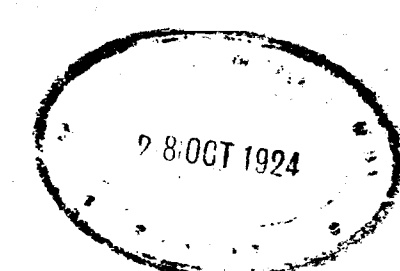


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CURRENT THOUGHT

*That which exists is one ;
The wise name it variously*
—RIG VEDA

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No. 1

The Future

BY C. F. ANDREWS

DURING the progress of the National Movement in India I have been assailed again and again with the same questions which were evidently pressing hard upon Indian minds asking for a solution. They refer to the national concerns of this present age, in which the fervent spirit of nationalism is still rising higher and higher, especially in the East. Are we to make nationalism an end in itself? Are we to worship the Motherland to the exclusion of all other interests? Are we to remain in our own country and do all we can to improve it without paying heed to any other country? Such are some of the present problems which are perplexing the soul of the younger generation in India. Indeed, it may also be said that there is hardly a country in the world to-day which has not got problems of a similar nature.

It is clearly not possible for me to

attempt to solve completely questions of this character. But I can, perhaps, give briefly in outline some of those great principles of human life, which may help towards a solution. In thus offering a tentative answer, we shall go back, again and again, to the Upanishads for our guidance; for, there we come to ultimate thoughts about human life and conduct which cannot be surpassed for their simplicity and truth.

First, let us be clear about the future. It is as useless to put up barriers of protection against the coming unification of mankind, as it is absurd to try, like old King Canute in the story, to prevent the tide of the sea from advancing beyond a certain point. Our tiny barriers of race and caste and territorial area may be able to stop for a few brief moments the in-coming tide. Perhaps that has been in the past their

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meaning and purpose, but they cannot finally resist the onward flow of humanity to its own appointed goal, of one race, one faith, one soil, one people.

For, mankind is essentially one family, one in a common origin, one in a common unification. If the ultimate principle of the Vedanta, *Tat Tvam Asi*, means anything at all, if the *Advaitam*, the undivided spiritual Unity, means anything at all, then, surely, it means all this, that I have just said.

Pita nosi, 'Thou art our Father,' thus ran the ancient prayer of India. *Pita no bodhi*, "Teach us to know Thee as our Father." If we pray that prayer of the Upanishads with the understanding—and it is singularly like the Lord's Prayer of Christendom—then, it surely implies, as its corollary, the unification of mankind as one family, wherein every dividing wall of separation and segregation is broken down. This is not only a mystical faith; it is a scientific fact, which science is proving every day more and more to be true.

Sometimes, the question has been asked me, why it is that I have thought it necessary to spend so many anxious months in going out to Africa concerning the affairs of a mere handful of Indians abroad, when there are such unending problems to be solved here, in India itself. My answer would be, that in Africa new and terrible barriers of race and colour and caste are being put up, at the very time when, in India and elsewhere, the same barriers are being

centre of racial passion and hate, in Africa itself.

But, to return to the main subject. When we come to think clearly, we find that, apart from human infirmities of greed and jealousy and pride, it has been in a great measure the geographical barriers of the past, which kept us aloof and made us frequently strangers to one another, by the very facts of unconquerable space and distance and time.

I will put forward a very ordinary example. It would be difficult to describe what a wrong idea I had of India until I was able to come out, and gain at first hand my own experience. I had tried my utmost at Cambridge to read all the books about India which could be found, and to meet and talk with all the people who had come back. In this way, I had supposed that the groundwork of knowledge had been firmly and securely laid. But now, looking back, I can see how inadequate it all was! What a false picture I had drawn! What a narrow insularity enveloped about every thought! Yet, without the new modes of inter-communication, invented by science, it is likely that I might never have come out to India at all, and that I should have remained ignorant of the true India right up to the end. As men of good-will move freely and easily about the world, we ought to know one another better and love one another better after the first novelty of our strange and new experience is over.

CURRENT THOUGHT

A MONTHLY REVIEW

WITH the end of the Great War, the World entered on what is practically a new era. Accepted ideas on every conceivable subject are now subjected to a searching destructive criticism, from which but few of them have been able to emerge unscathed. In Literature, in Art and in Music; in Philosophy, in Religion and in Law; in the theoretical as well as in the practical aspects of Science; and, above all, in Politics, in Economics and in Sociology—in all these varied branches of human knowledge and human activity, we are to-day witnessing a new Revolution, as it were, throughout the world. For, if the change is most palpably felt in political and economic ideas, it is nevertheless symptomatic of a new adjustment of human affairs as a whole which, in spite of all the turmoil, is in course of progress at the present moment.

We are in fact in the throes of a new creative epoch, such a one as that which Europe saw at the time of the Renaissance and again after the Thirty Years' war. We see the human mind making on all sides a fresh and strenuous endeavour to grope towards a new synthesis—a synthesis in which Western Civilisation struggles to exist, and shall in its best elements exist, while the Eastern fights for a place of equality therein with greater and greater insistence and with rapidly increasing effect. The clash of views and voices, which to-day

makes us dread a mighty holocaust, needs to be understood by all would-be combatants, so that the disease (for such it is) that has now affected humanity shall, in the light of the unalterable facts of the situation work out its own cure in what will be a blend of the best of the two civilisations.

It shall be the endeavour of the promoters of CURRENT THOUGHT to focus attention on the unalterable facts referred to above to set down the argument on either side as they are from time to time brought forward by the best representatives of the conflicting schools of thought; to draw attention to new development in the world of ideas, and, generally, to enable its readers to be in touch with the best and the latest products of the human mind.

CURRENT THOUGHT will be non-political and will constitute an intelligent, easily digestible and comprehensive review of the latest productions in the World of Thought: whether they be expressed in the latest books, or the latest magazines, or reviews, or, as sometimes happens, in newspaper articles.

Reviews of books by competent writers will indeed be a chief feature of the publication. Above all, the promoters have made arrangements with some of the greatest leaders of thought at the present day to oblige them with occasional contributions.

wholesale slaughter in war, so, in the same manner, new scientific discoveries threaten to devastate simple and sincere human lives in other directions also. They give, too often, to modern men and women, jaded nerves and exhausted minds, which make the years which have been added to human life, owing to better sanitation, hardly worth living, after all. Yet, out of the midst of all these evils, much that is good is being wrought. Who can doubt it? Out of the universal commerce of knowledge, which is now being brought into effect, a greater awareness of one another, a clearer understanding, a more scientific and accurate conception, which seeks for truth and fact, instead of fable and fancy, have been made possible. We may not have attained truth yet, but every day we are attaining. In external things, at least, we can claim to possess more accurate knowledge to-day than in the past, and without accurate external knowledge fantastic notions are likely to play havoc with our minds.

Therefore, those who are still young and are the children of the Future must not be daunted by the difficulties, which are there, only to be overcome. We must boldly step out into this newly opened heritage of intellectual growth and human freedom. Just as the old geographical barriers in India had to give way before the march of the hero, Rama, in the epic story, while he united all races and became the friend of the aborigines, ushering in a new age of Indian unification, even so, in like manner, those who wish to lead heroic lives, and be in the vanguard of humanity to-day, must be ready to adventure forth into a far larger country than our ancestors ever knew. We can no longer be

Hindus, Mussalmans, Christians, in the old narrow sectarian sense of the word, as members of exclusive sects and exclusive creeds. We can no longer be Indians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, in the old, narrow, racial sense. We cannot afford to come to a full stop in front of any barriers and obstructions of that kind; we are the children of the *Advaitam*, the Undivided; we are the children of the One Father, and belong to One Family, the Family of Man. We must go forward and onward, right up to the ideal of one universal race, one universal religion, one universal country,—the country of Humanity, which is as large and broad as the world.

This is, as I have said, not only a mystical faith; it is also a psychological fact. Let me give an example from my own experience, which goes to prove it. Just outside the house where I was recently staying, I met an old man whose face I had never seen before. He was an inhabitant of the little town of Nowgong in Assam and a Mussalman. I was a native of England, and a Christian. He was of the East: I was of the West. Yet, something in his eyes spoke to me at once of sympathy and human fellowship. So it came to pass that, in a moment, my heart had gone out to him at a single glance from his eyes. I could see, at the same moment, without one word being spoken, that his heart had gone out to me. Where, at such a moment, were all the obstructions of race and creed? Where were East and West, that could never meet? All these distinctions had vanished; and, since then, I have been cherishing the joy of the thought of that simple, natural experience. *Tat Tvam Asi*,—'Thou art That.' What else can this singular fact that I have mentioned

mean, except that the human race is one race, with one heart and soul to love with? The spirit pervading every one of us is one and the same spirit,—the *Advaitam*, the One without a second, the Undivided.

The Isha Upanishad has said in its opening words: "Know that all things that move in this moving world are enveloped by God."

It was this larger country, the country of Humanity, that the forest dwellers, the Rishis, of ancient India, loved to enter, in their thoughts and dreams. They beheld afar off the vision of that unification of man which we are seeing made practical to-day.

Does this doctrine of the *Advaitam*, the Undivided, who is also the *Santam* and the *Sivam* mean that we are to give up altogether our own country, and love only Humanity instead? That question has often been asked me by students, when I have set forward this full doctrine of the *Advaitam*. The answer is absurdly simple.

Many will remember those lines, from the poet Lovelace, which are quoted in the Golden Treasury of English Poetry.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more".

You *cannot* love your own country less because you love Humanity more. That is spiritually impossible. The ordinary laws of arithmetic do not hold good in the spiritual life. It is of other dimensions. You do not add and subtract, in the physical manner, when dealing with things spiritual. You do not subtract from one side in order to add to the other. Let me take an example. What could be a greater mathematical absurdity than the saying of Christ, 'He that loseth his life shall save it.' Yet,

in the higher dimension of the spirit, we find this to be true every day. It is the lesson of the Cross. Therefore, according to the spiritual law, if you determine to sacrifice yourself for humanity, you will not love your country less, but more. In a very real sense, we may change the name in the lines of the modern English poet, and say:

"They know not India truly,
Who only India know."

Many of us, at some time or another, must have tried again and again to get a true focus, while trying to take a photograph. So long as the lens remains not properly adjusted, the whole picture is blurred. But when, at last, we obtain the proper focus, every single detail of the picture is clear and distinct. So it is with these great ultimate principles of human life, which the Saints and the Rishis have given us. These principles, which they offer for our acceptance, help to put our lives in right perspective. Human life to-day in Europe is terribly out of focus, because of the feverish anxiety to get every single thing for one's own country, even at the expense of others. This is a narrow patriotism, which only leads to confusions. The mind becomes blurred with passion. For many years past there has been no true perspective in Europe. The one true focus of human life is that of one human family, one human race. Europe had this ideal, given to her by Christ; but she lost it in the Great War; and she has not fully recovered it since.

Once grasp the truth of the *Advaitam*, who is the *Santam* and the *Sivam* as the Rishis did of old; get their perspective; get their true focus; see the Universal Self in everything and everything in the Universal Self; and then all the rest

follows. Patriotism falls at once into its proper place and does not become an injury to other people. Henceforward human life becomes an organism, not a mere conglomeration of warring atoms. I trust, I may be pardoned, if I refer to a somewhat painful personal experience. I have often been called by my own countrymen a renegade Englishman. But does any one suppose that, when I say truly that I love India with all my heart, I love England any the less? I have said before, and I say again, the arithmetic of everyday life does not hold good in such cases. Where love is unselfish, it is able to widen out to the full the narrower circle of love; it does not obliterate it but it comprehends it with its own wider circumference.

How absolutely simple all these things are when once they are put into practice! It is just like learning to swim. You can only learn to swim by swimming. You trust yourself to the new element, water; you stretch out your arms and legs with confidence, and very soon you find yourself actually swimming. But if you shiver on the edge of the water, and do not plunge in, you will never know the joy and refreshment of a good swim. Even so, if we never plunge out into the great flood of humanity, but stand shivering in some little corner, in some little nationalism, some isolated circle of our own, we shall never know the purest joy of human life, the consciousness of being one with the All, of being one with God. Our patriotism itself will be narrow and selfish; and its very narrowness may do our country, in the end, more harm than good. For, no country can truly prosper at the expense of another. Humanity cannot cut off its nose to spite its face. Yet,

that is what aggressive nationalism is trying to do to-day.

This, then, is my belief. I believe that, in course of time, all the separate races and religions of the world will meet. Yet I should be the last person to deny the benefit that has come to mankind in the past through the colour and variety and manifold beauty of different languages and cultures, races and religions. But, as the Isha Upanishad says, all these are "the moving things in this moving world". They never continue in one stay. They rise and fall. They assume wider and wider ranges until they are enveloped by God. They ever draw near to the *Advaitam*:

Our little systems have their day:
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

If you ask me, however,—"Will not this divine Lila, this inter-play of the One and the Many, go on for ever?"—I cannot answer that question. All that I know is that the inevitable trend of human history, as its tide is moving forward to-day, is towards unification. The scientific discoveries of the modern world are pointing to unification. The irresistible urge within man is towards unification. All the higher spiritual forces have their goal in unification. Every deed of love and sacrifice, of brotherhood and fellowship, leads to unification.

When mankind has achieved its goal, it may be that other forms of colour and beauty will reveal themselves, by which the Many will be realised anew, before becoming merged again in the One. But all that is beyond our present range of knowledge. For us, as we enter into our own great heritage of the

future, the way is clear. We should give to our thoughts and ideas, our hopes and aims, no less wide a range than that of Humanity itself. There is ultimately one Race for us all,—the Human Race. There is ultimately one Brotherhood for us all,—the Brotherhood of Man.

The Revolution of the Spirit

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

LATELY, I read an observation in one of your papers that, being a philosopher, I was half an hour late in attending a particular meeting. I could satisfactorily explain my conduct, if the complaint were restricted to this one casual event, but I believe the writer took it to be a symbol of some truth about me which was not accidental. I suppose that what gave him more serious concern was that, according to him, I was altogether out of date in this modern age, that I ought to have born 2,000 years ago, when poets dreamed over their brimming wine-cups in the moon-light, and philosophers ignored everything immediate, time and space.

This has caused me some surprise, which, I am sure, will grow into amusement when I have more leisure than I have now. Almost from my boyhood, I have been accustomed to hear from my own countrymen angry remonstrances that I was too crassly modern, that I had missed all the great lessons from the past, and with it my right of entry into a venerable civilisation like that of India. For your people I am obsolete, and therefore useless, and for mine, new-fangled and therefore obnoxious. I do not know which is true.

Dr. Hu, Shih, in the capacity of an astrologer, calculated from the sun and stars some augury of my visit to this country. I suppose he will be able to tell from the antics of the stars under what auspices, and what contradictory influences I was born. He will let me know why this unfortunate being has been so continually suspected to be contraband,—smuggled on to the wrong shore of time,—not only by his own countrymen to whom he is too familiar, but by others to whom he could hardly have yet given any occasion for grave anxiety. Because of this misunderstanding, I have been asked by my friends to introduce myself to you with some biographical details so that my ideas may not appear to you too visionary, and frighten you as does an apparition that has lost its context of life.

