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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

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With deep sorrow

The Open Court Publishing Company

announce the death of their President

Mary Hegeler Carus

on Saturday, June twenty-seventh

Nineteen hundred and thirty-six

La Salle, Illinois

THE OPEN COURT

Volume L

July, 1936

Number 938

MARY HEGELER CARUS

1861-1936

Mary Hegeler Carus was born at La Salle, Illinois, on January 10, 1861. She graduated from the University of Michigan in the class of 1882, and later studied at the Mining Academy in Freiberg in Saxony, Germany.

Her father, Edward C. Hegeler, in order to present his solution of the religious problem—the foundation of religion and ethics on a strictly scientific basis—founded the Open Court Publishing Company, which has published the *Open Court* since February, 1887 and the *Monist* since October, 1890, as well as many valuable books. In the summer of 1887, Mr. Hegeler met Dr. Paul Carus and found in him a spirit both congenial and full of independent courage. Fifty years ago such independence was necessary to realize the ideals of religion founded on a firm basis of science. Dr. Carus was made Editor of the Open Court.

On March 29, 1888, Mary Hegeler and Paul Carus were married. Working in harmony with Mr. Hegeler, together they carried on the ideals and work of the Open Court Publishing Company. Quiet and unassuming, yet with a profound fund of knowledge, Mrs. Carus devoted much time to it although she contributed no writings. Her judgment in many matters was invaluable.

After the death of Dr. Carus on February 11, 1919, Mrs. Carus carried on the work herself with able assistance, always keeping in close touch with what was done.

Her life was rich in good deeds and kindness. She has departed, but her spirit remains a living presence and priceless source of inspiration to those who have had the good fortune to have known her. Seldom was a woman more worthy of the tribute we pay her.

DEATH

O DEATH, in thee we reach life's consummation :
In thee we shall find peace ; in thee our woes,
Anxieties and struggles will be past.
Thou art our best, our truest friend ! Thou holdest
The anodyne that cureth every ill.

Thou lookest stern, O Death ; the living fear thee ;
Thy grim, cold countenance inspireth awe,
And creatures shrink from thee as their worst foe.
They know thee not, for they believe that thou
Takest delight in agony and horror,
Disease and pain. The host of all these ills
Precedes thee often, but thou brook'st them not.

'Tis life that is replete with suffering,
Not thou, O refuge of the unfortunate,
For thou com'st as surcease of pain ; thou grantest
Release from torture, and thy sweetest boon
Is peace eternal. So I call thee friend
And will proclaim thy gift as greatest blessing.

Death is the twin of birth : he blotteth out
The past but to provide for life's renewal
All life on earth is one continuous flow
Which death and birth cut up in single lives
Of individual existences
So as to keep life ever new and fresh.

Oblivious of the day that moulded us,
We enter life with virgin expectations ;
Traditions of parental past are we,
Handing the gain of our expanding souls
Down to succeeding ages which we build.
The lives of predecessors live in us
And we continue in the race to come.
Thus in the Eleusinian Mysteries
A burning torch was passed from hand to hand,
And every hand was needed in the chain

To keep the holy flame aglow — the symbol
Of spirit-life, of higher aspirations.

'Tis not desirable to eke out life
Into eternity, world without end.
Far better 'tis to live in fresh renewals,
Far better to remain within time's limits.
Our fate is to be born, to grow, to learn,
To tread life's stage; and when our time has come
There is no choice but to depart resigned.
Again and evermore again, life starteth
In each new birth a fresh new consciousness
With larger tasks, new quickened interests.
And with life's worn-out problems all renewed.
But we must work the work while it is day,
For thou, O Death, wilt hush life's turbulence
And then the night will come to stay our work.

When we have tasted of the zests of life,
Breathed in the bracing air of comprehension,
Enjoyed the pleasures of accomplishment,
When we have felt the glow of happiness,
The thrill of love, of friendship, of endeavor,
When we have borne the heat of day and sweated
Under the burden of our tasks, we shall,
Wearied of life's long drudgery, be glad
To sink into the arms of sleep, to rest
From all our labors, while our work lives on.
As at the end of day we greet the night,
So we shall tire of duties, pains and joys
And gladly quaff the draught of Lethe's cup.

Wilt thou be kind to me, O Death, then spare me
The time to do my duties, to complete
My lifework ere I die. Let me accomplish
The most important tasks that lie before me,
So when I die I have not lived in vain.
But has my purpose grown beyond myself,
I shall be satisfied and welcome thee.
Kinder thou art than thou appearest, Death!

Peace-bringer, healer of life's malady,
 Thou lullest us into unconsciousness.
 Thine eye, well do I know it, solves the transient
 Into mere dust; but thou discriminatest,
 Thou provest all, O just and unbribed judge,
 Appli'st the touchstone of eternal worth
 And so preservest the enduring gold.
 Thou settest free the slave, soothest all anguish,
 Grantest an amnesty for trespasses,
 Abolishest responsibilities,
 Ordainest the cessation of the ills
 That harass life. Withal thou simply closest
 A chapter in time's fascinating book,
 There to remain as we have written it,
 And so thou dost no harm. Happy is he
 Who neither feareth nor inviteth thee.

I honor thee, great sanctifier Death,
 Lord of the realm of no return — High Priest
 Of the unchangeable, thou consecratest
 Our souls when gathering them unto their fathers
 In their eternal home; I honor thee,
 Yet will not seek thee! I am here to live
 And so will bide until the summons come
 To enter on my Sabbath eve of life.
 But neither shall I shrink from thee, for truly
 I see no cause why I should face thee not.
 Thou dost not doom me to annihilation,
 Thou wipest out my trace of life as little
 As any deed can ever be annulled.
 Indeed, thou comest to immortalize,
 To finish, to complete, to consummate,
 To sanctify what I have been and done.
 Therefore, I shall be ready at thy call
 And deem the common destiny of all
 Meet for myself, so when thou beckonest,
 Friend Death, grant me thy sweet enduring rest.

PAUL CARUS.

HEGEL'S THEORY OF TRAGEDY

BY SALVATORE RUSSO

HEGEL'S theory of tragedy, like that of Aristotle, is an integral part of his whole philosophy. Aristotle's idea of *katharsis*, for example, is characteristic of his philosophy of art: art imitates nature both in its purpose and in its method, continuing where nature leaves off. Hegel's theory of tragedy is even more closely integrated with the entire structure and nature of his thought; it is so basic a part of his system that it is found scattered throughout his works rather than contained in a single volume. The essence of tragedy consists of a diremption of the Spirit arising from the second stage or moment of the dialectical process. Our purpose is to examine the validity of this ethical division as the substance of tragedy, a task which can be accomplished only after we have sketched the theory in its contextual setting.

Tragedy is not a phenomenon peculiar to literature; its counterpart is found in metaphysics, religion, and in daily life as well, for every phase of reality reveals the dialectic at work. But whatever may be the context, the nature of tragedy is always the same.

In life, as in literature, tragedy signifies that the Spirit is divided, that it is suffering from an inner dissonance due to the conflict of universal and particular. This tragic conflict always ensues when an individual part negates a universal. Self-alienated by the necessity of its own nature, this particular spirit becomes too assertive and feels the overpowering force of the universal. Thus human sorrow reaches its greatest depth when the opposition between the particular and universal makes itself felt.

A tragic character, accordingly, is one estranged from his complete self, one who feels the pangs of isolation and the insufficiency of a divided nature. Mindful that his spiritual life has been torn in twain, he seeks to escape that painful feeling of *otherness* by which he is possessed. His unconscious endeavor is to return to his estranged self, for when one stops short of the *Notion* one learns tragedy. Tragedy, then, is the penalty paid for individuality.

The nature of tragedy is now clear; it consists of a heroic negation of the universal, which eventually leads to a synthesis. It is

always to be understood as the middle term of a triadic unity, the medial part of a cycle of the dialectic. To attempt to explain tragedy independently of its thesis and synthesis is to falsify its nature and misunderstand its purpose.

