

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

MARCH, 1930

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VOLUME XLIV NUMBER 886

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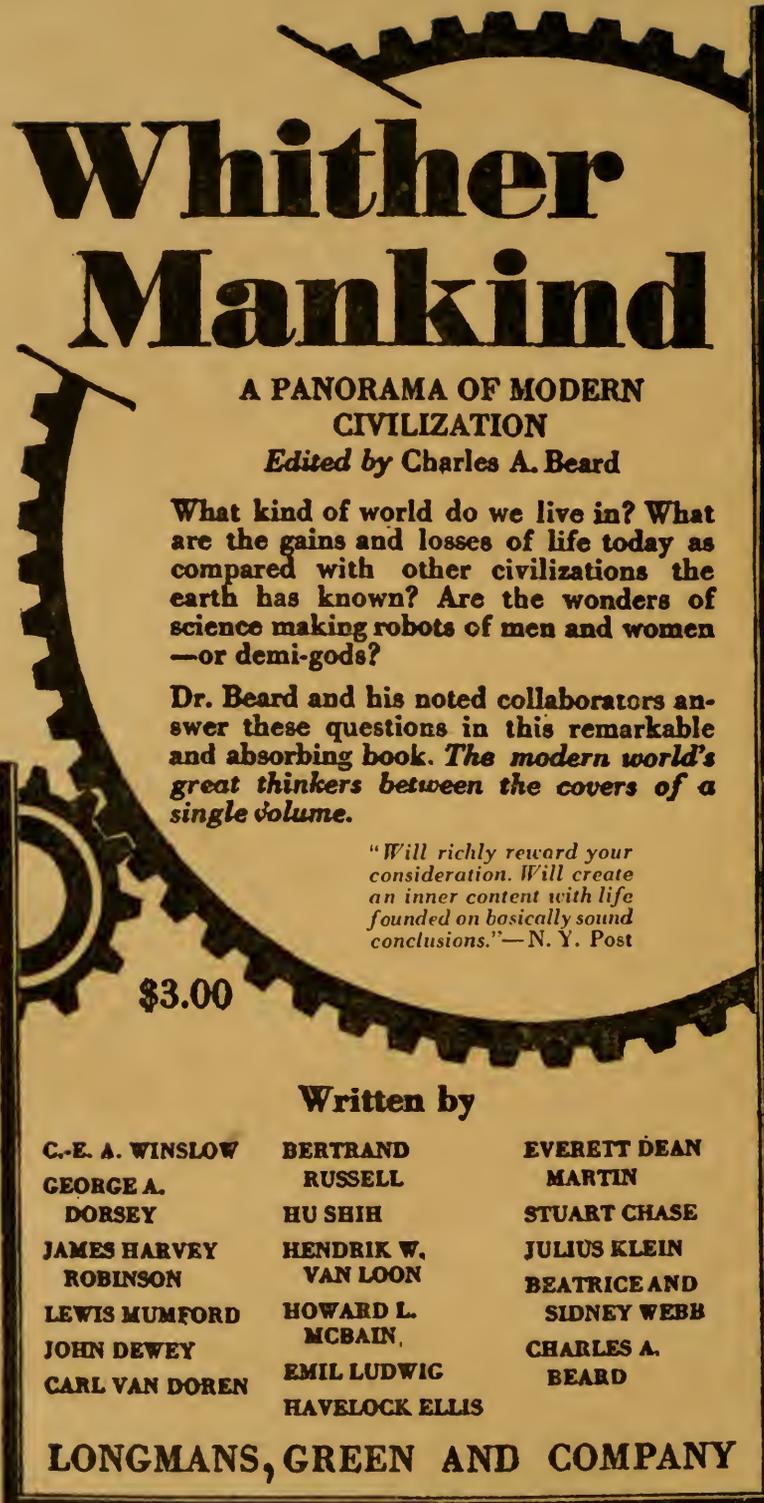
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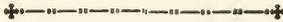
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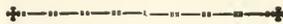


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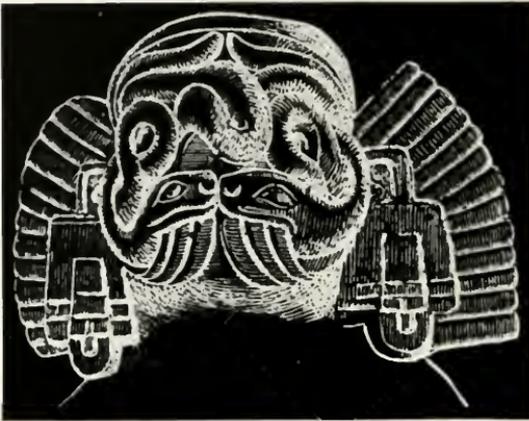
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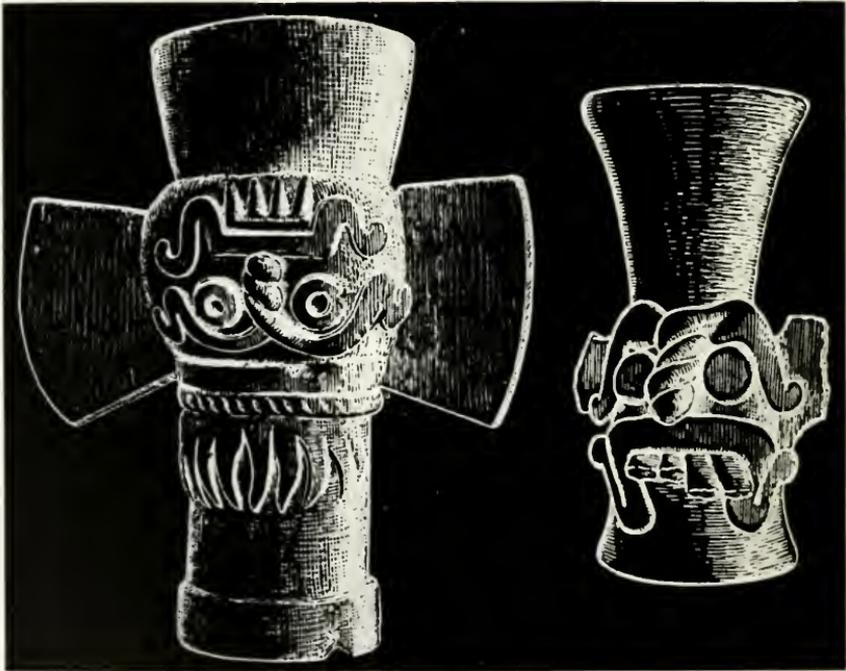


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(From Seler, *Codex Vaticanus B.*, p. 107.)

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SPIRIT, ETERNAL LIFE, IMMORTALITY

BY WILLIAM F. CLARKE

PERHAPS never before was there a more generally felt need of a clear conception and adequate verbal presentation of the fundamental realities, or reality, around which all the great problems of both religion and philosophy gather, than there is today. At the same time, in a world where all the physical, intellectual, and moral outlooks are changing from day to day, it would seem impossible to satisfy this need. But, after all, the realization of the fact that we are living in an evidently changing world may be our salvation: where all is changing we must look for the description which we seek in the meaning of change itself—in the enduring character which runs through all change, rescues change from being merely a self-destructive, incomprehensible confusion, and makes it an orderly, understandable process.

For the purposes of this paper I accept, as far as I am able to understand it, the general philosophical outlook suggested by Dewey and Whitehead, and still further developed and defined by Professor Arthur Murphy of Chicago University¹—the philosophy of events, or of what happens. Events are the stuff reality is made of, and it is to events—to what occurs, that we must go for all our data: there is nothing prior to events. Both time and space are necessary aspects of the course of events; but take away events, and there is left behind neither vacant space nor empty, pure time: there is nothing. Both religion and philosophy are concerned with the content of events, the objects and the forces which, in occurring, enter into reality and become part of the complex, organically interrelated universe.

¹ *Philosophical Review*, Vol. xxxvii, No. 6, Nov. 1928.

I must assume that, for modern thought, there is no meaning in the question, When was the world created? Creation is an eternal process, without beginning and without end, manifesting itself in and through the course of events; and this process being a process of development, events must show, and must always have shown, a twofold aspect, an aspect of power working against an aspect of resistance—a principle of order working against disorder, a principle of constructive life working against disintegration and death: creation being an evolutionary process the realized creatures become themselves resistant of the process, they become the old wine-skins unfit for the storage of new wine. As the creative activity is eternal so, too, the element of resistance is eternal. The life of the spirit is in the eternal conflict between the old and the new. We find both the creative activity and the universe which springs from it, and from which it springs (it is the relationship of the bird and the egg) ever present and active in events, and we must leave the questions of the *how* and the *why* not only unanswered but unasked: without the creativity there would be nothing; without the plastic element, which may be as immaterial as the known or unknown "rays" of space, again there would be nothing. Where both are eternal and each is necessary for the existence of the other any question as to priority of status may be dismissed. Any priority, if priority there be, must be priority in the status of the *whole process* over the elements which enter into it—the priority of *what is going on*.

The active creative element is the spiritual element, the material element is the world of physics, of biology, of physiological psychology, and of behaviorism. In this paper I propose to limit myself, as much as possible, to the consideration of certain aspects of the realm of the spirit—to attempt some description, within the limits of a philosophy of events, of what we mean by Spirit, Eternal Life and God. This is, I am fully aware, a hopeless and in any full sense an impossible undertaking; but if I can only succeed in suggesting the lines along which a description must be sought I shall feel the attempt has been justified: spirit can never be intellectually *comprehended*, for it is the active comprehending principle withdrawn from and beyond all comprehension. In the world outside ourselves it can only be apprehended by the "fringe of its garment," the forms manifested in the ever-changing course of events. To be found it must be sought in the depths of one's own soul where spirit is lived

and trusted, willed and obeyed, loved and enjoyed, but never seen.

There is no event however trivial but has its spiritual aspect: nothing happens, no sparrow falls to the ground, without God. When we attempt to picture to ourselves an unminded event we are calling up an abstraction and forgetting that such an unminded event owes its intelligibility to the fact that, in it, there is that which corresponds with the structure of our own mind, which is, in fact, largely a construction of our own mental activities: in the very act of unminding an event we are impregnating it with mind. But for the fruitful analysis of the realm of the spirit, the realm of the realities we are attempting to describe, we must go to occurrences in which we, with all our highest conscious powers, are ourselves involved—fully minded events. As the fundamental problems of both philosophy and religion are not problems of mathematics or logic, or even of social life, but problems of the individual life as lived deep down in the soul of each one of us, it is to the depths of one's own soul that one must go for light upon the things of the spirit.

Leaving to the physicist, the chemist, the biologist, the psychologist, and the behaviorist, the objective fields of their analytical research—the outside world: all that can be dealt with by another,—in this actual occurrence, the writing of this paper, in which I am at the present moment involved, what do I find hidden within my solitary self? I find a realm of more or less hazy ideas which are centering around a focus which is the idea of my life-process: here these ideas are being worked over by my intellectual and imaginative faculties, arranged in definite thoughts, and expressed in such terms as, I hope, may convey these thoughts to my fellow-men. But this life-process is not an automatic, undirected affair which I can sit back and passively watch: I am conscious of an effort of my will, an effort controlling and directing not only my bodily organs in the physical effort of writing, but an effort of thought in thinking, and, too, an effort of the will in willing and directing the thinking process. As a result of all this activity I am conscious of a feeling of pleasure or distress inasmuch as my efforts are, in my judgment, successful or ineffectual. And the pleasure feeling of successful effort is for me the final value of the whole event.

But here in this attempt at the analysis of my inner life some-

thing is all the time eluding me: the actual *I* who am making the analytical introspection must always remain whole, unanalysed and undemonstrated, existing and enduring in the background, through all the events which go to make up myself.

What is this *I*? In the physical realm it is that activity which takes of the fruits of the earth and choosing here and rejecting there builds up an organism which, although rooted in, springing from, and nourished by its environment, is something new, something which uses the world for purposes of its own and modifies the environment in which it lives. In the intellectual realm it is the conscious activity which, living in an actual world of ideas, nourishes itself upon the fruits of the mental labors of the past. But if this activity is worthy of the name of intellect it does not leave the fool upon which it feeds unchanged, it is not merely a receiver of stolen goods, it assimilates and combines, rejects old and adds new material and builds up an ordered ideal world of its own: "I must create my own system or be enslaved by another man's." In the realm of the will it is the impulse from within, which, in the physical world, impels me to seek the satisfaction of my bodily needs and comfort, in the social world to seek my place and function in the social organism, in the intellectual world to seek truth, coherence, and beauty; and acting simultaneously with these activities is the supreme activity which recognizes all these values which I seek, when found, and at the same time rejoices in their finding and their recognition.

But this activity, this process, this impulse seeking, this judge finding, and rejoicing in the finding of these values, is my enduring life—the Spirit. And the values are values realized in a community of individuals inspired with the same spirit. It is this spirit which allows another to share my thought. Without community of spirit there could be no common language and all forms of distinctly human society would be impossible. It is "in the spirit" that my readers live in me and that I live in my readers, if there is to be any understanding relationship between us. It is the same spirit which breathes through all nature and makes it possible for the world to be *my* world.

Bound up with this universal activity tending towards change and development there is, as already pointed out, in every realm a resistance to progressive change, an inertia, a tendency not only to resist but to pull down and destroy. We see this in the physical

realm, we are conscious of it in our social life, in every moment of our intellectual life, and indeed in all our search for the "goods" of the spirit. The world that *is* ever resists the world that is to be: there is friction, sorrow, pain, evil—ever there are tares among our wheat, and we are tempted to say "an enemy hath done this."

So then, beyond and behind the manifestations of my individual life, there is hidden in my deepest depths a synthesizing power which, directing my intellect and my will, binds all the different aspects of my life into unity, a unity of purpose and of character, a unity of direction and development—the Creative Imagination. This power it is which gathers up into the present moment the fruit of all my past experiences: that gives me my ideals: that takes of these ideals and giving them form and expression in my present action bites into the future with real creative force. It is the willing will, the thinking mind, the final judge, for me, of truth and beauty, the seat of all my sorrow and my joy—it is my inmost, real self, the Spirit.

The path of the spirit is a steep and difficult ascent; still, in spite of failure here and there, all along the line there is evidence of victory: the universe is not a balanced whole where action and reaction are equal and opposite cancelling each other, and all process is an illusion. In the physical world there is ordered movement and never fixed, immobile equilibrium. In the realm of ideas knowledge is never a dead reflex of the world of things: if all that we, in our highest and truest intellectual moments, can discover is the given, then our conscious intellectual life has no value. Ideas spring from the given and must ever be immersed in the stream of events to be purified and enriched, but they have a life and freedom of their own, and a creative power to mold and change events: the gap between the electron and man is very wide, but it, somehow, has been bridged: in spite of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, beauty and truth, fellowship and peace, still are loved and sought, realized and enjoyed, and still they draw men up and on.