I was born in 1861: that is not an important fact of history, but it was a great period in our history in Bengal. You do not know, perhaps, that we have our places of pilgrimage in those spots where the rivers meet in confluence, the rivers which to us are the symbols of the spirit of life in nature, and which in their meeting present emblems of the

meeting of spirits, the meeting of ideals. Just about that time the currents of three movements had met in the life of our country.

One of these movements was religious, introduced by a very great-hearted man of gigantic intelligence, Raja Rammohan Roy. It was revolutionary, for he tried to re-open the channel of spiritual life which had been obstructed for many years by the sands and debris of creeds that were formal and often materialistic, fixed in external practices lacking spiritual significance.

There was a great fight between him and the orthodox who suspected every living idea that was dynamic. It has its analogy in the modern West where the prosperous are afraid of idealism, because they believe in certain things they call wealth, things that can be hoarded in iron safes, secured in banks and watched over by armed guards. Ideas cause movement, and all movements forward they consider to be a menace against their ware-house security.

People who cling to an ancient past also have their pride in the antiquity of their accumulations, in the sublimity of time-honoured walls around them. They grow nervous and angry when some great spirit, some lover of truth, breaks open their enclosure and floods it with the sunshine of thought and the breath of life. This was happening about the time I was born. I am proud to say that my father was one of the great leaders of that movement, a movement for whose sake he suffered ostracism and braved social indignities. I was born in this atmosphere of the advent of new ideals, which at the same time were old, older than all the things of which that age was proud.

There was a second movement equally important. A certain great man, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, who, though much older than myself, was my contemporary and lived long enough for me to see him, was the first pioneer in the literary revolution which happened in Bengal about that time.

Our self-expression must find its freedom not only in spiritual ideas but in literary manifestation. But our literature had allowed its creative life to vanish. It lacked movement and was fettered by a rhetoric rigid as death. This man was brave enough to go against the orthodoxy which believed in the security of tomb-stones and in that perfection which can only belong to the lifeless. He lifted the dead weight of ponderous forms from our language and, with a touch of his magic wand, aroused our literature from her age long sleep. What a vision of beauty she revealed to us when she awoke in the fulness of her strength and grace!

There was yet another movement started about this time in my country which was called National. It was not fully political, but it began to give voice to the mind of our people trying to assert their own personality. It was a voice of indignation at the humiliation constantly heaped upon us by people who were not oriental, and who had, especially at that time, the habit of sharply dividing the human world into the good and bad, according to what was similar to their life and what was different.

This contemptuous spirit of separateness was perpetually hurting us and causing great damage to our own world of culture. It generated in the young men of our country distrust of all things that had come to them as an inheritance

from their past. The old Indian pictures, and other works of art, were laughed at by our students in imitation of the laughter of their European school-masters.

Though, latterly, our teachers themselves have changed their mind, their disciples have not yet fully regained confidence in the merit of our art tradition, even where such merit is permanent. They have had a long period of encouragement in developing an appetite for third-rate copies of French pictures, for gaudy oleographs abjectly cheap, for pictures that are the products of mechanical accuracy of a stereotyped standard; and they still consider it to be a symptom of superior culture to be able disdainfully to refuse oriental works of creation. There has been cultivated the same spirit of rejection, born of utter ignorance, in most other departments of our culture.

You must know, my friends, when you class things as modern or old, that you make a great mistake in following your calendar of dates. Don't you know that the flowers of Spring are old, that they represent the first dawn of life on the earth,—but are they therefore symbols of the dead and discarded? If you follow your standard of chronology in your craving for the modern, would you rather replace them with artificial flowers made of rags, because they were made "yesterday"?

But the modern young men of India nodded their heads and said that true originality lay not in the discovery of the rhythm of the essential in the heart of reality, but in the full lips, tinted cheeks and bare breasts of imported pictures. It is the result of the hypnotism exercised upon the minds of the younger generation which is ready to

sell its soul for the cheap things that are brought to its door by people who are loud of voice and strong of arm. We were cowed down: we accepted their verdict and said, "yes."

Reaction had just set in when I was born and some people were already trying to stem the tide. This movement had its leaders in my own family, in my brothers and cousins, and they stood up to save the people's mind from being insulted and ignored by the people themselves.

We have to find some basis that is universal, that is eternal, and we have to discover those things which have an everlasting value. The national movement was started to proclaim that we must not be indiscriminate in our rejection of the past. This was not a reactionary movement but a revolutionary one, because it set out with a great courage to deny and to oppose all pride in mere borrowings. When we have filled our drawing-rooms with foreign furniture, aren't we proud of inviting guests to contemplate their value, not in terms of spiritual or mental effort, but of some standard of approval belonging to a foreign race, of having been bought from some expensive shop in the Legation Quarter? It needs a spirit of martyrdom to stand up against the pride of the crude, who are ready to pelt you with maxims from their modern school-books.

These three movements were on foot and in all three the members of my own family took active part. We were ostracized because of our heterodox opinions about religion, and therefore we enjoyed the freedom of the outcaste. We had to build our own world with our own thoughts and energy of mind. We had to build it from the foundation,

and therefore had to seek the foundation that was firm.

We can't create foundations, but we can build a super-structure. These two must go together, the giving of expression to new life and the seeking of foundations which must be in the heart of the people themselves. Those who believe that life consists in change, because change implies movement, should remember that there must be an underlying thread of unity, or the change, being unmeaning, will cause conflict and clash. This thread of unity must not be of the outside, but in our own soul.

As I say, I was born and brought up in an atmosphere of the confluence of three movements, all of which were revolutionary. I was born in a family which had to live its own life, which led me from my young days to seek guidance for my own self-expression in my own inner standard of judgment. The medium of expression, doubtless, was my mother tongue. But the language which belonged to the people had to be modulated according to the urging which I, as an individual, had.

No poet should borrow his medium ready-made from some shop of respectability. He should not only have his own seeds but prepare his own soil. Each poet has his own distinct medium of language,—not because the whole language is of his own make, but because his individual use of it, having life's magic touch, transforms it into a special vehicle of his own creation.

The races of man have poetry in their heart, and it is necessary for them to give, as far as is possible, a perfect expression to their sentiments. For this they must have a medium, moving and pliant, which can freshly become their

very own, age after age. All great languages have undergone and are still undergoing changes. Those languages which resist the spirit of change are doomed and will never produce great harvests of thought and literature. When forms become fixed, the spirit either weakly accepts its imprisonment within them, or rebels. All revolutions consist of the fight of the within against invasion by the without. The spirit, which is the sovereign, must have conviction in its own dignity of life, in order to resist the dominance of the external and to find freedom in the world it perpetually creates for itself.

There was a great chapter in the history of life on this earth, when some irresistible inner force in man found its way out into the scheme of things, and sent forth its triumphant mutinous voice, with the cry that it was not going to be overwhelmed from outside by a huge brute-beast of a body. How helpless it appeared at the moment, but has it not nearly won? In our social life, also, revolution breaks out when some power concentrates itself in outside arrangements and threatens to enslave for its own purpose the power which we have within us.

When an organisation, which is a machine, becomes a central force, political, commercial, educational or religious, it obstructs the free flow of inner life of the people and waylays and exploits it for the augmentation of its own power. To-day, such concentration of power is fast multiplying on the outside, and the cry of the oppressed spirit of man is in the air, which struggles to free itself from the grip of screws and blots of unmeaning obsessions.

Revolution must come, and men must

risk revilement and misunderstanding, especially from those who want to be comfortable, who believe that the soul is antiquated, and who put their faith in materialism and convention. These will be taken by surprise, these stunted children who belong truly to the dead past and not to modern times, the past that had its age in distant antiquity when physical flesh and size predominated, and not the mind of man.

Purely physical dominance is mechanical, and modern machines are merely exaggerating our bodies, lengthening and multiplying our limbs. The modern child delights in such enormous bodily bulk, representing an inordinate material power, saying, "Let me have the big toy and no sentiment which can disturb it." He does not realise that we are returning to that ante-deluvian age which revelled in its production of gigantic physical frames, leaving no room for the freedom of the inner spirit.

All great human movements in the

world are related to some great ideal. Some of you say that such a doctrine of the spirit has been in its death-throes for over a century, and is now moribund, that we have nothing to rely upon but external forces and material foundations. But I say, on my part, that your doctrine was obsolete long ago. It was exploded in the Spring-time of life, when mere size was swept off the face of the world, and was replaced by man, brought naked into the heart of creation, man with his helpless body, but with his indomitable mind and spirit.

The impertinence of material things is extremely old. The revelation of spirit in man is modern: I am on its side, for I am modern. I have explained how I was born into a family which rebelled, which had faith in its loyalty to an inner ideal. If you want to reject me, you are free to do so. But I have my right, as a revolutionary, to carry the flag of freedom of spirit into the shrine of your idols, —material power and accumulation.

The Early History of Satyagraha

BY M. K. GANDHI

THE Satyagraha struggle of the Indians in South Africa lasted eight years. The term Satyagraha was invented and employed in connection therewith. I had long entertained a desire to write a history of that struggle myself. Some things only I could write. Only the general who conducts a campaign can know the objective of each particular move. And as this was the first attempt to apply the principle of Satyagraha to

politics on a large scale, it is necessary any day that the public should have an idea of its development.

But to-day Satyagraha has had ample scope in India. Here there has been an inevitable series of struggles beginning with the rather local question of the Viramgam customs.

It was through the instrumentality of Bhai Motilal, the public-spirited good Sailor of Wadhwan, that I became inter-

ested in the Viramgam question. I had just arrived from England and was proceeding to Kathiawad in the year 1915. I was travelling third. At Wadhwan station Motilal came up to me with a small party. He gave me some account of the hardships inflicted on the people at Viramgam, and said:

"Please do something to end this trouble. It will be doing an immense service to Kathiawad, the land of your birth."

There was an expression of both compassion and firmness in his eyes.

"Are you ready to go to jail?" I asked.

"We are ready to march to the gallows," was the quick reply.

"Jail will do for me," I said. "But see that you do not leave me in the lurch."

"That only time can show," said Motilal.

I reached Rajkot, obtained detailed information and commenced correspondence with Government. In speeches at Bagasra, and elsewhere, I dropped a hint that the people should be ready to offer Satyagraha at Viramgam, if necessary. The loyal C. I. D. brought these speeches to the notice of Government. In this they served Government, and unintentionally, served the people also. Finally I had a talk with Lord Chelmsford on the matter. He promised abolition of the customs line and was as good as his word. I know others also tried for this. But I am strongly of opinion that the imminent possibility of Satyagraha was the chief factor in obtaining the desired redress.

Then came the Indenture Act. Great efforts were put forth to get it repealed. There was a considerable public agitation. The Bombay meeting fixed 31st July, 1917, as the date from which on-

wards indentured labour should be stopped. This is not the place for narrating how that particular date came to be selected. A deputation of ladies first waited upon the Viceroy in connection with this. How can I help mentioning here the name of the high-souled sister, Mrs. Jaiji Petit? It was she who may be said to have organised this deputation. Here, too, success came merely through preparedness for Satyagraha. But it is important to remember the distinction that in this case public agitation was also necessary. The stopping of indentured labour was very much more important than the abolition of the Viramgam customs. Lord Chelmsford committed a series of blunders beginning with the passing of the Rowlatt Act. Still I think he was a wise ruler. But what Viceroy can escape for long the influence of the permanent officials of the Civil Service?

The third in order came the Champaran struggle, of which Rajendra Babu has written a detailed history. Here Satyagraha had actually to be offered. Mere preparedness for it did not suffice, as powerful vested interests were arrayed in opposition. The peace maintained by the people of Champaran deserves to be recorded. I can bear witness to the perfect non-violence of the leaders in thought, word and deed. Hence it was that this age-long abuse came to an end in six months.

The fourth struggle was that of the mill hands of Ahmedabad. Gujarat is perfectly familiar with its history. How peaceful the labourers were! As for the leaders, there can hardly be anything for me to say. Still I hold the victory in this case was not quite pure, as the fast I had to observe in order to

sustain the labourers in their determination exercised indirect pressure upon the mill-owners. The fast was bound to influence them, as they loved me. Still the moral of the fight is clear. If the labourers carry on their struggle peacefully, they must succeed and also win the hearts of their masters. They have not won their masters' hearts, as they were not innocent in thought, word and deed. They were non-violent in deed, which is certainly to their credit.

The fifth was the Kheda—more popularly spelt Kaira—struggle. I cannot say that in this case all the leaders adhered to the pure truth. Peace was certainly maintained. The non-violence of the peasantry, however, was only bodily, like that of the mill-hands. So we came out of the struggle with bare honour. There came about a great awakening among the people. But Kheda had not fully grasped the lesson of non-violence; the mill-hands had not understood the true meaning of peace. The people had therefore to suffer. At the time of the Rowlatt Act Satyagraha, I had to confess my Himalayan blunder, to fast myself and invite others to do so.

The sixth was in connection with the Rowlatt Act. Therein our inherent short-comings came to the surface. But the original foundation was well and truly laid. We admitted all our short-comings and did penance for them. The Rowlatt Act was a dead letter even when it was promulgated, and the black Act was finally even repealed. This struggle taught us a great lesson.

The seventh was the struggle to right the Khilafat and the Punjab wrongs and to win Swaraj. It is still going on. And my confidence is unshaken that, if

a single Satyagrahi holds out to the end, victory is absolutely certain.

But the present fight is epic in character. I have already described our course of unconscious preparation for it. When I took up the Viramgam question, little did I know that other fights were in store. And even about Viramgam I knew nothing when I was in South Africa. That is the beauty of Satyagraha. It comes up to our self, one has not to go out in search for it. This is a virtue inherent in the principle itself. A Dharma-yuddha, in which there are no secrets to be guarded, no scope for cunning and no place for untruth, comes unsought; and the religious man is ever ready for it. A struggle which has to be previously planned is not a righteous struggle. In a righteous struggle God Himself plans campaigns and conducts battles. A Dharma-yuddha can be waged only in the name of God, and it is only when the Satyagrahi becomes quite feeble, is apparently on his last legs and finds utter darkness all around him, that God comes to the rescue. God helps when one feels oneself meaner than the very dust under one's feet. Only to the weak and helpless is divine succour vouchsafed.

We are yet to realise this truth, and so I think the history of Satyagraha in South Africa will be helpful to us.

The reader will note South Africa parallels for all our experiences in the present struggle to date. He will also see from this history that there is so far no ground whatever for despair in the fight that is going on. The only condition of victory is a tenacious adherence to our programme.

I am writing this at Juhu. I wrote the first thirty chapters of the history in Yeravada jail. Shriyut Indulal Yajnik

was good enough to write to my dictation. The subsequent chapters I hope to write now. I had no books of reference in jail. I do not wish to get them here either. I have neither the time nor the inclination to write a regular detailed history. My only object in writing this book is that it may be helpful in our

present struggle, and serve as a guide to any regular historian that may arise in the future. Although I am writing without books of reference at hand, I must request the reader not to imagine that any single item in this volume is inaccurate or that there is the least exaggeration at any point.

