulties that are experienced. They may, to some extent, be overcome by having film libraries and film projectors in every Education Office.

Teachers who are seriously interested in visual methods will find "Visual Methods in Education" an excellent guide. The author almost says too much in a single book, but he has planned his book well and presented his material clearly and concisely.

J. C. A. C.

MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH

By *Mukul Dey*

(Oxford University Press. Rs. 12.8a.)

A QUARTER of this book deals with the author's journeys to and from Ajanta and Bagh, thirty pages are devoted to the life of Buddha, and a similar number to the artistic merits of the sculpture and frescoes, the remainder of the book describes the author's work there.

The volume should prove a useful handbook to any lay visitor to Ajanta and Bagh, and this new edition surpasses the earlier one in its format and in the quality and abundance of its illustrations. The latter include several good photographs of the approaches to the caves and of their interiors, but it is unfortunate that so many of the plates depict copies of the frescoes instead of the actual frescoes.

The lengthy account of the life of Buddha should be useful to a non-Buddhist in interpreting the frescoes, but this and the sections dealing with trips to the caves might have been condensed with advantage and more space allocated to the discussion of the artistic merits of the frescoes and sculpture. It is also regrettable that no serious attempt has been made to compare and correlate the work of these two sites with corresponding work in other areas with which the author appears to be familiar e.g., Ceylon.

Especially noteworthy is his criticism of the deplorable attempts at preserving these frescoes. His criticism which is applicable to several eastern countries which have not awakened to a love of their cultures which once produced such masterpieces states that the work of preservation was entrusted "to people who did not know their work and who were doing immense harm to the paintings in their ignorance" and continues that "None but expert artists knowing this kind of work should be entrusted with the preservation of these paintings."

He also suggests that such frescoes should be utilized as the fountain head for the renaissance of the art of the country, and that colored collotype copies of such frescoes from India and Ceylon would be an invaluable gift to the civilized world.

The simple language in which the author covers a wide field should appeal to the lay reader and make the book very desirable for the libraries of those interested in these unsigned masterpieces that rank among the foremost in the world.

P. E. P. DERANIYAGALA.

ABHIDHAMMA STUDIES

By Bhikkhu Nyanaponika

(Island Hermitage Publications No. 2—Frewin & Co.)

A TREATISE on the Abhidhamma generally provides the same fare as an American journal of metaphysics—namely, a dose of obscurantism. The Island Hermitage Publications appear to be an exception in this respect, and it is therefore very refreshing to find them trying to discover for us the meaning of the Abhidhamma in fairly intelligible language.

This book is merely intended to serve as a fragmentary sub-commentary to the first book of the Abhidhamma Pitaka and its Commentary. It discusses various problems and points of interest found in them and “its main purpose,” says the author, “is to stimulate further research in the field of Abhidhamma.” At the same time he is not forgetful of wider horizons. “To state the parallels to modern western thought or the historical precedence of the Buddhist versions is not so much important in itself. It is of greater importance that the Buddhist way of presenting and solving the respective problems will show to modern independent thinkers new vistas and open new avenues of thought.”

The emphasis throughout the work is on the essentially empiricist character of Buddhist doctrine. The author is not misled into equating “abhi (over, above, beyond)-dhamma” with “meta-physics” on the analogy of “*the Physics*” and “*the Meta-Physics*” of Aristotle. The Abhidhamma deals with the world of internal and external experience and is not a speculative but a descriptive philosophy. All things are processes which are analysable into events-in-relation and it is the business of the Abhidhamma to give a detailed description of these events and relations. This is certainly a very hopeful theory which deserves to be

carefully worked out and it is up to the students of Buddhist philosophy to take up the challenge.

Yet there seems to be a sense in which metaphysics is not foreign to the Abhidhamma. Theories about the nature of time, the states of mystical experience and other-worldly phenomena would be traditionally classified as "metaphysics." And as for Nibbana, one cannot escape the fact that it is a transcendent concept. But paradoxically enough the genius of Buddhist empiricism is such that the notion of substance is completely done away with and does not obtrude even at the level of mystical experience. Nirvana too is in a sense 'experiential' (*phusati*) though of a supra-sensual sort (*phassa-nirodho*). This attempt to eliminate unverifiables at such an early age should interest the student of philosophy in general as also the comments on causation, the discussion on time and the nature of Abhidhamma analysis.

K. N. JAYATILLEKE.

JOURNEY TO SIWA

By Robin Maugham
(Chapman and Hall)

THIS slender volume belongs to that family of escapist literature so dear to the armchair traveller. It is a provocative, personal account of Mr. Maugham's return to Egypt after the war, and his journey to the oasis of Siwa. It is, in a sense, a view of recent and ancient history, as well as an "escape" to the simple life. It is written informally and lean heavily on the excellent photographs by Dimitri Papadimou to give meaning to the queries raised in the text. The photographs bring to life the glaring sun, the exquisite relief of shade, and the work-a-day world of the men and children of Siwa. The women's photographs are interesting for their display of clothing and hairstyles, but do nothing to suggest their daily activities.

Siwa, in the Libyan Desert about 350 miles W.S.W. of Cairo, was famous throughout the ancient world as the home of the oracle temple of Ammon. It was on the return from consulting this oracle that Alexander the Great lost his life. Toward the end of the third century B.C. the oracle declined in prestige, the temple fell into ruins; to-day only parts of two walls remain intact. However, it is Mr. Maugham's impression that little else has changed in the life of the oasis.

The Siwans are remnants of old Barber stock, intermixed with Arab and Negro. In ancient times they were afraid of Beduin raids on their date and olive groves, so they built their town on a rock. The houses are made of mud mixed with salt, which hardens like cement, and the

beams come from the palms. As sons marry, upper storeys are added to the houses, until Siwa Town now looks like a giant beehive.

