NEW LANKA

A QVARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. V. JULY, 1954 No. 4

CONTENTS

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

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CONTENTS

The Editor is glad to consider articles, preferably in typescript, on topics of general interest. The publication of such contributions should not be understood to mean that we share or take responsibility for the views expressed in them. Authors are advised to retain duplicate copies of articles, as no responsibility is undertaken for the return of contributions.

G. L. Cooray
Editor.

Annual Subscription Post Free

Ceylon **Rs. 10.** Overseas **Rs. 11. (16s.)**

Single Copy: **Rs. 2-50.** Postage extra.

Editorial and Business Office: **51, Turret Road, Colombo 7. Ceylon.**

Telephone: **3905.** Telegrams: **VOET, Colombo.**

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THE NEW LANKA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

AS OTHERS SEE US

Dr. Paul A. Schilpp, Editor, The Library of Living Philosophers, Inc., Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

" You certainly are to be congratulated upon editing such an excellent periodical. I am happy to offer you my sincerest congratulations upon a task admirably done."

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" It was very kind of you to send me the *New Lanka* and I have been enjoying it. It is an admirably balanced periodical, if I may say so, in its choice of subjects, and I should like to join with the others whose views are recorded in this issue in hoping that you will be able to maintain your high standard and so serve the intellectual interests of Ceylon."

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PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND CULTURE

Lord Soulbury

I

ABOUT a year ago I was asked by a Ceylonese friend to deliver an address on the part that public libraries play in the cultural development of a country. For some reason or other, the meeting at which it was proposed that I should speak did not take place but I have expanded for the purpose of this article some notes which I had made at the time.

The first thing to be considered was the meaning of "cultural development." Culture, as will be clear to anyone who has read the observations of that fine poet and distinguished man of letters, Mr. T. S. Eliot, is a difficult word to define. In fact, I am almost inclined to take refuge in the old dictum—"Omnis definitio periculosa est"—and give it up. The word is of Latin origin and is, of course, a metaphor from the cultivation of the soil. For instance, the mind of a child is held to be capable of cultivation by its parents and teachers, just as the soil is tilled and sown and tended by a farmer. And when we describe a person as cultured or cultivated—the words mean much the same thing—we usually have in mind someone who is well versed in the history, literature and art of his own country and, it is hoped, that of other countries as well, for a culture that is sealed off and isolated from others soon becomes sterile. But should our estimate of the state of a country's culture depend upon the number of its inhabitants who answer to that description of the cultured or cultivated man? Does culture mean mainly an acquaintance with the accumulated wisdom of the past and in Mathew Arnold's words,—"With the best that has been thought and said in the world?"

I think that such a view would be mistaken, for it might confine the term to scholarship and learning, and I should not be disposed to describe one country as more cultured than another merely because it possessed more Bachelors of Art to the acre. Bookishness is not culture, and we

have, all of us, at some time or another met scholars whose culture was greatly inferior to their knowledge.

The culture of a country is something very much wider and deeper. It is the product of ages to which countless generations have contributed. Apart from literature and the arts, it comprises laws, customs, habits and manners, dress and jewellery, food and diet, furniture, fabrics, sports, games and recreations.

For example, the Sinhalese salutation has a cultural significance, and the designer of the saree—the most becoming and beautiful of the manifold varieties of female adornment—made a notable contribution to the culture of the East. No one could give an adequate account of the culture of France without some reference to her cuisine, or of the culture of England without mentioning cricket and football and fox-hunting.

But I have left out two important elements; one of them is language. " For the transmission of a country's culture," says Eliot, " and peculiar way of thinking, feeling and behaving, and for its maintenance, there is no safeguard more reliable than its language." And the other and more important is religion. To quote Eliot again—" No culture has spread or developed except together with a religion." And he goes on to ask whether what we call the culture and what we call the religion of a people are not different aspects of the same thing—" When a people defends its religion it is defending its culture." Even if we were to limit our definition of culture to the arts, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, dancing and architecture—and such a limitation is not uncommon—we should find that every-one of them, in every land from time immemorial, has been linked with and inspired by religion.

For example, we have the incomparable beauty of the figures in stone, marble and bronze of the Gods and Goddesses of ancient Greece, the Sivas and Buddhas of the East, the Christs and Madonnas in the mosaics of Byzantium and the paintings of Italy, the Gregorian chants of the Christian Church, the graceful devotion of the dances of India, the early hymns of the Orient and the ethereal loveliness of the temples and cathedrals which have been built for the worship and veneration of the Divine.

But I fear that, in the West at any rate, religion and the arts no longer walk hand in hand. Eliot thinks that the standards of culture in that hemisphere are lower today

than they were fifty years ago, and if he is right, the decline of the influence and inspiration of religion may be a potent cause. Perhaps those who are striving to develop the culture of Ceylon will bear that in mind.

And what is meant by cultural development? Does it mean the expansion and diffusion or the refinement and improvement of culture, or both? Will cultural development be qualitative as well as quantitative?

The spreading of culture, so far as that can be deliberately achieved, is usually presumed to be one of the functions of education and to call for increased literacy amongst the population, the imparting of knowledge and the stimulation and training of artistic aptitude, and so forth. If that effort is successful, the general range of culture in the limited sense of that word will expand. But to raise the quality of culture, most if not all countries have, in the past, relied upon a comparatively small section of the people —an élite—often, though by no means always, drawn from the upper classes, whose intellectual and artistic gifts and good breeding, manners, background and civilised behaviour set standards which, in due course, the rest of the people endeavour to follow and imitate.

Culture is, in fact, almost synonymous with civilisation. It is a way of life which, apart from literature and art, includes such things as hygiene and sanitation, the care of personal appearance, bodily fitness and cleanliness. There may be some exaggeration in the old saying that " cleanliness is next to godliness," but it is not far from it. Perhaps Eliot is right in detecting a deterioration in Western standards of culture during the last fifty years, but that does not, in my opinion, apply to physical culture, which is certainly a part of cultural development. There has been a remarkable advance in physical culture during the last half-century, after a long and dismal decline from the high standards evolved by ancient Greece and Rome. Whatever may have happened to " Mousike," " gymnastike " seems to be recovering.

In my early days it was unusual to find more than one bathroom even in a large country house, and one bath a week was often considered to be quite adequate. Such parsimony nowadays would attract unfavourable comment from all classes, and not only from the well-to-do.

And as regards good manners, I am by no means sure that the so-called upper classes still provide the leadership,

and I am inclined to think that, in my country and elsewhere, greater politeness and consideration for others are to be found among the peasants and villagers in the countryside than among the more sophisticated inhabitants of the towns and cities.

But be that as it may, my general conclusion is that the cultural development of a country comprehends all the activities, tastes and habits of its people; in short, culture is their way of life. And I hope that someone will write a social history of Ceylon on the lines of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's "Social History of England," for we should thereby learn far more about the culture of Ceylon than from the stories of kings and their conquests.

II

But to write such a history would be impossible if there were no records of the lives and customs and occupations of the people. In preserving such records, libraries have preserved the knowledge of the cultural past and, for that reason alone will have a profound influence upon the cultural present and future.

The library, or at any rate the public library, is a very ancient institution, for it is a deeply rooted human instinct to keep records and documents. It would take a volume to illustrate that, but perhaps a few instances will not be out of place here.

The British Museum contains a large part of the library of Assur Bani Pal, who reigned over the Assyrians at Nineveh in the 7th Century B.C. Apart from the many thousands of clay tablets and cylinders recording the triumphs of this King, his laws and decrees, lists of Gods and temple offerings and commercial documents, there is a considerable quantity of literature, poetry and prose, which was almost certainly available to the scholars and men of learning of those days.

The existence about the same time of similar libraries in China and Egypt is well authenticated, though they have perished, but the tradition persisted, for Egypt some four hundred years after the fall of Nineveh was still renowned for possessing two of the most celebrated libraries in the world. The library established in Alexandria in 285 B.C., by the King of Egypt, Ptolemy II, was, according to Strabo, a vast establishment in the precincts of the Royal Palace, where men of letters used to meet and dine together; it must

have been something like a University. The second library —it was called the daughter of the first—was also established in Alexandria by the same King in the temple of Serapis.

About one hundred years later Eumenes II the King of Pergamum, a city in the south of what is now Turkey, established another library. It was obviously intended for the public, for Vitruvius says that he built it " In communem delectationem "—for the delight of the world at large;—a good motto for a modern library. This library soon began to rival the libraries at Alexandria, for Eumenes was an enthusiastic collector of books. The King of Egypt at that time was so much exasperated by this competition that he endeavoured to cripple the efforts of his rival by prohibiting the export of papyrus, of which Egypt had a monopoly. Eumenes defeated this scheme by resorting to parchment: there is nearly always a way round an economic sanction.

In 133 B.C., the last of the descendants of Eumenes bequeathed the city of Pergamum and its library to Rome, and nearly one hundred years later Mark Antony is reported to have made Cleopatra a present of its 200,000 volumes. This was one of the war crimes charged against him—a very serious one.

It is possible that the bequest of this library planted among the Romans the taste for collecting books. Asinius Pollio, a friend of Virgil and Horace, devoted the spoils of his Illyrian Campaign to the building of a public library, and Pliny says that he was the first to make men's talents public property—" Ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit."

His work was carried on by Augustus, and by the time of Trajan one hundred years later, twenty-six public libraries had been founded. But long before Trajan's time, private libraries had become so fashionable in the houses of the rich that Seneca declared that books were not being bought for the sake of learning but for show, not as instruments of study but as ornaments for the dining room.

It is strange, however, that in ancient Greece during the heyday of Hellenic civilisation in the 5th and 4th centuries B.C., there is no record of the existence of a public library, and yet it was during those two centuries that the literature and art of that country reached a pinnacle of excellence that has never been surpassed. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that, however much public libraries may have contributed to the development of culture elsewhere, their contribution to the culture of ancient Greece was negligible.

Nor is there much evidence of private libraries, though it is almost inconceivable that in a city like Athens, the home of so many cultivated men, nobody had a collection of books; but references to anything of the sort are very scanty. Strabo has preserved a tradition that Aristotle was the first Greek to make a collection of books and that he taught the King of Egypt how to arrange his library. There was no public library in Athens until the reign of the Roman Emperor Hadrian in the early part of the second century A.D.

A possible explanation of the lack of public libraries in Greece is the almost complete absence of a priestly caste. In early times the usual repositories of written documents were palaces and temples, and in all civilisations priests have been par excellence the learned class. The Kings were the patrons of literature and art and palaces and temples were thought to offer greater security. But Greece was a country of small city states; there were no great potentates nor was there any organised community of priests, perhaps because the critical temperament of the Greeks was incompatible with the growth of such an organisation. Nevertheless, it is obvious from what the Greeks achieved that public libraries were not essential to the development of an exceedingly fine literary and artistic culture.

And the Greeks may have been saved from the obscurantism with which in some countries in both ancient and modern times the priesthood treated the documents entrusted to its care. In some civilisations the scriptures and sacred writings, which often formed the bulk of the libraries, were invested with a halo of mysticism and magic. They were expounded only in the temples and were not translated or circulated to the laity by their jealous guardians. Even in England it is only a little more than 300 years since the Latin Vulgate was superseded by the authorised English version of the Bible.

Nevertheless, we should do well to remember that it is to the priesthood that most of the libraries or, at any rate, the manuscripts of Greek and Roman literature owe their survival during the Dark Ages that followed the fall of Rome, when the Goths and Huns and Vandals destroyed many of the treasures of Western art and literature. For it was the Church that carried on the policy of the Roman Emperors, and Western civilisation owes an incalculable debt of gratitude to the monasteries for preserving so much of its cultural past.

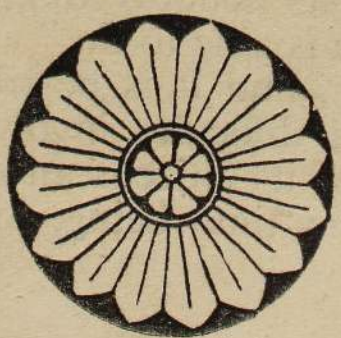
To narrate the history of the public library from the end of the Dark Ages to the present day, the effect of the destruction of the monasteries at the time of the Reformation and the dispersal of their contents, the collections made by the Renaissance Popes and Princes and private collectors such as Sir Robert Cotton, the libraries founded by Universities like Oxford and Upsala and by the British Museum in 1753 is far beyond the scope of this article, and I will jump the centuries to present day Britain.

As a result of the Public Libraries Act of 1852 and subsequent legislation, the facilities of a public library are available to almost one hundred per cent of the population of Britain. There are 20,000 Service points in village schools, shops and even private houses fed from headquarters in the county towns. Nearly every public library operates on the "Open access" principle. Readers can go to the shelves and choose their own books, but most of the library staff are specially trained to assist them in their choice. My figures are not quite up to date, but in the year before I came to Ceylon twenty-four per cent of the population of England and Wales—about eleven million—were registered as regular borrowers. And about 285,000,000 books were borrowed for home reading—over six books per head of the population per annum.

What has been the effect of this remarkable expansion of public libraries on the cultural development of Britain? I know of no yardstick by which that can be measured, but when, as in Britain, it is the policy of the country that every citizen should learn to read, it is not unduly optimistic to expect that a public which has acquired and can satisfy a taste for reading books will make more cultural progress than a public which can only rely upon newspapers and magazines. For that reason alone, libraries should be made available to the community wherever possible. It is true that Professor Trevelyan has written in another book, "England under Queen Anne," that "The Eighteenth century, in spite of its educational defects, produced a larger number of remarkable and original men from among those who passed through its schools than our highly-educated and over-regulated age is able to do." There were no public libraries in those days, and it is possible that in a modern State the expense and difficulty involved in the endeavour to give to every one of its citizens an equal educational opportunity may, for the time being, level down instead of

levelling up. The German philosopher Nietsche said that everybody being allowed to read ruined, in the long run, not only writing but reading. But we neither can, nor should, reverse engines now, nor should we endorse the dictum of Bernard de Mandeville that " Education in reading, writing and arithmetic incapacitates the children of the poor ever after for downright labour." He wrote that in the reign of Queen Anne, and it is good to know that when his book was published the Grand Jury of Middlesex declared it to be a nuisance.

Nevertheless, we should be aware of a problem that is likely to confront the world for many years to come, namely, as Berdyaeff pointed out some thirty years ago, how to neutralise the danger to qualitative culture that may arise from the rapidly growing number and influence of semi-educated people. That danger was noted by a statesman in the reign of King Charles II, the Marquess of Halifax, who wrote " Nothing disturbs the Commonwealth so much as half-learned men; downright ignorance is much to be preferred before restless conceited knowledge." We are often told that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, though it is really only dangerous to those who do not know how little their knowledge is. But mass education is likely to increase the number of such people, and the political and social results may for a long time be embarrassing. That is why I asked, at the beginning of this article, whether cultural development would be qualitative as well as quantitative. Time alone will show. At the present moment, for various reasons, mostly, I think, economic, the majority of the inhabitants of every country in the world are intellectually immature, but that is no reason why the task of educating them to greater maturity should be abandoned. I am confident that the public library will be an important factor in the accomplishment of that task for, apart from helping to preserve the national culture, it can do a great deal to ensure that, in the words of Professor Sir Ernest Barker— " Culture should not belong only to the cultured, but should be spread amongst the people in widest commonality."



certain intervals does the ' nelu ' flower in the jungle of the hills. It is an unforgettable sight. You set out along any ordinary little jungle path. One bank is starred with golden wild calceolaria and fringed with ferns and moss—the other bank dropping away in a tangle of shrub and creepers—and, at a sudden turn, it opens out into a flowery arcade of white, mauve and purple. The ' nelu ' dominates everything, creating a world of delicate bell-flowers, massed above and around, piling themselves up to the heights, dimly seen through the trees, glowing purple near at hand, misty-mauve at a distance through the tree-stems. And with the pungent, aromatic scent comes the twittering and chirruping of innumerable birds adding their quota of praise to such astounding beauty.