Hegel found many examples of this triadic movement in the history of religion. In Indian philosophy, for example, Brahma was originally everything, self-sufficient and complete. This pantheistic nature of Brahma constituted the thesis, symbolized, perhaps, by the statues of Brahma gazing at his navel. But there came a time when Brahma tired of this monotonous solitude and desired something other than himself, something that might contrast with his eternal quietude and infinite ennui. Whereupon he is said to have made this world, a world of illusions called the veil of Maya. He breathed it in and out, forming a cycle of illusions; the world became a process that *staggered and reeled*, life a senseless journey in this merry-go-round of eternal recurrence. This was the antithesis or negation. The reconciliation lay in the understanding that this life was something other than Brahma; to be saved one had to renounce this life and return to the consciousness of Brahma. If this reconciliation was deemed inadequate and weak, it contained, nevertheless, a powerful thesis and negation.

In the colorful life of Jesus, Hegel found the perfect thesis, antithesis, and synthesis and therefore the most perfect example of tragedy outside of the drama. The unusual birth of the Saviour and His divine nature constituted the thesis. To Jesus the realization that He was the Son of God constituted His greatest joy, and the consciousness of His mortality, symbolic of His finitude, His greatest sorrow. The negation and diremption was dramatically portrayed by suffering death on the cross for His death was a denial of His divinity and an expression of His separateness from God. The poignant utterance of this disunion and sorrow is contained in the words of dereliction and despair, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Resurrection is the synthesis. Here again we have the reinnion of flesh and spirit, of the human and divine.¹

¹This is only one of the many ideas of the Christian trilogies. The vaguest is that of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, existing somewhere in the skies. Then we have that of God, Satan, and Jesus: God who made the world, Satan who sunk it in sin, and Jesus who redeemed it. We have also that of God, man, and Christ: God as divine, man as human, and Christ as the union of these two. The example given above seems to show this trilogy in the life of Jesus himself.

In art, tragedy is depicted as a conflict between forces that ought to be in harmony. Tragic situations arise from a transgression of balance, from a collision of interests between an infinite power and a finite one, between a universal claim on the one hand, and a particular assertion on the other. This collision destroys the harmony by throwing the ideal Spirit into dissonance. The task of art, consequently, is to keep the ideal from perishing, and at the same time develop the opposition so that harmony will appear again at the denouement.

Suitable examples of such collisions restoring unity to the spiritual world exist in dramatic art alone, for painting can portray a single time or moment, and sculpture embodies only completed action.² Dramatic poetry, however, presents a whole development: the original serenity, the discord, and the reestablished harmony.

In the *Phenomenology of Mind* Hegel attempted to give something of an historical treatment of this triadic movement as it made itself manifest in literature: first as epic, then as tragedy, and finally as comedy.

In the first stage the universal consciousness was undifferentiated and unfulfilled; the individual as such counted for little. The Greek gods and heroes were so much alike, their deeds and purposes were so commingled, that they could hardly be separated. In Greek history the universal content consisted of an assembly of national heroes; in literature it existed as epic. The minstrel was the individual actual spirit; it was not his own self that was of any account, but that of his Muse, his universal song. In the epic, where the poet effaced himself from his work, destiny was portrayed as the result of forces outside of the hero: the personal will was at the mercy of destiny.

The antithesis was tragedy. Here the specific nature of the

²It is true that painting, for the most part, gives us only one moment of action. *Christ Delivering the Keys* by Perugino and Leonardo's *Last Supper*, which deals with the moment that Jesus says someone will betray him, illustrate this fact. And even when a complete story is attempted, such as Masaccio's *Tribute Money*, Botticelli's *History of Moses*, as illustrated by the several scenes, each deals with a single moment, and the picture as a whole is static. But Hegel's statement that sculpture gives us completed action is not necessarily true: sculpture does not necessarily give us completed action any more than painting does. Works of sculpture like Myron's *Athena* and *Marsyas*, *Apollo Belvedere* attributed to Loechares, Donatello's *David*, or the *Laocoön* do give us completed action. But many statues, the *Discobolus* and Michelangelo's *David*, to mention two, deal with a single moment, the moment just before the action is performed.

hero affirmed itself, came into conflict with its own universality, and, forgetting its real and dependent nature, deemed itself self-sufficient. But this assumed independence was dominated by the unity of the Notion, causing the individual to feel the strength of his life broken, and to mourn his fate. Yet he was sublime in his separateness from the Gods, since "sublimity involves on the side of man the feeling of his own finiteness and his insuperable remoteness from God." Eventually this universality, opposed by its specific nature, has to be unified and reconciled with itself.

When the incompatible demands were finally cancelled and the ethical substance was victorious in its struggle for harmony, we had comedy. Comedy began with the implied reconciliation found at the close of tragedy, and gave us a self-certainty and cheerfulness that nothing could disturb. Aristophanes is said to have written such comedies, and Falstaff is supposed to be a good example of the *Absolute hero* that comedy demands. The self-consciousness of the hero must be united with the universal consciousness in order to have comedy. "The self-consciousness of the hero must step forth from its mask and be presented as knowing itself to be the fate of the gods of the chorus and of the absolute powers themselves, and as being no longer separate from the chorus." In tragedy the individuals destroy each other because they do not have a true and solid basis; in comedy individuality is no longer something assumed, it is something concrete.

If we leave this quasi-historical approach and go to the dramas themselves we find a specimen of this avowed cycle in the Orestean trilogy. The first play of the trilogy, the *Agamemnon*, opens with marked suggestions of serenity and calm joy. This serenity, however, is soon broken by the murder of Agamemnon by his wife Clytemnestra. Her pretext was the death of their daughter Iphigenia whom Agamemnon had sacrificed before he sailed for Troy.

In the *Choephoroi*, the second play, we have a strong picture of the division and diremption. Apollo orders Orestes to avenge the death of his father. Yet Clytemnestra is his mother, and to kill her is to committ matricide. He is confronted with this dilemma: either he must avenge the death of his father by matricide, or disobey Apollo and permit the unholy crime to go unrectified and unpunished. In either case, he will sin. Orestes has no passion for vengeance, yet, driven on by the remorseless decree of Apollo, he kills

his notorious mother and is claimed by both Apollo and the Furies. Now he feels the "bitterness of soul-diremption," for he realizes that he has done both good and evil at the same time. This is suggested in the drama by madness stealing over his mind soon after the crime has been committed.

In the *Eumenides*, the last part of the trilogy, we have a reconciliation of the conflicting powers by a happy ending; the situation is peacefully resolved by Athena, the arbitrator. The Furies are appeased and Orestes absolved. Again we have that calm serenity characteristic of the unity of the ethical substance.

Let us now attend to *Antigone*, Hegel's favorite tragedy, which he thought portrayed his dramatic theory most adequately. Here Creon represents the power and authority of the state; he is not a tyrant, but a moral power seeking to do what he thinks is right. Antigone, on the other hand, stands for the time-honored rights and customs that traditionally belong to the family. Her actions are in accordance with her family obligations and not in defiance of the state. Yet, living within Creon's domain and civil authority, Antigone is bound to render obedience to the sovereign's command, while Creon, a father and a husband, should respect the sanctity of blood-relationship and not command that which violates this family piety. Thus we see how both are equally right and equally wrong in what they do, why, though justified in their actions, they are "seized and broken by the very principles that belong to the sphere of their own being."³ Antigone must learn that while the family has its place in the state, there are civil rights outside of it. Creon must learn that the family, too, has its rights and claims. Antigone, consequently, precipitates her death unwedded, and Creon, urged by the chorus, admits his error and is made to suffer the destruction of his home by the death of his wife and son. At the close of this impressive tragedy we, as spectators, feel the weight of each side, and realize the need for a broader and more inclusive view of life.

Antigone clearly illustrates a basal point that Hegel never tired of stating, namely, that there is always spiritual value on both sides. Pure evil is empty and unfit for dramatic tragedy. The conflict must

³This fits even the action that has gone before in *Antigone*. Both of Antigone's brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, fought for their father's throne; both are subjectively right in their demand, and yet wrong. Hence both found their destruction reciprocally through one another.

be one between powers that are good and noble: a good tragedy always exhibits the ethical substance in a state of internecine warfare. It is like a house divided against itself, a contest between the family and the state, or one ideal against another, represented by a struggle between two people, or even within a single individual. When the conflict is between two people, which is usually the case, both are dominated by ethical principles such as duty or honor. The blind devotion to this principle brings on the fatal catastrophe.