(To be Continued)

The Efficacy of Non-Violence

I

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

THE experiment proposed by Mr. Gandhi naturally occupies a foremost place in the attention of India; but, in the West, we are for the moment more interested in the passive resistance of the Germans to the French occupation of the Ruhr.

For myself, I can only say that I do not believe in the efficacy of any purely negative policy except for stupidly conservative purposes.

The objection to military coercion is not that it is ineffective: it is, on the contrary, terribly effective, but its effects are incalculable. They are as often as not precisely the reverse of those contemplated; and in all cases they go far beyond the intentions of those who resort to it. The late Tsar of Russia began the war of 1914 with the object of preventing Austria from subjugating Serbia. The British Empire

went into it with the object of keeping Belgium in its condition of a power greatly inferior in military strength on the shores of the North Sea, and of preventing any of the major Powers from establishing a military hegemony in Europe. The Tsar achieved his object most effectively; but the forces he set in motion, instead of stopping there, went on to exterminate himself and his family and set up a Communist Republic in Russia. The British Empire did not even achieve its object. It gave France a military hegemony, and consolidated Belgium and France into a single military unit. If this was the reward of the victors, that of the vanquished can be imagined.

India has been subjugated by violence and held down by violence. India can be freed by violence, just as Ireland has been freed by violence. It is idle in

Mahatma Gandhi's doctrine of Non-Violence has set the great minds of the world athinking and an Austrian friend is collecting a symposium of the thoughts of the world's great thinkers to-day on the subject. We are indebted to the Austrian friend for forwarding the two notes on the subject for publication in CURRENT THOUGHT.

the face of history to deny these facts: it might as well be said that tigers have never been able to live by violence, and that non-resistance will convert tigers to a diet of rice. But the logical end of it will be that England will never be safe whilst there is an Indian left alive on earth, nor India ever safe whilst an Englishman breathes. The moment violence begins, men demand security at all costs; and, as security can never be obtained, and the endless path of it lies through blood, violence means finally the extermination of the human race. That is why the conscience of mankind feels it to be wicked and finally destructive of everything it professes to conserve. Christ and Buddha and Shelley, Tolstoy and Gandhi, were the

mouth-pieces of this conscience; but, though they did not revenge evil, it can hardly be said that they did not resist it. The confusion between revenge and resistance, between the attempt to balance one evil by creating another and the determination to eradicate evil and disarm or even destroy its agents, must be cleared up before men will enter on the path of peace, or on any path which they are asked to pursue without weapons, and without responsibility. As you yourself call non-resistance "a method of combat", it is plain that you are no more really a non-resister than a wife is when she discovers that she must find some other way of overcoming her husband than by her fists.

II

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

I HAVE your very friendly letter regarding your book upon the work of Gandhi. I have followed his work with the very greatest interest, and I shall watch with unprejudiced mind the outcome of the effort.

I am a person who has never used violence myself, that is, in a personal way—and if it could be proven that humanity could solve all its problems by the method of Gandhi, no one would rejoice more than I. The spectacle which men have presented in the effort to solve their problems by violence during the last nine years very strongly indicates the need of some other method; but I cannot say that, at present, I am convinced that the method now being

tried by Gandhi is one which will succeed in the Western world. I speak as one who has been brought up in a Republic and is accustomed to settle public controversies by the method of the ballot. That is, of course, a method of violence thinly disguised. When I vote, I seek to apply the powers of the State against those who oppose my views and my voting would have no meaning without the power of the State behind it; up to the present time at any rate, my voting would have no effect, except the powers of the State were used to enforce it. Every time I vote, therefore, I give my sanction to the existence of the State and the use of the State to carry out the will of the majority.

My present opinion is that people who have obtained the ballot should use it and solve their problems in that way. In the case of peoples who have not obtained the ballot, and who cannot control their States, I again find in my own mind a division of opinion, which is not logical, but purely a rough practical judgment. My own forefathers got their political freedom by violence; that is to say, they overthrew the British Crown and made themselves a free Republic. Also, by violence, they put an end to the enslavement of the black race on this continent. Quite recently, I have seen the people of Austria, Germany and Russia overthrow their despotic governments and establish governments which are more completely representative of their will. I cannot deny the

sympathy which I feel for these oppressed peoples. I fear it will sound very cynical, but I must confess that my feeling is that expressed by an old labour leader of this country who said to me: "Never use violence, Upton—never use violence, not until you get enough of it." In other words, if there is any chance of the people getting free by violence I should justify the use of it. At the same time, I recognize that a man like Gandhi may quite possibly put me to shame as an adviser to oppressed races. If it should turn out that the peoples, who, by their entirely helpless position, are forced to employ non-violence, should teach us a higher ideal and a better way of life, why, I would be numbered among those who are willing to learn.

I do believe that, where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence.

But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier. But abstinence is forgiveness only when there is the power to punish; it is meaningless when it pretends to proceed from a helpless creature.

Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the

evil-doer but it means the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire to save his honour, his religion, his soul and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration.

I want India to recognise that she has a soul that cannot perish and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of a whole world.

—M. K. GANDHI in "Young India"

Shape Yourself into a Mountain for the Lord

BY ROSALIE GOODYEAR

Shape yourself into a mountain for the Lord :
Be a bastion powered with purposes :
Base yourself firmly upon the earth,
Let the roots of you grow deep, deeper,
Dig into the sources, the forces of creation,
Make yourself of rock and loving soil,
Let strains of precious metal run through you,
Let shrubs and flowers, growing things cling close,
And grasses tender, mosses sweet nestle in between ;
Nourish the trunks of beautiful trees,
Nurture springs of crystal water,
Start the rivers toward the sea ;
Divide yourself in little paths,
For weary ones to wander where they will,
The strong to toil in patience up and on ;
Deny no one, man, woman, child
The privilege of climbing over you ;
Gather in yourself great fires,
Listen to their rumblings profound,
Cap your summit with the snows of knowledge ;
Stretch yourself to newer heights each day,
Defy the elements, be an example against the sky,
Lift, O lift, your voice in songs of volcanic joy,
Shape yourself into a mountain for the Lord.

The Crisis in Knowledge

BY S. V. RAMAMURTY, M.A., I.C.S.

ALL the quantitative knowledge which the world has developed so far is based on one assumption, namely, that the rhythm of the world is two-fold. It affects our mental processes through the law of logic that a thing is either A or not A. It affects our measures through numbers being either positive or negative. It affects our methods of measurement through a straight line having only two directions. It affects our results of measurement by an equation having only two sides. It affects our conceptual world of measurement which is regarded as the flux of two entities, space and time, where matter serves but as the index of the flux. Mechanics is the supreme quantitative science—be it the mechanics of solids or liquids or gases—of matter, electricity or magnetism, of bodies or atoms or electrons. The only type of quantitative relationship which we cognise is based on a congruence and is expressed as an equation of two sides.

In Einsteinian Science, we are obliged to modify some of our accepted notions. Space-Time has a region which is both past and future. The length of a line is not fixed. Congruences become relative to an observer. But these modifications form, as it were, only some of the boundary regions of Einsteinian knowledge. In its main parts, Einsteinian space-time is the apotheosis of a two-fold rhythm of the universe.

It is recognised by mathematicians that there is no necessity whatsoever for space being three dimensional. Professor Weyl, for instance, says that there is nothing in the mathematical structure of space to prevent us from exceeding the dimensional number 3. Dr. Whitehead, Joint Author of the "Principia Mathematica," has told me

that it has puzzled him for the last forty years why the world is three-dimensional. My suggestion is that the world of matter is three-dimensional because it is built up of three entities of Time, Space and Matter. A world which includes mind in its composition is not three but four dimensional. The texture of a world of mind which includes in it lesser entities time, space, and matter is, I submit, different; and knowledge of such a world is not, two-faceted as for a world of matter but three faceted.

Consider an equation. It relates two quantities through a congruence. We are however conscious of more complex relationships. A book is good for one reader and not for another. The relation of the quality of the book, the quality of goodness and the quality of the reader brought into force in appreciating the book is a three fold relation. There is no reason whatsoever why these qualities may not be measured quantitatively through some measure of mind. The length of a straight line varies with the position of the observer and here again we have a three-fold relationship and there should be a mathematical expression of this relation.

Our system of logic is based on the law of the exclusion of the middle. A is either B or not B. The category of that which both is and not is B is denied by the law. But there is no reason why it should be denied for all possible worlds though it can be, through experience, for the world of matter which we cognise. The category of that which both *is* and *not is* haunts Indian knowledge from the beginning. You find it in the Vedas and in the Upanishads.

Later commentations on the Vedanta deal with it too. The Mahabharata and the Bhagavata give long lists of this quality in relation to divine beings. Madhusudana Saraswathi, a Bengali logician of the 14th century, has developed a science of logic which recognizes this category. The recognition of a world where A is B or not B or is both B and not B yields a world of a three-fold rhythm.

It is, I believe, possible to express these three categories of logic by corresponding geometrical entities. It is not ordinarily recognised that our logic and our geometry are reflexes of each other. That a straight line has two directions and that A is B or not B have both got the same basis. A world where the logical exclusion of the middle is invalid has, I believe, a geometry where the straight line (and therefore also number) has three directions. Such a geometry leads to a theory of three-sided equations or triations as I have called them in a paper on time, space, matter and mind in the *Indian Mathematical Journal* where I have tried to develop the elements of such geometry, such triations and super-negative numbers. As the fundamental equational identity is that A is equal to A, so the fundamental triational identity is that A is equal to A relatively to A. This implies that object and subject come on to a common plane of quantitative relationship.

Then again, mechanics deals with the flux of a world of which mind does not form an integral part. The First Law of Motion and the law of gravitation give us relation of space-time which reside in pieces of matter. But where there is the life process, mechanical motion does not completely express it. Take the life that is an animal. The life process not merely produces change of space in time but also change of matter in space and matter in time. The life process is thus the flux not merely of space-time but of matter-space-time. The supreme conception of this flux of matter-space-time in Art is the Dance of Natesa. The copper

Natesa before me is a symbol. I not only see him sway with the motion of his body but also I see him now filling the sky and then dwindling into the spaces of the atom, now glowing like the sun, then flashing with all the sunset colours and then black as darkness. Natesa's dance is the rhythm, not of space-time, but of matter-space-time. Even as motion is the flux of space-time, I give a name to the flux of matter-space-time and call it vitation. Biology and Sociology studied quantitatively yield sciences of vitation. Our quantitative knowledge has been the knowledge of a world of matter. Its three landmarks are the Theory of numbers, Geometry and Mechanics. India invented the decimal system and the negative number. Geometry was mainly developed in the border countries of Arabia, Egypt and Greece. Mechanics has been mainly developed in Europe. Between the knowledge of matter and the knowledge of mind are border lands—Einsteinian mechanics from the side of matter, Biology and Sociology (increasingly studied in their quantitative relationships) from the side of mind. The world of mind has been sought to be objectively studied and realised in art and in life mainly in India and this makes the distinguishing mark of Indian civilization. Asia is marked from Europe by a bias towards such a study and realization. It appears to me that the next development in knowledge is the development of a science of the world of mind. All the notions which the world had so far used in developing the science of matter and which Europe has perfected in the last four centuries will be as bricks in constructing a house of mind. We are on the threshold of objectively realizing a more glorious world than science has hitherto presented to us—a world by one dimension higher and by one facet richer than the world of matter.

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He was of those who recognise no law but that of conscience and recur for aid to none but God.—MAZZINI in "Duties of Man"

India and Modern Science

BY ANANTHANARAYANA

ALTHOUGH the most striking feature of recent times is the rapid development of science with its increasing application to life, in the minds of many, however, an exact evaluation of the object of science seems to be absent. The average Westerner makes too much of science, the average Easterner too little of it. The scientists probably exaggerate the value of science while others unduly neglect it. And both neglect and exaggeration of a useful thing are violations of truth and make us losers in the hard game of life. More dangerous still than the absence of exact evaluation seems to be the increasing part played by science as an instrument of evil in the hands of the unscrupulous. Some of the worst evils of the late war were, not in a small measure, due to the abuse of science. In the West as a matter of that, even the return of peace does not seem to have heralded the disappearance of this tendency. It may be that this prostitution of science is only one of the many signs of the failure of Western civilisation. It is well therefore that we in India, who are re-entering the world of science, should examine carefully its fundamental aims and true place in life.

What is science? It is the subject which deals with the varied workings and phenomena of Nature—physical as well as psychological. How would the study of science help us? According to us, the ultimate aim of life is the realisation of the eternal; but the first requisite for such a realisation is the body, the physical world. Here then is a primary aim of science, the exploration of the universe for the physical welfare of man. Nature possesses enormous wealth and power, and it is in the way of their

exploration and harnessing that much economy lies. A proper understanding of the fertility of the soil and the conditions of weather and rain, of the artificial methods of manuring and storage of water, is absolutely necessary for agriculture and other land operations so essential for the subsistence of man. Where otherwise great cost and difficulty, even impracticability, face industries and manufactures, the conversion of the enormous power of Nature and a judicious use of machinery would work wonders. In the realm of health and disease, the observance of the laws of Hygiene prevents diseases; but, where they occur, they are cured by drugs or, according to nature-curers, by a return to nature. In short Science is "the multiplier of the harvest, the pilot of industry, the conqueror of disease."

Besides ministering to the happiness of man, Science directly educates the mind by giving free play to imagination and fostering habits of close observation and precise judgment. "In the interpretation of the shifting panorama of nature, thought itself gets stabilised." This leads us naturally to the second important aim of Science. It reveals the long list of the glories of creation functioning in perfect concord, the multiplicity of the phenomena lending only to the richness of the harmony. The life of plants and animals, with all their varied detail and co-operation, unmistakably points in the direction of unity. The system of man with all its physical and psychological powers is a striking example of unity in diversity.

Mighty forces are revealed in the visible and invisible phenomena, manifesting themselves in the rich treasures of the earth and

water, in seismic forces, in ocean currents and tidal waves, in monsoons and other forms of atmospheric activity such as thunderstorms and lightning. If to these we add the observation of the Sun and Stars and the study of their vital phenomena, we get a glimpse of the infinite. The whole thing seem to be subtly and nobly planned. If microscopical examinations lead us to truth through the intensive method, the observation of the heavens does the same through the extensive one. The unity of matter in the electrons is only a corollary of the ultimate unity of the physical world. According to Occultists, there are for matter, over the three ordinary states, gas of solid, liquid and four etheric states, the final one revealing in every body analysed the same unit substance. Science is thus "the revealer of nature's laws and the eternal guide to truth." The realisation of the truth in nature is only a stepping stone to the realisation of the infinite power behind it.

Besides suggesting the eternal, indirectly through the wonders of Nature, modern science, after much gropings in the dark, seems also to be able to recognise the higher self in man. For a long time western psychologists maintained that the total consciousness of man could be explained as due to the ordinary activities of the brain. In course of time however the examination of phenomena like dream consciousness and hypnotism, where the physical vitality is exceedingly low, gave evidence of the astonishing increase of memory and perception in such states. The truth is beginning to dawn upon them, as expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge and others that human consciousness is larger than, the ordinary consciousness of the brain and involves a subtler medium. This truth is ancient in India and has been expressed in the Upanishads. While Modern Science tries to discover the truth by experimental methods, Indian psychologists realised the same through the practice of Yoga, a process by which the mind, along with the body, is taken through a course of

discipline and purification, and the way made clear for the play of the higher self.

