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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK
(Famous Belgian Poet)

Frontispiece to The Open Court

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MAETERLINCK AND THE SPIRIT OF ROMANTICISM[1]

BY GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

THE life of Nature seems to be rhythmic and periodic: spring, summer, autumn, winter—childhood, youth, manhood, age—seed, bud, blossom, fruit—fallowness, production—rest, motion.

Thus the pendulum of culture and civilization swings back and forth between the rational and the emotional comprehension of the world; between the philosophic and the artistic, i. e., between rationalism and mysticism, classicism and romanticism. Such movements ebb and flow in the history of the spirit as well as on the strand of the sea. A mighty wave of intellect flows over a whole generation, reaches high tide, then gives way to a wave of feeling which has the same career and the same fate. Some men are logical and feel themselves at home only in a world of proof. Others are mystical; they are not convinced but persuaded, not instructed but edified; in a word, they do not know, but believe.

Thus it is with whole generations. Classicism, as science, has to do with the universal, the abiding, the constant, the necessary,—in short, with genus. Romanticism, as art, has to do with the individual. This world-historical conflict is the Cross of all philosophy,—the problem of the universal, the tragic relation between unity and multiplicity, the individual and society, anarchy and absolutism, the exemplar and the genus.

Mysticism and logic, these are the two poles of the spirit: *feeling,* with its organ, religion—*reason,* with its organ, philosophy; *fantasy,* with art as its organ—*science,* with the understanding as its organ. The rational spirit seeks as its portion the typical, the repeatable, the interchangeable, the universal. The romantic spirit seeks as its portion the individual, the unrepeatable, the unchangeably personal.

[1] This manuscript was edited by J. V. Nash from unpublished manuscript notes left by Dr. Foster at his death.

Reason and understanding, with philosophy and science as organs, originate order. Feeling and fantasy, with religion and art as organs, have as their content the unclassifiable, the irreplaceable, the intimately personal.

If there are to be science and philosophy, there must be investigators and thinkers with trained intellects. If there are to be religion and art, there must be prophets, redeemers, saints, heroes, geniuses, in whom feeling, will, fantasy predominate: Euclid and Isaiah—Euclid, naturally cool, objective, practical, passionless,—in a word, the classicist; Isaiah, temperamental, impressionistic, enthusiastic, eminently personal. Classicism wants eternal truth; Romanticism, intimations, interpretations of what is coming, unraveling the fate of peoples, admonition and edification.

Classicism expresses itself in the Church as orthodoxy, in politics as conservatism; romanticism, as radicalism in both. The caricature of classicism is Nirvana; the caricature of romanticism is Utopia. Classicism ossifies; romanticism volatilizes. In extreme classicism the waters are dammed back to an unruffled pool in which the miasma of rottenness and decay are at home. In extreme romanticism, the waters swell to a wild torrent which tears down all the dams of historical tradition, and overflows all the walls of convention and legality, rule and law, right and custom, religion and morality, asset and institution, in order to bury everything historical underneath the debris.

This is the eternal theme of the history of the world,—this never-ending conflict between personality, for which romanticism stands, and race, for which classicism stands; between self-preservation and race-preservation; between human precept and natural order of the world; between instinct and ideal; between anarchism and socialism; in a word, between motion, for which romanticism stands, and rest, for which classicism stands; between Messiah and Nirvana; between the wintry peace of the old church-yard, and the awakening life of springtime. Classicism—like geometry, which has to do with fixed figures in space, according to unchangeable laws; Romanticism—like biology, which has to do with the cell that lives and grows; co-existence and succession, order and progress; stationariness on the one hand, rhythm and periodicity on the other. Thus the everlasting tick-tock of the clock of history and of personal life goes on.

After a century, romanticism is triumphant again. Who are exponents of romanticism and mysticism, rather than of classicism

and rationalism? Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Morris, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, Huysmans and Maurice Maeterlinck. The latter is the present philosopher of romantic mysticism.

The old romanticism, certainly on its religious side, was best represented by Novalis, the poet of the fanatic love for Christ. The hymn, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," is characteristic of him. But he composed hymns to Mary, intimate and tender as a Catholic could wish, though himself not a Catholic. He knew well the weak points in Luther's position, he said that Luther's Bible-religion was poor, pedantic, empty, scanty, and he paved the way for freer and fairer appreciation of the wealth and worth of Catholicism.

Novalis was neither a Bible-believing Protestant, nor a Church-believing Catholic. He was the poet of the devout human heart, of an immediate religious experience of one's very own. But he was abnormal—pathological in mind and body—as is seen in his hymn to Night after tragic love affairs of his youth. He turned from light to darkness. Daylight was glaring and cruel, hiding his beloved from him. Therefore he fled into the arms of Night, to be embraced with their inexpressible, mysterious darkness. In that darkness the sun of his love shone. He could raptuously embrace and marry the form that the day snatched from him. Night was life to him; day was death.

Fantasy against the understanding, you see. Dream against reality awake. Fantasy creates a life which the understanding denies,—forms, dream images which dwell in the wishland of the soul. But the understanding destroys these images and this land as illusion and unreality. "How beautiful and lovely and dear!" cries the man of fantasy. "Yes, but it is not true, not real!" sneers the man of intellect.

And yet, does not the romanticist help one side of life into its rights—a side that would wither and decay under the sole supremacy of pure reason? Still fantasy, divorced from intellect, becomes lawless, unbridled. It puts forward its dream constructions as realities and would obligate us to the unreal. In order to be able to live in the kingdom of dreams, it bids farewell to the penetrating, critical understanding.

To be sure, ecclesiastical piety has not done this entirely. Indeed, calumniating reason, it uses reason though limiting it. Even when the Church says, "believe because it is absurd," reason is active, because it is reason that is expected to determine what it is that is

absurd. The Catholic mystic also remains rational in his mysticism. What he wants is a higher reason, a purer light.

The Protestant romanticist, however, would like to put out every light, that nothing might disturb fantasy as it lingers in the world of dreams. This is pathological; it manifests itself in clairvoyance, spiritualism, and the like. This folly produces an over-heating and over-stimulating of fantasy. Sunlight and tasks of daytime become pain and burden. In the name of Faith, spook forms are sought after, which are the creations of one's own diseases. These are sense images which fantasy produces, but sense only in color and form, without flesh and blood, without genuine, living sensuousness.

Therefore, the soul of the romanticist is consumed in this torturing contradiction of a sensibly felt love, which yet lacks an object tangible to the senses. Perhaps the Christ whom the soul loves cannot be apprehended and sung more sensibly than was the case with Novalis. The poet sees his Christ corporeally by his side, or walking before him. The contact of the sacramental bread with his lips is a kiss of Christ, the beloved.

Thus Novalis writes: "The Christian religion is the religion of bliss, of voluptuousness even; sin is the greatest stimulus to love the Deity. The more sinful a man feels, the more Christian he is." The poet thinks that everything that is best begins with disease. Half disease is an evil; whole disease is blissful and higher pleasure. He says again: "The value of perfect health is merely scientifically interesting. Disease individualizes us. Disease distinguishes man from animals. Suffering belongs to man. The more helpless a man is, the more receptive he is for morality and religion." And thus a conception of life began here which did not fight disease as exceptional. Pathological natures were supposed to be of a higher and finer organization, more spiritual than were the robust and healthy. Thus the decadent, the neurotic, the erotic, was the higher type of man.

Feeling—feeling: that is everything. No clear thought, no strong, firm will; only feeling—feeling that revels in itself; no worth but feeling—feeling that incites to erotic love, to the stormy desire of an unsatisfied, insatiable sensuality.

This Novalis called *die blaue Blume,* the blue flower, which he and his hero went out to seek—the *wunder Blume* which satisfied his insatiable longing; not the strong yearning of the will which longed for deeds, but the impotent yearning of the feeling; after every new feeling a yearning which artificially stings itself, in order

to be intoxicated with the fragrance of the blue flower—with its own self; and, drunk in such yearning, flees the world of reality.

It is easy to see that there is something wrong with this old romanticism,—a heavy, close atmosphere in which we cannot breathe freely. But what is it that is wrong? There is immediacy and inwardness, fineness and depth, attractive as against our hard and external practicality. That is in its favor. Our theologians have excogitated a faith in which there is no mystery, no unfathomable deep,—a faith in which everything is proved, made clear by sacred letter and formula.

In romanticism faith turns back into the world of the heart. In romanticism faith seeks union again with original life, with the soul's capacity for intuition and intimation. Faith needs picture and parable, the language of poesy, and would make peace with the senses. Therefore Novalis said: "The history of Christ is as much poesy as history, and only that history can be history at all which can also be fable."

Yet romanticism is, at best, a half truth. Feeling sunders the union with the understanding and the will, whereas it is only all together that make the human spirit. Romanticism is like an organism that would nourish only one organ—the heart—at the expense of all the other organs, and on that very account even the heart itself would deteriorate.

The new romanticism, of which Maeterlinck is the great exponent, is separated, however, from the old by more than two generations, a period of deep significance for all civilization. The French Revolution and our American War of Independence, two catastrophes from which the new world was born, assigned new tasks and set new goals to national life everywhere. Political society henceforth has to safeguard and nourish freedom; has to be germinative and formative of freedom.

Still, ideas clashed: the Bastille was stormed for the sake of freedom; yet freedom, at the same time, created the foundation on which the imperial throne of the Corsican was erected. Then freedom fled from the political world, in which it was outlawed, into that other world of poesy; it remembered the kingdom of dreams over which no Corsican or Czar ruled, where fantasy swayed the sceptre.

In this world, man still felt that he was a glorious being on his own account. As poet, he felt that he had the capacity to escape all limits of earthly requirements, and to mock all the forces that would coerce him. But this fantasy still came from a world of unfreedom

and still lived on the memory of its origin. Therefore, its poetic forms wore the garb of slavery, from which men still sought release, —the garb of the mediaeval past, the garb of the romanticism in whose golden light all sacred and secular citadels were asylums of light and freedom.

And when now the growing reactionary spirit, the spirit of darkness, desired a garment of light in which it could be clothed, romanticism offered it what it needed,— the shimmering splendor and iris-hued veil, under which the true nature of a rule by might, throttling freedom, might be concealed.

The spirit of freedom, however, created new forms, walked new paths which ran counter to all romanticism, apparently to all life of freedom as well. This was no romanticism,—to fight on barricades, and hunger and perish in dungeons. And what remained of this freedom, even of the romantic spirit itself, was entirely lost to men, children and grand-children. They saw that there were powers by which every stress and impulse of the soul to freedom was destroyed. And the man who still sang his song of freedom so proudly, preached to the world the new gospel that there was no freedom at all, that the individual, down to the most hidden stirrings of his soul, was bound under law, the laws of nature and society; that even his thought and his will were totally dependent, an effect of causes, from whose inviolable order there was no escape for man.

Even art made peace with this gospel of dependence and restriction. It was articulated in the bony structure of nature and society and upborne by their forces. Art became materialistic, realistic, and thereby stripped of the last shimmer of the old romanticism. Art did not seem art any longer to all those who did not know art without romanticism. Instead of the world of fairy tales, raw reality!— the world where the clatter and hammer of machines, the smoke of chimney stacks, banished all romantic ideas, where hard class-war, struggle for existence, awoke man from all his romantic dreaming.

Now, however, freedom begins to stir in man again. He seeks the freedom in the inner life which is denied him in the outer. A new romanticism begins. It opposes another world, the world of the heart, over against the world given in nature and naturalistically apprehended. This new romanticism is convinced that the world of the feelings is truer and more real than the outer alien world, that in the inevitable conflict of the two worlds one's own inner world must win the victory over the outer and alien world.

In this new romanticism religion wears a different countenance.

Religion turns back into the inner world of man again, speaks once more the language of fantasy and feeling. Yet naturalism has not lived and worked in vain for it. At the present time romantic religion can no longer escape the weight of naturalistic religion. The two begin to seek each other, reciprocally to deepen and fertilize each other.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Flemish poet, is the most conspicuous representative of this religion of the new romanticism. Like the old romanticists, Maeterlinck at first lived entirely in his own soul. The people that appear in his plays are people of the inner mystic life. Their corporealness is mere seeming, a mere veil of the soul. That is the old romantic way. Fantasy lends personal form to the feelings of the soul, and straightway forgets what reality belongs to these forms on account of their origin.

Maeterlinck seeks to describe the drama of the soul, the drama of the innermost man, to whom all outer acts are incidental, because not the act, but the feeling, the inner experience, ought to be the main thing for man. Hence the figures of Maeterlinck's earlier dramas have only pseudo-bodies; they are not flesh and blood, but only shadowy beings,— souls encased in bodies.

Yet these souls are not bound to corporeity, to the limits of time and space. They have presentiments of what goes on behind closed doors. They have powers of telepathy; they see the future as already present. It is not the senses that mediate truth, but the immediate connection of soul with soul, where soul works upon soul. Truth is not in speech, but in silence. Men who are silent in each other's presence understand each other better, more correctly, than those who are constantly expressing their thoughts in words. There is always an error cleaving to the language which conscious life creates, —an estrangement of souls, because consciousness itself separates men from each other, and man from his own self. Man is only himself wholly in silence, where the unconscious is living in him and works its mysterious works.

In this unconscious background, or underground, of the soul, are all the elementary forces which shape human beings, including great hate and great love; and what afterward breaks forth in man as word and deed has previously taken shape in the hidden deep of the soul. Therefore, the more important events in human life are not those which are sensibly perceived, but the still, silent experiences which no one can see nor hear. And the true wealth of man is that he has his treasures within himself,—the treasures of the poor by

which they are richer than the rich. It is the sight of the blind, which thereby becomes sharper than their brothers' with sound eyes; the knowledge of those who do not know, to whom more is thereby given than all the scholarship of the world.

It is the *world of instinct* which is the only true world to the poet, and these instincts, these emotional and impulsive forces of the soul, present themselves to the poet as personal shapes. The mysterious twilight stress in man becomes man himself: everything else in man is nothing but accessories. All this is poetically thought and felt; it is the dream-life of fantasy, which makes itself master here of the inner world of man and shapes that world after its own image. But our poet believes in his dream-forms and in the wish-land of his soul. He does not believe in it with the tacit reservation that he is himself the one who creates and animates these soul-pictures, but with the vacillating feeling that his world of the heart is also the world of Nature, that the poetic interpretation which he gives his psychic experiences must satisfy the demands of a consideration of reality also.

Such is Maeterlinck. It is with the new romanticism as it is with the old, as it is with everybody who lives only in himself, lives with everything only in himself, seeks to interpret his own self only in the world of his own heart. He subtly introspects himself, until he only knows the riddle of life which is ever before him as eternal death; he feels in his own heart-world the iron limits which are imposed upon him, death which penetrates to him from all sides, and puts its mark on him, the living.