Again, then, what is this real self, my spirit? Not the individual I can look out upon as a realized object, one amongst others in a society of like objects; this is the past self which, in living, I have already left behind. Again it is not the ideal self ever looked forward to but never realized. No, I am the actual present living process of creative transition running from my ideal world, through

my actual self, into my realized self. If I identify myself with my past self, and "love" it, I debase myself. If I identify myself with all I hope to be, I fool myself; for there is no such self: my realm of ideals and possibilities is a necessary element in my existence as a developing being, but ideals do not enter into my permanent character until they have been formulated and fully expressed; for it is only in objective expression that falsehood and contradiction can be detected and cast off, difficulties overcome, and progress made. Day-dreaming may be an interesting form of relaxation and entertainment, but unless dreams can be brought into the actual world of expression they can have little value in the building-up of character. It is in the informing of the old with the new that my spirit is ever enriched. I *am* the living process ever growing in depth of reality through the actualization of ideals, the fruits or values of such actualizations becoming permanent elements inherent in my personality—memories which consciously or unconsciously must enter into my every action.

As the Spirit is all this in me, so it is all this in my neighbor, and in all men, and in all created things, for the Spirit is One. This universal spirit it is that gives the world to me and makes it mine, that makes possible all human fellowship, that makes my truth, if truth it be, truth for all men, that makes a vision of beauty a source of universal joy and in one prick of suffering makes the whole world kin.

But this universal spirit, which is the power in our will, the light of our intellect, the inspiration of our imagination, our companion in victory and defeat, is what we mean by God. In the spirit we are partakers in the life of God and fellow-workers with him. This is no cause for vanity. Man is not God. To be an element in, and a partaker of, a Unity, is by no means the same as being identical with a Unit: Man in his body is a member of the community of things which make up the universe, but he is not the universe. He shares in the infinite realm of reason and truth, but, if he is sane, he knows that his little store of knowledge is not the unfathomable well of wisdom. He shares the Spirit, and in spirit he is one with God, but he is not God. The supreme labor of man's spirit would seem to be that called forth in the effort to enter, ever more fully, into the riches of the kingdom of God for

"The Gate by which we enter into the riches of the Kingdom of God is the Cross; and that Gate is narrow. They who desire to enter in that way are few, while those who desire the joys that come by it are many."

God is not *a* Person, one amongst other persons: His life is all-pervasive, His consciousness all-embracing. He is not the actual universe. He is not the infinite realm of ideals and possibilities; although he has within Himself the consciousness of both the actual and ideal worlds. God *is* Consciousness. He *is* creative Power. He *is* Imagination. He *is* Memory. He *is* Love. He is all these organized into a unity of free, self-determined activity aware of itself.

The fact that God's activity is self-determined in the direction of a definite order, and this in a universe which holds an element of inertia and opposition, is the basis for the emergence of evil, sorrow and pain. In an organic unity the whole suffers in the part: in myself, the pain in my finger is *my* pain, there are not two pains, one in my finger and one in me. So in being consciousness God is conscious in every living being. He is the Patient of the suffering of every sentient, living thing. As long as we can conceive of God as some omnipotent One, utterly other than ourselves, looking on at suffering, then the last cry from the Cross must be the cry of agony:

"My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken me?"

and not the cry of triumph:

"It is finished. Father into thy hand I commend my Spirit."

God is the very life of this world of events. He is the Power which gives form and meaning to all events. He takes from his world of possibilities the things which *are not*, and out of the material of the world of nature, makes them to be the things which *are*. If we seek God in Nature, and worship him there, in finished, created things, we are worshipping idols, things less than ourselves. If we worship him as the Omnipotent, Omniscient, Perfect, Transcendent One, we are worshipping an abstraction from our world of events. God is Spirit, and they that would worship him must worship him "*neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem,*" nor in any fixed spot in time or space, but alone where he is to be found, "*in Spirit and in Truth*"; and Truth, here, is not a closed system of general ideas, not a definite, formulated creed, not a fixed and absolute code of moral laws, but rather a Way of life: a fearless and absolutely veracious attitude towards the realities of life, the realities

of man's relationship to his world, to his fellows, and to his God.

But this Power which eternally runs through the course of events, and binds their infinitely complex patterns into an ordered, organic unity, which gathers up into its very life the values realized in every creature, so that nothing throughout eternity is lost, is what we mean by *Eternal Life*.—Spirit—God—Eternal Life. These Three are One. The gift of God to the world is Himself, the Spirit, Eternal life.

Do the centers of awareness which are our *selves* retain their conscious identity for ever? We do not know. That "all the righteous are with God" may mean either that they are constituent elements, living memories inherent in the eternal life of God, whence no power can snatch them, or that they are still conscious units in a fellowship of individual spirits. The hope and belief that we may, in some way, retain our individual identity together with the family, domestic, national and ecclesiastical relationships which go with the idea of individuality, would seem to have been responsible for most of the iniquities which have been perpetrated in the name of faith and religion from the most distant antiquity to the present day. This fact, together with the complementary fact that in our moments of most intense life, our moments of greatest joy, of most profound grief, of supreme self-sacrifice and love, whilst retaining our awareness, we lose the consciousness of our individual selves, would seem to point to the first as being the more probable meaning of the two: our consciousness not only *becomes* merged with the consciousness of God, but has, in reality, ever been one, in the unity of the Spirit, with the consciousness which is God. All things which are created are subject to change, and disappear; in our inherence in the Unity, which is the Spirit, would seem to lie our only hope of Immortality.

HINDU SPIRITUALITY IN RELIGION AND DRAMA

BY GREGORY VLASTOS

IT is not always true that a whole culture can be described in terms of a single attribute of soul, of a single quality of world outlook, that finds in it lucid and unadulterated expression. India, however, is old. It has had time to achieve that inner self-consistency and freedom from distracting motives that is the privilege of an ancient culture. In the lavish exuberance of patterns that run through the vast tapestry of its history, one motif stands out from the beginning and grows clearer and purer as the centuries roll on and the national character crystallizes into a finished maturity: Spirituality. What that spirituality means, and how it shines through at least two forms of Hindu aspiration and achievement, religion and art, we shall attempt to delineate in the discussion that follows.

The Indian Religion: Pantheism, Mysticism, Pessimism

A. World-view: Pantheism

The first religious documents of the Hindus are the Vedas. The word *Veda* comes from a root meaning, "to know." It was wisdom that those early seekers were after, and when they found it, it was simple: knowledge on one hand, and disillusion on the other. Their knowledge was of the Brahma, the one and only reality, supremely real because motionless and changeless, supremely free because above the accidents of existence. Their disillusion was of the world, of the objects of sense and desire, of the gross fibre of corporeal things, of the heavy drag of the flesh, of the obstinate sense of selfish individuality. The sense of the misery of life was heightened by the belief in Karma, the law of the deed, and transmigration: even death held out no longer the promise of a quiet and

dreamless sleep, but meant an endless round of weary existences, of prolonged subjection to the dupery of Maya and the tyranny of fate. Then, with a Brahma who was all-real, and a world that was non-real, the course of wisdom was plain: to flee this world with all its haunting illusions and tormenting lusts, and reach the breathless silence and frozen immobility of the Brahma. Blessedness was now synonymous with extinction, and salvation with release, while the highest good was the Nirvana, the supreme felicity of untroubled nothingness.

B. *Technique of Worship: Mysticism*

Pantheism and mysticism have always gone hand in hand. It was so in the case of Plotinus, Meister Eckhart, and Spinoza. It was so in the case of these Indians. Distrustful of individuality, weary of the world, convinced that everything that is, is unreal and illusory, eager for the release of the glorious emptiness of the Nirvana, they had only one way of salvation open to them: the *via negativa* of the mystic. Despising ritual and cult as a means of salvation—for were not gods and priests, temples and sacrifices vanities?—they sought to obtain by the double discipline of asceticism and meditation a rapturous reabsorption into their pantheistic absolute. The famous statute of the seated Buddha gazing at his navel is perhaps the clearest symbolic expression of this contemplative mysticism by which the Hindus sought that kingdom that is not of this world.

C. *Strategy of Life: Pessimism*

With transcendental pantheism for a philosophy and negative mysticism for a way of salvation there was only one logical morality open to the Hindus: the ethics of pessimism and renunciation. Yet, strange as it may seem, such a gospel of other-worldliness and despair was still compatible with three different interpretations: fanatical asceticism, whimsical though disenchanting esotericism, and convulsive sensualism and superstition. Asceticism was the least popular of the three. It called for religious professionalism, demanded a stern sacrifice of all the natural enjoyments of a normal life, and tried to stifle all the passionate exuberance of tropical emotion in an inverted hunger for the extinction of body and soul. But ascetic fanaticism, exuding the odor of holiness and holding out the

promise of the blessedness of the Nirvana, has not been without its charm to the Indian soul, and Jainism, the religion of institution-alized asceticism, has never lacked adherents.

Brahmanism was more popular because it was more sane. It saw that fanatical asceticism was really inconsistent with the true Brahmanic atarxia, that it was still a slave to passion, though passion of different order. Too wise to be fanatical, too sophisticated to be superstitious, too emancipated from desire ever to be a slave to passion, it calmly accepted the illusory nature of the world and worldly things, and attempted to conquer the world not by fleeing it but by smiling at it. It sought in elegance of manner and distinction of form a pleasant escape from the vulgar realities of life. Its ideal was a cultivated and philosophic detachment, a freedom from the domination of earthly goods, purchased not by the abstinence of the barbarian but by the temperate tolerance of the civilized man.

Asceticism, mysticism, cultivated esotericism: these are the privileges of a professional or leisure class. A speculative, mystical or enlightened religion is a luxury which the poor cannot afford. Driven to despair by the necessity of wresting a scanty means of subsistence from an unwilling earth, they too have sought release, but release of a more substantial, more palpable kind than that of the refined Brahmin. If all is vanity, then why not choose the thick instinctive pleasures, that, evanescent though they may be, possess an animal solidity that guarantees their reality while they last. Accepting, therefore, the moral pessimism that is the logical outcome of their religion, the masses have turned to an ethics of a despair, which tries to squeeze all the juice out of the pleasures within its reach. So the masses have lived a brute, unreasoned, self-regulative morality, that plucked pleasure hungrily from where it could find it, and brooked no control save that of physical force or biologic necessity.

The Indian Drama: The Art of a Spiritual Soul

A. The Spirituality of the Indian Soul

Our approach to the Hindu drama has been indirect but sure. For the drama is the product of a soul. To understand it we must first acquaint ourselves with the soul that gave it birth. Religion represents that soul in its most limpid, most thoughtful, most impassioned moments. Seldom realistically true of man's actual at-

tainments, religion is always symbolically expressive of his ideal aspirations. Often it is only a reaction: having embraced life too passionately, and loved it with a drunken self-abandon, the soul returns to itself with a sharp recoil, and can only find satisfaction in an equally drastic and extreme asceticism. Yet even as a reaction it is richly revealing, for it offers an unchecked if only momentary expression to certain inarticulate longings and timid spiritual strivings that are ordinarily denied fulfilment.

Having then gazed upon the Indian soul at its moments of ecstasy and aspiration, we can feel already certain sympathetic intimacy with it, which comes from acquaintance on the deepest levels. We know something of its other wordliness, its world-weariness, its world-renunciation. We see its spirituality, its keen sense for "that vision of something that lies beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things,"¹ its secondary interest in this world as the confused reflection of a transcendent reality. We sense now the distinguishing excellence of the Indian soul: Above its pantheism, mysticism and pessimism stands its spirituality, lending it a softness and elegance, a charm and distinction, a detachment and cultivation which marks it off from the vulgar commercialism of the Anglo-Saxon, the shrieking emotionalism of the Latin, or the heavy sluggishness of the Slav. Let us be sure, therefore, of what this spirituality means: It is the gentleness and suavity of temper, which can be sophisticated without cynicism and whimsical without frivolity, which can reject the world, yet without embitterment, and can use it, yet without material absorption; not especially profound or forceful, but always elegant and refined; shunning the explosiveness of a sentimental idealism and the crudity of a photographic realism, guided always by good taste, decency and self-control.

There is a corollary to this Indian spirituality which is of special interest to us in our present study: its essentially 'undramatic' character, its contemptuous superiority to mere busy-ness. 'Undramatic' is here used in the popular sense of the word, which conceives the drama as the maximum of action in the minimum of space and time, and expects a play to be in the style of Balkan politics, where revolution and counter-revolution takes place, kings are established and deposed, cabinets formed and executed, all between sunrise and sundown. In this sense the Indian soul is undramatic

¹ A. N. Whitehead's definition of religion in *Science and the Modern World*.

in the extreme. Contrast, for instance, its colorless plan of salvation with the exciting Christian myth, where Adam, made with God's own hands, deliberately disobeys him for the twinkle in Eve's eyes, and so condemns himself and the whole race to perpetual damnation from the taint of the original sin, till God himself comes to the rescue and suffers for man on the cross. Compare the Indian calm submission to fate, its weary indifference to moral and immoral endeavor alike, its ambivalent ethics of asceticism and sensuality, with the Western puritanism and calvinistic mania for reform, "that so unspiritual determination to wash the world white and clean, adopt it, and set it up for a respectable person."² Whether it be the enervating influence of a tropical climate, or the disenchantment of a race grown old and gray, or the superior wisdom that comes from a detachment from material things, the fact remains that the Indian spirituality is essentially undemonstrative, unexplosive, collected, subdued and self-controlled, with open contempt for over-activity, and therefore lacking an element that is popularly deemed so essential to the art of the stage.

B. *The Religious Origin of the Indian Drama*

The beginnings of the Indian drama are obscure. Legend speaks of a certain Bharata (which, significantly enough, means 'actor'), who first brought down to men from the gods the arts of the dance and of the acted spectacle. The religious parentage of the drama already hinted at in this legend is much more clearly seen in the earliest known instance of a dramatic performance: This was a mystery-play, in which Krishna and his followers, dressed in red, symbolizing the fertility and warmth of the summer, overcame and killed Kansa, the black spirit of winter. This forms a striking parallel with Farnell's theory of the origin of the Greek drama in a mimic conflict of summer and winter, in which the black Neleid Melanthos killed the fair-haired Boiotian Xanthos. Berriedale Keith who notes this parallel suggests that the tragic outcome of the Greek passion-play and the lamentations that follow account for the "dirge-like nature of the Greek drama," while the uniformly happy ending of its Indian cousin may have contributed to establish the rigid banishment of all tragedy from the Indian stage.³ Krishna thus figured

² George Santayana, *Platonism and the Spiritual Life*, p. 85

³ A. Berriedale Keith, *The Sanskrit Drama*, pp. 37-38.

in the first extant dramatic exhibition. Another of the ten incarnations of Vishnu, Rama, is the subject of popular religious festivals in which children present the story of the avatar in a series of striking tableaux before a host of devout pilgrims. A last evidence of the religious origin of the drama is to be found in the invocation to Shiva or Vishnu that precedes every Indian play, and in the fact that the Mahabharata and Ramayna, the religious epics of popular Hinduism, from the almost exclusive source of dramatic themes. We can, therefore, accept Keith's statement, that

"the Sanskrit drama came into being shortly after, if not before the middle of the second century B. C., and that it was evoked by the combination of epic recitations with the dramatic movement of the Krishna legend, in which a young god strives against and overcomes enemies."⁴

*C. The Poets of the Indian Drama: Shudraka, Kalidasa, and
Bhahavuti*

It is needless to trace the development of the Indian drama through a host of mediocre authors. We shall be much more profitably occupied if we consider the great trio of the Classical Indian drama.