The first third of the book explains Mr. Maugham's interest in Siwa and gives details of the trip. One feels that this introductory portion, sketching as it does the author's war experiences in the desert, was necessary for him to write down, but many readers may wish that less space had been devoted to this and more to the people and their ways in the crowded town on the oasis.

The atmosphere of the town at night is admirably drawn: "There was silence. No lights showed through the tight-shuttered windows, as if the place were deliberately secretive." Throughout the book one gets the impression that the author never really got to know the Siwans, with the possible exceptions of his servant and the wealthy Sheikh. The people were as withdrawn and secretive as their town. The four lonely Egyptian outlanders—the governor, the doctor, the military officer and the date merchant from Cairo—were happy to have their tedium relieved by new faces. Each of them contributed his impression of the place. Each felt he was a stranger to the Siwans.

Mr. Maugham seems to be searching for an answer to the relative value of two different cultures, wondering if a Western man could ever become completely Eastern. He admires the freedom-loving, idling oasis dweller without quite seeing that his customs may be more rigid and binding than are the western ways. He is also "irritated by the laziness and ignorance of the Siwans, by their obstinate refusal to change their habits, by their acceptance of pain, by their dirt and ugly diseases." At the same time he envies an early traveller who, detesting western fashions, lived most of his life among the Arabs. His own moral code makes him dislike what he calls the immorality of Siwa. Brides are bought, divorced as soon as the man tires of them. Divorced women are more sought after than virgins. In this confused groping between West and East he forgets that Egyptians from Cairo are "strangers," and that he said his envied traveller may have been killed by Arabs for daring to dress as they did.

The latter portion of the book describes vividly a dance of the zaggalas, the unmarried men who are required to sleep outside the town walls because they caused such confusion in the harems. The dance seemed to be an expression of the time-honoured custom that a boy was more to be desired than a bride. Mr. Maugham sums up both his attitude and theirs by saying, "They were devoid of any feeling of guilt, the cross of western civilization, and therefore they were free from our worst worry. They were careless."

MARGARET WARNKEN RYAN.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

By Alan Bird

“ Where are the sparks at random sown,
 The spendthrift fire, the holy fire ?
 Who cares a damn for truth that's grown
 Exhausted baggling for its own
 And speaks without desire ? ”

(The Rebuke. C. Day Lewis).

SURELY you are tired of archaeology ! Yet, I must mention one work I have enjoyed immensely—D. H. Lawrence's ‘*Etruscan Places*.’ Lawrence had in mind a large work devoted to many of the Etruscan cities (Dennis, writer of the classic volumes on Etruria, mentions fifty sites) but he covered only four—Cerveteri, Tarquinia, Vulci and Volterra. However, these are the important ones. Although he had been interested since 1921, Lawrence first visited these Etruscan sites in 1927. He intended to visit more by 1928 but then he was too ill, already dying of tuberculosis, too tired to visit cities. What he wrote was sufficient in itself, a superb piece of writing.

The Etruscans fascinated Lawrence—‘ Will you tell me what is the secret of the Etruscans ? ’ he wrote to Catherine Carswell. That was natural for they were the healthiest, the most vital of ancient people and Lawrence was a man whose energy passed from him daily till eventually he was too sick to move. There is always an attraction in opposites ; the sick admire the healthy, the weak envy the strong ; and so on. But the Etruscans also fascinated many others before Lawrence and still exercise a strange and persistent spell over archaeologists and writers. As it happens, I have visited Tarquinia and can testify to the mysterious quiet of that city—and I had that impression before I read this book so I'm not prejudiced. The Etruscans lived in Italy before the Romans and their culture was strongest in the West of the peninsula. Their origin is obscure and no ancient documents on them exist. Their cities were destroyed by the Romans in the third and fourth centuries and the tombs rifled through the ages. What we know of the Etruscans comes to us through their tombs which have interior paintings. They left no writings and thus our knowledge of them is archaeological and reconstructed. Since Lawrence was not an archaeologist, the value of his book may be questioned. I don't think he intended to write a scholarly book, although he had read the standard authors, but wished to write his impressions, his intuitions as much for himself as the reader. ‘*Etruscan Places*’ is then an intimate book on a past society which Lawrence found pleasing and whose way of life seemed to him

valuable. The Romans would not have agreed for they condemned the Etruscans as immoral and, with that pretext, destroyed their culture. Even so, we have an impression of a people of vitality, a people with no inhibitions or worries, with these qualities: 'ease, naturalness, and an abundance of life, no need to force the mind or the soul in any direction.' As for their attitude to death—'death to the Etruscans, was a pleasant continuance of life, with jewels and wine and flute playing for the dance. It was neither an ecstasy of bliss, a heaven; nor a purgatory of torment. It was just a natural continuance of the fullness of life, no need to force the mind or the soul in any direction.'

Lawrence writes in a personal style free from literary archaisms and clichés. He talks to the reader and yet the book is literature—sincere and moving writing. In Lawrence's books I always find sections which thrill me as nothing else in contemporary literature but 'Etruscan Places' seemed to me to be wholly satisfying.