The resolution of a tragedy is achieved by a destruction of the exclusive claims of provincial individuality. Such individuality imperils the whole community by its isolated self-sufficiency, and must be dissolved. Its subjective, self-seeking nature brings on its own destruction, since its adherence to a single interest is both its weakness and its strength. The denial of the one-sided claim is generally expressed in the drama by the death of the characters, but the value of the particular interest is sublated into the whole. What is denied is the absoluteness of any single position, for the purpose of tragedy is to show the necessity of a universal and all-inclusive view.

If we turn from a consideration of tragedy as a whole to some of its dramatic elements, we find that individuality is represented by the actor's mask; it is by wearing a mask that a character experiences tragedy: what makes him unique and separate from the universal spirit is the mask. And consequently it is by discarding the mask that the tragic situation is resolved.

The actor appears in a double rôle: he represents the impersonated hero and his own character, his assumed self, and his true self. Or, to use Hegelian language the hero appearing before the onlookers breaks up into an actor and a mask. This distinction between mask and actor is an enlargement of the Aristotelian position: the particular characters of the actors are included in a tragedy as well as the *dramatis personae* and the spectators.

The chorus represents the totality of sentiments, ideas, and passions of the drama: it is the moral or meditative consciousness commenting on what is going on; its ultimate purpose is to preserve the serenity of the drama and the true thought in the audience. Although it cannot take an active part, since its members are passive and deedless, nevertheless it does make itself felt by conveying its judgment to the spectators.

The audience, awed perhaps by the spectacle, and looking to the

chorus for consolation, feels the futility of any one-sided view of life. The spectator allies himself, then, not with the hero as Aristotle held, but with the chorus. The onlooker "drinks from the cup of absolute substance," learns the doctrine of selflessness, and leaves the theater calmed by his lesson, his personal woes overshadowed by the terrible struggle of the hero.

Yet in another sense we do ally ourselves with the hero, for the chorus also represents the subjective side of the hero. Thus the witches in *Macbeth*, reminding us of Greek tragedy, are objective representations of the secrets and purposes of his own heart; observe how they even repeat his own words. The ghost in *Hamlet* can also be said to be an expression of the hero's own suspicions and desires. By revealing the hero's soul, the chorus brings him and the audience closer together, and is reminiscent of the time when the audience was included within the circle of the stage.

This introduces the question whether it is the hero or the audience that experiences the reconciliation. Theoretically it is always the substance that is reconciled. This may be realized either by the audience or the hero: ultimately the two are one. When the reconciliation is experienced by the spectators it is called objective; and when it is experienced by the hero or antagonist, subjective. The *Orestean Trilogy* is an example of the objective, and *Oedipus Colonus* an example of the subjective solution. It is true that art is primarily for the audience that contemplates and enjoys it, but we must not forget that Hegel does not want the relation between the issue and the character who represents it lost. In fact, he maintains that Orestes and Antigone have significance only in so far as they represent a power. Tragedy must have a purpose; otherwise the tragic is lost, and the end is one of complete frustration.

Most of our tragedies end with the sacrifice of the persons who identify themselves with some power; occasionally we have a tragedy wherein a character lives and suffers a change of heart, where there is an internal reconciliation in the mind of the hero. Since the tragic character must expiate the crime in his own heart, an act which must be objectified in a drama, this inner change appears more as outward purification. One cannot help but feel that the aged Oedipus has attained something of a reconciliation by his own condemnation, mutilation, and austere life. It was with true insight that Jebb said of him, "Thinking, then, on the great facts of his life, his defilement

and his innocence, he has come to look upon himself as neither pure nor yet guilty, but as a person set apart by the gods to illustrate this will, as sacred."

Hegel's notion of guilt is unique. To act is to dirempt the Spirit, to act is to incur guilt. All action is laden with guilt and suffering; innocence is merely the absence of action. The antagonist should realize his wrong-doing beforehand; he is sublime in that he knows what is good and what is evil.⁴ It should be evident to everyone that this is often not the case; Hegel himself admits that Oedipus did not recognize his father in the man he killed, nor his mother in the woman he married. Ajax was mad when he slew the sheep, and so was Hercules when he slew his children. Hegel is right in maintaining that the heroes do not hesitate to accept the consequences of their actions, for guilt, however acquired, must be punished. Oedipus readily accepts the culpability and punishment for the patricide and incest which he unwittingly committed.

In summing up, then, we may say that metaphysically tragedy is an inner conflict of the ethical substance which has temporarily lost its unity and serenity, though retaining the germs of an inevitable harmony. Dramatically, tragedy is a story of a conflict of noble and equally justified interests so opposed as to produce a deadlock. A resolution takes place when this deadlock is dissolved by the destruction of the particular claims and interests that have caused it.

We have seen that Hegel's theory consists of three elements: (1) a conflict (2) a division of the ethical substance so that both sides are justified (3) the implied reconciliation. His theory stands or falls on the validity of these three basic elements. Since it is apparent that all tragic plots display a conflict or struggle, we pass it by without further mention.

The element of reconciliation can be defended because it pertains to the ethical substance rather than to the hero; the resolution of any conflict permits a case to be made for the advent of harmony. Romeo and Juliet die, but the play achieves the desired reconciliation if we emphasize the fact that both houses long enveloped in a deadly feud have lost their animosity. Cordelia locked in the arms of the

⁴On the strength of this, one might say that Macbeth is a better tragedy than Oedipus, because Macbeth knew what he was doing. It is true, however, that it does not portray the ethical division as well.

aged Lear, she dead and he mad, may present a hopeless picture to some, but Hegel would maintain that what is proclaimed is the devotion and the filial relation of father and daughter. Thus almost every tragedy can be so explained as to reveal this ultimate harmony.

The element of ethical division, however, cannot be accepted so readily, because it is more an accidental and occasional feature than a necessary one. It would be no difficult matter to enumerate a host of recognized tragedies that do not display this ethical division. Should one wish to defend Hegel on the grounds that such dramas are poor and imperfect specimens of tragedy, let us examine *Antigone*, Hegel's model.

Hegel believed that both contestants in this drama are equally right, that Sophocles intended to display a balanced opposition of just forces, and that the spectators consider Creon as justified as Antigone, thereby dividing their sympathy between both characters. If this were true we should expect to find that their guilt and punishment is the same, assuming, of course, that they suffer in proportion to their crime. But their guilt is not the same, and their punishment is strikingly different.

First of all the imputation that Creon is not entirely noble is not without some justification; his condemnation of Antigone for transgressing his mandate is an example of inexcusable tyranny. It is less than a day since he has been made king of Thebes, the two heirs having killed each other the day before. Antigone, moreover, the daughter of Oedipus, is his ward and niece, and betrothed to his son, Haemon. Small wonder that dramatists such as Alfieri and Dryden have made him out to be a scheming tyrant who has the edict proclaimed that Antigone and her sister Ismene could be destroyed. This is an interpretation, as we shall show, that can be supported by the text of Sophocles.

Creon enters the scene by acquainting the chorus of elders with the content of his edict. They give no indication that they are not going to respect his mandate. In fact, they say that they think that it is in his power to so command. He says to them:

Creon: See, then, that ye be guardians of the mandate.

Chorus: Lay the burden of this task upon some younger man.

Creon: Nay, watchers of the corpse have been found.

Chorus: What then, is this further charge that thou wouldst give?

Creon: That ye side not with the breakers of these commands.⁵

But why, we may ask, does he suspect that they will be broken? Why does he command them not to side with those who are going to transgress his first law? The answer is evident. In Greece burial was a family obligation, a rite performed by the nearest of kin. The only living immediate relatives of the unburied Theban are Antigone and Ismene; if anyone were to commit the forbidden act it would be they. By making death the penalty for transgression it seems that he hoped to wipe out the last survivors of the royal family. That may be the reason why he was so ready to accuse Ismene despite Antigone's denial of her sister's complicity. He releases Ismene only when it is apparent to everybody that she is innocent; and he changes the sentence of death which he has passed upon Antigone to one of imprisonment, not through compassion for the girl, but because he learned of the awful results that would follow her death.

The attitude of each contestant is also significant. Antigone asserts that the elders sympathize with her even though they dare not as yet express their views. She never admits that she has done wrong; Creon does. This difference becomes more apparent when we pause to consider and compare the fate of each.