And here, reluctantly, this inadequate attempt to put a quart measure into a pint pot must end. ' Give me grace to omit ' said Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a heart-breaking task for the lover of Ceylon. One can only hope to have conveyed in some small way the longing that comes to us under grey Western skies for the sun-dappled roads beneath the palm trees, the shrill chirping of the crickets, the scarlet glory of flamboyant blossom, the graceful gaily-clad people passing up and down on brown and noiseless feet, the tom-toms beating fitfully, the rainbow beauty of a host of flowering trees, the mystic thrill of Adam's Peak rising remote yet dominating like Fuji, the lonely jungle roads, the fragrance and the glamour of this land of never-ending summer. And in addition to this there are the treasures expressed in memories of loyal and faithful service in one's home and in the friendships which still endure with men and women of all races, friendships which made life so rich.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well!

sang that platitudinous poet Thomas Henry Bayley. A Frenchman (Le Comte de Bussy-Rabutin) put it more aptly:— ' L 'absence est a l'amour ce qui est au feu le vent; il etient le petit, mais il allume le grand.' In this distracted and storm-racked world of to-day our affection for Ceylon burns unchanged and steadily. Our hopes are that she may ' fare well,' now and in the Future. In Sir John Mandeville's Travels [1] we read:—

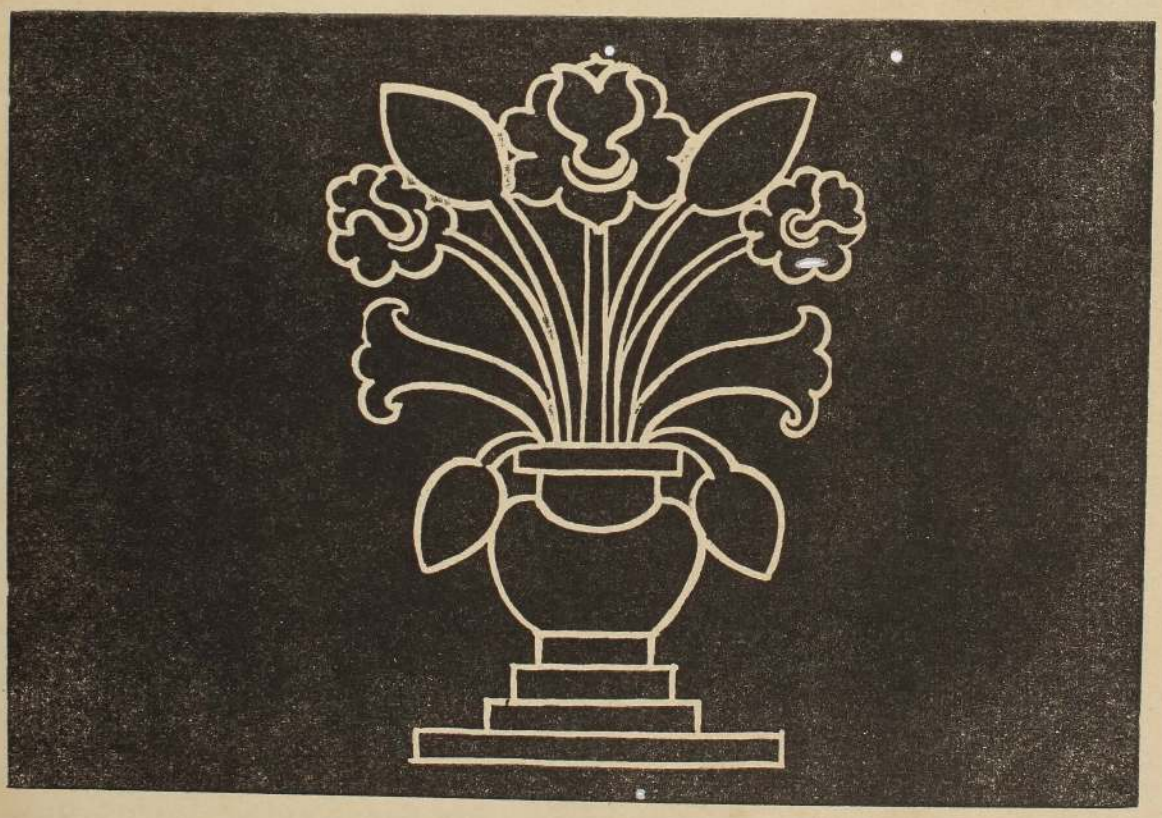
' Towards the east from the land of Prester John is an isle mickle and large and good, which is

1. *Mandeville's Travels* Texts and Translations in 2 Volumes by Malcolm Letts, F.S.A. Hakluyt Society. 1953.

called Taprobane.[2] In this isle is good folk dwelling and reasonable.'

It is this leaven of sweet reasonableness that exists among the peoples of Lanka to this day that may prove the greatest gift with which this 'Pocket Paradise' has been endowed.

2. Taprobane was the name by which Ceylon was known to the Greeks and Romans.



his request for Dominion Status, which was supported by the Governor, Sir Henry Moore.

It had been arranged that Sir Henry Moore should be Governor-General for one year. Mr. Senanayake decided that he should be followed by Lord Soulbury, who thus took office as the second Governor-General in July, 1949. Since Sir Henry effected the transition, however, Lord Soulbury was to set the tradition. There are precedents from other Commonwealth countries but they are not strictly applicable to Ceylon because, inevitably, few Ceylonese had developed the personal loyalty to the monarch which is traditional among many, if not most, of the peoples of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and even South Africa. Lord Soulbury's success in settling a tradition may, I think, be measured by the Queen's visit. It was not what in Britain or Canada or Australia would be called a loyal demonstration, but it was a friendly one. Ceylon's relations with the United Kingdom must be determined in the long run by mutual self-interest; but all political relationships need a cement of sentiment. Lord Soulbury's contributions towards the independence of the Island made it possible for him to supply some of the cement.

It is of course true that the relations between Ceylon and the United Kingdom are the concern not of the Governor-General but of the respective Ministries and the High Commissioners. From that side, too, affairs have been remarkably well handled since 1947. Nevertheless the Governor-General is the representative of the Commonwealth in a very real sense because he represents the Queen. The happy relations which subsist between Ceylon and the other members of the Commonwealth must, therefore, be attributed not merely to the High Commissioners, but also to Lord Soulbury.

One of the functions which the monarchy has performed in Britain since Queen Victoria is that of maintaining a scale of values which has little relevance to income. A successful business man is not necessarily a rogue; in fact, he usually is not, because in business, honesty is in the long run the best policy. The great corporations, upon which the wealth of the country depends, are not—as those who take their opinions from the antiquated sociology of Marx and Engels would have us believe—owned and run by capitalists. They are owned by ordinary people and run by highly-paid wage-earners. It is nevertheless true that in a capitalist society income has not always much relation to social merit. The

Table of Precedence, with its emphasis upon hereditary titles, is similarly not wholly related to social merit. Nevertheless, the monarchy is the focus of a social system in which eminence is determined more by ability and public service than by the length of the wheel-base of one's car. Something of the same tradition is needed in Ceylon because the ancient social system has broken down under the impact of western ideas and it should be replaced by the best of western traditions, not its worst. A bus Mudalali may or may not be an eminent person; a permanent secretary undoubtedly is because he is near the summit of an exacting profession.

There has been some criticism of the award of honours since 1948—criticism which must of course be directed towards Temple Trees and not Queen's House—but if one looks down the list it becomes plain that the criticisms relate to the exceptions and not to the rule. On the whole the scale of values accepted at Queen's House—which is not precisely the same as the scale of values in the honours lists—is a useful one. Lord Soulbury has tried to improve it in two respects. First, he has sought to encourage art and literature, and indeed the creation of the Arts Council was due to his initiative. Encouragement is badly needed, for neither art nor literature offers a career. Literature particularly is in a bad state because there is no local market worth mentioning. In the second place, Lord Soulbury has encouraged social service. The level of achievement is higher than is commonly assumed because, very properly, it is not much publicised: but the number of voluntary workers is very small in proportion to the population.

There is no doubt that these traditions ought to be continued and that the quiet dignity of Queen's House ought to be perpetuated. What is more, Queen's House and King's Pavilion have been places at which the various social circles have intersected. Those circles have never been segregated, but race, religion and caste are still important socially, and it is desirable that there should be at least one place in the Island where they are completely ignored.

The political influence of a monarch or a Governor-General can never be measured because one never knows what advice is given informally and still less what advice is taken. Mr. D. S. Senanayake was not only a very wise statesman but also a very modest one. He had a great regard for advice which was disinterested and which seemed

to him to be sound, even if it was politically impracticable for him to use it. He stored it in his memory and brought it out when political conditions had changed. I never realised, for instance, that for years he was building up ideas about education which were in conflict with some parts of the Report of the Special Committee on Education. I once saw him reading the Report, and often he listened quietly when somebody discussed the consequences of " free education " as Ceylon interpreted it. Years later he came out with a complete scheme of his own. He was not able to get it through the Cabinet, but it paved the way for Dr. Howes' proposals. It was, unfortunately, too late. Educational policy took the wrong direction in 1945 and it may never get back on the right track.

Nevertheless, the example illustrates a method. Mr. Senanayake's weekly talks with so wise and experienced a statesman as Lord Soulbury must have borne fruit, though perhaps after many days.

The appointment of two Prime Ministers in a single term of office does not fall to the lot of many Governors-General. In neither case was the decision easy. The accusation that Lord Soulbury was " finding a leader for the United National Party " was of course ill-founded. When the Labour Party is in office in Britain and the Prime Minister retires or dies, the Queen has to find a person who can form a Labour Government. It is only when the parties have become fragmented, so that no party has a majority, that the Leader of the Opposition is consulted—and possibly not even then, for it depends upon circumstances. The Queen's service must be carried on; and when a party has a majority it can be carried on only by a Government formed from that party; in choosing a Prime Minister from that party the Queen does not take part in party politics, but merely carries out her constitutional duty.

Ceylon in 1946 had no parties, because the Donoughmore Constitution discouraged them. Until 1947 it knew nothing of responsible Government. Nevertheless the Island has had a stable party government for seven years. This is no doubt a tribute to the people who formed and ran the United National Party; but it is also a tribute to the Commissioners who advised the Colonial Office in 1945 that the experiment could be tried and to the Governor-General who has been the linchpin of the Constitution for five difficult years.

WHAT I OWE TO THE CLASSICS

Cecil Syers

(An address delivered at a meeting of the Classical Association of Ceylon, on Friday, 25th June, 1954.)

IN opening my address to the Classical Association of Ceylon this evening and thanking those who have come to listen to me, I feel that I should describe myself as a Hangover from a Hartal—though I hope that nobody will ask me to translate that into Greek and Latin. This talk was to have been given last August. Had it come to pass then it would now, for good or for ill, be well behind me and you, to our joint relief. But the events in Ceylon of the 12th of August, 1953, and their aftermath—events not perhaps entirely without parallel in Ancient Greece and Rome—made it necessary to cancel our meeting. They must bear the blame for my inflicting myself on you this evening.

That is not the only reason for my feeling somewhat hesitant in facing this gathering. No doubt you are all familiar with a story told by the first Lord Wavell. It goes back to the days when a favourite Saturday afternoon pastime of the Emperor Nero was to pit Christians against wild beasts, to the discomfiture of course of the Christians. One day things did not go according to plan. The fiercest of all Nero's lions—if my Latinity serves me aright, leo quo non ferocior alter—leapt menacingly at an inoffensive-looking Christian but suddenly cowered, turned away and crept out of the arena with his tail between his legs, the Christian having whispered something to him. Nero ordered the slaves to goad the lion back into the ring. They did, but the same thing happened again. The lion advanced with the light of battle in his eye: the Christian again whispered something: the lion bolted this time. Having had the Christian despatched (he deserved more considerate treatment but Nero was no gentleman) Nero sent for a slave who understood lion Latin (not to be confused with dog Latin) and ordered him to get an explanation. In due time the slave returned. " Well?", said Nero. " Sire," replied the slave, " The lion said the Christian's words terrified him. The first time, the

Christian said—'Be careful. I suppose you know there will be speeches at the end of this banquet': the lion couldn't face that." "But the second time?", said Nero. "Ah, Sire, that was even worse. The Christian said to the lion—'And *you're* down to reply for the guests.'"

I feel rather like that lion. To be called upon to read a paper to a learned society is an ordeal as well as an honour. To be called upon to do so in the presence of so many practising classical scholars makes me only too conscious of my rustiness and reminds me that my years since I left the University have been too much devoted to the *Bios Praktikos* (life of action), too little to the *Bios Theorētikos* (life of contemplation). I feel this the more keenly when I recall so vividly the last address to this Association I was privileged to hear—Lord Soulbury's paper on Ancient and Modern Oratory, which was later so deservedly reproduced not only by the Association itself and in the Ceylon press, but in the "Quarterly Review," too. You must not expect an address of that deep thoughtfulness and scholarship this evening. Even if I had not left practically all my classical books in my own country—those trusty fellow travellers (I use the words in their exact not their modern derivative sense) Liddell and Scott and Lewis and Short lie far away in a duty warehouse; even if I had kept up my classics—as, to my regret, I have not done; even if official cares left me some little leisure, I could not hope to emulate Lord Soulbury's scholarly performance.

Nevertheless, as a sometime classic who believes, and believes fervently, that the classical education is still the best education in the world, I was bound to accede to your invitation to address the Association—an invitation doing me great honour, of which I am deeply sensible. I am indeed glad to be here this afternoon among classical scholars—some from my own University in England, which may justly claim even today, when the classics are less studied than they were, to be the repository of the true classical tradition. Oxford is, of course, the Home of Lost Causes. Let us hope not in this case, for without the Classics the world would be a poorer place. My grateful thanks are due to the Association for their kindness in inviting me to speak and to those who have sacrificed themselves this evening to—they know not what. My audience may at least console themselves with the Lucretian reflection—

'Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem'
'Sweet it is when the winds toss the waves on the heaving sea to watch from the shore another struggling to ride the waters.'

I have chosen as my subject: "What I owe to the Classics." I should first explain that by "Classics" I mean Greek and Latin. I do not ignore the Indian, the Sanskrit and other classics. But we of this Association are concerned with Greek and Latin only. I have chosen my subject for two reasons. The first is that, as I have explained, I no longer have the expertise to lecture you on the sort of topic with which I might once have regaled you—the fascinating topic of the digamma in the Homeric period (with an oblique reference to the poet who "observed with a dignified air 'What the digamma does anyone care'"?), the intricate question of the Responsions in Pindar or the sorry story of those sad elusive figures who made their fragmentary appearance in a slim pathetic volume entitled "Lost Old Greek Comic Poets." At one time I could have poured out a wealth of words on the Ciceronian clausula—do you remember Godley's.

"Plain is the trick of doing Latin Prose
An Esse Videantur at the close
Makes it to all intents and purposes
As good as anything of Cicero's"?

—or propounded my own theory on some of the more disputed passages in the Aeschylean Trilogy, with perhaps trenchant comments on the views of Wilamowitz Moellendorf. But that alas! has passed with the years: I can nò longer reproduce the comparative erudition of the twenties. Were I to try, some learned professor might be heard to murmur of me—again I quote Godley—

"So let him rest till crack of doom
Of mortal tasks aweary.
And nothing write upon his tomb
Save *Beta*—?

My second reason goes deeper. It is a regrettable fact, at least I think it is regrettable, that the young people of our modern world are turning more and more away from the traditional classical education which held sway in the earlier years of the century and before. More and more the cry is for the practical education (it is called "the vocational education") which will repay quick dividends in our

materialistic civilisation. How often we hear people say—"I want to be taught how to do and make things—something that will be useful in after-life—not dead languages and the affairs of buried civilisations. I live in an age of atoms and tanks: why bother me with javelins and phalanxes?" The select band that thinks otherwise is a steadily dwindling company.

Yet I believe the smaller battalions have it and I for one shall never concede to the vocal majority that they are right or that their case is based on Logic, Logic which anyhow they steadfastly refuse to study. I believe that the classical training still provides the broadest-based education and the best foundation for whatever may come after—whether it be specialisation in the classics themselves, in history, in science, in medicine or any other study. This is my belief and I state it thus dogmatically now. I must seek to prove it.

Let it not be thought that I write down these other studies. Obviously they must, as they do, exist: obviously they are important. Not everybody, as Plato said, can be a philosopher King. The role of the historian is clearly important. So is that of the scientist whose sights are set (or should be set) on so providing for *To zēn* (life) that *To eu zēn* (the good life) is within our grasp—though I do wish he would not look to us classics to provide hybrid names for some of his more misbegotten horrors! But I do feel that, just as the metaphysician must subsume the studies of ethics, politics and aesthetics, so the classic ranges over a wider field than the students of any of these individual subjects: and that the classical education covers a broader canvas and provides a more comprehensive training than any other. T. S. Eliot has observed of the literary mind that "it needs a more comprehensive and varied diet, a more miscellaneous knowledge of facts, a greater experience of men and of ideas, than the kind required for the practice of the other arts." This, I believe, is just what the classical training provides.

Some of my audience may think this a bold, even a provocative, statement. Well, so it is. But life without provocation would be dull indeed and a Classical Association must be the first to follow the Socratic method of dialectical discussion of bold propositions.

What do I owe to the Classics? What, rather, do we owe to the Classics? Let us try to analyse our debt. But first let us dispose of one cherished catcall of the opposition. It is the gibe—heard less loudly today perhaps than thirty

years ago—" A comfortable, well-paid, underworked job in the Civil Service." I am not here tonight to defend the Civil Service—of any country —but I think two at least of the opprobrious adjectives have little accuracy today. I know few harder worked men than many of my colleagues in the Civil Service in Whitehall. On pay I could say much; I will content myself with quoting the words of one who described the Classics as " training us to despise the wealth they disable us from acquiring."

No, our debt to the Classics goes much deeper than that. It is a debt to an elaborate system of training, evolved over the centuries and designed to promote a way of thought, and through that way of thought a way of life. What does the classical training set out to give us? I believe it sets out to give us in greater or less degree these things: (1) Power of self-expression, (2) Precision of thought and speech, (3) Sense of proportion, (4) Adaptability, (5) Sense of humour, (6) Appreciation of the beautiful in languages, qualities sometimes sadly lacking in the world today. I don't say that no other training can give you these qualities, though I doubt whether any can give you them all. I do say that no other training—not even History, in my judgment the nearest approach to Classics—can give you them in the same degree.