Shudraka is the king who received credit for the work of an unknown artist who wrote in the fifth century A. D. His only extant work is the *Mrrichakatika*, or "the Little Clay Cart," a genre-drama of middle life. It is a brilliant panorama of Indian life, remarkable for its tropical fertility of invention, exuberance of detail, and variety of character and episode, for its leisurely but keen insight into life. It is thickly studded with jewels of the brightest colors—epigrams of wit and wisdom, scenes of quaint but touching pathos, and a humor that is human enough to be felt across the wall of an English translation. Its plot consists of two complete stories joined together not without a certain amount of skill, sustaining the interest, and even effecing something like dramatic suspense. Yet its merits are those of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "the Pickwick Papers": not an exhibition of virtuoso-like ingenuity in plot construction, but an air of broad human sympathy, naïve and childlike delight in life as it is untroubled by the moralistic obsessions of its English cousins, free from affectation and rationalization alike, with a simple animal-like dignity, with the unstrained and unstudied charm of a wild flower.

⁴ *loc. cit.*, p. 45.

Shudraka's genius has given us a masterpiece that is unique because it is universal: it can afford as much delight to a western as to an oriental audience of the same cultivation and aesthetic discernment. With Kalidasa, commonly considered the greatest figure of the trio, we come to a poet who stands more definitely within the Indian tradition. He is often called the Indian Shakspeare or Goethe. Yet he is not to be equalled or even compared with these western masters, because he lacks the universality of the one and the profundity of the other. The distinguishing merit of his work is a frank naturalism of sentiment combined with an elegance, even a prettiness, which is totally unknown to the repressed and barbaric North, but quite akin to the graceful ardor of the French romantics. Kalidasa is Lamartine without Lamartine's gushiness, and Alfred De Musset without Musset's eroticism. His plots are bare and straggling, almost careless in their construction, but drawn as they are from the great epics so familiar to his audience, they offer ample opportunity to depict the very earthly emotions of nymphs and demi-gods and kings.

Two centuries separate Kalidasa from Bhababhuti. During that time the Indian drama had evolved through a period of increasing elaborateness and conventionality. The spring of the Indian drama that had given birth to the *Mrrichakatika* had passed into an early summer with Kalidasa, and now the first yellow leaves of Autumn had begun to fall. Bhababhuti is the child of a drama that was growing old. We miss in him the freshness of Shudraka and Kalidasa. Gone is the splendid optimism of youth that welcomes life with open arms and faces it eagerly and hopefully, with an animal joy in all that it has to offer. Yet in place of the lost flush of radiant youth has come something else: a keener sense of the reality and tragedy of things, a realization that life is not only an exciting game with lusty passions whose delayed satisfaction only adds so much spice to their ultimate enjoyment, but a field of conflict and disappointment, gray with the poignancy of long drawn-out separation and unrewarded love. Something of this sober sadness of maturer wisdom breathes through his three extant dramas, of which the Uttara-Rama-Charita is perhaps the greatest. The iron rule of Indian convention holds him back from tragedy, but he often comes very near to it, and we wonder what he could have achieved with the freedom of the Greek tragedian. As it is he comes closer to the

Greeks than any of his fellow-dramatists, especially to Euripides, that other disillusioned and uneasy poet, though Bhahabhuti is too much of a gentleman to play with the emotions of his audience quite so daringly as the Greek.

D. *The Aristocratic Audience of the Indian Drama*

In his *Development of the Drama* Brander Mathews points out the influence of the audience upon the playwright, "an influence not on the form of the play, but on its substance." He then proceeds to say that "the drama is, of necessity, the most democratic of the arts."⁵ We can heartily agree with the first statement, but we are obliged to dissent with the conclusion that is drawn from it; unless indeed we presume upon the ambiguity of his statement, and grant that perhaps the drama is the least aristocratic of the arts. For no art is democratic. It is created for the enjoyment of the discerning few, and any attempt to popularize it results in the casting of pearls before swine, a process as unsatisfactory to the swine as it is degrading to the pearls. Perhaps the best refutation of the delusion of democratic and journalistic drama is to be found in India. For the Indian theatre is the theatre of a class, the theatre of the Brahmins, the noble, priestly, and administrative caste.

There are several reasons which have led to this. Language was one: the Indian drama is written in Sanskrit which ceased to be popular after 300 B. C., and persisted only as the language of the ruling class. I say *chiefly*; for only the chief parts were in Sanskrit; the roles of women and inferior characters were written in different Prakrit dialects, which were intelligible to the common folks, but were still stereotyped to a high degree, so that they by no means represented the language of the people. In the second place, the commercial theatre was unknown to India. Dramatic presentations were reserved for festive or solemn occasions and then given at the palace of some rajah or prince to an audience consisting chiefly of invited Brahmin guests. Having no specially constructed theatres for the housing of such spectacles, the audience was numerically limited to the capacity of the throne-room or banquet hall. The quality of the audience, however, more than made up for its small number: the poet was assured of highly intelligent listeners to whom he could speak with hints and half-tones, suggesting rather than describing, trusting to the cultivation of the

⁵ p. 33

audience to supply that which the artist's self-restraint chose to leave unsaid. So the playwright could disregard the plebeian demand for farce, vaudeville or melodrama to which the commercial stage so easily degenerates, and cater to the

"qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned and the Brahmans require in a drama: Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character, delicate expression of desire, a surprising story and elegant language."

And the poet's disregard for popularity could rise higher yet :

"How little do they know who speak of us with censure! This entertainment is not for them. Possibly some one exists, or will exist, of similar tastes with myself; for time is boundless and the world is wide."⁶

Here we find the first secret of the spirituality of the Indian drama: its independence of any but a spiritual audience.

E. *Structural Peculiarities of the Indian Drama*

In our preliminary discussion of the Indian spirituality which we described as a universal mildness and refinement of outlook resulting from an other-worldly detachment from material things we spoke of it as the outstanding characteristic of the Indian soul. We may have expected to see its symptoms cropping up in the national drama, though so far the first mention of it was only made in the preceding paragraph, where the shaping influence of a spiritual audience on the Indian drama was pointed out. From now on we propose to hold fast to this spirituality and its attendant disregard for realism and disparagement of action, and correlate it with the distinctive features of the Indian drama.

The prologue is the first such feature that calls for mention: Every play begins with the entrance of the manager, who pronounces a benediction, asking for the blessing and protection of Shiva upon the audience, and then in a jocular conversation with one of the actors proceeds to tell the audience something about the author, the character of the play, and a word about the plot. This deliberate effort to make plain to the audience that what follows is to be a *play* is due to the extreme care of the spiritual Indian to avoid even

⁶ Both quotations from an induction to one of Bhahabhuti's plays, quoted in *Encyclopedia Britannica* article on "Indian Drama," Vol. VIII, p. 482.

the semblance of deception, and to furnish a gentle transition from the world of reality to that of poetic imagination.

The manager then withdraws, the actors enter, and the play begins. There are no curtains to be drawn back: the only curtain is the so-called "Greek wall," reminiscent of Greek influence at the time of Alexander's invasion, being a plain dark tapestry at the back of the stage, forming the background for the performance. Entrance and exit are made at the back through this curtain. A further peculiarity of the Indian theatre now strikes us, as we notice the complete absence of stage-properties, and, as the play proceeds, the stereotyped character of the movements of the actors, much in the style of the modern ballet.

The scenic bareness of the Indian stage, however, is more than compensated for by poetic descriptions of nature, that give the desired effect without the attendant illusion, and at the same time offer admirable scope of expression for the author's aesthetic sensibility and power of pictorial suggestion. These descriptions sparkle like jewels in the pages of the Indian drama, and must be classed among the highest achievements of a spirituality that could suspend the action to indulge in the purely aesthetic delight of word-pictures. The imaginative splendor and pictorial vividness of these descriptions will be made clear from examples that follow. This snatch is from the lengthy description of the storm that appears as a poetic interlude in the fifth act of the *Clay Cart*:

"The heaven is radiant with lightning's glare;
 Its laughter is the cry of myriad cranes;
 Its voice, the bolts that whistle through the air;
 Its dance, that bow whose arrows are the rains,
 It staggers at the winds, and seems to smoke

With clouds, which form its black and snaky cloak."⁷
 Here Bhahabhuti not only pictures natural scenery, but communicates a mood and builds an atmosphere:

"Here lies our path. Yonder is tall Kraunchavat,
 Amidst the dark glens of whose wooded side
 The raven silent flits, and hoots the owl,
 And whines through whistling caves the shrilly breeze:
 And countless pea-fowl, with discordant shrieks,
 Chase into sapless trunks and time-worn trees
 The frightened snakes."⁸

⁷ From A. W. Ryde's translation, p. 85.

⁸ From Wilson's translation, p. 323.

An even clearer expression of the Indian spirituality lies in its glorious disregard for the unities of time and space: Twelve years elapse between the first and second acts of the History of Rama. In Kalidasa's *Hero and Nymph* we find the king in the fifth act handing over the reigns of government to his son, who is the product of a love-union not completed till after the third act. As for unity of place, the freedom of the Indian playwright is even greater: unhampered by stage-effects of any kind, he can make his characters wander through forests, climb mountains, travel through the clouds, and ascend to heaven in winged chariots, all in the same scene.

But what contributes more than anything else to give the structure of the Indian drama its own peculiar flavor is its carelessness in the matter of action. Judged by Western standards Indian plots are weak, inefficient, disorganized. For one thing, the inventiveness of the Indian dramatist was discouraged by the fact that he could rely on the religious epics for ready-made plots. But even in those rare cases (as, for example, in the *Clay Cart*) where he did try to work out original stories, his work was marked by fertility rather than structural ability, with a tropical profusion of episode undisciplined by subordination of succeeding incidents to a well-defined end. The Indian dramatist never lets himself be worried by structural problems. His plots are simple. In a difficult situation he can always make use of the miraculous and the extraordinary. And if the worst comes to the worst, he feels no compunction in resorting to the *deus ex machina* to help him out of the ditch.

An over-wise Westerner hearing about these peculiarities of the Indian drama might wonder how it could still maintain its respectability in the face of eccentricities such as these. How could such a bare series of conversations between rather stereotyped characters in fantastic situations loosely joined to form a story be called a drama at all? But little would the Indian care for the jaunty judgment of an American reporter. His audience is a spiritual audience, and his purpose a spiritual purpose. He conceives drama as the communication of experience through the medium of the stage. If he can communicate experience without bothering with an elaborate stage or an over-ingenuous plot, why not do it? It is his right. More, it is his duty. One of the first principles of art is the elimination of the unessential. In this respect Indian drama is like William Blake's poetry or a Japanese print: the maximum of meaning with

the minimum of machinery. We cannot fairly blame a man for failing in something which he never attempted. The Indian never felt any ambition to compete with life in the realistic reproduction of nature or the fateful incidence of events. All he ever wished for was to share with his audience something good and beautiful in itself: the moral reaction of human beings under given circumstances. It is to the consideration of this moral and emotional content of the Indian drama, by which its ultimate success is to be judged, that we must now turn.

F. *Representation of Experience in the Indian Drama*

Two questions will occupy us here: First, the nature of the depicted emotions, second, their dramatic justice. The first is merely descriptive, the second is appreciative and critical.

The clue to the general understanding of the emotions portrayed in the Indian drama will be found in the recognition of the fact that they are the expressions of the eternal Indian spirituality. This will explain their instinctive nobility, their refinement and elegance, their moral purity, their effortless superiority to all that is vulgar, crude, perverted, or vicious. It will illuminate the complete absence of trivial or petty feelings and will justify the moral stature of a soul that could remain serenely indifferent to any but spiritual sentiments. To a Protestant and a Puritan, like myself, it may seem a matter of some surprise to mark the freedom and spontaneity of this moral elevation; to note the absence of repression and restraint, the freedom from uneasiness and inward conflict, the singleness of purpose and unity of will with which the whole personality acts

Debarred from or rather contemptuous of lower feelings, the Indian soul finds preeminent expression in the two sentiments of heroism and love. Indeed, if it was not for the epic character of most Indian dramas, even heroism would disappear, and nothing else would be left for the uniformly noble and elegant hero but love. As it is, valor adds a welcome but distinctly minor variation to the rather monotonous melody of the gentler passion. When it does come, it is treated in a prosaic, matter-of-fact fashion, as if it was a necessary, but inherently uninteresting business, preliminary, incidental, or instrumental to the more exciting deployment of love. It is often reserved not for the principle character, but for his son, who is unknown to him, and is recognized in the final scene through

some unusual exploit of courage and skill. This occurs in the History of Rama, and also in alidasa's *Hero and Nymph*. In any case, it is inconceivable that chivalry in the European medieval sense should ever possess more than a second or third-rate interest for the Indian: it does not agree with the climate.

Love, therefore, is the all-engrossing passion, yet a love that is neither Platonic, nor romantic, nor adolescent, nor jazzy, but Indian, or perhaps Italian. It is dark and violent like a tropical thunderstorm, but happily free from the protracted murkiness of a Chicago sky. It is too passionate to last, unless separation or unsatisfied desire adds fuel to the fire, and then there are no limits to its endurance. But that love is never noisy, melodramatic or vulgar. There is a poetic idealism even in its most passionate moments which prevents it from descending to the levels of mere lust. It is frankly, even innocently, animal. Yet its undisguised sensuality is not at all incompatible with a certain idyllic character delighting in coquetry and the exchange of pretty sentiment. Pururava speaks about Urvasi:

"Here loveliness lends splendor to her ornaments,
Her purity gives fragrance to her perfumes."⁹

Notice the Italian prettiness of the following:

"Whom have you sent the envoy of your coming?
None, but my heart: that has long gone before me."¹⁰

And something quite like joy-riding in the American style:

. . . . "tis much
In the unsteady rolling of the chariot
But for a moment to have touched the form
Of this celestial nymph; the blissful contact
Shoots ecstasy through every fibre."¹¹

Love has also its more serious side of conjugal felicity:

. . . "What wealth need man desire,
Who in the fond companion of his life,
Has one that share his sorrows, and disposes
All anxious care with exquisite delight."¹²

Its ardor does not evaporate with separation, and the constant lover is seen emaciated and worn by the suffering of an absence of

⁹ *Hero and Nymph*, Wilson's translation, p. 211.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 213

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 203.

¹² *History of Rama*, Wilson's translation, p. 320

twelve years, but with an undiminished affection.