Antigone does not think that it is a sin to give burial to a brother. Before she executes her resolve she says to her sister, "I shall rest, a loved one with him I loved, sinless in my crime; for I owe a stronger allegiance to the dead than to the living: in that world I shall abide forever." Proudly she tells Creon that human laws cannot supercede those of the gods. "Yes, for it was not Zeus who had published me the edict; not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with those below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such a force, that a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven." She is not sorry for what she does, and never repents: "So for me to meet this doom is trifling; but if I had suffered my mother's son to lie in death an unburied corpse, that would have grieved me; for this, I am not grieved. And if my present deeds are foolish in thy sight, it may be a foolish judge that arraigns my folly." Strangling herself with her veil she dies as she had lived, convinced of the justice of her act.

⁵Based on Jebb's translation.

When Creon learns of the punishment that is in store for him he yields, although it is too late. He admits his error and seeks to rectify it with his own hands. He first humbles himself to give burial rites to Polynices and then approaches the tomb to release Antigone. Here he meets with Haemon who, refusing to listen to his father's entreaties, spits upon his face with scorn, and stabs himself when his attempt to kill his father has failed. Creon realizes the folly of his mandate. He laments: "Woe for the sins of a darkened soul, stubborn sins, fraught with death. Ah, ye behold us, the sire who has slain and the son who has perished. Woe is me, for the wretched blindness of my counsels. Alas my son, thou diedest in thy youth by a timeless doom, woe is me—thy spirit has fled, not by thy folly but by mine own." Eurydice, his wife, hearing of the unhappy fate of their son, takes her own life, cursing Creon with her dying breath. Creon is completely overwhelmed: "Lead me away, a rash, foolish man; who hath slain thee, my own, unwittingly, and thee my wife—unhappy that I am. I know not which way I should lead my gaze, or where I should seek support; for all is amiss with that which is in my hand—and yonder a crushing fate hath leapt upon my head."

Creon is condemned by everybody. Haemon has told him that the Thebans, with one voice, deny that she has sinned. More eloquent are the words of Tiresias, the blind and infallible seer, who informs him that the gods are angered by his double crime: "the detention of the dead among the living, and the imprisonment of the living in the abode of the dead." The punishment that follows adds weight to this contention. Finally, the Chorus says that Creon has seen his mistake only when it is too late, adding that wisdom is the supreme part of happiness and that reverence towards the gods must be inviolate.

All these facts show that the guilt and punishment of Antigone and Creon were radically different, that the sympathy of the chorus and the audience is not equally divided. Our pity is for Antigone and not for Creon; we feel that he richly deserves his fate, while Antigone commands love and admiration. The conflict between the human and the divine laws results in the condemnation of the human laws.

Blind obedience to this ethical theory, patently false in many cases, kept Hegel from applying his distinction between classic and

romantic art to tragedy. He failed, consequently, to notice a distinction that made its first appearance in *Antigone*, and which has grown ever since, namely, that there are two kinds of tragedy, that of victory and that of defeat.

Creon leaves the stage a culprit sunk in despair, a victim of circumstances; Antigone dies a heroine, confident that she has acted wisely and consistently with her own character. We, too, as spectators, feel that the strength of Antigone's life is marked by a sense of victory, and that Creon's life is one of complete frustration.

This difference may be said to have reached its fullest expression in O'Neill's *The Great God Brown*. Brown, the character of futility, is outwardly a successful architect, but inwardly uncreative and utterly defeated. Dion, on the other hand, is outwardly defeated, yet inwardly successful; his inner life is full of vigor and marked by triumph. Brown feels the sterility of his life very keenly, donning Dion's mask after his partner's death. He is cheated and vanquished while Dion dies having had his fill of life.

We have seen that the concept of ethical division, paramount in Hegel's theory, prevented him from giving a true delineation of tragedy; his attempt to balance the opposite forces of a tragic conflict so limited his analysis that it excluded most of the recognized tragedies. It was his object to interpret all known phenomena in the light of his basal principles. His philosophy is undoubtedly the work of genius; but one wonders whether he was not too literal in his adherence to his plan, and a slave to his concepts by depriving tragedy of any individuality or character of its own, and by making it just another of the many manifestations of the Spirit.

DETERMINISM OF FREE WILL —
THE NEW METAPHYSICS

A Strange Scientific Aberration

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

MUCH has been written and said in recent years concerning the alleged repudiation by modern science and scientific philosophy of the rigid mechanical determinism of the nineteenth century, or of the idea of an unescapable, all-pervasive Law governing Nature in all of its manifestations. According to many thinkers, the new physics has overthrown the old metaphysics and, among other revolutionary things, has restored the belief in moral freedom, or the freedom of the human will.

It scarcely needs adding that in the camps of the fundamentalist theologians and old moralists these admissions, or proclamations, have caused much rejoicing.

But are the admissions well founded? *Must* we give up the Determinism, the doctrine that law reigns throughout the Universe, and conclude that beyond a certain realm chaos marks the operations of Nature?

True, these startling assertions have been made by eminent physicists, astronomers and mathematicians — Jeans, Eddington, and others. But have they spoken on the subject in questions *as* scientists, with the precision and caution characteristic of the man of science or as speculative and pious men who leave the methods and principles of science behind them on certain occasions?

The feeling is growing in scientific circles that the so-called "principle of uncertainty," or the New Indeterminism, has had its day, and that the "revolutionary" rediscovery of free will was the product of a series of singular misconceptions, oversights and jumped-at inferences.

Let us quote the latest pronouncements of men of science on this interesting question.

Professor C. G. Darwin, grandson of the great Charles Darwin, writes as follows in his recent work on the modern conception of matter:

The facts now known regarding the atoms and electrons must revolutionize our ideas about one of the most fundamental principles which has always been accepted in science—namely, the principle of Causality. We are accustomed to take it for granted that a full knowledge of the present would enable us confidently to predict the future. When we are defeated in our attempt at prophecy we attribute it to ignorance, with the tacit assumption that, with more knowledge of the present, we could have done better. It has never occurred to us that the present is definitely unknowable.

It has been suggested that the new outlook will remove the well-known philosophical conflict between the doctrines of free will and determinism. If we are to find room for free will within the realm governed by physical science, we have to suppose that the motions of our own bodies are in some way free not to obey the inexorable commands of the older mechanics.

At first sight it might appear that the Uncertainty principle provides the necessary latitude, but this is contradicted by closer consideration. We cannot say exactly what will happen to a single electron, but we can confidently estimate the probabilities. If an experiment is carried out with a thousand electrons, what was probable for one becomes nearly a certainty. Physical theory confidently predicts that the millions of electrons in our bodies will behave even more regularly, and thus to find a case of noticeable departure from the average, we should have to wait for a time fantastically longer than the estimated age of the universe. How, then, does the Uncertainty principle help to free us from the bonds of determinism?

In physics, continues Professor Darwin, ignorance has become respectable, but it should be modest. It is, assuredly, a very poor basis for a fabric of assumptions and speculations. We do not know what a single electron will do, but we are not entitled to conclude that the universe is chaotic, especially in view of the statistical averages that are so constant. How can chaos lead so quickly to order and law?

It may be objected that Professor Darwin is not a distinguished physicist. But the authority in the realm of the exact sciences of Professor Max Planck and Professor Albert Einstein will not be questioned by any one—not even by the new, speculative and pietistic metaphysicians. Here is what these two great mathematicians and physicists have said lately in a special interview on the so-called principle of Indeterminism:

Prof. Planck: "Where the discrepancy comes today is not between nature and the principle of causality, but rather between the picture we have made of nature and the realities in nature herself. Our picture is not in perfect accord with our observation, but it is the advancing business of science to bring about a finer accord. I am convinced that the bringing about of the accord must take place not in the rejection of causality, but in a greater enlargement of the formula and a refinement of it, so as to meet modern discoveries."

Professor Einstein: "The notion of free will in inorganic nature is not merely nonsense, it is objectionable nonsense.

"Physics gives no ground whatever for this notion of indeterminacy. I am in entire agreement with our friend Planck in the stand he has taken on this principle. He admits the impossibility of applying the causality principle to the inner processes of atomic physics under the present state of affairs, but he has set himself definitely against the thesis that from this *Unbrauchbarkeit*, or inapplicability, we are to conclude that the process of causation does not exist in external reality.

"The indeterminism which belongs to quantum physics is subjective. It must be related to something, else indeterminism has no meaning, and here it is related to our own inability to follow the course of individual atoms and forecast their activities."