Let us examine them—

(1) *Power of self-expression*

No-one, I think, who seriously studies and analyses the form as well as the substance of the writings, both prose and verse, of the great classical masters can fail to learn something of the art of self-expression. This is no doubt true of the study of any language: it is certainly true of the study of Greek and Latin. In them you have two fully developed languages crystallised for all time by the disappearance of the civilisations they served, which provided comprehensively and—not less important—economically for all the needs of the day. I say 'economically' because Greek and Latin eschewed the extravagant and shunned the slipshod. The patterns of life in Greece and Rome, different as they were in so many ways, were alike in this, at any rate during the palmy days; they looked to the clear-cut, the plain, the simple. And in this they were followed by the patterns of the national languages. Clarity of expression as well as of thought was the aim. Self-expression covers a wide range—from the maunderings of a maniac to the profundities of a philosopher. I am using the phrase this evening

to mean concise presentation of coherent thought. And I do believe that conscientious, intelligent study of Greek and Latin conditions a man or woman, to greater or lesser degree, to marshal thoughts and phrase them clearly and concisely. In Greek and Latin words and phrases have a precise relation to the idea or thought they are intended to express; there is none of the sloppiness which informs so much of our writing today. Translating Thucydides and Theocritus, Virgil and Tacitus, imitating Plato and Sophocles, Cicero and Horace, these call for a power to weigh and understand the meaning of words and the forms of construction which is not only an important piece of mental equipment in itself but an essential prerequisite of lucid self-expression in any language. A man is bound to gain something in wrestling to understand and render into another language such passages as:

dakruoen gelasasa
('Smiling amid her tears')
pontiōn te kumatōn anearithmon gelasma
('The myriad ripples of a smiling sea').

Or the well-nigh untranslatable lament of Electra to Orestes—

hōs sap elpidōn ouk hōnper exepempon eisedexamēn
("With what hopes I sent thee forth,
What grief received thee back").

(2) *Precision of thought and speech*

Lucid self-expression calls for precision of thought and speech. Admittedly this is untrue of most conversations, which proceed by jerks, half-sentences and semi-incoherent utterances which somehow or other generally get themselves understood. But if true meaning is to be unfailingly conveyed by word of mouth or in writing, then you must know just what you want to say and how to say it. This may be a truism but it is too often forgotten. Those who built up the educational systems of Greece and Rome regarded it as a first principle and enshrined it as a canon in those systems. Inevitably, then, it was reflected in the works of the masters. Personally I think the best example is to be found in the works of Sophocles, the Shakespeare of the Greek tragic theatre. But one only has to think of the writings of Plato and Aristotle, of Virgil and Lucretius, to mention only four. Indeed it was no mean achievement, requiring precision of thought and speech, of the two Roman poets to have presented in the one case a treatise on agriculture, in the other a philosophical thesis, through the medium of verse. It was only

possible because there was clarity of thought allied with clarity of language. I once heard a philosopher argue that he had not really had a thought until he could express it in language which was as intelligible to others as to himself. That may be a disconcerting thought in itself but if it was an overstatement it was an overstatement in the right direction. Too often nowadays we all hear imprecise remarks based on imprecise thinking. The hard routine of the classics calls for something much crisper, much more rigid if you like. The Greek and Roman authors would never have tolerated the multi-purpose use to which we put that well-nigh meaningless word " nice " or accepted the " angles," " issues " and " factors " which intrude so wantonly into so much of our writing and conversation. They knew instinctively because of their feeling for the meaning of words that it is a heinous sin to do what so many economists urge us to do—" anticipate a deficit." Soft words may butter no parsnips; but sloppy words may conceal a wealth of insufficient thought. It was the very hardness of the marble in which they worked—their national languages—that forced them to chisel out their thoughts the hard way. In studying their works we may hope to acquire a little of the same respect for precise thought and precise language.

(3) *Sense of proportion*

A wise man once said to me—" To deliver a good speech you must know three things—how you are going to start, what you are going to say in the middle, how you are going to end." We can all think of orators—in this and other countries—who might have profited by that advice. Certainly it was the rule of the Greek and Roman orators and I believe that, perhaps half-unconsciously, it was the rule of the Greek and Roman writers. Their plays, their histories, their poems fit into this pattern. There is no looseness, no lack of consequence: on the contrary, there is something of a set form, a pattern. And this is really due to sense of proportion, setting things in their right perspective and giving them their due value. This is just as true of the Greek tragedies as it is of the epigrams of Martial, just as true of the history of Thucydides as it is of the histories of Tacitus. People are perhaps tired of being reminded of the old Mēden agan, medio tutissimus ibis (Golden Mean) but it was more often than not the canon of literature in the classical age. Humility was defined, I think by St. Thomas Aquinas, as " a just self-estimate."

Those words might well be used to define 'sense of proportion'—a quality the lack of which can completely negative the most admirable other qualities and in an extreme case bring unhappiness not only to the one who lacks it but to others. Mathew Arnold said of Sophocles that he "saw life steadily and saw it whole." That was because he had a sense of proportion, keenly developed by his training and informing his whole mental outlook. There is much that we can all learn from such as he.

(4) *Adaptability.*

This quality was generously suggested to me by a friend and colleague who is here this evening and himself was a historian. I think he is right and I acknowledge a debt to him for his suggestion, which has especial significance because he, though not unversed in the classics, was not himself a classic. By 'adaptability' he did not mean, nor do I mean, the power to fit in with any social background—though many classics I know undoubtedly have that power—but rather the ability to accept, understand and absorb other ideas, and bring them within the framework of one's reasoning. In doing Greek and Latin composition you are called upon to adapt yourself to the form of your medium. It may be an exercise in translating the words of an English orator into the style of Thucydides or Cicero, it may be an exercise in translating a passage from Shakespeare into the style of Euripides or Sophocles. What you are called upon to do is present the English text as it would have been presented to his audience by the ancient author. Metaphors and similes may well have to be changed, purple passages toned down and even the balance altered. You have to conform to the canons of the new medium and forget those of the old. Nor is it slavish mimicry. I remember once a form-master exclaiming when a pupil had produced what was apparently a masterpiece of Aeschylean imitation—three-word lines and all thrown in for full measure—"Aeschylus, Aeschylus everywhere and nothing Aeschylean!" Classical composition indeed calls for something of the quality of the parodist or of the first-class impersonator, who is not content to imitate his subject saying something which he actually did say but prefers to present him as saying something which he would say. And if this getting inside the skin of somebody else is not adaptability I don't know what is. The men who rendered

"Oh! my offence is rank; it smells to heaven

as *Oimoi miasm echthiston ouranou musos*

and "That he knew nothing save he nothing knew"
as "Nosse nihil sese se nisi nosse nihil"
knew not only what they wanted to say but how their subject would have said it. Each translation has a ring, which could deceive and appear authentic. Each faithfully reproduces the thought of the old in the new medium, and yet retains the feeling of the old and conditions it to the new. This adaptability is a quality which ranges over a far wider field than mere composition and infects a man's whole outlook on life.

So far I have, I know, been mildly controversial. I intended to be so and I said so. At this point I am entering into a much more controversial field. I am mentioning two qualities about which everybody feels strongly—sense of humour and appreciation of the beautiful. You will never get anyone to admit that he lacks these: he would rather be called a forger, a cardsharper or—but I won't go further. To each of us, sense of humour is what the other man lacks; in art each of us 'knows what he likes' and devil take the artists and the professors or aesthetics. Yet I believe that study of the classics does sharpen our sense of humour and our appreciation of the beauties of language.

(5) *Sense of humour*

He would be a rash man—I am a diplomat and one thing a diplomatic training is supposed to provide is caution—who sought in an address of this kind to define sense of humour. Books have been written about it and we still do not know what it is. But it must, I conceive, be connected with sense of proportion, or to put it another way, with recognition of the fitness of things; and in its oral (or do I mean verbal?) expression it requires mental agility and precise formulation. If I am right in my earlier analysis of the qualities which a classical training may be expected to develop, then it follows, I suggest, that a sense of humour is another such quality. Here may I inject a little story about the sense of humour of a first class classic who was at school with me? It was the custom of the Governors of our school to invite the six senior boys to their annual Feast. Now the Governors were drawn from a City Company whose port wine was proverbial even among the City Companies. On the night of the dinner we boys were pressed to take advantage of their hospitality particularly where the port was concerned. Whether from innate caution, parental precept, study of the ancient poets, or just plain cowardice, we poured out the most frugal

libations. Not so one of our masters, who revelled in the evening, declaiming great passages about the old Falernian and all the other wines of the ancient world. Next morning we foregathered to see our preceptor, normally a roseate jocose individual, pallid, heavy-eyed and thoughtful. Rousing himself he called upon my friend to translate a passage from a Greek tragedy (to my regret I cannot remember which one) in which the harassed heroine laments her plight and complains that she has nowhere to turn to for help. In the course of a heartrending lament she observes, probably accurately,

Oudeis gar limēn aneu ponou

(" For there is no harbour without suffering.")

My friend, having delivered himself of the usual " Woe is me's " and " Alacks " so common in this type of monologue, found himself confronted by this line. With defiant eye and clear conscience, he informed our suffering master—

" There is no port without pain."

I trust I have established my point so far, at any rate, as one classic is concerned.

I come now to the last quality, the most difficult of all to deal with.

(6) *Appreciation of beauty of language*

Beauty of language must, I take it, depend upon both meaning and sound, or to put it another way on both content and form. The beauty there is in the Bible, in Shakespeare, in Keats, in the greatest English oratory—to take but a few examples—all reveals this blend. The same is true of much of Greek and Roman literature. I defy anybody who knows Greek and Latin not to surrender to the beauty of Homer, to the ' surge and thunder of the Odyssey,' and to the sustained passages of beauty in the Aeneid. Indeed, I have known people who were quite content to listen to readings from the classical poets of which they understood not a word, simply for the sound of the rolling cadences. I believe that study of Greek and Latin literature nourishes and sharpens appreciation of the sound of words both individually and as components of phrases. This appreciation is not confined to the two languages themselves but spills over and colours one's feeling for one's own language too. In other words one's sense of the fitness of a word both in sound and in meaning is sharpened by experience of the use of words in the Classics. I will not burden you with quotations but I

will mention two passages, taken at random from the ' disjecta membra ' of memory, which always made a deep impression on me. They are—

Eipe tis Heracleite.....

translated with immeasurable beauty by William Cory in his

" They told me, Heraclitus....

and Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume...

" Alas, dear Postumus, the fleeting years..."

Each of these seemed, and seems, to me to express melancholy in language beautiful because it marries perfection of idea with perfection of sound.

When I reached this stage in the writing of this address I realised that there were two things I must say to my audience by way of apology. In the first place you may be wondering why, in a talk entitled " What I owe to the Classics," I have apparently claimed for myself high qualities which you may rightly regard as conspicuously absent in myself and my address. My excuse must be that, in the course of writing, I found that my presentation of my thoughts was changing. I should have changed the title to " What we can owe to the Classics." For this I must apologise. I have in fact tried to paint the ideal and I am very conscious of my own shortcomings. If you will look at it in this way you will, I hope, forgive the inconsistency and apparent arrogance. I am claiming that the right man or woman can be best trained by the classical system in the qualities I have described: I am not claiming that I am a successful product of the system. My defence of myself must be, in the words of the poet—

" Est quadam prodire tenus si non datur ultra."

(it is something to get part of the way even if you can't get further.)

Secondly, I realise that I have covered very much the same ground as Lord Soulbury covered in a memorable address he gave to this Association in 1945. Although I read that address when it was published in 1951—and read it with great admiration—I did not read it again until I had reached this point in my address. In other words, familiar to all classics, I did not crib! I must confess that I am delighted to find so much in common between us and to know that I have so eminent a scholar and public man with me in this. It confirms my belief in the value of the classical training.

I must now bring this address to its close.

Dum loquimur fugerit invida Aetas.

(" While we have been talking churlish
Time will have been flying.")

I myself am profoundly conscious of a debt to the Classics and if I had my life again I would still choose the classical education because it is a training in the humanities, as is recognised by Oxford where the classical school is called Litterae Humaniores. If this address has served to remind some of the good things of their youth and to spur others to read the Classics—in translations if that is the only medium in which they can be revealed—then it has been worth while.

One final, purely personal debt. At times when things have gone wrong, when the future looked grim, I have found consolation—and I continue to find consolation—in two lines, one from the greatest Greek poet, one from the greatest Latin poet, of them all. I make no apology for quoting once again lines that will be familiar to every classical scholar in the room. The first comes from Homer and was quoted, I know, by Lord Soulbury in his 1945 address. It runs:

Tetlāthi dē kradiē kai kunteron allo pot etlēs

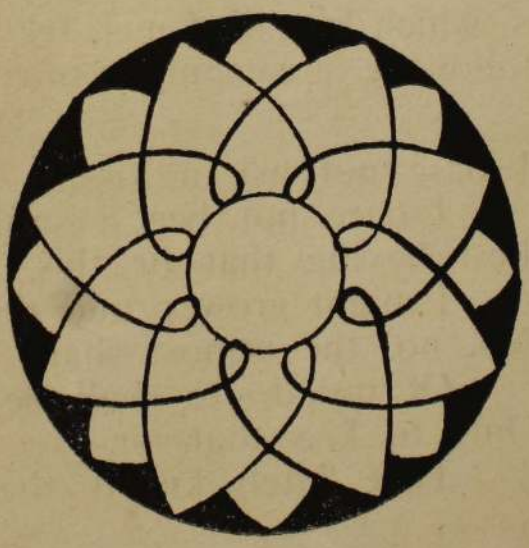
" Bear up, my soul, bear up: a worse thing than this hast thou endured ere now."

The second comes from Virgil and runs:

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

" One day perchance to remember even these sorrows will bring pleasure."

Perhaps that is a fitting note on which to conclude my address.



EPIGRAMS

Lucian de Zilwa

THE word epigram means an inscription, and it originally denoted something written on a statue, or building, or memorial monument. But its application has been extended to compositions having an epigraphical form, a striking thought tersely expressed, a little poem ending with a point.

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

The first writer of epigrams was Simonides of Ceos, 500 B.C. He wrote the epitaph on the Spartans who were killed at Thermopylae:

Stranger, go tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here, obedient to their commands.

The austere style gradually developed, through the Alexandrian and oriental stages, to the Byzantine form. In 60 B.C., Meleager of Syria compiled a selection from 46 poets, and called it The Garland. In the 10th century The Greek Anthology was compiled by Constantine Cephalas. It contained 4500 epigrams by 300 authors, and these were classified under 15 heads. Many attempts have been made to classify epigrams, but with little success. They may, for instance, be grouped according to their subjects: religion, politics, love, etc; or according to their authorship. Scaliger made 5 divisions, which he called mel, fel, sal, acetum, and complex. The following are examples of each variety:—

Mel (honey).

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

Herrick.

Fel (bile).

O Bruscus, cease our aching ears to vex,
With thy loud railing at the softer sex;
No accusation worse than this could be,
That once a woman did give birth to thee.

Sal (salt).

Treason doth never prosper. What is the reason?
For, if it prosper none dare call it treason.
Harrington.

Acetum (vinegar).

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.
Rogers.

"The French believed that a sting was essential to an epigram, but the Greek epigrams are aphorisms in verse, not wasps or fish-hooks."

If the Greek epigram has Attic salt, it is to Rome that we look for the pepper. Martial and Tacitus are the two greatest masters of the epigram in Latin, in verse and in prose respectively. Martial, like Seneca, was a Spaniard, who lived in Rome in the first century, A.D. He is often coarse and obscene.

What proper person can be partial,
To all those noisome epigrams of Martial?
Byron.

His craftsmanship was perfect. "Martial knew what he was doing, how to do it with brevity and point, and when to stop. Life then in Rome was astonishingly like that in the great cities to-day, a life of fashion, money-hunting, and strenuous idleness. The fools, fops, vagabonds, and entertainers of to-day are pretty much what they were. Smart women still wear startling dresses, and keep spoilt little dogs; and callers, going a long way, still find no-one at home."

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem:
Non tecum possum vivere nec sine te.
Martial[1]

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare:
Hoc tantum possum dicere: non amo te.
Martial[2]

1) You are difficult, easy, pleasant and sharp at once: I can neither live with you nor without you.

2) Cf. I do not love thee Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

The nature of the Latin language, with its terse constructions, makes it peculiarly adapted to the epigram, and impossible to translate without loss of effect. Here is one from Catullus:—

Mulier cupido quod dixit amanti
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua. [3]

During the Renaissance there was an enormous production of so-called epigrams, but they were mostly moral maxims, bons mots, and compliments in verse.

Logau, a German writer of the 17th century, owes his fame entirely to his epigrams: but all the examples I find in an anthology of German verse are only of a satirical or didactic character.

The epigram became adopted as a regular item in the curriculum of schools, and this led to its degeneration.

La Rochefoucauld, in the 17th century, writing in prose, freed the epigram from the shackles of verse, and gave it a sparkling modern quality. His work has all the essential qualities of balance, neat allusion, prepared climax, and brevity.