The implications of the above in the study of science are clear. In the first place, science is vitally related to life and is therefore as much 'a whole' as life itself and should be treated accordingly. While, for the detailed study of the problems, the division of science into various branches is inevitable, the student of any one branch should strive to understand the fundamentals of other branches also and try to perceive the various laws, he examines, in relation to the universal. In spite of verbal proclamations, this vital principle is yet to be seen sufficiently applied in the sphere of scientific studies or in education. Science, as an educational subject in the lower classes, can serve its purpose only when much of the existing unnatural divisions are done away with and the children led direct to view nature as a whole. Even in the higher classes, the study of science does not seem to inspire the perception of the interrelation of its various branches and their essential unity.

In the second place it must be remembered that much of the work scientists do has to be applied to the welfare of man. The utilitarian aspect of science is of particular importance to Modern India. Ancient India might claim many achievements but, at present, much of it seems to be a matter of history. There is much unexplored wealth in India which if properly worked would enrich the nation. India has extensive fields for agriculture and much may be gained by helping the simple but wise peasants with the results of modern agricultural experiments and judicious use of machinery. Further India has got her own systems of medicine. Due to neglect, the opportunity and spirit for research have died out, and the Indigenous systems have, with a few exceptions, passed into the hands of quacks. Any alien system, on the other hand, being based upon the conditions of life elsewhere than in India, could only be of limited usefulness. The need in this field

is the establishing of centres of medical research where young men in large numbers should study the indigenous systems in a thorough manner, taking full advantage of the modern methods of research, and synthesise the same with the best in other systems. We should start with the indigenous systems not because we alone are wise but because conditions of health and disease are essentially local. This means the supply of large sums of money and much practical sympathy. Where is our government! Where our millionaires!

On the occasion of dedicating a new building for the U. S. National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Vernon Kellogg said "Science is not responsible for being made the agent of evil in war or that of Industrial revolution through machinery, but Government and men, who prefer war to peace". Scientists, instead of stopping with such statements, should show their attitude in action and refuse to help Governments and similar institutions with scientific investigations as are obviously intended to increase the miseries of man.

Passing on to the sphere of education, the students should be constantly reminded of the deep relation of Science and Life and trained to approach the subject in a spirit of thoroughness. Science would then automatically fulfill its functions of fostering observation, imagination and judgment. The value of the experimental method should be duly emphasised and scientific excursions should be made to systematically supplement science work. Besides unravelling the mysteries of nature and enlivening

the study of the subject in question, excursions, if properly conducted, would foster the spirit of adventure and widen the outlook of individuals.

The special duty of India in connection with science will now be obvious. As for the sinister application of the results of science, so rampant in the West, India must make clear at least to herself, if not to the world at large, that she will fight to the last this wanton abuse of God-given knowledge and power. Secondly we should get acquainted with the scientific achievements of our past, as embodied in our Sastras and other works, and bring the light of such knowledge to bear upon scientific research here and elsewhere. We have seen how the latest experiments in Psychology, in the West, actually corroborate the truth of 'Yoga' for the realization of the higher self. Recent discoveries, like the preparation of gold from Mercury, should make us view with greater respect the claims of Indian Yogins. The references in R. C. Dutt's 'Ancient India' and Acharya P. C. Ray's 'Hindu Chemistry,' not to speak of other recent writings, should open our eyes to the value of our ancient heritage. In connection with this question of research, one may well ask whether, considering the ultimate aims of science and the heavy cost involved, so much of what now passes as research could be considered sufficiently purposive. India is essentially a poor country and will therefore do well to give this aspect of the question careful consideration.

There is no issue from this situation but in a new philosophy of life. Our power to injure each other has increased so much that malevolent passions have become infinitely more harmful than they were before the spread of industrialism. In order to survive, we must learn to tolerate each other, to give freedom to the oppressed and peace to the strong. If men were guided by reason, mere self-preservation might lead them to the new philosophy of life that is required.

But in fact they are governed by their passions, and the problem is to substitute passions that make for life in the place of the present passions that make for universal death. This cannot be done by an appeal to self-interest, but only by widening and deepening those impulses and emotions which make co-operation possible.—BERTRAND RUSSELL in his introduction to "Spiritual Basis of Democracy".

The Root Cause of the European Tangle

BY BERNARD HOUGHTON

REMOTE from India as are the coal-mines and factories of the Ruhr, yet the question whether French troops shall evacuate this central hive of German industry and if so, on what terms, is one which touches Indians nearly. So long as India is bound in peace and in war to the men who sit at West-minister, the European problem, big with the possibilities of another world slaughter, is for her something quite different from, say, the tension between the United States and Mexico. Indirectly too, European politics affect her government. Exactly as happened during the centuries of British domination of Ireland, so has Britain's attitude to India varied according as to whether she was faced by hostile powers in Europe or whether, on the other hand, her ship of State sailed proudly over a cloudless sea. In the first case, the governing class has played the kindly if superior comrade witness the Montagu constitution with its "training for self-government"—in the latter we have had the iron hand with no velvet glove, *e.g.*, the Rowlatt Acts, the internment of thousands of political heretics and the perversion of the aforesaid constitution with an instrument for continued official rule. Then there is the reaction of the European chaos on the world's trade in general and that of India in particular. For several reasons, then, Indians watch events in Europe, such as the adoption of the Dawes Report, with interested eyes.

This report discloses 'the god from the machine', as the Romans put it, in other words the real powers that govern this swarming world of men. Wars are not, as the histories and newspapers pretend, made from some sudden quarrel between states-

men or from breach of a treaty. They result from the clash of economic interests. Britain's entry into the recent war had as much to do with the German invasion of Belgium as with a solar eclipse. Nor did the Czar's Government order a general mobilization on July 30th, 1914, thereby giving the signal for war because of the wrongs of little Serbia. It began the world slaughter in order to seize Constantinople, the way to which the secret council in Petrograd in February had accurately stated to be through Berlin. The immediate cause which brought in Britain was the secret understanding of Mr. Asquith's inner cabinet with the French Government, the ultimate cause the rivalry between the British and German iron-masters and exploiters of tropical peoples. The war was the conflict of rival Imperialisms for the exploitation of the world.

Similarly, the occupation of the Ruhr has nothing to do with Reparations. Reparations are merely a thin and threadbare pretext for this endeavour of the *Comite des forges* or French iron-masters to unite the ore of Lorraine with the coking coal of the Ruhr, a fact which would make them supreme in iron and steel, and France masters of Europe. It was a glittering prize and to do him justice, M. Poincare hesitated at nothing in order to grasp it.

Naturally, the iron-masters of Britain, whom Mr. Baldwin represented, took alarm at this project which if successful would at best relegate them to a junior place, at worst might shatter the entire industry. To these were joined a section of British manufacturers, who, once free from the insanity of war, began to understand that

Germany's ruin was Britain's undoing, and that to smash your best customer is not the best way to promote your own trade. The iron-masters discovered that in assisting France to crush Germany they had only leaped from the frying pan into the fire; many other capitalists think their own prosperity is linked up with the prosperity of their neighbours,—a fact which economists, equally with idealists had preached for a decade past to deaf ears. For these two reasons, the British Government swung round to a position of hostility to France, thinly veiled under talk of "Allies" and conferences where the parties officially agreed but in reality quarrelled. This hostility did not limit itself to the question of Germany; in the East where Britain instigated the Greeks to attack the Turks, France supported the latter against this cynical attempt to destroy their nation. More ominous measures followed; France built submarines which could be for use against only one power, Britain; it built the largest fleet of aeroplanes in the world—London is within easy striking distance of France—whilst the French army manœuvres, held before the war on the German frontier, now took place in Brittany by the English channel. Britain on her part also began to prepare and the aeroplane factories to work overtime. The rivalry in armaments which signalized the years before 1914 between England and Germany reproduced itself last year in a rivalry between England and France. The omens were dark indeed, and the skies hung heavy with the menace of another slaughter of duped and maddened men. Has this peril really passed away? Is an era of healing peace about to dawn over the witches' cauldron of Europe? The Dawes Report, the production of financial experts from the United States, Britain and France fixing the amount of reparations payable by Germany and the manner of their payment, has been accepted by the Governments concerned, including that of Germany. M. Poincare has fallen from

power, driven forth partly by the collapse of the franc and partly by the heavy taxes the necessity of which he could no longer conceal from the French people. M. Herriot, his successor, is no agent for the *comite des Forges*. On the contrary he represents Lyons, the Manchester of France, and, so far as the passions and fears fomented for their own purposes by the French iron-masters permit, is all for a resumption of trade in Europe on normal, healthy lines. He even hopes for an alliance between Britain, Belgium, France and Germany by way of guarantee against future aggression. If the sword and the cannon are not yet relegated to museums, the day of an enduring peace seems well in sight.

But the reality behind this fair promise is not so beautiful. It is true that both in Britain and France this swing of the pendulum is away from the rule of iron and steel, with their bloody and disastrous record. The tragedy of the Great War is too recent, its memories too poignant, the burden of taxation laid upon the peoples too heavy for even the Press controlled by these interests to keep permanently at fever heat the international hatreds and suspicions. Like a patient, weary of illness, exhausted Europe cries for a respite from its tortures. But upon what is it founded this Dawes report, which four diverse Governments clutch at as the pathway to a saner world? Upon nothing less than this, the mortgage of an Empire. The entire railway system of Germany—the most elaborate and perfect in Europe—German industrial debentures to the tune of £ 250,000,000, and foreign control over the Imperial Bank of Germany—this is the price which the latter has to pay for the release of the Ruhr. With the financial, industrial and transport system thus in their grip, the foreign financiers will then enforce payment according to a graduated scale of money from the German people. The word people is used advisedly because it is clear, apart from other evidence that the Dawes report

assures that these payments will be enforced by taxation and increased railway fares which will, like the Indian salt tax, be felt acutely by the poor but will leave unwrung the withers of the rich.

This is the salve which American and European capitalists would apply to the corroding ulcer of the Versailles peace. Emphatically it is a capitalist nostrum. Wall Street, the money power of America, has done good business with a bankrupt Austria. It sees no reason, given the required guarantees, why it should not do even better business with a bankrupt Germany. There is no question of altruism, still less philanthropy or human kindness. It is just a matter of pounds, shillings and pence. Germany, never mind for what cause or by what means, has been reduced to a desperate condition like that of a man who finds himself, his business gone, faced with starvation. Enter then the money lender who, after securing himself amply by bond, lends him the needful money on terms he will for ever regret. The effect of this settlement will be to reduce the German workers, as it is fast reducing the Austrian workers, to the level of coolies, *i.e.*, to the status to which centuries of callous misrule have rendered normal in India. What indictment of the Indian Government and of Indian society can be more demeaning than this that the very name for labourer within its domains has become synonymous with starvation wages, ignorance and squalor? Before all things, it is reduction to something even approaching the Indian standard which the workers of Europe dread.

Is this a peace which can endure? Is it not more likely to breed more wars and to perpetuate unrest? It is peace based on injustice, the injustice of trampling on a whole people for a crime which was not even that of their Government, but, as published documents now prove, of the

Russian and French Governments. It is a peace made possible by fraud, for the Germans laid down their arms on the faith of President Wilson's fourteen points, which pact the conquerors openly and quickly repudiated in the treaty of Versailles. It is a peace involving the bondage of a nation. Is it conceivable that a proud and patriotic people such as the Germans will long brook their enslavement to the money-lords?

At best the Dawes report offers a release from the claws of M. Poincare and the iron-masters of France. It provides a kind of breathing space in which Germany, shattered and crushed, can find opportunity to recover some measure of stability, freed from the recurring menace of fresh "sanctions." That is the best which can be said for this peace of bankers. But it is an arrangement based not on free consent, but on duress. It breathes, not co-operation, but exploitation. It means, not freedom, but slavery. It is therefore tainted by the same vice which infects the Treaty of Versailles and all the other "settlements" which have cursed Europe since 1918. Perhaps this is a necessary consequence of capitalist rule. The mentality of the industrial and financial giants who now govern the world cannot, it would seem, rise above the level of their business, *i.e.*, of the securing by fair means or foul a maximum of profit. Their only test is a golden test. Higher, more humane views on other things they may have, but these must not bar the way to good business. Small wonder our Communist friends affirm that the capitalist system is receiving its end and look forward to a final crash. Be that as it may, no Dawes Report nor mandate of armed might can ever bring peace and health to the tormented peoples. If peace is to endure, it must rest upon the free consent of the honest toilers, of men who hold out the right hand of fellowship each to each, of men who can *forget*.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

The Bane of Banality

THE NECESSITY OF ART: A Symposium. By A. Clutton Brock, Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard and Malcolm Spencer. S.C.M. 7sh. 6d.

In this new book, the well-known art critic, Arthur Clutton-Brock, discusses that everyday problem of how we may escape from Banality. "Banality," he says, "is a world for sameness where it ought not to be, that is to say in things of the mind."

"Whence is the relief to come for Banality—the sameness of life?"—such is the question which Clutton-Brock answers.

"Our real sin is not wickedness but something less dignified and exciting, for which I know no word except the half-French one—Banality," writes Clutton-Brock.

"Commonplaceness is clumsy and also less expressive of the exasperation which the French, perhaps, feel more than we do against the commonplace, against sameness where things ought not to be the same."

"Banality is a word, then, for sameness where it ought not to be, that is to say, in things of the mind."

"There is a sameness of Nature that does not weary us, innumerable blades of grass, or the sun rising every morning; but human sameness is wearisome because the very virtue of human activities, whether moral, intellectual, or æsthetic, is in differentiation. When men all think alike, they are not thinking at all; when they will alike, they are not willing at all, and common form in art is failure."

"We become ourselves by differentiation, and we admire a man who is distinct in all

that he says and does, feeling that he is more himself than most people are. He has character, we say; and this character, this strong difference, pleases us in itself, æsthetically if not morally. Our vitality is heightened by it, as it is lowered by a man who seems undifferentiated in all things, as if he were trying to escape notice by being like other men. . . . To aim at sameness is to aim at what you are to start with, as if you said: 'I will go where I am.'"

"The desire of every man is by some means to escape from this sameness, this banality, even if he does not know how to set about it."

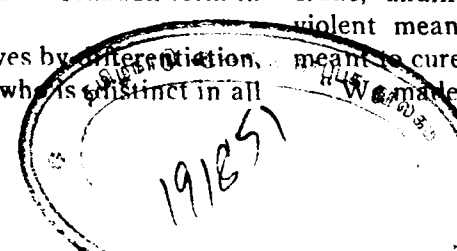
"But however much we may be wearied by banality in others, it does not seem sinful to us in ourselves. When we are bored with our own sameness, we believe that something outside us is boring us; we do not understand that the wages of banality is boredom or that a great part of our most disastrous folly and even wickedness is the result of that boredom and of the blind effort to escape from it by means of some crude external excitement."