How true is it that we can get away from ourselves and the culture to which we are accustomed? The question comes to my mind not only after Lawrence but after reading several books by Melville. Can we return to the abandon of the Etruscans, or indeed any less cultured people? I don't think so and, in his heart of hearts, Lawrence would surely have agreed. The books by Melville about which I am thinking are 'Omoo' and 'Typee.' As a young and penniless boy, Melville went to sea but tiring of that life, he left his ship and sought refuge in the South Sea islands. The life in these islands is the theme of 'Omoo' and 'Typee.' Before Melville wrote about them, the South Sea islands were hardly known except to sailors. These two books, which he wrote when a young man, were popular because of this exotic subject-matter. Like all good books they are capable of several interpretations. Melville loved his existence among the natives—at first there was nothing finer. In time he grew tired. The natives lost their charm and their primitive way of life seemed futile. He even suspected them of wishing to take his life. He disliked their cannibal tendencies. A sore in his leg grew worse and could not be healed. There were no medicines on the island and the primitive native methods were useless. In the end he could hardly walk for pain. And so he sickened for America and for civilised life. He left the islands.—A whaling ship appears off the coast and her crew come ashore in a long-boat. Melville persuades his native friends to let him go down to the shore and there he bursts from them and climbs aboard the long-boat. Naturally the natives are dismayed and swim after him but he hits them with an oar to prevent them following. He severs his connection from primitive life by force. No sooner is he on board the whaling-ship than he wants

to be back on an island paradise. Fortunately the other sailors are tired of this particular ship and when they arrive at some other islands, they desert the ship. At first life seems comfortable again but, inevitably, the charms of Eden pale! Poor Melville, like all of us wanted to lead a carefree life of ease and comfort, far from responsibility and the demands of our industrialised countries, while inside he sickened for the familiar clamour and frenzy of our allegedly-civilised life!

Other things absorbed Melville too! Evil, for instance, attracted him and he studied it on the spot. There is no doubt that a seaman's life brings him into close contact with his fellow-men for long periods at a time and he can thus study (and, unhappily, often experience) human nature at close quarters. In 'Redjacket' which tells of a visit to Liverpool and London, he describes a character called Jackson. This seaman is puny and ailing but until his death, when he falls in a sickening curve from the masts into the sea and is there swallowed up for all time, he dominates his ship-mates who physically are so much stronger than him. Why was that so pondered Melville. What power emanates from the human soul, corrupted and diseased though it may be, to sway the minds and bodies of other men. I suppose that question has fascinated many people when they think of dictators like Hitler; it seems particularly to fascinate the French writer Camus. Jackson's evil nature manifested itself in different ways, usually irrationally. It struck out against the sensitive and generous nature. That too intrigued Melville. I understand his feelings very well. But what especially intrigues me is that Melville writes like an adolescent. It would be easy to ascribe this to American naivety but that is not true. I don't mean his style is immature but that he gazes about him with the staring eyes of a lad and describes his impressions with complete frankness; there is nothing arch or concealed in his books and they are relentlessly honest. The effect is moving and, curiously, draws the reader into sympathy.

This is still more so in 'Moby Dick' which, I think, one of the world's great books. It contains so much that is found elsewhere in less effective form. What Melville flings away as another idea becomes a central theme with a less fertile writer. In the first chapter he describes the sea as the mirror of man's soul, the profundity into which he is always gazing to seek his soul—and the idea is duplicated in Baudelaire:

*'Homme libre, toujours tu chériras la mer ;
La mer es ton miroir ; tu contemples ton âme
Dans le déroulement infini de sa lame
Et ton esprit n'est pas un gouffre moins amer.'*

The story tell show the captain of a whaling-ship lost his leg in the pursuit of a monstrous white whale. This captain dominated by the wish to take revenge by pursuing and killing the whale, steers his ship over the ocean regardless of the wishes of his crew. The whale is called Moby Dick, and the book is concerned with his pursuit. Here again, whether he knew it or not, Melville creates an allegory, a symbolist novel which I find more powerful than Kafka's "*The Castle*," great though this latter book is. The white whale surely symbolises the unattainable in our life—the perpetual idealist search of mankind for something greater and beyond itself. And after all, in the first Christian centuries wasn't Christ depicted as a fish? Let me quote Lawrence on the sea—'The sea is that vast primordial creature that has a soul also, whose inwardness is womb of all things, out of which all things emerged, and into which they are devoured back.' From the sea comes the whale, a creature of both land and water, a creature which neither belongs nor is apart from us, which can belong to our world of light and yet submerge itself in the deep and unfathomed oceans of our secret thoughts. For many people the whale can symbolise religion; for others, less happy, it signifies the constant vacuum they feel as their souls search vainly for they know not what. Melville tells us the search is for the white whale, Moby Dick. We can substitute affection, love, ambition, immortality or one or another of those thousand ills of hope to which the flesh is heir, and the symbolism still holds true; and the uniqueness of '*Moby Dick*' is in no way modified.

C. Day Lewis, now Professor of Poetry at Oxford, writes in the preface to a selection of his poetry published by Penguin Books, that poems are not the immediate result of a change of character but, 'what happens, as far as I can make out, is that I have some deep violent experience which, like an earthquake, throws up layers of my past that were inaccessible to me poetically till then. During the last war, for instance, I found myself able to use in verse for the first time images of my childhood.' C. Day Lewis continues, 'certain characteristics keep cropping up throughout my work—hero-worship, fear, compassion, the divided mind, a pervading sense of the transience of things: and how, whatever its apparent focus of the moment—politics, the birth of a child, love for a woman, youthful memories, the apprehension or impact of war—however much its style is altered from time to time by the demands of some new experience or ruling passion, there runs through it all, an unbroken thread, the search for personal identity, the poet's relentless compulsion to know himself.' Can you see how Moby Dick, the great white whale appears here, is clearly apparent in the poet's search to know himself? Is this view too romantic? I do not think

so. For too long we have held the view that poetry should be utilitarian, that the poet ought to have a message (that is: not his own message derived from his own experiences but rather a series of versified platitudes), and that poetry should ring with those effective but meaningless phrases with which parsons and politicians love to end their orations. Poetry is not a maid of all work; and her work is not the communication of ideas better conveyed in prose. Poetry, like painting to the painter or music to the composer, is the true and honest expression of the poet's self. That is its fascination and the living source of its greatness although often forgotten or disregarded as when people say of a poet like Browning, 'I love his verse—he says such wonderful things and you can always quote him.' But truly, like the demented Captain searching for Moby Dick, the poet searches the mysterious depths of his sensitivity to know himself. I must quote an extract from 'O Dreams, O Destinations' by C. Day Lewis, a poem I enjoyed:—

'To travel like a bird, lightly to view
Deserts where stone gods founder in the sand,
Ocean embraced in a white sleep with land;
To escape time, always to start anew.