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui. [4]

Il est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits; tout le monde en parle, mais peu de gens en ont vu. [5]

La reconnaissance de la plupart des hommes n'est qu'une secrête envie de recevoir de plus grands bienfaits. [6]

Quelque bien qu'on dise de nous, on ne nous apprend rien de nouveau. [7]

IL y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lasses de leur métier. [8]

La plupart des honnêtes femmes sont des trésors cachés, qui ne sont en sureté que parce qu'on ne les cherche pas. [9]

La plupart des jeunes gens croient être naturels, lorsqu'ils ne sont que mal polis et grossiers. [10]

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3) What a woman said to an eager lover should be written on the wind or swiftly flowing water.
4) We all have sufficient strength to bear the troubles of other people.
5) True love is like the apparition of ghosts; everybody speaks of it, but few have seen it.
6) The gratitude of most people is only a secret desire for greater favours.
7) Whatever good others may say of us, they tell us nothing new.
8) There are few virtuous women who are not tired of their profession.
9) The majority of virtuous women are hidden treasures, which are safe only because nobody looks for them.
10) Most young people think they are being natural when they are only rude and coarse.

Vauvenargues lived a century later than the witty duke, but his epigrams are usually bound in the same volume. They are, however, rather different, and lack the sparkle of the earlier writer.

One of these,

Les grandes pensées viennent du coeur, [11]

reminds one of an aphorism of Pascal (17th century),

Le coeur a ses raisons, plus fortes que la Raison. [12]

In the *Jacula prudentum* of Herbert (16th century) there are a number of maxims with an epigrammatic flavour:—

Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.
Love and a cough cannot be hid,
Love your neighbour, but pull not down your hedge.
A woman and a glass are ever in danger.
The more women look in their glass, the less they look in their house.
He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

In the 18th century the epigram came to life again through the influence of Voltaire, and the Gallomania which followed the overthrow of the Spanish supremacy. "They run over the whole gamut of subjects that has been worn threadbare since classic days—bad painters, doctors and undertakers, misers who prefer drowning to hanging, in order to save the cost of rope, the trials of married life. There are numerous attacks on women. They dye their hair, deceive their husbands, redden their cheeks, and blacken other people's characters in the most approved style."

A witty epigram should have the appearance of spontaneity naturally arising from an opportunity. Many epigrams are but a kind of staircase wit, an opportunity being created to fit the joke.

1. On a modern composer.
I find him tedious, I confess;
Though you admire his powers,
You say he has his moments. Yes,
He also has his hours.

2. After a bad dinner.
I dined with Lady Jane last night,
A fascinating friend of mine.
I'd almost give my life for her,
I'd almost go again to dine.

---

11) Great thoughts come from the heart.
12) The heart has its reasons stronger than Reason.

3. A sporting epigram by Marvell.

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high,
It was begotten of Despair
Upon Impossibility.

One large group of epigrams consists of chaffing verse, and of mock epitaphs, for which the English language, with its facilities for punning, is peculiarly suitable.

1. On Dr. Lettsom, a physician of the 18th century:—

If anybody comes to I,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
If after that they like to die,
Why, what care I? I lets 'em.

2. The following inscription can be read on John Gay's monument in Westminister Abbey:—

Life's a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, and now I know it.

3. The following epitaph was sent by Lord Chesterfield to his son.

Ci-git ma femme. Ah, qu'elle est bien,
Pour son repos, et pour le mien.

4. The following inscription, which looks like a translation of the above, actually occurs on a tombstone at Bredwardine, Herefordshire, according to a letter in the *London Times* from the Vicar of the village church:—

Here lies my wife, and let her lie.
She is at rest, and so am I.

5. A punning epigram:—

With Pius, Wiseman tries,
To lay us under ban.
O Pius, man unwise,
O impious Wiseman.
(Scott of Balliol)

Samuel Johnson uttered the finest epigrams of the 18th century. They were unpremeditated, and flew like the sparks from an anvil. Had not there been a chiel amang them takin' notes, in the person of Boswell, they would have been lost to posterity. Open any page at random, and you will find them.

1. Mutual cowardice keeps us at peace. Were one half of mankind brave, and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards.
2. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

3. (On Chesterfield). This man I had thought a Lord among wits: but I find him only a wit among Lords.

An Italian epigram was translated as follows by Sir W. Jones:—

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

The original:—

Ridea tutta la gente a te d'intorno,
E tu piangevi nel natal tuo giorno,
Tal vivi, che al morir tu sia ridente,
E pianga intorno a te tutta la gente.

At the beginning of the 19th century Landor lifted the epigram into the realm of poetry out of the region of curiosities. It has been said that the two finest epigrams in the English language are Landor's Lines on his 75th birthday, and A. E. Housman's epitaph on the Mercenary Army.

1. Landor. On his 75th birthday.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life.
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

2. Housman's epitaph.

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages, and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay,
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things, for pay.

At the end of the 19th century, with the wave of aestheticism which swept over England there was a craze for epigrams and paradoxes. Wilde's plays and other writings are full of such statements as the following:—

1. The first duty of man is to be artificial.
2. There were many Christians before Christ: the pity is there have been hardly any since.
3. I can resist anything but temptation.

These two epigrams from the pulpit are worthy of note:

1. In improving ourselves, after we have let the ape and the tiger die, there remains the donkey, a

more intractable and enduring animal. (Bishop Mandell-Creighton).

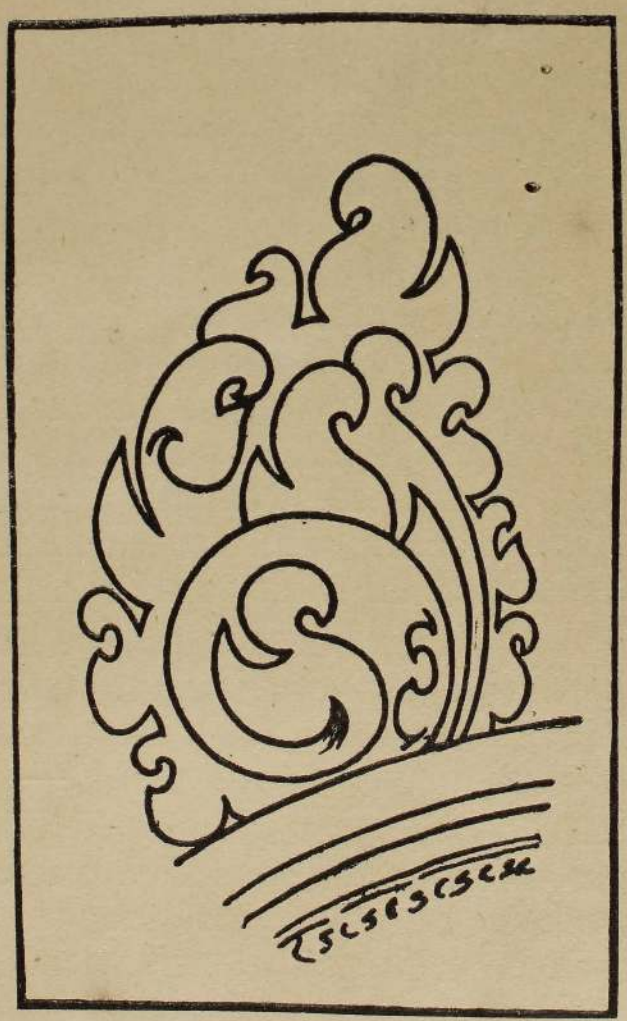
2. When St. Paul said we were to put off the old man, he did not mean that we were to put on the old woman.

Some school-boy howlers are unconscious epigrams:—

1. The mineral wealth of a country is its ginger-beer and lemonade.
2. For all these acts of folly James II must be held responsible. But then happened something for which he was not responsible. His wife gave birth to a son.

Here I make an end. For what I once said about postprandial speeches is also true of articles in reviews:

An after-dinner speech should be like a lady's skirt: just long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to excite interest.



LEGEND AND LITERATURE

Amabel Williams-Ellis

THERE is always something satisfactory if we find that one branch of the human race has been able to learn from the mistakes of another. One of the mistakes that we in England made was to be slow in collecting and writing down our own exceedingly rich inheritance of traditional legend and folk-lore—Scotland and Ireland were a little quicker but still lost a great deal. Since legend and folk-lore are part of the heritage of mankind, I want to suggest reasons why those who live in Ceylon should learn by what I feel to be our errors and to urge that competent and imaginative people should collect and write down her popular legends, poems and tales while there is yet time.

Ceylon is changing, she is modernising herself and that is all to the good except, perhaps, in this one field—that of folk memory and folk tradition. There is surely always a certain amount of sentimentality in the idea that old times were best? Attractive as the old days may look from a distance, few of us would really like to go back, if only because of one disadvantage—the fact that in those "old days" medical science was so helpless before the physical ills to which we humans and our domestic beasts are liable. But the fact that we welcome what is modern should not blind us to the fact that a literate population has a shorter memory for tradition than one which hands down without recourse to writing and that in the long past of a now civilized race there seems invariably to have been accumulated a real treasury of popular legend, ballad and tale—romantic, humorous, touching and imaginative, and that Ceylon can obviously be no exception.

Unless care is taken, unless her indigenous stories are given the help of print and paper, these tales will be forgotten.

And why not? some readers may ask, surely they are unnatural, untrue and superstitious—relics in short of a more barbarous age and thus better forgotten? What I intend to suggest here is that in a wider sense, folk tales are far from untrue or unnatural and that, in lands where they

have been remembered (and even in tardy England we did not forget them all), they have often formed a foundation for the noblest and most sophisticated literature.

We are as well justified, I maintain, in cherishing the thousands of legends and ballads that are in danger of being forgotten and in giving them new permanence and a wider diffusion in print, as we are in trying to keep alive the popular visual arts—the craftsman's work in metal or textiles, wood carving or sculpture, and that—most people agree, should be encouraged for aesthetic or for economic reasons. In their universal use of the arts from the earliest times, in the drawings and sculpture that our Stone Age ancestors have left us, men have always sought to externalise their hopes, their joys and their fears. In a nation's popular tales and legends the people of that nation have passed on, from generation to generation, their reflections on external nature and the fate of man.

In the tradition of every country we find a strange world. There are gods, goddesses, giants, flying dragons, enchanters, palaces built in a night, speaking animals, magical trees and herbs, rocks that were once beasts, beasts that were once men, young men and maidens of unearthly beauty. In short, we find that man's fears and longings and reflections have conjured up an entire world which is in many ways unlike the world that reason and science show us. Actually, I believe that it is, in fact, a world that is nevertheless very real for, in the light of the modern science of psychology, I think we are entitled to see it as the reasonable world, plus our feelings about our fellow-man and our surroundings. We adults may have forgotten it, but each one of us once knew the strange laws and the astonishments of that world very well, for it was in some highly personal version of that world that we lived for much of our time when we were children.

Now fifty years ago many people argued that the sooner a child forgets that strange world, and the sooner it learned to see and hear the reasonable world, the better. They said that a child's mind should not be cluttered up with such rubbish. But modern investigation and reflection suggests that that may be a very much oversimplified view—a view that takes no note of human emotion. Almost every child (don't you remember feeling so?) tends to feel lonely, to half scold and mock at itself for living at least part of its time in this strange world. For a child to be told or have read aloud a

thorough-going magical tale is for it to be assured that it is in no way odd to see things so, that others have felt exactly in the same way. The child feels that its private world is not after all a solitary one and is given a sense of reassurance and security. Now children do not live all the time in that fantastic world, they are also sensible little creatures and they have a way of both believing and not believing at the same time. I have always been in the habit of telling my own children and my child friends all sorts of traditional stories—English, Russian, Eastern, African—tales about bears and giants and beautiful princesses, frogs that turned into princes, and whole worlds underground or at the top of magic bean-stalks; every sort of tale—funny, romantic and homely—and I have always found that children practically all possess this faculty of both believing and not believing. You tell, let us say, that delightful funny and fast-moving Norse tale which purports to explain " Why the sea is Salt." A child among your listeners asks, so to say in passing, " Is it true? ". When you answer, " Not a word of it, it's just a story," the child is satisfied and seems to enjoy the tale even more next time. What then is the child enjoying? For enjoyment is undoubted. Anyone who has my habit of telling such tales to any odd child or group of children who seems to be in search of entertainment will, I think, testify to the fact that pleasure, and often something deeper than mere pleasure—a sort of animated contentment—is produced. When we try to analyse this fact we are, of course, on uncertain ground. But my own experience seems to suggest that though undoubtedly some of the ingredients of the child's enjoyment are emotional—in the sense, as already suggested, that other people have had ideas as strange as its own—some are more strictly intellectual and aesthetic. Children who hear a lot of fairy tales for instance seem early to develop a sense of style, asking for instance for another story " like " such-and-such, and meaning thereby one in the same style—a literary concept of which we might have thought them incapable.

Let us try again to pin down this difficult question " What is the child enjoying? " During a very short visit to Ceylon I was told the legend of a hill village whose name I have forgotten but near which there are, now, some strange shaped rocks. As far as my memory serves, the story purports to account for the presence of the rocks in this way: Once long ago there was a drought and the only available water

supply to this village was near to giving out. The villagers therefore set out with as many of their beasts as they could drive and all their available vessels to collect water further off. They left one woman only in the village. Towards evening, as she stood watching for their return, what was her horror to see not her returning kin with their herds but a number of huge beasts—elephants, tigers, crocodiles (I forget their exact kinds but am sure that there were among them elephants). She realised that these great creatures came to drink and that, if they drank, the little pool fed by the spring would be emptied, its borders crushed, perhaps the spring itself choked and the whole village ruined for ever. Boldly she confronted the invading beasts; earnestly she prayed to the supernatural powers. Still the great creatures came on threatening to trample down the spring's forlorn, unarmed, single defender. Still confronting them, still praying, she shut her eyes expecting her end. And then, as she listened, at the last moment the tramplings and snortings stopped and when she opened her eyes again it was to see that a miracle had happened; the beasts had been turned into so many smooth grey rocks, which stand there to this day.

Now if the listening child asks "Is it true?" suppose that you have answered that it is just a tale. It will then be quite obvious to you that you have not spoiled it, that the child has not got nothing left, but a great deal. A moral of course. But what else? Suppose you have told it well—not just in barest outline as I have condensed it here, but with the feel of the hot burning days, the gradual diminishing of the spring, the whole village going for water, the meekness of the solitary woman, the sounds and smell of the great threatening beasts as they advance? If, I say, you have told it as it should be told, the child has got something, I maintain, on which to build a noble poem or a piece of sculpture. Not of course necessarily a poem about water or a statue depicting female piety! Dear me no. Inspiration doesn't work so literally as a rule. But fill the child's head with such tales, and include the funny ones as well and, if that child happens to be an artist, you have a good chance that, that child will give Ceylon something to be proud of, something that will have its roots in the soil of the country. For though the roots and flowers of science are international, the roots of the arts are either national or else grow deep into the soil of that strange magical world in which we all once lived. The branches, the flowers of the arts may grow in

the clear light of reason, but its roots, the "reason" why we need the arts, are deep in feeling.

I like to recall sometimes, in justification of my opinion that folk tales should first be collected and then told to children, the many great works of literature that, however sophisticated, are based fair and square on some popular tradition that has been handed down verbally age after age. There are so many that I can only put up a few reminders and readers must add out of their own store. For instance we often think of seventeenth and eighteenth century European poetry as being exceptionally formal—as witty or dramatic rather than imaginative. And yet, most of it is based on legend—in this case on some legend of Greece or Rome. I am a whole-hearted admirer of that most classical and formal of French playwrights, Racine. His plays, his best efforts at the leisurely and minute analysis of human feeling, his amazingly sophisticated and accute attributions of motive to human action, usually start off from a tale or legend. In English it is impossible to understand Pope's or Dryden's poems without some previous knowledge of classical folk-lore. To turn to modern times, when Jean Paul Sartre wanted to write his scathing denunciation of Vichy and the Nazis, he turned for the plot of his play to the legend of Orestes. In a different kind of imaginative work both Wagner and Mozart based the plots of many of their operas on a tale of the Norse gods, a Legend of Ancient Egypt or the old traditional story of that famous light o' love Don Juan, a tale which also fascinated the poet who tried to emulate him in real life—Byron. Shakespeare of course drew freely on fairy tales; I still tell child listeners (too young for Shake-spear) how "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," or some version of the legends of Puck, Oberon and Titania.

Now a word of warning. Those who really do set about collecting the folk tales and the ballads of Ceylon must not—so, my collecting friends assure me—expect to find nothing but masterpieces. Even I, who have only dabbled for my pleasure in all this, have yet, as a loyal member of our English Folk-Lore Society, read a tremendous number of newly or anciently collected tales, and decided that quite a lot of them were really pretty poor. Useful to the scholar, throwing light perhaps on some obscure point in history, or explaining some hitherto obscure literary allusion, they may often, in the form in which they are first found, be useless to me or to children, but that does not mean that

it was a pity to have collected them. Sometimes, in a particular version, the point of a story has somehow escaped; sometimes two or more stories have survived but jumbled together so that a most boring effect is produced. And then sometimes the same or another collector finds a second or a third story that supplies the missing point or shows where two stories have become entwined to their hurt. Then the tales may be put together, or separated as the case may be and a real tale, worthy to rank among the best, may emerge. Sometimes, of course, the collector is lucky enough to light straight away upon a traditional masterpiece; sometimes, in the East, he may find a modern tale or ballad which has the old form and the old vigour, but a startlingly up-to-date content.