It is certainly a singular aberration to assert that our present inability to follow certain processes and forecast the actions of individual atoms proves that chaos exists in nature and, therefore, free will in the human body-mind! No writer has dealt with this amazing aberration more bluntly or vigorously than Professor H. A. Levy, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology. In a book entitled *The Universe of Science*, as well as in certain articles and reviews, he has analyzed the confusions and misunderstandings which have led to the formulation of the so-called principle of indeterminism. He does not spare the men of science who are responsible for this "extraordinary muddle," and for the practical mischief attributable to the revival of the free-will fallacy. We cannot quote him at length here, but his main points may be summarily stated as follows:

The mathematician mistakes *his* reality for *the* reality, his set of symbols and formulas for the Universe. He forgets that the uni-

verse of science is by no means the real universe, and that his picture is necessarily incomplete and inexact.

In the second place, there is a limit to the fineness of perception even of the best-equipped scientists when studying the structure of matter, and there is, therefore, a limit below which it becomes physically impossible to disentangle or isolate the processes that go on there.

This means that the scientist begins with a chaotic unit as his basis, and builds upward. What is chaotic to him is not necessarily chaotic intrinsically, and perhaps eventually he will be able to understand his unit better. And if he should never understand it, all he will be justified in saying is that, to him, that unit *seems* chaotic.

But in building up his universe, at every step law, not chaos, confronts him; determinacy, not indeterminacy. Without determinacy, there is no science, and there is no applied science—no art, no industry, no philosophy.

We can see now that it was a gratuitous blunder, at the start, to speak of a "principle" of uncertainty in the name of quantum physics. The term should have been "area," not principle, and the uncertainty should have been attributed to physical reasons perfectly well understood.

Bertrand Russell, in his new book, *Religion and Science*, discusses, among other problems, that of determinism versus caprice in nature. Like Professor Levy, he is convinced that the new physics, so-called, is dealing with something not *yet determinable* rather than with something actually and necessarily *indeterminate*. There is no real reason, he says, for making the assumption that the unpredictable behavior of minute particles of matter is sufficient evidence that their behavior is not determined by any cause. That assumption is wholly gratuitous and is, in many cases, inspired by wishful thinking, by the desire to infer free will in human beings from "free will" in the atom or electron. As well contend, adds Mr. Russell, that death has no causes, since we cannot predict what individuals will die within a given period and what individuals will survive. Mortality statistics prove, of course, that death has causes, and the statistical laws of quantum mechanics likewise prove that atomic behavior *is* determined by certain causes—causes as yet unknown to science.

The blunder of the mathematicians and physicists named above led to the greater and more pathetic blunder of the theologians and

metaphysicians who hastened to proclaim the vindication or triumph of free will in man. Since, the latter declared, we do not know what the individual electron will do, it follows that the human will is a law unto itself, and that our actions are determined by ourselves! Thus our moral freedom is regained and our moral responsibility restored.

But these propositions will not bear anything like a critical examination. Just what is meant by moral freedom or free will? These phrases need scientific definition. They certainly do not define themselves.

To begin with the "will," psychologists tell us that there is no independent, identifiable, authentic faculty that can be called the "will." Our action, our choice, in any given situation depends on the issue of a conflict within ourselves, a conflict of motives, desires, hopes, fears, ambitions. In the miser, for example, greed and cupidity always, or nearly always, prevail in the end, over the weaker sentiments or tendencies. In the generous, benevolent, sensitive person, the desire to help, to prevent or alleviate suffering, prevails. The coward may be ashamed of his timidity and cowardice, but he runs away; the brave man is not without fear, but he manages to control and overcome that ignoble emotion, and he faces danger with apparent calm and steadiness.

Now, why are some generous and others callous and selfish? Why are some brave and others cowardly? Such questions cannot be answered, dogmatically. But we know that behavior is socially conditioned to a very great extent, although hereditary factors are not without importance. We are born with certain potentialities, tendencies, disposition, but these can be encouraged or discouraged, curbed or developed, by environment and education. The same person may be a hero under certain circumstances and a bandit under others.

Can we predict the behavior of this or that individual? Not always, and not with absolute confidence. We never fully know *any* individual—not even ourselves. The springs of human action are not all visible. Hidden motives may come to the surface under certain stimuli. The sub-conscious may emerge into the light of day. A desire normally weak may be reënfined by some other motive, in itself also perhaps insufficient.

However, it is equally true, and equally important, that the behavior of men *en masse*, or even of large groups of men, is predictable. Practical psychology acts upon this basic fact. Advertisers, manufacturers, merchants, sales agents, directors of personnel have learned from experience to expect certain responses to certain appeals or challenges. What is true of electrons, therefore, is true of human beings—there are statistical averages that illustrate and prove the reign of law in both classes of cases.

The individual sense of moral freedom is, then, an illusion. We are not "free," but we are ignorant and uncertain, because we do not know what our ultimate decision will be in any difficult case requiring consideration from several points of view. When we hesitate and postpone a decision, we tacitly recognize our lack of freedom to act. Something in us tells us that it would be unwise or unsafe to take a final step. Time allows new motives to assert themselves. Time thus removes doubts and perplexities, and then we feel that our decision is deliberate, not likely to cause subsequent regret. At no moment were we free to act; the struggle was internal, between motives, loyalties, benefits and possible disadvantages.

Analysis of the arguments for free will shows that the fervent adherents of that theory are prompted by the apprehension that the denial of moral freedom involves the denial of the power and influence of non-material factors, and that determinism is incompatible with social and moral progress. If everything is determined beforehand, they say to themselves, then it is idle to make any appeal to reason or conscience, and attempts at guidance toward worthy standards are utterly futile. There is no escape from causality, and fatalism thus imposes itself upon all intelligent persons.

But such a line of reasoning is the product of confusion. Determinism is not another name for fatalism, and is not incompatible with moral responsibility rightly understood. An appeal to reason or to conscience is an appeal to recognized human motives and forces, and such an appeal *implies* causality, for the motive or consideration invoked may become the cause of desired effects. An appeal to a "better self" is an appeal to sentiments as real as those we associate with the worse self. Indeed, what used to be called the sense of sin is nothing but the dissatisfaction of the better self, its revolt against inferior standards. It is the sense of unworthiness, of falling short, of doing an injustice to oneself.

It is the principle for causation, of determinism, that leads us to cultivate certain habits, to establish certain institutions, to create certain conditions. We know that human nature is remarkably plastic and flexible. Adults, like children, are molded by their surroundings. They are affected by examples; they are tempted to imitate and emulate. They are restrained by fear, emboldened by evidence of success or impunity.

In short, determinism is at the root of our schools, our churches, our courts, our legislatures. Every form of propaganda assumes determinism and proves it in practice.

We have said enough to show that the fashionable talk about the alleged incongruities of modern scientific and philosophic thought is without warrant in fact. C. E. M. Joad, a British thinker of note, recently made the following remark: "While psychology, the science of mind, seems increasingly disposed to admit the existence only of the body, physics the science of matter seems increasingly disposed to postulate the reality only of mind." Surely no scientific psychologist or physicist will indorse such a loose statement as this. As already indicated modern psychology is not rash enough to dismiss the mind. It cannot separate the mind from the body nor the body from the mind. Hence the term—body-mind. Phenomena may begin as simple sensations, but they end as mental processes. Where does the translation take place? We do not know. Somehow the dance of electrons is converted into what we call an idea, a thought, a proposition. The chaos in the atom does not preclude systematic thinking, the framing of theories, the formulation of principles and laws of science, the building of synthetic philosophies.

The incongruities of modern thought are the incongruities of half-baked thought, of pseudo-science. The scientist who is aware of the nature of his particular "reality," as Professor Levy has said, falls into no paradoxical and wanton errors.

After all, as has been said again and again, the method and spirit of science are far more important than any set of theories or conclusions. The method and spirit of science forbid the man of science to indulge in sweeping generalizations or dogmatic assertions, and they forbid him even more sternly to invade fields not his own and run riot in them.

