THE OPEN COURT

The New Orient Society
Monograph Series No. 1

JANUARY
1932

Vol. 46 *Number 903*

THE OPEN COURT

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

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

Official Publication of

The New Orient Society of Chicago

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1932

THE HERITAGE OF WESTERN ASIA

BY

MARTIN SPRENGLING

Published monthly by

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

337 EAST CHICAGO AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Subscription rates: $3.00 a year, 35c a copy. Remittances may be made by personal checks, drafts, post office or express money orders, payable to the *Open Court Publishing Company.*

While the editors welcome contributions, they do not hold themselves responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Address all correspondence to the *Open Court Publishing Company,* 337 East Chicago Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Entered as Second-Class matter March 26, 1887, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE NEW ORIENT SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

under the auspices of

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

announces

the publication of twelve monographs on modern Oriental culture beginning January, 1932, and continuing bi-monthly for two years as special numbers of the OPEN COURT magazine.

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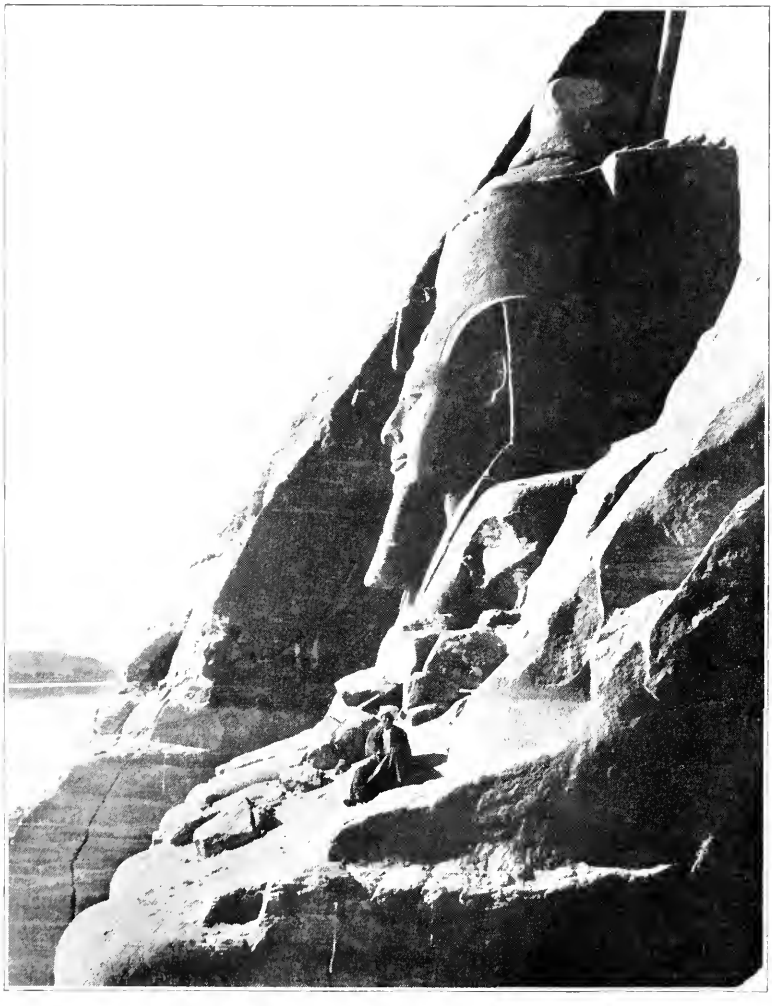
DURING the years 1932 and 1933, the Open Court Publishing Company and the New Orient Society of Chicago are co-operating in the publication of special monographs on the Orient as it is today, with emphasis on the cultural, economic, and educational aspects. These monographs will appear as alternate numbers of the Open Court magazine.



THE SOUTHERNMOST COLOSSUS OF ABU SIMBEL
(From Breasted: *Temples of Lower Nubia*)

Frontispiece to The Open Court

THE OPEN COURT

Volume XLVI (No. 1) JANUARY, 1932 Number 908

THE NEW ORIENT SOCIETY MONOGRAPH SERIES NUMBER ONE

THE HERITAGE OF WESTERN ASIA

BY

MARTIN SPRENGLING

AS an *envoi* from The *New Orient* that was, to our New Orient venture that is being inaugurated herewith, to speed us on our way, we select:—

IN A MOUNTAIN PASTURE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Green bowl where heaven drinks and cools the cheek
Of watchfulness. White, wading blossoms trim
The grassy wave, up-rambling to the brim
In swaying leisure. Oak and chestnut streak
The crest-line with their young, that tip-toe meek
And listen upward, reaching limb to limb
Like children in a ring. What pagan hymn
Is ended, and what god about to speak?

No god. This is a human shrine to warm
For chill of deity. The roofless air
Is like a crystal where I see a form
Nameless as a man, or named—what do I care
If in his world-old eyes, all hate hath ended?
Buddha or Jesus, Gandhi or my friend.

Reprinted from the *New Orient*, Vol. II, No. 2, Oct., 1924

THE NEW ORIENT SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

NEARLY two years ago, on April 19th, 1930, at a notable social gathering in the Palmer House, was founded the New Orient Society of Chicago. The fundamental motive force in the launching of the new movement was Mrs. Hollister Sturges who laid the foundations both broad and deep. Together with many names, notable in the significant civic and social activities of Chicago, the great institutional life of Chicago was represented at this opening meeting by outstanding members of the greater universities of the Chicago area, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Field Museum.

The aim of the society was summed up by the *Chicago Daily News* as follows: "to oppose influences which encourage suspicion, dislike, and threatening animosities in this country as well as in the Orient. America can add to its enlightenment and contribute to the peace and understanding of this shrinking planet by a better knowledge of the Orient." With similar societies established in New York and San Francisco, it was to constitute a part of a New Orient Society of America, "which seeks to promote a better understanding of oriental life and peoples by centralizing on the cultural phases of the East rather than on its politics." The *Chicago Tribune,* in its report of the meeting, made particular note of the fact that the speakers had declared: "The society is not for propaganda and favors no nation."

Though little was said about it the society naturally looked to the written as well as to the spoken word as a means to translate its program of information into action. For New Orient Societies what could be more natural than that for their organ of publication they should attempt to revive the *New Orient,* which had for a number of years been so well edited as "A Journal of International Fellowship" by our Indian Moslem friend, Syud Hossain?

Brave plans! Noble aims! A most auspicious beginning!

The time appeared ripe, indeed, for the reaping of new fruits of world-wide understanding. Yet the original plans of the little society began to lag and threatened to come to a complete stop. The date of inauguration of the new movement is a sufficient explanation for the difficulties it encountered. Yet in the face of many

difficulties, the little Chicago group, dedicated to the idea of a New Orient worth knowing, found sufficient of the spirit of "We Will" to continue with tenacious perseverance. Though conditions might have been unfavorable to the development of programs as first planned, yet the facts that made desirable, perhaps imperative, an American society and a periodical devoted to a New Orient, its culture, its problems remained. At last, a solution was found. During the next two years, the *Open Court* will act as the official publication of the society and will publish twelve monographs; after the first two general numbers, the others will be devoted to separate sections of the New Orient.

This issue presents a general picture of the New Orient, and stresses view-points not so widely known or so easily accessible in the heritage of Western Asia. It is, in the writer's opinion, a fair presentation of the picture of the New Orient that motivated the Chicago group.

Chicago is an auspicious place for such an organization because it presents a unique cultural center, grouped around three greater universities, The University of Chicago with its Oriental Institute, Northwestern University and the University of Illinois, as well as the Field Museum of Natural History and the Art Institute.

A NEW ORIENT

THERE *is* a New Orient!

What do we mean by Orient? To most of us, no doubt, with the word Orient there comes to mind at once that great, unwieldy and withal still mysterious mass of land, which we call the Continent of Asia. There, across the great sea of their world, the Mediterranean, to the mind's eye of our European forbears rose the sun; hence it was in their solemn Latin habit of thought, the Orient; in the lighter language of a later day, the Levant, which means the same thing though now unnaturally restricted in its connotations. Not merely to the coastlands of the Mediterranean, but far inland over the desert and the grasslands, to lodes that bear us turquoise and lapis-lazuli, opal and jade, along camel-trodden paths that lead through nomad tent and farmers' huts into the teeming lanes of age-old cities, do the tendrils of our poets' fancy reach when they sing of the lands of the rising sun. Even here in newer and more remote America, even in these proud self-conscious modern days we cannot entirely shake off the feeling, the memory that, more than once and in many ways, Light has come and is still coming to us. The inscription carved on the stones of the east entrance of old Haskell Oriental Museum on the University of Chicago campus is typical. The building is now devoted to the teaching of modern commerce; the old words are overgrown with ivy; but they are there appearing ever and anon to trouble our conscience: *Ex Oriente Lux*. That is our Orient; that is mother Asia.

So conceived, the boundaries of our Orient cannot, of course, be strictly confined within the limits of our schoolbook Continent of Asia. Its great northern reaches, best known to us under the name Siberia, are not separated as clearly as we might wish from the European section of Russia. There, men and cultures passing back and forth, influences crossing each other's paths in many directions have created a territory which may with better reason than any other be termed Eurasian. In a different manner, but just as unmistakably, the southern ends of Asia have flung out to east and west outriggers, which in culture, race, or fate, or in all three, are more closely connected with Asia than with any other part of the world. Southeastward, the East Indies are as closely and as

clearly related to the Asiatic mainland as are the West Indies to North America. With the mainland as its base, a line drawn southeastward through Formosa and the Philippines and another following the equator eastward from the Malay peninsula over Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas to New Guinea, outline a great triangular archipelago, which is Malaysia. It is connected by far more than name and geographic features with Asia. Its major race and its tongues form the southeastern outposts of the great group centering in China whose northern kinsmen reach to Turkey, Hungary and Finland in the west. It is there, in the Philippines, that our country is in closest colonial touch with a new Orient, its aspirations and its problems, which epitomize Asia.

Westward, across the artificial line of Suez, it seems to be Egypt which takes its little slice of Asia out of Sinai. Actually it was long ago generally recognized that Egypt is much more a part of Asia than of Africa. But bands of Mohammedan Arabs, nomad and settled, stretch over Egypt through Tripoli well into Berber North Africa. The Berbers themselves, though steadily maintaining their ethnic identity and individuality, have been absorbed in and form an integral part of the great Asiatic cultural group which we call the Moslem world. The ties that bind this strip of Mediterranean Africa to Asia are much closer than any which connect it with the major portion of Africa, from which it is clearly marked off by the broad band of the Sahara.

This, in broad outline, is what we mean when we speak of the Asiatic world; this is our Orient.

Why do we emphasize the *new* Orient?

The adjectives conjured up in our mind by the thought of Asia, the Near East or the Far, are anything but new or modern. Quite the reverse! Old habit and new science conspire to associate in our mind, with the picture of Asia and things Asiatic, the idea of the beginning of things. Fond beliefs, rooted in literature held sacred by many to this day, place there the beginnings of man, his Garden of Eden, his Golden Age, when he was wont to walk with the gods on earth. The very idea of all-sufficient holy books themselves, to which clings a mysterious odor of divine sanctity, our Bibles and Korans, all are of Asiatic origin. With the books the religions they represent—what Near East, Europe, and America have themselves adopted and developed as the only thing that

may be called religion, those groups of people, those beliefs and practices, which somehow still hold a place apart in our minds as real world religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam—did they not all spring from the soil of Asia?

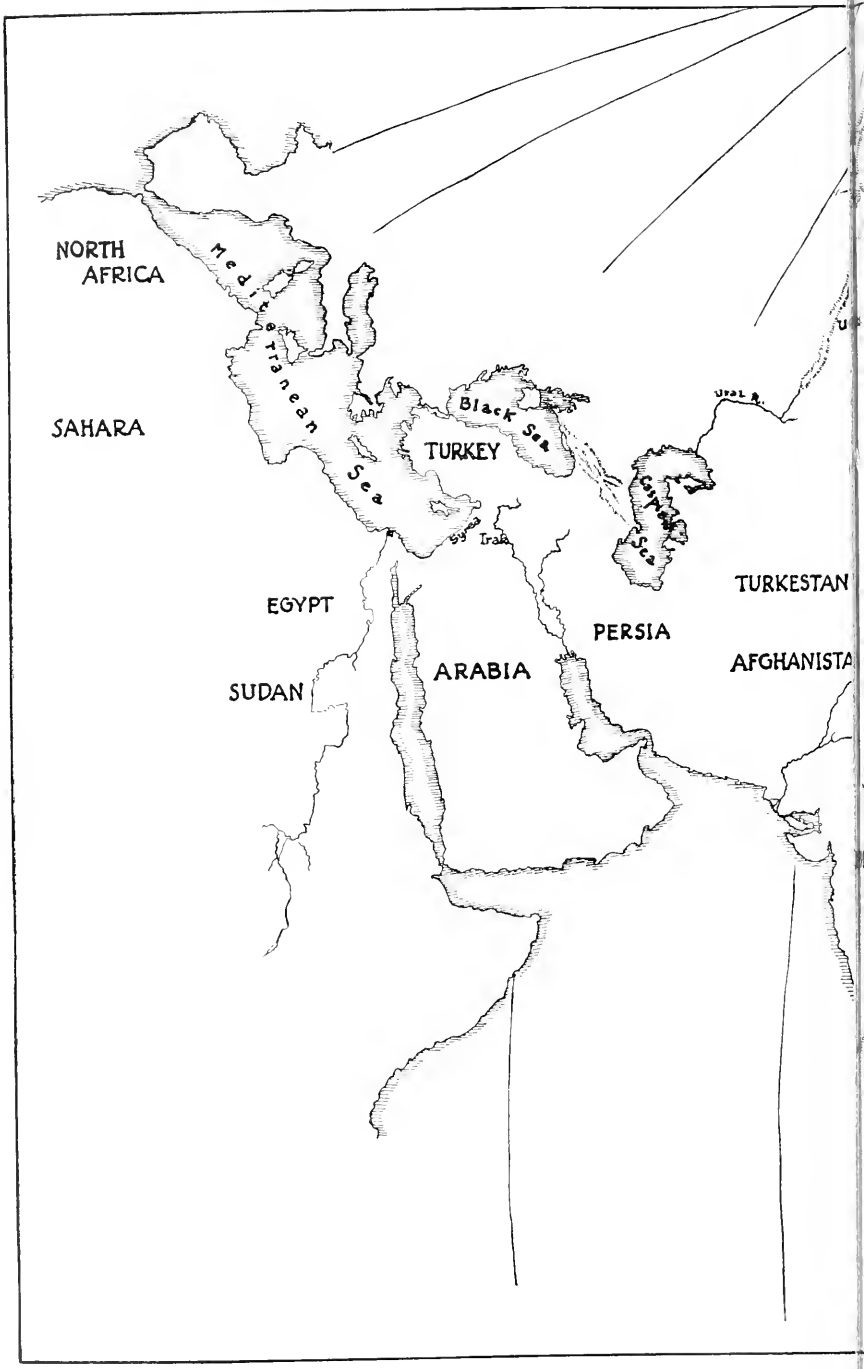
On the other hand, in more recent years the phrase, "the beginnings of man," has begun to take on a less religious, a more scientific color. A new scientific method in historical research, perhaps, we may call it without undue exaggeration, a new science of history, has made one of its major objectives the intensive search for the beginnings and early development of human civilization. It is surely significant that, as the type and symbol of older thought was found in Haskell Museum, so now the new great work on ancient man and his world is brought to a focus in the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Thus as we seek new light on the dim antiquity of the origins of man, his works, his institutions, again our quest leads us into the heart of Asia—into the ancient Orient.

From all sides there is borne in upon our nostrils as the true savor of Asia, an odor of hoary, musty, moss-grown antiquity. Not only bee-like antiquarians and archaeologists, reconstructing the cells and combs of man's growth to his human stature, not only the moths, good, bad and indifferent of medieval and modern religions, which fill so many nooks and crannies of our mind, and following on their trail the butterfly soul of romantic aesthetics—not only these conspire to fix in our mind the same old picture of the Asiatic world. Out of the haze from which our modern western world is emerging in a form that is rapidly being socialized as well as industrialized, there appear from late Crusading times down, glowworm lines of missionaries, stinging swarms of political wasps, a steady stream of profit-grubbing flies of a commerce more often than not semi-piratical or worse. These also had sensed the age of Asia; the exudations of the lethargic aging mass were a sweet savor in their nostrils; and they proceeded to settle down to their work on it. Distinctly unpleasant in the main are the epithets just passed in review; they were chosen to convey that sense. For so they must have appeared to the Asiatic mind. It is, of course, perfectly true that to European eyes their statesmen, their merchants, and their missionaries appeared in a very different light. It is also true that through the welter of political, commercial and industrial

activity Europe as well as America sent more than one ray of beneficent good will toward Asia. It is also true both that European exploitations involuntarily and unintentionally did Asia as much good as harm, and that an awakening social conscience is slowly changing Western methods of attack. But it is well, nevertheless, to remember that Western political rhetoric in the service of Western commercial and industrial exploitation coined for what was the greater part of the Near East, the significant epithet, "the sick man of Europe." The rest of Asia was surely scarcely less sick from that point of view. It is well to recall the idea once widely quoted, now nearly forgotten, that the missionary from the west was followed by the merchant on whose trail came the gunboat and the flag. It is proper to call to mind that well-meant half-truth of "the white man's burden," whose intention was to set forth western activities in the east in the most favorable light and to spur the Westerner in the East to conscientious and unselfish endeavor. It was, however, a half-truth, whose major effect was to give the west the comfortable, patronizing feeling that its youthful vigor had to exercise a more or less benevolent protectorate over the decrepit old age of the East. And so there had been created in our minds a picture, which up to ten or fifteen years ago seemed not too far from what was generally accepted as fact.