We have already tried to hazard at least a partial answer to the question " What is the child who is listening to a legend or fairy tale enjoying? " Can we also hazard an answer to another question " Why have poets or playwrights who, as children, have been thus nourished, so often turned to some traditional legend when they wanted a framework for a contemporary and often highly sophisticated work of the imagination? " We have plenty of proof—gathered if we like from the ends of the earth—that great writers often do just this. The reader could, if space allowed, be reminded of further instances which range from the Atlantic coasts of Europe to " Monkey " in China or the Nō plays of Japan. They are instances which are important enough to make it pretty clear that if Ceylon seeks to save her own indigenous tales from oblivion she may be laying the foundation for something much more important than pleasing her scholars or even her children.

We shall notice in seeking to answer our question of why sophisticated writers turn to legend, that where a legend or a story has given the basic idea to a great writer, that writer has almost invariably turned the tale in an individual and even sometimes new way and has brought up some particular aspect of it for our consideration. In the Nō plays of Japan, the dramatist has for instance brought out some essential character in it by means of extreme compression. Also, we can, on reflection, see that for the purpose of saying something about the fate of man, his relations with the universe, or with his fellow-beings, it is often very convenient to the writer for the main theme to be already known. We know that Don Juan is a libertine. Christopher Marlow and

Goethe know beforehand that their readers knew what is going to happen to Faust, Milton, that we know what befell Samson; the Greek dramatists knew that their audience knew the tragic story of Antigone or Oedipus. That is to say, the reader has the advantage of plot; that is, that in such compositions things happen in a dramatic way so the writer can show his characters in vigorous even violent movement. But at the same time he and his reader or listener are not so overwhelmingly concerned with what is going to happen next that they can't listen to the message, the new reflection on Man or Nature, that the writer is striving to deliver.

There must obviously be many more elements that can also help to account for our facts, other elements in the always obscure and highly individual workings of what we call " inspiration." We can think, for example, of the folk tale's enticing blending of the strange with the familiar, we can think of the poet's need to find a firm base in the known for his excursion into the unknown.

But I hope I have said enough to suggest four things; that in parts of Britain the Industrial Revolution and its changes outstripped the gatherers of tradition so that, though not all, yet much was lost; to help to justify those who have already in Ceylon begun upon the initial work of collection; to hint at the importance of the retelling of such collected tales with skill and an understanding of other tales and other versions; and to suggest to others, who may not yet have reflected on the matter, that especially in the more solitary parts of Ceylon, they may find at least one element of the foundations on which Ceylon may build her own future indigenous contributions to world literature.

WORLD GOVERNMENT: MANKIND'S ONLY HOPE

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 almost 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, everyone 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 salutory 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 apoligetic 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 to-morrow. 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 is a leading member), World Republic, Inc., and the Parliamentary Group in England, led by the Hon. Henry Usborne, 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.

HUMANISM OF TOMORROW AND THE DIVERSITY OF CULTURES

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This statement is issued by a group of experts brought together by Unesco to consider the problems presented by the contacts and relations of cultures in the world today.

THE cultures of the world have been affected profoundly by technology, war and political change. The customs and beliefs of peoples who had lived as their ancestors lived, are being rapidly transformed by changed material conditions and external influences. The aspirations of peoples who have long sought political independence and autonomy, are being suddenly realized. The ideas and ideals of nations have been affected by contact with those of other nations, with whom they have previously had little or no relation; and from the efforts to treat economic, social and political problems which are recognized as common, there have arisen tensions which threaten the fundamental values of civilization. The crisis of our times is a crisis of cultures as well as of economics and politics; and what happens to the values of art, science, literature, philosophy and religion affects, and is affected by, what happens to the material conditions of life and the international relations of nations. Unesco is itself a sign and acknowledgement of the important use to which the instruments of education, science and culture can be put in advancing peace and the welfare of man.

This committee of experts assembled from various countries to discuss the problems presented by cultural contacts and cultural changes is impressed both by the urgent need of increased attention to and study of the cultures of the world and of their interrelations, and also by the contribution which cultural instrumentalities may make to the solution of economic and political problems. In spite of the fact that we represent many different points of view, we

are in agreement on the following propositions which we consider to be of great practical and theoretical importance:

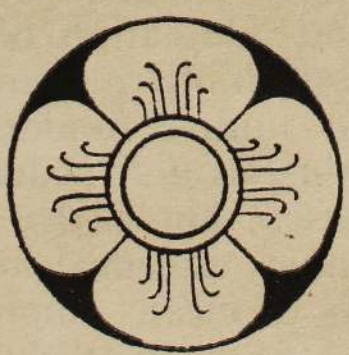
1. The effort to extend the benefits of industrialization and technological advances to all peoples must inevitably be accompanied by profound cultural dislocations. The problems presented by these abrupt alterations of traditional ways of life are of two sorts—practical and theoretical; and step by step with the execution of programmes of technical improvement, courses of action should be planned and carried out, to ensure the cultural stability of people acquiring new technical skills and to increase our knowledge of the relations of men and cultures. As new methods of agriculture, sanitation and medicine are required, as fundamental education is extended to more peoples, and as machines and industrial technics are acquired by them, it is important that they should not be faced by the blank alternative either of struggling to preserve traditional values or of acquiescing in accepting alien values. They must rather be given the means to develop, under the new conditions, values comparable to those which they had previously achieved. Parallel with this practical problem is the problem of acquiring and preserving knowledge of many cultural elements—of languages, customs, crafts, arts, folklore, beliefs—which are rapidly disappearing and which constitute important data concerning men and societies, their developments, and their interrelations.
2. Many of the peoples of the world have acquired political independence during the past few years and others are in the process of becoming self-governing. The Philippine Islands, India, Pakistan, Burma and Israel are now valued members of the United Nations; Ceylon is a member of Unesco, and many other peoples are moving rapidly towards autonomy and self-government. The revolutionary significance of this process by which hundreds of millions of people have acquired political independence in a few years is in the fact that the transition could be made within the framework of the United Nations with remarkably little violence. Not only does the United Nations provide the

means by which international political problems may be solved, but it also constitutes a milieu in which these newly constituted nations may take their just, proper and dignified places among the nations of the world. Unesco should contribute to this process not only by making available educational and scientific techniques and materials needed by these nations, but also by assisting their peoples to study and understand their own pasts, to preserve the monuments of their ancestral achievements, and to spread the knowledge of, and respect for, the values of their cultures among the other peoples of the world.

3. Progress in technology and increased speed of communication and transportation, finally, have brought the nations of the world into close contact. Common social, economic, and political problems have necessitated co-operation among all nations and have made clear the effects of the actions of individual nations on the ways of life, customs, and ideas of the peoples of other nations. A world community of shared ideals and aspirations is slowly emerging which may serve as a basis of international political institutions and international economic exchanges. If the nations achieve mutual understanding, confidence may replace fear and tension; and, within the framework of understood values and recognized motives of action, economic co-operation and political agreement may proceed to successful and effective consummations. If that cultural framework is abandoned or destroyed in the rapidity of change which threatens the evolution and adaptation of values, material advances and selfish interests are likewise endangered. To promote mutual understanding the nations of the world should acquire and disseminate, through Unesco, knowledge of the different hierarchies of values esteemed in the various cultures, of the variety of means employed to achieve those values, and of the diversity of material circumstances which condition the conception and pursuit of those values.

4. These are the three stages of the problems of cultural relations in the world today: the problems of the cultural equilibrium and the evolution of values of peoples brought in contact by technological change; the problems of the readjustment and the dignity of peoples who have recently acquired their freedom, and of the understanding and respect due them by other nations; and the problems of the mutual influences, tensions, and misunderstandings of the nations of the world which have only recently become aware of their dependence on each other and their common interests.

The problem of international understanding is a problem of the relations of cultures. From those relations must emerge a new world community of understanding and mutual respect. That community must take the form of a new humanism in which universality is achieved by the recognition of common values in the diversity of cultures. The nations of the world cannot achieve that community through their ministries of information and cultural relations, for even when the purposes of those agencies are disinterested, their activities are interpreted as the expression of a single culture or even as propaganda. An international agency like Unesco, however, may bring the forces of education, science and culture to the formation of such a humanism by revealing, in the particularities of expression, common values and common meanings. The achievement of international understanding and a new humanism is necessary for the success of the political adjustments of men; but understanding and humanism are important ingredients in the pursuit of knowledge, in the cultivation of values, and in the good life for which economic and political institutions are but preparations and foundations.



A BUDDHIST UNIVERSITY

G. P. Malalasekera

FOR some time past now there has been talk in many quarters of starting a Buddhist University and various schemes have been formulated, though they have not yet gone beyond the stage of formulation. Recently, however, interest has been revived because of the mention of a Buddhist University in the Message of Greetings sent by Babu Rajendra Prasad, President of the Republic of India, to the Opening Ceremony of the Chaṭṭha Saṅgāyanā or Sixth Buddhist Council inaugurated on the Full-moon Day of May in Rangoon, Burma. There, the President expressed the hope that " the Buddhist University will soon become a reality." He gave no further details and speculation has been rife as to what he meant, because the Government of India has also for some years past stated its desire to establish a Buddhist University at Nālandā. Already, an institution, known as the Nālandā Buddhist Academy, functions at the ancient site of Nālandā, under the leadership of the Ven. Jagadīsh Kāshyapa, a well-known Bhikkhu and scholar who studied Pali and Buddhism at the Vidyalankāra Privena in Kelaniya, near Colombo. As is well-known, Nālandā was a great seat of Buddhist learning in the time of the Gupta Kings of India, comparable to the medeaval Universities of Europe. Many thousands of students, sometimes as many as 10,000, resided in its Halls and Nālandā produced distinguished men of learning whose fame was international, among them such giants as Dinnāga, Śāntideva and Śīlabhadra. The Indian Government which has spent large sums of money on the conservation and restoration of Nālandā, now plans to revive it as a centre of Buddhist Culture but how long its plans will take to materialise there is no means of saying at present.

Meanwhile, the Government of Burma has included a Buddhist University in its scheme for the revival of Buddhism, and there is every hope that the idea will soon assume practical shape. The scheme is to utilise the buildings that have been erected for the Sixth Council, when, as is expected, the Council finishes its appointed task in 1956.

The Pāsāna Guhā, or Great Stone Cave, where the Recital of the Buddhist Texts is being held, will form the Convocation Hall. It is a magnificent structure, capable of accommodating 10,000 people, in its tiered galleries and on its vast floor. On one end is a raised platform which can be used as a rostrum. The whole edifice is raised on six gigantic pillars and the acoustics and arrangements for ventilation have been found most satisfactory. The 92 lakhs of Rupees which it is said to have cost have been well spent. Plans have already been made to have the imposing structure air-conditioned.

For the purposes of the Recital, several hostels have been built for the accommodation of the monks taking part in the Recital. These hostels can easily accommodate 2,500 Bhikkhus; they consist of several self-contained units, each with its kitchen, refectories, common-halls, and other necessary conveniences. They can easily be converted into Halls of Residence for the University. The buildings which now constitute the Offices of the Buddha Sāsana Council, under whose responsibility the Recital is being held, will, when the time comes, serve as the Administrative Section of the University. The Ford Foundation of America, which has already made substantial contributions to the building scheme, has promised generous assistance for the provision of a Library for the University. Provision is already available for the religious observances of the residents in these hostels. The Kaba Aye or World Peace Pagoda which was "crowned" with its gold finial only a few months ago, enshrines many holy Relics, including a portion of the Relics of Sāriputta and Moggallāna, the two Chief Disciples of the Buddha. In this Pagoda, unlike in most others, the Relics are visible to the worshippers whose devotion will thereby be greatly enhanced. The Pagoda has five entrances, each of which holds a beautiful image of the Buddha. The Kaba Aye stands on an elevated site and is thus visible from practically every part of Rangoon. The whole of the site selected for the future University is on raised ground, the Siri Mangala Plateau, and there is plenty of building space available for extensions. The grounds consist of several hundreds of acres, located in Yegu, only four miles from the city of Rangoon. It is said that the site was chosen by the Prime Minister U Nu, because of a dream in which the location was pointed out to him. It is certainly an ideal site, capable of great development. At present it has little or no vegetation, but trees have been planted and soon there will be a beautiful

park. One can already imagine flocks of deer and other animals roaming about.

The prospects for a Buddhist University in Rangoon are, therefore, very bright. The Government of the Union of Burma has not yet decided finally upon the functions of the proposed University. I was told that the Government proposes to appoint an international body of Buddhist Scholars to advise it in this respect. It is very much to be hoped that this will be done, for, thereby, the usefulness of the University can be greatly enhanced. It is unlikely that for some time at least there will be other Buddhist Universities elsewhere. The University will probably be largely, though not wholly, residential, and both monks and laymen will be eligible for admission. There are many other problems also that need consideration, the most important being the courses of studies that will be provided.

In this connection, some guidance can be obtained from the accounts we have of ancient Buddhist Universities. For, the idea of University education is not new to Buddhists. Mention has already been made of Nālandā; Vikrmasīlā and Odantapuri are less famous. Our own Mahā Vihāra in Anuradhapura was also undoubtedly an institution of University rank. Scholars came there from many countries, the most famous of whom is, of course, Buddhaghosa. We have fairly full accounts of these Universities available from first-hand sources. In the case of Nālandā, the accounts given by the Chinese pilgrims, Hiouen Tsang and I Tsing, are extremely informative. In the case of Anuradhapura, the chronicle left by Fa Hsien is most illuminating. One fact which emerges clearly from all these records is that these Buddhist seats of learning were places of great enlightenment and liberality of spirit. They encouraged all branches of learning that were available in their own day; there were no artificial frontiers set up for knowledge and experiment. It is to be hoped that the new Buddhist University of Rangoon will follow these liberal traditions.

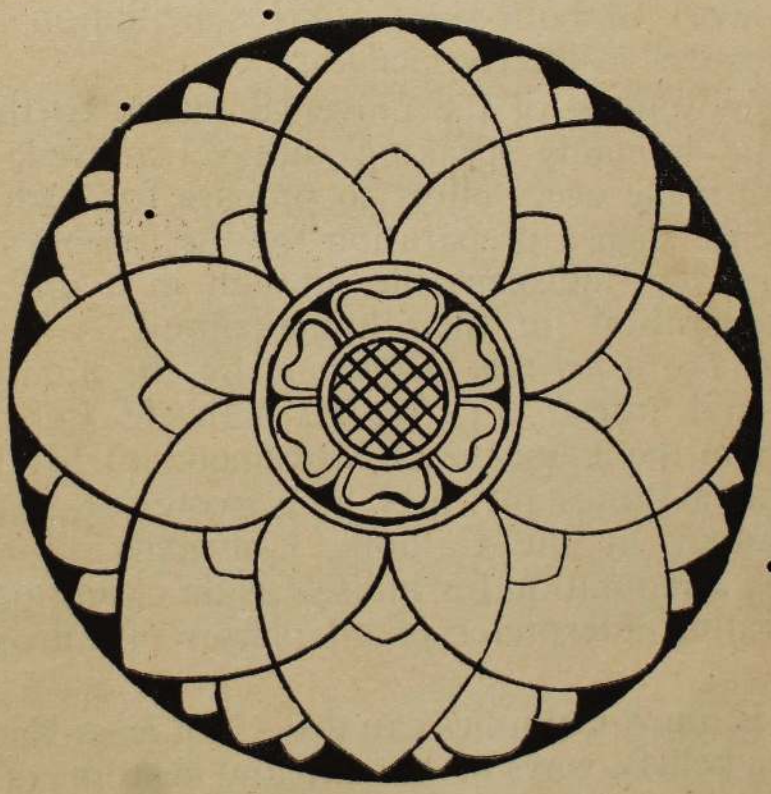
The most important subject of study will, necessarily, be Buddhism. Since the Buddha's day, the religion which He founded has travelled in many lands. During these peregrinations, it has had many accretions made to it, some desirable, others not so. But no study of Buddhism can be complete unless it takes account of these historical developments. It is true that Theravada monks, claim to have the teachings of the Buddha in their pristine purity and they

consider Mahayana to be largely a heretical doctrine. It would be a great pity if this attitude were allowed to prevail in the new seat of Buddhist learning. It is, to say the least, completely contrary to the spirit of Buddhism to condemn a thing without examining it, particularly where matters of doctrine are concerned. It has to be acknowledged that Theravadins are woefully ignorant of Mahayana and there can be no excuse for this ignorance. To reject a full and complete study of Mahayana Schools on the grounds of heterodoxy would be an act of shortsightedness, especially in view of the fact that the vast majority of those who call themselves Buddhists in the modern world are Mahayanists. Buddhism is a Unity; Mahayana and Theravada are like the two hands of a single body.