Clutton-Brock goes on to elucidate his thesis that banality results in criminality or something equally evil and writes:

"Men fall in love where they should not, they turn to drink or drugs or gambling to escape from their boredom and the banality that causes it. They gather together and lose their ideality in mobs, they cheer when war is declared; all because they hope by some violent means to escape from the sameness of their lives, which is really the sameness of their own crude, undifferentiated selves. But these violent means increase the ill they are

meant to cure."

"We made a life we do not wish to live;



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we conceived an universe we did not wish to believe in; and the result was dulness, banality, from which we long to escape by violence of feeling, thought and action. This violence increases but brings no remedy; and now we are after all our triumphs over the external world, thrown back upon the pressing, practical task of finding some remedy for it and for the dulness which provokes it."

"No one can deny that the task is pressing. The efficient, conscious animality at which we have aimed proves to be not efficient because we cannot endure its dulness. There is something in us which refuses its consent to a life we had resolved to live and the universe we had resolved to believe in; and refusal grows stronger, discontent is cumulative." . . .

"But first we need to discover why we are permanently and collectively discontented; and most of us at present do not get beyond the expression, either in words or in actions, of our discontent, the causes of which remain in the unconscious. This expression cannot produce a remedy; it is like the restlessness of a man who turns from side to side in the hope that he will find a position in which he can sleep and who only increases his sleeplessness by turning."

"It is not only in factories, but in our government, our amusements, our thoughts, our war, and all our collective activities, that we become more and more like hands, incessantly doing the same little monotonous job, specialised and segmented by division of labour." . . .

"You may sacrifice too much to civilisation, as the Romans discovered; you may sacrifice civilisation itself and find that your life is no longer worth living."

"This you may never say to yourself; but—if your very mind becomes mechanical, if you are all content to say the same things, which are untrue, and to do the same things without seeing any reason for doing them—then in the collective mind there will grow

a cumulative disgust which will at last manifest itself in violence and all kinds of unreason, all the more dangerous because the pretexts on which they seize are not the real reasons for their existence, because underlying them there is the desire without action that breeds pestilence; and that desire is for expression, differentiation, the fulness of humanity."

The author then goes on to point out that art is not a luxury for the leisured rich, but is an essential necessity for man at large. He writes:

"Reality for us is not in the past or in our origins, but in the future and in our aims. If we would know what we are, we must try to discover what we desire to be."

"Hence we must not subject ourselves to the tyranny of science, of knowledge; we must assert, as being more real and even more true, the fact of effort, and we must see knowledge itself as subsidiary to that, never submitting our minds to the facts discovered about our past; but saying to ourselves as an article of faith, and as a scientific statement even: 'We are not what we have been, but what we are trying to be.'"

"One of the great discoveries of the nineteenth century was that art, the whole process of expression is not a luxury but a necessity. It was made by Ruskin and Morris in their search for something which they felt to be lacking in the life of their time."

"Individuals may not know why they are ill at ease, or what desire of theirs is unsatisfied, but the desire remains and being suppressed, produces conduct which they do not understand, rages against they know not what, blind activities that only increase their causes, mental disorder that becomes endemic and collective."

"And in fact our whole society now spends its superfluous energies in activities which would seem to it insane if it were not so used to them and the causes of which it does not even attempt to understand."

"Consider the energy and money we

spend on games and watching them; on contests between prizefighters, on horse racing, and all kinds of gambling; on the means of rushing from place; and on substitutes for art, such as the cinema."

"We do not know why we do these things, we cannot analyse or account for the pleasure we get from them; we cannot even say whether the feeling aroused by them is pleasure."

"All we know is that we are like Blake's figure of a child which stretches out its hand and cries—'I want—I want.' Without knowing what our wants are, we spend more and more money in satisfying them; and always the process becomes more and more expensive, being indeed valued because of its expense."

"We find ourselves dull, and growing duller, in spite of our science and machinery and games and gambling. We have all the amusements that man can devise except the one that is most worth having, the only one that grows more amusing with its enjoyment, and that connects pleasure with reality and God."

In his essay, which is only one in a symposium, Clutton-Brock, thus sets forth the essential nature of art:

"Art makes the mind that enjoys it, as it makes the mind which produces it; it is both in the artist and in his audience a discovery of the self; it is differentiation by means of a trained harmony like that of players in an orchestra who become completely themselves in a common desire and a common satisfaction."

"When Beethoven wrote a symphony he was not writing down something which had already stamped itself on his mind; he was making himself as well as the symphony, becoming more and more precisely Beethoven as he achieved a more and more precise expression of Beethoven; he was, in fact, objectifying his achieved self; for the self will not achieve itself except by some kind of objectifying, by some greater precision in action."

To escape from banality we must therefore cultivate our suppressed and concealed desire for art—a desire which is not trivial but a demand of our whole being.

The other papers in the symposium are by Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard, and Malcolm Spencer. They are exposition of the thesis: "Art is not only delightful it is necessary."

BIBLIOGRAPHER

The Via Media in Art

THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING. By Harold Speed. Chapman and Hall.

21sh.

Mr. Speed is an experienced teacher of art and this book is intended chiefly for students qualifying for the painter's profession, but it is not merely a book on the painter's technique. It incorporates in its chapters an account of the Modern Art movement, the origin, the aims and the achievements of Post-Impressionism, cubism and other aspects of Modernism which the author attacks, always vigorously, but after giving a just estimate of their value.

Mr. Speed belongs neither to the extreme right nor to the extreme left, of critics but steers a clear course between the two opposing camps. His attitude is best explained in his own words:

The true advance in art is along the middle lines, in tune with a tradition of natural truth. For you will notice that it is not the extreme work of any time that one afterwards values. It is not the vast compositions in the grand manner of the eighteenth century that we now prize, not the numerous historical pieces in the manner of Raphael, that were thought so much of and which were so characteristic of the time, but their quieter portrait-work much nearer to simple natural truth. And in the nineteenth century it is not the work most extremely characteristic of that middle-class time, such as the "Kiss

HISTORY

The Making of a Free State

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE- From the earliest times to 1920. By Mary Hayden and George A. Moonan. Talbot Press, Dublin. 20sh.

Mammy" school of domestic subjects that were so popular, and so well done, that we now prize. And so in the future we shall look at many of the hobnailed-boot paintings of so-called modern art with the same boredom with which we now look at the picture of a little girl putting a piece of sugar on a dog's nose in the best middle-class manner of the nineteenth century. . . . There are already hopeful signs that out of all the turmoil is being born a genuine phase of art. Severer, more austere, but stronger and more elemental in expressiveness, suited to the needs of these changed times.

In the earliest stages of painting, Mr. Speed explains, the artists relied more on the sense of touch than on the sense of sight. They drew and painted what "they knew to be there" from their tactile experience, rather than what appeared on their retina. Light and shade, for instance, was only discovered in the fifteenth century and developed into a system by Leonardo. Velasquez and some of the Dutchmen had a far greater grasp of visual appearances, but the complete knowledge of visual phenomena was revealed by the Impressionists, who would not even admit the existence of outline and thus "discarded one of Art's most potent means of expression."

Painting, to-day, as one critic says, "May be approached from both sides—from the sense of touch by means of outlined objects with added shading and colour, and from that of the full visual picture. It is the custom of the schools to make the student first devote his whole attention to drawing and form, then to tone, and finally to colour." Mr. Speed is against this system and holds that proficiency in form, tone, and colour should be acquired simultaneously, and that none of these three essentials in the painter's art should at any time be neglected in favour of the others. A helpful volume, in short, to the layman as well as the student.

BIBLIOGRAPHER.

This comprehensive story of a nation whose chequered history is a puzzle as well as an admiration to the world at large will be welcome, not only among all subject nations, but also among those high-minded souls who seek to find a way out of racial struggles and racial antagonism. For, from the fifth century onwards Ireland has had with her the racial problem, the problem arising out of the settlement in her land of a distinctly different race, of the conflict between the two races in the sphere of language, of literature, of law, of civilisation, of culture, and so on. The progress of this conflict from age to age, its seeming resolution from time to time and the consequent fresh imposition of differences and taboos from across the Seas by the English overlords, the unification of the Plantation peers and the outside Irish plebians by the operation of regional affinity, the intensification of the taboos from the other side of the channel, the demand for Irish autonomy and the historic struggles, parliamentary and the other more romantic and heroic ones of rebellion and conspiracy—the many-sided aspects of this conflict, the character of the personalities involved therein, the momentous nature of the issues, these form the arresting and enthralling subject of this book before us.

Perhaps it is as well that we refer to the contents of the book in some greater detail. The volume is divided into six books ranging from four to twenty-eight chapters. Book I is a preliminary account of the basic materials on which the history of Ireland is built. It gives us a picture of the Gaelic Ireland before the Christian Era, the land Ireland and its people, their social structure, their political institutions, the spread of

Christianity under St. Patrick, the presence of Irish missionaries in many countries in Europe and the transition from this peaceful, static community comparatively speaking which the Irish were, into the conglomeration of the various racial stocks of which evidences are now found in Ireland. In the second Book we pass on from the comparatively easily dealt with Norse invasions to the attack of the Normans. This book carries on the story up to the middle of the XII century by which time the Normans had finally settled themselves under the aegis of Henry II of England. The Irish chieftains submitted on "grants" of lands being promised to them; and the foundations of Gaelic Feudalism and of the seeds of future difficulties when it came in conflict with the Norman ideas of feudalism were thus laid. From 1172—to 1315 the period was characterised by a war of plunder in which the Irish were sought to be exterminated and their lands unjustly robbed and appropriated. Since 1315, however, the Norman influence began to wane, the Pale shrank in size, the Normans assimilated themselves to the Irish and there were signs of a Gaelic revival. It was at this stage that the Tudors came to power in England and with their advent begins a new story of troubles for the hapless Irish.

From 1520 to 1603, which period Book III covers, the English Colony was extended, the Poynings Act was passed and the Plantation raid effected. Book IV treats of the period from the completion of the Conquest to the Treaty of Limerick which closes a chapter of horrible and bloody warfare between the Irish, the Pale lords included, and the English overlords in Westminster. The last two books are naturally the most absorbing portions of the whole volume for they treat of the terrible Penal Days with its Ascendancy Parliament and of Ireland in the XIX century with its romantic rebels such as Emmet and Parliamentary leaders like O'Connell and Parnell.

The earlier Book takes the story to the Act of Union. It begins with the violation of the Treaty of Limerick with a view to "the political and social extinction of the Catholic in Ireland." From 1697 to 1746 several Penal Laws were passed relating to the Catholic citizen, his religious worship, his property, his public rights, his means of livelihood and his family relations. He had no municipal rights. A judge declared that the law did not consider a single Papist breathed in Ireland: Every Catholic was an out-law. No Catholic might own a horse worth more than £5. and so on so much so that the Catholics emigrated and won glory abroad.

The Irish Protestants however soon found out that these things did not ultimately suit them. England suppressed Irish industries by tariffs and the Irish Protestants' interests suffered. The Irish Parliament was either bribed through "Undertakers" or ignored. The rise of Irish Volunteers and the securing through force of Parliamentary independence under Grattan was the result. The story of the Volunteer movement is of absorbing interest. But that Parliament was short-lived, for, thanks to the inglorious diplomacy of Pitt, the Act of Union was passed and the Irish Parliament made to sign its own death warrant, though not without protest against the Union by nineteen peers, "the yoke which it imposes, the dishonour which it inflicts . . . the means employed to effect it, the discontents it has excited, and must continue to excite." To this day this protest remains in the journals of their House. The next Book VI treats of events since the Union, Emmet Rebellion, Veto controversy, Catholic Emancipation, the Young Ireland Movement, the Land Agitation, the Rise of the Fenians, the Parnell Movement, the Coercion Laws, the Rise of Sinn Fein and other recent topics.

The authors' characterisation of the personalities in the struggle—Wolfe Tone, Emmet, O'Connell, Parnell and so on—are vivid and just. We must be content with

that of Emmet, the twentyfive year old patriot who died in seeking to release his country from bondage and he was executed as a rebel. "Robert Emmet," they write, "achieved no material gain for his country; rather, the contrary, for severe coercion acts were the immediate consequences of his abortive rebellion. Nevertheless, in the hearts of the men and women of Ireland, his name has remained enshrined, more intimately, and with deeper love than that of many who gave long lives of strenuous, self-sacrificing, faithful service to her cause. Around him is the halo which rarely anywhere, but most rarely, perhaps, amongst peoples whose national history has been predominantly one of defeat, is denied to youth made eternal by death, joined to lofty patriotism, and ending in tragic failure." Equally attractive and balanced is their account and estimate of the secret societies and other political methods adopted by the leaders, rebellion, boycott, parliamentary action and so on.

In short, *A Short History of the Irish People*, as its authors claim, "proceeds on distinctively new lines, and claims originality in manner of presentation, method of arrangement and general treatment. It unfolds the story of living forces in which remote causes produce ultimate results. It is not a mere series of unconnected historical sketches; it is a philosophical and comprehensive statement of Ireland's story seen steadily and seen whole—through her many struggles to preserve and elevate the national character in all its aspects." The story is, wherever necessary, illustrated by maps specially designed. The outside world will be profoundly grateful for the Authors for this praiseworthy achievement.

V. P.

LITERATURE

Tagore Set to Western Words

A SOUL'S FARING. By Muriel Strode. Moffat Yard Co., New York.

AT THE ROOT OF GRASSES. By Muriel Strode. Moffat Yard Co., New York.

The poetry of Muriel Strode, our American woman, is strongly reminiscent of Rabindranath Tagore. Hers is, without doubt, the oriental muse transplanted to western soil. Her utterances are those of an out-reaching soul, groping slowly but surely toward the light. "A Soul's Faring" as well as "At the Roots of Grasses", by Miss Strode, just issued, brings to mind "Gitanjali" and its exquisite imagery, its insistent call upon God, and the complete surrender of the artist to her own soul. In Miss Strode's lines as in those of Tagore there is the same deeply philosophical thought, the same rarely found word painting, rich in coloring and subtle in meaning; the same appreciation of beauty that marks the work of the Indian poet—the same simplicity that makes the birds and the leaves, the language of the meanest creatures, the aspirations of the lowly, the shadows and the stars, to be things of moment and value to mankind. Both poets emphasize the misery as well as the beauty of life. The one speaks of the "evening air, eager with the sad music of the water"; the other can say, "The lark with the broken wing knows that I know why it cannot sing." The one as well as the other may be said to speak "a common language with defeat and contumely—the Mother Tongue of Pain." So, also, spoke another great poet, Walt Whitman (whose spirit and form Muriel Strode more than strongly suggests). Whitman has many times paralleled the high thought of one who confidently sings of herself:

I free myself into world spaces.

Vastness is in my adventure.

I am a world person, a sky-plainsman, a maker of spirit trails—

who asserts her divinity in lines like these:

I will rise above this personal damnation, into the divine, impersonal infinitude that I am.

I will rescue my life from the ultimates, I defy the finals that are staring me in the face.

I extricate myself from the past and from the threat of the future.