"A teaspoonful of heroism in a pint of love"—this seems to be the recipe on which the Indian drama is made. But if the jelly tastes good, why quarrel with the cook on theoretical matters? If the Indian playwright chooses to restrict himself so largely to these two sentiments, we may privately regret the resultant simplification of life, but we cannot censure him for his personal preferences. The only way in which we may criticize him is on the dramatic justice of the portrayed experiences. The term 'dramatic justice' refers to the correlation of theme and material, of substance and form, of idea and technique; it denotes the measure of success with which the artist has mastered the instrument through which he has chosen to express himself, and the degree to which he has made that instrument subservient to his purpose. To be specific: In the preceding paragraph we protested against the unfairness of the critic who would depreciate the Indian drama because of scenic poverty and looseness of plot—the artist has a right to choose his own technique. Now we protest against the equal unfairness of anyone who would disparage the Indian self-limitation to certain particular experiences—it is the artist's privilege to choose his own theme. But having once selected his own theme and his own technique, his freedom can go no further: he has now a definite task before him of embodying the idea in the form. Art is the happy coordination of the two, and criticism can now be called upon to decide as to the success or failure of the artist in this coordination.

On the basis of such a criterion we shall be forced to the verdict that the Indian drama is not only art, but great art. What is its object? To depict certain emotions in their ebb and flow in response to certain natural surroundings and moral situations. What is its technique? To present certain characters to whom the desired emotions are not only possible, but natural; to bring those characters into conjunction with other characters, so as to arouse an action and reaction of will and feeling (chiefly the latter); to create constellations of episodes which will bring new and varied lights to play upon the characters and their attendant feelings; lastly to add to the incidence of events an atmospheric coloring of natural scenery which will enter into the total situation as a component factor. Does object and technique, idea and form work together? Are surroundings and situations used judiciously and

economically solely to produce the desired emotions, and do the emotions grow naturally and spontaneously out of the given surroundings and situations used judiciously and economically solely to produce the desired emotions, and do the emotions grow naturally and spontaneously out of the given surroundings and situations? Looking at the trio of the classical Indian drama, we must answer, yes.

It is only in this light that we can give a satisfactory explanation to the aesthetic unimportance of the structural deficiency of the Indian drama. This somewhat puzzling question is solved when we once realize the *atomism* of the Indian spirituality in contrast to the corresponding Western *organic* view of the emotional life. That is, the West represented by Shakspeare would conceive of the inner life of an individual as something coherent and self-consistent, one emotion growing out of a preceding emotion and strictly conditioned by it. There is a growth and development in a Hamlet or Macbeth, like that of a flower or plant, a growth and development however, which proceeds entirely within the character's individuality. It is this inner continuity of a developmental view of the individual's life that must be balanced by the outward coherence of a well-constructed plot. The Indian, on the other hand, possesses no such strong sense of personality. He rejects the metaphysical dogma of the individual soul. Personality exists only as an incidental and temporary manifestation of the world-soul. Its emotions and moral decisions are not the inevitable expression of an inner organic unity, but are the passing reflections of an impinging natural and social environment, the disconnected shadows cast on the passive waters of a lake by the clouds that flit overhead. With such a view of the inner life, the Indian would not know what to do with an elaborate plot. It would be something extraneous to his art, more of an encumbrance than a help. All he needs is a series of events, no matter how impossible in their sequence and fantastic in their occurrence, so long as they will be fit to evoke certain moral reactions from his characters. In Shudraka, Kalidasa, and Bhahabhuti this is achieved to something very near perfection.

A final question now remains: Is the nature-poetry of the Indian drama a merit or a defect? At first it appears as a distinct weakness. The playwright that lingers for a whole act (as in the Fourth Act of the *Hero and the Nymph*, and the Fifth Act of the *Clay Cart*) to draw word-pictures stops the movement of the play,

suspends the action, and irritates the audience. But this would be only the naive reasoning of a critic who would equate drama to action, and forget that the Indian's interest is not in a story, the outcome of which he knows in advance, but in the interplay of emotion aroused by inherently uninteresting incident. Anything that will arouse that emotion is justified. If descriptions of nature will do it just as well as events, the playwright has a perfect right to make full and deliberate use of them. And if nature can be transported to the stage through graceful and imaginative poetical descriptions infinitely superior to the best of stage-decorations, shall we not admire the Indian spirituality not only for its moral integrity in desiring to avoid illusion but also for its aesthetic instinct in choosing the better of two mediums to accomplish the same end? Again Indian art is justified, and the western critic who is willing to lay aside his western prejudices will recognize that in the representation of experience, which after all is the essence of the drama as of all art, the Indian theatre has achieved a success of the very highest degree.

THE BELIEF IN THE DEVIL

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

THE belief in the Devil has now been abandoned by most "enlightened" men. Lucifer has been relegated by the "advanced" thinkers of today to the limbo of medieval legends. Satan nowadays gets only a sniff or a sneer. Beelzebub is used in our times as a butt at which men shoot their arrows of wit. The mention of the Devil in this period of progress, far from causing men to cross themselves, only brings a smile to their faces. At the very thought of Old Nick men burst into laughter. "I could not think of the Devil without laughing," the poet Southey confessed even a century ago.

These "enlightened" men consider themselves too far advanced with their scientific knowledge to retain even a modicum of faith in the "bogies," with which they were frightened in their childhood. They leave the belief in the Devil to what they call the backward, blind masses. They forget, however, that it is they who are blind. These scoffers at Satan should remember that not so long ago it was authoritatively declared in the ecclesiastical courts that "a denial of the Devil's personal existence constituted a man a notorious evil-liver and a depraver of the Book of Common Prayer."

The fact of the matter is that the denial of the Devil is the most successful snare Satan ever laid for our souls. Father Ravignan was indeed right when he declared that the modern disbelief in the Devil was one of the most cunning devices of the Enemy himself. "La plus grande force du diable," said this Jesuit priest, "c'est d'être parvenu à se faire nier." The Devil admitted to Charles Baudelaire that he had been very much afraid, with regard to his proper power, when he heard this prominent preacher cry from his pulpit in Paris: "My dear brethren, do not forget, when you hear the progress of lights praised that the loveliest trick of the Devil is

to persuade you that he does not exist" ("le Joueur généreux," 1864). Baudelaire's disciple, Joris-Karl Huysmans, in his novel *Là-Bas* (1891), similarly says that "the greatest power of Satan lies in the fact that he gets men to deny him." Satan expresses his satisfaction over his success in this regard in Frederick Beecher Perkins's story, *Devil-Puzzlers* (1871). In Pierre Veber's novel, *l'Homme qui vendit son âme au diable* (1918), on the other hand, the Devil mocks at this theological dictum.

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The belief in the Devil forms an integral part of every religion. "God and the Devil make up the whole of religion," said the German rationalist, Christoph Friedrich Nicolai. It will not do for a believer in the Deity to scoff at the idea of the Devil. Disbelief in the Devil cannot be reconciled with faith in God. A man cannot be a believer in the Almighty and a sceptic about the Adversary. "Dæmon est Deus inversus," says the Cabbala.¹ The Devil is nothing but the reverse of the coin called God. George Sand has said that "the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good are but one single Spirit: God" (*Lélia*, iii). The German mystic, Jacob Böhme, in the sixteenth century, affirmed that God can be known only through Evil, which means, through the Devil. To deny the Devil is to discount the Deity. Lucifer is as necessary to the Lord, as the Lord is to Lucifer. "God without the Devil is dead, being alone," affirms Samuel Butler. Though they oppose each other, they also complete each other. They are a part and parcel of the great cosmic system. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, well realized the need of the belief in the Devil and issued to his followers the famous cry: "No Devil, no God!"

This position in regard to the belief in the Devil cannot be assailed. The assertion that the Devil is as essential to religion as the Deity cannot be gainsaid. The Catholic never has discarded the belief in the Devil. For the Roman religionist, the belief in the Devil, as any other belief, has been fixed *ne varietur* by the Church. It follows, therefore, that faith in the Fiend must form a part of the religion of every good Catholic. But it is difficult to understand

¹ Walt Whitman, in his poem "Chanting the Square Deific," represents the Devil as a part of a quadruple divinity.

how any Protestant can discard the Devil from his dogma. The belief in Beelzebub forms an essential part of the Christian religion. Indeed, it is the pivotal point of the body of Christian dogmatics. Voltaire proved himself as good a theologian as a philosopher when he said that the Fiend was the fount and foundation of the Christian faith. "Cette doctrine [du diable]." the old man of Ferney said, "devient depuis le fondement de la religion chrétienne" (*Essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des nations*, iii). In fact, from the old orthodox point of view, Christianity cannot be conceived without Satan. To employ a hackneyed simile, Christianity without Satan would be to the old orthodox believer very much like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out. The fact is that the whole Christian scheme of salvation is based on the belief in the Devil. What need, pray, would there be for salvation through Christ if there were no Satan constantly plotting against man?

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The Devil appears in the sacred books under his various aliases in his various forms and with his various functions. He is found at the very beginning of the Holy Writ. If he plays a minor part in the Old Testament, the New Testament is full of his devices and doings. The gospels and epistles speak of his powers of opposing truth and assisting error, of accomplishing signs and wonders, of plotting and scheming, of influencing and controlling thought, of rearing children and having a residence, a royal throne and a church of his own. They portray Satan as a roaring lion, prowling about and seeking whom he may devour (1 Pet. v. 8). The Saviour himself was not safe from Satan's snares, although he escaped them.

The Devil is encountered at the very dawn of human history, appearing to our first ancestors in the Garden of Eden; and from that day on, he has been inextricably wound up with the affairs of men. Although he played a rather minor part in the days of the patriarchs and prophets, he gradually developed in power with the march of the centuries so that in the Middle Ages he was the Prince of this world. The medieval period may well be considered the heyday of the Devil's reign over the minds and wills of men. There certainly was tremendous diabolical activity in those Catholic times. The Devil was the object of the greatest concern among our medi-

eval ancestors, who feared him so mortally and who fought him so courageously. Our forefathers were encircled by the fiends of hell, from whom they could not flee. Any uncanny or untoward experience was ascribed to the Devil. If a person disappeared, it was supposed that the Devil had carried him off.² The Reformation perhaps increased the Devil's power in this world still more by withdrawing from the Church the power of beating Beelzebub with book and bell. In the eighteenth century, in this *sæculum rationalisticum*, the belief in evil as well as in good disappeared, and in the following century Diabolus was relegated to the domain of old traditions and ancient superstitions.

But just when we thought that we had discarded the Devil and lulled ourselves in the fond conviction that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds, we awakened at the beginning of this century to a new and sudden realization of a power of evil which is still at work in the midst of men. The world-war brought us a new and appalling conviction that all the attributes which used to form the personality of the Prince of Darkness were more rampant in the world than we in our former blindness ever dreamed. It was the lesson that the French Revolution and its attendant Reign of Terror taught many of the sceptics of the eighteenth century, and it was again the lesson that the devil-doubters of our day learned from the recent war and its tragic aftermath.

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The existence of Evil necessarily and inevitably points to the existence of the Devil. Victor Hugo, like so many other Romantics,³ deduced from the existence of evil, "that terrible sphinx propounding a terrible riddle," the existence of an Evil Being. "It is this perfection of Evil," says the author of the novel, *les Travailleurs de la mer* (1866), "which has sometimes sufficed to incline

² Thomas Carlyle's graphic picture of Monk Sampson's vision of the Devil, in his *Past and Present* (1843), will perhaps do more to explain how the belief in the devil grew and flourished in the Middle Ages than pages of explanatory statements.

³ Balzac, however, could not understand how there could be two synchronously omnipotent powers, as the Lord and the Devil. He had too much faith in the wisdom of God to believe in Beelzebub. "God would be very stupid," he assures us, "to leave in this world, which he has so curiously constructed, an abominable devil whose special business it is to spoil everything for him (*l'Héritier du diable*, 1832). Alfred de Vigny similarly said that he had too much respect for God to fear the Devil.

powerful intellects to a belief in the duality of the Deity, toward that terrible *bifrons* of the Manichæans. . . . It is certain that Evil at one end proves the Evil One at the other. . . . If there is an Up," he continues, "there must be a Down; if there is Light, there must also be Darkness" (*ibid.*, II. iv. 2). Victor Hugo found an echo in Huysmans, who, in his novel, *Là-Bas*, previously mentioned, makes the following interesting statement through the mouth of Des Hermies: "Manichæism is one of the most ancient, the simplest of religions, at all events, the religion which explains best the abominable mess of the present time." This dualism is deep-rooted in the thought of man. It is suggested by our bisymmetrical bodies of right and left, and by the duality of the moral world of right and wrong and of the physical world of heat and cold, day and night, light and darkness, in which we live.⁴

Our belief in the Devil may differ somewhat from that held by our ancestors. Diabolus now shows himself perhaps no longer as a blackman with horns, hoofs and tail. Nevertheless, he is just as vivid to us as he was to the hermits of the Thebaid or the monks of the Middle Ages. What Renan said with regard to the Deity may well be applied to the Devil. When this eminent historian of religion was asked if he believed in God, he replied: "I do not know if the Divinity exists, but the Divine always exists." Whether or not the Devil exists, the Diabolical undeniably exists. But the Devil is more than a mere abstraction, an idea or a principle of evil, as he is presented by our "advanced" thinkers. The unity of all the forms and elements of evil, which still is so unmistakably real in the world, seems rather to point to a personality if not to a person. "We may not believe in a personal Devil," says Mr. Stanton Coit, "but we must believe in a devil who acts very much like a person."⁵

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Indeed, how can any man doubt the existence of the Devil? Thousands upon thousands of persons, in the Middle Ages and even later, saw him with their own eyes; and if unanimous testimony may be counted as proving anything, we must admit that the Devil is the

⁴ H. Taine also deduced the existence of the Devil from the existence of evil. Cf. J. Bourdeau: *les Maîtres de la pensée contemporaine* (Paris, 1904).