A picture of Asia whose chief ingredient was extreme old age—interesting, picturesque old age with a saving flavor of romance, but withal a changeless, hopeless, decrepit old age with a touch of decay — this picture of Asia was prevalent in the west up to the great world-war.

Asia knew of this picture. She felt its effects in patronizing attitudes practised upon her. Words and deeds as well as attitudes, proceeding from this spirit, were becoming increasingly galling to various parts and elements of the Orient. Far longer than most of us were aware, individuals, groups, entire sections, had been stung into action by a sense of backwardness and the humiliation of it. Naturally the reaction did not all come at the same moment nor in the same manner over so vast and variegated an area as Asia. Not infrequently, important early movements are unobstrusive and escape press notice. But for the past fifty to seventy-five years intelligent American readers of foreign news have found themselves ever and anon "surprised" by an outbreak here and yonder in Asi-


NORTH
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Mediterranean
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Black Sea
TURKEY
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AFGHANISTA


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SUMATRA

atic lands. It might be anything from a massacre demanding a punitive expedition to something resembling a major war. Unarmed, if hostile, it took the form of boycotts. Not all such manifestations were hostile. On the contrary quite as frequently friendly contact was sought. European teachers were imported and Asiatic students appeared in European and American schools. Western literature, western habits of thought and life, western financial advisers were introduced time after time in one eastern metropolis after another. Singly, these episodes, hastily read and quickly forgotten by the average reader, meant little; but presently they began to mount up to a very respectable sum. It began to appear that the question of Westernization, modernization after Occidental modes or patterns was a very live one in a most surprising number of out-of-the way places and countries in the Orient.

To the general reader the realization that his favorite picture of slow dreamy Asia was fading from the world screen and that something very different was taking shape, came with a distinct shock of surprise. Before the war, except historians or those politically or economically involved, few were interested in the modern Orient, unless perhaps in a missionary way. Newspapers reflected this attitude and interest. Through them we became aware only of a more lurid upheaval here and a more striking change there. We mention only two such occurrences which fall within the memory of many living Americans today: the Russo-Japanese war, and a few years later, the removal of the reactionary Sultan Abdul Hamid and the attempt to create a constitutional monarchy in what was then Turkey, or rather the Ottoman Empire. In those days how many people knew that, before and during the Boer War, Gandhi was waging a major fight, effective and successful, for the human rights of his fellow Indians in South Africa? Some of us may remember dimly something about our fellow-American, Morgan Schuster, and his *Strangling of Persia;* but how many of us were then or are now aware that two decades before Schuster and forty years before the great Indian boycotts of today and yesterday, this same somnolent Persia had roused itself under the leadership of the world-famous Djemal ad-Din the Afghan, to so general and thorough a boycott against tobacco that it broke incontinently one of the most shameless attempts to throttle and squeeze dry a backward country by a wholly immoral and unjustified monopoly?

Courtesy of Macmillan Co.

SAYYID JAMALU'D-DIN "AL-AFGHAN"

Most of us know Cromer's *Egypt* and his account of the occupation. If we do, we cannot but have some knowledge of Arabi Pasha and the inchoate beginnings of popular Egyptian nationalism. But we may know these things very well and yet have little or no knowledge of the fact that the same restless saint of a Moslem modernist revolt against European domination, whom we have just mentioned in Persia, Djemal ad-Din the Afghan, at that very time found in backward Egypt an apt pupil, Mohammed Abduh, and that these two even then started in the region of Islam and in its school system a modernizing reform whose effects are felt to the present day, and which is only now beginning to show its full force in

Egypt. In Turkey to the north, in desolate Anatolia and amid the splendors of old Constantinople, among those of us who remember the Satanic Sultan Abdul Hamid, how many of us know and understand that his rule meant simply a last desperate attempt to repress and nullify a definite and promising movement in the direction of Western progress, begun some seventy-five years before Abdul Hamid's intrigues brought him to the throne?

In the face of all this it appears that we of the far West were engrossed in other things as the Orient was waking, that we were dreaming and seeing fond dream-pictures of an unchangeable East even as new life was beginning to stir in the veins of the old East. That is why we heard only distant and meaningless rumbles. That is why we interpreted what we heard as unrelated and harmless tempests in teapots in little sections of Asia, removed from each other by the whole width of the tremendous continent.

Then came the Great War. Most of us, if we think back clearly and sincerely, will have to confess that we were surprised at its outbreak; we found ourselves inevitably involved in the great titanic upheaval. And before we were through with it, we discovered that it had been more truly a world war than we imagined. As the débris of the great destruction is being painfully and laboriously moved out of the way, it must be clear that the face of the world has changed. Nowhere is this change more apparent than in the old mother of human civilization, Asia.

There is a *new* Orient.

In the farthest East we of the far West had observed this fact and this process of rejuvenescence so long that it had lost its novelty for us, and we scarcely realized its typical meaning. More than three quarters of a century ago, our whaling interests, Commodore Perry's dramatic mission, less picturesque but more patient Townsend Harris' diplomatic persuasion had opened the doors of secluded and rigidly exclusive Japan to let in the light of the westering sun across the broad waters of the Pacific. And what an astonishing, wholly unlooked for result our youthfully innocent meddling in an old world's affair did produce! Scarce a half century had passed since the days of Perry and Harris, when Roosevelt in his inimitable way played his rôle at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war in the recognition and acceptance of Japan into the select circle of the great nations of the world. At the same time

a fellow-Chicagoan, Fred Merrifield, was engaged in teaching Japanese students among other things the great American game of baseball. Since then mutual fears and rivalries, on the one hand, and friendly visits both of scholars and statesmen, and of baseball and tennis teams, on the other, have made our acceptance of the island empire of Asia as an independent equal an everyday matter in our eyes. The dawn of a new day over Japan is an accomplished fact.

All this had come to pass before the war. Now, since the war, after a darkest hour that seemed to presage the doom of annihilation, the same westering sun, in whose light Japan has made so secure a place for herself, has surely risen over the westermost block of Asia's mainland. The old "sick man of Europe," the gangling, writhing, crumbling Ottoman Empire which we formerly miscalled Turkey, is gone. But out of the dying embers of the wreck, with no direct help from the West, in the face of contemptuously overbearing opposition from the West, a new Turkey has arisen, a real Turkey, in the truly Turkish torso of the old empire; it is Asia Minor, Asia in miniature; Anatolia, the sunrise land, the very Orient of the Ancients. The mystery and the darkling splendor of these names and of the regions and the things they stood for is gone, laid in the limbo of fond memory forevermore; but gone with them is also the inactive dream haze, the helplessness, the dependence that attached to them. There is little of the debris of Ottoman decadence left in this Turkey. This Anatolia has become Anadol; old Constantinople has become Istanbul; the capital is no longer Angora, but Ankara. The harshness and the hardness of its symbols, the wolf and the crag, the severity of the features of its greatest leader in three centuries, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the Gazi, have replaced on the physiognomy of this baby state of ancient Asia the senile softness that was there before. No wonder! It had no easy birth in coddled security. Ere ever it could place its feet on solid earth it had more than two hostile serpents to strangle in its rough mountain cradle. But the will and the power to live were there and became victorious. And so, for well or ill, we have among us in the farthest west of Asia to balance Japan in its farthest east in the compact, self-contained mass of Asia Minor, a sturdy youngster of a modern independent state and nation, the Turkish Republic. It has not yet attained the stature or the security of

its older brother of the Far East. Its unsteady feet may still occasionally stumble on the hard and parlous road it has chosen; it may even take a fall or two. But to it has come the self-respect that comes with earnest struggle to help oneself and with the steadfast refusal to submit to patronizing tutelage.

In this struggle Turkey has attained and bids fair to maintain for itself a freedom from outside interference in its affairs, a national independence far beyond anything its ancestor, the Ottoman empire, had enjoyed for more than a century. It has demonstrated its will to live, and to let others live beside it. Untroubled by fear, lust of conquest or thought of revenge, it has sought its place in this present-day world, and with sincere purpose and firm determination is striving to be of this modern present, not of a proud past or fancied future. Many details in the process of its rapid progress may be criticized, carpingly or constructively, by anxious members of its own people and by interested or disinterested observers from outside. But the fact remains, as its greatest woman writer, the sensitive Halide Edib, has phrased it after having shared the destiny of her people in every fiber of her vital personality for the past twenty-five years: the new Turkish Republic has definitely faced west. He must be blind indeed who does not see that the dawn of modern Western freedom, political and international, mental and spiritual, social and economic, has clearly risen over Asia's farthest west.

But this modern sunlight has not jumped clear across the great continent leaving untouched and unaffected all the rest. The Arab world is crossed and troubled by the pathways of great world empires as it troubles these in turn. Despite this, however, have not Egypt and Irak a generous measure of independence and of modern progress, such as they have not enjoyed for a century or more? Has not the heart of Arabia once more a ruler, enlightened and moderate, conscientious and capable, such as it has scarcely seen since the days of its great prophet? And has not even now another intrepid Englishman, Bertram Thomas, crossed for the first time that unknown spot of the earth never before seen by European eyes, the "empty" quarter of Arabia?

Concerning the conditions in Persia, immediately to the east of Arab and Turk territory, one needs but to compare the experiences of two Americans as set down in their notable books: first,

William Morgan Shuster, *The Strangling of Persia,* 1912, and second, Arthur Chester Millspaugh, *The American Task in Persia,* 1925. The difference in the two pictures is no less than the difference between night and day. The first is a picture of the strangling and denationalization of every effort of Persia's people to rise out of the slough of backwardness and degradation into modern sunlight through the intrigues of the last contemptible sprigs of an enfeebled, dying dynasty with foreign powers, who heeded little the welfare of Persia, and were concerned chiefly with their own schemes of conquest and empire. The second presents to us an intelligent ruler, conscious both of constitutional restraint and of the proper place of his land and people in a modern world; a huge task assigned to disinterested foreign advisers and expert administrators is being performed under difficulties, but without undue hindrance or interference; everywhere is a hopeful outlook of progress and increasing prosperity moving at a slower pace than in Turkey, subject to its own stumblings and setbacks, but with every prospect of ultimate success.

Farther east lies a tremendous strip of territory, which we may best survey in sections from Asia's farthest south to the farthest north. In contrast with the western half, which we have just surveyed and where, despite disturbances, we found the prevailing note to be peaceful progress, the great eastern block displays an atmosphere impregnated with trouble.

Farthest south Malaysia, scattering its island world from the long thin arm of its peninsula, reaches eastward into the Pacific to meet our westward urge. There is as yet little except ethnic unity in these ragged fragments of land scattered over the surface of the sea. Their sovereignty is divided between five or six foreign powers. We, the United States of America, are one of these foreign powers. It is one of the very few places in the world in which we exercise governmental authority over an essentially alien population, among whom are comparatively few American settlers. In what sense is the group summed up under the fortuitous unity of the name Philippines, and under the accidental unity of political possession first by Spain and now by us, a real unity—a national unity? Are they a harmonious unit in themselves? Can they be cleanly divided off from neighboring groups which are the concern of other powers? Are we, the sovereign people of the

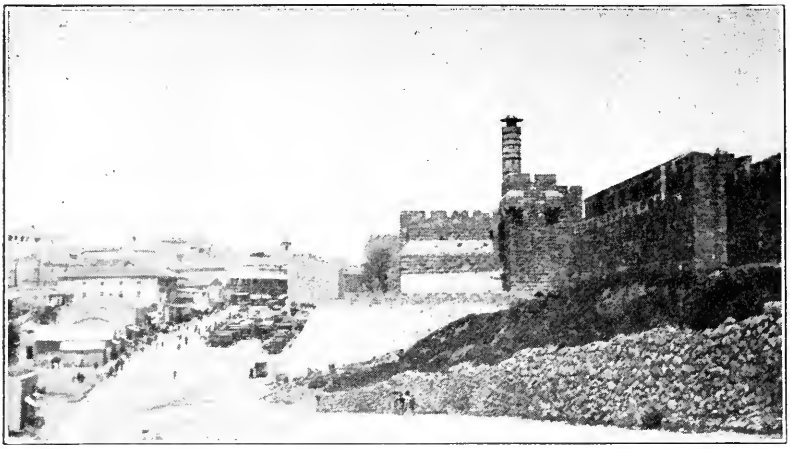
United States thinking about these facts? At one time they were of interest to us. They are our share and our form of a widespread problem. They may be differentiated, but they cannot be wholly separated from the general, typical problem of modern Asia, of the modern Orient as a whole. To see this we need take only one step to the west of the Malaysian world.

There is India, very different, to be sure, from our Philippines; in size a sub-continent instead of a little group of islands; a solid block of mainland instead of a loose mass of fragments; its population, the product of half a dozen phases of half a dozen ancient civilizations as compared with tribes whose struggles upward in the scale of civilizations are of relatively recent date and not far advanced. Clearly India's questions, India's demands, the whole problem of India must be differentiated from those of Malaysia and the Philippines. Their acuteness, the timing of an approach to their solution, many detailed problems involved are totally different. But in the last analysis, in its final essence, India's problem and India's demand is the same as that of our little section of Malaysia, is the problem and demand, indeed, of the entire new Orient. She wishes to be respected and esteemed as she has learned to respect and esteem herself; she desires to occupy a place in the forefront of advancing nations and peoples which she deems her due. She demands the great Wilsonian boon: self-determination, independence, self-government. Who can doubt, if he has kept abreast of the world's news, that in these directions India has made tremendous progress since the war, that she has become a new India, and an integral part of a new Orient? The second round table conference in London is in progress as these lines are being written; her delegates, negotiating directly with the outstanding leaders of the British empire give unmistakable evidence of a position in the British commonwealth of nations to which the crown colony of India would not have aspired in the fateful year of 1914. Today's daughters of India are no longer the women of yester-year. Her illiterate, inarticulate masses are stirred to their depths. She has found a leader of rare stature, who is in many respects the outstanding figure of this entire age. She has found means of making herself heard and heeded, as she has not been for centuries, indeed, in a measure which she has never heretofore attained. What the outcome of it all shall be, how the relations between India and

England shall shape themselves, we are not in a position to judge. But that every intelligent man and woman of the world is watching with keenest interest this titanic struggle under which the foundations of our world are trembling, goes without saying.

As there is a new Orient, so there is a new India. But in several important factors the case of India differs widely and vitally from those which have previously been sketched. For one thing India has not attained the full measure of her desire as have Turkey, Persia, and Japan. Therefore she is still seething with the ferment of dissatisfaction. Then India has been far less influenced by and has exerted far less influence upon the Mediterranean cultural world. The web and woof of her social order, her art and her philosophy, the world of her working folk and that of her thinkers and leaders is foreign to us and ours to her. She has learned the art and virtue of passive resistance. Hence she is far less ready and willing than Turkey, the Arab world, Persia or Japan, to adopt the whole of our modern civilization. Her finest leadership does not hesitate to criticize and to disturb, within and without her borders, the threads and patterns of institutions and habits which are an integral part of our Western daily life. In fact to gain what she deems a real advance in human civilization, she seems to feel that she must clear away entirely what appears to us to be a laboriously attained new level in the upward climb of humanity, a platform cunningly constructed of many practices and prejudices, industries and indolences. And so in her efforts to advance in her own peculiar way she meets resistance from the West. The new sky over ancient India is alight with hope of a new age, but to our eyes it is still flicked with spots of obscure backwardness and dark reaction, and to Hindu minds with splotches of unbearable, misguided despotism of men and things.

And if the light of a new Orient, a new dawn is not yet clarified over India, still more confused is the great overpopulated bulk of China. Movement is there, indeed, convulsing the great Mongol mass, which we were wont to picture to ourselves in attitudes of humble and submissive repose. Its thrust and heaving reaches to our western shores, as the changed status of our missions and their schools, the anxious watchfulness of our government testify that this commotion is largely due to the impact of modern Western civilization; that China is seeking to find for a gifted, cul-



NEW AND OLD JERUSALEM

tural, active people some place that they may occupy in this involved world, admits of little doubt. But as sunlight chases shadow, and shadow sunlight, in a mad race over the vast area of China, can even our best informed experts guess or guide the place and manner in which China's wheels shall mesh with the complex machinery on which our world is geared? China is still an enigma in the dawning of the Eastern sky.