There is a great need for the study of Buddhism to be undertaken as a whole and the whole of the Buddhist texts to be published, irrespective of their country of origin. It is a colossal task, needing the collaboration of many scholars over a considerable period of time. But it is a task which has to be begun and carried out, and there is no more opportune time than the present. If the Buddhist University of Burma cannot, for valid reasons, undertake it, some other means must be found for its performance. It is not only predominantly Buddhist countries that will be found willing to share in such a responsibility; there is reason to believe that enlightened bodies in many parts of the world will gladly co-operate. The Venerable Tai Hsu, whose untimely death is a great blow to Buddhist learning, made a beginning for such a project. He was considered the leader of the Buddhist renaissance movement in China and in the course of his travels in Europe and America he was able to enlist many supporters for his scheme. When he visited Ceylon in 1941, I had many talks with him and he told me of his plans. When he died suddenly, it was hoped that his pupil, the Ven. Fa Fang, who was attached for a little while to the University of Ceylon and who had studied Pali and Theravada here, would be able to carry out his teacher's plans but he, too, died quite unexpectedly and no one has been found to take his place. It seems unlikely, in view of the present political position in China, that any Chinese scholars will be available for the purpose.

The Ven. Tais Hsu's plan was to start what he called an International Academy of Buddhist Studies where scholars from many lands will gather together for study and research

based on the various Buddhist texts that are held authoritative in their respective countries. He did not envisage a large body of such people; in fact, it should be possible to make a beginning with his plans in quite a small way. If, therefore, the Buddhist University in Rangoon decides to restrict itself to Theravada, Ceylon should make up her mind to take up from where Burma leaves off. To do so would be in keeping with her ancient traditions of liberal scholarship and would enable her to give a very necessary lead at a time when her leadership in Buddhist activities is being seriously challenged.



CATHOLICISM AND THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT

THOUGHTS OF A CATHOLIC LAYMAN BEFORE EVANSTON

John M. Todd

NO good is done by trying to blur over the position of the Catholic Church in relation to the Ecumenical Movement. She maintains that there is and always has been one visible united Church, that Christ's promise to his Church involves a visible communion between all members of that Church, and with the head of the Church, the Bishop of Rome. According to her, then, all those outside these bounds, are, in some sense, separated from the Church; and it is her earnest belief that it is Christ's will that all those who call themselves Christians should be re-united with the Mother Church of Christendom. But, at the same time many of her members are beginning to realize that such a happening has to be the work of both sides. A reconciliation involves a reconciler as well as the reconciled.

'The movement of the universal return to the Mother Church has—humanly speaking—not yet arrived, but Holy Church can make every effort to prepare for such a return. In some sense such a preparation for the reception of those that return is as indispensable, though in a different way, as their preparation for their home-coming.' These words come from *The Christian Dilemma* by the famous Dutch professor and priest, Fr. W. H. Van de Pol, who has been active in the Ecumenical Movement all his life, for a long time as a Protestant; now he is professor of Protestant Phenomenology at the Catholic University of Nijmegen, and making a reputation for himself as an exceptionally deep and penetrating interpreter of all phases of European Protestantism.

There is much Catholics can do. Not least they can get to know the beliefs, ways of worship and customs of the other Christian bodies. Pius XI once said: 'For re-union it is necessary above all to know each other and to love each other. The difficulties and disappointments which the movement has so often experienced are due on one side or the other to a lack of knowledge of each other; if there have been

prejudices on both sides, these prejudices must be dropped.' (To the Italian Catholic Graduates Federation, 1927.)

On the ordinary day-to-day level, many, perhaps most, members of the Catholic Church, and of the other Christians bodies, nurse active and erroneous prejudices about other Christians. Part of the data of the existing situation is a weight of hostility, rooted in history. This prejudice seems to attach itself to the actual practice, the visible customs of worship, the 'culture' which surrounds the unknown body. We often mistake for loyalty to our own doctrines what is really only irritation with customs that are unfamiliar and which easily appear laughable. Such manifestations are simply hang-overs from a multitude of more or less irrelevant historical incidents. I suggest, then, that mutual study might very profitably be directed towards this culture.

From the Catholic point of view an important consideration arises, stemming from her missionary doctrine. The missionary has the task of studying the culture and customs of those whom he evangelizes; and he is exhorted in the most uncompromising terms not to impose an alien culture on his converts, but to do all in his power to plant the faith the existing society even embodying, where possible, pre-Christian religious customs if these are not inalienably evil. We need only remind ourselves of Pope Gregory the Great's orders to St. Augustine of Canterbury not to destroy the pagan temples in England but to baptize them and use them for the true worship of God.

We enter here into the sphere of the non-theological factors and into the realm of a sociological and psychological approach to the problem, which was recognized at the Ecumenical conference at Lund as being essential for further progress.

The missionary doctrine itself is surely important for a Catholic approach to post-reformation Christian traditions, which are expressed in particular social and cultural groups, firmly embedded in various national societies. These cultures cannot reasonably be put on a lower level than, for instance, the indigenous cultures of India or China. In fact, of course, these post-reformation cultures have been built up on the stuff of revelation, mediated to them, historically, by the pre-reformation Church. A Catholic study of these bodies in this light must surely lead to a conclusion at least as friendly

as, and it would seem even more friendly than, that reached in relation to non-Christian groups. If Catholic Africans may still dance religiously, if Catholic Confucians may still venerate their ancestors, if Catholic Indians may still retain a special attachment to practices of meditation, then, surely, theoretically, the Catholic Church could assimilate the Quaker practice of meditation and spontaneous witness, the Non-conformist's sturdy communal hymn singing, the Anglican's dignified vernacular liturgy. None of these things are, in essence, inextricable parts of doctrinal systems unacceptable to Catholic tradition.

The sociological approach does not, of course, affect the principles underlying the situation, the disagreements about the nature of the Church itself; but it can facilitate an objective study of these principles. A study of the different forms of worship can be immensely valuable in breaking down prejudice and in leading to a more general understanding of each other's positions. And such study leads to clarification of one's own beliefs and practice. Basic theological differences are not our concern here, but it is true that those Catholic theologians who have set about studying modern Protestant and Anglican thought seriously are also those theologians who have produced some of the most worthwhile theology from the point of view of the life of the Catholic Church herself. The experience of the participants at the Ecumenical conference at Lund seems likewise to have been that each tended to return to his own sources and to examine and penetrate further into the doctrine of his own communion.

An objective examination from a Catholic point of view of Protestant practices and doctrines reveals, that they have often achieved an actual human enrichment of some particular Catholic doctrine; an obvious example is of course, the use made of the Bible. Catholics are slowly returning to this basic sources of their faith; but few lay Catholics have that naturally biblical expression of their faith so admirably seen in Anglicans and Protestants in this country. The Catholic Church lacks nothing essential, we believe, but humanly speaking, she can learn a lesson from the other Christian bodies and would be enriched by their return.

The particular needs of the Catholic Church today also indicate the supremely appropriate nature of such an objective study of non-Catholic traditions. Our great concern now is for an intelligible and communal public worship. This, of course, is precisely what we find in both Anglican and

Nonconformist traditions. The Anglican liturgy especially has preserved, as Cranmer intended that it should, the biblical judaic poetical elemental tradition which was essentially Catholic, but made available to the congregation. And, of course, it is Anglicanism which plays an essential part in the Ecumenical Movement. Van de Pol wrote in the book already cited: 'The Anglican Communion is itself the embodiment of the Ecumenical Dilemma which it appreciates and ponders over as does no other part of Christendom. This is why it is this particular communion that constantly re-introduces the Ecumenical discussion and keeps it going, and why the contact between the Eastern Orthodox and the Old Catholic Churches on the one side and World Protestantism on the other, which exists in the Ecumenical Movement, would be unthinkable without the mediating influence of Anglicanism.'

We must pray and hope for the re-union of all Christians. But we must also work, and read and study and make the effort involved in getting to know each other. To love one must know. One does not easily love strangers. At least, if the love for a stranger is to grow, it can grow only through a growing knowledge of that stranger.

CEYLON CITIZENSHIP

G. Basil Jackson

IT will be conceded everywhere that a State has the right, and the duty, to choose whom it will admit to the ranks of citizenship. That is a matter on which no one can dictate to it. In the exercise of that right the State is, naturally, guided by a consideration for the economic and the cultural welfare of those who are already its citizens. But there are also other factors which must be taken into account. We recognise this when we look at the policy of other nations. A ' white Australia ' policy is designed to maintain a certain type of culture and a certain accustomed standard of living by the exclusion of those whose economic and cultural background would inevitably bring about changes which the people of Australia do not desire. But that policy seems to us to be both wrong and short-sighted. Dr. Malan's Government is facing what is essentially the same problem; in the case of South Africa, however, the situation is made more difficult by the fact that both communities are already there, and the community in power is dependent economically upon the manual labour of the other. The policy of *apartheid* is designed to preserve the culture and economic stability of the white race by depriving the negro of the political rights and social amenities which are associated with full citizenship. Again the policy seems to us, (just because it is exclusively concerned with the welfare of one community) to be morally wrong and politically short-sighted. The United States of America has been wrestling with the same problem for a hundred years. Slowly, very slowly, the practical recognition of equality of all racial groups within the nation is approximating to the principle of equality which has for long been enunciated in its constitution. Today we have the interesting spectacle of American Universities throwing open their doors to every citizen regardless of race, while simultaneously the opposite policy is being pursued in South Africa where the ' white ' Universities are excluding the negro in the continent of his origin.

It is worth studying the way in which these different countries are tackling this problem, created by the

intermingling within one political area of peoples of different cultural and economic standards. It is also worth studying our own judgment upon them, and the principles on which that judgment is based. To do so will help us to think more clearly about our own domestic problem.

A good deal of confusion is caused in public discussion of the question of the Indian resident and Ceylon Citizenship by the fact that there are actually two quite distinct problems which must be treated separately, whereas they are frequently left undistinguished. There are many Indians in the country belonging to the capitalist and professional classes whose roots are essentially in India. They are here simply because they can make more money here than they can in their own land. The State could get on very well without them, and it is at least arguable that their presence deprives Ceylonese of employment and of opportunities of business enterprise. There seems to be no reason why the State should permit them to make their money in Ceylon indefinitely, or why it should grant to them the benefits which belong to those whose permanent home is here, and who form a necessary part of the economy of the country. They have no claim on the Ceylon Government, save the claim that every resident has, to be treated with due consideration, involving adequate notice of any change on Government policy, so that they are not exposed to unreasonable hardship or loss.

The presence in Ceylon of nearly a million Indian Tamils on the estates constitutes quite a distinct problem. The majority of these people were born in Ceylon. It is true that many of them still maintain close links with their families in India; many others, perhaps the majority, have lost all ties with the land of their origin, and in many cases do not even know from what village their forebears came. Not only so, but Ceylon cannot afford to let them go. Their presence and their labour are an essential part of the national economy. Without the Tamil estate worker the tea industry would collapse, and the tea industry provides, directly and indirectly, over half the Government's revenue.

There is our problem. We have a large population on whose labour the economy of the country is dependent; we cannot afford to let them go away; even if India would be willing to receive them, Ceylon would very quickly be bankrupt without them. On the other hand we hesitate to receive them into full citizenship because we are afraid of the consequences. We are partly afraid that they will remain a

foreign element in our national life, with their loyalty directed towards a large and powerful neighbour, like the Sudeten community in Czecho-Slovakia. We are partly afraid that they will become a prey to subversive elements—or, to put it plainly, that their votes will go to strengthen the Leftist parties.

Those are real dangers to the welfare of the State. How are they to be avoided? Not, surely, by adopting a policy which seems to us to be so foolish in other countries. To deprive the Indian labourer of any share in the social and political life of the country of his adoption would seem to be the surest way to bring about those very dangers which we fear. A large and illiterate community without any social or political ties within the country, but at the same time essential to the country's economic welfare—that must be the dream of every communist agitator.

If the State is to avoid the very real dangers inherent in the present situation, there is only one course open to it; there must be a determined, patient and persistent effort to assimilate the Indian Tamil community into the social and political life of the nation. That is not something that can be done by entering names on an electoral roll. That will, of course, be a part of the process. It will not necessarily be the first step, though the very fact of being a potential voter and therefore an object of political propaganda is in itself an important part of a citizen's political education But hand in hand with that form of political education must go a campaign for a broader education aimed at awakening in the Indian Tamil an interest, and eventually a loyalty, towards the culture and traditions of the country of his adoption. At present the neglect of estate school education, is one of the worst features of our educational system. If the Indian Tamil is to feel an interest in Ceylon it would seem to be an elementary requirement that he should be taught by someone who is himself not only acquainted, but imbued with the culture of Ceylon, and that he should learn something of its history and geography, and of its political and economic life. Community centres, community wireless sets, literature suited in language and ideas to his limited education, Government Information Films, and some attempt at political education by people who are educationists before they are politicians—these are some of the obvious steps that must be taken.

The long and slow process of building a nation can never be accomplished by pursuing the false ideal of racial or cultural purity. The successful assimilation of foreign elements into the National life is the only path by which national unity can be achieved and national independence secured.

WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR TIME?

E. B. Tisseverasinghe

HOW much work need a person put in to eat, and shelter and clothe himself? The answer is very simple—an average of about ten minutes per day.

To the peasant toiling in his landlord's field, the quill driver in the office, the miner in the bowels of the earth, the widow pounding away at coconut husks, the remorseful thief behind prison bars, this would be simply incredible. Indeed, to nearly everyone it would be incredible, and these classes are mentioned only because it is they who work hardest and draw the least rewards. Many who put in twelve solid hours of gruelling toil and are still wearing torn clothes in a stinking slum with hardly enough for one full meal a day will never be convinced, however persuasive the argument. But the facts are incontrovertible.

Let us delve into a few figures. In Ceylon, the average demand for textiles works out to about 12 yards per head per year (of the total value of Rs. 24). The middle and upper classes consume far more than the average, and all the richer fabrics, while the public sector too absorbs a substantial amount, so that the poorer classes can be rated at 8 yards per head per year. To grow the cotton needed for 8 yards of cloth and to spin and weave this cotton into fabrics requires about 5 hours of work—that is all. Let us double the figure to be on the safe side, and we still find that not more than ten hours of work are needed to produce all clothing material for a whole year, from seed to fabric.

As for food, let us allow an average of 2 1/2 measures of rice per head per week, equal to about 8 bushels of paddy per year. One man can cultivate about 3 acres of paddy, and with proper cultural technique should produce 150 bushels on these 3 acres, with no more than about 25 days of actual work in the field, all told. To get his 8 bushels he need work only about 12 hours in all. Double this figure once for the sake of conservatism, and double it again for all accessory foods, and we find that about 5 days of labour are enough to produce his own food.

A man must have a home. A peasant's mud hut costs hardly Rs. 500 (Rs. 600 is allowed by Government) and is remarkably durable. Indeed, with a little maintenance at the proper time, these huts last almost indefinitely. Give it a value of Rs. 800 and a life span of 16 years, and we still find that the annual value of the hut is only Rs. 50. The average family consists of 4.2 persons, so that for each person it costs Rs. 12 per year, equivalent to, say, 4 days work. Double this figure for the sake of safety, and yet 8 days work a year will see a man sheltered for life.

The total then works as follows:—

	Days	*Hours*
Food	5	40
Clothing	1½	12
Shelter	8	64
Safety margin ..	½	4
	15	120

120 hours in a year of 365 days is equal to exactly 20 minutes per day. Presto! And, mind you, this figure is reached after doubling the actual calculated requirements to avoid the charge of being impractically theoristic. And, mind you again, all this is done without the aid of any mechanical device which multiplies the value of a man's time in proportion to his brains. And, mind you finally, every single unit of our population comes within this calculation.

If we were to take advantage of machines and also remain within our theoretical calculations, we see that a man can feed, clothe and house himself with no more than ten minutes of work a day. Yes, ten short minutes, less than it takes you to shave or swallow a hot cup of tea (or cold glass of beer as the case may be), or search for a stone to fling at a passing bus or wait for a passing girl to hoot. Sacrifice just one of these semi-essential activities just once a day and you would be sure of yourself for your lifetime.

Obviously we do not live in this world on ten minutes of work a day, though far too many of us are trying hard to do so. Most of the under-privileged do work very hard indeed, and the wage-paid class in particular is kept to a rigid 8-hour day, though what they do with their eight hours seems today to be much more their own affair than their employer's. It is equally true that a good many are neither

fed adequately nor clothed adequately, nor sheltered adequately. Then what has happened to the extra hours of toil over and above the ample allowance for the minimum requirements? In fact, what has happened to the ample allowance for the minimum requirements?

The answers are too numerous to exhaust, but a few might bear mention. In the first place, a worker does not work for himself alone. He has a family which on an average, so Sir Arthur Ranasinha tells us, consists of 4.2 souls—the .2 representing the usual slavey, I suppose (which is about .2 more than the master rates him or her). Most of the 3.2 souls other than the bread-winner are unproductive—in material wealth, we mean, not human wealth, in which at least 1.0 are far too productive, and in which the .2 also too often takes an unwilling part. So that the bread-winner suddenly finds himself compelled to work for 42 minutes a day to keep going, instead of ten.