Therefore, at bottom, it is ever only a feeling which pulses in all the figures of the poet, a feeling by which all his forms are animated —the horror of death, this uncanny guest ever slipping upon him, ever announcing itself, unbidden, making its arrival so plain to the presentiments of the soul. It is the incarnate presentiment of death which Maeterlinck puts upon the stage in most manifold forms. It is the death that the blind see, that those who do not know, know; that slumbers in every love, and oppresses every silent soul. Death is the truest reality; its mystery is the most transparent meaning of life, which lurks behind every experience of life.

This is the same disease of which the old romanticist was a victim. It is the mediaeval spirit which celebrates its orgy. A feeling of death animates the play of fantasy; the breath of death fans all the flames of life and fills the whole being and life of the soul with its magic power. Therefore, it is night air which we breathe

in the first series of Maeterlinck's works; it is a world of spooks in which we live.

A mighty time of development, however, lies between the new and the old romanticist. The man of the nineteenth century has learned to see Nature with sharp eyes. His attention has been diverted from the tumultous, unclear impressions of his own soul to what is going on in the outside world. And this outside world becomes a new revelation to him, not of death, but of life.

Maeterlinck also has been affected by the forces of his age, called from introspection to research. As poet, he now lovingly broods over the world of Nature. Of course, what he sees and what he hears from now on, is apprehended by his poet-soul, whether he tells of a dog, the faithful companion of man, or of the life of bees, which live under a constitutional government of their own. All these are humanized mirrors in which the poet-soul rediscovers its own self.

Yet perhaps only he who truly loves Nature knows Nature, as perhaps we do not know anybody if we do not love him. Everything which we call Nature, illumined by colors which our eyes give to it, everything is but the child born in the wedlock of that which we are with that which we are not.

Therefore, we cannot dispense with a genuine and true understanding of the nature of the poet's spirit, which binds together all the fragments of our observation and scientific enquiry into a living whole and breathes into that whole the breath of the life of his own spirit. Therefore, what we call natural science, exact inquiry, is the only path to a higher goal, to the vivification and animation of Nature, to the profoundest feeling of Nature. Thus we rediscover Maeterlinck, the poet of the soul, once again, as the poet of Nature. And we see how he began to walk this new path of the life of his spirit.

It was precisely the horror of the death which he found in himself, so long as he lingered over himself alone, that impelled him beyond himself. He sought redemption from the ghosts of night that held him imprisoned. He fled to daytime, to the sunlight of reality, to life. He sought to lay hold of the world there where it promised him redemption and convalescence from his horror, there where death spoke to him of a higher order of life, even in the civil state of the bees, in this wonderful articulation of the individual in the whole, in this necessity of a great massive dying that the whole may live and be rejuvenated. Here, now, is Maeterlinck's crisis; yet not his alone,— the crisis of all romantic brooders, the crisis

which promises healing and help to all souls tortured by the horror of death—to breathe the fresh air of the world, which streams into the home of the heart's instincts, to take a broad, free look at life, to join on to the whole which also conducts man out of his limitations and teaches him to be a ministrant member of the whole.

The poet experiences not conversion, but development. His faith in the living union of the soul with God, the original ground of all life, his faith in a world of the unconscious, of eternal mystery, from which we emerge with all our knowledge and deeds—this faith abides with him. And, into the dark abyss of the eternal mystery by which he sees himself surrounded, a ray of light falls; viz., the certainty of a purpose in personal life, a purpose which man has brought with him out of the most hidden world-ground into the light of day.

The might of destiny has remained, iron and inescapable, and it mocks all efforts of the human spirit to get behind its mystery, to resolve it into its formula and to comprehend it by means of thought. It is madness and folly to ascribe human ends to this might of destiny which masters everything,— to search for the plan of an eternal order, of an eternal righteousness in it. All philosophy and all theology fail here. And the expedient of faith to transfer the equalizing of the illimitable unrighteousness of life into a second world beyond this world, is nothing but a confession that there is no righteousness in this world, the only world we know. Nothing remains but to bury the ancient temple in which the world-ground itself is celebrated and sung.

Yet, out of these hidden powers of destiny from which man derives his existence, man brings with him a wisdom of his own which teaches him, at least, righteousness. This is something positive, something sure. Righteousness signifies for us the air and joy of life. Every wrong separates us from our own true selves. All righteousness at which we have worked elevates and ennobles our life, increases our joy in living; not the questionable thing which men call happiness or fortune and on account of which they hunger for an eternal righteousness, not the fulfilling of all vain wishes which the soul voluntarily makes, but strong, inner, permanent joy, which quietly beholds the shattering of all the wishes of life,— joy to have, in one's own soul, an inner world which no destructive power can reach.

This is the righteousness, which, as the world-ground, seemed buried under the debris of the old temple, risen to new life in men. It is the goal of human life, the task of human life. It asserts itself

in us as the power for which we are responsible, as the life which we ought to create. And because we ought to create it, it may not be already in the world. If righteousness were in the world, men need not create it still. We can work toward righteousness, but we cannot escape righteousness. For it holds us back ever again to itself, holds us firmly to itself by the unbreakable threads with which man is bound to his happiness. To seek his happiness is to seek righteousness, and in unhappiness righteousness warns the soul that it is on the wrong track in seeking happiness. It does not leave off warning until we leave the road of error and have discovered the right path. The path of righteousness is the articulation of the individual in the world, obedience to the law of the life of the whole.

This is what the poet learned from the bees. He learned from the bees that there is no higher life than living or dying, contributing to the preservation of the whole, serving the whole in the place where one stands, with the gifts and powers one has received. If our human state, our human society, does this, giving everyone his own, giving everyone the possibility to make out of himself what one as an individual owes to the whole, then are we in the path of righteousness. Thither does the hunger and thirst of our soul after happiness summon us.

Such is Maeterlinck. A crisis the poet experienced, but not an entirely healthy one. Occasionally the old ghostly forms of his fantasy hovered over him still; still they spoke their old ghostly language to him, whether the impossible were, after all, not possible. Yet these ghosts no longer burdened him, created no horror any longer. Out of the shadows of death a light came. Death transformed itself into light, into a service rendered to life, that life might be created.

Thus the poet placed the new romanticism in the service of life's tasks; he called all enthusiastic brooding spirits out of the religion of the self-consuming heart into the religion of deed, the religion of creative life, the religion of social righteousness. Groping, it all is with Maeterlinck; but even so, he shows us the struggling of the modern spirit,— the modern spirit which would rescue its faith from the ruins of that temple in which death is worshipped, into the great, wide world which requires the service of life. He shows the way in which, finally, all imprisoned in the horror of death can go—must go—if they would rescue their souls and be free from that horror. "I am come," said Jesus, "that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."

THE JESUS OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL

BY EDWARD DAY

LONG AGO, many of our scholars were forced to conclude that the Fourth Gospel is an imaginative narrative of the life and thought of Jesus, belonging somewhere about 140 A.D., written by an Alexandrian Christian Jew who had become thoroughly imbued with the Neo-Platonic thought. It is no longer considered necessary, as it was fifty years ago when Dr. E. A. Abbott wrote his exceptionally fine paper for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* to assume that it was the work of some disciple of John of Ephesus who handled idealistically the material which came to him through that apostle. We can now see that it is so thoroughly Neo-Platonic in its thought that it must be regarded as having been written by one who by reason of his time and his personal idiosyncrasies was entirely independent of apostolic support, though he made some slight use of oral gospel tradition if not of the synoptic narratives. Our interest in the many problems this gospel forces upon us today lies in its conception of the person of Jesus and its presentation of his work and words. True, the abandon with which its narrative moves on is not to be ignored. There appears to be perfect freedom not only in its imaginative portions but also in its choice of material found in the other gospels. It passes over the legends having to do with the birth and infancy of Jesus as unessential to its purpose. Jesus is always alluded to as the Nazarene and as the son of Joseph. There is no slightest trace of his birth of a virgin, and though his ministry, as here set forth, centers almost wholly in Jerusalem, which really could have seen little of him until near the close of his earthly life, Bethlehem is not mentioned. Only two of the miracles attributed to him in the Synoptic Gospels are here narrated and these apparently because they were stupendous nature marvels which fit admirably into his scheme. Luke in giving us the story of

Jesus' Perean ministry tells us that he came upon two sisters in that region whose differences attracted his attention, one winning his commendation because of her meditative life, while the other is mildly rebuked for her absorption in domestic affairs. Apparently early gospel tradition knew nothing more of these sisters. But the writer of the Fourth Gospel was pleased to place them in a comfortably circumstanced home in Bethany near Jerusalem where they frequently entertained Jesus, to give them a brother intimate with Jesus, and to make them all figure prominently in the life of the Nazarene. The narrative of the sickness, death and resurrection of Lazarus is made to play a singular and crucial part in the events which led up to his crucifixion. Mary is also identified with the woman who is said by two gospel narratives to have anointed Jesus during his Galilean ministry. Here she comes forward again as one who anoints the Master, this time toward the close of his earthly life as a preparation for his death and burial. In these and a few other instances, the early gospel narratives are handled freely with no effort to conform to fact. But to us the fundamental point of departure from early gospel tradition is in the writer's depiction of the person, work, and teaching of Jesus.

The Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels is wondrously human and most inspiringly humane. In his utter freedom from self-consciousness, in his noble simplicity of life, in his sanity and helpfulness of thought, in his passion to serve, and in his repugnance and hostility to all insincerity and artificiality of faith and life, he stands forth the greatest religious leader and reformer of the past and as one, and this is most marvelous of all, who is best fitted to lead as the Pioneer of Religious Liberty today. About the simple narrative of his inspiring life there seem to have grown accounts of certain nature miracles that had some symbolic significance, though they were foreign to him if indeed they were not utterly beyond his power. Into the narratives of his simple assertions concerning his hopes and aims there may have been incorporated statements that reflect the eagerness of his followers after his departure to show how his life and work were a realization of the Zionistic hopes and dreams (Messianic, many say) of the prophets of their past.

And the feeling on the part of his followers after his departure that his death was redemptive may have led them to represent him as so referring to his death, something many now feel he could not have done. Scholars have been slow to see that the statement, "and to give his life a ransom for many," was an apostolic appendix to

that fine and thoroughly characteristic utterance of his: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." And they have also been slow to discover that the reference to his bloodshed for many unto the remission of sins at the last supper reveals most conclusively the influence of Paul who changed the drunken debauch of the Corinthian Church into a symbolic rite of tender significance. The author knows of but one American scholar who has endeavored to show how foreign all allusions to his death as redemptive is to the general tenor of Jesus' thought.

Then, too, in his methods of presenting his thought as a teacher the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels is most winsome and effective. By sententious sayings, by suggestive exhortations, by parables of rare beauty, and by pregnant illustrations taken from nature and life he reached the masses and made himself widely understood and appreciated so that the fact was noted that the multitudes heard him gladly. But even more significant is the fact that he throughout these gospels appears as the friend of the needy, the overborne, and the sinful. He seems to have regarded his call to this work most distinctive; and he seems to have been ready upon all occasions to leave the upright and the comfortably circumstanced in order to minister to the lost and burdened of the House of Israel. But beyond this is the fact that he was so tender and pitiful as a man that he simply could not ignore such. We often read that "he was moved with compassion" in the presence of suffering and need. This side of the Man of Nazareth cannot be ignored in any attempt to get at the real man and the secret of his wonderful power; for these simple gospel narratives touch the heart of him who reads them today. Taken with the fact that Jesus speaks as he does of God as a loving Heavenly Father they give us suggestions for a theodicy that admirably supplements and modifies that which modern evolutionary science offers us.

Turning now to the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel we find we come upon a radically and irreconcilably different person. It pleased the author to declare that this One was the Logos who had been with God and was divine, who had been the active agent in the creation of the world, and who had been incarnated as the Life and Light of men. He was able to make those who received him sons of God and to impart to them his grace and truth. He was a great thaumaturgist and wrought miracles oft; but he was himself the Supreme Miracle, the Greatest Wonder of all. Jesus' conception of himself is in harmony with this thought. The author leaves us in no doubt

just here. He is thoroughly consistent in making everything Jesus says and does harmonize with his assertions concerning him. Indeed, this is one of the marvels of this gospel, that not once does the author forget himself and drop down to the level of the other gospels in his portraiture of Jesus which has seven more pages of the Greek text than the Gospel of Mark. He keeps the Philonic mystical tone throughout, never employing the language, or vocabulary, peculiar phrases, and idioms of the other narratives which seem to have become somewhat stereotyped before the present gospels were written. This is noteworthy. There are but a few of the simple remarks of Jesus found in the Synoptists which reapper here and these are embedded in narratives of miracles and in related incidents, the very wording of which was largely changed to suit the purposes of the author, so that the narratives themselves are hardly recognizable.[1]

Here then we find Jesus is one who is supremely interested in himself as a unique and supernatural personage who is in no real sense a man and makes little pretense of being one. His *ego* occurs in this gospel over two hundred times and his *me* and *my* conjointly nearly as many times. He declares himself to have lived in heaven prior to his earthly life. He had existed not only before Abraham's day but had dwelt in heaven long prior thereto. He there as God's son had seen, known, and lived with him in perfect unity and harmony, though as a lesser being than he. From heaven as his home he had come to earth, given of God and consecrated and sent of him, and after bestowing eternal life upon as many as would receive him not as judge of the world but as Saviour thereof, was to return whence he had come and get ready a place for his own whom he had won out of the hostile, devil-dominated world. True, there is a note of universality here and there, none of the narrow exclusiveness that we encounter elsewhere. The writer never represents the Nazarene as confining his labors to the Aramic speaking Jews as the Synoptists do, presumably the only people he was linguistically able to address. But while the Jesus of this gospel has a mission for the world, while he comes to save the world and to make himself known in order to save it, his teaching throughout is a proclamation of himself as a stupendous personage, the Light of the World, the Bread of Heaven, the Way, the Truth, the Life, sent to bear witness of his Father and to do his will. He is to save by his exaltation. He

[1] Certain scholars have come to feel that this gospel is wanting in unity and that the work of late editors can easily be traced. Even if we grant this to be true, we must insist that however much they break the course of the narrative they are not untrue to its main trend.

is to lay down his life; but the cross is not so much something he is to suffer upon as something he is to be elevated to, to be lifted upon. His death, therefore, is not something he is forced to undergo but something he takes upon himself. In harmony with this thought there is in the story of the crucifixion here no record of his having prayed: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"; nor is there of his crying out in agony in the words of a psalmist: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me."