In curious contrast with Asia's farthest south, her farthest north, Russian Asia, soviet republics in an Asiatic setting, appears to be accepting as gospel precisely those processes and practices of western progress which to India seem anathemas, at the same time rejecting as outworn superstition what India accepts as the major gospel truth. As in India, the goal aimed at is clearly not yet attained: the bold experiment with human and inhuman values, apparently sacred, is not yet come to rest. Russia in Asia as in Europe has not yet found her place in our modern Western World.

There remains a moot point between Russia and India, the mountainous territory of Afghanistan. To the eye of the British soldier in India, she appears in reality a part of India, as witnesses Sir George MacMunn's *Afghanistan*. To the solid block of the Moslem world of Western Asia she is its easternmost bridgehead. She has tasted western modernization, forced upon her unwisely and far too rapidly. Her rebellion against the pace and pressure

SCHOOL CHILDREN VISITING THE SPHINX

does not preclude the probability that she in time will find her way in the wake of her Western Moslem sisters.

This rapid survey, cursory and superficial, nevertheless discloses clearly the fact that over the whole vast surface of Asiatic territory there is not only a new Orient, but an Orient very different from the one we were seeing in our dreams. Between the parts of this new Orient we may see many differences in detail some of which reach deep down into the aged roots of human civilization. Its east and west, its north and south, each turns its distinctive face toward us, and they appear in many ways diametrically opposed to each other. But with all the differences, there is one thing common to all these parts, a general characteristic so marked and so outstanding that it cannot escape our notice.

The whole bulky body of modern Asia is on the move, is astir, is stretching its limbs, is thrilling with new life. The torpor of a hundred, of fifty, or as little as twenty five years gone by, that immobility diagnosed by Europeans as a symptom of senile decay and of approaching *rigor mortis*, was merely the concomitant of one of stout old Asia's recurrent periods of hibernation. In an old school geography of the writer's boyhood days in the early eighties of the past century there was a pictorial presentation of the outlines of the continents. North America was a sitting panther and South America a mastiff's head. Africa was an eagle and Austra-

lia a bat. Europe was a long-eared little spaniel barking at a great sprawling bear, which was Asia. It now appears that there was more than a little truth in the clever fancy of this out-of-date schoolbook. A great sprawling inactive, dormant bear—that was the very type and counterpart of pre-war Asia. But now the life of a new spring is stirring in its veins.

And here a new aptness of the queer old schoolbook's figure strikes our mind. Now that the great bear, Asia, is once more afoot and seeking its place in our essentially European world, what shall be our attitude as it comes, inevitably, to meet us face to face?

If we should unexpectedly meet a live bear we would not stop to investigate how harmless or friendly he might be. In our panic we would give him as hateful and hostile a reception as we could possibly manage.

A distrustful attitude toward the great Asiatic bear, now waking up, is deeply implanted in our minds. The Asiatic is not as rare in our city streets as is the bear; but he is essentially foreign to us, and the word foreigner has not yet lost its pristine implication of suspicion and hostility. We may not know the Bible and our history as we once did; but the impression of the Asiatic on the move as a horde remains. There is, indeed, some reason for this in past experience. We may not remember all that the names of Scythians and Cimmerians, Medes and Persians, Huns and Turks, Moslem Arabs and Mongols imply; but they connote a relatively definite series of events. From the days of hoary antiquity until as late as the fifteenth century of our era, in recurring, irregular cycles, masses from mysterious inner Asia were roused into motion, and the near eastern fringe of coastal civilization, the lands of eastern Europe, and sometimes all of Europe would quake under the lash of their passing. Imperial slogans, of a "yellow peril" and of "the unspeakable Turk" have left their barbed shafts in our hearts. The alarm of the colonial drumbeat, "The East is East, and The West is West, and never the Twain shall meet," comes unwittingly to every English-speaking man's tongue. As we sit smoking by the lighted fireside we may ridicule the Spenglerian nightmare of the downfall of the Occident; when we are alone in the dark, its threatening auguries appear not so utterly improbable. Fear and suspicion on our part would breed corresponding suspicion and fear in Asia, hatred and hostility in us could not but

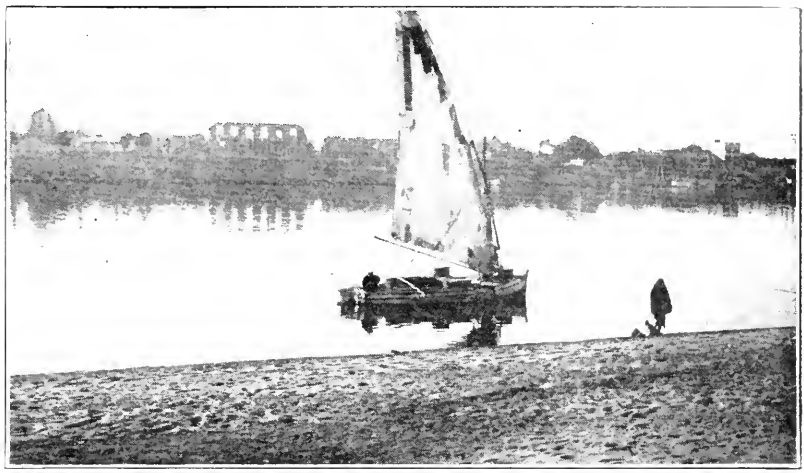
produce hate and hostility against us. This is a perfectly natural way in which we might meet the reviving Asian bear as he confronts us. But *is* this the only attitude which we can assume and the only result we can accomplish?

Asiatic humanity itself is worthy of more consideration and a better reception than any bear, hostile or friendly. Few among us would admit that in this modern world of oil and electricity, of the automobile and aeroplane, of talking pictures and the radio, the mutual relations between us and the largest of the world's continents should continue to be those of mutual ignorance, breeding suspicion and fear, and leading to hatred and hostility. Most of us will readily see that, however innocent of evil intent Occident and Orient may be to each other, this ignorance could but endanger both, and lead to a serious setback in the general level of human civilization. Perhaps that is what chiefly endangers both. To meet this danger is not so simple and cannot be accomplished in a single day. A great sustained effort is necessary. The eradication of prejudice, some of it stamped on a background of many centuries of experience, is not accomplished by a single denial nor by a simple negation, which would in large part only fix the old and make room for new ill-advised judgments and opinions. For we, especially in America, are assailed on all sides by calls, subtle or blunt, for our interest, our sympathy, or some measure of aid or comfort. Usually this is all that is sought; it seems not much, and yet it is a great deal. The public opinion of the people of the United States is indeed an imponderable force; yet in the settling of a controversial problem in the world's affairs it has tremendous weight. In the present state of New Asia's affairs the judicious and intelligent bestowal of our sympathy and interest is a serious matter. To secure and disseminate reliable information by which we can guide our sympathy and interest is not easy. We cannot all be expert, in our knowledge of the entire continent of Asia; many of us cannot afford the time and labor to acquire efficient knowledge of even a small part of it, yet we are called upon to exercise judgment, to form an opinion, and to bestow sympathy.

In such situations the call is clearly for the formation of a society. In our cities, in our states, in our national affairs the solution of problems, the removal of abuses, the adoption of very desirable steps in advance has often been set in motion, not by the

machinery of established government, but by associations of persons who see at least the value of a common interest, who share as best they may, the search for reliable information, and the dissemination of it in formal speech or lecture, and perhaps, most effectively in casual conversation. The Abolition of Slavery, for example, owes much of its accomplishment to such informal, private association of men then engrossed in that problem.

Our attitude toward the New Orient is in itself an international problem of world wide dimensions though it may seem at the moment of little consequence; yet everyone is bidding precisely for our sympathetic interest. Our reaction is likely to be as important a factor in the future history of the world as was the attitude of our forerunners toward slavery in the early half of the past century. Hence, we believe that in addition to the purely scientific American Oriental Society and the various societies interested in parts of Asia, a real need for a New Orient Society exists in this country. The interest that would draw such a group together would be the recognition of the importance of a sympathetic understanding of the awakening of modern Asia. Its major objective will be the gathering of the best and most reliable information obtainable and its presentation in a form accessible and intelligible to the general public. It is not easy to conceive how difficult it is to get at the truth.



LOOKING ACROSS THE NILE TO LUXOR TEMPLE

THE HERITAGE OF WESTERN ASIA

TO start the story of a new Asia with its heritage, to seek out deep hidden roots to understand the present greening and fruiting of a living tree, to begin the history of Asia's prose and poetry with the invention of the alphabet—this must be the idea of research professors and museum curators! It does sound just a bit curious, does it not? A moment's thought will make it clear that to understand fully and properly the heritage of the Western Asia of today, it is not sufficient that we look back merely to the dawn of history. The human factor is, indeed, important, though it is shifting and variable. But fully as important and far more basic and lasting in Western Asia's heritage than any scratching of human hands on the earth's surface are factors determined long before there were any humans, in the geological cycles of the past, factors which the science of palaeobotany and geology first discerned.

Many in the Orient itself, with plenty to do for present improvement, with little capital and inexperienced man-power to do with are weary of having their territory considered chiefly a mine for what to them are mere curiosities of antiquity. Among the leaders of the new Turkish Republic, the writer found men of broad interests and sympathetic understanding of the value of

history and excavations, but they feel that all knowedge of the past is in no way comparable in importance with the building of railways and factories in the present. Given the present financial and cultural situation of modern Turkey the much needed improvement leading to general progress in the present has the call on history and archaeology. A similar attitude has been manifested by some well-informed leaders of American finance and industry but a higher level of culture when attained would in turn demand a better understanding of a past inextricably linked with the present, and a just appreciation of many otherwise puzzling factors in present day life.

THE HERITAGE OF NATURE

And now the writer is fain to make reference to an article developed in the most modern commerce and industry, one of the very latest sources of power—our reference is to oil. It is a thing of the immediate present. Never before was the earth's surface so traversed by pipe lines, or dotted by tanks, tanks in oil stations, tanks on wheels, tanks on boat bottoms. Hard-headed business and romantic adventures, and the struggle of great powers for preeminence and prestige in the world, all are floating today on a smooth, irridescent sea of oil. Books are written about it, such as the *World-Struggle for Oil* by Pierre Espagnol de la Tramerye. No book dealing with the modern world can pass it by entirely. Its mention here is particularly fitting, because for good or ill, it plays a large and important part in the heritage of Western Asia.

And whence does it come? A friend, one of the few people whom the writer has known who maintained that he liked the smell of oil, claims that to him it bears the scent of the bowels of good old Mother Earth, not unpleasant to us human animals who live upon her generous bosom. The modern producer, who sends out expeditions to discover its whereabouts, may personally know little of its origins, but if he wants his business and his industry to rest on a sound basis he must in some way acquire a working knowledge of the stupendous forces that created the earth as it is today, and of the tremendous drama which through untold eons these forces enacted in creating the things of the earth that are the necessities and luxuries of today. We need not all overburden our

memories with the details of the great prehuman drama of the earth or with the problems that perplex geologists whether oil is formed by the alteration of animal fats, or from metallic carbides, or from the remains of microscopic plant and animal life, deposited in an organic mud over a sea bottom, squeezed and broken by the weight and pressure of more mud and sands deposited on top of it, thrust up again by pressure of the earth's crust from below, to become the petroleum, shale and sandstone of today.

The presence of oil fields is today determining the fate of the Irak, Persia, the Caucasus, and portions of Arabia.

Having begun our survey of the treasures of Western Asia in its prehistoric depths with oil, it will be wise before ascending to the surface to spend at least a few moments in these underground regions. We have the false impression of limitless natural wealth in Western Asia, of profusion of gold and silver, or gems and precious stones. Many things have helped to build up this notion in our minds. Legends of the riches of ancient Babylon and Thebes have been confirmed in part or even surpassed by the finds of modern excavations; occasional displays of hoarded wealth in gold and jewels by Indian Maharajas—these have melted together in our minds with Arabian Night's tales of Oriental splendor at the courts of Caliphs and Sultans. Throughout the Middle Ages, Western Asia was the great passageway and storehouse through which our ancestors received the treasures of an unknown world; to their mind these came from the Orient, and the fact that they were ignorant that these things had come from farther East or from Africa is the source of this false impression. The fancied, huge natural wealth of Western Asia is largely fabled wealth. Our best informed handbooks indicate two things. As western Asiatic man rose from primitive beginnings he found on his own soil just sufficient precious or semi-precious metals and stones for the needs of his few, short periods of prosperity in a much smaller and less populous world than the present. The second fact that stands out is this, that at present a number of old mines in the center of western Asiatic lands are exhausted to a degree that makes it wholly unprofitable to work them even with present-day methods and machinery. For the rest we know that a moderate amount of less precious metals, minerals and stones are scattered throughout almost the entire extent of the territory in question. Modern ad-

venturers have not found much to attract them. There is nothing to indicate any hitherto unsuspected deposit that might create a Klondike gold rush or Rhodesian find of diamonds. As compared with lower Africa and the Americas, the wealth of Western Asia in ores and jewels is very modest indeed. What there is of it, however, awaits the acquisition of modern knowledge and capital for its development, also commerce and means of transportation to put it into useful circulation. Some of the most distinctive products of this region, meerschaum, pandermite and emery may yet serve to reawaken native inventiveness and enterprise which will find new forms and new uses for them.

But not merely in underground treasures did the giant forces of Nature in prehistoric times leave its heritage to Western Asia. Easier to see and, therefore, easier to overlook, but fully as important in determining its destinies are the factors which affected the character of the land. The stresses of great masses which press against each other and leave in their wake shuddering faults and fissures, the action of sea and river and rain—these have altered the conformation of the land. The disturbing forces which modified her surface have not yet come to rest; frequent severe, and widespread are the tremors and earthquakes under the feet of Western Asiatic man. But, despite their terrifying nature, the surface changes they have wrought have been of purely local detail.

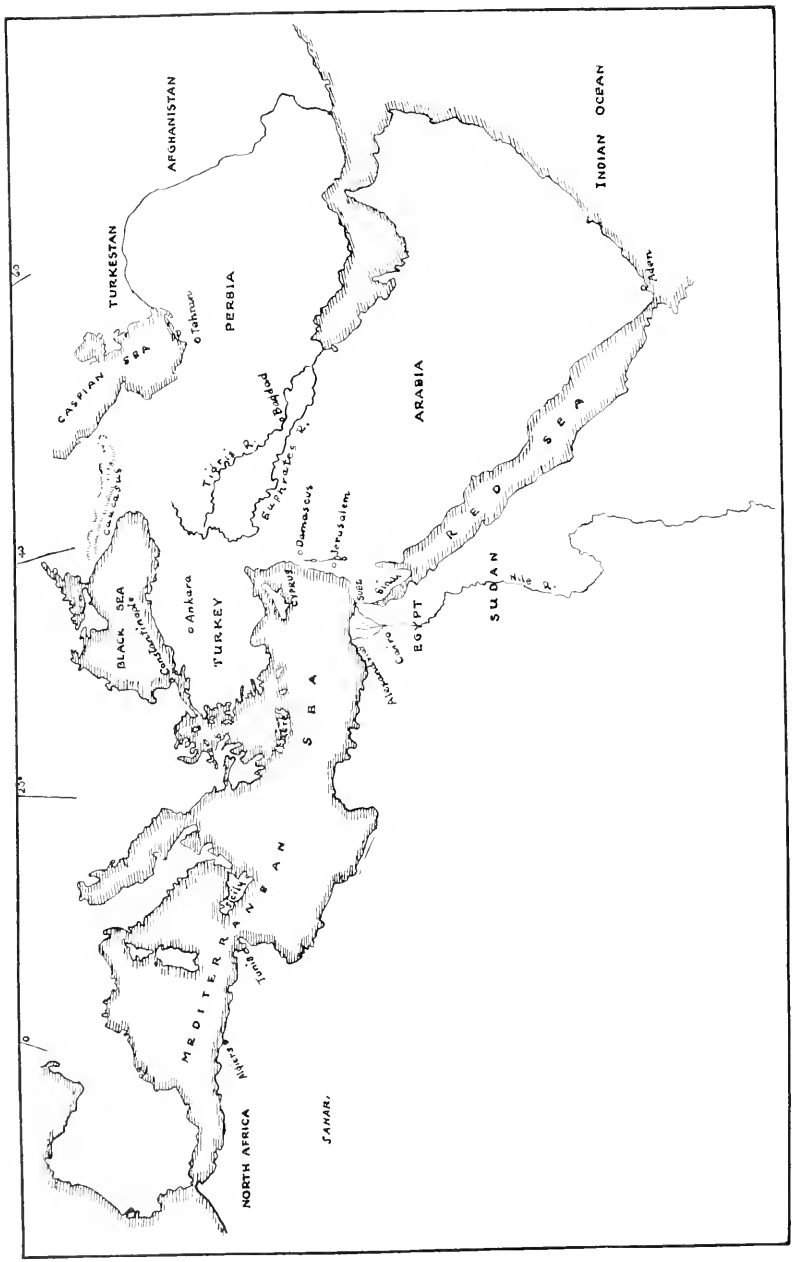
What we mean by the final conformation of surface, which Nature's upheavals left as a heritage, is the general configuration of the surface area in mountain or valley, in plain or plateau, which has remained practically unchanged within historic times. If we would understand man's fate upon it in the past, his destiny and outlook, we must look at the problem with the eyes of a geologist or geographer. It is unnecessary to follow all the contours of Western Asia in detail. Even the Heidelberg hand book of regional geology has not touched Persia and Afghanistan, and complains of lack of reliable information in many regions of our section. On the writer's desk now lies a request from the Leningrad Academy of Sciences of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, for literature on the natural history, and maps of Arabia. A Russian commission is compiling a soil map of Asia, "stressing landscape form, geological structure and vegetation." Russia is seriously interested in the soil of Western Asia where she knows there is a new nation-

alism and independence developing. She is at the same time developing new needs and demands. How many of them could be supplied from her neighbor, just across the way? The needs of modern Asia might in turn, be supplied by Russia. Without an insight into the nature of the soil neither we nor Russia can hope to understand the civilization produced by man on that soil, either in the past or in the present.