Professor Benedetto Croce holds that all errors are *moral*, and that there is no such thing as a "mistake of the head." What he

means, of course, is that all statements should be properly qualified, regarded as tentative and subject to correction. It was, therefore, a moral error, and a mischievous one, to proclaim the end of determinism and the triumph of anarchy, or of free will. Ignorance may have become, for the moment, respectable, in the words of Professor Darwin, but it is absurd to glory in our ignorance or to use it as foundation for a new metaphysics or a new theology.

THE ARTISTIC DESTINY OF IRAN

BY DR. LÉO BRONSTEIN

American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology

IN SPEAKING of the general tendencies of any civilization, one easily risks falling into the emptiness of imaginative phraseology. The personal quality in each individual creation, intangible in the last analysis, and the essential variations which the complexity of the material life of a people introduces into that civilization, force us to be constantly on guard against lapsing into generalizations. Yet there is, nevertheless, one sphere where generalization is permissible, where it is almost required, and even induced by the facts themselves. This is the sphere in which all artistic cultures, no matter how varied they may be in their final expression, stylistically and technically, no matter how distant they may be, one from the other, in their physical geographical locations, participate in the same universal psychological source of man's creations, which is: the manner with which the human eye grasps the external world and guides the hand in the artistic representation of that world. Two qualities have always marked this work of the human eye. One of these is the "stable" quality, where the forms are clearly defined, seriated, stable, each individual and distinct from the other; the second is the "mobile" quality, where the forms appear to the visual consciousness indissolubly attached to each other, one continuing the other, and together forming a kind of collective ensemble, a dynamic whole.

We might say that art through the ages has passed through great cycles, in which sometimes one and sometimes the other of these tendencies has been dominant, and in some rare historic achievements, both tendencies have united to create an art at once complex and of supreme harmony.

What more stable, indeed, than the artistic creations of the civilizations of the ancient Mediterranean areas and of Western Asia? There was Egypt, where we find from the dawn of her culture (for instance, the ivory comb handle and an ivory handle of a flat knife decorated with processions of very naturalistic animals and birds of



Courtesy of American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology.

BRONZE HARNESS (?) ORNAMENT CRIMEA.

A typical example of the art of outer Iran. A mare twisted around to bite her tail with a foal alongside. A vivid expression of vitality and at the same time a powerful and original pattern.

the Pre-Dynastic period, before 3200 B. C., in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York) and throughout her history this tendency to stability, an art that affirms the existence of objects and living beings and depicts them well defined in space. There was Sumer and Akkad, in whose art we find the supreme and most powerful expressions of stability (for instance, the series of animals, one following the other, yet detached from each other, on the monuments of the Jemdet Nasr epoch, or again, the statues of Gudea, the great prince of the Dynasty of Gutium): and later, there was

Assyria, who, even in her most fluid imaginings, established a world of seriated forms (for example, the bas-reliefs so rich in movement of the Assurbanipal epoch). There was Upper Syria (sculptures from the Palace of Zandjirli, about 850 B. C.); Anatolia (stone bas-reliefs at Ivriz, eighth century B. C.); and at last, Hellas, whose art glorified movement in its fullest expression, yet who did not know mobility itself.

Directly opposed to this widespread movement of the static in art, there appeared, beginning historically about the eighth to seventh century B. C., this other tendency, which imposed its law of dynamics over a large geographical area stretching from South Russia to the Caucasus and spread from there over Siberia, Mongolia, and even China (the end of the Chou period and transition to the Han, third century B. C.). This is the art known as Scytho-Sarmatian or Scytho-Siberian, or as Rostovtzeff terms it of the "Central Asiatic group." However enigmatic the origin of this art may still be, no matter how diverse its various local manifestations, its "mobile" character remains unquestionable. This "animal style" is indeed one of forms which are fused, continuous, not serialized in space. It is one of collective ensembles, not subordinated to the canon of naturalism, but forming all together strange, complex objects (page 154), so different from the fantastic monsters, symbolic or magic, of Mesopotamia, which, in spite of the various single parts of the different animals, griffons, winged bulls, etc., of which they are formed retain an absolutely individual character. Whether these innumerable Scytho-Sarmatian objects, chiefly in gold (belt buckles, open-work plaques, etc.) come from the region of Perm, from Bulgaria, from the Kuban or the Altai, or even Mongolia, they all bear the imprint of one marked historical tendency.

Between these two major tendencies, yet partaking of the nature of each, there arose in Asia a cultural force, a synthesis of the two: Iran.

It is impossible here to trace even summarily the economical and political history of this participation. It exists and is known to historians. Its artistic history also exists, and it remains for the historian of Asiatic art to explore it further.

The art of Pre-Islamic Iran provides little information along these lines. (The archaeological work being conducted at present



Courtesy of American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology.

ARCHER IN ENAMELLED TILES.

Susa. From the Palace of Darius, Fifth Century B. C.

in Luristan, whose bronzes appear to have embodied both tendencies simultaneously, will probably supplement our knowledge.) The art of Elam which has come down to us is hardly distinguishable in its style from the temporary arts. And that of the Medean Empire, what do we know? In the Achaemenid art (559-331 B. C.) we find a remarkable flowering of the "static" tendency. The admirable stone reliefs at Persepolis or the enamelled brick reliefs of Susa (page 156) provide full proof of this: well-defined silhouettes, regular and processional rhythms, a conscious and smooth form. Yet we know that during this period there was definite artistic contact between Iran and the northeast of Nomadic Asia: the famous Oxus Treasure bears witness to this. And what precisely do we know of the times of the Parthians (248 B. C.-A. D. 226), that Oriental dynasty which was so Hellenized? Very little. Yet the humble "graffitti" discovered on the walls of the houses at Dura-Europos reveal an art of popular character in which the bizarre cannot be explained away merely as technical flaws. In Sasanian art (226-641 A. D.) the established heritage of "stability" was continued. The impetuosity which characterizes Sasanian representations (bas-reliefs of the grottoes at Taq-i-Bustan, for example, showing the royal hunt and the masses of animals in flight) is related fundamentally to its Mesopotamian models. And yet among the Sasanian metal treasures which have survived, we sometimes sense the essence of another spirit, a spirit "mobile" and continuous (page 159).

With the coming of Islam the equilibrium between the two tendencies became firmer and more complete. It is curious to note here the well-known fact that from the first Abbasid period (ninth century) and following through the two great successive waves of invasion—the Seljuq and the Mongol—it was Central Asia, this still mysterious region, with which the Scytho-Siberian culture must have had direct contact, which provided a great source of life for Iran, paralleling the Greek, Hindu, Egyptian, Chinese, and other influences.

In all the artistic creations of Islamic Iran there was an effort to attain a perfect fusion of these two psychological tendencies. This effort at fusion is, basically, the whole imagery of Persia and her science of ornamentation: the personages, the animals, the plants, and the inanimate things, all lead a strange life there: sometimes they are free of all geometric stylization (stability) and sometimes

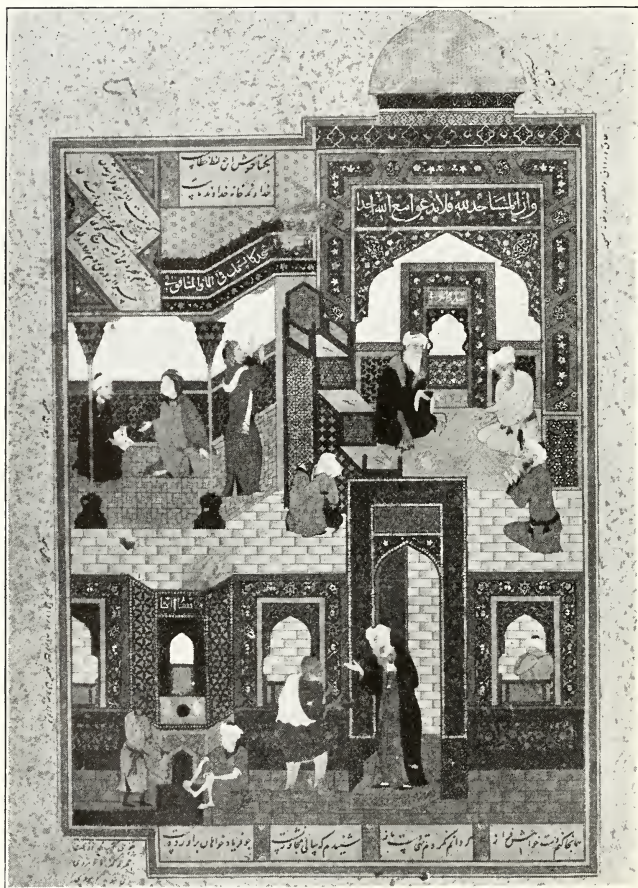
they incorporate themselves in "mobility"; not, however, losing their distinctive outlines, yet, at the same time, within those outlines, they are deformed. Stone, stucco, faience, wood, ivory all are equally precious and suitable for the Iranian artist, who elaborates instinctively this formula of the visual synthesis.