To settle like a bird, make one devoted
Gesture of permanence upon the spray
Of shaken stars and autumns; in a bay
Beyond the crestfallen surges to have floated.

Each is our wish. Alas, the bird flies blind,
Hooded by a dark sense of destination:
Her weight on the glass calm leaves no impression,
Her home is soon a basketful of wind.

Travellers, we're fabric of the road we go;
We settle, but like feathers on time's flow.'

I find the poems of C. Day Lewis most satisfying. A biographical note tells us that he is related to Oliver Goldsmith by ancestry, and I think this relationship also holds good in his verse. Goldsmith achieved a compromise in his verse between the objective feelings and the classicism of eighteenth century verse and his own warm—and more poetic—sensitivity; he adapted the idiom, the technique of his day to his own individual use. The same is true of C. Day Lewis. He writes as a contemporary and has obviously been affected by the work of his fellow-

poets but what he says is entirely derived from his own thoughts and feelings. There is nothing revolutionary in his poems nor is there anything false, revised or archaic. This has probably been acknowledged in his election to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford.

With T. S. Eliot, all is changed. A great deal has been written about this poet, often much too enthusiastically. Whatever his place in the history of our literature, his name will count as one of the greatest poetic influences of the twentieth century. I admire his work and yet, reading the "*Four Quarters*" I wonder if his significance rests on a very sure foundation. His symbolism, religious by nature and traditional by derivation, is effective and moving both in the "*Waste Land*" and the '*Four Quarters*' but I wonder if it is any longer of value. Can we still hold faith and retire behind the sheltering arms of a traditional and organised religion? And what is the precise solution to end this miserable state of 'death in life?' 'The Cocktail Party' which I saw recently seemed to suggest that at least self-recognition of one's sins and failings was a great step toward redemption and 'life in death.' I wonder. Can we ever return to a philosophy, an apprehension of life as formulated by Thomas Aquinas or St. Augustine? And can this type of thought form a true basis to poetry? These are quick and perhaps unjustifiable thoughts. I'm plunging again into the '*Four Quarters*' and must brood a while on my impressions.

But meanwhile the Festival is with us. J. B. Priestly has brought out a new novel called '*Festival at Farbridge*' and its improbable though happy story has enchanted the readers if not the critics. So Priestly came out with an attack on the critics in the pages of the '*News Chronicle*.' Why, he asked, must it be assumed that great or good literature is always serious and solemn? Why do the critics damn with faint praise any novel which is content to cheer the reader? It's a pity if that is so. Mr. Priestly always writes well in clear homely English much better than that of those who criticise him. I find his books always enjoyable. Am I wrong to suggest that like so many writers he has never bettered his first book, '*The Good Companions*' and that inevitably, because of that standard, the critic must be disappointed in Priestly's later work? At any rate, for better or for worse, let me commend '*Festival at Farbridge*' which catches the peculiarly English version of the Festival spirit; other countries celebrate in their own respective ways but we seemed to have puzzled even ourselves by a quaint mixture of whimsy and architectural boldness.

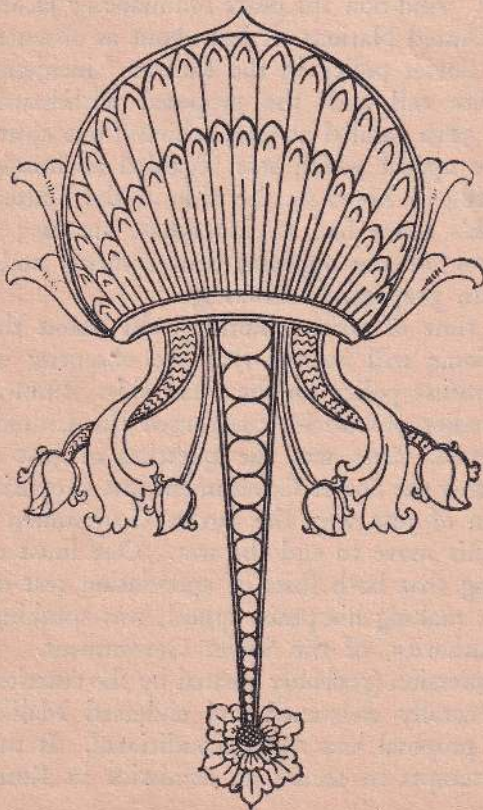
I cannot think of any inspiring books which have appeared lately. Like our Spring and Summer weather, the book lists have touched on a bad patch. And I have taken to reading novels I enjoyed a long time

ago. In particular, I find the novels of Willa Cather a light in the surrounding gloom. '*Death comes to the Archbishop*' is a grand book and I can think of few novels which give me the same enthusiasm and confidence in man's ability, humanity and possibilities. Willa Cather writes in a most chaste style, a style capable of variation and power. Her other books, '*A Lost Lady*,' '*The Professor's House*' and '*The Song of the Lark*' are as good, minor classics in their way. She is strangely unlike later American authors such as Hemingway and Steinbeck, not even like her contemporary Mrs. Wharton.