In the meantime we cannot wait for the completion of the promising Russian undertaking, nor for a possible inauguration of a similar task of our own. It may, however, stimulate and give direction to the initiation, or more comprehensive organization of such a work on our part, if with the imperfect means at hand, we try to give a suggestive, preliminary bird's-eye view. The small-scale outline maps presented with this number will serve only to fix in mind the general position of the sections as we speak of them. The impression left by such an outline tracing of Western Asia and its appendages must inevitably be that of a collection of shapeless, ragged, and heterogeneous fragments of land, loosely strung together over a considerable area of the earth's surface. What bond ties Morocco in the far West of Northern Africa to Afghanistan in the inmost heart of Asia, unless it be the accidental nexus of a passing world-empire flung together in haphazard fashion by war and conquest? What common interests have Meshhed and Mecca, and why should they for many centuries have had a fate not dissimilar from one another? The marginal outline reveals no reason. And yet there is a reason, a good geographic reason, written in the very surface of the earth if we but take a little trouble to read it.

In the first place this far-stretched, loose-jointed territory falls pretty clearly into two major sections.

The clearest picture probably is gained by starting at the very borderline of the Far East. There the Himalayas fling the Karakorums and the Pamir northward like a great natural wall to separate the compact bulk of China from the far-flung gangling West. Starting westward with a slight northwest jog, a chain of mountains run practically unbroken to the Bosphorus. On a fairly good map we ought to find the Hindukush joined by the Paropamisus to the Elburz range which runs without any real break, in part doubled by the Caucasus a few miles northward, over Ararat into the Pontic mountain wall against the Black Sea. To the south-



OUTLINE MAP OF WESTERN ASIA

southeast, then westward through Baluchistan and Southern Persia, following the shoreline of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf runs a similar range, clearly marked, though it remained throughout the centuries without a definite name. With a somewhat sharper break northwestward near the mouth of the Tigris, it joins what the ancients named the Zagros Mountains. Following the boundary between Irak and Persia northward, it turns with the Kurdish mountains west once more until it joins the Taurus with which it runs along the southern coast of Asia Minor to the Aegean. A series of mountains and valleys, like tremendous interlaced fingers runs up the full length of Anatolia's Aegean coast and at their western end joins the huge mountain arms we have just followed. Thus a great stretch of inland territory running from Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, far to the East, beyond Ankara, the capital of New Turkey, to the meridian of Istanbul in the west of Asia Minor, is enclosed by an astonishing rocky mountain frame.

For a correct understanding of what lies within this formidable frame, a brief glance at its outer margin is advisable. Eastward beyond the narrow neck of the Pamir and the Karakorums lies the Tarim basin, a westward extension of the Gobi desert. Northward where the Hindukush and Paropamisus lead to the Elburz and the Caspian Sea two things are important to observe. One is that passes and slightly lower levels on the Northern Persian frontier make the crossing of this boundary easier and less formidable. The other, as Lieutenant-General Strachey points out, is that "the area between the northern border of the Persian highlands and the Caspian and Aral Seas is a nearly-desert, low-lying plain, extending to the foot of the northwestern extremity of the great Tibeto-Himalayan mountains, and prolonged eastward up the valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes, and northward across the country of the Kirghiz and the Kassaks. In this tract the rainfall is nowhere sufficient for the purposes of agriculture, which is only possible by help of irrigation."

Immediately north of the Elburz lies the Caspian. It is noteworthy with what unanimity travelers describe the northern slope of this range and the narrow fringe of lowland between it and the sea, as blessed with sufficient rainfall and pleasant streams, green and lush with vegetation. With a slight variation, between

the Caucasus and what is sometimes called the Little Caucasus—what we have called the Ararat range,—not many miles to the south, is a narrow strip of land, "where a great amount of rain is combined with a warm temperature,—characterized by a luxuriance of vegetation to which there is no parallel in Europe... Magnificent forests clothe the mountain sides and extend down to the sea, while the rich valley equals any part of Italy in fertility, and is capable of producing all kinds of crops that flourish in the Italian plains." But, just north of this little garden of Eden, just across the Caucasus, lie the endless, monotonous, Scythian steppes and plains of European Russia. Again the Pontic mountain fringe that forms the north frontier of Turkey against the Black Sea shows all along the line a sharp descent to sea level with but a narrow fringe of lowland between it and sea. This northerly slope is not, of course, as warm as the Inter-Caucasian strip, nor quite so luxuriant as northern Persia, but it, too, has more rain than it needs, large strips are covered with dank, dense forests, and its vernal and summer color is green.

Along the south side of the great framed plateau, the mountain chain accompanies, first on a southwestward line, the rich Indus valley. Thence westward to the Straits of Hormuz and beyond it follows the coast of the Indian Ocean or Arabian Sea, and the northeastern coast of the Persian Gulf much of which has been known since dim antiquity as a dangerous and inhospitable shore. With monotonous regularity the line of hills parallel to the coast falls away over a narrow coastal strip into the sea. Except, perhaps, for the curious break at the Straits of Hormuz there are few or no deep-sea harbors, although within the Persian Gulf the island fringe does something toward alleviating this scarcity. Only as we approach the lowlands of the Tigris delta is the rainfall slightly better than the average for this region; for the rest the winds are wrong and the rains so scanty that the coastal flora is Saharan. As the Zagros range runs northwestward from the head of the Persian Gulf the mountainous border then is carried westward, by the Kurdish ranges which have, of course, immediately west or south of them the fertile, cultivated Tigris-Euphrates lowlands. These are but a narrow strip, a fertile crescent, and beyond them lies stark desert. As the Taurus swings free along the sea again, we have once more the steep descent and narrow coastal

strip, but this time on the Mediterranean, warm, smiling, and in its season well watered. Running up the Aegean coast, the land of the giant, interlaced fingers, there is a fairly wide band of pleasant land, varied with hills and dales and flowing streams, with fine fruits and wealth in the vegetation to which it is adapted.

This survey of the outer surface of our great mountain frame has been given at some length and with some emphasis on the similarity that prevails along the whole extended line. This has been emphasized because of its importance for the extended strip of inland highlands it encloses. In every case its effect upon them is the same; it acts everywhere as a block and barrier against the passage of moisture-laden atmosphere.

It is not, then, surprising that the inner surface of the frame displays in many respects, a great sameness. It is a place that has great beauty for the human eye; but for the human desire for a good life it has little attractiveness. If travelers have oft expressed their pleasure and surprise at the fertility of the coastal strip on which they landed, the same travelers have with similar unanimity registered their impression of the inlands' barren monotony. "This great plateau," says Lieutenant-General R. Strachey, "extending from the Mediterranean to the Indus, has a length of about 2,500 miles from east to west, and a breadth of upwards of 600 miles on the west, and nowhere of less than 250 miles. It lies generally at altitudes between 2,000 feet and 8,000 feet above the sea level. Viewed as a whole, the eastern half of this region, comprising Persia, Afghanistan, and Baluchistan, is poor and unproductive. The climate is very severe in the winter, and extremely hot in summer. The rainfall is very scanty, and running waters are hardly known, excepting among the mountains which form the scarps of the elevated country. The western part of the area falls within the Turkish empire. Its climate is less hot and arid, its natural productiveness much greater." But even this estimate of Turkey's portion of the great highland steppe is oversanguine, unless the Lieutenant-General means the extreme western end, which is not of the plateau, but the finest sector of its bounding frame. In inner Asia Minor there are areas, indeed, where, with the heavy snowfall of winter, grain-farming is possible; but through the summer it is essentially dry-farming. The landscape is dotted sparsely with farming villages. But as one

journeys through it, one rises to many a highland, where everything in sight is bleak, rocky, and unsown. The prevailing summer color is gray. Yet the winds in summer are not always hot, for the writer has lived there through more than one week of cold wind from the Black Sea region, which came to him over the mountain wall just as *dry* and dusty as any sirocco of the south. Improvement in this black soil's fertility may be possible with increase in population and increase in knowledge among the population; but there are no Dakotas there. Farming areas and garden-spots are not the rule; they are of the nature of oases in the general bleakness just as farther east in the fenced off highland region.

Even for Persia Strachey's mild description needs to be supplemented from Guy Le Strange's *Lands of the Eastern Caliphate,* who describes a tremendous amount of Persia's surface area, when he says: "The great desert region of Persia stretches right across the high plateau of Iran going from northwest to southeast, and dividing the fertile provinces of the land into two groups; for the desert is continuous from the southern base of the Elburz mountains, that to the north overlook the Caspian, to the arid ranges of Makran, which border the Persian Gulf. Thus it measures nearly 800 miles in length, but the breadth varies considerably; for in shape this immense area of drought is somewhat that of an hourglass with a narrow neck, measuring only some 100 miles across, dividing Kerman from Seistan, while both north and south of this the breadth expands and in places reaches to over 200 miles. At the present day the desert, as a whole, is known as the Lūt or Dasht-i-Lūt; the saline swamps and the dry salt area being more particularly known as the Dasht-i-Kavīr, the name Kavīr being also occasionally applied to the desert as a whole." Both names are significant. Kavīr means the waterless and salty. Lūt means Abraham's cousin, Lot, with a distinct reference to Sodom and Gomorrah and to the Dead Sea and its surroundings. In short, aside from certain coastal strips and bands, this entire upper half of Western Asia is what our western mind would think of as something very near a desert, "sagebrush land," or, at best, a poor kind of pastureland.

Now what about the lower half, the great block that stretches from the Irak just below the Zagros on the East, to Morocco, the

Atlas mountains and the Atlantic Ocean on the west? On the outline map North Africa with Egypt appears as a solid block. In popular conception derived from seeing continents and countries on separate maps, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, and the Irak seem to have little to do with the African mainland and to be rather distinct from each other. And, of course, these and other portions of the lower half of the solid Moslem world exhibit aspects in which they differ and are distinct from each other. But viewed as a whole, even the Red Sea is merely an accidental crack, and the whole block constitutes the great Sahara table. Sahara means deserts, a plain of deserts strung one upon another; we would say a great desert plain. That is the outstanding character of its great inland section from near the Atlantic coast on the West to the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean on the east. Even though it be not as neatly marked off by a mountain frame as the upper part, it, too, is a solid, homogeneous whole. It is not farming country, to our fancy, nor garden-land, but is, in the main, for a brief season in the year, poor pastureland with an oasis here and there.

Now follow around the margin of this huge, desolate tableland. Note the forbidding, inhospitable coastline, with which the southeastern edge of Arabia faces the Arabian Sea of the Indian Ocean, just as did Baluchistan and the Makran coast of Southern Persia. Up the southwest shore of the Gulf of Oman rises a high, hot, exotic, humid block, said to contain the hottest spot on earth; rich in its own right, its high mountain crest hoards away its wealth of moisture from the thirsting hinterland, too torrid by many degrees to be an Eden like the southern slopes of the Caucasus. Through the Straits of Ormuz and up the west coast of the Persian Gulf a low, relatively moist shoreline with intermittent strips of palm-studded, fertile soil varies in length and depth. At the head of the Persian Gulf we start with the Tigris-Euphrates section of the fertile crescent and follow its broad sweep north and westward, between the Syrian desert and the northern mountain-fringe. Presently, we are halted by the great spur of the Amanus range, flung outward from the east-west Taurus band; it deflects the Euphrates north and east again, but it turns our fertile border south by southwest to follow the slant of the Syrian coast through the Lebanons and Palestine. Leaping over a desert corner of the Sinaitic triangle

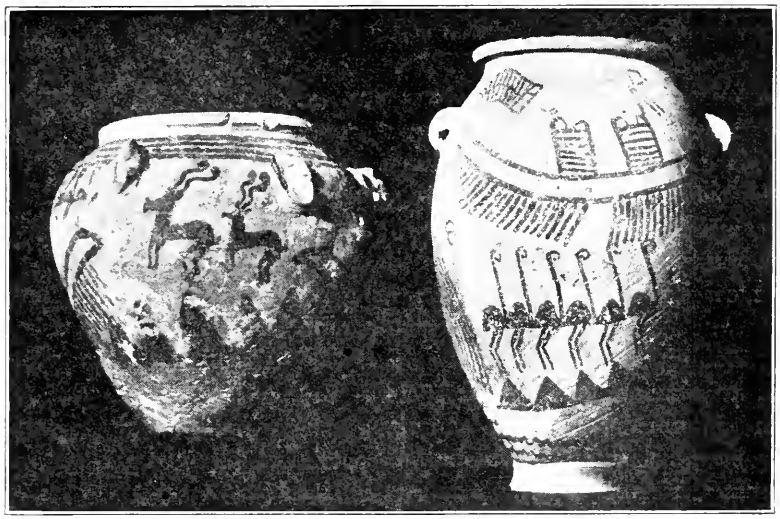
the fertile coast reappears again with full vigor through the delta of the Nile. Through low Libya, without a Nile of its own, it dwindles down in varying degrees to less significance. Presently it ends in the broad and heavy cap of French North Africa. From here we need not follow it in detail down the Atlantic Coast and along the southern border of the Sahara. This is the land of the Sudan, of the Blacks, until quite recently an essentially unknown continent, whence since time immemorial trickles of Negro and and Negroid men and their wares, exotic skins and ivory and gold, had a way of seeping northward by various routes. Viewed in the whole of this immense desolation, the thin band of the Nile's fertility, meandering northward to the sea, is but a curious incident. Through Abyssynia at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb we turn northward along the east coast of the narrow Red Sea whose shores exhibit increasing desert quality as we proceed, until we reach the vicinity of Suez. Down the Arabic west coast a series of oases follows the coastline until below Mecca and thence as far as Aden they melt together into that band of moderately fertile tropical highland which some of us are wont to call *Arabia Felix,* Arabia the Fortunate.

Having thus swept over and around the two great divisions of the Western Orient one major characteristic common to the larger area of the surface soil of both stands out in bold relief. This land is not the smiling land we see for the most part when we wing our way from Boston to Seattle or from Savannah to San Francisco. This land surface on which men of the new Near East are living and struggling today is largely desert or near-desert steppe. And it has been thus since the dawn of history. It is important that we see this and see it clearly, if we would understand and appreciate fully, humanly, and sympathetically the entire sweep of the Near Orient's history leading to the state and situation in which it finds itself today.

Dazzled by the glories of ancient Egypt and Assyria, as our brilliant historians unfold them to us, we may be prone to overlook this vital fact, to fancy as the cradle of the civilization which we of the West call our own, an undisturbed Eden in a Golden Age. It was not so. In dimmest prehistoric times, as man was just taking his first faltering steps from animal to human stature, it may, indeed, be, that he found copious rain where now is drouth, broad

lakes where now are trickling rivulets, salt seas, or marshes, green land where now is desert. But when man in Egypt and in Babylonia took his first assured steps on the road to our great modern civilization his land was essentially the same as it is now.