In order to represent his Jesus as a Neo-Platonic teacher the author must keep him in or near Jerusalem most of the time where he would come in contact with the cultured classes. He allows him to run up into Galilee often in order to escape the hostile Jewish leaders who are ever curiously enough plotting his death, something they are mysteriously kept till the end from accomplishing; but he no sooner gets him to Galilee before he finds occasion for bringing him back. There is usually some feast that he must attend, so that three years pass instead of the one year of the other gospels as the length of his ministry. And as teacher in harmony with his Neo-Platonic thought he represents him not as simple, direct, stimulating, helpful and convincing, but as mystical, illogical, contradictory, and consequently perplexing. His disciples make little pretense of understanding him. Only the cultured Jews will listen to him and they are utterly unable to grasp his mystical thought. His assertion that he is the Bread of Heaven that must be eaten by men if they are to live and that they must partake of his flesh and drink of his blood or have no part in him who is able to impart eternal life, are but samples of the mystical nature of his teaching in this gospel. Then, too, his mystical statements often are illogical and contradictory. There is here naught of the sweet serenity and limpid purity of the teacher we encounter in the other gospels. Nowhere, as in the Synoptic Gospels where the emphasis is upon life and character, is there here intimation that these are supremely necessary. Here the path to life is through faith in him as the Exalted One, the Eternal Son of the Father. It is creed rather than character upon which one must put emphasis, belief in him as the sent of God rather than the living of the Christ life. This indeed he does not expect of us for he is too far removed from us to become an inspirational example. And here the essential thing is acceptance of him as Anointed Son of God; and those who accept him as such are made to do so upon the slightest evidence, evidence that could not be expected deeply to change the life. Nathaniel was convinced that he

was the Son of God and King of Israel because, according to the narrative, he revealed some clairvoyant power; and the woman of Samaria accepted him as Christ because he read a little chapter of her corrupt life. These ac typical instances revealing the fact that here the way of faith that leads to eternal life is vastly different from the straight and narrow way of the earlier gospel tradition.

And finally we note that the most tragic thing about the Jesus of this gospel is that there is slight trace of humanitarianism. Not once is there any allusion to his compassion. He is tender only among his few disciples near the close of his life; and here it seems to be the thought of his unfinished work which is to burden them and their weakness that moves him. Throughout the narrative he appears as one uninterested in the poor. But once is he made to speak of them and then his allusion is in the story of the anointing in words, taken from another anointing, that the author appeared to think admirably suited to his general neglect of such: "The poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always." As the only allusion to his poor in this gospel this is terrific; but it is not so in Matthew from which gospel it is literally taken. And it is noteworthy that the clause found in Mark was not used: "And whenever ye may do them good," an omission that but adds to the terrificness of this as the only mention of the poor by the Christ in this gospel, enough of itself to discredit this as a picture of the lowly and pitifully disposed Nazarene. Jesus is made to allude to sin but never to sinners. The poor woman who was a sinner, mentioned in Luke's gospel, finds no mention here; Jesus does not go to be a guest of a man who was a sinner; there is no trace of the poor publican who prayed: "God be merciful to me a sinner"; and the heaven which Jesus knows is not one which thrills with joy over the repentance of one solitary sinner. The narrative of the woman taken in adultery is not now recognized as belonging to this gospel, for as a late and questionable story it seems to have been inserted long after the author's time.

And his miracles of which we have eight here recorded with allusions to "many signs" as narrated were wrought to manifest his power, not as deeds of mercy. They are spectacular and the stories of them bear marks of conscious purpose, even when it is not directly asserted that they were wrought by him to reveal his supernatural power. The only slight humanitarian touch is in the case of the supposed resurrection of Lazarus where Jesus is said to have groaned and wept, apparently with the thought on the part of the author that he realized that his calling forth of this friend from his

tomb would turn these weeping Jews from a state of indifference to him into one of hostile enmity and so would lead to the tragic close of his earthly career. In the narrative of the turning of water into wine at Cana, too often alluded to in these days as revealing the Master's love of conviviality, there is no evidence of concern for his embarrassed host. The feeding of the five thousand as narrated was prefaced by questions, not found in other accounts, designed to make evident to his disciples the stupendous character of this miracle. The restoration of the impotent man and the man blind from his birth are represented as wrought in such a way as to astound his enemies. They are unemotionally wrought with no least hint of compassion on the part of Jesus. All these narratives of miracles are, as here narrated, on an entirely different plane than the stories of such marvels in the other gospels. Those are so tenderly and lovingly humane, so manifestly wrought under the stress of deep feeling, that a disbeliever in Jesus as a great thaumaturgist would like to be able to accept the stories of them as narratives of fact in keeping with the humanitarian character of his life.

There can be no question as to the serious way in which this gospel is taken by many. They regard it as the *Heart of Christ*, to quote the title of a volume upon it by a Unitarian of the last generation, or the *Cream of the Gospels*, to quote the characterization of a recent biblical lecture. It would seem that because of its mystical nature it especially appeals to cultured people who are disinclined to exercise their critical faculties. Nevertheless, it must be admitted in accord with the data brought to light in this paper that its conception of the person, life, and work of the Mighty Galilean, as the writer prefers to designate him whom he conceives to have been born of humble peasants in Nazareth and to have devoted his public ministry almost wholly to the people of his loved hills and vales, is utterly misleading and that if it had not been for the pictures of a tenderly human and altogether sane and uplifting Jesus found in the Synoptic Gospels there would be far less of that much to be desired commodity in the world, known as "Christianity pure and undefiled," than there now is. If we are to push back of Paulinism and get to the Christ who actually lived in these days when the cry is heard: "Christ not Paul," we must break away from the mystical influence of this gospel; for despite the artificiality which many feel is characteristic of Paul's dominant thought there was on the part of this greatest of all the apostles a loving thoughtfulness and genuine humanitarianism. Instead then of resting in this Alexandrian Neo-

Platonic conception of the Christ we should go back to the Jesus of early gospel tradition; and surely the need of the recovery of this thought of the Nazarene is bound to be increasingly felt as the sad and burdened life of our time presses along its darkened path.

It has been remarked that Neo-Platonism while seeking to perfect ancient philosophy really extinguished it and while attempting to reconstruct the ancient religions really destroyed them. Is this to be the fate of Christianity because of the efforts of a Neo-Platonist to rewrite the story of its beginnings? If we must accept the Fourth Gospel as the authoritative and final word concerning the life, work, and teaching of Jesus we must conclude that its writer is fated to be the destroyer of Christianity. If the inspiring message of the Jesus of the Synoptist Gospels finds its choicest flower and fruitage here then sooner or later Christianity must become a bankrupt faith and in consequence must join other faiths which have passed into limbo as discredited and neglected. The fact that this gospel appeals particularly to cultured people who delight to quote it has little significance. Its mysticism rather than its thought attracts them. Nor need mention of the fact that it has survived the Christian centuries and has seemed to grow in popularity be made; for ours is a searchingly critical age and we who hitherto have been slow to use our critical methods, long employed in Old Testament study, in our handling of the New Testament must now use them in this field or lose our reputation for honesty. It would be a singular commentary on the statement that Neo-Platonism was vanquished by Christianity if it should go down because a second century writer injected his Neo-Platonic thought into his narrative of the life and work of Jesus. That there is a real danger here we must believe, though few of us are likely to take seriously its doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul that seems to have rendered it easy for the writer to conceive of Jesus' supposed pre-existence, few its dualistic opposition of the divine and the earthly and its failure to put a true evaluation upon the latter. We cannot share its contempt for the world of sense; nor can we on the other hand see the necessity for a Logos to reveal the Supreme Being. While we reverence the Great Teacher we believe we have the same ways of approach to the Infinite Spirit which he had. But that there are not a few who cherish this gospel as the very "heart of Christ" we know. Hence modern critics owe it to the Christian world that the real character of its narratives be made widely known.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS

BY S. TAYLOR WEDGE, A.M.

DO YOU believe in dreams? If you do, you are no different from millions of others and your credulity is quite natural; for dreams have been a never-ending source of wonder and doubt, philosophical speculation and ignorant superstition from the very earliest ages of which we have any knowledge. No one, apparently, escapes the experience of this phenomenon. It visits the rudest savages as well as the most cultured of the world of civilization and shows no distinction of color or race. The society matron feels its influence as does the old colored "mammy" with her dream-book, and, perhaps, understands it not a whit more. Powerful kings, in ancient times, kept constantly in their service men who were skilled in dream interpretation—even as the wealthy of today have their psychoanalysts—and the fate of mighty empires often depended upon no more momentous a thing then the nocturnal vision of the sovereign.

What are dreams? From whence do they come? Whither do they go? Of what stuff are they made?

In order to answer these questions intelligently, it will first be necessary to understand something of the nature of the mind and of the manner in which it seems to function. The age-old problem of how to bridge the chasm which perpetually yawns between the physical world of matter on one side and the immaterial, spiritual world of mind on the other is still as knotty as ever. The solution is still unfound. There must be some connecting means whereby the world of matter is transferred and transformed into the world of spirit, but how that change takes place or what means and objects are used in its operation will probably always remain more or less of a mystery. Science, striding with seven-league boots ever onward toward the goal of perfect knowledge, has added considerably to our

understanding of many things; but the human mind, ever a wonder even to itself, still beats its wings impotently against the darkened glass that obscures its view in other directions and but faintly comprehends the mode of operation of its own faculties.

The concensus of opinion at the present day seems to point unmistakably to the conclusion that the mind of man possesses three distinct characteristics—consciousness, unconsciousness, and subconsciousness. It is evident that these are not separate entities but belong to the same entity functioning under different states of being. The ego, the distinctive personality is a unified principle; it remains the same whether in one state or another and its faculties are unchanged. An individual retains his memory, his will, and all his personal characteristics whether conscious or unconscious. He is the same man this morning that he was last night, although in the time intervening he has passed from consciousness to unconsciousness and back again to the former, experiencing all the natural phenomena of both states without in the least suffering any change in his fundamental, essential nature or acquiring any additions to his peculiarly individual personality. In one state of being he experiences realities; in the other state he **experiences—dreams.**

Now dreams are purely mental phenomena; their habitat is the mind. But their concrete expression—if so it may be termed—is in the unconscious. In this they differ from ideas, judgments, and propositions because the latter have their seat of expression in the conscious. The origin is the same for both forms of mental activity, that is, in things entirely outside the mind, but their internal manifestation takes place in different states of being and appears under different forms.

For all knowledge comes to the mind from without. There is nothing in the mind which is not first either directly or indirectly in the senses. The senses are the media of communication between the two worlds of matter and spirit and may be compared to the carriers bringing various commodities into a great city by wagon, truck, railroad, etc., through its artery-like system of highways. Impressions by the thousands pour into the mind through the senses every day of our lives. Every moment of consciousness is filled with impressions of sight, sound, taste, smell and touch, all of which the mind automatically gathers and stores, co-relates and co-ordinates, properly fitting this impression with that one and otherwise bringing order out of chaos until, by separating and placing these various impressions in their correct relationship with one another,

they finally coincide exactly with the things of matter which exist outside the mind and of which the ideas are complete mental reproductions. In other words, ideas are mental pictures of material objects. When these pictures are exact photographs of the things they are supposed to represent, that is to say, when the process of co-ordination and co-relation is properly carried out, we have *truth.*

Now the question, "What is truth?" has persisted from time immemorial. The philosophers of all ages, from the ancient Chaldeans and Persians down through the Chinese, the Hindus, and more latterly the golden age of the Greeks, have greatly concerned themselves to find a satisfactory answer, and the multiplicity of philosophical systems and schools of thought are the natural results. Some of these systems are still extant and some have long since been forgotten, but the search for truth still continues unabated. It is the object of interest to all mankind and represents the eternal attempt to harmonize theory with fact, and appearance with reality. Briefly defined, it is the *conformity of the mind with the thing existing outside the mind.*

This conformity is accomplished through the mediumship of the senses. When the mind receives a distorted idea of the thing existing outside itself, when the conformity is incomplete, then there can be no adequate concept and hence no truth. This often happens through the imperfect functioning of the physical organism, which accounts, in a measure, for the variable reports sometimes given by a group of observers viewing the same phenomenon. The attention of one individual may be concentrated more upon his sense of sight than upon his sense of hearing, while that of another will be upon his hearing more than upon his sight. Hence, one may see things unnoticed by the other and the latter will hear sounds that are garbled or perhaps missed entirely by the former. The normal person, however, whose senses all function properly and are reliable in their office of transferring impressions to the mind, will be able to acquire more real information of the phenomenon than the other two, and hence will have in his possession more truth. Defects of vision, hearing, etc., may cause distorted ideas, or incorrect mental images, and therefore give rise to erroneous judgments and propositions.

And so it goes. Knowledge is the accumulation of the correct representations of accidents which inhere in objects existing outside the mind; and therefore, the more objects and their properties with which the mind familiarizes itself and comprehends the greater is its fund of knowledge.

But the mind possesses other faculties than that of being, as it were, a mere sponge soaking up and retaining cold facts—it is more than simply a store-house. It also has the ability to take the raw material received through the mediumship of the senses and to make of it mental pictures which have no counterpart in the world of matter, although the elements from which those pictures are composed really exist. By means of the imagination the mind can dissect and analyze this material, can disconnect and resolve it into its component parts and then re-create it into almost any form it desires. Strictly speaking, man can create absolutely nothing. His numerous inventions, which are called the products of his brain, are nothing more than a re-assembling of the bits of knowledge he already has and a re-casting of them into a new mold, thus affecting new combinations of material realities and new relationships between parts so as to achieve a certain definite purpose. He sees stones and trees around him, and by changing their accidental properties assembles them into a house. He finds gold in the mountains and fashions it into a ring for his finger. The mental process is the same in all such cases; and no matter what bizarre or unnatural forms the imagination may choose to conjure up, it must always be limited by the number of ideas which are at its disposal through sense-perception. It may put wings on horses and cause pink alligators to breathe fire and brimstone, but in so doing it is merely affecting new combinations and new relationships of ideas which themselves have their prototypes in reality, and which are indirectly the origin of these unreal phantasms. The imagination can form no single idea, no mental picture of a thing which it has never experienced. An Esquimo, for instance, who never had seen or heard of a palm tree or a warm tropic isle could never in his life image or have even an approximate idea of what those things look like. He might possibly have a vague longing for a land warmer than his own, but if he had never been away from snow and ice, it is doubtful if he could picture such a land.

More important than the imagination, however, is another faculty of the mind called the intellect. Everyone is agreed that the mind has the power to reason, to draw conclusions, to discover from the material presented for its consideration, various underlying laws, principles, and specific causes which are not apparent to any of the senses, no matter how perfect their functioning. Of these things the senses can take no cognizance. Such abstract notions lie entirely beyond their sphere of activity and come under the power of the

intellect alone. They belong exclusively to the supra-sensuous order which is on an entirely different plane of mental activity, but which, nevertheless, is dependent indirectly upon the sensuous. Before the mind can have any knowledge of universals, it must first have a knowledge of particulars. Abstract ideas, like justice, good, evil, unity, loyalty, are formed from the observation of these qualities in particular individuals. The elements from which they spring are first apprehended by the senses and then by the action of the intellect are transformed and taken away from the sensuous order and placed in what we call the supra-sensuous order. This is what is meant by saying that some things in the mind are obtained *indirectly* by the senses.

But what has all this to do with dreams?

If you will remember the distinction made in the beginning of this article—that ideas, judgments, and propositions have their manifestation in the conscious mind and dreams their expression in the unconscious—I think the connection will be readily apparent. It is only by an understanding of what takes place in the one that we are able to gain some insight into what takes place in the other. Through consciousness we try to discover the operations of the mind in unconsciousness. The matter resolves itself, therefore, into the question, "What is consciousness, and what is unconsciousness?"