Next is the fact that not everybody can be content with plain rice and curry, one cloth a year, and a mud hut. Some must have wedding feasts 2000 strong, and fly cases of champagne from across the seas to flag their jaded appetites: some dare not for their life be seen twice in the same saree, and pile up stocks in their wardrobes enough to build the Walawe dam: some must have a dozen palaces to avoid claustrophobia. And of course, some must pay for all these little refinements of the basic necessities. So Mr. Average Man must work a little harder to satisfy Mr. Upper-class Man—let us say 18 minutes extra per day, to bring the figure to a nice round sum of one hour per day.

Unfortunately the rotundity of the figure does not protect it against expansion. Even Mr. Average Man wants his luxuries—the undergraduate his beedi, the rickshaw-wallah his toddy, the townsman his cinema, the villager his bus, and the like. This list of what have now come to be semi-necessities could stretch on seemingly endlessly, and naturally Mr. Average Man has got to pay for everything. Tobacco, alcohol and the cinema gobble up a hundred million rupees *each* and still Mr. Average Man is not satisfied —Mrs. Average Woman still less so. Poor Mr. Average Man—he must now put in two hours of work daily for all these joys. The figure is still a round one, but a lot less nice than the previous one.

Hold everything: We are nowhere near the end. Out of the 4.2, leaving aside the beast of all work and his little

woman and of course the slavey, there are still 2.0 of the Average Family, and you know what they cost to educate. A kindly Government gives the education free from womb to tomb, we are told. But the cost of this education does not come from Heaven nor yet from that Paradise on earth, the U.S.A. Nor from philanthropists in Wekande or Sea Street. It is still Mr. Average Man who pays, and pays solid, for the privilege of educating the budding hooligans "free of cost." This year Mr. Average Man's bill on this account is a cool Rs. 160 millions—or about Rs. 300 millions, if we take all indirect charges into account as well. Sorry and all that, but there's another round hour of work for you there, Mr. Average Man.

Very few are healthy all the year round all their lives, and the old dames who used to look after our health in "those" days are left to administer their philtres to the cat and utter mantras in the bathroom where they won't disturb anyone else. As for us moderns we demand hospitals, more hospitals, (if at all possible, better hospitals) and hospitals all the time. And, of course, "free of charge," all right. Again a benevolent Government steps in and provides what the people want, not letting on that Mr. Average Man has to put in yet another hour of his precious day to get it. Bad luck, old man, but its no good your looking apprehensively at what is left of your day. Shall we have another check-up while we are about it? Here's how your day is booked up till this moment.

Necessities for self	10 minutes
,, ,, family	32 ,,
Luxuries for others	18 ,,
Luxuries for self	1 hour
Bill for Education	1 ,,
Bill for Health	1 ,,
	4 hours

The only thing that's nice about this figure is that it is round, but in every other respect it begins to look very disagreeable indeed. But you aren't out of danger yet, Mister, we have some more calls on you. We are now an independent nation, and have you been told that the price of freedom is rather high? There are the Police, Army, Navy and Air Force to look after you in times of emergency—

and thankful enough you were of them a short time ago. There are the gentlemen under restrain in Mahara and other such free hotels for whom you have got to pay. There are the Railway and the bus services to take you round to pilgrimages. Much as you detest them you wouldn't go without them, would you? And do you remember the ten-minute airborne joy-rides you got when Ratmalana was new? You are paying for them now. Then there's the P.W.D. to come behind your great big iron-tyred bullock carts trying to hold the nice tarred roads in one piece—you pay for that, too! Then, many Government Departments are here in times of distress to give you wages, food, clothing, shelter, controls and employment, and all this costs good rupees. Then electricity, telegraphs, telephones, radio and all public amusements—how could you possibly do without them? You can have them with pleasure, only be good enough to pay up—and look sharp about it, please. Your deep love for litigation is another thing which drinks up money. Not merely in direct cost but also in millions upon millions of idle man-hours. Never mind, you can put in a couple of hours more per day and still be out of the red.

Finally—and we use the word only because of space limitation, not subject—we come to urbanisation and industrialisation. Most of us live so far from our place of work (even, surprisingly enough, our peasants), that on the average we spend an hour to get to our work and an hour to get back.

Well, here we are: we now find that all of us workers have got to put in *eight hours* each, just to keep going with our barest minimum requirements of food, clothing and shelter, which actually requires ten minutes, the most. Of course, eight hours every day is an impossibility. What about the 52 Sunday off-days, the 52 Saturday half-days, the 24 public holidays, the 14 days casual leave, the 42 days vacation leave, the two months per year halfpay leave? Work is needed on other days to make up for this. What about the loss of productivity on strikes, "leave sickness," genuine ill-health, and the like? Too bad, it looks as if we have got to put in a regular ten hours or more on every actual working day, merely to give everyone the bare requisities plus, of course, beedies, toddy, and cinemas.

Nobody ever did a ten-hour day regularly, so how did we survive all these days? Firstly, the plantation industries. Very fortunately the foolish foreigner is paying us much more

for our plantation products than our labour is worth on anything else. This is the one single major factor which has kept our economy going all this time. Remember what happened during the Great Depression of the nineteen thirties? The foreigner could no longer pay as well and we slipped back a good long way in our standards of living. But World War II pulled us up a great deal as we got paid so well for so little. We haven't fully cashed our credit account yet, but we are trying our best, don't worry.

Poor Mr. Average Man—I feel sorry for you, shaking your head slowly from side to side in utter bewilderment and perhaps the beginnings of a great fear. You are quite right to fear. If our plantation bonanza comes to an end, where are we? Back to the ten-hours day for a mere subsistence economy? Yes, if we go on as we are doing: no, if we take steps in time.

I can just see you clutching at the straw peeping out in the last sentence. So there is a hope, after all? Of course, there is. Remember, it is still only one hour of your time which you need for food, clothing, and shelter for yourself *and your family*. Give that first priority, and then plan out the rest of the day to suit, not your requirements, but what can possibly be done in the available time. How? Ah, that is another story. For the present it is enough if you realise that you work ten hours to get ten minutes of real value.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

Alan Bird

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli—The fate of books depends on the capacity of the reader. Terentianus Maurus.

American Poetry—A Bibliography of Norman Douglas —Penguin Classics—The Queen's Government—Works of Arnold Bennett.

LITERARY criticism, much as one would wish it to be otherwise, is rarely impartial: during the late war critics discovered the similarities between English and Russian literature and now they spend their time trying to find the differences. Similarly, there are times when American Literature is not to be considered as just American, and there are other times when it is to be considered as something strange, un-English, un-European, in fact, American. The Editor of the valuable 'Penguin Book of Modern American Verse' has not wasted time on such stupid arguments, has concluded that there is such a thing as American verse and given us a selection which, thanks to his own good taste and judgement, has rarely been equalled for quality and interest. He has spared us the excesses which flood from adoration of Whitman and he has also saved us from those almost inarticulate works which are pretty close to Indian sign language. He does include Emily Dickinson who lived in the last century and whose influence on American poetry is not unlike that of Gerard Manley Hopkins on English verse. The volume has one hundred and forty-four poems by fifty-eight poets; and there is a brief, informative and sensible introduction to each poet. Reading this book opens a new world which one had hardly realised as existing—because there is such a thing as American poetry, and a vital, living thing it is! Emily Dickinson sets the mood for much of the best poetry:

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me.

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Such briefness reminds one of the Cavalier lyrics of the early seventeenth century; it is nearly metaphysical in its wit. In American literature it forms a needed contrast to the verbosity of Whitman who, great writer as he was, has been a bad influence on many writers. So many American writers tend to verbosity because they feel that the smallest details of experience and of life are important; Emily Dickinson was secretive and lonely and selective, hardly the traditional American type. Yet her influence has been profound. This book which contains the work of Amy Lowell, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Robinson Jeffers, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, Louise Bogan and other well-known writers, everywhere shows her influence. Here is a delightful poem which illustrates this point:

anyone lived in a pretty how town
(with up so floating many bells down)
spring summer autumn winter
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

women and men (both little and small)
cared for anyone not at all
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same
sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but only a few
and down they forgot as up they grew
autumn winter spring summer)
that no one loved him more by more

why by now and tree by leaf
she laughed his joy she cried his grief
bird by snow and stir by still
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones
laughed their cryings and did their dance
(sleep wake hope and then) they
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon
(and only the snow can begin to explain
how children are apt to forget to remember
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess
(and no one stooped to kiss his face)
busy folk buried them side by side
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep
and more by more they dream their sleep
no one and anyone earth by april
wish by spirit and if by yes.

woman and men (both dong and din)
summer autumn winter spring
reaped their sowing and went their came
sun moon stars rain

This poem by E. E. Cummings shows much that is typical of modern American poetry. For instance, language is treated in a cavalier fashion—the same with Emily Dickinson in ' My life closed twice before its close.' Grammar and formal English usage are abandoned! This reflects a poetic mood which is not young or naïve but sophisticated in the extreme: American poets have felt not only the influence of Emily Dickinson (and Whitman) but of the European symbolists, of Chinese verse, the experiments of Gertrude Stein and the influence of other European languages. Such use of the English language is highly conscious and artificial, in no sense primitive. Indeed it is the use of language in this way, that distinguishes modern American verse from that of England where traditional usage still holds strong. It is not that American poets have more to say; only being so conscious of the novelty and pleasure of words, they express themselves in a highly intriguing way. Whether this is ultimately for the good of American poetry is hard to say. The reader of the Penguin Book of Modern American Verse must judge for himself.

I've suggested that because many Americans see English as just one language of the many to be heard among national groups in their country they use it in a different way from us; such writers as Joseph Conrad and Norman Douglas who did not speak English from birth used English in so subtle a fashion that they put the average writer of English to

shame. Norman Douglas who died so recently was the author of several travel books, novels, essays and memoirs. A man of great intelligence, considerable scholarship and remarkable endowments, he rarely cared to exert himself and so never attained the position in literature which should and could have been his. Yet his Looking Back, Siren Land, Old Calabria and South Wind are works which can be read time and time again with renewed pleasure. Douglas lived from childhood in Austria and had a German education—possibly this helps to account for his scholarship—and did not begin writing until quite late in life. For all their charm, the clarity and wit of their writing and the scholarship and humour shown in them, Douglas's books rarely met with a good reception. He lacked, perhaps, that streak of (vulgar) vitality which is so necessary for popular success. For all this lack of favour from the public, Douglas's books should retain their place in the affections of those who appreciate civilised writing and humour.

Norman Douglas was not a prolific writer but a bibliography of his works presents great difficulties. Scholars, book-collectors and general readers will find A Bibliography of Norman Douglas by Mr. Cecil Woolf an entrancing work. To begin with, it is an exact and detailed work. Norman Douglas frequently revised his books for later editions and, to raise money, had several editions printed at the same time; and even though these editions were private and supposed to be limited, there is no guarantee that this is actually so. Mr. Woolf has tracked down these various editions and notes the chief textual variations. To record correctly and to describe the editions of about twenty books, fifteen pamphlets and nearly two hundred articles, stories and reviews is no easy task: Mr. Cecil Woolf has done all this, and more, for he frequently includes descriptive remarks of Douglas himself. A difficulty with Douglas is that he sometimes collaborated with Pino Orioli (an Italian friend) and his wife in the production of books—for instance, Unprofessional Tales, with his wife in 1901, Venus in the Kitchen, with Orioli in 1952. Now what is the bibliographer to make of these books? Are they to be ascribed to Douglas or not? Mr. Woolf reasonably gives Unprofessional Tales to Norman Douglas and considers that he only contributed to Venus in the Kitchen, as fair a judgement as could be made. Whether or not Douglas re-wrote Orioli's Adventures of a Bookseller and Moving Along is more difficult to decide. Mr. Woolf

has left them out, judging that Douglas made only suggestions and criticisms but I think that Douglas did a great deal more than that for it's impossible not to see his actual style in these books. If he did not actually re-write them completely, he certainly re-wrote large sections. This is the sort of thing which must drive bibliographers to an early grave! Mr. Woolf tells us that he made enquiries in some thirty countries in his attempts to find out how many translations had been made of Douglas's work. It seems that only six translations of his work has been made and three of these translations are of South Wind, his finest novel. What a pity that when foreign bookstalls are crowded with trashy translations of trashy novels these cultured witty books should remain unknown. France, for instance, knows not South Wind or Old Calabria or Siren Land. Mr. Woolf's work is admirably produced, scholarly, informative and interesting to the general reader as well as to the specialist. To those readers who appreciate Norman Douglas in particular, this book will prove a necessity; and anyone studying the art of bibliography would do well to base their standards on this work.

For those who wish to build up a library of classics cheaply and in good translations there can be no better 'buy' than the Penguin Classics. This month sees an issue of The Histories of Herodotus, Anna Karenin of Tolstoy and The Devils of Dostoyevsky. Now Dostoyevsky is a test of the translator's art—and sometimes of the reader's patience. This translation is excellent. The Devils (sometimes known as the Possessed) has particular relevance today when conflicts about ideologies are as strong as ever. The existentionalists in France have derived much from Dostoyevsky (as have decades of novelists in England in a different way) with his insight into the nature of political conspirators and secret societies. Sartre in his 'Crime Passionel' says very little that Dostoyevsky does not say in The Devils. Men possessed with a dominating fiendish idea for which they are ready to take human life are indeed devils! In this great book by Dostoyevsky we are made conscious of the fact that to gain the whole world (even if for the purposes of reform) is not to save one's own soul. Which is the greater? Dostoyevsky has no doubt that we must save our own souls and the rest will follow. And who is to say that he is wrong? Unfortunately, at the time of writing this book Dostoyevsky was quarrelling with Turgenev and

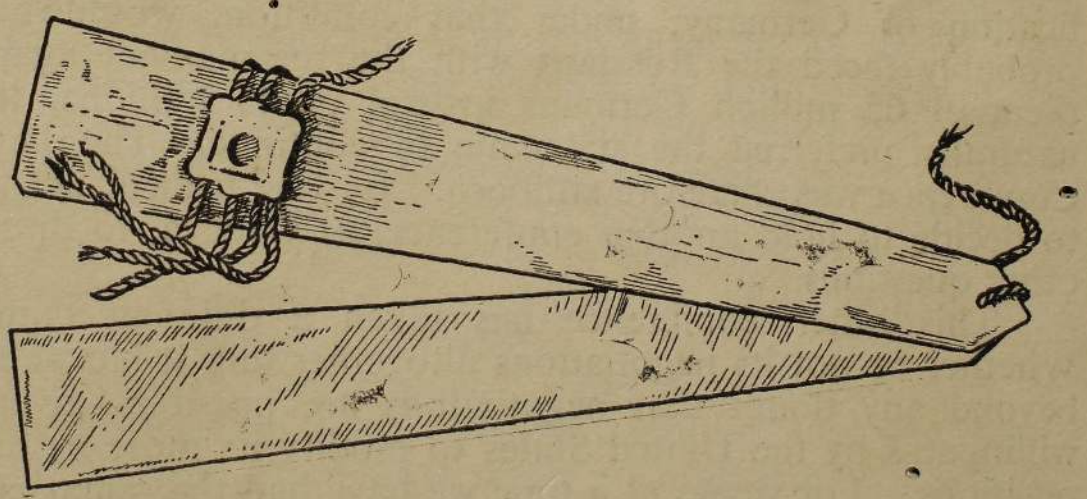
could not resist drawing a caricature of him in this book—a needless piece of writing which does nothing to help the action. Even so The Devils is a great book; and the translation by David Magarshack is to be highly commended.

Sir Ivor Jennings in his The Queen's Government gives a brief and uncomplicated account of the way in which the country is governed. There are occasional statements which will not please and which cannot be taken at their face value—'On the whole Britain can trust its politicians. . . . Leadership is almost invariably given.' Those with memories of government prior to the outbreak of war in 1939 and who have read the late Lord Norwich's memoirs will find something to question in such statements. Again, a statement such as this is not very inspiring: 'If we consider our daily life in peacetime we shall be inclined to the view that politics is not very important, and that the less there is of it the better. That attitude, too, is dangerous. In some environments it leaves politics to crooks and gangsters, in others to megalomaniacs like Hitler, and in yet others to paranoics like the average communist.' This is near enough to the language of the daily press; for whether the average communist is a paranoic or not (possibly Sir Ivor Jennings has taken statistics of the population of Russia and China), we have still to live with him, and abuse seems to help neither side. True it is the Russians are masters of gutter language but that does not afford an excuse for us to behave in the same way. And an excessive interest in politics leads to the excesses we see today in the U.S.A. Politics are apt to arouse reflections such as these; and it is hard to see how any writer can avoid statements on government or personalities connected with government which entirely avoid controversy. The writer says, 'Except in Army matters Edward VII was not very interested in the problems of government' and yet we are frequently assured by experts that Edward VII took a direct part in promoting the Entente Cordiale. A problem which I do not think has been faced in this book (though there is a section on 'The Queen and the Commonwealth') is the actual relationship between a member of one of the Colonies and the Queen's Government. In England we know (or we think we know) what our rights are, an African from one of the Colonies or the Protectorates seems to have none, not even the right of appeal. In this connection some recent events in Africa are disturbing and may well disturb that 'common relationship to the Queen' which is called

'allegiance' and of which Sir Ivor Jennings says 'what it means in practice is not very easy to explain.' The exiled Africans living in Britain or their families in Africa can hardly explain it. This is a fascinating book which will interest the general reader though for those whose interest in government is more detailed it may prove somewhat lacking in detail.