For proof of this we may point with confidence to the conventionalized ornamentation of some very early, highly artistic pottery found in curiously similar forms and patterns in predynastic Egypt and in Susa near the mouth of the Tigris. We show here two examples of the Egyptian ware, displayed in the museum of



TWO EXAMPLES OF EGYPTIAN POTTERY

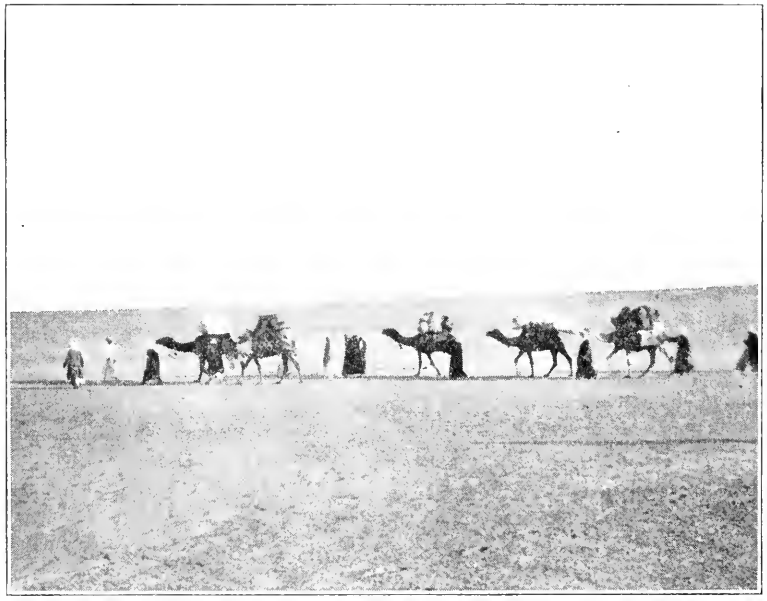
the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Other examples may be found in Professor James H. Breasted's *History of Egypt* or in books there referred to. For the early Susan ware, both of a highly artistic, conventionalized, and of a cruder, more naturalistic type, we may refer to the excellent handbook by Rene Grousset "The Civilizations of the East," Volume I, *The Near and Middle East* where, on the first fifteen pages of the English translation, excellent examples of the Susan ware with other illustrations from predynastic Egypt are shown. We let their artistic quality and value speak for themselves. Neither need we debate whether the curious, elongated, non-animal shapes on the Egyptian vases be stockades with towers, or, as my colleague Wm. F. Edgerton

contends, elaborate Nile boats. These vases and their makers are of the Nile valley. In the Nile valley they were creating art. That these men knew the Nile, its boats and its flora and fauna scarcely needs proof. But what we are interested in, is the other facet of their life. These men with keen endeavor, diligently and laboriously, creating for themselves a new settled, civilized life in the narrow confines of the Nile valley, knew the *desert,* knew it intimately, felt it close to themselves, pressing from both sides on their daily life. Look at the animals presented and conventionalized in profusion, the ostrich, and the gazelle or antelope, typical fauna of the desert steppe, walking on the regularly recurring sand waves. In Susa we find, indeed, the waterfowl, alone or in the well-known pattern of his flight in ordered flock. What seem to be dogs are there. They may be tamed dogs; but they may be jackals or hyenas. If they are wild dogs, the wild dog is essentially a creature of the desert steppe. And the unfailing antelope, the gazelle, perhaps the ibex are there. And marching round the rim in stately procession are long-legged, long-necked birds, probably ostriches as they plainly are in the Egyptian ware. Now this is highly significant evidence. The spots where the first major advance toward our civilization and its fine arts was made, were little areas of good soil with plenty of water in widely separated parts of the Near East. But even as these first sure steps in human culture were being taken their area was severely restricted, surrounded and hemmed in on all sides by land of quite another character, by land against which settled life can force out its boundaries only a very little way, against the encroachment of which upon the settled area of agriculture and its attendant arts, life within that restricted area must be always on its guard, must wage a constant, unrelenting warfare. In short, there, at the dawn of human civilization the prevailing character of Western Asia outside these little hearths, between them, all around them was then as now desert or semi-desert steppe. It was the land of the ostrich and the jackal, of the gazelle and the wild goat.

Curiously from these early animal figures one animal is missing, which every one who ever saw the Near East will surely expect to find. Its uncouth outline was perhaps not easy to fit on these settled culture forms, as it does not fit in the river bottom, in Alpine mountain lands, nor on a city's streets. But what desert trail

or landscape is complete without a camel? Exactly whence the camel comes, when its became domesticated in Arabia, when and how its use as a domesticated animal spread over what now is Arab territory and beyond, the writer cannot say in detail. It is curious how little attention even our very great Western historians have devoted to this important factor in the history of all of Western Asia. Perhaps restriction of their view to limited areas, to the areas belonging to the fertile spots and strips, and, further, their point of view, which emphasized only those products of the East as significant and important, which played a role in Europe's rise in the scale of human civilization—these may in part explain the oversight. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that here a careful comprehensive study is still wanting. The camel and its role in the rise and fall of Western Asia's empires deserves a keen, extended and penetrating piece of research work, a history of its own. For it is typical of the Near East, it belongs intimately and immediately with the surface heritage which nature left to Western Asiatic man. When this is said, we of the West will likely think of him as the faithful beast of burden. Pictures of camels turning waterwheels for irrigation, of camel and ox or ass plowing together, of caravans, heavy-laden, plodding their way from town to distant town or coming to rest in the wide courts of an Eastern city's caravanseries will rise before our eyes. And with these pictures romance creeps into our minds. There is a large amount of error in this pretty picture; it is a dream of distant things by a western fireside, not stark reality. In reality the camel is not a faithful beast of burden; he is a stubborn, ill-tamed beast, perhaps not fully domesticable at all. His mind is set against his master, and his master needs ever to be on his guard; to keep him useful and subservient takes clever, patient management and constant alertness against escape from bondage or even insidious attack. When he is thrust into the landscape of the sown land, he means an intrusion of the desert there. He may be cheap and easy to keep in the desert steepe or where this is in easy reach, but not so on intensely cultivated land. He may fit moderately well the constant plodding of the turning water-wheel; this itself means that desert drouth is not far distant. But he is ill adapted to draw the plow or threshing-sled. Much more at home are camels in the long lines of caravans, threading desert trails; their rest in city cara-

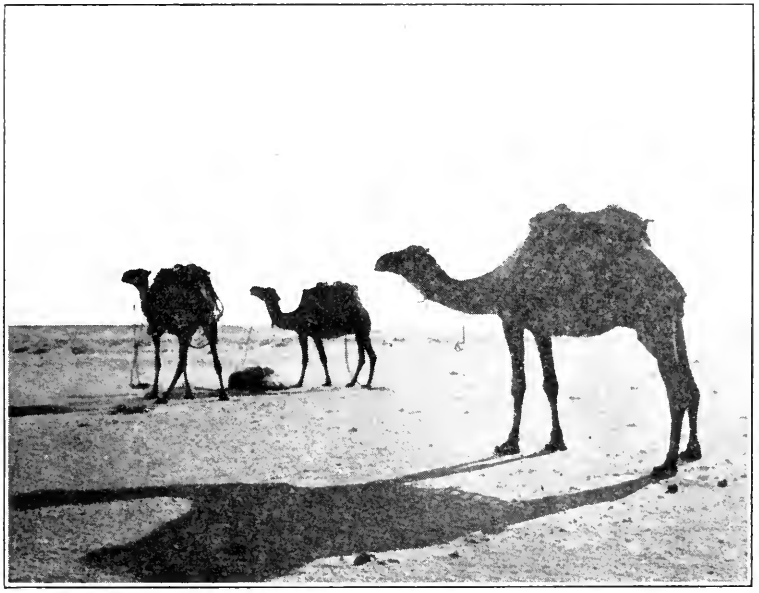
vanseries is ever but a passing incident. These serve indeed, the interest of merchants and craftsmen, artists and scholars, doctors and rulers of Oriental towns and cities; they enable the planter to dispose of and distribute profitably his products, his raisins and his olives, his wine and oil, his barley and his wheat. But in the very act of doing so they mark once more the nearness of the Orient dweller on the sown to the desolation of his deserts, the dependence of the Eastern city and its gardens and its fields on the



A CAMEL CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT

vast steppe that surrounds them. Perhaps, now, seeing the camel as the symbol of the Hither East, seeing him in his natural habitat, seeing once more marked out in him the prevalence of the desert steppe against a thin coastal margin and a sparse sprinkling of thin inland strips or isolated spots of fertile, often laboriously watered land, where there are towns and cities, we begin to sense something of the terrifying strength and pressure of the howling wilderness, something of the delicate balance of dominance between this thin line of settled culture and the tremendous expanse of waving sagebrush and rolling tumbleweed, that threatens always to engulf it.

With the camel—and this is a most important point—with the camel goes a man. Even though he bear the merchant's and the farmer's wares on fairly definite trails between well-known points, yet he does not, like Kipling's cat, walk by himself. He needs a man to guide and pilot him, to handle and keep safely both him and his load. And even though the camel may belong to the merchant or the farmer in herds of thousands, it is not the merchant nor the craftsman nor the farmer who guides him on his devious paths, who pastures him in desert lands as he rests from his strenuous toil, who rounds him up and brings him for new toil, when his hump is fat and his spirit frisky once again. Where camels are



THE SKYLINE IN THE DESERT

concerned the city man is but a helpless novice, the farmer a clumsy yokel. With the camel caravan, the traders and the merchant, all men from parts of settled culture, travel only as passengers, at most as supercargoes; with the camel belongs a very special, fixed and well-marked type of man. The camel is a desert beast, *the* desert beast, and his master is the desert man. That is exactly and literally what the Arabs' well-known, mellifluous name for him means—the bedouin. Bedou in Arab speech is both the

desert and the desert nomad; bedouin is simply his plural, and there are and always have been plenty of him on the steppes of Western Asia. This is the camel's man, and the camel is his. Not a beast of burden merely, not a dragger of the plow nor a drawer of water, is the camel to him. Far from it! These are not his concern, not his life. Only as he may desire something of the city's luxury or need something of the farmer's product in his barrenness, does he deign to hire himself and harness his beast for a space to such strange toiling—at a price. To him the camel is far more; to him the camel is life itself, scanty life, hard life, desert life, life always on the verge of penury, but that is his life. He prides himself on it. Half in the hardy cynicism of near-despair so characteristic of him, half in the ironic pride which is the reverse side of his nature, he describes himself, he sings of himself in his facile moods of song as the parasite of the camel. It is his daily bread; he drinks its milk or eats it in prepared forms. Sometimes he eats its meat. Its dung serves him for fuel. Its hair is the wool of his clothing, the fibre of his ropes, the fabric of his dwelling. Its hide furnishes him sandals for his walking on rough stone or burning sand, thongs for their tying, straps for his belt and for the wrapping of his scant belongings, buckets for his milk and water and containers for his solid food. Its bones make handles for his swords and daggers, amulets and ornaments for himself, his wife and children, and for the trappings of his living beasts. As the scant rainfall of his region comes or passes, he moves his camels to new pastures and they bear his belongings with him. When the tricky rainy season fails him, he must seize what he can to keep alive, and his camel bears him on his razzia. If his raid fails, or if the neighbor settled or roving, whom he has marked for prey, proves too strong and watchful, he still may barter with his camels' hides, their wool made into cloth or clothing, the curious product he calls butter, or, if he have no store at all of these, then he must toil for the farmer or travel for the merchant. This is the camel-nomad, the bedou of the great Saharan table. He loves to describe himself, his life and the life about him, in verse a bit uncouth and monotonous, but subtle and intricate like his desert haunts. In such a poem even a sensitive modern American reader may walk sympathetically with him. We offer one that has been described as "the pride of Arabia and the despair of translators."

It touches the very acme of the bedouin sense of honor. So fine and severe are the singer's demands for what he considers justice and honor, in so many blood-feuds is he involved, that he cannot abide even his own tribal group. He leaves them and so outlaws himself to walk alone the perilous paths of punitive vengeance. To this *beau ideal* of the bedouin the ode gives marvellous expression. It is, naturally, highly subjective and boastful, but the boasting is of Homeric quality, and through it, flashes a series of pictures of much beauty and grandeur, which all together make a fine dramatic whole. We see him leave his tribe to enter on his lonely outlaw life. We see him at dawn living with the desert beasts, and like them seeking his scanty food and drink. We feel him, in the stark, cold solitude of the desert night. We see him at high noon, engulfed in the terrific light and heat of the desert, when the sun is in the zenith. And we leave him in the cool, soft glow of the desert dusk.

The scene opens with the breakup of his tribesmen's camp for a move to new pastures. The camels are ready, loaded or mounted, and as they are made to rise, they get up, not like horses, forefeet first, but like cattle, the last movement before the actual start is the upheave of the camels' breasts. It is at this moment that he gives fair warning to his kinsmen, as he addresses them.

THE ARAB OUTLAW'S TRIUMPHAL ODE.

Raise up, oh my mother's sons, the breasts of your riding beasts
And I to a folk who are your betters will turn away.
To me shall familiars be the jackal, untiring, fleet;
The lithe, smooth-skinned leopard; and the hyena, bristly-maned.
A clan, these, who publish not a secret confided them;
They leave not unaided one whose rash act endangers them.
Forbidding, defiant, stands for himself each one of them.
Yet more dauntless still do I the foe's foremost ranks assault.
'Tis only when hands are stretched to foodward, then am I not
The swiftest, though greedy yokels just then more swiftly run.

To me shall replace the loss of him who requiteth not
A kindness, and him who makes, when near me, diversion dour,
Three friends who are tried and true: a heart that with courage flames;

A bright sword, whose edge is keen; a long bow of yellow sheen,
Whose sound back is straight of grain and twangs clear. A shoulder-strap
And tassels of plaited thongs complete its adornment fair.
When gliding the arrow's shaft slips from it, it echoes loud
The groan of the mother whom its dart's flash makes desolate.

For I'm not a thirsting summer shepherd, whose camels graze
The night long; yet ill fed are their young all, though free to drink.
No knave I of fetid breath and red face, who idly squats
And tells in his spouse's ear long tales of what he will do;
No coward, who ducks his head, in whose heart the livelong day
Doth flutter a frightened lark, now rising, now falling low;

No dandy, who slinks about a-flirting; each morning he
And evening doth ply afresh the ointment—and powder box;
No tick I, whose wickedness is hid under virtue's cloak;
He stammers, but frighten him, defenseless and terrified.[1]
Nor am I confused with fright in darkness, when spreads before
The troubled, wild-running camel, fearsome, unknown, the waste,
When hard, flinty pebbles meet the hoofs of my riding beast
And fly out from under it, a sharp shower, sparkling, bright.

I bide long in hunger's grip,—so long, that I deaden it;
With firm hand I beat away remembrance,—then I forget.
And fain would I force dry dust unmoistened down my throat,
Lest one who doth boast his wealth might think I were bound to him.[2]
Though had honor not required stern vengeance, thou shouldst not find
A fairer carousing feast than that which my board should bear.
But not doth for long abide, embittered, my soul in me,
Where insult is offered it; the outlaw's realm straight I seek,
And fast do I draw my belt upon my hungry bowels, as
A rope-weaver's strands are wound and twisted with might and main.

[1]The tick, at any rate the common variety of woodtick, is probably well enough known to most American readers. The Arab bedouin is intimately acquainted with many varieties.

[2]Gen. 14: 22, 23: "And Abram said to the king of Sodom....I will not take a thread nor a shoe-latchet nor aught that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich."

At dawn I go forth for meager fare, as the jackal goes,
The lean-flanked, with blue-gray fur, whom desert to desert leads.
He goes forth ahungered, sniffs the wind, as he trips along,
And darts down the wooded ends of deep vales and loping runs.
And when food denies its debt, where he thought it due to him,
He calls, and there answer him companions, as lean as he,
Their bodies as crescents spare, of gray face; they flit about
Like arrows the gaming player tosses from hand to hand.[3]

Or like bees, when they take flight, as their nest has been stirred up
By rods, which the honey-hunter, climbing, has thrust therein;
Their great mouths agaping stand wide open, as if their jaws
Were clefts in a billet hewn, forbidding, of threatening mien.
Then he howls, and they howl in the great waste, as though they were
On high hills a wailing choir, lamenting their children's loss.[4]
His silence they copy, and his patience they imitate;
A starved wretch, he comforts them, and they him, as poor as he.
Complains he, they too complain; refrains he, then they refrain.
And sooth, when complaint helps not, to bear is the fairest thing.
He turns home, and they turn with him, racing,—each one of them
Concerned most, how he may put a fair face on hidden want.

What I leave the sand-grouse drink, the ash-gray, though ere the dawn
They fly forth to seek the well, their curved breasts astir with sound.
My fixed eye and theirs is set on one goal; we're off,—they lag
Behind me; I run at ease, my loins girt, their leading bird.
And only when I am gone, they fall tumbling on the pools,
Caressing the cool delight with crops and with feathered throats.
Their tumult and din resounds on all sides, as if they were
The gatherings of caravans from far tribes here come to rest.
They meet here from everywhere; to itself there gathers them,
As it draws the straying groups of camels, the watering place.
With swift gulps they slake their thirst and haste on, as if they were
At gray dawn Uḥādha's riders speeding their long way home.[5]

[3]Compare Ezechiel 21: 21: "The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of two ways, to use divination: he shook the arrows to and fro."

[4]Micah 1:8: "I will make a wailing like the jackals."

[5]If the reader thinks Uḥādha simply as a far-off village, the simile will be clear enough to him.