But I have a pile of books before me awaiting their turn to be devoured and chewed. I'm hoping to read the plays of Christopher Fry whose '*The Lady's not for Burning*' I much admired when I saw it in London. But they must wait till next time. Meanwhile, Adieu!

'*Etruscan Places*'—D. H. Lawrence, Penguin Books 1/6.

'*A Selection of Poems*'—C. Day Lewis, Penguin Books 1/6.



THE DOVE IS SUSPECT

By Victor Lewis

THE first result of the Soviet's Korean peace move, a year after fighting started, was little more than increased confusion of a scene in which the real protagonists north of the parallel have never been really clear. From the start of the war the Soviet role gave rise to world-wide speculation, and it is probably true to say that the question of whether the North Korean campaign was launched on Soviet insistence, with Soviet approval, or without consultation is still not finally settled. The obscurities surrounding the Soviet role were not, even, cleared up when the Chinese Communist Government showed its military hand. And now the peace bid made by Jacob Malik, Soviet delegate to the United Nations, is just about as obscure as the rest of the sequence of Soviet policy in the Korean "incident."

This cease-fire call and the proposed withdrawal of opposing armies from the 38th parallel at least achieved one clear aim. It forestalled the peace appeal which was regarded as imminent from the 15 nations fighting in Korea on the side of the United Nations. In that sense Malik's move had an immediate success; it "scooped" the foreign offices of the opposing Governments and, in so doing, acquired a certain propaganda advantage.

But at this time of writing nothing else about the Soviet move is very clear. Some will assume that the obscurity was deliberate; an attempt to confuse policy on the other side. Immediately the call was made two major obscurities confronted the United Nations Governments concerned. One was the question of just what cease-fire and armistice terms the Soviet Government was proposing. The other was the question of just why the Soviet Government should at that juncture make this move to end the war. One must qualify this, of course, by adding that both lines of speculation rest on the assumption that Malik, making his peace appeal, was speaking in the name, and with the authority, of the Soviet Government.

An early impression (probably created by the reaction of the Peking Press, which generally welcomed and endorsed Malik's appeal) was that the Soviet proposal was not unconditional. It must be recalled that previous attempts to secure an armistice in Korea broke down

because of Chinese insistence that a solution of the Formosa question should be linked with the settlement in the field. So, clearly, the Soviet proposal could only be regarded as a new contribution to the situation if, for the first time, it represented a Communist move for an armistice unlinked with conditions which previously made one impossible. Malik's illness immediately after his broadcast made it impossible, at this date, to check this essential fact.

An even more vital uncertainty about the Soviet proposal was the question of the motive behind the move. After the first desperate military thrusts from North and South aimed in the second half of 1950 at securing a decision in Korea, the campaign settled down to become a long-term battle training school. With the Korean people on both sides as the principal sufferers, the Korean war, since its initial phase, served as a field for experimentation in weapons and tactics for the great powers of the world. There have been indications that both sides were, in a sense, prepared to tolerate the indefinite continuation of this limited campaign, each satisfied that the wounds inflicted on the other in casualties, and by the tying-down of resources, were greater than those suffered. Consequently, the Soviet move, if genuine and if not linked with plainly impossible conditions, represents a change in Soviet policy as it has been estimated in the West.

One possibility which plainly has to be taken into account by the Governments to whom the proposition is addressed is that the Soviet Union, pressing for an end to the Korean fighting, is contemplating an adventure elsewhere. There is the obvious tension in Persia resulting from the crisis over the future of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and the possibility that the Soviet Government wishes to have its hands free for direct intervention in that country. There is the consideration that recent set-backs to the Communist forces in Indo-China might be making necessary a switch in Chinese Communist activity to China's southern frontier. And there is the possibility that the Soviet Government is making use of diplomatic means to attempt to dislodge the United Nations armies from the strong defence line north of the 38th parallel in which they were established by mid-June.

These considerations and uncertainties have made it difficult to accept the Malik appeal at its face-value as a simple expression of Soviet desire for peace. Had it been definitely intended to bring the Korean fighting to an end at the earliest possible moment it would have been easy to allay from the start the doubts which are in the minds of those to whom the appeal is addressed.

CURTAIN " CRACKS "

It is frequently said—and, I think, with a great deal of truth,—that an examination of the current humour of a country is the

best index to the mood of the people and the trend of serious events. The English music hall comedian invariably gets the greatest applause for his "topical" jokes (mostly critical of Government); the cartoonist in most countries is frequently respected because his work reflects, in humorous vein, the serious thoughts of the people. The topical "stories" that circulate in clubs, offices and other circles are certainly revealing. Because there is undoubtedly some value in these things I have, at the risk of being regarded as frivolous, collected here a few stories from behind that notorious European curtain which are current—and which certainly seem to me to indicate the mood of the people.

One of the best for many months is of the Budapest schoolroom where little Andrev, bright boy of the class, was asked to give an example of a dependent clause. "Our cat has a litter of ten kittens," he said, "all of which are good Communists." Teacher was delighted—both with the grammar and the grasp of the "Party line"—and urged the youngster to do as well when the Government inspector came. That day arrived. Teacher called confidently on young Andrev to answer the same question. "Our cat," said Andrev, "has ten kittens, all of which are good Western Democrats."

Horrified, the teacher turns on little Andrev—"Why, that's not what you said ten days ago: your kittens were good Communists then."

"Yes," said Andrev, "But now their eyes are open."

In Prague they ask each other "Have you heard the one about the two Communist officials . . .?" Two high party executives were staring moodily across the square at the end of a day of carrying out Kremlin directives. "What do you think of the future of our beloved country under Communism?" asked one of them. "The same as you do," came the answer. "Oh, you do," said the first. "In that case, Comrade, I shall have to report you to the State Police."