⁵ Stanton Coit: *The Soul of America: a constructive essay in the sociology of religion* (New York, 1914).

one person whose existence has been demonstrated beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt. How real the Devil was to St. Anthony and to Martin Luther! The first of the anchorites, upon the authority of St. Athanasius, was so tempted and tormented for twenty years by the Devil that he well-nigh lost his religion. Luther devoutly believed not only in the Devil's individuality but in his frequent appearance in physical form among men. The German reformer lived in a constant consciousness of contact with and opposition to the Devil. The founder of Protestantism affirmed that he had seen Satan with his own eyes and that he had frequently carried on a conversation with him. When Luther was studying at night in the monastery at Wittenberg, he often heard the Devil making a racket in the empty chapel below and was forced to slam his book and go to bed. The Fiend often looked over Luther's shoulder when the latter translated the Bible in the Wartburg and disputed with Diabolus in regard to the correct meaning of the Hebrew text. "The Devil," Luther assures us, "knows Scripture well and he uses it in argument." The founder of Protestantism carried on a serious controversy with the Contradictor on the subject of transubstantiation, and, in the course of the heated argument, lost his temper and hurled the inkstand at his visitor. The Devil dodged, and the ink splashed on the wall behind him. As proof of this episode, the inkstains may be seen to this day in Luther's former cell in the Wartburg.⁶

Many modern writers, who will certainly never receive canonization, are staunch believers in the Devil. E. T. A. Hoffmann, the most famous of the fantastic fictionists of Germany, held a firm belief in Beelzebub. It was a settled conviction with this writer that, when anything good befalls a man, an evil power is always lurking in the background to thwart the beneficent action. "The Devil," Hoffmann used to say, "will put his hoofs into everything, however good it is at the outset."⁷ This writer lived in constant dread of the Devil. He believed that, by means of a bargain, the Evil One had obtained possession of his soul, which could no longer

⁶ Luther's dispute with the Devil is very cleverly described by Népomucène Lemerrier in his *Panhypocrisiade* (1819). Concerning Luther's belief in the Devil, read Wm. Edw. H. Lecky: *A History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* (2 vols., London, 1865).

⁷ That is why one of the prayers of Charles the Fifth was: "May God do and Satan not undo."

escape eternal damnation. The poor man was persuaded that the Enemy of Mankind stood behind him while he wrote and looked over his shoulder. He so feared the Fiend that he would often awaken his wife in the night and beg her to keep watch with him and protect him, as he was sitting over his work.

Heinrich Heine, in a famous quatrain, warns us against doubt in Diabolus:

"Mortal, mock not at the Devil,
Life is short and soon will fail,
And the 'fire everlasting'
Is no idle fairy-tale."

The French novelist, Prosper Mérimée, who openly professed his unbelief in supernatural powers, was convinced that the Devil had much to do with the affairs of men. Théophile Gautier, sceptic and scoffer though he was, believed in the Devil. Barbey d'Aurevilly and Charles Baudelaire held firmly to the Catholic doctrine of the existence and influence of the Devil. The poet of the *Fleurs du Mal* (1857) was a staunch believer in the constant presence of the Great Enemy in this world. He laughed at his "enlightened" friends who imagined that "the Devil would one day be gobbled up" by manufactories and machines. Baudelaire had a certain feeling that an evil power existed exterior to man, since he failed to conceive how, save by means of such intervention, various sudden acts and thoughts could be explained. In a letter addressed to Flaubert in 1860, Baudelaire expressed his belief in the Devil as the origin of moral evil as follows:

"From all time I have been obsessed by the impossibility of comprehending sudden acts or thoughts of man without the hypothesis of the intervention of an Evil Power not in man himself."

In his autobiographical *Mon Cœur mis à nu*, the same writer expresses his Manichæan belief in the duality of human nature with the following words:

"There are in every man, at every hour, two simultaneous urges—one toward the Deity (spirituality), and one toward the Devil (bestiality). The invocation of God, or spirituality, is a desire to rise; that of Satan, or bestiality, is a joy in descent."

Baudelaire also believed in hell, and laughed at the freethinkers and humanitarians of his day, who proposed to abolish hell out of

friendship for humanity. He particularly poked fun at George Sand and, apropos of her disbelief in hell, remarked that she "had good reason to wish to suppress hell."

Anatole France, profoundly pagan though he was, professed a strong belief in Beelzebub and the Black Bogey (*le Livre de mon ami*, 1885). This scoffer at all things sacred was scared by Satan. There is a lurking suspicion that the atheist Thibault could not divest himself of the belief in the Devil which he had imbibed with his mother's milk. This latter-day exponent of the spirit of doubt and denial also regretted his loss of faith in inferno and envied his ancestors, who never questioned the reality of the unquenching fires of hell. His poem, "la Danse des morts" (1887), ends with the following line:

"Blessed are they who believed in hell."

Ernest Renan, who carried the spirit of critical inquiry into the field of religion, likewise regretted his loss of belief in hell. "I would that I knew there was a hell," he wrote; "far better that hypothesis than that of nothingness." As he had a horror of paradise, which he considered a place of perpetual *ennui*, he diplomatically preferred purgatory. Voltaire, who is generally considered among the good Christians as the incarnation of unbelief, was not altogether certain in his mind that hell did not exist. When a light-hearted sceptic wrote him one fine morning, "I have succeeded in proving that there is no hell," the sage of Ferney replied, "You are very fortunate; I am far from that."

Rémy de Gourmont, thoroughly godless as this deep thinker was, manifested a passionate interest in Diabolus, and sang the praises of Satan much in the manner of Baudelaire and Carducci. Our own James Huneker believed in the Devil even if he denied the Deity. His pupil, Benjamin de Casseres, is more convinced of the reality of the Adversary than of the Almighty.⁸

This belief in the Devil on the part of freethinkers puts to shame the doubts with regard to Evil and the Devil which we find frequently expressed by good churchmen and churchwomen in both camps of Christianity. Happily enough, the majority of men in Christendom still hold firmly to the belief in a personal devil. Against

⁸ Casseres expressed his belief in the Devil in his review of the present writer's collection of *Devil Stories*, which appeared in the *New York Herald*, of May 8, 1921.

Diabolus the Catholics yet swing their incense and the Protestants still thunder from their pulpits. In one country of Europe, at least, the Devil has not lost his legal status. According to newspaper reports, a few years ago, a Protestant pastor was sentenced at Bromberg, Poland, to eighty days imprisonment and a considerable fine for denying the existence of the Devil. The clergyman made no comment on the case beyond saying that the Devil would be glad to know that he had such fervent defenders in Poland.⁹

⁹ The present writer was told a few years ago by the president of a Baptist college that he would advise any man who did not believe in a personal Devil not to join the faculty of that institution.

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THE COSMIC TEETH

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN

III. *Lightning Teeth*

IN the fiery nature of lightning flashes or thunderbolts we doubtless have the suggestion for their mythic recognition as the teeth of a storm figure, sometimes a dragon or serpent, which in another view darts out its tongue to produce the lightning—or is conceived as fire-breathing like some of the macrocosmic figures such as Purusha in the *Vishnu Purana* (I. 12).

Tlaloc ("He-who-makes-things-sprout") was the great Mexican god of rain, lightning and thunder; the wide-spread belief that the rain comes from a serpent or dragon probably having suggested the two serpents generally forming the face of this deity with their tails encircling his eyes, their heads meeting at his mouth, and their fangs serving for his teeth.

Antonio de Leon y Gama says that Tlaloc held in his right hand sheets of gold, representing his thunderbolts, or sometimes a golden serpent; that his front teeth were painted red, and that he had three molars (*Descripcion de las Dos Piedros*, 1792, Pt. I, p. 101; Pt. II, pp. 76-79). This description probably refers to representations of Tlaloc with his face in profile and with a large open mouth extending well toward the ear, thus exposing six upper teeth; namely, three anteriors (a central, a lateral and a canine) and three posteriors (two premolars or bicuspid and one true molar, the former of which were known as molars until comparatively recent times). In fact, there can be little or no doubt that all the anthropomorphic figures of Mexico and Central America were conceived to have the same number of teeth as human beings, with six sharp anteriors in each jaw.

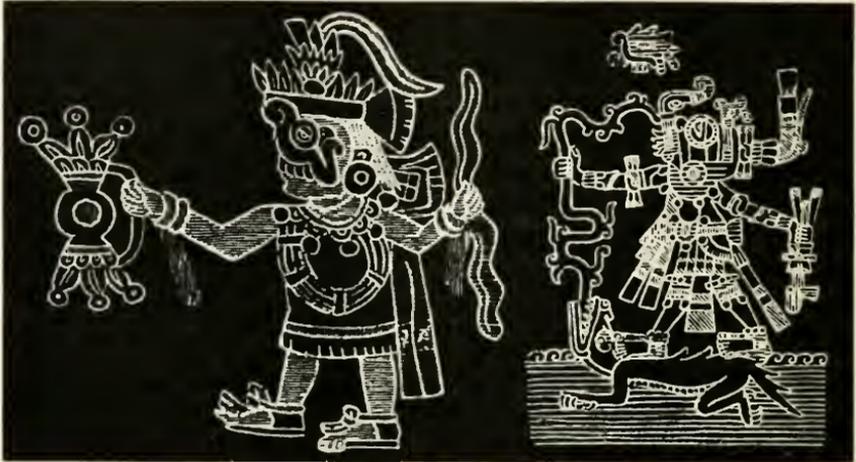
But as the lightning belongs above, only the upper tusk-like teeth

of Tlaloc are generally represented; and they are sometimes six in number, as in two stone images illustrated by Seler, with long tusks on either side, curving away from the median line of the face (*Codex Vaticanus B, Elucidation*, p. 107, figs. 299 and 302); while in the *Codex Borgia* (sheet 16), where the face is in profile, three dagger-like upper teeth are shown, and the god apparently has no lower jaw. Sometimes only two dagger-like teeth are shown with the face in profile and no lower jaw, as in the *Codex Borgia* (sheet 14), while four such teeth appear in two of the stone images illustrated by Seler (*Vaticanus B*, pp. 299, 302, figs. 300 and 301). Again, we find four such teeth with the face in profile and no lower jaw, as in the *Codex Borgia* (sheet 67), or four curved tusks with a profile face and a lower jaw, as in a pictorial manuscript (Seler, *Vaticanus B*, p. 109), or six long teeth with a profile face and lower jaw, as in the *Codex Vaticanus* (sheet 61). Still again, Tlaloc is represented in a highly conventionalized form; with head thrown back and mouth wide open as if in the act of shouting or thundering, and showing four or five long teeth projecting horizontally, while there appears to be no lower jaw—as in the *Codex Vaticanus* (sheet 23, with five blunt tusks, and in the *Codex Fejérváry-Meyer*, sheet 4, with four flame-like teeth).

A Maya war god worshipped at Merida was named Uac-Lom-Chaam ("He-whose-teeth-are-six-lances"). The Hindu Yama, god of the underworld, has two watch dogs, the Saramayas ("Sons-of-Sarama"), who appear to belong to the eastern and western horizons; and they may represent storm clouds, for the more prominent of the two is said to have teeth "bristling like lances" (*Rig-Veda*, VIII, 55, 3, Wilson's trans. De Gubernatis reads: "with reddish teeth, that shine like spears"; *Zoo. Myth.*, Vol. II, p. 23). According to Schellhas, the dog was the Maya bearer of the lightning and a symbol of the death-god ("Deities of Maya Manuscripts," p. 42).

The story-clouds from which come the lightnings is sometimes symbolized by a wild-boar with sharp tusks. In the *Rig-Veda*, Vishnu transforms himself into a wild-boar; and De Gubernatis says: "Vishnu, the penetrator, with his sharp golden tusks (thunderbolts, lunar horns, and solar rays), puts forth such great strength in the darkness and the cloud, that he bursts through. . . ." (*op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 8, where this writer's interpretation is decidedly hazy).

The Vedic Maruts are generally wind figures, but sometimes they appear to be storm-clouds, for they are conceived as "wild-boars rushing about with iron [i.e., strong] tusks" (*Rig-Veda*, I, 88, 5, Max Muller's translation. Wilson has "iron weapons"). Conversely, the tusks of actual boars are called "lightning teeth (*dentes fulmineus*)" in one of the *Fables of Phaedrus* (I, xxi, 5); and Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* says that "the fierce boars have sharp lightning in their curved teeth" (X, 550; compare his *Ars*



TLALOC

(Pictorial Ms. Florentine Bibliotheca Nazionale. From Seler, *Codex Vaticanus* B., p. 109.)

TLALOC in Conventionalized Form.

(*Codex Fejérváry-Mayer*, Sheet 4.)

Amat., II, 374 and *Fasti*, II, 232). In Elisha Cole's *English-Latin Dictionary* of 1677 we find: "A Boar's Tush: *Dens apri exertilis, fulmen*" (i.e., "A Boar's Tush is a protruding tooth of a boar, and lightning").

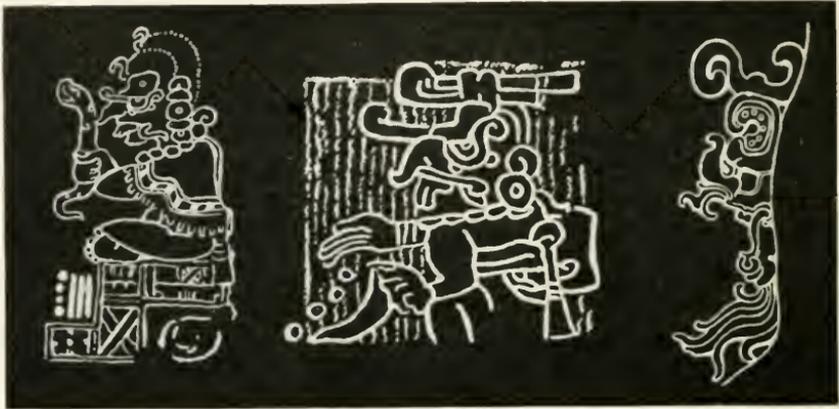
One of the storm-cloud figures of Hindu mythology is the dark and reddish monkey (De Gubernatis, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 99-101); but the comparatively inconspicuous canines of this animal do not seem to have been lightning symbols. The storm-cloud monkey Hanumant (or Hanuman) is not given lightning teeth, but his name signifies "Large-jawed," as suggested by the roaring wind and the thunder; and in the *Ramayana* he is fabled to have been struck by the red

thunderbolt of Indra, which caused him to fall upon a rock and break his jaw (IV, 66). Here we have the conquest of the storm-cloud figure by the lightning, with the breaking of his jaw to account for the cessation of his howling.

The Maya God B has a long, probosis-like nose; his symbols indicate that his abode is in the air, with the rain, the storm-clouds and the lightning, and he is often associated with the serpent, being pictured with a serpent's body in the Maya *Dresden Codex* (35 b, 36 a). Schellhas calls him "the God with the Large Nose and Lolling Tongue," and describes him with "a tongue (or teeth, fangs) hanging out in front, and at the side of the mouth" (Deities of Maya Manuscripts," p. 16). Spinden says of this god that his "mouth shows a flame-shaped tooth at the front, and frequently a somewhat similar object at the back" (*Study of Maya Art*, p. 63). In all probability his face is figured like that of the conventionalized serpent of Maya art, which has the tongue hanging from the back part of the mouth, and a curious bifurcated upper tooth protruding in front (see Spinden, *ibid.*, p. 40, fig. 30; p. 117, fig. 152, and compare God B in figs. 74 and 75, p. 63); and it is also probable that this "flame-shaped" tooth was originally the bifurcated tongue of the serpent, representing the forked lightning as the celestial counterpart of the split flame.