I learn well, how I may use the hard earth for my lone spread,
My curved back in outline sketched by sharp-edged spinal joints;
As pillow an elbow serves, a spare one, whose socket joints
Are like dice, that rigid stand, as cast by the player's hand.
And if now the goddess of the dust-cloud of battle grieves
At my lack, how oft content was she once with Shanfarā![6]
Alas, now pursued is he by misdeeds that cast the lot
O'er his flesh, which one of them shall first seize his sacrifice;
They slumber,—while he sleeps fast,—with eyes open and alert,
And soon they again creep forth to his fate to pounce on him.
His friends are right many cares; they cease not to visit him
Right ofttimes, like four-day fever, only they burthen more;
When they come to drink with me, I breast them and drive them off,
But like stubborn camels they return from all sides on me.

Yet, if, maid, thou see'st my head like ostrich's bare and singed,
As barefoot on thin, worn soles I trudge o'er the burning sands,
Know thou, I of fortitude am master; its coat of mail
A heart decks, the wild dog's peer; my shoes are a stern resolve.
At times I am rich and then again poor, for only he
Can get and retain much gold, who shrewdly makes that life's goal.
No weak bitterness by want is uncovered in my soul,
Nor e'er under wealth's sway doth it flaunt its insolence.
No passion's primeval force doth vanquish my self control;
No mean questions do I ask on slandrously devious trails.

In dire, death-cold nights, when bow and arrows the bowman risks,
His craft's precious instruments, for fire spark to warm himself,[7]
Then plunge I into the dark and drizzle; my fellows are
Hot hunger and ague's shudder, fear's ghost and terror's bane.
Then widow I women and make orphans their children's brood,—
And turn back, as I have come, while dark still the night hangs o'er.
When dawn comes, a grave assembly sit at Ghumaisa's well.
In two parts, one questioned and the other the questioners,

[6]There is a note of what we moderns would call homesickness in this verse. The Arab bedouin felt really at home only in the midst of his tribe and kindred, most of all at home, when on a raid or in battle. Now, as an outcast, fighting and raiding alone or with men not his kin, he is missed by the goddess of battle in the ranks of his kinsfolk.

[7]Not by breaking them up for firewood; but by using them drill fashion to secure fire by friction and thereby spoiling their fine temper.

They say: Lo, our dogs did bay and growl in this dismal night,
And we said, a jackal prowling or an hyena's whelp.
It was but a short, faint bark, then straight did they nod again,
And we said, Some sand-grouse startled, or saker-falcon roused.
But sooth, if a demon 'twas, then dire was his darkling deed;
And if 'twas a man,—but nay, a man does no deed like this!

And oft, when the dog-star's heat did fair melt the shimmering day,
In whose swelt'ring oven vipers rustling did writhe in sleep,
I set unto it my face, and no hood to cover it
Nor veil, save a striped mantle,—and that was worn to shreds,—
And long, flowing hair, whose tangled locks, when the desert wind[8]
Doth blow through them, flutter from the shoulders, for long uncombed,
Remote from the touch of oil, no friend to the cleansing hand
A thick, matted mane, whose crust a full year had gone unwashed.
And then, lo, I cross a highland, bleak as a buckler's back,
So wide-stretched, that human feet had ne'er toiled its weary length;
In one view I sweep its two horizons, as I attain
A crag's boldest summit, squatted resting, or standing straight.
About me the dun tahr goats go munching, their shaggy manes
Like long, flowing robes of nuns, who pass gliding slowly,—and
As dusk falls, they stand about me staring, as though I were
A white-spotted, long-horned ibex seeking his mountain home.

The poet, who thus describes himself is in his own land a man of parts, proud and self-contained, a hero with a code of honor and a culture, oftentimes, of no mean order. But he is a desert man, a nomad, a rover and a drifter, just as hard to pin down and to confine as the driving sand he and his camel move on. Constant is the impact of the three together on the border of the sown, imperceptibly encroaching, or, on occasion, with the massive fury of the sandstorm. The shock and friction of his pressure is borne most constantly, and his hand is felt most heavily by the border-dweller. This dweller on the border between the desert and the sown is the Nabal of David and Abigail (1. Samuel, chapter 25,) the Abel of

[8]This is characteristic of the Semitic devotee, the man who has taken a vow, the vow of pilgrimage to Mecca. Compare Samson's hair in the Old Testament and St. Paul and his companions, Acts 18: 18; 21: 24. Particularly in case of a vow of vengeance the devotee abstained from most of the pleasures and amenities of life, until it was fulfilled.

A NOMAD SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

the Cain and Abel story (Genesis, chapter 4). He is a herder of small cattle, sheep and goats. To this man's feebler courage the desert bedou bears the mark of Cain on his brow. The bedou's greatest crime in the sight of the bedou's god is that he settles down to plow and reap for himself. Forever he envies and foully slays for envy the more favored shepherd. Thus is he condemned to roam and to wander through the world all the days of his life. And woe to the hapless goatherd who dare to harm the desertman! Be his name Cain or Lamech, his death or even his slightest scratch will be avenged seven, nay seven and seventy-fold. This is the border-shepherd's picture of the desert nomad. To the peasant and the man of cities just a little farther off, he is Ishmael, the pariah, a scourge and byword; Ishmael who lives by pillage; Ishmael, whose hand is against everyone and everyone's hand against him. Not only does he rob and slay the townsmen and the peasant, when he finds them straying on his desert preserves, which, after all, are his home and domain. Always on the verge of hunger on his desert pasture, and oftentimes beyond the verge, he comes in humble enough guise to the peasant's village, to the townsman's public market, ask-

AN ARAB ON HORSEBACK

ing for a bit of shelter, for a bit of food and water for himself and his camels in an evil season. But let him notice just a little fear or weakness in his host's manner or position, and he turns upon him with the insolence of David and his robber-band against the hapless Nabal, demands as privilege what he had asked as alms and threatens rapine, death and destruction, if he be denied. Or perhaps the bedou finds on the border of his desert a strong neighbor, a rich and well-ordered land, guided and protected by a wise ruler's hand. In such case the bedou soon learns that the better part of wisdom is to adapt himself, to seek profit in employment, to work his rich neighbor's mines (see the writer's *Alphabet*), to water his growing vineyards and fields, to herd his camels, to pilot and protect his caravans, perhaps even to police his borders and for pay to fight his battles. Employment means wages, and wages in the desert mean wives and increase and a growing taste for culture's luxuries. Now let depression come, the strong ruling hand vanish, the border watch be relaxed, profitable employment and wages disappear, and the thin strip of culture land is once again

covered with a desert layer. This is the story of the Bedouin, Berber or Negroid, Arab or Armenoid, as far back as we can see on the Saharan tableland. This is the meaning and the import of nature's surface heritage, prevailing desert soil with its concomitants, the camel and the camel-nomad, in the rise and fall of civilization in Western Asia.

Or rather, this is half the picture. For we have not yet looked in this new fashion at more than one-half of the Nearer East. There, indeed, along the Nile and Tigris, did the earliest development of what we know as civilization take place, there it first rose to culture, there it succumbed to desert pressure, and rose again to greater heights, more than once, before much else of the Mediterranean world joined. But presently in Asia Minor first one and then perhaps another Hittite empire rose beside those of Egypt and Babylon, then, as Egypt and Babylon waned, three empires of Persia succeed each other within a thousand years. Here again we have the rise and fall of empires and with them successive ascent and descent in the scale of civilization. Here also a major factor in the brief moments of prosperity followed by long periods of depression is the surface soil, the pastureland, poor or intermittent grazing land, nomad land. That this mountain ringed, far-stretched plateau is truly nomad country was graphically illustrated to the American people not so many years ago. This is the territory in which Captain Merian C. Cooper's motion picture of actual life, entitled "Grass," was taken. Mac Tince of the *Chicago Tribune* calls our attention to the fact that the information is contained and many of his pictures may still be had in Captain Cooper's book of the same title. It shows a vivid picture of nomad life, as it is an active factor in Persia today and in the long stretch from Western Turkey to Eastern Afghanistan. This factor has affected that region, as it has the southland, has affected its history ever since historic time began.

There is an important difference, however as well as similarity between this higher north and the low, flat south. Not only is the north higher, but its surface is of different general character. While the continuity of the southern plain is interrupted by breaks below sea-level, sometimes filled with sea water, the evenness of the long northern stretch is broken by rocky hill and mountain fragments far more than the south. Further, the climate of this

northland differs vitally from that of the Arab and Berber South. A large part of this northern highland knows a winter with ice and snow. Both factors, the rougher, rockier surface, and the colder winter make it less well adapted to support the animal of the Southern nomad, the camel. Add to this that the southern mountain wall has fewer and less easy openings than the northern rim. Through these the southern nomad has, indeed, more than once made his way northward, and his camels have met those of China on the east, yet the southern nomad never became truly at home on this rough northern highland, and the camel, however useful it may have been found at times, remained something of an exotic and a luxury.

From the time nomadic conquerors first appear in these northern highlands they evidently break through the more passable northern gaps. They come from the cold, bleak and monotonous steppes of Russia and Siberia. To them our strip is southland, with greater warmth and more variety than they knew in their earlier home. So they come seeping or sweeping through the easy openings in continuous succession from early Hittite to late Mongol and modern Persian times, and make themselves at home. And they bring with them their chief animal support, another truly nomad beast, the horse. We must not think here of the Arab's breed of horses which is famous and deserves its fame. However, the tamed horse is not at home in the Arabian and Berber deserts but is as much an exotic and a luxury there as is the camel in the north. He is an imported weapon, costly to get and keep, dependent on the camel like his master, carefully nurtured and nursed for an occasional quick final thrust. He is the prerogative of the chieftain and the man of wealth. In the northern steppe the Cossack nomad and Turkoman is as dependent on the horse as every Arabian bedouin is on the camel. All that we said before of the Arab's use of his camel, hide, hair, and bones, applies to this nomad and his horse, with but a few necessary variations. The use of mare's milk, sweet, soured, and even fermented as an intoxicant, is too well known to need more than passing mention. It is in hide and especially in hair that the chief difference from the camel lies. This northerner needs not sandals, but boots, and his horse's more pliable skin supplies them. His horse's hair could not be spun and woven, but he discovered that it could be matted and felted, and to

A BEDUIN
(Photograph by Henry Field)

the present day his headgear, when it is not fur, is felt, as is his coat and blanket and his tent. When he needs serviceable rope, he plaits his horses' tail-hair. We need not carry detail further.

The first appearance of the horse in history is characteristic. We hear of him with the early Hittites in Asia Minor. He has appeared to stay and make himself at home. He is far better adapted to the hills and highlands than is the camel. Presently we find the Hittites breaking through the mountain wall into upper Syria. Then a few years later we find the horse with a people whom the Egyptians call Hyksos, within the boundaries of a weakened Egypt. A new speed record had been set in Hither Asia. The horse is faster than the camel, both in short attack and over long marches. And he breeds faster and runs in far more numerous herds. As he came with his master in compact masses southward this new barbarian danger must have appeared a howling, hailing hurricane.

Although this seems, both in the south and north, to have been Hither Asia's first experience of the horse-nomad of the northern steppes, it was far from being the last. At irregular intervals thereafter, until as late as the early fifteenth century of our era, this destructive drama recurs in a succession of depressingly similar scenes. We recall the Scythian, the Cimmerian, and the Mede, the Persian and the Parthian, whose fast-riding archers overwhelmed Roman legions, the Hun, whose hordes trampled even Europe's fertile fields; the Seljuk, Mameluke and Ottoman Turk; the Mongols of Genghis Khan and those of Timur the Lame. A series of incursions of often barbarous hordes of horsemen, rolls periodically over the heads of princes and paupers, peasants, and merchants, scholars and artists, who were trying desperately on the narrow strips of culture land to preserve the civilization they had built with such difficulty. None of these invasions was destructive on so vast and general a scale as has sometimes been reputed. With the disorganization of long and laboriously established order, which took decades to knit together again, the Hittite brought the horse, the Persian probably the vault and dome, and someone, we know not who, the rug mat on the floor and rug tapestry for the walls. And there are other things, grains and fruits, arts, crafts, and institutions, which came with the invaders and some of which still form prized possessions in the great store-

house of the human race. But the cumulative effect of so long a series of invasions, with their dangers, terrors, and general disorder, could not be other than fatalistic discouragement and depression.

Add this to the constant pressure of the camel nomad and you have a fair idea of what it means when we say that nature left as her chief heritage to Near Eastern man a surface area, the bulk of which is nomad land with mere strips and patches of cultivated land about its margins and scattered sparsely through it. It would probably overload the picture, if at this point, we added Western invasions and conquests, by such as the sea-peoples, Sardinians and Philistines, David's Crethi and Plethi, Galatian Gauls in Asia Minor and Vandals in North Africa, or better known ventures like Alexander's conquests, Roman domination, the Crusaders' Christian wars, and the adventures of modern Europe in Hither Asia.

It is a picture not often considered in our Western World. We are prone to see in Western Asia's past those things only which we received from there as the first elements upon which our forebears began to build, and on which we in this past century, with modern resources in our hands, are building our share in the great structure of culture. Our very speed and the new heights which we have attained are, perhaps, the causes which keep us from seeing the Moslem Orient fairly and without favor to ourselves. It was Ibn Khaldun, a North-African Arab, the world's first sociologist, sociological historian and philosopher of history, who, five hundred years ago, first saw this background of the Eastern picture. He has, in fact, been much studied of late years, by the great Arab scholar of modern Cairo, Taha Husain, in 1918; by the North-African Arab, Kamil Ayad, and the Frenchman, Gaston Bouthwoul; by Nathaniel Schmidt, in 1930. He was an active man, a politician as well as a thinker and man of letters. He wrote not merely theory but also experience. He was a modern man, a forerunner of modern thought and science, perhaps because he lived where he did at the end of the fourteenth century. He tried to help establish law and social order, just as the nomad pressure was gaining its greatest momentum and exercising its baneful power within the purlieus of his own endeavors. With discouraging regularity in the narrow band of cultured coastland of civilized North Africa one vigorous but barbarous nomad dynasty and clan was replacing an-

other that had just had time to lose its fresh-air, desert vigor in luxuriant surroundings of an easy life. When he came to Egypt, he found it ruled by Mameluke Turks, brought in as mercenary soldiery, bands of fierce, war-like horsemen, settled like swarms of lawless, terrorizing hornets on a fertile, but discouraged and defenseless land.

Scarce had he come there, when the last great raid of far north-eastern Mongol horse-nomads which came swooping down with Tamerlane, beat upon Egypt's gates, and lost its power there as it met the Mameluke Turks, but only after it had once more laid into ruins that ancient seat of learning and culture on the desert's border, Damascus. Thus it was that his keen mind came to see the efforts of men to save, time after time, and to build anew, again and again, civilized life with its orderly progress, with its arts and its sciences, on the narrow strip of Near Eastern sown land, encroached on everywhere by endless, hopeless desert life; and these efforts appeared to him a human ant-hill laboriously built up only to be trodden down, a human beehive, filled season after season, only to be robbed for others' profit, a treadmill whereon every apparent step upward sank inevitably back into loose desert sand.

This is the background of the story of civilization in the Near East; this is Western Asia's solid and permanent heritage of surface soil, left to her as nature's great creative drama came to rest and gave way to the human play, as for many years the Easterner has lived on it, trodden its narrow, unsafe border, felt its shifting scenery at his back. Against this background, the story of man in Hither Asia, his earliest ascent from primitive animal poverty to culture and wealth, the feverish activity of his early youth, the fine vigor of his mature manhood, the weary weakness of a premature old age, from which he now appears to be rousing himself to a new period of regained youth, all these must now appear to us in a new light. We must not lose sight of this background as we proceed in our tale of Western Asia's heritage to man's works upon the surface of her soil.

THE HERITAGE OF MAN-MADE THINGS

The tale of things that man made and left behind him in this parlous Eden is so profuse and long, that we could not recount it in these few short pages of ours. But happily there is no need for that. For these artefacts, with which he expanded his life to greater fulness and in which he set down the record of his life, are not the heritage of the Near East alone; they have become the heritage of the world, and we here in America have our full share of them. Here in Chicago, Professor Breasted is preparing the exhibition halls of The Oriental Institute. If we would spend a day in ancient Egypt, in Assyria or Babylon, and see the works man wrought there in the distant past and how he wrought them, it will be better than many words for us to loiter in that careful, well-chosen display. And if this do not suffice us, we may see other glories to complement those shown here, the glories of an older Babylon, Shumer and Akkad, in the Field Museum of Natural History. Or if we have a day of leisure in New York, we cannot spend it more pleasurably than in the halls of the Metropolitan Museum. Nor would we be disappointed, if instead we should find ourselves in Boston or Philadelphia. We need not step outside America to see the splendid art of Egypt and Babylon and the manner of life that ancient man lived there.