Consciousness is the state wherein we recognize our actions with ourselves as their subject. "I think," said Descartes, "therefore I am." I see; I hear; I walk down the street; I converse with a friend. I note the kind of material in a building across the way and observe its height, its architecture, and the use to which the building is put. I realize that I receive various impressions of heat, cold, pleasure and pain through my senses. I am in full possession of my faculties and can use them as I need or desire. I recognize my actions and know that I am their subject. It is *I* who eat, walk, feel hot or cold, and not another. In other words, I am *conscious.* My actions are governed by myself, my ego, and I recognize them as operating from and upon my own personality. Such is consciousness. And it is only when I am in this state of consciousness that I can do these things rationally and intelligently—it is only in this state that the intellect can function smoothly, correctly, and effectively. When *un*consciousness occurs; when sleep shuts off communication between the world of matter and the world of mind; when the senses cease to operate and the current of impressions from without is throttled; when I no longer recognize my actions

with myself as their subject, then it is that the intellect deserts its post and reason flees to parts unknown. The field is abandoned to blind, capricious imagination which plays all kinds of tricks with passive unresisting memory in the formation of mental phantasms known as dreams.

Now just why some of the faculties of the mind should be inactive during unconsciousness while others are still active, is not clear. At times all are inactive and under such conditions dreams do not occur; which fact would seem to argue, as some psychologists believe, that mental faculties have their seat in the brain. It is difficult to see, however, how such could be the case unless we deny the existence of a *tertium quid*, an intangible, immaterial thing called the soul. It is difficult to see how anything takes place in the brain except physiological processes of nerve ganglia and minute cerebral cells, the product of which is nothing but purely physical effects, motion, heat, etc. To say that thought depends upon motion in the cortical area, is to state a proposition that can not be proven. Thought is certainly not motion, for motion is the result of physical activity and not its cause. If thought depends upon the latter for its origin and existence, it ought to take place anywhere in the body; for physiological activity is present in every cell in the whole organism and continues at all times, in some degree at least, whether that organism is under the influence of consciousness or unconsciousness. Thought may be the *cause* of cellular motion in the cortical area and there is undoubtedly a very intimate relationship between them, but it can not by any manner of means be its result. Thought depends upon the intellect functioning in the state of consciousness. Motion in the cortical area, as was just said, goes on equally as well during unconsciousness when the intellect is completely quiescent.

The dreamer does not and can not think. The intellect is never constructively active during dreams, and that is why they are generally so hard to remember when consciousness recurs. To the rational the irrational is incomprehensible; and as most of our dreams are hopelessly irrational, they fail to make an impression upon the mind deep enough to register upon the tablet of memory and so are relegated to the abyssmal depths of that mysterious region called the subconscious. However, there are times when fairly reasonable dreams do occur and the dreamer seems to be going through all the processes of logical thought the same as though he were awake. He solves problems and draws conclusions in a most remarkable manner, and to all appearances is in full possession of his facul-

ties. But the appearances are deceitful. As a matter of fact, such dreams are merely a series of properly associated ideas taken bodily from the memory by the imagination without the knowledge of the intellect which is absent from the scene of action and has nothing whatever to do with the matter. In dreams there is no directing intelligence to keep things straight. All the ideas formed from the impressions poured into the mind during the conscious life of the individual are at the complete mercy of the imagination and desire, to be joined together in any way caprice may dictate. Every canon of logic is ruthlessly violated, and the conformity of the idea, or mental picture, to the concrete, material thing which the idea represents and without which there can be no truth, is almost wholly ignored.

The dream is like a picture-puzzle the different pieces of which are wrongly joined together in a hodge-podge manner without regard for order or sense. The mind, under its influence, may be compared to a very naughty boy alone in a school-room and safe from detection. Books and papers, arranged so carefully and methodically by the teacher, are scattered with careless abandon; the waste-basket is used to decorate the noble brow of Julius Caesar or George Washington, and chalk is used profusely upon the blackboards. When little Johnny leaves, all is chaos and confusion. Everything loose has been disarranged and havoc reigns supreme.

And so it is with dreams. The imagination, aided and abetted by desire and a faintly active will, left to its own devices and abandoned by its lamp, reason, riots uproarously with everything poured into the store-house of the mind during moments of consciousness. The thousands of impressions and their accompanying ideas, catalogued and placed either in the memory or buried in the subconscious, are dragged forth and juggled without rhyme or reason. Ideas brought into the mind perhaps years before are ferretted from out their hidden recesses and freakishly connected up with ideas that came into it but yesterday. The picture-puzzle is wrongly put together—the association of ideas is distorted or destroyed.

As an illustration of this, let us suppose a person to be dreaming of an automobile. Now nearly everyone, in this day and age, has a fairly accurate mental picture of what an automobile looks like. He knows where the wheels are placed, what position the engine occupies in relation to the rest of the car, where the driver sits and so on. But what will a dream-picture of an automobile be like? In most cases it will be sadly lacking in conformity to the real thing, and the

various parts which go to make up an automobile will be out of place and not in their correct positions at all. The driver may straddle the hood; the spark-plugs may decorate the windshield; the radiator may spout steam like a locomotive—some of them do, as a matter of fact—the headlights may be on the top, and a steam siren may take the place of the horn. Everything is mixed up and the whole concept is out of joint. And yet, each of the parts which compose this picture; each of the individual ideas from which it is assembled has its counterpart in reality. Spark-plugs really exist; headlights for automobiles really exist; and so on for the rest. But in reality steam sirens do not belong on automobiles and spark-plugs normally are inserted in the top of the engine and not in the windshield. What has taken place in the dream is a wrong association of ideas and this because the intellect was not on hand to direct and govern the connection of materials so as to conform with reality. Yet to the dreamer the thing seems perfectly reasonable. He sees no incongruity and experiences no surprise at the unnatural, impossible monstrosities formed by the imagination, because he is, for the time being, wholly irrational. His state is analogous to that of a person insane. While the body sleeps, the desire and the imagination frolic.

It is this proclivity which gives rise to what Freud calls the "wish-fulfillment" species of dream. Every normal person experiences desires and longings which, because of prohibiting conditions of custom or environment, he is unable to realize and gratify. The only way in which he may obtain any pleasure at all in these things is consciously to allow his imagination full play and by picturing them in his mind, thus partially realize that pleasure which he believes their full possession would bring him. In accordance with our theory, therefore, these conscious mental pictures are subject to the action of the imagination during unconsciousness as well as any other kind of ideas, and hence they also find their expression in dreams. It does not follow, however, that a person may dream at will. No matter how much he may desire to dream of a certain thing, the fulfillment of that wish is wholly beyond his control. He can never be sure when the wish-fulfillment in the dream will take place. It is like every other species of dream in that it is subject to caprice and not to the rational volition of the intellect and only occurs when fancy may dictate. But such dreams undoubtedly take place time and again; and Freud is probably quite right in regard to this particular phase of his subject, although in others he is as probably quite wrong.

Be that as it may, however, it is a fact that seems to be borne out by experience, that every idea acquired by the individual during his entire conscious life is subject to the action of the imagination during dreams; for nothing is lost. This is as true of the spiritual world of mind as it is of the material world of nature. The piece of wood you burn is simply decomposed into its component elements of gases, solids, etc., and there remains as much matter in the universe as there was before you burned it. Matter is indestructible. And it is the same in the world of mind. In some unknown manner every thought, every idea, every picture formed by the imagination is submerged in the subconscious and many of them are known no more. Peculiar circumstances or associations may occasionally cause certain of them to rise to the surface of the conscious and once more be restored to memory. But for the most part, the subconscious mind is hidden chamber whose contents and workings can only be guessed at. It is a region all to itself, a region of mystery which baffles investigation, an uncharted sea, a land unknown the mere existence of which alone is suspected.

From a region such as this comes the stuff of which dreams are made and back to it they go after they have briefly run their course as mere phantasms chasing each other rapidly through the unconscious mind. They depend primarily upon the imagination playing with the elements supplied by the memory; but even though they are phantastic, impossible, and sometimes decidedly unpleasant, they add a charm of interest to the curious and challenge the ingenuity of the philosopher by baffling him with wonder at the mystery of his own wonderful existence, and astonishing him with the depth and capacity of his more than wonderful mind.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

CHAPTER III

THE UPANISHADS, AND THE FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINES OF LATER HINDU THOUGHT

THE Upanishads are the earliest Hindu treatises, other than single hymns or brief passages, which deal with philosophic subjects. They are formally parts of the Veda,[8]—the last offshoots of Vedic literature. The dry bones of the Vedic ritual cult rattle about in them in quite a noisy fashion at times, and seriously strain our patience and our charity. But they also contain the apotheosis, the New Testament, of Vedic philosophy. In them the struggling speculations which we have briefly sketched in the last chapter reach their highest development. They do not, be it noted, receive any final, systematic codification. That came much later. They are still tentative, fluid, and, one may fairly say, unstable; they are frequently inconsistent with each other and with themselves. They contain no system, but starts toward various different systems. Later Hindu thought utilized these starts and developed them into the various systematic philosophies of later times—Sānkhya, Vedānta, and the rest. In fact, there are few important ideas of later Hindu philosophical or religious thought which are not at least foreshadowed in the Upanishads. They are the connecting link between the Veda and later Hinduism; the last word of the one, the prime source of the other.

In this chapter, I wish to deal with the Upanishads mostly from the latter point of view: to show how they reveal the early stages of the fundamental postulates of later Hindu thought. While the views reproduced in this chapter are all found in the early Upanishads (except where the contrary is stated), we also find in them

[8] At least the older and more genuine ones are that; we may ignore for our present purpose the numerous late and secondary works which call themselves Upanishads.

expressions of quite different views, which approach much more closely the older Vedic speculations. The relation of the Upanishads to those earlier speculations may, in general, be described by saying that while the Upanishads carry their inquiries along essentially the same lines, and are actuated by the same underlying idea of the mystic, magic power of knowledge, their thoughts become increasingly anthropocentric and less cosmo-physical or ritualistic. Explanations of the cosmic absolute in purely physical terms, and speculations about the esoteric meaning of ritual entities, while they still occur, are less prominent; speculations on the nature and fate of man, and explanations of the universe in human or quasi-human terms, increase in frequency. Thus one of the most striking ideas in the Upanishads is that the human soul or self *is* the Absolute ("that art thou";[9] "I am Brahman";[10] "it [the universal Brahman] is thy self, that is within everything";[11] "that which rests in all things and is distinct from all things, which all things know not, of which all things are the body [that is, the material representation or form], which controls all things within, that is thy self [*ātman*], the immortal Inner Controller"[12]). All that is outside of this Self is at times conceived as created by, or emitted from, It (as in dreams the Self seems to create a dream-world and to live in it).[13] At other times the sharp line drawn between the Self and material nature, that is all that is not Self, is made to preclude any genetic relation between the two.[14]

In any case, the attention of the Upanishadic thinkers is more and more centered upon the human soul. Other things are important as they are related to it. And—while its origin and past history remain objects of interest—we find an increasing amount of attention paid to its future fate. The practical purpose of speculation reasserts itself emphatically in the question, how can man control

[9] Chāndogya Upanishad 6.8.7, etc.

[10] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad 1.4.10, etc.

[11] *Ibid.*, 3.4.1.

[12] *Ibid.*, 3.7.15.

[13] *Ibid.*. 4.3.10. According to several Upanishad passages the soul performs this creative act by a sort of mystic, quasi-magic power, sometimes called *māyā*, that is, "artifice"; it is a word sometimes applied to sorcery, and to tricks and strategems of various kinds. The Bhagavad Gītā similarly speaks of the Deity as appearing in material nature by His *māyā*, His mystic power. This does not mean (in my opinion; some scholars take the contrary view) that the world outside of the self is illusory, without real existence, as the later Vedānta philosophy maintains; *māyā*, I think, is not used in the Vedāntic sense of "world-illusion" until many centuries later.

[14] Thus foreshadowing the later dualistic systems, such as Sānkhya and Yoga, which recognize matter and soul as two eternal and eternally independent principles—a doctrine which is familiarly accepted in the Bhagavad Gītā.

his own destiny? What is man's *summum bonum*, and how shall he attain it? It is out of such questions and the answers to them that the basic postulates of later Hindu thought develop.

In early Vedic times the objects of human desire are the ordinary ones which natural man seeks the world over: wealth, pleasures, power over his fellows, long life, and offspring; and finally, since death puts an end to the enjoyment of all these, immortality. Immortality, however, can only be hoped for in a future existence, since all life on this earth is seen to end in death. So the Vedic poets hope for some sort of heavenly and eternal life after death. But presently they begin to be uneasy lest perchance death might interfere with that future life, also. The fear of this "re-death" becomes, in what we may call the Middle Vedic period (the Brāhmanas), a very prominent feature. Combined with this is the growing belief in the imperishability of the *ātman*, the Self or Soul, the essential part of the living being. These two ideas are not mutually contradictory. Death remains, as a very disagreeable experience—no less disagreeable if it must be undergone more than once—even though it does not destroy the Soul but only brings it over into a new existence. What pleasure can man take in wealth, power, and offspring, if this sword of Damocles is constantly hanging over him, threatening to deprive him of all, and to launch him upon some new and untried existence? Moreover, that future existence may be no better than the present one. Possibly under the influence of popular animism, which sees "souls" similar to the human soul in all parts of nature, the future life is brought down from heaven to this earth. And so, in the early Upanishads, we find quite definite statements of the theory of rebirth or transmigration, which was to remain through all future time an axiom to practically all Hindus. According to this, the Soul is subject to an indefinite series of existences, in various material forms or "bodies," either in this world or in various imaginary worlds. The Bhagavad Gītā expresses this universal Hindu belief in the form of two similes. It says that one existence follows another just as different stages of life—childhood, young manhood, maturity, and old age—follow one another in this life.[15] Or again, just as one lays off old garments and dons new ones, so the Soul lays off an old, worn-out body and puts on a new one.[16] One of the oldest Upanishads uses the simile of a caterpillar, which crawls to the end of a blade of grass and then "gathers itself to-

[15] 2.13.
[16] 2.22.

gether" to pass over to another blade of grass; so the Soul at death "gathers itself together" and passes over to a new existence.[17]

The Upanishads also begin to combine with this doctrine of an indefinite series of reincarnations the old belief in retribution for good and evil deeds in a life after death; a belief which prevailed among the people of Vedic India, as all over the world. With the transference of the future life from a mythical other world to this earth, and with the extension or multiplication of it to an indefinite series of future lives more or less like the present life, the way was prepared for the characteristically Hindu doctrine of "karma" (*karman*) or "deed." This doctrine, which is also axiomatic to the Hindus, teaches that the state of each existence of each individual is absolutely conditioned and determined by that individual's morality in previous existences. A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. An early Upanishad says: "Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil."[18] In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. Every action, whether good or bad, must have its result for the doer. If in the present life a man is on the whole good, his next existence is better by just so much as his good deeds have outweighed his evil deeds. He becomes a great and noble man, or a king, or perhaps a god (the gods, like men, are subject to the law of transmigration). Conversely, a wicked man is reborn as a person of low position, or as an animal, or, in cases of exceptional depravity, he may fall to existence in hell. And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise himself in time to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. It seems hardly possible to conceive a principle of greater moral grandeur and perfection.