And in Rumania there is the tale of the unhappy man shuffling down a Bucharest street muttering to himself . . . "Those dirty, rotten, lowdown, no good so-and-so's." A heavy hand falls on his shoulder and a member of the Secret Police halts him—"Come along," says the Policeman, "You're under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities." The citizen is indignant. "The authorities?" he cries. "Why, I never even mentioned them!" "No," says the Policeman, "But you described them perfectly."

When anthropologists unearthed an ancient mummy in a remote sector of Hungary, urgent word came from Moscow—"Make every effort to prove that this is the mummy of Genghis Khan. Such a discovery will add greatly to the prestige of Soviet science."

A week later the Hungarian Institute of Anthropology reported triumphantly to Moscow that the mummy was indeed that of Genghis

Khan. "How did you prove it," asked Moscow. "It was easy," came the answer. "We turned the case over to the Secret Police and the mummy confessed."

There is the delightful story of the Bulgarian postmistress who had been upbraided by dictator Chervenkov because a new stamp issue, bearing Chervenkov's portrait, was not being circulated. The postmistress tries tactfully to explain that the issue had been printed but is not in general use because the stamps won't stick. Chervenkov seizes a sheet of the stamps, tears one off, wets it, and sticks it on an envelope. "Yes, Comrade," says the postmistress but—well you may as well know the truth—the public keeps spitting on the wrong side."

In Russia itself they tell the story of a Stalin fan who sent the Red leader a birthday present of a length of cloth. Stalin's tailor told him it wasn't enough to make a pair of trousers. Stalin was not satisfied, sent it to a Warsaw tailor who reported that he could make a complete suit out of it. Still not satisfied, he consulted a Parisian tailor who said the cloth would produce a coat, waistcoat and two pairs of trousers. Stalin became suspicious of the varying answers and went to London for the expert opinion of a West End tailor. There he was told the cloth was enough for a coat, waistcoat, two pairs of trousers, a sports jacket and an overcoat—with enough left over for a skirt for Mrs. Stalin. Amazed, he asked the reason for the increasing estimates. "Oh, that's simple," said the Englishman. "The farther you go from Moscow, the smaller you get."

Popular Moscow joke during the last elections was of the man who asked "Have we achieved full Socialism yet—or are things going to get still worse?" And, to the casual greeting—"How are things," the answer—"Much better. Worse than yesterday, of course, but much better than tomorrow."

Or there is the story of the Communist census official who asked an ancient villager how old he was. "I'm 35," came the reply. The answer was so obviously wrong that the official queried it. "Well," said the old-timer, "I'm really 65, but these last 30 years—you don't call that living, do you?"

And, finally, the current tale of the American and Russian sentries standing guard on the Berlin frontier in the small hours of the night. The American looks at his watch. "Only 15 minutes till I'm relieved," he says, "Thank God."

The Russian looks at his watch "Only a quarter of an hour and I'm relieved, too," he says, "Thank Stalin!"

The American is startled. "That's a funny thing to say. What would you say if Stalin was dead?"

"Thank God," says the Russian.

IN RUINS—

**YOUR MERCHANDISE
AND BUILDINGS!**



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT
IT MEANS—TOTAL LOSS.



BE WISE

RING OR CALL

DE SOYSA & Co., LTD.,

PRINCIPAL AGENTS FOR :

- THE CEYLON INSURANCE Co., Ltd.
- THE ALL-INDIA GENERAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.
- THE MERCHANTS MARINE INSURANCE Co., Ltd. (LOND.)
- THE EMPLOYERS LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION Ltd. (LOND.)
- THE NEW INDIA ASSURANCE Co., Ltd.

ALL RISKS

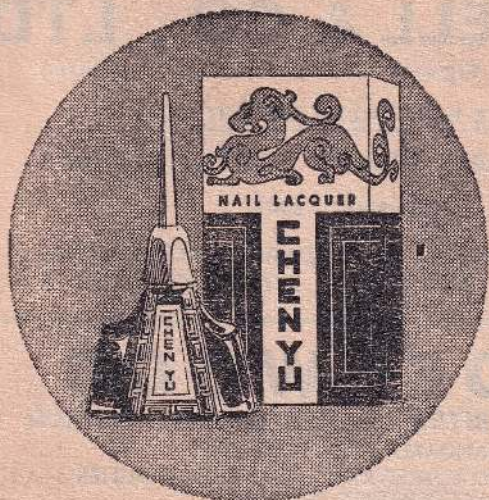
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS

UNION PLACE — 'Phone : 2254 & 2255

COLOMBO.

P.O. Box : 207

CABLES : "DESO"



New miracle formula—made to last longer, dry faster, set harder with a higher gloss! Chen Yu is a genuine lacquer . . . *extra safe, extra protective, extra beautiful!*

For fingertips that stay lovelier longer, the new word is *Chen Yu!*

New—12 fashion-cued colors—brighter, clearer, smarter.

New functional finger-rest container with finger-guide brush for quick, easy application.



Chen Yu
Nail Lacquer,



Longer-lasting, it's a genuine lacquer

A Div. of Richard Hudnut

Nail Lacquer **Rs. 3-52**

Matching Lipstick **Rs. 4-25**

Sole Agents : M. P. GOMEZ & CO., LTD.
MAIN STREET, COLOMBO.

DODWELL & CO., LTD.

(Incorporated in England. Liability of Members is Limited.)