Nor need we lack guidance in the appreciation of the significance of this life. Here again we in America are specially blest. Precisely in this field we have a wealth of excellent books to help us make this heritage our own. For new ways to the understanding of man's rise from primitive animal barbarism to the heights of human culture, the trail is blazed by Professor Breasted in his *History of Egypt,* in his *Ancient Times,* and in the *Conquest of Civilization.* These are clear and adequate guides. While the name and work of Breasted does not stand alone, still he is first in a noble company of peers. No better guide to Persia's beauty may be found than the fine, sensitive, and scholarly soul of A. V. Williams Jackson. Should we want to dig down to its lower levels, we may do this also with Rogers. Or we may loiter on the fertile fields of Shumer and Akkad and ancient Babylon with Leonard W. King. For more exciting sport we may follow with Olmstead the Assyrian wolf on his lion hunts, or, if we tire of this, traverse with him the long, narrow bridge of old Near Eastern states

THE HEAD OF KHEPHREN (Cairo Museum)
(From von Bissing *Denkmaeler*)

and cultures, Syria and Palestine. Even the ruder worth of the Hittites we may, if we desire, glimpse cautiously with Garstang. This is by no means all; astounding is the wealth that fills our Western garners with information on the ancient Near East, its achievements and its rich and varied products. We gratefully acknowledge these broad and strong foundations on which we hope to build an appreciation and understanding of a newer Orient.

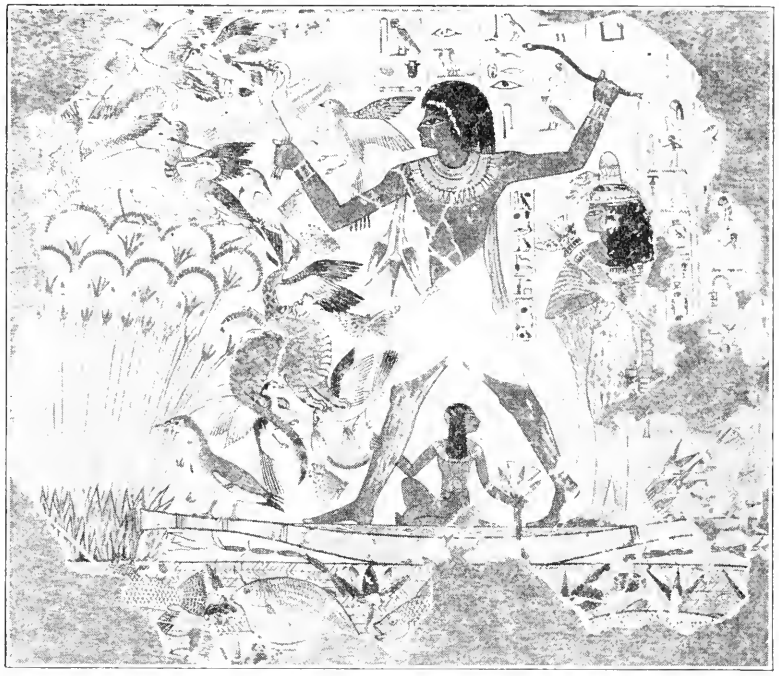
But as we pass in review this heritage of Western Asia, now become ours, we may well remember how recent is our knowledge of Ancient Oriental culture. All but a small fraction of its acquisition, its excavation, ordering, and booking, its display in showcase or on printed page, is an accomplishment of this twentieth

century, a gain made in this present generation. Before that time some of us will remember the schooling of a previous generation. Ancient history was then a far different thing. It began with Israel, with emphasis on what we then termed religion; and for the graces, arts, letters, it began with Greece. What went before, we saw but as a little thing and dimly; Egypt and Babylon were strained before they reached our eyes, through the imperfect filter of the tradition in word or work of Greeks and Hebrews. And they appeared a dry and sterile thing. Now, though the short moment of the ancient glory of Greece and Israel is not dimmed, it stands no longer alone as a thing superhuman and unattainable.

These men were, as we are now, pupils of an earlier Orient; they, too, learned from the ancient East. If they wrought well with what they learned, we may well credit them with what they created and strive to do no less ourselves. But never again may we forget, that the cradle of many things of our life is not Greece, but that same Western Asia, which now is again bidding for our sympathetic interest, as again it starts to struggle upward in the scale of man.

Two thousand years before the Athens of Draco and Solon, man, struggling on his narrow fertile strip of land along the Nile and Tigris, worked out the elements of social law and order. If we remember the nearness of the desert and its constant threat, it will make clearer to us the direness of his struggle and the greatness of his achievement. With this in mind look at the magnificent head of Khephren or Khafre, the builder of the second pyramid at Gizeh, in the heyday of Egypt's youth. Men spent their lives in rearing high in the desert air the pinnacle of their pyramid, that years of storms and shifting sands may never bury them from the sight of heaven. They hewed their effigy in diorite so hard, that even the chisels of modern sculptors quail before it. They worked with infinite, cunning patience and with desperate energy to carve out of this refactory material, features so vivid and so lifelike that one cannot doubt that this head is the portrait of a real man. And yet, they set upon these realistic human features and on their massive framework, the stamp of the undying majesty of government and discipline, of law and order. And with it all they have created a work of art of the first order and of enduring beauty, a masterpiece that few have equaled and none sur-

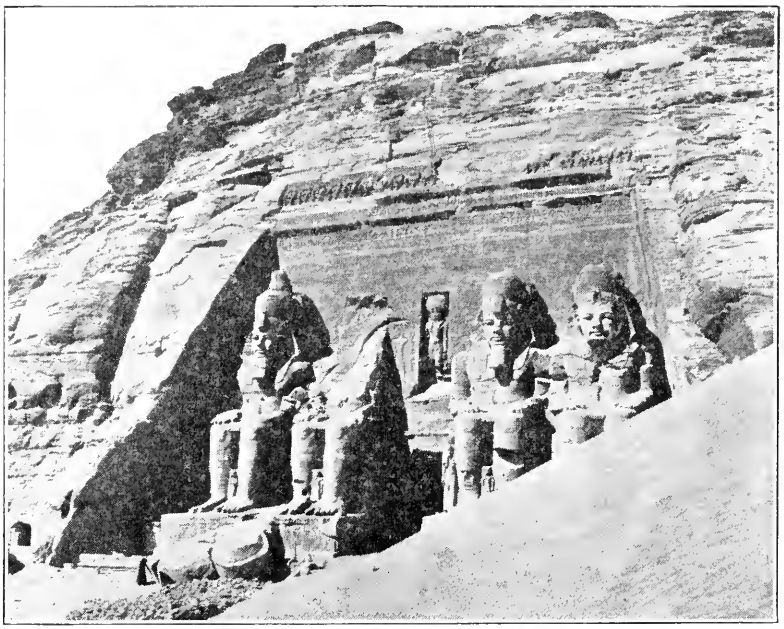
passed. Their rare moments of play and pleasure are registered in vivid color and in living detail on the walls of their abiding residence, the tomb. As their life is controlled by the conventions imposed by the narrow valley in which they live, so is their painting. Within the bounds of these conventions their art moves freely and with



FISHING AND FOWLING SCENE IN EARLY EGYPT
(From Mrs. Davies' copy of the original)

masterful abandon. A parallel to such variation within confined bounds can be found in music, where master musicians have displayed richness of detail within the convention-bound forms of fugue or symphony.

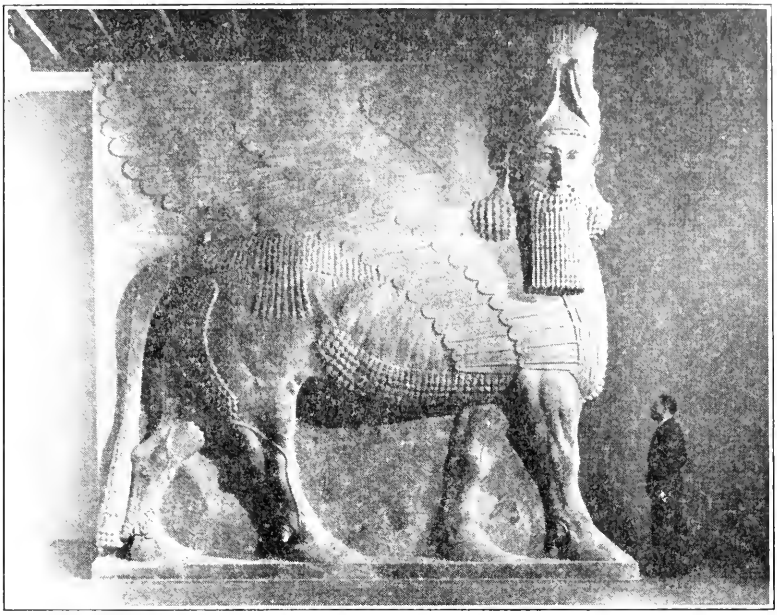
He shows himself to his gods and now to us, who have become his gods, as, in an hour of leisure, man reverts to savage pleasure in the disciplined forms of the chase. In contrast with his controlled movement and the decorum of his attitude and attire, he places beside himself the ruthless greed and ferocity of the wildcat. To emphasize the contrast, the cat before him breaks heed-



FACADE OF SUN-TEMPLE OF RAMSES II AT ABU SIMBEL
(From Breasted: *Temples of Lower Nubia*)

lessly both bird and lotus in its blood-lust, while his lotus-bearing lady stands in soft and lacy attire close behind him to remind him, even in the savagery of the ordered chase, of his well-ordered, clean, comfortable and aesthetic home. And to complete the atmosphere of gracious homelife, his little daughter sits fearlessly beside him even as he flings his snake-shaped throw-stick. So early Egypt shows itself to us in intimate detail as it is at play within the narrow confines of its valley. We cannot show the color, though it may be seen in the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago in Mrs. de Garvis Davies' excellent copy of the original which is now on exhibition in the British Museum.

Thus valiantly did man in the early youth of civilization in ancient Egypt strive in an endless struggle to create and to keep an earthly Eden in the Nile's narrow valley against the forces that were always threatening to engulf it. In the days of Ramses II, even as man, for the first time, grows weary in the endless struggle, with his forces waning and the fine edges of his artistry de-



WINGED BULL-CHERUB OF SARGON—FROM KHORSABAD
(Photograph by the Oriental Institute)

caying, he gathers himself together in one last supreme outburst of energy. With degenerative diseases gnawing at her vitals, and the ubiquitous desert microbe attacking every open pore in the length of her slender body, the strength of early Egypt's greatness in ebbing rapidly away. A fitting symbol and companion of this primordial civilization of Egypt, preparing in its senescent stage to submit without recourse to the forces of reaction and decay, are the features of her ageing Ramses set in proud senile self-assurance against a barbarously juvenescent world. But before he and his Egypt are quite ready to succumb, they are seized with a very fury of stone-cutting and of building. For the most striking relic of this period, they march to the south, where there is no more Egypt, no more fertile valley, where the Nile is a mere ribbon of water, threading its way through the bare, eternal sands. There they cut a temple in the sheer rock of the cliff, and before its door, they seat themselves in grotesque, colossal figures, turn their back on one desert, and, with supremely insolent indifference, face the rising sun, beyond the river, over another desert. With

this brief indication of the buried heritage of ancient Egypt, we must refer for further illustration to Capart's *Egyptian Art* or to Grousset's *Near and Middle East* in the series, "The Civilizations of the East."

Meanwhile we follow Ramses's stare eastward. There Assyria presently dreamed of conquest and world-empire. The loot and tribute of her raids she hoarded into her sundry capitals where they served her pleasure in the solemn ceremonial of her sacrifice or in the savage sports of lion-baiting and the wild ass hunt. How lovingly she cut in stone her fleeing onagers or lions, sometimes fierce and rampant, sometimes wounded and dying! We can stop only for a fleeting glance at the symbols of her wealth and power, the great winged bull-cherubs which she placed at her palace gates to warn the original possessors of its looted treasure of any dream of a return to them. By the skill and cleverness of Professor Chiera, the greatest and most impressive of these cherubs was recovered and now stands in the Oriental Institute. But until Professor Chiera issues his report on his modern dig and labors, we must refer for fuller information to the eighty-year-old statements and reports of Botta, or to Bonomis' or Buckingham's interesting stories of Botta's finds in Nineveh.

For Assyria's palaces and empire her cherubs proved unavailing. From the tribute-bearing cities and the defeated and despoiled chieftains of the fertile crescent on Assyria's west no danger threatened her. But her turn came. Her armies were defeated, her palaces and their temples burned and buried, and her dream of world-empire was taken over and realized by the half-nomadic horsemen of the Medes and Persians. Their hard-riding hordes swept across the sparsely-peopled plains of Asia Minor, down to the temples on the southern Nile. Their desert sand-storm host broke only on the rocky fastness of sea-girt Greece.

It was a young Greece that was just putting to new uses the techniques learned in the East. Before the Age of Pericles, she discovered that her planets were not truly planets, which means erring stars, but that the East had already seen them follow stated and recurring courses. In her theaters and temples, in her statues and her paintings, there is more of Oriental mathematics, more of careful ancient Eastern craft than once we knew. Plato, like Herodotus, knew what he owed to Egypt and to Babylon. Oriental mu-

sic, with new intervals and cadence, led Plato's Pythagoreans to a new conception of the scale, of harmony and discord. Thus on the warp of learned and loaned lore of the East the eager, penetrating spirit of Greece wove that perfect web of art and science, of thought and word. Then her mind was seized with the divine madness of the East which resulted in the splendid moment of Alexander's conquests. They availed Greece but little, for she could not hold for long what she had seized. What she had soon to let go, the stronger and more stable power of Rome seized and consolidated. Rome like Greece was of the West. And so the Nearer East seemed doomed to supine slavery in the grasp of Eternal Rome. Her dream of world-empire seemed to be taken from her never to return. But was this seeming true?

If we reflect a little, perhaps most of us will recall that this Greco-Roman world marks the era in which were produced or perfected and propagated those great monotheistic salvation religions, true world-empire religions, whose outstanding forms, Christianity and Judaism, are still living forces in our Western World. These are in their older forms typical products of the Near East. Their beginnings lie some centuries further back. Following still earlier leads, it was a Jew, whom we call the second Isaiah, who first clearly saw this vision of an universal God-King and a world-wide empire of religion. The conditions under which he dreamed and wrote were very similar to those of the Greco-Roman era. The little Jewish Kingdom had been wiped out and ground under the heel of the Neo-Babylonian world-empire. A Persian world-empire, in turn, had taken the place of the New-Babylonian. At that time and under those conditions the Jews began to formulate clearly for themselves the idea of a single God ruling all the world. Again, as the Persian world-empire disappeared and was replaced by Greek and Roman rule, its devotees found solace against their political degradation in the salvation religion of Mithraism. A number of other forms of similar beliefs and hopes appear under a variety of names both before and after the rise of Christianity. The place and time of greatest activity in the formulation and spread of such teachings is the Roman empire at the beginning of the Christian era. The most successful forms of such religions, both in regard to the wide areas over which they spread and in prominence of results secured, are Judaism which compassed land and sea to

make one proselyte,[1] and Christianity, about which nothing further need be said in a Christian land.

From the point of view of this survey, the essential faith and hope of all these religious beliefs and hopes is much the same. Subject peoples, peoples who have lost their own political independence and power, escape the sense of slavery and bondage by creating for themselves an ideal "Kingdom of Heaven." God is the King of Heaven, the King of Kings, such a world-ruler as never was on earth nor could be. To the power of earthly Caesars there were limits, to the new God-King there were none in time or space. Earthly world-emperors might be unjust, unmerciful; the ruler of the heavenly world-empire had no defects and made no mistakes. His law was laid down in an errorless, revealed Book which was of universal validity. He was served by few and simple rites. Whoever performed these rites and acknowledged this law, be he bond or free, rich or poor, peasant or king, became thereby a blessed and honored free citizen of this everlasting Kingdom of Heaven, an inmate of the glorious and eternal City of God. This life on earth was but a passing show in any case. If men seemed downtrodden, humble, overworked, and weary here below, that was but a veil of error, which might obscure for a little while, but could not perceptibly change nor make the slightest impression on the glory of the eternal world-empire of the spirit, which lay as the unchangeable fact just beyond the veil.

By this world-empire of a new faith and hope, by this spiritual world-dominion of the humble and the lowly, Hither Asia escaped from Greco-Roman bondage, while yet the Roman legions camped, marched and countermarched upon her soil. With the imponderable strength of this belief, the Near East conquered Rome and her entire empire, while Roman shackles still seemed to enslave her. With it, indeed, she conquered our whole Western World so thoroughly that even now this Oriental dream-empire of ideas and ideals is still potent in all our minds in many subtle ways,—so effectively that even now to many in our midst this seems the sum and substance of religion, and nothing else is worth the name. And thus another heritage of Western Asia has become our heritage, ours more than hers.