[17] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.4.3.
[18] *Ibid.,* 4.4.5.

The Upanishads go farther than this in anticipating later Hindu views of the Soul's progress. One of the earliest of them contains this passage: "This Spirit of Man consists simply of *desire.* As is his desire, so is his resolve; as is his resolve, so is the deed (*karman*) that he does; as is the deed that he does, so is that (fate) which he attains unto."[19] The root of action, and so the determining cause of man's future fate, is his "desire." It follows that if man's desires can be properly regulated, he can be led to his true goal. This remains a fundamental tenet of later Hinduism.

It might seem that the glorification of the Soul as the center of the universe should be a comforting and inspiring thought. And, indeed, the Upanishads and later Hindu works describe the perfections of the Soul in inspiring and even ecstatic terms. But the practical effect of all this upon the Hindu attitude towards our present life was just the oposite. It only served to emphasize the contrast between the Soul and all that is not Soul, that is, all material or empiric existence. "Whatever is other than That (the Soul) is evil," says an early Upanishad.[20] Soon this crystallizes into a definitely and thoroughly pessimistic view of life. All existence, in the ordinary empiric sense, is inherently worthless and base and evil. Pleasures are both transitory and illusory. Death is not only an evil in itself, which threatens us at every moment, but also it leads only to further existence, that is, to further misery. True joy and peace can only be found in the Self.

Accordingly, the perfected man is he "*whose desire is the Soul*, whose desire is satisfied, who has no desire" (other than the Soul; that is, who is free from ordinary, worldly desires),[21] who "is beyond desire, has dispensed with evil, knows no fear, is free from sorrow."[22] As long as a man is affected by desire (other than the desire for the Soul's perfection, which, as just indicated, is the same as having *no* desire), this leads him to "resolve" and to "action," which must have its fruit in continued material existence; and all material existence is evil.

The estate of this perfected man is most commonly described as attainment of, going to, or union with the One—which may be called Brahman, or the Atman (the Self or Soul), or some synonym. It

[19] *Ibid.*, 4.4.5.
[20] *Ibid.*, 3.4.2.
[21] Which are defined by the Buddhists as including (1) desire for sensual pleasures, (2) desire for continued existence (in other incarnations), and (3) desire tor prosperity in this existence. This classification may be regarded as typical for Hindu systems in general.
[22] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.4.6; 4.3.22.

is not non-existence, according to the Upanishads; for the soul is immortal, and cannot cease to be. It is sometimes even declared to be a conscious state; but this is immediately qualified by saying that though the soul still has the faculties of seeing, knowing, and so on, there is no object for these faculties to act upon, so that after all it is to all intents and purposes a state of unconsciousness.[23] As the soul is one with the universal subject, than which there is then no other, there can be no object, and hence no activity of the senses or mental faculties. So at other times the texts plainly say "there is no consciousness after death (for the perfected soul)."[24] They conceive it as similar to the state of deep and dreamless sleep, which is indeed at times thought of as a temporary union with the One, and so a foretaste of that perfected condition.[25] It is natural that such a state should be associated with bliss; for while the waking man has no recollection of consciousness or anything else as having existed in sound sleep, still he awakes from it feeling refreshed and often with a vague impression of having been in some sort of remote and happy state. At any rate, the Upanishads leave no doubt that there is in this union with the One a total cessation of desires, of evil, of sorrow—in short, of ordinary, empiric, worldly existence, which is characterized by desires, evil, and sorrow. But not content with that, they describe it as a state of pure and ecstatic bliss, infinitely surpassing all human joys, indeed far exceeding the power of mind to conceive it.[26]

Later Hindu religions and philosophies call this state by the well-known name of *nirvāna*. The word does not occur in the early Upanishads; but the idea is there. *Nirvāna* means "extinction," originally of a fire or flame; then of the flames of desire, as the cause of continued rebirth. To some later sects, such as the Buddhists, it means also literal extinction of life, of existence in any form; for Buddhism, in its original form, denies the existence of either world-soul or individual soul. Yet even in Buddhist texts *nirvāna* is described as a state of blissful ecstasy; so firmly established was this mode of thought. It makes equally little difference if, with the Sānkhya, one denies the world-soul and merely conceives the perfected individual souls as existing separately, independent of each other and of matter; still the same descriptions are used. All the later variations in metaphysical theory (some of them found already in the Upanishads) make no difference in the concept of the per-

[23] *Ibid.*, 4.5.15; 4.3.23ff.

[24] *Ibid.*, 4.5.13.

[25] *Ibid.*, 4.3.19ff.

[26] *Ibid.*, 4.3.32, 33.

fected state as a kind of pure and—so to speak—unconscious consciousness, and transcendent bliss. The Bhagavad Gītā uses the word *nirvāna* several times, generally in the compound *brahmanirvāna*, "extinction in Brahman," or "the extinction which is Brahman." More commonly it uses vaguer terms to describe the goal which means salvation—such expressions as "perfection," "the highest goal," "the supreme state," or "My (God's) estate." Or it simply says "he attains Me (God)," or "he attains Brahman"; that is, the perfected man becomes united with God or with Brahman. Details as to the nature of that state are wholly wanting in the Gītā, if we except such vague expressions as "that highest state of Mine, to which having gone one does not return, is not illumined by sun or moon or fire"[27]—implying that it shines by its own light. We get no idea of how the Gītā conceived the state of a man who had gained this position. All that seems clear is that it was conceived as some sort of real existence, not as total and absolute annihilation.

The way to attain this state of perfection, as to attain anything else, is, according to the usual Upanishad doctrine, by true knowledge. Knowledge is the magic talisman that opens all doors. He who knows anything, controls it; and so, he who knows the supreme truth, thereby becomes master of it, and gains the highest state. "He who knows that supreme Brahman, unto Brahman he goes."[28] Similar expressions appear constantly throughout the whole Upanishad literature. This comes as near as anything to being a universal doctrine of the Upanishads. It is furthermore a doctrine which is of fundamental importance in all later Hindu thought. All the later systems make it their prime business to point the way to human salvation; and one may say in general that their methods are primarily and originally intellectual, or, perhaps better, intuitive. They teach that man shall be saved through the realization of the supreme truth. In their formulations of that truth they differ, of course, among themselves; that is the reason for the plurality of systems. But they usually state, or at least imply, the omnipotence of knowledge; and conversely they usually emphasize the fact that ignorance (*avidyā*) is the root of evil. Characteristic of them all is the Buddhist formula, which says that ignorance is the cause of desire; desire leads to action; and action must have its fruit, as we have seen, in continued existence, all of which is evil.

[27] 15.6.
[28] Mundaka Upanishad, 3.2.9; Kaushītaki Upanishad, 1.4.

Even *good* deeds are still deeds, and must have their fruit, according to the doctrine of "karma." And to attain the *summum bonum* man must get rid of all deeds, of all karma. Therefore, while most if not all Hindu systems teach a practical morality, they also teach that no degree of morality, however perfect, can lead to final salvation. In this, too, they are anticipated by the Upanishads. The perfect soul is "beyond good and evil." [29] Neither good nor evil can effect him. At times the Upanishads seem even to say or imply that when a man has attained enlightenment, he can do what he likes without fear of results. This somewhat dangerous doctrine is, however, not typical, and is probably to be regarded only as a strained and exaggerated expression of the idea that the truly enlightened soul cannot, in the very nature of things, do an evil deed. If he could, he would not be truly enlightened; for "he who has not ceased from evil conduct cannot attain Him (the Atman) by intelligence." [30] This is similar to the Socratic notion that the truly wise man must inevitably be virtuous. The difference is that the Upanishads regard even virtue, as well as vice, as transcended by perfect knowledge; the possessor thereof passes beyond both, and rises to a plane on which moral concepts simply have no meaning. Morality applies only in the world of karma, the world of ordinary empiric existence, which the enlightened man has left behind him. In the final state of the perfected man, as we have seen, there can be, strictly speaking, no action; so how can there be either moral or immoral action? The attitude of the Upanishads, and following them of most later Hindu systems, is then that morality has only a negative importance, and in the last analysis none whatever, in man's struggle for salvation. Immorality is a sign of imperfection; it can only be due to the prevalence in the soul of ignorance, causing desire, leading to action and rebirth. It must be got rid of. But it will fall away of itself with the attainment of true wisdom. And no amount of good deeds will bring that wisdom which alone can lead to release. Good deeds result in less unhappy existences, but that is all; salvation is release from all empiric existence. This does not prevent the teaching of a system of practical ethics, for the guidance of those who have not yet attained enlightenment. In actual practice, most Hindu sects inculcate very lofty moral principles; and many of them devote much attention thereto. But theoretically, at least, such things do not concern their fundamental aims.

[29] Kaushītaki Upanishad, 1.4; compare Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, 4.3'22, etc.

Yet at times morality is spoken of as if it had a positive, if only qualified, value in preparing the soul for the reception of enlightenment. The fact is that the strictly intellectual or intuitional position is hard for the ordinary man to master. He needs the encouragement of more concrete aims, or helps toward the final aim. Many of the later sects recognize this, either implicitly or explicitly, and so do not hold strictly to the position that "knowledge," that is, immediate perception of the metaphysical truth, is the sole and exclusive means of salvation. Even the Upanishads do not quite do this, though they come closer to it than many later systems. Despite the popular and even primitive background of their intellectualism, its relation to the old idea of the magic power of knowledge, the speculation of the Upanishads in its highest forms reached a point which must have placed it out of touch with the mentality of most of the people. "Knowledge" of the abstract truth about the Soul proves a very different matter from "knowledge" of the things which are the ordinary aims of magic, when the human mind tries to grasp it. Any man can "know" the "name" of his enemy, or of the disease which afflicts him, and by that "knowledge" can seek to cast a spell over them. But only a rare thinker can "know" the absolute metaphysical Truth, so that it is an ever-present illumination of his whole being,[31] and this is what he must do in order to have the true "knowledge" that brings control of his own soul, of his destiny—the "knowledge" that means salvation. For ordinary human nature, there is needed a process of education, of discipline, which shall lead up to this enlightenment. Various sects make use of morality in this way, as a preliminary help. It purifies the soul and prepares it for enlightenment. Many Upanishad passages imply such a position, at least by saying that the wicked cannot hope for true knowledge—even though other passages speak of knowledge as a sort of magic power by which one "sloughs off sin, as a snake sloughs off its skin." [32]

There are other preliminary steps or practices which various sects regard as useful in preparing the soul for the reception of the enlightenment which will finally bring release. And in some of the later Hindu sects these preliminary steps become so prominent that they obscure, or almost obliterate, what was originally the true goal —the attainment of metaphysical knowledge. Of these avenues of

[30] Katha Upanishad, 2.24.

[31] "By a rare chance may a man see It (the Soul) ; by a rare chance likewise may another declare It; and by a rare chance may another hear It. But even when he has heard It, no one whatsoever knows It." Bhagavad Gītā, 2.29; quoted from Katha Upanishad, 2.7.

[32] Prashna Upanishad, 5.5.

approach to knowledge, which however occasionally lead off into seductive bypaths, the chief, in addition to righteous conduct, are two. One is devotion to the personality of some god or prophet, who is regarded as a kind of personal savior or helper on the way to salvation. The other is the practice of asceticism in some form or other, regarded as an approach to a state of inaction (and so to the ideal, since all actions lead to rebirth), and also as helping to prepare for enlightenment by freeing the individual from attachment to the world, by gradually conquering the natural desires of the flesh.

The first of these two secondary methods, as we may call them, plays a very small rôle in the older Upanishads. The Upanishads recognize no prophet who could occupy the place which the Buddha holds for his followers as a personal Savior, quite analogous to the places of Jesus and Mohammed in Christianity and Islam. And most of them, particularly the earliest, do not think of the One—Brahman, or Atman, or the Existent, or whatever they call It—in sufficiently personal terms to make it easy to think of It as exercising grace in saving men, or as the object of any very personal devotion on the part of men. But for the Bhagavad Gītā, which is frankly monotheistic,[33] the case is very different; and we shall find that in it the "grace of God" is repeatedly spoken of as singling out His elect and bringing them to salvation by His divine choice. And no means for attaining salvation is more emphasized in the Gītā than *bhakti*, "devotion" to God, or fervent love of Him. Originally, no doubt, this devotion was to lead to knowledge, intellectual enlightenment, and so to release. But the intermeditae step is often lost sight of in the Gītā and in similar later works; they not infrequently think of ecstatic love of God as leading immediately to absorption in Him, which is their conception of salvation. It is interesting to note, then, that even this position, contrary though it is to the usual spirit of the Upanishads, finds expression in them, and precisely in two of them which were pretty certainly known to the author of the Gītā. One speaks of enlightenment as coming "by the grace of God," and recommends "devotion" (*bhakti*) to Him as a means for attaining it.[34] The other speaks of "beholding the greatness of the Soul

[33] This is certainly a reasonable statement in dealing with a work in which the principal speaker is represented as an incarnation of the Supreme Deity; although there are not wanting in the Gītā, as we shall see in Chapter VI, passages in which the First Principle seems to be spoken of in impersonal, monistic terms.

[34] Shvetāshvatara Upanishad, 6.21, 23. This is a comparatively late Upanishad, probably not much older than the Gītā; there are various good reasons for believing that it was known to the Gītā's author.

(*ātman*) by the grace of the Creator (*dhātar*)," [35] and shortly after this the same text, not even using the term "Creator" or "God," or any other personal expression for the Supreme, says that "this Soul (*ātman*; here the Universal Soul) is not to be attained by instruction, by intellect, or by much holy learning; He is to be attained only by him whom He chooses; for him He reveals His own form." [36]

The other "secondary method" of gaining enlightenment, the method of withdrawal from the world by some form of asceticism, is more complicated in its history. In the oldest periods of Vedic speculation we hear much of a concept called *tapas*. Already in the great monistic hymn of the Rig Veda, 10.129, the One is produced out of the primal chaos by the power of *tapas*. The word means literally "heat," and in cosmogonic connections it undoubtedly suggests the creative warmth that is symbolized by the brooding of a bird over its eggs. The idea of the development of the universe out of a cosmic egg appears not infrequently in early Hindu cosmogonies, and with it is clearly associated the idea of *tapas*, warmth, as a force of cosmic evolution. But in religious language the same word had the figurative meaning of "religious, devotional fervor." It is the inspiration of the priest or holy man. It was thus nearly related to the concept of *brahman*, the holy word as the quintessence of religious spirit. It is possible that it had a partly physical connotation in this sense, too; the religious fervor probably was sometimes brought on or increased by physical exertion; and even the sacrificial ritual itself, being performed over the sacred fire, resulted in literal, physical "heat" for the officiating priests (the texts refer to this specifically). For these various reasons the power of *tapas*, "warmth" or "fervor," is prominently mentioned in early Vedic cosmogonies as a cosmic force. Sometimes it is made a sort of First Principle itself. More often the Creator is spoken of as "exercising *tapas*" in creating the universe.