But it is in Iranian paintings (miniatures) that this is perhaps best revealed. Two things stand out clearly in the very first approach to this art, especially of the most opulent period, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (the Timurid, and particularly the beginning of the Safavid periods). One is the precision with which the shapes are silhouetted and above all, their coloring; the second, and dominant, is the strange conception of space and perspective. This later cannot be the effect of technical ignorance. Intellectual curiosity and the advancement of mathematical sciences in Iran, the constant contact with the art of other countries, especially of Western Europe and of China, whose pictorial canons were directly opposed to these of Iran, make such a supposition unacceptable. The construction of perspective in Iranian painting is determined. We know what it is in principle: a slipping of one perfectly flat surface into another, one behind or above the other, creating thereby a rich and highly decorative imagery, a fanciful depiction of the feudal life of those times: the floors of the royal halls, the palace gardens or the fields are represented vertically, on the first plane of the panel, and then immediately the eye passes on to succeeding planes, which follow each other vertically or at opposite angles with their princely banquets, hunting, battle, or love scenes. Two methods, sometimes very simple and sometimes more complex in their construction, seem to dominate all other. According to the first method, most often rectilinear scheme, a scene or, rather, part of a scene is continued in parts of other scenes, which mutually complete each other by an apparent juxtaposition (stable) but actually because they follow a conscious rhythm of intertwined surfaces, lines, and colors. An *active*, "mobile" perspective is thus created, a perspective which is not given to us statically at first (as in the perspective created by the Italian Renaissance) but which we, the spectators, must reconstruct for ourselves by our own participation, by our visual participation (page 160). And in this lies the distinction and contribution of Iranian creation. The second method, cyclic or swirling, is no less intense. Two



Courtesy of American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology.
SILVER PLATE—SASANIAN

centers are given: for example, a circular or square basin is posed vertically at the foot of the panel, and a richly ornamented canopy is set obliquely, in the upper part, and all around there is a circling dance of objects and personages so arranged that the two spheres of action thus created are fused and by their persuasive poetry induce the eye to create a mobile perspective (for example, the beautiful scene of the presentation of the portrait of Khosru to Shirin, in the famous manuscript of the Shah Tahmasp period, painted between 1539 and 1543, illustrating the poems of Nizami which is in the British Museum).



Courtesy of American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology.

MINIATURE PAINTING FROM SA'DI'S BUSTAN

Fifteenth Century. Mosque Scenes.

Often it is not the objects themselves but the patches of color which provoke this fruitful effort of the eye: for example, in the same manuscript, on the page showing the mad lover, Majnun, brought in chains by a beggar woman to Laila's tent, the intense blue of the sky above and the stark white of the tents, on the first plane, by making the spectator participate, succeed perfectly in helping him to dominate the three-dimensional space. The distance of the sky and the proximity of the tents mutually complement each other and thereby transform the representation to dimensions even more persuasive and more concrete than words could express.

But all this, considered from this angle and transferred to a different field—painting and its laws—what is it but this same bizarre mobility which in Scytho-Siberian art created from the fusion of animals and their complementary parts such unexpected and new images?

Only, and this is the synthesis of Iran, by introducing at the same time the sense of "stability" (seriated forms, their outlines separated one from the other, precision, clarity of line and of segments of pure colors), Iran succeeded in removing the too violent quality of the barbarian vision and introducing that aesthetic element which we call grace.

The art of Iran in subsequent centuries underwent a gradual, and what seems today to be a final, decadence; it no longer created, but merely repeated unintelligently. But having once been so universal and so new, hence inexhaustible by virtue of its synthetic form, is it possible that this art will not be reborn? Iran gave birth without realizing it to a unique aesthetic form; it remains for Iran to find it again, but in full consciousness of its worth. Such a revival could have universal repercussions. It is sufficient to think what such a renaissance, which would truly continue its great past, could give anew to the artistic searchings of the modern West, searchings which are at the same time so akin to the Iranian past: the art of a Van Gogh, for example, or that, so entirely opposite, of a Picasso.

The economic and political decline of Iran in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, due more to the internal contradictions and chaos of a decaying system, than to the violence of wars, carried along with it impoverishment of thought and of art. A complete rehabilitation of the material life of the Iranian people will surely bring about a renaissance of its creative consciousness.

A HOLIDAY IN THE JEBEL DRUSE

BY NEILSON C. DEBEVOISE

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SOUTH of Damascus there lies a region which was once the center of extensive volcanic action. In the course of centuries the oldest lava flows have completely decayed and thus between the limits of more recent eruptions there are patches of exceedingly fertile land. There are few springs, but the character of the rich soil is such that one good rain a year is sufficient to produce an abundant crop of wheat. Under the *Pax Romana* this region supported a large population which built extensive cities out of the local black basalt. Adorned with all the theaters, baths, and basilicas of the post-Christian epoch, military posts on the edge of the desert protected the countryside from nomad raids, and the caravans which took its wheat northward returned with goods from the Syrian ports.

Fifty years ago many of these cities remained largely as they were when the breakdown of the Roman military power exposed them to the attacks of the Beduins and caused their general abandonment. The region was then, as it is now, the home of a religious group known as the Druse who since their inception in the eleventh century have been prohibited by their belief from intermarrying with other sects and have thus for a thousand years preserved their racial purity. The people are tall and sturdy, and the old men, especially, are very distinguished looking. Since the revolt of 1925, in the course of which the Druse warriors had ample opportunity to display the military prowess and bravery for which they are famous, they have been inclined to be suspicious of foreigners. However, toward America, as the poll conducted by the King-Crane Commission clearly showed, they entertain the most friendly feelings. The impartial attitude of the American University in Beirut, and particularly of the medical staff, has furthered friendly relations, and Druse sheiks constantly bring their wives and daughters for treatment at the American institution.

In the fall of 1932, while spending some time in Beirut before

the commencement of the excavating season. I had the privilege of joining several of the medical staff of the American University who had been invited to attend the great Druse festival at Soueida in the Hauran and to be guests of the Emir. The party which included Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Turner, Dr. Douglas Cruikshank, and several others was under the special guidance of Shaik Khalil Almadeen of the Bakleen Druses who was also a member of the University staff. Although Bakleen is one of the Lebanon Druse villages, Shaik Almadeen was well acquainted in the Jebel whence he ran much wheat through the Turkish lines during the war to the Syrian villages.

We expected to leave after the close of university work, about one-thirty in the afternoon, but as usual with a large group we were late in starting and it was nearly two by the time our cars rolled out of the big wrought-iron gates of the campus. Crossing the nearly level coastal plain took but a short time, and soon the cars were winding up the steep slopes of the Lebanons. A sharp rain which set in made the hairpin turns and heavy gradients of the road, which was dangerous enough at best, more unpleasant than usual, and it was with a sigh of relief that we began to slip down into the smiling valley between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon ranges, a valley known to the Greeks as Hollow Syria. The road ran almost straight across the level surface of the plain up the lower lying slopes of the Anti-Lebanons. A steep descent through many trees, beside a rippling stream led us into the verdure of the outskirts of Damascus. Damascus, often called the port of the desert, was alive with all the activities of a busy commercial city, and here we saw more native and fewer European costumes.