Then, while this empire of the spirit became the cherished treas-

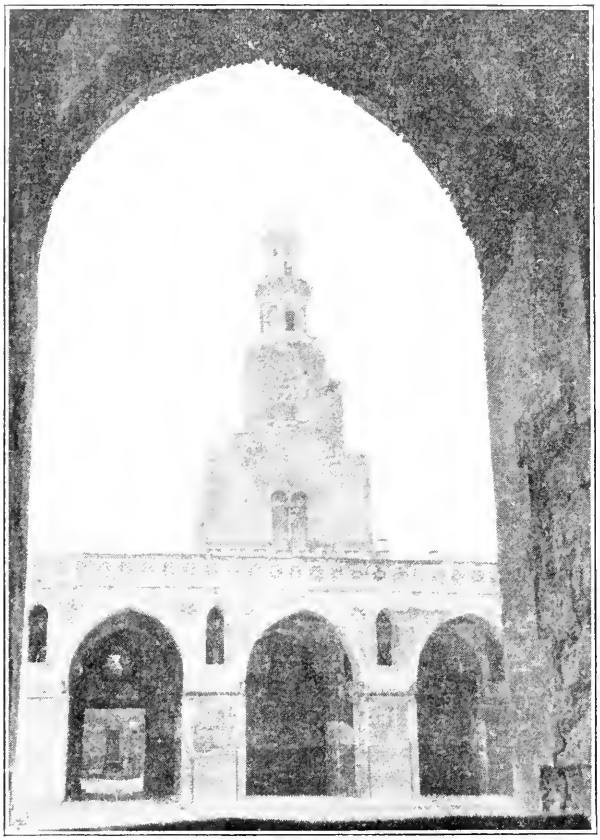
[1]See the Gospel of Matthew, Chapter 23, verse 15.

ure and the heritage of the Western World, the indomitable spirit of the Nearer East withdrew into the heart of the Arabian desert, recreated there a kingdom of faith and hope in nomad style and with nomadic features. This is the Islam of the Arabs, and so aptly was it fashioned, that to this day throughout the length and breadth of Western Asia, wherever nomad sands and steppes prevail, there the Islam of Arabia's prophet, Mohammed, is the prevailing faith.

THE DOME OF THE ROCK AT JERUSALEM
(Photograph by Florence Lowden Miller)

Nor did this suffice her. With new energy and new unity inspired in her by her new religion she succeeded in bursting once more Rome's dam against the desert and in creating for herself another world-empire greater than Rome and Persia together. Like the empire of her new religion, this latest empire of Hither Asia, had its foundation laid deep in nomadic soil. How firm and well laid they were is shown by three outstanding characteristics in its long career. First, Islam presently became practically coterminous with the two great desert-steppe areas, the nomad lands of Western Asia. Second, three peoples of nomadic stamp succeeded each other in some form of rule over it for almost ten centuries, the Arab, the Turk, and the Mongol, and to this day, these with two others of nomad origin, the Persian and the Berber, they share

the dominion over Islam's present scattered parts. Third, despite all divisions and difficulties, as long as the horse and camel were the chief ultra-human instruments of power and means of locomotion, so long in some form or other did this near Eastern Cali-

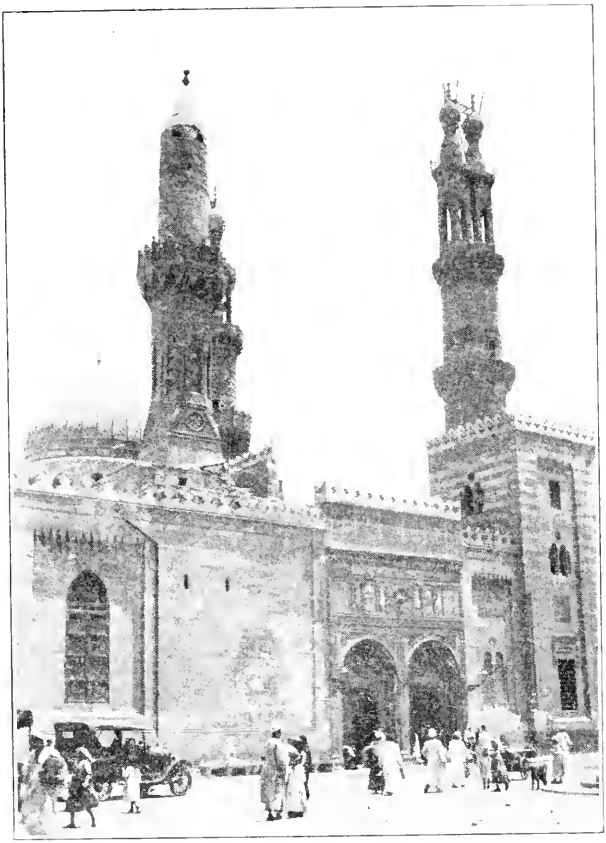


THE MOSQUE OF IBN TULUN IN CAIRO
(Photograph by Florence Lowden Miller)

phal world-empire maintain itself as one of the great powers of the world.

In the nearer East, Islam, from the Danube to the Atlas, was the successor of the Eastern Roman Empire. As they took over this dominion, just as Greece and Rome once learned their A.B.C's from ancient Asia, so now the tables were turned and the untutored sons of Asia learned from Rome and Greece. But this is not

the complete story of their science and art. There are still among us Westerners those who do not see anything of worth before this modern day, except that which is Greece. To those who believe that Islam and its culture is nothing but a poor copy of things Greek

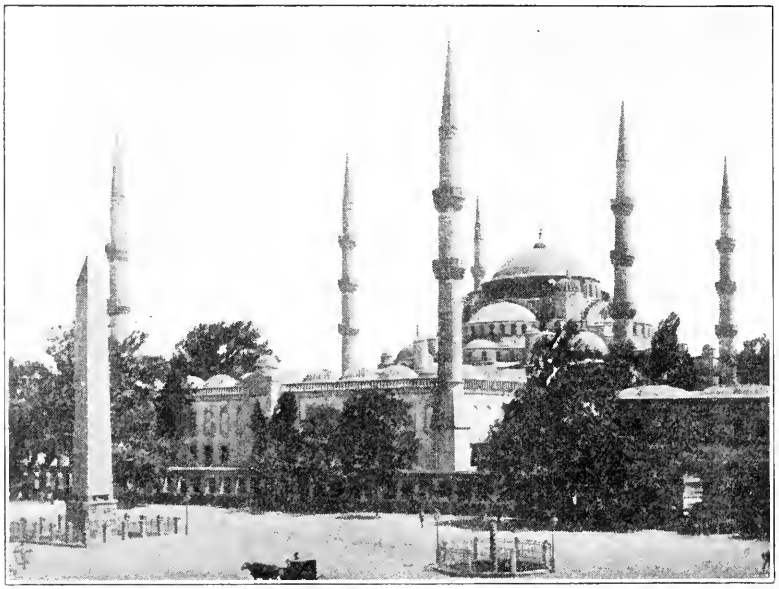


THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR IN CAIRO
(Photograph by Florence Lowden Miller)

we are content to show four examples of the most distinctive product of the Mediaeval Moslem world, the Mosque.

We take you first to Jerusalem and there to one of the world's most effective building sites most efficiently used, the Dome of the Rock, often wrongly called the Mosque of Omar. It was designed not for a mosque but for a pilgrim shrine; and though its age is

venerable, Omar neither saw it nor had anything to do with it. Still it was constructed less than a century after the Arab conquest, which makes it just about 1200 years old. The Arabs were still pupils and beginners in the arts and crafts of settled civilization. This is, indeed, one of the first public buildings they attempted. If you look closely no doubt you can discover elements that are of Greek or Roman derivation. But look at it in its en-



THE SULTAN AHMED MOSQUE IN STAMBOUL

tirety and you will see this is not Greek nor Roman nor Persian; this cannot well be called by any other name than Moslem. This is a new feeling, new work, new art, created by new needs. This has a dignity, a greatness, a beauty, not borrowed from others, but all its own.

Now let us go to Cairo some two centuries after this. A Turkish soldier-governor named Ibn Tulun is building a garrison town. For this town and his retinue he needs a mosque. You see it before you, as it stands today with rosettes and arches, pointed or horseshoe-shaped, and a tower of Babel set over them to look upon the Nile. No doubt each separate element existed somewhere in some such form before. But so combined they may not be found

elsewhere. A new spirit and a new necessity is here creating a new architectural design.

At some distance north of Ibn Tulun's garrison city is the actual Cairo, the city of the Fatimid Sultans and Shiite Caliphs, the predecessors of Saladin. There will be few who will not recognize the great university and mosque of El-Azhar built about a century later. It has been ruined and repaired, destroyed, rebuilt, and extended, since first it was conceived. But its major effect and its unique impressiveness persist. Where will you find another such school and church as this in all the world?

One more example of another, wholly different type! This is in Constantinople in the early years of the seventeenth century. And this mosque we show you is not Saint Sophia's church nor is it a mere copy of Saint Sophia. The Ottoman Turk is not, as superficial observers have said, a mere copyist. Those who made of Stambul, the greatest cathedral city of the world, who placed on its long hillcrest that great series of metropolitan places of worship, were empire builders, worthy successors of Pharaohs and Caesars. That you may see this we place before you here the great Sinan's Sultan Ahmed Mosque. We cannot show you its distinctively Ottoman fayence interior, but we ask you to place beside it, from Grousset or where you will, a picture of St. Sophia. Then you may judge the new light airiness and serene beauty, the new conception and execution that is here.

As it is with the mosques we used as symbols, so it is with the arts and sciences, the crafts and culture of this latest world-empire of Western Asia which was one of its greatest. It taught us many things. We used to go to school to it, for formerly it led the world. Our forebears learned from it their algebra, which we still call by its purely Arab name. Our scientists were steeped in its lore. Our sonnets are written in its measures and our *do re mi* is its alphabet. No small part of our modern culture rests on foundations built of its gifts to us.[2] Now it, too, is gone, and its traces are crumbling with the passing of the camel and the horse. Now its children have roused to find themselves fallen behind in the march of a moving world. Their mosques and their caravanseries are neglected while past them run motor roads and near them rails are laid. Their camels and their horses are crowded off the ancient trails by motor cars and terrified on their pastures by aeroplanes.

The machine age is upon them; it presses them with its speed; it changes the nature and the meaning of the water on their frontiers and of the soil under their feet; it awakens them, nomad as

A DESERTED CARAVANSERIE

well as settler, to the need of catching up and keeping pace. Out of the twilight of sleepy, weary, nomad empires it has snatched them into the sunlight of a blazing, new day. They must and would become moderns, and they find us leading them. So they come to school to us, as once we went to them. Their children ask us puzzled questions, as once our students asked their masters.

THE HUMAN HERITAGE

If now they ask us who are supposed to know much, what is the man-made heritage on the thin sown lines in the desert, what shall we answer them? It is difficult to answer briefly. So constrained, the writer would say: Their heritage in man-made things is the wreckage and remnants of past world-empires, empires of ideas and ideals, and empires of this earth and its materials. What this heritage, old and richly varied, may be worth in the values of the new world pressing on them, lies not in things, but in themselves.

The most important heritage of East and West in this age of great changes and machines is the human heritage. We have studied much of nature and how she can be made to work for us; we have studied things that men made, and what might become of

[2]For further detail on Europe's debt to Islam, the reader may be referred to Arnold and Guillaume, *The Legacy of Islam*, Oxford Press, 1931.

them. Now our knowledge, our test tubes and our cylinders, have run away with us and brought us face to face once more in new and unexpected closeness with other men, with strange men, with a new humanity, with new human groups forming on the old nomad soil of Western Asia. Reborn peoples and new-born nations knock with our own iron robots at our gates, not to be denied admission to our new world, which we but half understand ourselves, and in which we must live reasonably with them and they with us, in quarters drawn closer together than ever before. Thus the panic of our products and their speed comes home to us, and with them a new note and a new quest. It is well that we know each other's country; it is well that we know each other's past; but above all we must know each other and ourselves.

Since the Renaissance, the last great rebirth of Europe, we have spoken much of humanism. We have often uttered the phrase, that nothing human is alien to us. Then, just as often, we have made our humanistic studies a matter of dead letters, cold words and proceeded with the technic learned of words, to study seeming harmless things. Then we dug in the past and saw man rising with his products. All these things are well, if we do not forget man—what he is and for what he strives.

Precisely as we face the Levant, out of the wreckage and the ruins of its empires, there comes to us forcefully the rumble of this summons. There is rising among us, shall we say, a new religion, or shall we say a different accent and emphasis in our religion? It claims the name of Humanism and asserts, that religion has to do with man above all else. In a new history of science George Sarton sees the fascination and the worth of each detailed problem, the attraction of the retort and the test tube. But as he gains new perspective with a larger survey, he sees what no microscope nor test tube has revealed. If our science would not weigh us down, then it must, in its progress, weave into the warp of statistics and experiments a new web of Humanism. Hans Kohn is now among us, face to face and in great works. He is interested in politics and in the science of politics. In his interest he goes East. There he surveys new nations, the interplay of nationalism and imperialism in Asia's broad fields, and he finds one predominant interest in the interplay of modern forces on her soil—the human interest.

A new Orient means a new humanity to be harmonized, to be integrated. If our interest in the East means anything, it must mean this. For it is precisely here, where thus far we have been most backward, most remiss in our search for knowledge and for sympathetic human understanding. Where we should know most, there we know least. A new mass of humans rises up to meet us in a new world. We know something of their country. We know more of their past. But they are aliens to us—East is East and

MONKS OF HAJJI BEKTASH

West is West,—the two must meet, and we are fumbling in ignorance with a pressing need for understanding.

Though we can as yet say little on the human side, perhaps a few suggestions will be enough to start us on a fruitful search. Take the problem of the races of Western Asia. We speak glibly of the Turks, Arabs, Persians, Berbers, Afghans. Who are Turks and who are Arabs? We pride ourselves and we are concerned about ourselves, because we are a melting pot of nations. Our experiment and experience is not new. Who are the Turks of Asia Minor? A handful of Turk horsemen long since scattered and diluted among Hittites, Scythians, Cimmerians, Lydians, Gauls, Greeks, Armenians and Kurds. Who are the Arabs of Syria and Palestine? This is Olmstead's bridge of assembly. North and South have crossed it a hundred times, and each time left their

residue. The Nomad has flocked over its narrow confines, ten, twenty, thirty times. He recked little who he was and who was there before him. Can we separate the strands? Need we? To speak of racial mind and character helps us little; it is the finished product from the melting pot of nations we must understand and deal with. Take a little group from Asia Minor. It is a rare picture that Rudolf Riefstahl's photograph shows us here. They are monks of Hajji Bektash in the heart of modern Turkey. Take off their hats and uniforms and scatter them through the land as the Turkish Republic has done. Put hats and coats and trousers on them and then tell us, are these Greek, Turk, or Armenian, French, Russian or German peasants? Out of melting pots where ores for thousands of years have been commingled, the near East is forming new peoples, new nations.

And one other point these Bektash monks illustrate. Living under the constant threat of the nomad, under constant threat that groups, goods, and ideas would be shattered, in hidden corners throughout this country, little isolated groups hoard their identity, their laboriously built little world for centuries on end like a precious pearl. Bektashi and Kyzylbash in Asia Minor, Nusairi and Yezidi, Druze, Metawali, and Maronite in little Syria, with religious zeal,—each guards a heaven of his own that it may not be irrevocably lost; this is something of the problem of the Near East in its human heritage as it is rising in new groupings to meet us and to share with us the modern world.

These new groupings, this new Orient, this humanity demanding entrance and share in our world—all are our problem. Not ours in the sense of a great and far-flung empire of our own; we have little prestige of empire, little direct and intimate responsibility for world progress and world culture, to cloud our eyes. Yet these are our problem. For we are a great world power, and so we are constantly besieged for claims on our sympathy, with summons to appreciative understanding, with calls for such help as we can give. We must avoid sentimental meddling where we can do little but harm, yet we cannot build a wall of ignorance about us and flinch from our task. A sound and well founded public opinion in these United States may be an imponderable power, but it is one of tremendous weight in the world's affairs. How shall we attain it, unless those of us who sense the problem, organize

our quest for unbiased, undiluted information? Hence a New Orient Society. And because we cannot all go questing, yet are under obligation to form judgment and opinion; hence a journal, where Orient and Occident may meet and develop tolerance, sympathetic mutual understanding.

With gratitude we acknowledge work done by older societies and institutions and their publications. We do not seek to rival or replace them. With pride and pleasure we find Doctor Breasted, the director of Chicago's Oriental Institute one of our members. He has begun our work at its beginning, and has laid for us a broad and firm foundation. But if this foundation has meaning and importance in our eyes, we cannot stop there. As he stimulates scientific research in the Ancient Near East, so must we in a New Orient; as he interests and trains workers in his field, so must we seek and foster them in our general quest. With both a New Orient Society and a journal, we need to develop, not a lesser and smaller Institute for the Ancient Orient, but a greater and broader Institute for the New Orient, to help us meet and live as neighbors with a new world of the East, Near and Far.

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