But about the time of the early Upanishads the word *tapas* began to acquire a new connotation. From this period seems to date the development in India of a recognized class of hermits or monks, men who renounced the world and lived a life devoted to meditation or some form of asceticism. The prominence of such people in later India is well known. They do not appear clearly in the early Vedic texts; and their appearance in large numbers is certainly related to the growth of world-weariness among the Hindu intellectuals,

[35] Katha Upanishad, 2.20. The Gītā has several verbal quotations from this Upanishad.

[36] *Ibid.*, 2.23.

which accompanied and signalized the general views of life outlined in this chapter. If all ordinary life is vanity and vexation of spirit, and the only hope of salvation lies in knowledge of the Soul, which is to be attained through mystic contemplation, naturally the intelligent man will be inclined to turn his back on the world and devote himself to a more or less hermit-like existence. There are, moreover, very special reasons for asceticism. Actions lead to rebirth; so inaction, or the nearest possible approach to it, withdrawal from the world, is desirable. Furthermore, as we have seen, desires are the root of evil, because they enchain man to the things of this life, and distract his attention from his true goal. He must, therefore, seek to overcome his desires. One way of doing this is to avoid the objects of desire as much as possible, by living a solitary life, preferably in the wilderness. Another way is by positive acts of self-repression, even self-torture, to "modify the flesh" and reduce it to subjection. Another is by means of self-hypnosis to induce a state of trance, or half-trance, in which one may attain nearly complete, if only temporary, freedom from the distractions of the world, and a sort of approach to the "unconscious consciousness" of union with the One. All of these varying forms of ascetic austerities have been more or less practised by many Hindu sects, sometimes in very extreme forms. They are all included under the concept of *tapas*, "heat, fervor," as it is used in the Upanishads and later. As so used the word contains both a physical and a spiritual connotation. Physical, in that many ascetics engaged in often very strenuous exertions, or deliberately subjected themselves to the heat of the sun and of fire, to subdue their physical passions. Spiritual, in that their theoretical aim, at least, was always to produce the desired religious fervor or ecstasy through which they hoped to gain enlightenment. In theory, all such practices were only a means, the end being enlightenment. They prepared the soul for this end by subduing desires and inducing a spiritual attitude favorable to the reception of enlightenment. But in this case, too, as in the case of the theory of divine grace and devotion to the Deity, the means became the end in some later sects, which came to think of salvation as resulting directly from asceticism, not from enlightenment brought on by asceticism. There are sects which teach that salvation is sure to come to one who starves himself to death—the *ne plus ultra* of ascetic practice. This extreme, however, is exceptional.[37]

[37] In the popular mind ascetic practices came to be regarded as a means of acquiring all sorts of supernatural or magic powers; just as knowledge (the acquisition of which was the theoretical object of ascetic practices) was con-

We see, then, that the word *tapas*, "fervor," had both a physical and a spiritual aspect in both the early Vedic speculations and their later successors, but that there was a change in the connotation on each side. The Upanishads took up the early concept of "fervor" or "warmth" and reinterpreted it in terms of their own ideas. Common to both periods is the use of the primarily physical concept to characterize a certain type of religious life, though a different type in each period. The early use of the concept in cosmogonic connections may also be presumed to have contributed to the use of it in the Upanishads as a tentative definition of the First Principle, or a means of knowing it. ("Seek to know the *brahman* by fervor [austerity, *tapas*]; *brahman* is fervor [austerity]!"[38] Not a few Upanishad passages speak of attaining the *ātman* through *tapas*, either alone or in conjunction with other potencies. For them, however, it remains a subordinate concept, on the whole. The sentence just quoted is not at all typical of their general attitude. In this respect the Bhagvad Gītā agrees with them. Indeed, the usual attitude of the Gītā is definitely opposed to asceticism; it seeks to justify participation in normal, worldly life, though with qualification. Only rarely does it speak in terms which seem to recommend withdrawal from the world.[39]

To summarize this chapter: the Upanishads show us the beginnings of the fundamental principles of later, classical Hinduism. These may be grouped under three general headings. First, pessimism: all ordinary life is evil. Second, transmigration, with the doctrine of karma: living souls are subject to an indefinite series of lives, all more or less like this life, the condition of the individual in each being determined by his moral conduct in previous existences. Third, salvation: the only hope for release from this endless chain of evil existences is (primarily) by "knowledge," that is, intuitive realization of the supreme metaphysical truth; as preparations or aids to the attainment of this knowledge are recognized morality, devotion to a supreme personality, and ascetic austerities, although all of these are usually kept in a quite subordinate position in the Upanishads. In various later sects one or another of them at times assumes such importance as to obscure the original means of salvation, "knowledge." Except in this last respect, virtually all Hindu sects and philosophies agree regarding these basic postulates, however much they may differ on other matters.

ceived by the vulgar in terms of magic power. Some of the later systems of philosophy which attach great importance to austerities are not free from this degradation of the idea.

[38] Taittirīya Upanishad, 3.2ff.

[39] See Chapter VII.

THE ENIGMA OF SCIENCE

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ALTHOUGH the enigma of science has been a stumbling-block for thinkers in all ages, no attempt at an exhaustive study of the subject was undertaken until as late as the eighteenth century, when, after twelve years of research, Immanuel Kant brought forth his memorable *Critique of Pure Reason.* He introduces the enigma to us in the opening sentences of the preface to the first edition of that work, thus:

"Human reason, in one sphere of its cognition, is called upon to consider questions which it can not decline, as they are presented by its own nature, but which it can not answer, as they transcend every faculty of the mind.

"It falls into this difficulty without any fault of its own. It begins with principles, which can not be dispensed with in the field of experience, and the truth and sufficiency of which are, at the same time, insured by experience. With these principles it rises, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, to ever higher and more remote conditions. But it quickly discovers that, in this way, its labors must remain ever incomplete, because new questions never cease to present themselves; and thus it finds itself compelled to have recourse to principles which transcend the region of experience, while they are regarded by common sense without distrust. It thus falls into confusion and contradictions, from which it conjectures the presence of latent errors, which, however, it is unable to discover, because the principles it employs, transcending the limits of experience, can not be tested by that criterion. The arena of these endless contests is called metaphysics."

Here we have what is perhaps the most searching indictment against human intelligence that has been issued. It excludes the possibility of an understanding being reached concerning certain phenomena. The limitations of man's intelligence was however not a discovery of Kant's,—he simply wrote up the indictment in a manner sufficiently formal to meet the demands of science and philosophy; but throughout literature, ancient and modern, we find the difficulty sensed. It was the consciousness of this limitation of the

intellect which stirred the heart of Bildad the Shuhite to remind his perplexed and tortured friend Job that "we are but of yesterday, and know nothing." The Psalmist, contemplating in awe the super-intelligence of his Creator, could not help but exclaim, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it." With perhaps less feeling the cold intellect of Plato came to admit that "the learning and knowledge that we have is at the most but little compared with that of which we are ignorant." The doubting Thomas, in his child-like simplicity, could not but confess, as he laid the stupendous problem at the feet of his Master, "Lord, we know not whither thou goeth; how know we the way?" (while to that question Jesus furnished an answer that has remained unchallenged even until this day). On the plains of Naishapur the scientist-poet Omar the Tent-maker reminiscently sang:

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about: but evermore
> Came out by the same door where in I went.
>
> "With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
> And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow:
> And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
> 'I came like Water, and like Wind I go'."

While a little later that other poet Dante as, in his fancy, he trod the mountain-paths of Purgatory is cautioned by his guide Virgil:

> "Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind;
> Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been
> For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye
> Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly;
> To whose desires, repose would have been given,
> That now but serve them for eternal grief.
> I speak of Plato, and the Stagirite,
> And others many more."

We all remember "Doctor Faust," how Goethe introduces him to us, learned as he is, thus:

> "And here I am at last, a very fool,
> With useless learning curst,
> No wiser than at first!"

Prior despondently sums it up, "Human science is uncertain guess";

and Lord Greville, "Human knowledge is the parent of doubt"; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Science is the topography of ignorance"; and Byron, with a sneer, "Science is but an exchange of ignorance for that which is another kind of ignorance"; and Shakespeare, not mincing words, impatiently dismisses it all with the exclamation, "O this learning, what a thing it is!"

Returning to writers of scientific or philosophic bent who have discussed the subject in a formal manner, we find explicit statements made by Henri Poincaré and by George Henry Lewis. The former writes: "No particular law will ever be more than approximate and probable. Scientists have never failed to recognize this truth; only they believe, right or wrong, that every law may be replaced by another closer and more probable, that this new law will itself be only provisional, but that the same movement can continue indefinitely, so that science in progressing will possess laws more and more probable. . . . Every law is only a statement, imperfect and provisional, but it must one day be replaced by another, a superior law, of which it is only a crude image." The statement from Mr. Lewis is as follows: "Nothing is more clearly demonstrable than that what is called exact science is also a purely ideal construction, dealing primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities. . . . A traditional perversion makes the essence of a thing to consist in the relations of that thing to something unknown, unknowable, rather than its relations to a known or knowable—i. e., assumes that the thing can not be what it is to us and other known things; but must be something 'in itself,' unrelated, or having quite other relations to other unknowable things."

Notwithstanding these warnings, the allurements of science, with its admittedly vast strides in the advancement of knowledge, seem to be so entrancing that we find its devotees making bold to occupy that stage in the arena of metaphysics forbidden by Kant, though not indeed without rushing pell-mell into that very "confusion and contradictions" about which he issued the warning. Thus Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam, in a letter to the editor of *The Century Magazine*, published in the February, 1923, number of that periodical, regards the onslaughts of present-day science in the field of the philosopher somewhat with dismay and trembling. Indeed, civilization itself, in his opinion, is in danger of disintegration at the hands of philosophy when consideration is given, as must needs be, to the discoveries of modern science. A formidable "generation of philosophers has arisen," he says, "schooled in psychology, biology, chemistry, and

physics." With the breaking down of "barrier after barrier of the unknown . . . under the onslaughts of critical observation and experience," one professor of philosophy seems now to be imbued with the obligation of teaching his students "that 'man is a mere cosmic accident,' the most interesting and the most self-interested accident which has yet happened to matter, but nevertheless an accident; that 'immortality is a sheer illusion,' and that 'there is practically no evidence for the existence of God'." Another professor of philosophy, according to Mr. Wiggam, considers himself bound to caution his students, "many of them labor leaders and intellectuals of the most earnest type, that 'religion is a mere defense mechanism' which man has built up subjectively, a 'compensatory fiction for his inner feeling of inferiority,' 'a device for importing symbols into the world of fact,' all with a view not of finding reality, but of keeping up his courage with a 'picture of a universe run in his private interest,' 'a universe as he would like to have it'." Another professor of philosophy seems constrained to announce that 'freedom of the will has been knocked into a cocked hat,' and that such things as the 'soul' and 'consciousness' are mere mistakes of the older psychology." Mr. Wiggam expresses the opinion that "a majority of all biologists, psychologists, physicists, and chemists are thoroughgoing mechanists, and that mechanism as a world view is growing." Now the danger to civilization is this, in Mr. Wiggam's opinion: "What is the man-on-the-street going to do when he wakes up to what they [the philosophers] at least believe are the facts?" The philosophers themselves, according to Mr. Wiggam, are not inappreciative of the situation, and answer the question "candidly that they do not know. They express only hopes, suggestions, and despairs." "The highest intellectual triumphs of man," Mr. Wiggam fears, "have failed to furnish him [the man-on-the-street] with any sound or satisfying reason for living at all."

Briefly, Mr. Wiggam's estimate seems to be, that philosophy is a menace to civilization, and that the advance of science is at the root of the evil. What a condemnation! And, according to Mr. Wiggam, philosophers themselves are conscious of the justness of the condemnation, but clear their skirts on the ground that they are helpless in the case.

Now that Mr. Wiggam is thoroughly justified in his apprehensions, can not be denied. The condition he cites is patent. What we do deny is, that the philosophers of today are justified in attempting to adapt scientific discoveries to metaphysical problems. We

deny that they are helpless properly to interpret metaphysical problems in the light of recent scientific progress. We contend that if they do not know what to do under the onslaughts of science, they should know. We charge them with professional negligence in disregarding the caution of that great teacher of philosophers Immanuel Kant. We charge them with forgetfulness, in their zeal to babble and ostensibly at least to keep up with the procession of scientific progress, of the warning issued by Kant, namely, that "the principles it [human reason in the sphere of metaphysics] employs, transcending the limits of experience, can not be tested by that criterion [experience]." The criterion of scientific truth is, above all things, the test of experience. Therefore, science as an intellectual mentor has no part whatsoever to play in the solution of metaphysical problems. Its rôle is that of "hands off." And we accuse these professors who seek to mix science with their metaphysics of an utter disregard of the enigma to which science must lead if it is induced to attempt to spill over and trench upon a field in which its feet were never made to tread.

Hand in hand with the philosophers, the scientists themselves are to blame; but to err is human; and they fall into their mistakes in this respect, in a most natural fashion. The problems of metaphysics, like our normal appetite, are with us always in the healthy state of the mind. They cry for a solution. Who therefore can withhold the bread? And when an attractive crumb is presented, it is most natural to taste.

In diagnosing this confusion into which human reason falls, even as Mr. Wiggam has pointed out, Kant found it guilty of employing "principles which transcend the region of experience." To prescribe a treatment of the malady, naturally we must probe to find out the nature of these experience-transcending principles; and a journey into Kant's *Critique* is the first indication. Without attempting here to tread that labyrinthian maze, we will content ourselves with a few bold flank attacks, and, daringly plunging into the vitals of the *Critique*, snatch up what appear to be the most promising jewels, and forthwith retreat. What have we? It is this: that everything we know is known only as existing in time and space and as having quantity attributes, quality, a relationship to something else, and as having a necessary and certain existence. Another startling disclosure of Kant's is this: that the contradictory ideas that the total of things had a beginning in time and is also limited in space, and that the total of things had no beginning in time and has no

limits in space, are both tenable; that the contradictory ideas that everything consists of simple parts and that there is nothing that is not composed of parts, and that nothing consists of simple parts and that there is no simple substance, are likewise both tenable; that the contradictory ideas that a causality of freedom is necessary to account for phenomena, and that there is no such thing as absolute freedom, are also both tenable; and finally, that the contradictory ideas that there is an absolutely necessary being as the cause of all things, and no absolutely necessary being exists as the cause of all things, are similarly both tenable. These four sets of contradictory ideas Kant styled the "antinomies of pure reason."

Well, here at least we have some subjects for our debating societies. As to what this all means, we will offer no suggestions. The confusion and contradictions which Kant has pointed out are however matters that can not be frivolously dismissed. He has at least given us food for thought; and to attempt to prove that he is in error in his contentions is a job which we will gladly relinquish to any who are desirous of tackling it.