OFFICE EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

18 - 20, QUEEN STREET - FORT - COLOMBO

Telephone: **2301.**

**TOPS THE WORLD IN TYPEWRITER PERFORMANCE
LEADS THE WORLD IN TYPEWRITER SALES !**

UNDERWOOD

THE TYPEWRITER LEADER OF THE WORLD

STANDARD AND PORTABLES

**UNDERWOOD SUNDSTRAND AND ELLIOTT-FISHER
ACCOUNTING MACHINES.**

**OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE IS THE OBLIGATION
OF LEADERSHIP.**

SUNDSTRAND Adding Machines, MONROE Calculators, ODHNER Calculators, RONEO Steel Filing Cabinets, Desks, Cupboards, Steel Furniture, Filing Systems, Card Indexes, Roneodex, Roneotol, Addressing Machines, Letter Copying Machines, RUTHURSTAT Photo-copying Machines, Supplies, etc.

RONEO DUPLICATORS 500 AND 150

for unique performances and inexpensive costs, Duplicating Paper, Stencils, Ink, etc

RONEO VISIBLE 80 FILING SYSTEM.

RONEODEX VISIBLE CARD RECORD SYSTEM

SUMLOCK Calculators, & Plus Rapid Adders, TODD Chequewriters, NEOPOST Franking Machines, MULTI-VALUE Franking Machines.

BANDA SPIRIT DUPLICATORS.

TANSAD CHAIRS, NATIONAL TIME RECORDERS,
DERWOOD RIBBONS & CARBONS, JOHN TANN AND
LONDON EXCELSIOR SAFES, PUNCHES, WATCHMEN'S CLOCKS

EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE.

SALES ... AND ... SERVICE

Repairs and Service, 30, Hospital Street.

Tel. 3784




***FOR ALL YOUR
ENGINEERING JOBS***

CONSULT



PARAKRAMAS LTD.

CEYLON ENGINEERING WORKS,
KORTEBOAM STREET,
P. O. BOX No. 102,
COLOMBO.



**"I really have
kept my skin
as lovely as
a film star's
by using LUX
TOILET SOAP"**

She follows the advice of the film stars and keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap. Its soft, fragrant lather cleanses her skin and leaves it clear and smooth. You, too, should make Lux Toilet Soap your beauty treatment to keep your skin always lovely.



LUX

TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

It's Best to Buy...

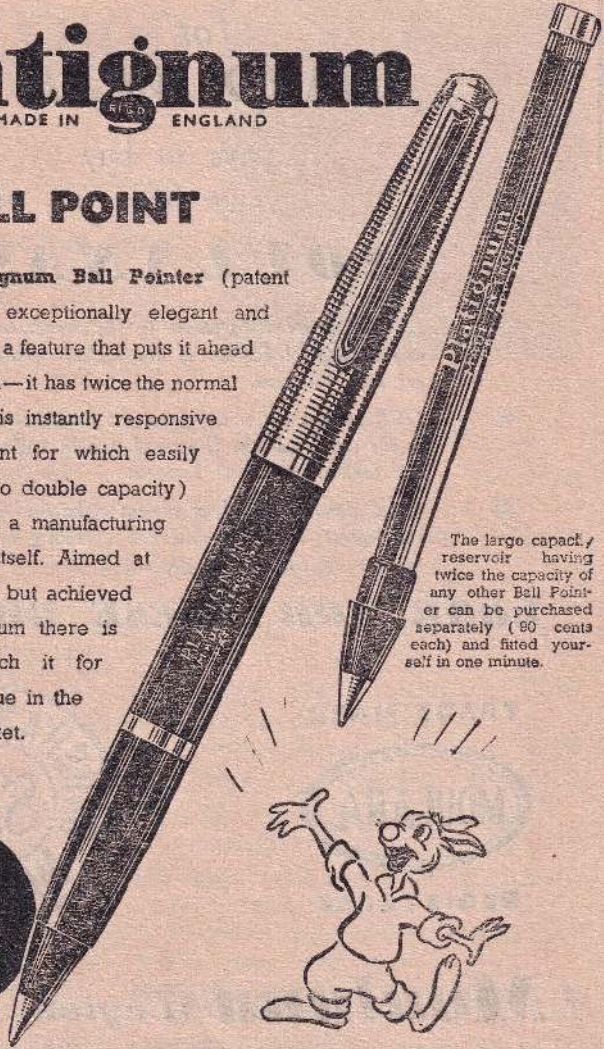
Platignum

MADE IN  ENGLAND

BALL POINT

The new Platignum Ball Pointer (patent applied for) is exceptionally elegant and dependable with a feature that puts it ahead of all competition—it has twice the normal ink capacity. This instantly responsive writing instrument for which easily fitted refills (also double capacity) are available is a manufacturing masterpiece in itself. Aimed at by many before but achieved only by Platignum there is nothing to touch it for efficiency or value in the Ball-Pointer market.

The large capacity reservoir having twice the capacity of any other Ball Pointer can be purchased separately (80 cents each) and fitted yourself in one minute.



PRICE
Rs.
3/-

Trade enquiries to Stockists: **MULLER & PHIPPS (ASIA) LTD.**
NEGRIS BUILDING, YORK STREET, COLOMBO

SARONGS

The
Soft Cloth
for
HARD WEAR

It pays to buy
yours from

MOULANAS

- *BECAUSE we are pioneers in the manufacture and vending of sarongs of the highest quality all over the East.*
- *OUR sarongs are woven from the finest cottons in the world and the Dyes used remain uniform and fadeless to thread bareness.*
- *OUR standard has been always maintained at the highest level for over half a century and is ever on the upward grade.*

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS

TRADE MARK



REGISTERED



Moulana (Ceylon) Ltd.

COLOMBO — KANDY — RATNAPURA.

CURRENT PRICES OF HORSE FOOD

(AS SUPPLIED TO THE
PRINCIPAL RACING STA-
BLES IN THE ISLAND.)