Lastly, there has been an issue of several of the novels and part of the journals of Arnold Bennett. On his death in 1931, Virginia Woolf noted in her diary: 'Some real understanding power as well as gigantic absorbing power. These are the sort of things that I think by fits and starts as I sit journalizing...Queer how one regrets the disposal of anybody who seemed—as I say—genuine: who had direct contact with life—for he abused me; and yet I rather wished him to go on abusing me; and me abusing him. An element in life—even in mine that was so remote—taken away. That is what one minds.' Strange how the legends persists of Bennett's gigantic absorbing power, for reading his books. —The Grand Babylon Hotel—Riceyman Steps—Anna of the Five Towns—The Old Wives' Tale—Clayhanger—one is struck by his superficial understanding and absorbing power. He really seemed not to have noticed the world about him except in a general, novelish way. The Grand Babylon Hotel, for instance, strikes one as resembling nothing so much as a flickering serial film of the silent days; the animation is almost comic. Riceyman Steps has a superb theme—that of a miser newly married—and a superb setting —London; but there is no real power and the story drags to a miserable and impotent close. What would Dickens or Balzac have done with such a theme? Clayhanger is overfull of detail and Anna of the Five Towns does not quite succeed. Bennett could see the trappings, the settings, the characters of his stories and somehow could never bring himself down to tearing from them the secrets of their hearts. That was too cruel, too callous for him! He seems always to have wanted to be a good fellow and not to have embarrassed people by being too profound. The Old Wives' Tale is good, the best of his stories. In a cheap Paris restaurant he saw an old woman who was ridiculous to others though not to herself and he tried to imagine her as she must have been years ago. From these thoughts he went on to describe the lives of two sisters who begin their lives in the potteries in the English midlands and make their way to Paris. This theme proved a happy one for Bennett; imagination and

fact, memory and imagination united in him to create a novel which has won continuous popularity. Nothing Arnold Bennett wrote was great in the true sense of the word though in The Old Wives' Tale he came near to greatness. This re-issue of his main books proves the abundant vitality of the man, shows his weakness and his strength, and provides the general readers with six interesting books which though they seem hardly sure of lasting fame do provide a glimpse into popular writing in the first decades of this century.



COMMONWEALTH AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A QUARTERLY COMMENTARY

Basil Davidson

An Indecisive Conference—In France—General Election in the Gold Coast—Chartism in South Africa.

An Indecisive Conference

THE first thing to note about the Geneva Conference—still in session at the time of writing—is its difference from the Berlin conference which preceded it and gave birth to it. For all that the Berlin Conference—one more attempt to avert the continued partition of Germany—had marked an improvement upon the silence of the Cold War, in that it provided a meeting place for opposed views, it marked no real attempt at negotiation. That was forestalled from the moment it became clear that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden would not retreat from their determination to rearm part or all of Germany, no matter what might happen. Since the reunification of Germany, under that condition, would have probably faced the Russians with the rearmament against them of 65 million Germans instead of 45 millions, they naturally preferred the stalemate to continue. The Berlin Conference was therefore stillborn. Its one fruitful act was to decide to hold another conference, at Geneva, to discuss other questions.

This other conference has taken a different course. Whether or not its negotiations altogether fail, it has shown beyond any doubt that negotiations are possible—given a willingness by the United States to modify its more extreme positions. For weeks at a time we have had the remarkable and unprecedented spectacle of a British Conservative Foreign Secretary bending all his efforts at persuading not his formal opponents—China and the Soviet Union—but his formal partner and ally, the United States. Mr. Eden has tried in many ways to convince the United States Administration that negotiation at Geneva would not be "appeasement of Communism," would not be "political cowardice," would not be foolish or ineffectual; but might, on the contrary, lead to an acceptable settlement of issues

which can only otherwise turn more difficult for the West. At the moment it looks as though he has failed in this. If the apparent failure is confirmed, the British Government will dutifully follow the United States out of the conference, for it is the fatal diplomatic weakness in contemporary British policy that any disagreement with the rest of the world is preferable to a disagreement with the United States. Even so, the great alliance has never been uneasier than it is today.

Nothing else explains the meeting which Sir Winston Churchill will now have with President Eisenhower. There is every reason to believe that Churchill has chosen this means of seeking to narrow a widening breach whose existence he is loath to admit in public. It was this method of personal discussion, after all, which he used so successfully during the war in his intercourse with President Roosevelt. The fact of the matter is that the British Government has consistently sought to apply a diplomatically discreet brake to American ambitions, and to strengthen in the American Executive those who thought—and think—that a peaceful compromise is still better than a third world war. Until now, interestingly enough, Eisenhower has apparently not felt strong enough to meet Churchill on these special terms: and it is taken here as a symptom of a more peaceful trend in Washington that he feels able to accept it now. Behind all the wild and whirling words of American Congressmen, Senators and members of the Executive, there appears to be a gradually dawning knowledge of the fact that America cannot in fact "go it alone"—and that she can carry her principal allies with her only on condition that she admits the desirability of at least *trying* to negotiate a reasonable compromise with China and the Soviet Union.

Significantly, too, the Chinese Government has now agreed to send a *chargé d'affaires* to London. Hitherto, it has refused to do this, apparently on the grounds that the British were not seriously interested in improved British-Chinese relations. Gradually, these relations are improving, growing closer. Another sign of this is the decision of the British Labour Party to send a delegation to China this year, including Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan. War with China is less than ever an admitted possibility here.

Beyond the confusing issues of detail at Geneva there has manifestly always stood one central issue—whether or

not the Western Powers would admit the People's Republic of China to the United Nations and hence to membership of the Security Council. It was always obvious, for instance, that the Chinese and their Soviet colleagues were never going to admit the competence of the United Nations to intervene in Indo-China in any shape or form—so long as the United Nations remained the instrument of United States policy which the Korean events have shown it to have become. Had the Western Powers been ready to make this concession —and the British Government is almost certainly ready for it, given United States approval—there is strong evidence for thinking that real progress could have been made by the conference both in Korea and in Indo-China. So long as the concession was withheld, it remained impossible for anyone to believe that the Americans were genuinely interested in making peace. As things turn out, it looks as though the leaders of America would prefer a continuance of half-peace, half-war, to any durable settlement.

It is not difficult to see why this is so. No secret is anywhere made of the probability that free elections in Korea and in Indo-China would return a handsome majority against Syngman Rhee in the first place, and against Bao Dai in the second. Having made so much of demanding free elections in Germany (which the Russians were evidently willing to agree to, always provided that the resultant unified Germany would not be free to rearm against them, or indeed against anyone), the Western Powers have found themselves in the piquant situation of having to refuse free elections in Korea and Indo-China.

Behind this refusal—for it is this that the failure at Geneva amounts to—there lies the knowledge that colonialism is dead in Asia, and that, where it persists, it persists in virtue only of foreign bayonets. Now the diplomatically difficult thing for the Americans—and hence for their uneasy and anxious partners, the British—is that both in Korea and in Indo-China they have linked themselves to the cause of colonialism, whether in the more or less direct French form in Indo-China or in the camouflaged form of Syngman Rhee in Korea. It is true, of course, that the Republic of Korea is formally "free and independent" of the United States; but who can believe the reality of this, when Syngman Rhee's Korea could not survive a month without the presence of American armies and American dollar subsidies? It is also true that the Americans want the French to grant independent

status to the Associated States of Indo-China—to Bao Dai's version of Viet-Nam, to Cambodia, and to Laos. But who can believe that this is not an indirect form of colonialism, at any rate in Viet-Nam, when it is everywhere admitted (as one of the points of central " difficulty ") that free elections in Viet-Nam would return a handsome majority for Ho Chi-minh and the Viet-minh?

In countries of colonial subjection the end of imperial overlordship has meant a drastic weakening in the world position of the Western Powers. Here and there, it is true, the Western Powers have retained positions of economic and military privilege—one thinks of Burma and the emergent States of Nigeria and the Gold Coast in West Africa; but the peoples thus established on the road to independence prove inconveniently to have minds of their own. In Korea and in Indo-China these minds are strongly influenced by feelings of friendship and apparently of admiration, for China and possibly also for the Soviet Union. Communist influences are strong both in Korea and in Indo-China; and, with the persistence of colonial oppression (whether through tools such as Syngman Rhee or more directly by foreign bombs and bayonets), these influences seem bound to grow much stronger.

Hence the American dilemma, which is very much an imperialist dilemma. To make peace in these countries means to give independence to peoples who, at the very least, are certainly not going to be content to act as tools against China or Russia. They may even become the friends and allies of China and Russia. It would not be very surprising, after all, if the majority of people in Korea and in Indo-China should prefer the Chinese brand of civilisation, Communist or not, to the American, British or French brand. To make peace is therefore difficult for the case-hardened conservatives in Washington. Yet it seems equally difficult to make war. There is indeed a school of thought in high places in Washington today which favours the making of war in the Far East: we have declarations of this kind from men as influential as Admiral Radford. But this school of thought is opposed by another, said to include the President (with Mr. Dulles oscillating between the two), which foresees the appalling difficulty of making war either with unwilling allies, or perhaps with no allies at all. To make war, furthermore, means to make total war—with the commitment of American ground

troops as well as the use of atom and perhaps of Hydrogen bombs. To make war, in short, is almost certainly to make world war.

One might argue, no doubt—as some have—that the United States could hope to wage a limited war in Indo-China just as she has waged, via the agency of the United Nations, a limited war in Korea. But this is a solution which can appeal to no American leader who is conscious of the basic facts: first, that the Korean war ended exactly where it started, along the 38th Parallel, and, secondly, that limited American intervention in Indo-China might very probably (and perhaps certainly) lead to limited Chinese intervention; and in that case, given the tremendously strong military positions which the troops of the Viet-Minh already occupy, there can be no doubt who would win. It would not be the United States.

Hesitating to engage on total war, on world war; conscious of the fruitlessness of waging limited war; and entirely unwilling to make peace with the Viet-Minh (or with the Republic of North Korea), the American delegates at Geneva, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Smith, have either sulked in their tents or have attempted simply to prevent any serious negotiation. Their one consistent effort, perhaps, has been to transfer the Indo-Chinese part of the conference to the General Assembly of the United Nations, where they could once more rely on their automatic majority and where they could much more easily isolate the Russians—and where the Chinese, of course, would not even be present. To this end they have sought to use—to the anger and irritation of the British, at least—their puppet, the Government of Siam (itself rocking badly on the storms of national upheaval); and the outcome is still uncertain as I write.

In France

Meanwhile the French delegate, M. Bidault, has had no easy time of it. His own point of view has emerged as identical with that of Mr. Dulles, which would seem very convenient for Washington: unhappily for Mr. Dulles, M. Bidault's government in Paris proved weak, divided, and ineffectual from the first day of the conference, and by the middle of June it had ceased to exist. This disappearance of the government of which M. Bidault was the Foreign Minister was intimately linked to the progress, or lack of progress, of the Geneva conference, simply because a majority

of the French Parliament (even though a slender majority) has long been of the opinion that the Indo-Chinese war ought to be brought to an end.

If that is so, it might be asked, then why is the war continued? Why doesn't the French Government respond to the will of the French Parliament? A full answer to this would fall outside the limits of a commentary on Commonwealth affairs: the short answer is that French politics is anything but simple, and French political solutions anything but obvious. All that one can say at this time—when we are still waiting to know of whom the next French Government will be composed—is that no French Government can now prosecute the Indo-Chinese war with any fervour or conviction; and that the military reverse of Dien Bien Phu, and the critical situation round Hanoi, have greatly strengthened a belief in France that nothing is to be gained by going on fighting a war which can evidently never be won —but which, since Dien Bien Phu, can evidently be easily lost. " Let us negotiate with Ho Chi-minh," more and more French men are saying, " while we still retain something to negotiate with. Let us save what we can from the wreck; and let us do it quickly, for to wait much longer may be to wait too long." How long, it is being asked, can France expect to hold Hanoi, even Saigon?

General Election in the Gold Coast

It is pleasant to turn from all this to the Gold Coast, where the second general election in this colony's history—indeed, in any African colony's history—was held in the middle of June. What was most significant about the general election this time was the same thing as last time—the order, generally high level of probity, and the enthusiasm with which the voters went to the polls. Once again it is shown that Africans are ripe for self-government. This time, too, many of the more " backward " peoples in the Northern Territories voted for the first time: they appear to have done so sensibly and calmly.

These elections were held under a slightly different constitution from that of 1950, which permitted the first general election three years ago. Under this modified constitution the Gold Coast has taken another, albeit modest, step towards self-government and independence; and African Ministers and civil servants will have wider authority than

before. The Governor remains an appointment of the Colonial Office, however, and as well as having a final veto on all legislation he will continue to be directly responsible for Foreign Affairs, Defence and the Police.

Present signs are that Gold Coast leaders will not ask for full self-government until it is time for another general election in three or four years' time. When they ask for that, moreover, they will also ask for Dominion status. To that the Dominion of South Africa, already alarmed at the prospect of Gold Coast self-government, is strongly opposed; and it is said that the present British Colonial Secretary, Mr. Oliver Lyttleton, is in favour of creating a kind of second-class Dominion status so that South Africa would not have to "sit down" next to the Gold Coast. This is not yet an issue of any practical importance; but it looks like becoming one over the next two or three years, and will in that case be another issue of domestic rivalry between the Conservative and Labour parties in Britain.

Chartism in South Africa

On the subject of Africa, one may note this quarter a minor setback for the Nationalist Government of South Africa, which failed to obtain the necessary parliamentary majority to remove from the common electors' roll some 50,000 Coloured voters of Cape Province. On the dark side, however, was an intensification of the measures of persecution aimed at Africans and Indians who are resident in urban areas.

Important in this respect was a decision of the Non-White national organisations—African, Indian and Coloured—together with the small Congress of Democrats, which includes some Whites, to campaign this year for a National Democratic Charter which shall offer democratic rights to all South Africans, irrespective of their racial group. It is planned to hold a massive conference later this year at which to discuss and adopt a Charter of this kind—and thus to initiate a new phase in the non-violent campaign of resistance against racialist laws and regulations in South Africa. This Chartism in South Africa has evidently drawn its inspiration—to judge from speeches which are now being made in its support—from the great Chartist Movement of the British working people of the mid-Nineteenth Century.

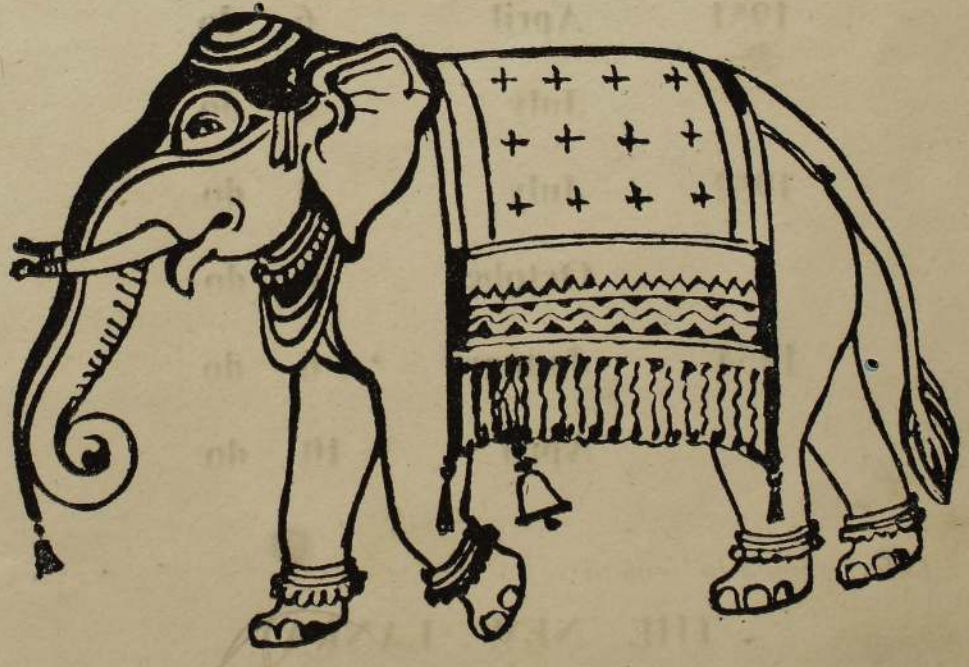
Some eleven million people in South Africa, or the vast majority, are without voting rights—and indeed without

any kind of rights. What the African and Indian National Congresses are now planning (backed by a section of the Coloured people and by a very small section of the Whites) is to give these people a kind of unofficial vote. "It is planned, " says Mr. Walter Sisulu, Secretary-General of the African National Congress, " to hold a general election throughout the length and breadth of South Africa to elect people's representatives to a Congress of the People."

" The purpose is to get the people themselves, by means of a mass campaign, in which they themselves participate, to say how they should be governed in the new democratic South Africa they are all striving for."

We are certain to hear a great deal more of this as the months go by.

London, 15th June, 1954.



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