Nevertheless, though recalling Tagore and suggesting Whitman, always this woman is definitely and triumphantly herself, as in this wise:

I come in my adequacy, my own sufficiency, lifting you, and me, and the world.

Nothing is formidable, nothing blocks my way.

I smile in unfear, in conscious potency.

I come with yet more strength for the strong, with suage for the assuager. I am the sustaining arms for the all-sufficient one, the comfort of the comforter.

and again in her more recent volume:

I do not utter littlenesses—I speak a skyline or an ant-hill.

I speak big things, that measure up to big trees and little grasses; great things like God and daffodils; stupendous things, like ages and a moment.

Muriel Strode does not overestimate, neither does she under-estimate herself. She tells of her "incoherence", of her "imperfection", of her "incompleteness"—but she dares to say, "one day I shall come in entirety . . . and the entirety may redeem the parts." She prays, "Let me comprehend the plan", the while she insists:

I am God's poet and His black-smith, His scullion and His weaver of star strands into golden rope.

One day I shall see the consistency. I shall know how the one was made whole by the presence of each.

One turns to Rabindranath Tagore and finds, "I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat." And again:

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song thy feet which I would never aspire to reach.

A sublime humility seems to mark the Indian singer, a sublime confidence, the American—a confidence that bids her say, "I am the demand that flaunts itself in the tops of frost-touched trees," and I am security.

The roots of ages are sunk deep in me.

God is mortised in my granite walls.

but she can say too: "Until I have come humbly, I shall know that I have not come

at all," though she hastens to add—almost paralleling Tagore's: "No more noisy, loud words from me—such is my master's will"—"It is only my little self that is blatant—the great soul of me is self-obscuring." The woman has the stronger urge, one feels, the deeper faith and the surer touch. Behind her are generations of the free spirit of the pioneer. The habitat of a free country and life on the boundless prairies have helped to make her what she is. Her life so shaped and spent has been the direct opposite of that of Rabindranath Tagore, whose sensitive poet's soul—never far from the thought of an alien and oppressive rule—tends to longings and doubts. One comprehends that the confidence of the one singer, like the humility of the other, is such as only greatness can compass. Perhaps, after all, the first is not so much the antithesis as it is the replica of the other—both, manifestations of the same incomparable spirit, which says Miss Strode, "drags the human of me up to the god-plane of me."

There is in the American poet, as in the poet of India, the same indication of the soul's ascension into the mystic realm. Miss Strode has seen and limned a new earth. Her poems, as those of the far more widely known eastern poet, are a revelation in inspiration. Both have been commanded to sing. Both have given, though in varying cadence, the thought of the opening lines of the immortal *Gitanjali*—"Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill."

BLANCHE WATSON

The Pleasures of Literature

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM. By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. 5sh.

ON THE ART OF READING. By Sir A. Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. 5sh.

The book-loving public will feel grateful to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch who has just published pocket editions of his books

Adventures in Criticism and *On the Art of Reading*.

Sir Arthur's *On the Art of Reading* contains some of his lectures as Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. *Adventures in Criticism* contains delightful reviews contributed years ago to Mr. Massingham's paper *The Speaker* which subsequently became the *Nation*.

Sir Arthur, setting out his literary credo, says:

"I believe that while it may grow—and grow infinitely—with increase of learning, the grace of a liberal education, like the grace of Christianity, is so catholic a thing—so absolutely above being trafficked, retailed, apportioned, among the stations in life—that the humblest child may claim it by indefeasible right, having a soul.

"Further, I believe that Humanism is, or should be, no decorative appanage, purchased late in the process of education, within the means of a few; but a quality, rather, which should, and can, condition all teaching from a child's first lesson in reading; that its unmistakable hall-mark can be impressed upon the earliest task set in an Elementary School."

If, as Clutton-Brock proves, art is no luxury but a necessity, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch also successfully shows how literature, far from being a luxury, is an equal necessity. Sir Arthur then takes us through the several masters and makes us revere and love them. Let us proceed to enjoy some of his choice selections for us.

Here is a quotation from a sermon by Dean Donne at St. Paul's upon Christmas Day, 1624:

"If some king of the earth have so large an extent of dominion, in north and south, so that he hath winter and summer together in his dominions, so large an extent east and west as that he hath day and night together in his dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgement together: He brought light out of darkness, not out of a lesser light; he can bring thy summer out of

winter, though thou have no spring; though in the ways of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupefied till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the sun at noon, to illustrate all shadows as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons."

"Listen," said "Q." when reading this passage to his students, "for this is literature."

"Here again is literature," says "Q." in reading a passage from Benjamin Franklin:

"When I was a child at seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much as it was worth. . . . The reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure."

Listen again to this:

"As to the situation of this town, it lieth just between the two worlds, and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai, and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the Top-piece beyond anything else that he did in that country; yea, so goodly a town was Monsoul, when first built, that it is said by some, the gods at the setting up thereof came down to see it and sang for joy. . . . The wall of the town was well built, yea, so fast and firm was it knit and compact

together, that had it not been for the townsmen themselves they could not have been shaken or broken for ever."

The above is from Bunyan whose only companion was the Bible and he speaks biblically.

Here is Newman's great tribute to English literature:

"How real a creation is the style of Shakespeare, or of the Protestant Bible and Prayer Book, or of Swift, or of Pope, or of Gibbon, or of Johnson. . . .

"And like music it has seized upon the public mind; and the literature of England is no longer a mere letter, printed in books and shut up in libraries, but it is a living voice, which has gone forth in its expressions and its sentiments into the world of men, which daily thrills upon our ears and syllables our thoughts, which speaks to us through our correspondents, and dictates when we put pen to paper.

"Whether we will or no, the phraseology of Shakespeare, of the Protestant formularies, of Milton, of Pope, of Johnson's Table Talk, and of Walter Scott, have become a portion of the vernacular tongue, the household words, of which perhaps we little guess the origin and the very idioms of our familiar conversation."

Among "Q.'s" other quotations is one from Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book, *The Village Labourer*. They say:

"A row of 18th century houses, or a room of normal 18th century furniture, or a characteristic piece of 18th century literature, conveys at once a sensation of satisfaction and completeness. The secret of this charm is not to be found in any special beauty or nobility of design or expression, but simply in an exquisite fitness. The 18th century mind was a unity, an order. All literature and art that really belong to the 18th century are the language of a little society of men and women who moved within one set of ideas; who understood each other; who were not tormented by any anxious or bewildering problems; who lived

in comfort, and, above all things, in composure. The classics were their freemasonry. There was a standard for the mind, for the emotions, for taste; there were no incongruities.

"When you have a society like this you have what we roughly call a civilisation, and it leaves its character and canons in all its surroundings and in its literature. Its definite ideas lend themselves readily to expression. A larger society seems an anarchy in contrast; just because of its escape into a greater world it seems powerless to stamp itself in wood or stone; it is condemned as an age of chaos and mutiny, with nothing to declare."

"Q." has no contempt for the eighteenth century writers. He warns his students that they did wrong "in misprising these men of the 18th century."

"I find, gentlemen, when you read with me in private that nine out of ten of you dislike the 18th century and all its literary works. As for the women students, they one and all abominate it." He goes on to tell them that these men of the 18th century "reduced life, to be sure; but by that very means they saw it far more completely than do we in this lyrical age, with our worship of 'fine excess.' Here, at any rate, and to speak only of its literature you have a society fencing that literature around, to keep it in control and capable of an orderly, a nice, even, and exquisite cultivation.

"Dislike it as you may, I do not think that any of you, as he increases his knowledge of the technique of English Prose, yes, and of English Verse (I do not say of English Poetry) will deny his admiration to the men of the 18th century."

"The strength of good prose resides not so much in the swing and balance of the single sentence as in the marshalling of argument, the orderly procession of paragraphs, the disposition of parts so that each finds its telling, its proper place; the adjustment of the means to the end; the strategy which brings its full force into action at the

calculated moment and drives the conclusion home upon an accumulated sense of justice.

"I do not see how the student of the 18th century literature can deny its writers—Berkeley, or Hume, or Gibbon—Congreve or Sheridan—Pope or Cowper—Addison or Steele or Johnson—Burke or Chatham or Thomas Paine—their meed for this, or if he be an artist, even his homage."

Splendid books these alike to the scholar and to the lay man.

BIBLIOGRAPHER.

PHILOSOPHY

The Light of Hindu Tantra Sastra

THE GARLAND OF LETTERS.—By Sir John Woodroffe. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

Rs. 7-8

THE BHARATA SHAKTI.—By Sir John Woodroffe. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

Re. 1-8

In these volumes, Sir John Woodroffe deals with some of the pressing questions in India today. One of them is, of course, education. He strikes off the situation in India in sentences which have to be carved deep in the hearts and memories of all of us, whether leaders or led, and especially of our young men several of whom are now being bewildered under blind guidance. He is not against change,—we may say he is even in favour of large changes, but not for hasty and ill-considered measures. "What is first wanted is the pouring of more energy and purity into the old forms."

The author is a champion and follower of the Agama or Tantra-Sastra, and tells us that, "on the religious, as opposed to the social side, it does not recognise caste distinctions." This, however, only makes him realise the truth contained in the following all the more keenly. He says: "Indian civilisation has a material body consisting of its Varnasrama-Dharma and Acharas. It is these which encase and preserve the inner spiritual life of which I speak. If

these be at present destroyed, that inner life is imperilled." Further, "in reforming movements there is a danger of endangering what should be preserved. This is the more to be guarded against seeing that India is faced with an alien civilization awaiting every weakening in her religious and social structure to intrude and make therein a home for itself. Once ferment is introduced into the body of an already weakened organism it will work until it has destroyed it. In the face of a common antagonist let all internal differences cease." Under such distracting conditions, it is necessary that we must preserve every element of value in our civilization which has been a source of strength and defence in the past, and only introduce from the West the scientific and industrial organisation which will add to our social and national fabric fresh elements of strength and vitality. The author insists that education is the means to achieve these aims,—such an education as will develop the Sattva-Guna in the body so that it may be "the abode of God" (*Devalaya*). With this aim in view, he recommends "the Shakta's Religion of Power", which teaches us to realise ourselves as the Power (Shakti) which transforms both ourselves and the world around us without renouncing either. It is absurd to say that there is already too much spirituality in India. We want not only scientific education and technical training, but also such a religious education as will "create citizens of the kingdom of Heaven on earth." As regards the education of women, the author not only supports such an education as will be suitable to their sex and prospective motherhood, but is "abstractedly opposed to any restriction which may hinder the full liberty and development of women and would open to them any career they desired and not deprive them of any means available to men by which they may follow it." He also holds that a state education, however, under present

conditions, unless carried out under the direction and in full co-operation with Indian opinion, is likely to operate against the maintenance of social ideals and that true Nationalism which is in conformity with them." The system of education should be such as to awaken the Indian's spirit-power and make it shine through all its vehicles, and not simply to emphasise the material side which will enable us to win the means of livelihood. He says,— "all material happiness will follow as the lot of those who unify themselves with the world-soul who is Bliss; of which all earthly happiness is a reflection, imperfect though it be. And this must be so. For to the degree, that spirit is expressed the greater does its essential joy shine forth." This is the true national education for India which will harmonise all sides of man's life till he reaches the final goal of *Swarajya Siddhi* on which we have ever set our hearts. But India must be made secure of a future of self-determination before she turns back to her rich inheritance of Sadhanas and to the goal of Supreme Bliss (*Nisreyas*) to which they lead.

In *The Garland of Letters*, attention may be directed to the essay on "The Gayatri as an Exercise of Reasoning." In it, the author's point is that neither the methods of science nor those of metaphysics can lead to the establishment of the One Brahman (or Reality),—for "it is never an object of knowledge." Spiritual experience or revelation is the one and only means to a knowledge of Brahman,—to true "self-knowledge." We cannot, however, accept the author's statement that "in India spiritual experience is Veda", nor his statement that the Sruti consists either of one's own "personal experience" or what one "accepts on the authority of those who have had such experience." The Veda consists of those eternal sounds—words and sentences making treatises—forming the sole, sufficient, and trustworthy source of our knowledge of things beyond the senses, and which

were revealed to the world by Isvara at the time of creation and have been transmitted subsequently along a succession of teachers and disciples down to the present day. That the Veda is, thus, the sole means to the attainment of the knowledge of Brahman is pointed out at the commencement of the Vedanta Sutrās of Badarayana, viz., I. 1-3. Sir John here points out with much force that "it is not India who has denied the rights of reason. It is Europe who in the past has done so." The Sruti does not exclude reasoning, but resorts to it to establish and consolidate what is revealed by it. But Sruti is the sole means to a knowledge of all supersensuous truth, and to the one Supreme Reality (Brahman) which is beyond the human intellect and sense-perception. It alone reveals, also, the practical methods of meditation (*Nididhyasana*) by which a direct realisation (*Aparokshanubhuti*) of the Brahman is to be attained. The author then enters upon a detailed explanation of the *Gayatri-Mantra* which he calls "the holiest expression of the thought of India",—and he deals in great detail with the various parts of the Mantra, viz., the *Pranava*, the *Vyahritis*, and the *Bija-Mantra* itself. In the *Pranava (Om)* we see the coalescence of the three letters, *A, U, M*, which severally stand for the three manifested aspects of the World-Cause. The three *Vyahritis* indicate, represent, or stand for the *fourteen* lokas or states of experience beginning from the lowest sub-normal region and passing through our normal experience on earth to the highest super-normal region. These stages indicate that the Purusha or Brahman who is meditated upon in the *Bija-Mantra* (the third and last part of the *Gayatri*)—pervades the entire universe. The fourteen regions or states of experience together with the objects comprised in them form the universe and are all related to each other, but are all dependent on the Supreme In-dwelling Power (*Savita*, or Producer, of the *Bija-Mantra*) which projects them "from

out its own thought, without external material or aid." This *Savita* is the "*Tat*",—is the *Bhargu* which is the innermost light of intelligence or Consciousness eternally pure and changeless, which lightens up the entire universe for us and which we identify with ourselves when our methods of meditation attain their full fruit in the *Kaivalya* (or *Moksha*), the perfect Bliss of Love. The author's explanations on this point are full and accurate, and will fully repay the reader's careful study and earnest consideration.

Shrichakra or *Shriyantra* is dealt with in another chapter. Says Sir John Woodroffe: "This celebrated Yantra represents the human body and the whole universe and man (for what is in the former is in the latter and *vice-versa*) as also the Shiva-sakti Svarupa or Atman." It is thus the symbol of the Devi as she is in her own form (Svarupa) and as she is in the form of the universe (Vishvatma). Sir John draws on well-known Tantrik works and the *Bhavanopanishad* for his account and explanations which are equally luminous and learned. The worship of Shri-chakra is not so widespread in South India as in Bengal or even elsewhere, and there is even some prejudice against it in various quarters. We are sure that the help which the author here renders to those who are strangers to this form of worship and even to others will, by conveying the light of knowledge, help to clear the mind of prejudices. He says:—"The object here is the realization of the unity of the Jivatma with the Mother or Devi",—and, further, "the tantrik Sadhana is based on a very profound knowledge of the principles of psychology." Further, the realisation of this unity "is not to be had by mere discussion (Vichara) but by the practical methods of the spiritual discipline enjoined." The Sadhaka or worshipper of Shrichakra is himself a Shriyantra and has to realise himself as such. The author renders substantial help to the worshipper who, by following his lead, will be enabled

to gain the object of this form of worship,—his unity with the Supreme Sakti Tripura-sundari or Lalita-Devi from whom the universe emanates.