Perchance Mr. Lewis has diagnosed the cause of this philosophical thorn-in-the-flesh in a more easily understandable fashion. He considers that the malady is all due to the fact that what is called exact science deals "primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities." We therefore simply want to ask here if these things which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers are talking about are not after all mere "abstractions" and not in any sense of the word such "concrete realities" as are applicable to treatment by scientific methods, and wholly without the range of practical scientific inquiry and hopelessly uninvulsive in that range.

Examining, then, the fears of Mr. Wiggam's philosophers in the light of the conclusions reached by Kant and by Lewis, what do we find?

In the first place, what after all has science to do with man? It can gain and record experiences with this man or that man or with ten thousand particular men with regard to their physical and mental phenomena; and it can suggest the probable physical and mental makeup of certain men who probably lived 50,000 years ago as represented by their fossil remains; and it can suggest the probable physical and mental makeup of animals now extinct but whose fossil remains indicate the one-time existence of a creature resembling both present-day men and present-day apes; and similarly it can suggest the probable appearance of the "ancestors" of apes, and in

turn their "ancestors," and so on down the line. The thing man, however, is not this man or that man or those men, but is a distinct something abstracted from all men and representative of the attributes of all possible men who now exist or may exist or ever did exist. *Man* is the abstraction; *this man* and *that man* and *those men* are the concrete realities. *Man* is the fiction of the intellect; *that man*, a concrete reality. The former is an idea; the latter are particular things presented to us and available for study, for observation, for experience with. Surely no scientist can hope to solve the problems presented by imagination, the abstract thing, by methods of study applicable only to concrete realities. If he should so endeavor, he must needs relinquish scientific methods for metaphysical methods. Man is I and you and an unthinkable number of other I's and you's all lumped together and thrown by the imagination into a single abstracted thing. The statement therefore that "man is a cosmic accident" is a guess, a possibility, a fiction, a fancy, wholly without scientific justification. An idea of similar import to be stated as a scientific truth must be in the form "all men have been found to be cosmic accidents," which is preposterous. The "descent" of "man," therefore, in Darwin's book so entitled, is no less a myth than the "creation" of "man" in the Pentateuch; the writers of both books were biologists; but the facilities for observation possessed by Darwin were infinitely greater than those of his ancient predecessor, and as a result his book contains voluminous facts of extraordinary interest.

Further, what has science to do with the cosmos or with accidents? Both of these ideas are abstractions and not concrete realities. It is indeed possible to fancy, as Mr. Wiggam's philosophers seem to do, that there is such a thing as a cosmos, and that in the course of helpless events in this cosmos the existence of men has come about, but to stamp such a fancy with scientific approval is, to say the least, to make a travesty of the name of science. I have yet to see the scientist who has convinced me that I am "a mere cosmic accident," for the reasons that I fail to find in science a solution of the problem of myself and also a concrete representation of a thing that can be called a cosmos and also even any attempt at explaining just what an accident is. Kant once and for all eliminated the ideas of accident and necessity from the sphere of common sense, in his fourth antinomy, which we have above paraphrased for our readers in the brief sentence, "The contradictory ideas that there is an absolutely necessary being as the cause of all things, and no absolutely necessary being exists as the cause of all things, are both tenable."

As a matter of fact, is not an "accident" after all a veritable nightmare to the scientist? Does not his supreme glory lie in unraveling the mysterious "cause"? And to find him attempting to solve the testy problem by taking refuge under the skirts of "mere accident" is like finding a heartsick lover seeking to convince his saddened breast that the forbidden flame of his soul is after all nothing else than a bunch of "sour grapes." If man is a "cosmic accident," we confess we do not know what it means, notwithstanding the inference the statement clearly bears, that men are not the creations of a Divine Being, a negation so far beyond the scope of scientific research that it is disheartening to mention the two in the same breath.

Similarly with the other problems with which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers are concerned, it is observed that these problems deal with abstractions and not with concrete realities, amenable to scientific research. For what, after all, has science to do with immortality? Far from its being a concrete reality, we know it is only a belief. Its proof is not within the scope of science or philosophy, nor its disproof. And that it is a belief and that a philosopher may express his belief that as such it is a "sheer illusion," is but one of the many evidences that freedom of the will has not by any means "been knocked into a cocked hat," as Mr. Wiggam's philosophers aver. What man is not free to believe as he will? and the more you try to influence his belief the greater does the mystery deepen and the farther removed is even the semblance of a possible reality. An abstraction is necessarily the creation of a free will, and in this respect differs from its antithesis the concrete reality, which is of necessity given to us already made.

We protest therefore against unwarranted meanings being given to the discoveries of science when problems are involved which the scientific method can not solve and is not supposed to solve. There is no more justification for asserting that immortality is a sheer illusion because scientific evidence of immortality is not available, than there is for asserting that the spots on the sun are sheer illusions because they are not visible to the naked eye. Moreover, Kant claims that a belief in immortality is a necessity and can not be avoided any more than a belief in one's ability to get up and walk; that the ability exists, it takes an experiment to prove, provided the problem is experimentable.

As for consciousness being a mistake of the older psychology, we know it is the *sine qua non* of all intellectual activity, whether that of the scientist, the philosopher, or the man-on-the-street. It is a

concrete reality as much as a block of stone is, and accordingly is not an abstraction. It is given to us already made. It is the all-important reality of the new psychology. To deny its existence is as unbelievably possible as to deny the existence of the page before one's eyes. To deny its existence even on the ground that it can not be apprehended through sense perception is to accord to sense perception a station of infallibility which physiology is well aware it does not possess; and if this is the doctrine of the new psychology we recommend that the new psychology devote a time to the study of physiology. Sense perception itself, be it remembered, instrument *par excellence* as it is of all scientific investigation, is in itself but a state of consciousness, the existence of which the new philosophy seeks to deny.

Thus having shown that the problems with which the new philosophy concerns itself are problems of abstract ideas, we wish to go a step farther and show, as Mr. Lewes has pointed out, that "what is called exact science" itself "is also a purely ideal construction, dealing primarily with abstractions, and not with concrete realities." The iron dust in the chemist's test-tube is a concrete reality. Obviously, however, exact science can get nowhere with test-tubes of iron dust or any other chemical alone; but out of these concrete realities represented by dust or other forms of the mineral, it creates the abstract idea of iron, an element. Iron is not this particular test-tube of iron dust, nor that chunk of mineral in the mine, but it is a symbol representative of the fictioned essential character of all iron-dust in all test tubes, all chunks of the mineral in all mines, and all other existences of the same thing in this earth, in the sun, in the stars, and in the beyond-the-stars—whatever that may be. In other words, for convenience sake we give it a name, and that name is "an element." Now it is in these scientifically necessary abstractions that science encounters its enigma. For after all, it goes on to tell us, there is no such thing as an element, as such; what is regarded as an element is an aggregation of atoms. And it goes on further to show that, after all, there are no such things as atoms, as such; what are regarded as atoms are aggregations of electrons and protons. Further, there are, after all, no such things as electrons and protons, as such; what are regarded as electrons are "elementary corpuscles of negative electricity" and what are regarded as protons are "elementary corpuscles of positive electricity." We naturally ask it to proceed farther and tell us what "corpuscles" are and what "electricity" is. One physicist has indeed attempted in part to do so, and offers the

suggestion that "electricity is the only known constituent of the ponderable matter of which our universe is composed." We rather think, however, that we are getting farther and farther away from "concrete realities" with this scientific method of procedure the longer we indulge in it. Indeed, if we were disposed to do so we could proceed with this scientific game of definitions all night long, and all the following day, and indeed until our brains grow weary and give up in despair. Now are we not, after all, only concretely illustrating the contention that Kant made two centuries ago, when he said, as we have quoted in opening this discussion, that "it [human reason] quickly discovers that, in this way, its labors must remain ever incomplete, because new questions never cease to present themselves"? And are we not also simply concretely illustrating the contention that Mr. Lewes made, when he said, "A traditional perversion makes the essence of a thing to consist in the relations of that thing to something unknown, unknowable, rather than its relations to a known or knowable—i. e., assumes that the thing can not be what it is to us and other things; but must be something 'in itself,' unrelated, or having quite other relations to other unknowable things"?

A similar confusion is apparent when the scientist attempts to deal with the abstractions time and space—ideas so enigmatic when a study of them is attempted but yet so basically essential and unconsciously employed in every moment of the conscious life. Kant considers them necessary forms of knowledge and not arising out of experience. In the struggle of mathematics with time and space, we find that science returns the abstractions to the psychologist for their final solution. The situation is summed up by Professor Minkowski as follows: "Time by itself and space by itself are mere shadows; they are only two aspects of a single and indivisible manner of coordinating the facts of the physical world." It is indeed difficult for a layman to understand how these two ideas which constitute the basis of all mathematical expressions of measurement with regard to concrete realities, can be mere shadows when each is considered alone, and can be wholly disregarded and in their place a single method of coordination used commonly known as the fourth dimension. Be it even so, it still remains that a manner of coordinating facts, whether naively through distinct ideas of time and space, or mathematically through a single idea of a fourth dimension, is a psychological phenomenon, an act of measuring. Now what is the mathematician's act of measuring? It is the expression of one

concrete reality in terms of another concrete reality that is eternally fixed, uniform, invariable. The nearest observed approach to an eternally fixed, uniform, invariable concrete reality is the velocity of light in a vacuum, and which indeed physics has thus far found seemingly to be independent even of the velocity of its source. Here now enter the contradictory ideas of Kant's third illustration of contradictory ideas, namely that nothing is eternally fixed in nature and that everything in nature is regulated by a cause. In other words, what basis have we for postulating that the velocity of light in a vacuum is eternally fixed, other than the results of our own observation.

We are inclined to believe that, on account of the extremely modest claims he makes for it, Professor Einstein, the champion exponent of this most recent mathematics, senses this very difficulty. Notwithstanding, many of his disciples appear to think that in this mathematics a "finality" has been reached, a sort of first and last truth beyond which no further progress can be made nor indeed is necessary to be made, it is reassuring to note the reserved manner in which he himself regards it. In the first place, he is careful to make it plain that his mathematics is based upon a "theory"—the theory of relativity. This theory, he says, is in turn based on "principles," and principles he defines as "empirically observed general properties of phenomena." Nothing is found to indicate that he considers his theory "final"; on the contrary, he says, "The great attraction of the theory is its logical consistency. If any deductions from it should prove untenable it must be given up." That the constancy of the velocity of light in a vacuum is an *observed* property of light is one thing; but that this property of light is a *necessary property* and thus a concrete reality, is not within the province of science to state. Thus it is that science begins and ends with observation; and the thing observed is as mysterious as ever. Euclid's geometry and Newton's law of gravitation remained "observed facts of the physical world" until it was shown that the "observations" of these great masters were not complete. And is not that the fate of all observation?

In view then of the existence of the enigma of science, what estimate shall we place upon that "mechanistic" view of the "universe" and of "man" which Mr. Wiggam's philosophers so devoutly preach? Can the philosophic view of these abstrcations be any more trustworthy than the scientific view of them? and the scientific view, as we have seen, can be nothing more than belief. Is not the situation

the same as that sensed by Professor Huxley when, referring to the misconstruction of Darwin's doctrine of "evolution" at the hands of the scientists of his day, he said, "Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed"? The fact is, Mr. Wiggam's philosophers have allowed themselves to be carried away by a dogmatism as repre-sensible as that of any religious intolerant. They have entrenched themselves behind the banner of "mechanism" with no less zeal than the howling dervish has planted himself behind the banner of Mohammedism. They have replaced *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason with a Bid for Scientific Dogmas.* If we had Cowper with us we believe he would arise and repeat his simple lines:

> "Learning itself, received into a mind
> By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
> Serves but to lead philosophers astray
> Where children would with ease discern the way."

But what is the answer? We have encountered an enigma,—what is its solution? To use the slang of the poor "man-on-the-street," Where is *he* to "get off at"? When the doctors disagree, what is the patient to do? The answer is not hard to find. It has time and again been pointed out by the deepest students of the enigma of science. The late Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, after an exhaustive study of the subject, reached the conclusion that "any attempt to treat the truths of the religious experience of humanity by the method of philosophy can only terminate in a still imperfect condition of knowledge." The answer is, to divorce science and religion. In the words of W. H. Mallock, "If religion, then, in the face of modern knowledge, is ever to be re-established on a firm intellectual basis, this result must be brought about by a recognition of the intellectual truth that the existence of nothing in its totality can ever be grasped by the intellect." Nor do we turn in vain for an answer to Kant—to him who first uncovered the enigma for us in all its uncouth boldness. There is as certain an answer in his *Critique of Practical Reason* as is the enigma presented in his *Critique of Pure Reason.* As with Lord Bacon centuries before, Kant found the answer in religion. We know what Bacon said—"It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." If therefore a comparison is in order between Mr. Wiggam's philosophers on the one hand and Bacon and Kant, on the other, the conclusion is reached that the former have not yet attained the requisite depth in their

chosen branch of learning. The statement of Mr. Wiggam's philosophers that religion is a "defense mechanism," a "device for importing symbols into the world of fact," may be true; the truth they have not, however, learned is, that the "man-on-the-street" is sorely in need of a defense mechanism, and that his only defense mechanism is religion. And indeed, is science itself anything else than a "device for importing symbols into the world of fact," the world of experience? Facts and experience are used by the dog and the horse; the "symbols" are man's and science's. Moreover, the adequacy of this defense was attested to by the Hindoo Shoshee Chander Dutt when he wrote not long ago, "The universe is all illusion. One can not attain to God through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. He is only reached by him who says, 'He is'." The success of the defense was found by Job, perhaps at the dawn of written history, when, borne high above his despair on the staunch wings of hope, he could silence the skepticism of Bildad with the victorious assertion, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And it was established once and for all when the seed of a lasting civilization was sown 1,893 years ago by Jesus of Nazareth.

Prof. Rudolph Eucken says: "Science brings forth an energetic clarification and consolidation, an ascent of man to a world consciousness and to a life which proceeds from the expansion and truth of things; but science is not able to become the sole mistress without endangering through its merely intellectual culture an excessive self-consciousness of the work of thought, and turning the tasks of life into problems of knowledge, and finally injuring the development of an independent inwardness as well as of the fresh apprehension of the immediate movement. A manly strength and a consolidation of character which the whole being needs originate out of morality." And again: "In the average of human conditions, religion has always been more of a semblance than of a reality, and what religion has performed on such a plane has been full of contradiction. But in spite of all this, religion remains a mighty power of human life and of the universal movements of mankind. For it has brought forth a new standard which makes inadequate all that previously sufficed; it has shown the evil doings of men and the limits of his valuation of things, and, along with this, it is called to create a cleft in the inmost soul itself. That great turn of religion is the raising up of new demands to the level of the spiritual life and a blotting out of what hitherto satisfied man. Thus we find it most of all in the personality and life-work of Jesus."