We saw above that one of the names of the Mexican fire-goddess is Quaxolotl ("split-at-the-top"); and in the Chaldean tablet of *Bel and the Dragon*, seven thunderbolts are employed by the solar Bel-Merodach against the storm-dragon, one "with double flames," as well as quadruple and septuple bolts (*Records of the Past*, Vol. IX, pp. 135-140). A forked lightning flash was sometimes called a *bidental* ("two-toothed") in the new Latin of the Middle Ages (Du Cagne, *Glossarium*, s. v. *Bidental*); and in classical Latin a place struck by lightning is a *bidental*, probably having been so called originally from a bifurcated thunderbolt conceived as two-toothed (See the Andrews-Freud *Latin-English Lexicon*, s. v. *Bidental*, where this probability is noted as a possibility). But the sheep sacrificed at a *bidental* was called a *bidens* (earlier *duidens*) because it was required to be of the age (about two years old) when two of its lower anterior teeth are longer than the other six (Like all other ruminants except camels, sheep have no upper anteriors);

and this led some of the Romans to suppose that the place *bidental* was so called from the sheep, but no explanation was offered as to why such a sheep was chosen for this sacrifice. (See Festus, *De Verb. Signif.*, p. 27, who in another place, p. 5, explains the *bidens* sheep as one whose two rows of teeth are complete, although it really has no upper anteriors). Aulus Gellius (XVII, 6) preserves several other unsatisfactory opinions on the subject, one of which



THE BIFURCATED TOOTH OF THE MAYA GOD B.

(a) from the *Dresden Codex*; (b) From the *Codex Tro-Cortesianus*; (c), the head of God B. in Conventionalized ornamentation. From Spinden *Maya Art*, p. 63, fig. 75.

is that of an unnamed lecturer, according to whom *bidentes* are sheep so called because they have only two teeth; and Pliny says that the she-goat has no upper teeth except the two front ones (*H. N.*, XI, 37), which erroneous statement regarding a ruminant may have been suggested by the recognition of the she-goat as a storm-cloud figure with two imaginary upper anterior teeth for the two-pronged thunderbolt—but it is possible that the animal was recognized by some as a lunar or luni-cosmic figure with two such teeth.

The mythical dragon has always been the most popular of all storm figures. It is often conceived as a lizard-like or crocodilian monster, but the Greeks generally figured it as a gigantic serpent. It is sometimes conceived as fire-breathing, as suggested by the

lightning; and sometimes has wings to indicate its celestial character.

A lost Phoenician myth of the slaying of the storm-dragon, and the knocking out of its lightning teeth by the sun-god, in all probability reappears in an altered form in connection with both Kadmos (Cadmus) and Jasōn in Greek mythology; the solar character of these heroes being generally recognized. There was probably no connection between the two Greek stories in the time of Euripides, who is our earliest authority for them (fifth century B. C.) In his *Phoenician Maidens* he makes the chorus of the tragedy refer to the story of Kadmus as well known at the time. According to this chorus, Kadmus came from Tyre in Phoenician to Boeotia in Greece to found the city of Thebes; counselled by Pallas (Minerva, goddess of wisdom), he succeeded in ploughing a field with a heifer which no one else could manage, and slew the dragon of Aries (Mars, god of war) by hurling a rock upon its head; apparently at the same time knocking out the monster's teeth, which he scattered in the ploughed furrows, whereupon "mail-clad warriors" sprang up from the teeth and proceeded to mutual slaughter, which a few survived (638-675). Further on in the tragedy, these warriors are called "the race of the seed of the teeth"; "a golden-helmed harvest of sown ones" and simply "the sown," and also "the dragon-brood that cleft the womb of earth" (820, 939, 1008). Euripides recognizes some of these warriors as the founders of Thebes and the ancestors of the Spartans; but this fanciful derivation of the Spartans (*Spartoi*) from the "sown" (*spartoi*) seems to be an element that originated with the Greeks, and the same may be said of the counsel of Pallas-Minerva as the goddess of wisdom.

In his *Medea* (478-482), Euripides alludes to the following details in the variant story of Jasōn: While on the Argonautic Expedition, and as counselled by Medea, Jasōn ploughed a field with fire-breathing bulls; slew the sleepless dragon that watched the (solar) Golden Fleece, and sowed "the fatal seed," the monster's teeth.

The two stories, as connected and developed by the later Greeks, are set forth at length by Apollodorus. He tells us that Kadmos (for the sun) was led to the site of Thebes by a cow (for the moon); that the dragon had slain most of those whom the Phoenician hero had sent to draw water from a spring, and that according to Pherecydes (fifth century B. C.), the hero threw stones among the

“sown” warriors, who supposed they were pelting one another and therefore began the mutual slaughter, with five survivors¹⁴ (*Bibliothēcē*, III, iv, 1). In connection with the Jasōn story, Apollodorus says that Aeētes had received from Athena “half of the dragon’s teeth which Kadmus sowed at Thebes” and promised the Golden Fleece to Jasōn on condition that he would plough with “the brazen-footed and fire-breathing bulls,” and would sow the teeth; and according to the same authority, after the teeth were sown and the warriors sprang up, Jasōn pelted the latter with stones; they slew another, and Medea lulled the dragon to sleep with drugs; whereupon Jasōn obtained the Fleece (*ibid.*, I, ix, 23; compare Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonaut*, III, 407-421; Hyginus, *Fab.*, 178; Ovid, *Met.*, III, 26-130). Obviously the original story of Jasōn, in which he slew a dragon, was thus altered so he could be given half the teeth of the dragon slain by Kadmus.

There was a white mark representing the full moon on each flank of Jasōn’s cow, according to Pausanias, (IX, XII, 1; cf. Hyginus, *Fab.*, 178); and we can scarcely doubt that the same lunar animal appears as the heifer with which Kadmus ploughed the furrows that in all probability originally represented the path of the moon (this heifer being replaced by bulls in the extant Jasōn myth). The plural “furrows” perhaps loosely refers to the path of the sun as well as that of the moon; for in south-western Asia the ecliptic (sun’s path) was sometimes regarded as “the furrow of heaven,” ploughed by the sun-god or by the Bull as the leading sign of the zodiac. (See R. Brown, *Prim. Constel.*, Vol. I, p. 338; R. H. Allen, *Star Names*, p. 1).

The number of the dragon’s teeth in the myths under consideration is not stated by any ancient writer; but they probably were conceived as quite numerous, like the teeth of crocodiles or serpents. Nearly all serpents have two outer rows (one above and one below) and also palatal teeth in varying numbers and arrangements; and doubtless some of the ancients supposed that these creatures had three rows of teeth. Thus according to Ovid the dragon slain by Kadmos had three rows of teeth and three tongues (*Met.*, III, 34; Nikander long before (fifth century B. C.) had described the con-

¹⁴ The survivors represent the five (hypothetical) houses of the ancient Spartan nobility of Thebes, according to F. G. Welcker (*Kret. Kol.* 78; compare T. Keightley, 1883, *Mythology of Ancient Greece*, p. 291).

stellated Dragon with teeth "in three-fold rank" (*Theriaca*, 441); Statius (first century A. D.) gives three rows of "hooked teeth" and a three-fold tongue to the earth-born dragon sacred to the Thunderer and slain by Kapaneus (*Thebaidos*, V, 510); in Homer the monster Scylla has three rows of teeth in each of her six heads (*Odyssey*, XII, 90), and very curiously, the Chians said that Hercules had three rows of teeth, according to Pollux (*Onomasticon*, II, 95).

But in the old French *Fais du Chevalier Jason* (translated and printed by Caxton as the *History of Jason*, circ. 1477), that hero



GORGONES

(From Roscher's *Ausführliches Lexicon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, Vol. I, Col. 1716.)

is said to have torn twelve teeth from the dragon's mouth some little time after he had slain it; and when the teeth were sown, twelve giants sprang up (Reprint, 1913, p. 138). It is not improbable that these teeth were identified with the twelve varieties of thunderbolts recognized by the Etruscans, who allotted three of them to their chief god, Tinia (Seneca, *Quaest. Nat.*, II, 41). The Etruscans, followed by some of the Romans, also held that the lightning and thunder of the night were sent by Summanus, while Jupiter was the Thunderer of the day only (Pliny, *H. N.*, II, 53). The Hindus recognized two kinds of lightning, the moist and the dry (*Ramayana*, I, 39); and the ancient Japanese had eight gods of thunder who probably

belonged to the eight points of the compass (W. E. Griffis, 1895, *Religions of Japan*, p. 64).

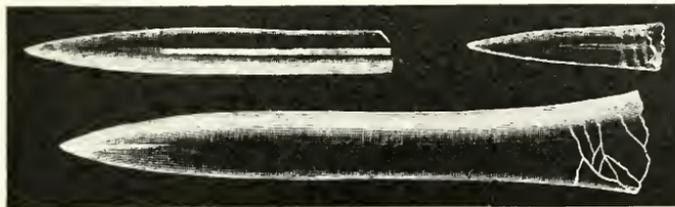
The interpretations thus far suggested indicate that the celestial ploughing by the solar and lunar figures was not originally connected with the slaying of the storm-dragon whose lightning-teeth are knocked out at about the time of his death—properly before his death, which represents the termination of the storm. But in all probability the ploughing had been transferred to the earth in the original (Phoenician) myth of the dragon slain by Kadmos and by Jasōn (in connection with whom the Greeks finally gave the whole story a terrestrial setting), for the production of human beings from the dragon's teeth sown in the ploughed field evidently belongs on earth. Therefore, it is equally probable that the originals of the sown teeth should be sought among the terrestrial objects mistaken by the ancients for fallen thunderbolts, and there is a further probability that the first earth-born individuals of some race of human beings (perhaps the Phoenicians) were originally fabled to have been produced from these material tooth-thunderbolts, as plants are produced from seeds.

The ancients sometimes supposed that a fertilizing power subsisted in the lightning, as in the rain; and the earth-mother is inseminated by the lightning or a lightning symbol in some myths. (See the present writers "Cosmic Porthenogenesis," in the *Open Court*, Vol. XXXIV, p. 604). In the original myth of Cadmus (and that of Jason) the storm-dragon probably had the character of a heaven-father in association with the earth-mother, while the lightning-teeth as material thunderbolts represented the inseminating intermedia.¹⁵

Various stones resembling arrow-heads or spear-heads, and sometimes the actual heads of spears and arrows were anciently recognized as thunderbolts and called thunder-stones, thunder-darts, etc. And some such supposed thunderbolts probably were the

¹⁵ Spencer and Gillen, in their *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, tell us that the knocking out of human teeth was practiced by the Arunta tribe immediately after a ceremony for "the making of rain"; while in the War-ramunza tribe, teeth were knocked out at the close of the wet season to prevent the fall of more rain, and always on the bank of a water hole, into which the teeth were thrown (pp. 451, 592-594). Frazer cannot imagine why such tooth extraction was associated with stopping rain (*Magic Art*, pp. 97-99).

original stones from which the first man and woman were produced in the myth of Deukaliōn and Pyrrha, although these stones are identified as the bones of mother-earth (Apollodorus, I, vii, 2; Ovid, *Met.*, I, 260). But in the myth of Kadmos (and that of Jasōn) the sown teeth of the dragon doubtless resembled the numerous teeth of a serpent, and it is not improbable that they were actually some of the cigar-shaped fossils now technically termed belemnites ("dart-ites"), but sometimes popularly known as thunderbolts and thunder-stones. These fossils are the internal shells or solid skeletons of extinct molluscs, three hundred and fifty species of which are found in world-wide distribution. They were first termed belemnites by Agricola in 1546, and first considered as length by Ducrotay de Blainville in 1827 (*Mémoire sur les Belemnites*). Some of them are quite large, as long as eight inches, and



BELEMNITES IN THE FORM OF SERPENT'S TEETH.

(From K. A. Von Zittel, *Text-Book of Palaeontology*, Vol. I, p. 597, Fig. 1241.)

some are comparatively slender, slightly curved and pointed, much like the teeth of serpents (See especially K. A. von Zittel, 1900, *Text-book of Palaeontology*, Vol. I, pp. 594-598, with numerous illustrations.¹⁶

Jane E. Harrison (1912, *Themis*, p. 435) supposes that a snake was the blazon on the Spartans; and that the teeth of the snake or dragon in the Kadmos myth were symbols of reincarnation, because they are "practically indestructible," and perhaps also because they look like "gleaming white seed-corn" (but Indian corn or maize was unknown to the Phoenicians and Greeks, and there is little resemblance between wheat seeds and teeth of any kind).

Leo Kanner has an article on "The Tooth as a Folkloristic Symbol" in the *Psychoanalytic Review* (Jan. 1928, Vol. XV, pp. 37-52).

¹⁶ Among the various unsatisfactory interpretations of the sown teeth of the dragon heretofore suggested, we have space to notice only two of the most recent.

in which he accepts Sigmund Freud's interpretation of teeth as phallic symbols, especially in dreams; and Kanner goes to the surprising extreme of recognizing the same symbolism wherever teeth are found in folklore and in the customs of savages, as well as in the Kadmos myth (the only dental myth he considers). But it does not appear that Freud or any Freudian has recorded any dream in support of this symbolism theory (see the tooth dreams in Freud's *Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, edition 1920, pp. 74 and 157, comp. pp. 129, 136); and Kanner fails to give any convincing evidence in its favor, in connection with dreams or otherwise. On the contrary, the dragon's teeth in the Kadmos myth are also accepted by Kanner as symbols of the inseminating intermedia associated with a heaven-father and an earth-mother; two quite different and mutually-contradictory interpretations of the teeth thus being presented.

POE AND EINSTEIN

BY GEORGE NORDSTEDT

“IT has been the hard fortune of Edgar Allan Poe,” wrote William Hand Browne in 1869, “that he has not only been most persistently and unscrupulously maligned by his enemies, but that he has (in our opinion) been but imperfectly estimated by his friends. All who write in his praise reserve their warmest admiration for his poetic genius; and it is possible that he himself may have considered this his greatest gift. And yet there are two faculties which he possessed in more singular perfection than the poetic faculty, be our estimate of his poetry what it may. These are the power of expressing his thoughts however involved, subtle or profound, with such precision, such lucidity, and withal with such simplicity of style, that we hardly know where to look for his equal: certainly nowhere among American writers. And this probably had its origin in his second gift: in the keen, clear, swift analytical power of his thought, combined—which is a rarity—with a vast comprehensive grasp of generalities.”

Having thus maintained that Poe also in a remarkable excellence possessed the scientific mind, Browne goes on to show that the poet in *Eureka* had “anticipated some of the latest and most important results of scientific investigation.” When for example Dr. Winslow in *Force and Nature* (1867) discards the theory of an ether as untenable, and conceives repulsive as well as attractive forces to be interacting throughout the universe, believing himself to be “laying the corner stone of a new philosophy,” he was actually rediscovering the land Poe had touched upon years before. M. Hirn’s views in his essay *Consequences philosophiques et metaphysiques de la Thermodynamiques* (1868) also, according to Browne, coincides very remarkably in at least one point with those of Poe. Hirn

repudiated the hypothetical ether, maintaining the absolute existence of three principles—matter, force, and spirit. He replaced the ether with pure force (dynamics), in which force the atoms exist. "In no sense," says Hirn, "can this intermediate principle be confounded with what has hitherto been called ether. . . . The intermediate element constitutes *force* itself."