In *Bharata Shakti*, special attention is devoted to the cow question, one of very great importance in India. It embodies the author's Presidential Address at the All-India Cow Conference held at Calcutta on the 30th and 31st December 1917. The address is a striking one, and on a topic of paramount importance for the social and economic well-being of the continent of India. The author has brought to its treatment the resources of a heart dowered with the power of true sympathy, of wide and profound knowledge of the conditions of this land, and of a trained intellect and judgment long devoted to the service of humanity and to the balanced discrimination of what is actual and true from what is false, extravagant, or exaggerated. The reader will note that Sir John gives the warning that "we should approach the matter from that economic platform on which all stand." Hence all Indian communities are interested on this question, and not the Hindus alone to whom the cow brings many sacred and hoary associations. All will agree that in this country, as it is at present circumstanced, the cow question should be placed on the only possible basis of the religion of humanity. The Hindus, too, ought to be made aware of the fact that they do not behave towards the cow as well as they ought. Sir John points out, *first*, that "neglect and cruelty exist notwithstanding talk about the sanctity of the cow", and *secondly*, rich Hindu ladies no longer attend to their cows as their mothers and grand-mothers did, but leave them to the care of their servants. Our neglect of the old home life and its graces is certainly discreditable to us, and is largely responsible for the growing seriousness of the situation. *Thirdly*, "cows are often starved of the milk they should get", and are also often left to die of neglect, and, in some

places, are even thrown alive into the dust-bin. Such treatment is in shameful contrast to that of the primitive Kol who is "unwilling to drink milk, because to do so is to deprive the calf of what nature intended for it." Sir John also narrates a touching incident in a Moslem household which shows how the home-bred good sense of women is often better and purer than our boasted Western culture and knowledge.

Sir John Woodroffe lays special stress on the problem of Indian food-supply and the special bearing of the cow problem in relation to it. He explains the problem by considering its bearing on the general question of India's "power" to decide her own future, and he offers his own special remedies for improving the breeds of cattle, for their grazing and feeding and proper treatment, for providing a healthy milk supply in towns by establishing dairy farms, &c. The address is so packed with wisdom and sympathy that it is sure to command attention now and for a long time to come. We would, also, draw attention to these words of wisdom in the address which are generally applicable to all schemes of national uplift in India: "Fertility in great ideas is not enough without the actions which realise them. We do not want resplendent fireworks which fizzle to a cold cardboard or stick, but a warm, bright and enduring light, whatever its dimensions may be."

The late Sir Fitzjames Stephen once said that the British in India are "the representatives of a belligerent civilisation." A great historian has also said, "The only way to settle with the East is to vanquish her intellectually." The present system of Indian education and the changes made from time to time in Indian administration in response to Indian or bureaucratic demands are, it is said, the means by which modern civilization is making its attempt, though in disguise, to overthrow Indian culture and civilization in order that it may save its own social institutions, political

ideas, and general culture from being imperilled by the intrusion of coloured peoples and their culture from the East. Already, we are told that as a result of the impact of the West on Indian culture, "some peoples among them (Indians) are disappearing." We are also told that "the Arya Dharma is to be now submitted to an attack greater than it has experienced in all the ages." Men ask,—will it be that this same fate will overtake even those who have been the custodians of Indian culture and the sustaining centre for the production of the vital force and inspiration needed by our people to manifest that culture in the forms of their daily life and in their dealings with the rest of the world? We do not deny that there are dangers ahead to day. Our people had more than once similar perils to face, but we absorbed the alien cultures which threatened to overwhelm us. We believe that the same power of adaptation exists today, and it is sure to take forms and fulfil itself in activities which will not only safeguard our racial integrity and unity, but will enable us to carry the *spirit* of the ancient culture to Europe and the West so as to help men to save themselves from calamities and red ruin arising from the repetition of a world-conflict. The great Swami Vivekananda once said,—"India will never be Europe until she dies." We have not the least hesitation in holding that the wholesale introduction of the civilization of Modern Europe into India will simply be ruinous to India, to her ancient people, and to their spiritual genius and culture. We are entering on the dawn of a new epoch of freedom, self-respect, self-determination, vigour, courage, and strength. But we must not forget that the underlying principles of our civilisation are of the highest value for humanity. Many eminent British philosophers to-day and for a generation past have freely been borrowing ideas and influence from our rich inheritance of philosophic and spiritual culture. Professor Mackenzie,

of University College, Cardiff, in his recent work on "Constructive Philosophy," says that "the religion that is most nearly akin to a philosophic construction would seem to be that of Brahmanism." And again: "Recent theories of the Absolute in our own country,—notably those set forth by Green, Caird, Bradley, Bosanquet, McTaggart, and others—have brought us nearer to some of the Oriental conceptions." Professor Mackenzie also says for himself that "the general view of the Cosmos that we have been led to take appears to have a certain affinity with that implied in Brahmanism." The essays gathered together in this volume show how we have in Sir John Woodroffe an ardent admirer of the spirit of Indian culture and of some of its manifestations, spiritual and social. Let us not be found wanting just at this nick of time when the world needs the balm of our life-giving ideas, and time is revealing to our vision new vistas of national revival and of the fruitful service of humanity.

PROF. K. SUNDARARAMAN.

POLITICS

The American Democracy

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By Chandra Chakrabarthy. Susruta Sangha, 177, Raja Dinendra Street, Calcutta.

Re. 1-8

The Author of this book writes with the authority of personal experience gained after fourteen years of residence in the great United States itself. In his preface which is excellent reading, he plainly states that his object is not to waste words but present facts and figures which alone could give valuable information that is necessary to a clear understanding. There are seven chapters in this book dealing respectively with (1) The Physiography of the U.S.A; (2) Historical Background; (3) Government; (4) People; (5) Industries; (6) Education; and

(7) Social Organization. The last chapter is well worth reading and even re-reading. It concludes its observations on the American Women as follows:

"The European women are either satisfied with their old religious dogmas, or are indifferent to the religious needs, being absorbed in worldly, coarse sense-pleasures. But not so the American women. They are earnest. They have a soul hunger to find out the truth. The truth can be found only through knowledge, by understanding natural laws and the cosmic phenomena and not by any religious revelation, for all religions are, more or less, based on popular ignorance and credulity, though they may embody some partial truths of natural laws in the physical and psychic domains. But the mind can be freed only when all natural laws are understood in their sequence. It not only requires general knowledge of the different branches of science but also their synthesis which is Rational Philosophy. The modern educated (American) girl has an enquiring mind. She will accept nothing as settled without putting it through her mental analysis. She is not satisfied that the priest should think for her. She wants to know the why and wherefore of everything. This restless spirit of enquiry by American women means a spiritual renaissance of that country."

The volume is informative and hence useful.

Hindu Polity

A STUDY IN HINDU SOCIAL POLITY.

By Chandra Chakrabarthy. Ram Chandra Chakrabarthy. 68, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta 4s. 6d.

In the Preface it is stated that the chapters of this book were meant to fill the pages of a cultural history of the Hindus and after reading them we are led to think it would have been better if the author had given "these hastily drawn sketches" without the misleading title it now bears.

Hastily-drawn and incoherently connected indeed are many of the pages of this book unless it be that the author had a *cultural* motive in so presenting them. A true study of Hindu Social polity is a greater task than a purely cultural one. While the latter requires only taste, learning and acquaintance with the various languages of our great country, a study of its social polity requires deeper sympathies, wider imagination and sensitive response to the realities of every day life as it is being lived and experienced by people of all classes and creeds.

Though the author of this book displays learning and scholarship of a kind, though exhaustive references to modern scientific theories and researches in antiquarian explorations and discoveries are scattered in abundance throughout its pages, the book as a whole is far from proving essentially helpful towards the solution of the great social problems which demand immediate attention and most earnest consideration at every Indian's hand. Pride in the presumption of belonging to the so called Aryan race is not the least characteristic trait of the author's biassed state of mind. He exalts the Aryans as almost demigods, extols the Dravidians to a lesser extent but condemns the Semitic elements and among them, Semites, the Jews or Israelites fare worst at his hands. Says the author, "The Jewish history is one of continuous horrors, of greed, rapine and incendiary, of torturing the prisoners for their amusement as burying them into masonry, burning them in fire or flaying out their skins while alive, etc., etc." The Arabs too like the Jews come in for their share of condemnation. Though acts of barbarism committed by men of the above tribes may justly call forth such severe censure and castigation at a historian's hands, none would be justified in denying them genius altogether as our author has dared to do. Would the author like to know that the greatest living scientist and philosopher of today, Einstein, is a Jew? Who were

Bruno and Spinoza whose names are reckoned among the very highest of intellectual giants in the whole world? The Arabs did give birth to a Mohammed, a God-inspired prophet if ever there was one. And the Divine Jesus was Himself a Jew as much as our own Divine Buddha was out and out a Hindu. It is foolish to indict whole races and nations; it is uncharitable and unjust to condemn the great majority of the peaceful unknown people of any land or race-stock for the advertised sins of some of their more aggressive and undoubtedly unscrupulous members. But are not such black-sheep and direful sinners found in every land and race, in every age and clime?

Coming to the study proper, in discussing the Ethnic Elements in Hindu Nationality the author blunders in conceiving of the *autochthonous* Kols, Bhils, Pariahs and Veddahs as a race of Immigrants. Immigrants from where? The author himself admits that Lemuria, the land from which they came is the name given to the once extant continent that held the eastern and southern India in its centre and had Africa and Australia on either ends. If India itself was *within* Lemuria, why should the Lemurians be supposed to have come "in successive waves of invasion"? Then came, says our author, those wonderful people, the Dravidians, who were followed later by the still more wonderful and most gifted of all people, namely, the Aryans.

The author accepts the theory of the *three* streams of Aryan invasion, which theory has found favour with some orientologists of Europe to-day. He discusses the question of the age or historic time when Aryans are supposed to have come first to India and admits that the question cannot be easily answered! Altogether there are seven chapters in this book dealing respectively with the Physical geography of India, the Ethnic Elements in Hindu Nationality, Hindu myths, Hindu Languages, Hindu Scripts, Caste and social organisation. There is

also an appendix giving the parallel words in the principal Aryan languages denoting the ideas common to all primitive life.

A. S. R.

RELIGION

The Claims of Christianity

CHRISTIANITY AND THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By Albert Schweitzer. George Allen and Unwin.

This is a thoroughly religious and inspiring book revealing the point of view of a human soul that expresses itself with the ardour, passion and profound conviction peculiar to the religious temperament. To Dr. Schweitzer Christianity as the most profound religion is at the same time the most profound philosophy. Christianity shows itself to him as the religion which, penetrating and transcending all knowledge, reaches forward to the ethical, Living God, who cannot be found through contemplation of the world itself but reveals Himself in man only.

The concluding portion of these lectures, addressed to those ambitious of carrying the divine Gospel of Christ to foreign lands, is lofty and sublime:

"Wherever it is your task to speak for Christianity in its contest with the other world-religions, you must use none but these untainted spiritual means of defence."

"And you must do it in meekness of spirit. Profound truth knows no arrogance. Moreover, bitter humiliation awaits all of us who preach the Gospel in distant lands. Where, indeed, is your ethical religion?—that is the question we are asked no matter whether we are among primitive peoples in out-of-the-way places or among the educated classes in the large centres of Eastern and African civilization. What Christianity has accomplished as the religion of *Love* is believed to have been blotted out by the fact that it failed to educate the Christian nations to peaceableness, and that in the War it associated itself with so much worldliness and

hatred, from which to this day it has not yet broken away. It has been so terribly unfaithful to the spirit of Jesus. When preaching the Gospel in the mission-field, let us not minimize this deplorable fact in any way nor try to gloss it over. And why have we fallen so low? Because we fancied it an easy thing to have the spirit of Jesus. Henceforward we must strive after that spirit much more seriously."

After reading these collected lectures from cover to cover—which task of reading is in itself a blissful one—the impression left in our mind is that this small book of barely hundred pages is a clarion call and solemn appeal not merely to those who profess themselves to be within the Christian fold and are about to engage themselves strenuously in the bloodless battles and wars of successful religious conversions from other folds, but to all religious minds all over the world, no matter under what name and nomenclature their deepest convictions and profoundest beliefs are supposed to be clothed in. As there is but One God—herein at least all civilized religions speak with undisputed and unbroken unanimity—and as the only difference between men's varying views of God and Universe lies in the way in which they approach the ultimate problems of life and reality either from a purely ethical or purely logical standpoint, let us all, like true and devout children of God, take heed first and foremost of the Bread and Blood of Divine Love with which the Ever-Living, All-Loving God has filled to overflowing each throbbing mortal heart. Love is more logical than formal logic because Love and Life are one; Love is more generous and noble than the merely ethical attitude of self-righteousness, for Love alone is sensitive to the deepest rhythms of throbbing existence which includes all of man, his heart, breath and body, all of humanity and the whole world and atmosphere in which it lives, moves and progresses from day to day and age to age.

In his zeal to emphasize the ethical superiority of the Christian view-point of God and universe, the learned Doctor commits himself at times to words and statements whose logical consistency or ethical purport we are hard put to understand.

We would like the revered Doctor to enlighten us on the few following points: On page 29 we find—

"The fact that it (Christianity) is not a unified system constitutes its greatness, its truth, its depth, its strength."

But when the tide of criticism, coupled with appreciation, is directed towards Hinduism, the Doctor seems to find fault with it (Hinduism) both for its logical self-containedness, as was its earlier phase according to him, and for want of unity and consistency when later Hinduism gives up mere logical consistency for something nobler and more comprehensive than dry logic and metaphysics. (See page 68).

Is it to the discredit of Hinduism if, after years and centuries of abstract reasoning and logic-chopping, it came to discover the superiority of purely spiritual values? Could Hinduism claim vital and living consistency only when it sets up God's world *against* God's Man and proclaims with unabashed cocksureness that the ethical order is *opposed* to what is imperfectly called the natural order? Is such "acosmism" the inevitable inference of all human experience, the indispensable postulate of all righteous striving?