OATS — finest Bold Australian Algerian—the best Australia Produces—Machine dressed & crushed. Bag of 108 lbs.	Rs. 27.00
CHAFF — finest Australian — in Compressed bales—of 70 lbs. Each	,, 16.00
BRAN — do — flaky and absolutely fresh. Bag of 108 lbs.	,, 23.50
ROCK SALT —Red quality..In lumps.. per pound	,, 0.25
MINERAL MIXTURE — Iodised — Contg. Iron, Calcium, etc. Bag of 112 lbs.	,, 25.00
BONE PHOSPHATE — Sterilised—for livestock feeding. Bag of 112 lbs.	,, 25.00
KOLLU, HORSE GRAM, BARLEY, LINSEED, ROLLED OATS, ALL VARIETIES OF WATER SALTS, etc.	

AVAILABLE AT COMPETITIVE PRICES

**MORE HORSES IN CEYLON ARE FED ON R. F. W. FOODS
THAN ON ANY OTHER BRAND**

A PROOF OF QUALITY—ALWAYS IMITATED—NEVER EQUALLED.

Price List gladly sent post free.

ROBERT'S FORAGE WORKS

Ceylon's Leading Forage Suppliers.

58, St. Sebastian Street, Colombo.

T'phone:— 3832 (2 lines)

T'grams:— "VITAMINS"

For fuel and lubricants for industry
and for transport on land, on the
sea, and in the air; for the chemi-
cal products which help the
farmer; for the bitumen to build
our roads.....



THE SHELL COMPANY OF CEYLON LTD.
(Incorporated in England. Liability of Members is Limited.)

THE ACME OF ART IN BREWING

KUPPER is brewed only from the very best clean and bright barley, made into malt, properly aged—prime hops and the purest filtered waters from Snow-clad mountain springs which for centuries have been used for brewing lager.



Retail and Club Requirements from
Messrs. Colombo Apothecaries
Co., Ltd.

Wholesale Inquiries to :—

CEYLON AND FOREIGN
TRADES, LTD.,
15, YORK ARCADE.

P. O. Box 912.

'Phone : 2710.

BANK OF CEYLON

PROVIDES

A COMPLETE BANKING SERVICE

TO MEET

ALL YOUR NEEDS

HEAD OFFICE : 41, Bristol Street, Colombo.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT : G. O. H. Building, York Street,
Colombo.

LONDON OFFICE : 4/6/8 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

BRANCHES IN CEYLON : Kandy, Galle, Jaffna, Pettah (Colombo),
Trincomalee, Badulla, Panadura,
Batticaloa, Kurunegala, Talaimannar
Pier, (Pay Office).

***There's an Office near you
to serve you***



British Ceylon Corporation Ltd.

THE LARGEST OIL MILLERS IN CEYLON

MANUFACTURERS OF
CRUDE, REFINED, DEODORISED
AND
HARDENED COCONUT OILS
SHIPPERS IN BULK
AND
STEEL CYLINDERS
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
SNOW-WHITE, LOTUS AND HEALTH-JOY
LAUNDRY SOAPS,
SANDALWOOD AND COALTAR TOILET SOAPS,
HI-POWER AND PYNOL DISINFECTANTS.

All Enquiries to—:

**HULTSDORF MILLS
COLOMBO**

Cables : " DESICOCOIL "

'Phones : 3211-13

SOLIGNUM

THE FINEST WOOD PRESERVATIVE

- ▼ Affords protection against white ants, beetles, exposure, damp, dry-rot and decay.
- ▼ Protects by penetration, remains in the heart of the wood—will not wash out or evaporate.
- ▼ Should be used for hidden timber in houses, for exterior farm and garden woodwork, fences, gates, sheds.
- ▼ Preserves rope, canvas and leather, prolongs useful life.
- ▼ Available in Grass Green, Venetian Red and three shades of Brown. Also VDK Colourless Solignum, which may be painted over.
- ▼ Covering capacity 200/300 square feet per gallon on rough sawn timber, 300/400 square feet on planed timber.

Beware of imitations! **SOLIGNUM** is sold only by

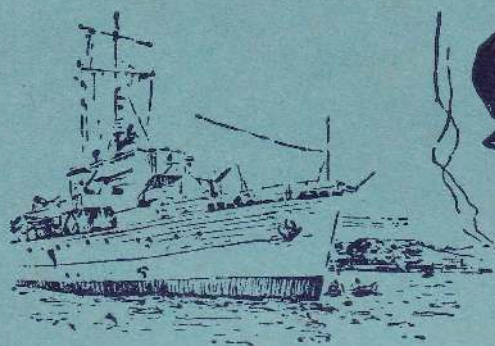
THE
COLOMBO COMMERCIAL Co., Ltd.

(Incorporated in Great Britain. Liability of members is limited.)

Telephone : **Col. 5351.**

Telegrams : **COSSACK.**





Take it
from me...

The Navy needs no
telling—for it
knows already—that,
on sea or on shore;
at any time, and in
any clime—

..... you can't beat



CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

MANUFACTURED IN CEYLON FOR THE SUCCESSORS TO
W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRISTOL AND LONDON

VAUXHALL
CARS

RILEY

BUICK

RENAULT

BEDFORD
TRUCKS

GARDNER DIESEL
AUTOMOTIVE ENGINES

SIMMS ELECTRICAL
EQUIPMENT

OLDHAM
BATTERIES

PLEXEAL
GASKET MATERIAL

TUDOR
SAFETY GLASS

AC SPARK
PLUGS

AC OIL
FILTERS

CAPASCO
BRAKE LINING

QUICKTHO
WINDOWS

PROXCELIN
CELLULOSE PAINTS



UNION PLACE, COLOMBO.2

'Phone : 9242

'Grams : "Tuckers"