Poe's view of this primary repulsive force is precisely the same. "It will be remembered," he writes, "that I have myself assumed what we may term an 'ether.' I have spoken of a subtle influence which we know to be ever in attendance upon matter, although becoming manifest only through matter's heterogeneity. To this influence . . . I have referred the various phenomena of electricity, heat, light, magnetism; and, more, of vitality, consciousness, and thought—in a word, of spirituality. It will be seen at once, then, that the ether thus conceived is radically distinct from the ether of the astronomers, inasmuch as theirs is matter and mine is not."

Now, as Poe wrote *Eureka* in 1848, the year before his death, his anticipation of some of Winslow's and Hirn's ideas (of whose importance Browne had an exaggerated notion) stands clear. Of course, it is not a question here as to the truth of either Poe's speculations or those of Winslow and Hirn.

"This—all this—was in the olden Time, long ago," might be said of Browne's paper: for although only some five decades have elapsed since his observations, more progress has been made in the natural sciences and philosophy during that short period than from the time of Aristotle to Faraday. Browne could not possibly be sufficiently acquainted with, understand or anticipate the discoveries and theories of such investigators and mathematicians as Gauss, Riemann, Bohr, Planck, Minkowski, Maxwell, Millikan, Rutherford, Arrhenius, Curie, Moseley, Einstein, and others. Consequently Browne did not touch upon all the ideas Poe propounds in *Eureka*, the scientific knowledge of the day limiting his analysis and understanding of the poet's work. For though Poe, to be sure, never even dreamed of protons and electrons (holding, however, that the atom might be divisible), he certainly anticipated some of the discoveries of the new physics, particularly several of Einstein's ideas as to the extent and shape of the universe. It must not be taken, however, that Poe in any way anticipated the Theory of Relativity.

"Attraction and repulsion," says Poe, "being undeniable the sole properties by which matter is manifested to mind, we are justified of assuming that matter exists only as attraction and repulsion; in other words, that attraction and repulsion are matter, there being no conceivable case in which we may not employ the term 'matter' and the term 'attraction' and 'repulsion' taken together as equivalent, and therefore convertible, expressions of logic."

In *Einstein and the Universe* Charles Nordman writes:

"All this [the result of modern research] irresistibly compels us to think that the inertia of the various component parts of atoms—that is to say, of all matter—is exclusively electromagnetic in origin. There is now no matter. There is only electrical energy, which, by the reaction of the surrounding medium upon it, leads us to the fallacious belief in the existence of this substantial and massive something which hundreds of generations have been wont to call 'matter.' And from all this it also follows. . . . that mass and energy are the same thing, or at least the two different sides of one and the same coin. There is, then, no longer a material mass: there is nothing but energy in the external universe. A strange—in a sense, an almost spiritual—turn for modern physics to take!"

This strange turn of modern physics Poe anticipated, and he explains how. Speaking of Kepler's three laws, Poe writes: "Yes! these vital laws Kepler guessed; that is to say, he imagined them. Had he been asked to point out either the deductive or inductive route by which he attained them, his reply might have been, 'I know nothing about routes, but I do know the machinery of the universe. Here it is, I grasped it with my soul; I reached it by mere dint of intuition'."

Likewise did Poe intuitively grasp what has only recently been revealed by modern investigators. In this connection it is interesting to note that Einstein himself intuitively felt the truth of his theory ere he succeeded in giving it mathematical expression. In a conversation with Moszkowski, Einstein—emphasizing the importance of invention, and that discovery is not a creative act—continued: "It is not true that this fundamental principle of relativity occurred to me as a primary thought. If this had been so perhaps it would be justifiable to call it a 'discovery.' But the suddenness with which you assume it to have occurred to me must be denied.

Actually I was led to it by steps arising from the individual laws derived from experience. . . . Invention occurs here as a constructive act. This does not, therefore, constitute what is essentially original in the matter, but the creation of a method of thought to arrive at a logically coherent system. The really valuable factor is intuition."

Einstein here has the same view of intuition as Poe, holding furthermore that Goethe in spite of his non-mathematical mind yet "possessed a peculiar [poetic] form of intuition, by which he obtained a clearer vision than many an exact investigator. . . ."

"All great achievements of science," says Einstein, "start from intuitive knowledge, namely, in axioms, from which deductions then are made. It is possible to arrive at such axioms only if we gain a true survey of thought-complexes that are not yet logically ordered; so that, in general, intuition is the necessary condition of the discovering of such axioms. And it cannot be denied that, in the great majority of minds with a mathematical tendency, this intuition exhibits itself as a characteristic of their creative power."

Neither can it be denied that Poe in a high degree possessed not only the poetic but also the mathematical intuition, which explains *Eureka*, perhaps the boldest speculation conceived by the brain of man before Einstein.

Although the Theory of Relativity might be said to have won out, at least in physics, it still has to overcome the prejudice of thousands of scientists who are unable to grasp Einstein's tremendous generalizations. And—defending some of his not as yet verified deductions—Einstein might this very day, without hardly changing a word, copy the following extract from a letter written by Poe in Feb. 1848 to Geo. E. Isbell: ". . . One thing is certain, that the objection of merely scientific men—men, I mean, who cultivate the physical sciences to the exclusion, in a greater or less degree, of the mathematics, of metaphysics and logic—are generally invalid except in respect to scientific *details*. Of all persons in the world, they are at the same time the most bigoted and the least capable of using, generalizing or deciding upon the facts which they bring to light in the course of their experiments. And these are the men who chiefly write the criticism against all efforts of generalization—denouncing these efforts as 'speculative' and 'theoretical'."

Einstein, however, does not care much for the opinions of "mere scientific men." Many of the world's greatest physicists are on his side, Weyl holding the Theory of Relativity to be "one of the most forceful testimonies of the power of speculative thinking."

As to Poe's and Einstein's ideas of the Cosmos, the most striking coincidence lies in the fact that both view the universe as being of limited extent and of a closed spherical shape. Poe ridiculed the idea of an unlimited distribution of matter, arguing: "Were the universe of stars (contradistinguished from the universe of space) unlimited, no worlds could exist. . . ." And so Poe conceives of a limited spherical universe of material bodies, all tending to concentrate into one "Unity," and thereupon immediately disappear as matter (*attraction* and *repulsion* having annulled one the other and vanished), provided the latter is not at once by "Divine violation" again diffused into a spherical space in the form of atoms, as it in Poe's opinion originally was diffused, and so on forever.

Einstein, of course, does not speculate about alternate eras of repulsion and attraction. His limited and yet endless universe he pictures as somewhat like the surface of a sphere, returning upon itself. "A sphere is necessarily limited," says Poe; but it is also necessarily endless, in the sense that starting out from a given point one will, of course, get back to the starting point but never reach an end. Poe imagined this spherical universe to be of so "inconceivable an extent as to be only not infinite." Explaining Einstein's views Moszkowski writes in this connection: "We have to imagine that our solid bodies, say stars, arrive at a point in their travels which we may term only 'enormously distant.' If we call the direction right and left instead of positive and negative, then the process reduces itself to this: the moving body reaches the point, which is enormously distant on the right, and which is identical with the point enormously distant on the left; this means that the body never moves out of the space continuum of this world, but returns to its initial point of departure even when it moves ever onward in what is apparently a straight line. It moves in a 'warped' space.

The magnitude of this spherical universe is wholly inconceivable, and "only not infinite," as Poe expressed it.

"It is possible," says Einstein, "that other universes exist independent of our own." As to such a probability Poe writes:

"Have we, or have we not, an analogical right to the interference that this perceptible universe, that this cluster of clusters, is but one of a series of clusters, the rest of which are invisible through distance, through the diffusion of light being so excessive, ere it reaches us, as not to produce upon our retinas a light-impression, or from there being no such emanation as light at all, in these unspeakable distant worlds, or, lastly, from the mere interval being so vast that the electric tidings of their presence in space have not yet through the lapsing myriad of years, been enabled to traverse that interval? . . . I myself feel impelled to fancy. . . that there does exist a limitless succession of universes, more or less similar to that of which we have cognizance, to that of which we alone shall ever have cognizance. . . . If such clusters of clusters exist—and they do—it is abundantly clear that, having had no part in our origin, they have no portion of our laws. They neither attract us, nor we them. Their material, their spirit is not ours, is not that which obtains in any part of our universe."

This is precisely Einstein's position, and as to the impossibility of ever gaining knowledge of presumably independently of our own existing universes, Einstein has this to say: ". . . It is possible, in fact, to a certain degree probable, that we shall by means of astronomy discover new worlds far beyond the limits of the region so far investigated, but no discovery can ever lead us beyond the continuum described above [the closed universe]. . . . Thus we must reckon with the finitude of our universe, and the question of regions beyond it cannot be discussed further, for it leads only to imaginary possibilities for which science has not the slightest use."

Poe, it is true, had no conception whatever of the "warped" or curvilinear nature of space—a space in which light itself must eventually return to its starting point or source, the consequence of which is that our universe is optically isolated from other supposedly existing universes—but he comes very near it when he speaks of the possibility of "there being no such emanation as light at all in [from] these unspeakable distant worlds—comes very close to the idea that light also is a prisoner in our spherical universe, and, so far as analogy holds, in all. Criticising the conclusion of Mädler, who claimed to have ascertained a curvature in our solar system's progress through space, Poe, while admitting there must be a curvature,

says: "It would scarcely be paradoxical to say that a flash of lighting itself, travelling forever upon the circumference of this unutterable circle, would still forever be travelling in a straight line. That the path of our sun in such an orbit would, to any human perception, deviate in the slightest degree from a straight line, even in a million years, is a proposition not to be entertained; yet we are required to believe that a curvature has become apparent during the brief period of our astronomical history—during a mere point—during the utter nothingness of two or three thousand years."

In above strictly scientific observation Poe unconsciously makes his nearest approach to Einstein's curvilinear closed four-dimensional continuum. As to the impossibility of ever becoming aware of the existence of other universes there is complete agreement between Poe and Einstein.

To what extent are Poe's ideas independent of the scientific and philosophical knowledge of his day? Writing in 1884, George Woodberry* proved—at least to his own satisfaction—that Poe's essay is but a composite echo of the theories of Hershel, Boscovitch, Faraday, and Laplace. If so, then it must be equally true that Einstein's Theory of Relativity is but an echo of the theories of Newton, Gauss, Riemann, Minkowski, Lorenz, and others.

Woodberry speaks of "the density of Poe's ignorance," ridiculing the poet's conception of space as "not created but given"—another of Poe's pre-Einstein notions, for according to the Relativity Theory, "the universe of space and the material or stellar universe are one and the same thing, because there is no space without matter or energy." That is to say, if matter (energy) exist, space is *given*.

"I can only say that no gentleman can accuse me of the disingeniousness here implied," wrote Poe in answer to a critic, a "Theological student," who had asserted that *Eureka* was nothing but Laplace over again, "inasmuch as, having proceeded with my theory to that point at which Laplace's meets it, I then give Laplace's theory in full, with the expression of my firm conviction of its absolute truth at all points. . . . In fact, no point of my theory has even been as much as alluded to by Laplace."

* Professor Woodberry died a couple of months ago, ripe of age and wisdom. It would be interesting to know if the old gentleman, hearing of Einstein, maybe felt a little uneasy about his own conventional and puerile criticism of *Eureka*.

"What I here propound," says Poe of *Eureka*, "is true: therefore it cannot die; or, if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to Life Everlasting. . . . Nevertheless it is as a poem only that I wish this work to be judged after I am dead."

Poe's Work has been trodden down and forgotten from the very first, and many an "exact" scientist is fully convinced that Einstein's theories ere long will be even worse off. *Eureka* may never "rise to Life Everlasting," but Poe's intuitive glimpses cannot die, provided the new physics and Einstein himself are not overthrown in the future.

Even then *Eureka* will always be a splendid *poem*.

WILL SKEPTICISM TREND TOWARDS EPICUREANISM?

BY JOHN HEINTZ

BIOLOGY teaches us that man, in common with the rest of the animate world, finds it necessary, in order to survive, to adapt himself to his physical environment. But there is another adaptation that man makes to his world, which he does not share with the lower orders of creation, which constitutes an adjustment problem peculiar to man and which springs from his superior mental endowment. It has been rightly called the urge of man to relate himself to life and his ultimate destiny.

The study of anthropology reveals no race so low in the scale of civilization but what this problem has presented itself and has been dealt with in some manner, however crude. Animism, ancestor worship, wooden idols, sacred animals and mountains, totem-poles, the great religions and philosophies all testify to the effort on the part of humanity to adjust itself to its immediate condition and ultimate destiny. All along the line of man's evolution from a lower to a higher civilization there is revealed the phenomenon that he has been impelled by his reasoning faculty to answer the questions, in one way or another, which the universe aroused in his mind.

Now if we consider this apparent need on the part of humanity for bringing itself into some sort of harmonious relationship with the world in connection with the steady increase of religious skepticism, it forces one to the inescapable conclusion that there must be great numbers of persons who are at present engaged in the process of adjusting themselves to a changed viewpoint. The dissolution of the ancestral order, to use Walter Lippmann's phrase, has brought innumerable persons face to face with a readjustment problem; it has created the need for an attitude consistent with newer convictions. Faced, then, by the certainty of a gradually accelerating

growth of skepticism and by the consequent necessity for adjusting themselves to a changed order of things on the part of an ever-increasing number of persons, can we predict, with any degree of certainty, just what direction this adjustment movement will take? By what intellectual form it will express itself?

But first it will be well for us to understand that in the realm of morals things do not just happen. Moral history is not merely a chronological series of events. It is a continuous chain of cause and effect. That there is a sufficient reason back of every leaf that stirs is not more certain than that every circumstance in moral history has been the inescapable effect of contributing causes. We read with incredulity about the fastings, scourgings, macerations, self-inflicted penalties and unheard of practises which were indulged in during the ascetic period of Christianity. Surely here is something so grotesque and unusual that it creates the appearance of spontaneity, but one may start with hard, practical, skeptical Roman Stoicism and trace, step by step, the gradual modifications of thought which led to that frenzied religious period.

As with the past, so with today. Cause and effect is ceaselessly at work. And while, owing to the speculative nature of thought, the inadequacy of knowledge, and the numerous historical accidents which intervened between the two periods, it would have been impossible for a Stoical philosopher to have foreseen the ascetic period of Christianity, we today, because science has given us a real conception of our world, because knowledge is more certain and diffused, and also because our machine civilization possesses a more enduring quality than did those of the warring nations of antiquity, may analyze and forecast the developments in society with a fair degree of accuracy. I believe the key to the trend of skepticism is to be found in its reaction to three fundamental problems which confront every individual—virtue, death and the meaning of life. Analyzing these three problems in the order named I shall endeavor to show that the reaction of skepticism to them must necessarily be an Epicurean one.