Profoundly convinced of the truths of Christianity, it would have been well if the Doctor had presented only the purely Christian standpoint and adjured his audience to present to the Non-Christian world that point of view and that alone without invidious comparisons and ill-formed judgments of other religions. As the Doctor himself is very well aware of the imperfections of the Christian religion as it is really practised from day to day, men of other religious denominations are likewise aware of the injustices and horrors perpetrated in the

name of their own respective Faiths. Thinking and talking too much about the ethical *superiority* of Christianity is not at all in accord with the sublime spirit of *humility* with which the very Founder of that Faith lived and passed his truly divine life. "Judge not"—says the Divine Jesus whose sole aim was to lead all the noblest aspirations of the loving human heart towards the Ever-Living, All-Adorable Heart and Personality. No human judgment is final, be it logical or ethical, or compounded of both. The spiritual or purely religious life, as the Doctor truly says, draws from the inward experiences of the all-feeling heart and conscience; and which man of today whose highest loves and aspirations are firmly set towards the attainment and upbuilding of the kingdom of Heaven could find time or inclination to proclaim with baseness of self-pride that his faith and aspiration is *better* than that of others? There is the Lord God to judge of us, as to how far truly we proceed towards His Throne with every throb of our living breath—let us behold Him and Him alone before, behind and everywhere. The mystic sages of India sought throughout their lives this gift and grace of God-vision. Nothing of life mattered to them except their own individually-felt trances and ecstasies. There is the danger of one-sidedness and exaggerated emphasis on the purely subjective side of experience when religious enthusiasts refuse to recognise the laws of material and objective existence. Even an ethical will has seriously to take into account the laws that govern and modify our every day environments and hence our own individual movements and actions. A moral order opposed to the natural order it is impossible to conceive of on any intelligent commonsense basis. The old Hindu Monists pretended to deny the world's existence altogether from the standpoint of the Infinite-Eternal and Absolute-Whole. If theirs has proved an impossible dream, what shall we have to say of

an All-Powerful Moral Personality opposed to His own Estate and Field of Action and Righteousness by more and more revelations of Reality?

Could true faith be falsified by any course of events in the natural world? Where is the ethical necessity to proclaim that the natural order is opposed to the moral order? Does not the Divine include all ethical, logical and spiritual powers, possibilities and potentialities? Do we let ourselves be seized and carried away by the vital stream of love, hope and faith when we keep irresolution enough in our hearts to think of a whole scheme of things, as that of outside nature, opposed to us and waste our time in making distinctions between the logical and the ethical? Is not the latter distinction itself the result of an impulse to look logical?

The true religion as taught by the divine Bhagavad-Gita as well as by the no less divine gospel of Jesus Christ insists first and foremost upon man's heart and living-being being made at one with the Eternal and All-Embracing God who indwells all throbbing breasts, inspires all hopes and joys and fears and faiths and is ever witness to all instincts immature and mature, to all purposes sure and unsure that weigh or weigh not as our work and worldly-recognised merit. The highest knowledge is to know that we are surrounded and sustained by a Power and Personality whose nature is akin to what we already know and which the same prompts us throughout to unceasing pursuits and discoveries. The Hindu Sages insist upon man *discovering the Divine* that is not only around and outside of us but is the very breath of our life-breath and the truth and certainty of our own self-existence. It is true that many of them were content with a mere knowledge of this truth and bare logical demonstration; and so far as their acquired knowledge, feeling and faith, so far as their whole living consciousness fell short of the true discovery of the Divine

Unity of Breath, Body and Soul, of Man, World and God, theirs was a mere pretension, boast and affectation, worthless repetition and worse paraphrases of the word-sounds of the genuine Seers. The one lesson of the Supreme Song of the Divine One is that none can be a seer who sees only with the eye or external senses alone; none can be witness to God's Truth who merely lives the life of a spectator and lets the natural order of things work out as it may: the Divine Commandment of the Gita is to transcend all merely ethical and logical distinctions, is to be up-awake and active in all directions, is *not* to shrink from the world nor to get ourselves lost in its coils, but, firmly rooted in God with the whole and full strength of all our living, feeling, loving powers, to give every throbbing breath full expansion, to give Life freedom of every kind, of both motion and motionlessness, of both purpose and purposelessness, and ply ever onward in all directions with Life's desire and propelling power propelled, inspired, absorbed and possessed by the Divinity of Ever-living and Ever-growing Love, Joy and Beauty.

In short, what we would like to say is that Dr. Schweitzer has done injustice to the Bhagavad-Gita by confusing it with the mixed Pantheism, Monism and Polytheism that make up the confused mixture of prevalent Hinduism. As the Christianity of Jesus, felt and believed in and expounded so ably by such noble souls as Dr. Schweitzer and others, is something quite different from the arrogance, inhumanity and savage spirit of exploitation associated at present with the Western Imperialistic Nations, so too, the Religion of Sri Krishna is something quite different from the monstrosities of logic and illogic, of science and superstition, of good and bad that make up the perplexing medley which with some passes for Brahminism, or Hinduism. Dr. Schweitzer's attempt to distinguish Hinduism as the religion of the living Heart and common people as different from the usual missionary

conceptions of the same is creditable to him. It is not perhaps Dr. Schweitzer's fault if he fails to do full justice to the profoundest religious instincts and ideals of the Bhagavata-religion; for, as remarked by a critic recently in a high class philosophical journal, "To experience the power of a religion one must share the religious experience characteristic of it. One must live in the atmosphere which that characteristic experience engenders, in the institutions that issue from it."

Dr. Schweitzer has presented the religious experience of his own heart in words and expressions that are sure to have lasting, ay, ever-progressing influence on all truly religious-minded persons, be they Christians or Non-Christians.

A. S. R.

Buddhism and Christianity

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY. By Swami Satyananda. Published by S. Chakraverthy, 58, Cornwallis St., Calcutta Rs 3.

It is well that the Author of this book takes care to state in his preface that "this book has not been written from any religious passion or as an answer to the treatment of the Christian Missionaries of other people's gods."

We do not know whether the Author was serious or facetious when he penned these words; for his good intentions expressed above, could hardly be supposed to be verified by the matter printed in the body of the book. We wish that something of true sympathy had influenced his scholarly labours and softened the aspersions and castigations revelled in by him in the portion of the book dealing with Christ's personal characteristics.

The Swamiji author of this book is presumably a devotee of the Divine Lord Buddha who taught throughout his period of Enlightenment the supreme lesson of con-

quering Hatred by Love. We do not know what spiritual good is attained by writings like these surcharged with polemical virus. To love the Lord Buddha with one's whole heart is not the same as ridiculing the Divine Lord and Saviour of another religion. History or no history, in spite of what meticulous authors and self-conceited scholars might take care to publish in ponderous tomes, the genuinely spiritual and truly godly influence of Lord Jesus Christ is as certainly and indelibly engraved in the living hearts of many many Christians as the like good and godly influence of, say, Sri Krishna or Gautama Buddha in the heart of their respective followers. It is futile to ignore this palpable fact of life; and it is unspiritual and unholy to keep ourselves blind to any true manifestation of God even for a moment. Perhaps the Swamiji is as much alive as any other to the spiritual influence of at least the psychological Christ who has come to be what he is recognised to be because of the very necessity of the believing Christian hearts. The accident of Buddha having more extant historical records in his favour does not entitle him to exclusive spiritual supremacy all over the earth. Every great religion lives in the deeds and thoughts and feelings of its sincere followers; and if the acrimonious, excessively censorious author of this book be a fair sample of the Bhikshu of the ideal Buddhist type, God save us from the impending moral disaster and spiritual catastrophe consequent upon the revival of such a Buddhism and increasing numbers of such polemical, word-warring and ill-will-manufacturing divines and anchorites.

A. S. R.

A Great Religious Reformer

SWAMI DAYANAD SARASVATHI VACHANAMRITA. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

This is a small and neatly printed book in large letter-type covering more than a

hundred pages; and within its short compass are arranged under different sections and headings some of the choicest maxims and sayings of Swami Dayanand Saraswati, the illustrious founder of the Arya Samaj. As the people of the South are comparatively less acquainted with the great Swamiji's works and doings, it is well that an English translation of his best thoughts are presented to the public in such a handy and popular form. After a perusal of this small book anybody can discover for himself how great a patriot and lofty soul of exalted ideals the great Swami was—and last but not least, his modernity. A. S. R.

RURAL ECONOMICS

Some Lessons From Denmark

WHERE FARMING PAYS. By W. Meakin, Iliffe & Sons., London. 1 sh.

This is an interesting shilling booklet on the Danish Co-operative Movement. Its author visited Denmark to "study broadly the agricultural situation as it exists in relation to the general post-war conditions of Europe." That the book is bound to be of great practical use in India is easily gathered.

Of Danish agriculture, he says: "Out of this industry, operated under a highly-developed co-operative system, it sustains a relatively high average standard of life, both urban and rural. The fine quality of its peasant culture can only be realised by actual contact with it. It has an educational system unlike any other in the world—deliberately designed and adapted for the development of this peasant culture, and the progress of the most democratic institutions any nation has yet evolved."

Mr. Meakin goes on to say that "the Government is spending this year, in spite of the burdens caused by post-war conditions and trade depression, no less than one-fifth of the total State income on its schools and universities, on agricultural education

and research, and grants to other agricultural institutions, apart from the contributions of local authorities to education."

In reference to industrial prosperity, he writes: "The secret of this success is found in co-operation and education, in the adaptation of the best business methods to the industry, in the elimination of waste and profiteering and in the application of the results of scientific research."

Co-operative creameries in Denmark play an important part. Speaking of the Danish Co-operative Creameries, after giving a brief account of the large trifolium dairy at Hasler, the author proceeds:

"It is a memorable experience to visit this trifolium factory. Nevertheless, I was even more attracted by the smaller dairy of Skovsgaarde, because it is perfectly typical of the rural factories which are organised and managed by working farmers, unassuming men of ordinary ability, who have had their native talents and intelligence quickened and their outlook widened by the folk schools and the agricultural and dairy training schools."

"These rural dairies are all embracing in their membership. The Skovsgaarde factory takes the milk of 1,200 cows belonging to 250 farmers and smallholders within a radius of five miles. At one end of the membership scale is the part-time labourer with a tiny holding and two cows, and at the other four big farmers with 30 cows."

The economic problem of the small vs. large holdings has been faced by Denmark. Mr. Meakin writes on this question:

"It may be here remarked that 85 per cent. of the 198,600 agricultural holdings in Denmark do not exceed 75 acres. There are over 50,000 farms, ranging from 4 to 12 acres, and there are thousands of small holdings of from a half to 4 acres owned or occupied by farm labourers, very few of whom are entirely landless."

To quote Mr. Meakin again: "For the small holders and the men with anything up to 50 acres, the dairy is the mainstay of

Stabilize Rural Life

THE REBUILDING OF RURAL ENGLAND. By Montague Fordham. Hutchinson.

This is a book of a type which is becoming common—a type which wanders in quest of a stable life. Sir William Beach Thomas writes of it truly when he says:

"With a baffling, an engaging simplicity, Mr. Montague Fordham has solved the problems of rural England. Prosperous peasants issue from merry homes to till productive fields, while grateful townsmen, whose food bill they have cheapened, applaud and envy. All difficulties vanish at a wave of his wand. Even nationalisation of the land and the banks becomes an easy, quite unrevolutionary process. Not that he is vague. The mechanism of reconstruction has received as much attention as the theory."

And what are Mr. Fordham's proposals? Here they are in a summarised form: Mr. Fordham's "New Jerusalem is built on a foundation involving the utter destruction of the old, or bastard-old, economic and social—but not political—basis of British life. Mr. Fordham holds that the decay of the land—bad farming, bad housing, bad buying and selling—is due to the triumph of artificial systems of finance, ownership, and distribution. Bankers, landowners, and marketers, however angelic personally, have brought the producer down to dust. Now, these systems that we revere as long established are in many features new, even parvenus. Seventeenth-century laws prohibited the intervention of either wholesaler or retailer between the producer and consumer. Our fathers have seen enclosure in operation. Money has been more or less rapidly elevated from the democratic status of a useful worker to the autocracy of an ornamental overlord. One of the cardinal fallacies of the age is to confuse capital with money. The whole judgment of our society is perverted, is urbanised. The problem of

their livelihood. A staff of only six men and boys, aided by a small steam plant and an equipment as up-to-date in its modest way as that of the trifolium dairy, undertakes the whole of the butter and cheese making of the 250 members. . . . The butter is despatched to the co-operative selling society, and reaches the consumer swiftly and cheaply. It is difficult to imagine a further limit to economy of production and distribution."

Mr. Meakin thus speaks of the relatively small village creamery: "It is a pleasure," says the writer, "to watch the manager and his staff at work. The place is constantly flushed with water to eliminate dust. There is abundant boiling water and steam for sterilising. The effect of the instruction in hygiene at the dairy school is visible in practice. . . . The manager, who receives what in a small village is a good salary of £ 250 a year, is a typical product of the Folk High School and the Dairy Training School."

The last chapter in the book, entitled 'How success has been achieved,' is of special interest to us. In it the author reminds us that "the co-operative movement was started by the peasants. It has been built up by them without outside aid, and often in face of strenuous opposition from interests that were menaced. The attitude of the Government in recent years has naturally been sympathetic, because Parliament is controlled by the peasant farmers, but there is still a robust faith in the doctrine of self-help, and it is firmly believed that a coddled industry cannot be healthy and prosperous. . . . The farmers realise the fact that markets can only be captured and held by commodities of unimpeachable quality produced and distributed at the lowest possible cost. . . . Incidentally, Denmark has proved that a peasantry may be enlightened, democratic, and progressive, given the right educational system."

BIBLIOGRAPHER.

reconstruction is to restore into a world half-blinded by industrial fallacies the elemental vision of the peasant.

"We must begin by multiplying the producers. This can be done, in Mr. Fordham's view, by more or less direct legislation. His proposal is that a National Board, working through existing local councils should be given the task of formulating a national price list for the main articles of British produce. Increase of production or real wealth would automatically flow from such stability and the confidence it would engender. The extra gain to the producer would be more than off-set on behalf of the consumer, if our present spend-thrift methods of distribution were reformed under the jurisdiction of the Board and the local councils. Thinkers of all schools, even, if he were on earth, that theoretic socialist, Adam Smith, would agree that stabilisation, if achieved, would mean first confidence and then high production.

"A great many critics," as Sir W. B. Thomas says, "will waive aside such a proposal with airy dogmatism as absurd, or pelt it with conventional adjectives—bureaucratic, socialistic, protectionist. Let them pause for a moment. It is wholly remarkable that leaders of diametrically opposing views have recently come to a common agreement almost without knowing it, and quite without conscious co-operation. The Australian Federal Government sent over in advance of Mr. Bruce, an agricultural economist, whose chief object was to urge

the creation of an Imperial Purchase Board of some sort, which should control the market in raw production on behalf of producers within an Empire theoretically self-supporting. He arrived to find himself in agreement on certain vital (but not Imperial) principles with the Independent Labour Party. He discovered a wealth of statistical argument supporting him in that original and authoritative book, *Fool*—most pregnant monosyllable—by Sir Charles Fielding, late Director-General of Food Production under a Coalition Government. A number of Americans were, and are, discussing the subject, after taking the wise initial step of securing cheap credit for producers of primary products.

"Since we know that producers are being bled to death by distributors, and the production of real wealth steadily reduced; since we know that a central organisation for co-operative selling could increase—perhaps double—production and simultaneously reduce prices; since we know that a guaranteed price could ensure landworkers, while it multiplied their numbers, a good wage and a good life; since we know that the health of Britain springs from its fields, it becomes a bounden duty to examine and test a solution preached from pulpits of such varying creeds. And Mr. Montague Fordham is a very good preacher indeed, with the supreme merit of talking about realities, not labels."

"Back to medieval price-fixing and guild wages"—is the new slogan.