Let us say, then, that it is not a matter of scientific study or learning or reading or remembering; it is a matter of forgetting. It is not a mental problem; it is a mental enigma. It is doubt, and at the same time it is the faith of a child. It is not asking the question; it is keeping silent. It is not ritual and dogma; it is unheard prayer. It is hope. It is trust. It is not a complexity; it is simplicity itself. It is not thinking and wondering; it is doing. It is loyalty to one's beliefs. It is a self-forgetting interest in one's fellowmen. It is work lightened with the enigma love.

"God 's in his heaven,—
All 's right with the world!"

IN THE CAMPS OF THE POETS

BY HERMAN JACOBSOHN

A STRANGE form of poetry has arisen. For the past dozen years our newspapers, magazines, and book publishers have been swamped by a form of verse that makes the older generation of poets rub their eyes in amazement.

Nor are the poets the only ones concerned. The public is bewildered, uncertain whether the poetry it reads is the genuine article or a fraud.

This condition has prevailed in European countries for quite a number of years. In America it made its formal appearance with the publication of Edgar Lee Masters', *Spoon River Anthology*; Robert Frost's, *North of Boston*, and above all other things, with the entrance into the arena of Amy Lowell.

This verse form has created among us a three-cornered struggle. At one point are the new poets. At the other the old poets. At the third the compromisers.

The old poets have drawn up a long list of grievances. They have made their cry heard in scores of volumes and hundreds of magazine articles. All that can be given here is the refrain of their plaint. They contend that it has taken the poets of the past thousands of years to perfect measures for all the human emotions, from the bridal song to the funeral dirge. They have worked out meters for every phase of human emotion or thought. The new poets, they contend, have flung all that heritage to the wind and put forth such things as this as poetry:

I am sitting in my room,
I am looking out of the window
At the leaves,
The brown leaves,
They fall,
They flutter,
They drop.
Do you see the leaves fall?
It is night.

The wind is blowing,
Oh, how it blows!
Do you hear it blow?

It must be admitted that this sort of thing will hardly make fit material for a primer for steerage immigrants; yet is this sample far from the worst, we are told by the old poets. They show that it cannot be called verse, since it violates every canon of the art. It cannot be called prose, since it hardly says anything. At its best it is neither flesh, fish, nor good red herring. At its worst it is a crime—a crime against human labor; which might be used to far better advantage in other fields. Its greatest masters occasionally manage to convey an emotion of some sort. But nothing like that conveyed by the old form. Take this as an illustration from Amy Lowell:

Cat,
I am afraid of your poisonous beauty;
I have seen you torturing a mouse.
Yet when you lie purring in my lap
I forget everything but how soft you are
And it is only when I feel your claws open upon my hand
That I remember.

. . . . .

Shall I choke you, Cat,
Or kiss you?
Really I do not know.

This is pretty good writing. But what is it? we are asked. No teacher of rhetoric would find it easy to explain to his classes to what form it belongs.

In short, the young poets are accused of shirking the hard work incident to the dressing up of an idea. We are told that they are trying to find a sort of philosopher's stone to do away with toil. They have ambition to do great things—to write poetry. But they have not the patience that goes with the realization of great ambitions—the patience for steady, long, and superhuman exertion. Their works are mere jottings on paper. The old poets are in the habit of making such jottings to be worked up into real poetry; never for publication. The young ones fling them at us to be consumed raw. But they no more make up a poem than an armful of alfalfa makes up a beefsteak. They are "might-be's."

But the accusation against them for lack of form is really not as significant as the accusation of lack of subject matter. A poor pattern is only a sin against the eye. But poor material, poor and undig-

nified subject matter, is a sin against reason, against the Holy Ghost. It is one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The poet of old sang of things beautiful and true, of God, of love, of war, of immortality; of mighty struggles and fearful combats. He took himself seriously, very seriously. He sang with O'Shaughnessy the famous ode—made it his creed:

> We are the music-makers
> And we are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers
> And sitting by desolate streams;
> World-losers and world-foresakers,
> On whom the pale moon gleams,—
> And yet are we the movers and shakers
> Of the world forever, it seems.
>
> With wonderful deathless ditties
> We build the world's great cities,
> And out of a fabulous story
> We fashion an empire's glory:
> One man with a dream at pleasure
> Shall go forth and conquer a crown
> And another with a new song's measure
> Can trample an empire down.

On the other hand, the new poets, we are told, go down into the gutter for their subject matter. They sing of things that were best left unsung. They tell us of

> . . . the Bowery
> . . . throbbing like a fistula
> Back of her ice-scabbed fronts,
> Where lived faces
> Glimmer in furtive doorways
> Or spill out of the black pockets of alleys.

The majority of the older poets plead their cause patiently. They have not the heart to quarrel with the young folks. Besides, they know that quarreling will do little good. Poets, especially young ones, are a stubborn lot. They are men who follow their own sweet will, no matter whither it leads. More, they cannot be starved into doing what is right. For the poet of today is still treated very much like the ancient bard of whom it has been said, "Seven cities claimed great Homer dead, where the living Homer begged his bread." Society denies them a livelihood, except in such rare instances as that of a Francois Villon who, in addition to his art as a poet, managed to acquire the art of climbing porches. And they cannot be made to

write "what the public wants," since they get no pay from the public.

But there is a class of poets of the old school, especially critics, who are more aggressive. They plainly accuse the young ones of indolence, insolence, lack of brains, and of downright lunacy. We are told that the reason they write the way they do is because they have no sense of human dignity. That they have no disciplined brains. That they have no brains to discipline. That they make a virtue of their faults.

This free verse of theirs frees them from the task of getting an education; from paying the price of knowledge: from going through the long apprenticeship every art imposes upon its creators; and from the toils incident to the whipping of an idea into shape.

So much for their work itself. Its effect upon the other arts is most pernicious, we are told. It has influenced every phase of human activity in the form of a diminution of discipline. It has made itself felt in music, dancing, painting, sculpture, drama. Above all else, in simple prose. Up till a dozen years ago prose demanded a style from an author; an individuality which took a score of years to attain by dint of superhuman toil, concentrated thought, and unusual experience. These things had to be acquired in addition to the God-given gift of articulation. The result was that after you had read a dozen pages by a particular author he need not sign his name any more to his writings, so far as you were concerned. You knew him by his style.

But as a result of the influence of free verse, a prose author must leave his finger prints on his pages if he is to be identified.

A great number of the compromisers do not quarrel with the young poets over their subject matter as over the form. Form is everything in art, they tell us. No matter what you say, so long as you say it well. With them is not so much a question of What as of How. They demand the wave-like swing and the bell-like ring of the good old English poem. A poem need not be sublime. Need not be grand. Need not sing of things in cloudland. The emotion of a simple soldier is enough. The ballad may be of a barrack room or a bar. So long as it is in the tested and tried form.

In conformity with the times, they go to psychology to prove their contention. The form of the old poetry, they tell us, is part of our tradition. Of the civilized white man's culture. A Chinaman's music may sound to us like the antics of a circus caliope. But it is part of his tradition, and he therefore likes it. The same holds good with respect to poetry. We have perfected in the course of the centuries

a particular rhyme and rhythm, which has become part of our inherited tradition. Anything set to that form pleases us. Anything outside that form displeases us. Is not poetry. This, for example, though not treating of things sublime is good poetry:

At last we knew that she was gone, as best and worst may go,
The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast and the slow.
From course to skysail up she soared like a midsummer cloud;
In all the earth I have not seen a thing more brave and proud:
And she is gone, as dreams do, as a song sung long before,
Or of the golden years of a man's youth when they are his no more.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms a little thing I heard,
With heavy heart I turned away and long I spoke no word;
I bared my head there where I stood, "God rest her soul," I said,
As if some woman I had loved in a far land was dead.

They allow the poet even to dabble with things few poets have ever dabbled before. Till now very little of poetry had anything to do with the life of the common man, with particular forms of legislature, with social problems in general. Like chamber music, it was the cultured man's preoccupation. It never had much to do with new inventions, new theories in science, novel conceptions of the relation between man and man. The compromising school finds no fault with such poems as this:

We act in a crisis not as one who dons
A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
With walnut gavel, before high window frame
Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze:

We act in crises not by pros and cons
Of volumes in brown and calfskin, still the same;
But like the birds and the beasts from which we came."

This is obviously new subject matter in the realm of poetry. But, the compromisers assure us, every age and generation have sung their peculiar song—the song characteristic of their life. But so long as the established form is not violated they have no quarrel with the poet. In fact, they show that the generation of, say Robert Burns, brought up on Milton and Shakespeare, must have been shocked out of their frames when they heard the Scot singing:

A fig for those by law protected!
  Liberty's a glorious feast,
Churches for cowards were erected,
  Churches built to please the priest.

Or were told of a batch of jolly beggars who

> Wi' quaffing and laughing
> They ranted and they sang,
> Wi' jumping and thumping
> The vera girdle rang.

In a word, all that is wanted of the free verse writer is that he learn rules of rhyme and rhythm. He may then follow his sweet will.

The young poets contend that both are wrong. That both belong to yesterday. In fact, some of them mirthfully tell us that their antagonists are still voting for Lincoln for President. They are not living in the twentieth century. The first is a medievalist. The second is a Victorian. Both hopeless. This earth of ours, we are told by the free verse spokesmen, has been so shaken in the past ten years that the very foundation of our life is rocking. And free verse is not a cause but an effect.

They insist that the old formulas and artificialities which have captivated past generations and held them in servitude must go. To copy past generations is to try to live their lives. This is impossible. No one's life may be duplicated. And even if it were possible to do so, it would render the duplicator a lifeless thing. The great calamities that have befallen mankind is largely due to the fact that it has tried to follow in the footsteps of this great man or that great man; this great theory or that great theory of life, conduct, and art. Now it was a Tolstoi, a Zola, a Voltaire, a Saint Paul, a Christ, a Moses. With the conclusion of every man's life the form of his life ends. It cannot be put into action again without causing the death, physically, mentally, or spiritually of the man who tries to make use of it. Neither life nor its forms ever repeat themselves.

Take an illustration from a field more at hand. Poe has perfected, or rather helped to perfect, the form of the short story. In his hands it became a form frought with extraordinary possibilities. It has brought into being a literature which had never existed before.

Subsequent generations in America have grasped its wonders and began to follow it. The result is that within half a century after the death of Poe our magazines are filled with a lifeless form of fiction the majority of which, though they fetch checks in three figures, are constantly keeping our intelligent men and women in an apologetic mood with respect to American literature. It is a dead form. It belongs to the museum. Attempts to keep it alive kill those who attempt it. It smells of the grave; and no elexir will ever be

found to bring it back to life. It is Nature's stern law that all things which live must die. Forms of literature are no exception.

There is only one safe touchstone in life and art: The inner voice of Self, unmarred by this theory or that theory. It is true, it often leads to tragedy. But there is a tragic element in Nature, in life, which none may escape. It is the one thing before which we must bend our heads in resignation. The idea that another's inner voice, whether of an age or an individual, is more important than our own reduces itself to an absurdity under the analysis of common sense. In fact, no man really follows. Neither men nor theories. Take even such movements as religion, where the individual who founds it becomes deified and his teachings become definite, concrete. Even there the observer will notice that there are as many forms of the particular religion as there are followers. For no man is capable, no matter how hard he tries, to annihilate himself.

Of the whole vast welter of our day, one definite thing emerges: All values are being re-evaluated. Poetry is only one of them and cannot escape re-evaluation. The young poets assure us that they are as profoundly impressed with the work of the masters as the college professors. But they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that these works speak of a time and of men long since dead. Their forms and their manner of expression are marvelously beautiful, but they do not give utterance to the throbbing life within us; to our needs, our problems, our longings. Imitated by us, these beauties become the beauties of the defunct body in the coffin.

Their primary concern is not this rhythm or that rhythm, but

> . . . the steeled sight,
> The obstinacy of vision that melts the hard edge of things like compressed fire.

And affords them a peep at reality. The vast majority of us live in a world of illusion, which, through the instrumentality of metaphysics, religion, politics, and art has been rendered far more powerful than the real world. The young poets, together with many other artists and thinkers, are laboring to brush away all the cobwebs of illusion. The theory of the metaphysician that this world is too stern and life too stony at the core to be endured without illusion, is challenged by them. Anyway, they want a look at it. If they find life too stony, they will spin illusions. But not before they have tried to see it as it is.

And so we find Edgar Lee Masters not afraid to exclaim:

> There is a joke of cosmic size!
> The urge of nature that made a man
> Evolve from his brain a spiritual life—
>
> The very same brain with which the ape and the wolf
> Get food and shelter and procreate themselves.
> Nature has man do this
> In a world where she gives him nothing to do
> After all . . .
> But get food and shelter and procreate himself.

The young poets insist upon taking in all life. They declare that the renters of the front pew are not the only ones worthy of finding their emotions in song. The great, the all-embracing fact is for one to be alive. Whether he is socially this or that is of little consequence. And so we find Daisy Fraser, the sinning sister of Spoon River, ascending to heaven on the thought that she was

> Never taken before Justice Arnett
> Without contributing ten dollars and cost
> To the school fund of Spoon River.

They insist on singing the song of the new day, no matter what its activities. You find them in the front ranks of the army fighting for social justice; and you find them jibing at some local celebrity.

> I belong to the church
> And to the party of prohibition;
> And the villagers thought I died of eating watermelon.
> The truth is I had cirrhosis of the liver.
> For every noon for thirty years
> I slipped behind the prescription partition
> In Trainor's drug store
> And poured out a generous drink
> From the bottle marked
> "Spiritus frumenti."

They are indifferent to the fact that they are taken for a wicked lot by the professors. They do not mind the stout stick of the critic, nor the condescending smile of the school ma'am. They point to the fact that every new movement is met with threats, derision, and even violence. At the time Shakespeare wrote Hamlet and Lear, the old guards were inweighing against the drama; which is perhaps the most respected form of composition of our day. The Carnegies of Elizabethan England were bequeathing money on libraries on the stipulation that "play-books" be excluded from them.

To the charge of a lack of technique, they reply that their accusers are wrong. The fact that their poetry has none of the tum-ti-tum-tums of the old poetry does not mean it has no form. It has as definite a technique as the rhymed verse has. Only we have not yet gotten used to its rhythm. The laws of the new form have been definitely established upon laboratory experimentation. Amy Lowell, perhaps the greatest of its exponents, tells us: "It is non-syllabic, . . . the stress is one of chief accent only, with many or few syllables between, and the time unit is from one chief accent to another, a group of such time units making up the curve of the cadences."

At first blush it would seem that this is only a quarrel among the poets and need not concern the layman. The truth is that the quarrel reaches much further. All of us are concerned in it. For one thing, the reason the vast majority of mankind do not read poetry is partly due to the fact that it does not concern them. Homer's song does not touch *their* lives. Milton was read more than praised by his age, because his *Paradise Lost* is the struggle of the Puritan age. Today he is praised more than read because we have to admit that he is a great poet. But Puritanism is no longer the ruling force of life of the majority of us. For those for whom it still is *Paradise Lost* is still *the* book, much read and talked about.

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