It appears to me that a thoroughly logical skepticism cannot go beyond utility in its search for moral sanction. Once it abandons, in its reaction to virtue, the ideas that moral sanction is derived from on high and that the moral nature of man is of divine origin, utility becomes their only explanation. It is quite true that skeptics may

love certain moral ideas for their intrinsic worth. They may also recognise fully the supremacy and authority of conscience and possess a Stoical regard for virtuous actions carrying them out without regard for the effect upon themselves. Their sense of justice may be keen. Their emotional feelings may be sensitively fine and pure. Nevertheless, if they are logical skeptics they cannot regard such moral conceptions as being intuitive, originally innate, or dogmatically authorized, but must esteem them to be but a crystallized heritage from a remote past during which foretime they originated in response to utility but became metamorphosed, by an association of ideas, from but a means to happiness to an end justifying their own existence.

Skepticism, therefore, inasmuch as its reaction to the question of virtue compels it to analyze moral notions, and because it has dispensed with dogmatic authority and cannot unquestioningly accept inherited moral conceptions, must depend for its acceptance of them upon their utility. In other words, virtues, under skepticism, will be raised to the position of supreme arbiter in the field of morals, thus transferring the authority for them from a source without to one within. That reason may prove to be fallible in its findings and that some disagreement may ensue is not germane to the argument the point of which is that skepticism, driven by the logic of its position to dissociate moral ideas from the mass of superstitious and traditional elements that have entwined around them, distrustful of dogmatic authority and mindful of the fluctuations of moral history, will be compelled to depend on reason for a guide and utility for its criterion in defining what constitutes virtue. In such an attempt to place morals on a rational basis skepticism will be using a similar method to that which was used in the early days of the human race when ethics and theology were separate and distinct things; when the test of morals was how they worked in the everyday affairs of life. Thus skepticism, in its search for moral justification, simply cannot escape the Epicurean viewpoint which is that virtue has no value in itself; its sole justification consisting in its being a means for the promotion of happiness, or in other words, in its utility.

With regard to the problem of death the inescapable reaction to it on the part of skepticism appears to have been completely stated in Epicureanism. Boiled down to its essentials that philosophy af-

firmed that death cannot be felt. When we are dead we are just the same as if we had never been born. Therefore the only time death can injure us is when we allow ourselves to think of it. It is inevitable and worrying about it cannot make it otherwise and deprives us, for the time being, of pleasure which is the real end of existence. Thus, he who is truly wise will banish all thought of it out of his mind.

Present-day skepticism can be contrasted with its predecessors of antiquity on account of the wide scope of knowledge which has been placed at its disposal. Science and scholarship have examined into records and records left by the past and the result has been to entirely disprove all the revelations and prophecies and promises of the revealed religions. Up to the present time no acceptable proof has been presented which justifies a belief in a future existence for man. Confronted by such facts what is there left for skepticism to do but to resign itself to the possibility of annihilation and accept the thoroughly sensible and applicable adjustment to such a situation as is taught by Epicureanism?

Will skepticism accept the Epicurean viewpoint regarding the meaning of life?

Probably the most depressing thought that can come to anyone is that all the struggling and achieving of humanity, the everpressing onward to greater heights, will eventually be canceled by its annihilation. The mental image of this earth spinning through space a barren planet, utterly devoid of life, not only depicts a tragedy more despairingly poignant than any that blacken the pages of history but impresses the mind with the utter futility and purposelessness of the operations of nature considered in their entirety. However, against this gloomy background is the fact that one may extract, in a single span of human existence, a certain amount of pleasure, and in a world created by a fortuitous combination of chemical substances, in which no purpose, no reason for its creation can be discovered, in which no divine plan is discernable, and in which the true meaning of life must therefore be reasoned out, pleasure irresistibly presents itself as that which best serves the ends of existence. One world at a time must be the motto of a consistent skepticism. This being the case the immediate end of life are the logical goal of our efforts and there can be no question, I think, but that they are best served by hedonism (I am using the term broad-

ly, in its true Epicurean sense, which differs greatly from the more constricted use of it in the modern sexy novel) for not only is the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, in the broadest and best sense of these words, absolutely in conformance with human nature, and therefore a legitimate aim, but they surely constitute the most sensible reason that skepticism will be able to give, outside the struggle for survival, for the justification of everyday human activities.

Now if all this reasoning is logical and sound, in proportion as skepticism spreads through society there will develop a moral movement whose trend will incline toward, and approximate, at least, the views which Epicurus expounded to his disciples in his garden at Athens. This result, of course, will not be accomplished by deliberately attempting to foster such views upon society but will be brought about by a development inherent within skepticism itself. Science has given us positive assurance that we live in the sort of a world which Epicurus sensed, despite the imperfections of his knowledge, and his philosophy, inasmuch as it was the logical reaction of a practical mind to that kind of a universe, inevitably stated the case for straight thinking along purely naturalistic lines for all time. It attempted to relate man to a rational world, one free from superstition and supernatural intervention, which is exactly the problem that faces skepticism today.

Admittedly this Epicurean reaction to the problems of virtue, death and the meaning of life may not prove to be competent to solve all of the difficulties which grow out of the modern complexity of society. The mere fact that a man comes to regard virtue as being resolved out of utility does not necessarily make him more moral than when he regarded it as being dogmatically authorized. Walter Lippmann points out in his latest book that the danger in hedonism is due to the yielding to immature desires and that the salvation of morals in an unbelieving world depends upon a disinterested type of character in business, government and sexual relations which the demands of our complex machine civilization is bringing into existence; a sort of Stoical type which is destined to justify the wisdom of the sages and the insight of high religion.

All of which is very likely true. In which case history appears destined to repeat itself and the future skeptical society may conceivably witness Epicureanism and Stoicism developing side by side.

except that where they were rivals in the ancient Roman state, in the modern one they will complement each other. Unless skepticism dispenses with logic altogether the future society will be basically and fundamentally Epicurean because that philosophy is the inevitable reaction to the place of man in nature as science has revealed it to us. If Stoicism plays a role at all it will be that of a complementary one. Supplying what Epicureanism fails to supply it will grow out of a need of modern complex machine society just as it grew out of the need for patriotism in the militaristic Roman state. Rather than a philosophy, with certain tenets to expound, it will furnish the religious motive in an age of skepticism.

THE WORLD
An Effort of Comprehension

OSKAR EMIL

IT takes indeed all sorts of people to make the world. As a department store carrying a diversity of goods so is the world a storehouse of our total variety of knowledge, of facts and explanations, often incoherent and conflicting. The presentation of all this variety is a task of all life, so what a man knows about it is very little and very abstract, while even the most complete encyclopaedias are bound to ignore vastly more than they include. To comprehend the world in a short article is therefore possible only by a most extreme abstraction. However, it pays at times to give such an account for what is in the world, for better management of life, just as a department store does in order to meet and promote its business.

The world is all that exists whether we know it or not. Only a part of it is human experience, and only a part of this is known in facts. Of these some are not known beyond the person to whose experience they belong, while some are known indirectly through signs, language and memory,—we know about them. Strictly speaking all facts are subjective, though an indirect fact is in a way objective to our knowledge about it; objective used in this way is practically the same as meaning. We refer in the same manner from fact to experience and existence never known as fact, but only as a supposition of what is. In both cases it is clear that any objective world conceived is based on the subjective facts in mind. That two or more persons have the same kind of facts cannot alter the fundamental subjectivity any more than repetition of a fact in the same mind, but such psychic agreement, naturally emphasizes it both directly and indirectly, increasing both its subjective and objective importance. We are most apt to believe that the most common facts are most real, not only in mind but also to the extent that we

objectify them beyond; while where such psychic agreement is lacking we are more or less in doubt. When a person has a sensation, a thought, a feeling, which nobody else under any circumstances has, we call him mad, suffering from hallucinations, etc. He may have it repeatedly and consider it most real, but we don't, because we lack it. On the other hand we do not consider a blind man as authority about the reality of our visible world. Fundamentally the world which we know and know about is therefore founded on the psychic phenomenon which we call a fact, and next on psychic agreement of one fact with another. This agreement is indicated by its *degree* of comparative identity, by its personal frequency, and by its popularity. For these reasons *mathematics* are of such fundamental importance in our understanding of the world. And it will also be seen that the degree of agreement is relative, ranging from two to infinite. Far from being absolutely real the so-called objective world is a mathematical function of subjective psychic agreement; and far from being exact it is a matter of convention, depending on who and how many are giving the measure. It is also far from being complete, because even in the case of all life together it excludes what we do not know, and within its grand total there are many mutually exclusive worlds. Nevertheless, we find a *normal* world based on great averages containing the most important facts of life. *The material universe* is undoubtedly a predominant construction in such a world, based on normal sensations and thoughts developed by scientific means and methods. But this common sense and scientific creation of the world suffers after all from all the above mentioned weaknesses. Quite artificially, for instance, it excludes all feeling and human interest, and all the forceful facts of life in that connection. The material world is therefore not the world we live in but only perhaps a part of this. It does not cover even the normal facts of life, far less the abnormal, human experience beyond knowledge or existence at large; so we must deny it the worldwide authority it has been trying to assume. As a matter of scientific democracy ruled by a majority of mind it may be a powerful conception, but it has not a priori validity and its laws are subject to other facts.¹ It is really not scientific to treat emotion and thought as negligible, unreal, half-values, as faded and

¹ Compare my statement in *The Journal* p. 100, 1929: "That what we think is in existence must agree with what we know is in experience."

frothy sensations, as fancy values in contrast to the real it of matter. This fallacy is making the world of life too narrow and is leading to mistakes which may be fatal, through opinion, conviction, attitude, and action. Much degeneration of modern life is based on such popular science.

It is of the greatest importance to render a truer account of the world we live in, than rendered by what a special scientific group senses, thinks of or pays attention to. We must therefore *count with all facts and find the essentials in which they agree, and then draw our conclusions and make our suppositions about what exists beyond our accumulated knowledge.* We may agree upon that *facts are* personal experience registered in the knowing mind, they stick to a person as his skin, as Schopenhauer said. Facts are but passing knowledge, temporary and local signs of life. Whatsoever they say they tell us about some thing we do not know, and while most of the world is unknown we are trying to live by what we know, an effort the success of which can be tested only by further living and later facts. We interfere with existence by our knowledge, but unless this fits existence and foster life it will be a science in vain. This fundamental if of all science is a weakness of the human mind; *we are*, as it were, *only experiments in living*, and what we know about existence is bound to be hypothetical. Beyond explaining one fact by means of the rest we get to a point where we must try to explain the origin of any fact, whatsoever its content. *Why is a fact* at all? Not only because it exists as indicated by its content, for facts remain when this disappears. We find that a naive acceptance of the reality of the fact at its face value, does not explain the changing content of knowledge. Instead of identifying a fact with its content, we are therefore led to think that it indicates a reality beyond itself with which it is connected and to which it corresponds; in other words we are forced to admit that beside what we know there is also something that we do not know. Discarding the theory of identity we admit not only a difference between a fact and a non-fact, but find it most probable that a fact instead of being self-made, developed from nothing, is owing its existence to something which we do not know, a non-fact better called a factor. In making this supposition we necessarily try to describe or explain it by other facts, by what we know. Thus we find the factors presented in terms of facts, and easily confused with these. One theory forgetting the essential dif-

ference makes it appear that one fact is caused by other facts, which is about as impossible as a moving picture being caused by another. We may all agree that there is a continuity and connection between facts, but we can not admit that one fact is sufficiently explained by any or all other; even in the most microscopic and minutely presented succession there is a missing link, which makes it impossible to determine one fact from what we know. There is always an unknown factor, a guess coming. In some cases this guess allows a free play of imagination while in cases of systematic science, for instance the theories of mechanics and even of evolution the explanations fit almost to perfection. However the finest minds in all cases still leave room for doubt. Whether we consider a fact caused by other facts or by specific factors only indicated by the specific facts, we are bound to explain it by at least two or more different elements: whatever we think most fitting and the remaining *x*. One fact cannot lead to another without this link which is the most essential factor of mind. It is also proper to consider this same element not only as a connecting link between the facts, but as the common and necessary factor in any and all facts, whatsoever its specific content and cause. According to this theory a fact appears when and where this *vital factor* is combined with certain specific factors, to a mental constellation. The *general* factor of mind must be supposed as a common quality of variable quantity in order to explain the different strength, volume, span, vividness, intensity, extensity, etc., of the facts. This understanding still leaves room for discussion of the *particular factors*: are they identical with the content of the fact but for this mental differential? Or is there no more likeness or comparison between a fact and its factors than between a sign on the road and the town it indicates, or between a word and the thing it suggests? Is it a question of coexistence and coincidence and not of quality or form. We are inclined to answer this according to the particular facts, supposing things more or less like sensations, but making little or no comparative background for thought or emotional facts. Even a thing is far from the sensations and thoughts from which it is constructed, and is rather a mental drawing, a construction, a picture with a purpose of explanation, rather than being something beyond mind. As all other facts it is a *sign of life* and of importance to life,—a *sign registering the*

vital position and disposition of man. That is the main feature of the world in which we are interested.

We are talking about the world we don't know in the language of facts we know; these supply our information about the world we live in and the position we are in. To exclude sentimental and intellectual words from this talk would be to tell less than we know. From studying this language we may assume that only a limited vital factor is available through a person under the particular conditions. A person is a fluctuating concentration of vitality developing facts according to disposition and position. Facts are personal signs in the course of life, and mean much to us but may be rather insignificant in the world at large, they may mean little beyond. Even the stars may not exist beyond our frame of life, though we have reason to believe that if nothing like stars exists without us anyhow there is something indicated thereby, whatsoever that is in itself. After all, stars or no stars, their value is *as directives of life*; not their absolute character but their consequences as measured in life is what counts. Matter may not exist beyond our imagination, it was a factor fit to figure with in mind, but so is any factor fit to explain our sentiments and thoughts; neither may be ignored without more or less serious detriment to life. Material values may be more substantial but not necessarily more essential than the spiritual. The main meaning of the world we learn in facts is after all, life, and still more life. It is not the particular content but *the vital content of a fact* which makes it interesting to us. We must learn to emphasize this general factor and gauge it by scientific means and try to increase the personal vitality, instead of losing ourselves in the particular contents of a fact. With a proper *strategy of life* we may then even succeed in surviving the stars.

PRAYER

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID

At one with love and consummate release
Of sordid wish, with essence infinite
In voiceless touch, whence creature needs invite
But simple exaltation in soul peace.

Petition mute and formless of demand,
A sense conceived of thankfulness supreme,
Or humble craving, taught of wordless theme,
A pardon for some wayward trick of hand.

An urge of soul, untrained of priestly lore,
Specific in no mortal want's desires,
Sensed only as the spirit's life requires
Sweet unction some lost balance to restore.

Prayer's temple raised within no housing drear,
No walls confine its beatific close
No forms of rote their ritualized text impose,
The peace of freedom marks its atmosphere.

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