After tea at the Ommyad Hotel, our cars turned south by the end of the Street called Straight and as we glanced behind us the lights of the city began to pick themselves out of the dusk of the evening. Although it was too dark to see what sort of country we were passing through, I knew we had entered the Hauran, for the road became a narrow and rough strip of dust which wound tortuously between rows of black boulders. About nine o'clock the lights of Der'ra appeared ahead and we made our way to the best and only hotel in the city. The long drive in the coolness of the evening had given us all hearty appetites and we were soon eating a good dinner in the local Movie Palace. Here we found ourselves sur-

rounded by glaring posters depicting such thrillers as the *Third Episode of the White Peril* and Bert Buckum in *Six Gun Sammy*. The waiter came and went through a rough wooden door which for some unfortunate reason was located directly in the middle of the screen. Behind our backs on the pillars other posters showed two taxi cabs of ancient vintage meeting in a terrific collision with parts flying in all directions. This eating place beside being a movie had the added distinction of serving as the buffet for the Der'ra station, for this city is on the main line of the Hejaz railroad whose ultimate destination is Mecca and Medina. Here also a branch line ran to Haifa. The town was of great tactical importance to the French, and the fatigue caps of the legionaires were everywhere. Supper at length over, we walked several hundred feet to our resting place which sought added dignity under the name of Hotel. The lady in charge was greatly concerned to know who was to occupy each room, so as she put it, to be able to decide whether or not to change the sheets. The first classical antiquities which we saw were the blankets which had not been washed since the Roman occupation. While these preparations were made, for it turned out that most of us had clean sheets, we wandered about the streets, some purchasing sprays and cans of Flit. I chose a pair of high leather boots such as they wear in the Hauran with heavy iron cleats on the bottom.

About ten, after copious applications of Flit, we turned in to bed and I, for one, slept soundly. The difficulties which caused the remainder of the party to pass a restless night have never, for some unknown reason, been attracted to me. After a good breakfast at the buffet, our cars set out again about eight o'clock for the Bosra eski Sham. In the old town of Der'ra itself there was a sort of underground city, possibly of Nabatean origin but since our time was limited we decided to employ it in more interesting ruins. The country through which we traveled was a vast open valley between the mountains along the Jordan River and the Jebel Druse. It was volcanic in origin as spots of basalt scattered here and there showed but nothing like the huge areas of surface rock through which we passed the night before.

On the top of nearly every hill squared blocks gave evidence of a ruin of some variety, and even the shepherds huts were reminders of ancient structures which had been despoiled. Many fine buildings

and even some entire towns pictured and described by the Princeton Expedition in the beginning of this century have completely disappeared since that time. An hour and a quarter's ride brought us to the large arch spanning the Roman road which forms the main street of Bosra eski Sham. Bosra, once the capital of the Roman province of Arabia, is still a wonderfully interesting ruin. There are early basilicas, triumphal arches, city walls and towers, an early mosque, and a fine theater preserved almost intact by the fact that a twelfth century castle was built on top of it. The city is full of inscriptions most of which have been published by Littman, Butler, and Bell.

The building material is dull black basalt which is not attractive and does not lend itself to the art of the stone cutter readily. Most of the blocks were scarcely larger than fifteen or twenty inches long in contrast to the huge stones of Baalbec which attain a length of more than sixty feet. The larger part of the constructions date from the fourth to fifth centuries and are heavy and uninspired, gross in detail and somewhat crude in workmanship. Bosra is a frontier town both from a political and an artistic standpoint, a fact which should lend added interest for the student of history and art. A part of the roof of the basilica which still remains in position is interesting as one of the few remaining examples of ancient roofs. A series of stones were set into the wall, each one projecting farther out than the lower one just as though a false arch were to be built. The span was thus sufficiently reduced so that a single slab a foot or eighteen inches wide could be laid across the opening. The roof was entirely made up of such slabs laid side by side.

A wedding was in progress near one of the ruined churches and we stopped a moment to watch the proceedings. Up on the roof twenty or more young Druse warriors were dancing, swaying from side to side, and stamping rhythmically as they sang, as Druses often do, of battle. Some double reed pipes gave rhythm and impetus to the dance. Below in the courtyard were the women clothed in gay colors and dancing to the beat of a small hand drum as they waved brightly colored handkerchiefs in each hand. In the corner of the yard were two enormous copper caldrons, with steaming preparations for the coming feast. The bride was still in her own home where she would remain until evening and these festivities were taking place at the home of the groom.



THE YOUNG WARRIORS DANCED AT THE WEDDING FEAST.
THE DRUSE WOMEN WATCHED THE GAMES
FROM THE SIDELINES.

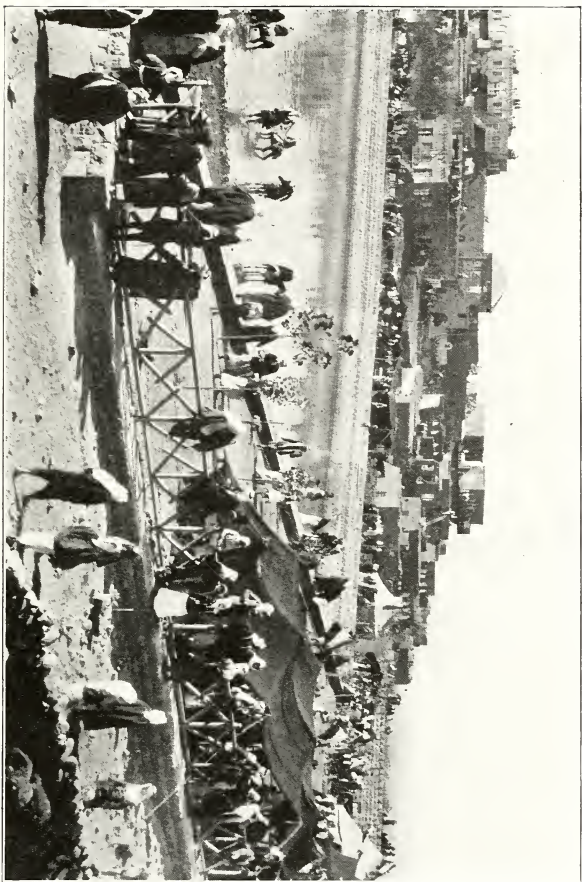
Leaving Bosra behind in the plain, we climbed rapidly toward the southern end of the Jebel Druse, mounting steadily in the direction of a high box-like hill on the horizon. As we drew near its base, a sign in French and Arabic informed us that it was the village of Salkhad, our destination. Originally a volcanic cone, its entire top had been surrounded by a high almost vertical wall about which rose the remains of an ancient castle. Because of its commanding position the French have utilized it as a fortress and it is now surrounded by barbed wire and three heavy guns command the countryside roundabout. The occupation of this site dates back to timeless antiquity; fragments of carving gave evidence of the presence of the Roman legions. Salkhad is the last outpost of civilization on the edge of the blue beyond which lies the almost unexplored desert. Into this mysterious void the ancient Roman road disappears with fascinating abruptness.

From Salkhad to Soueida, the principal city of the region, and its present administrative capital, our road wound among small black volcanic cones, through somber lava flows, and over patches of reddish ash or decayed volcanic products. Much of the land would have made a perfect setting for the "Inferno" and the blazing October sun did its best to complete the illusion. Wherever there was a little water the Druse had planted grapes or a few trees and much plowed land gave evidence of grain then long harvested and stored away underground. Halfway to Soueida was a flight of marble stairs leading to a small platform and a pillar. It bore an inscription in memory of the first French detachment sent out by an over-confident and not too wise commander in Damascus. Not a man returned to tell the fate of the column and it took six months of hard fighting to relieve Soueida.

Soueida from a distance looked much like the other Druse villages of the district, a collection of black basalt houses many of which were in such condition that it was difficult to differentiate between ruin and modern habitation. But Soueida near at hand was teeming with life and color. Its normal population of five or six thousand was swelled by festival visitors to twenty-five or thirty thousand and the influx produced much the same effect as it does in the small American college town. Crowds of small boys ran hither and thither between groups of sedate elders and the loaded camels and donkeys. Every shop was crowded with purchasers buying additional finery.

We ran our cars directly to the great square in the center of the town around which were grouped the tents of the leading sheiks. Emir Hamza Beg el Atrash, whose guests we were to be, was a young chap of twenty-three, of medium height, pleasing appearance and much dignity. He was clean shaven except for a small moustache and was dressed in an embroidered cream colored jacket and a white undergarment. The *agal* and *chifa* which he wore were similar to those of his compatriots but his shoes were European. The tent was simple but the chairs good and there were some excellent Persian rugs on the floor. The Emir welcomed us most cordially in Arabic but he omitted all of the lengthy and flowery speech which is customary on such occasions, for as he explained, he realized we did not care for it. This was true courtesy; the flowery speeches were soon to weary us in other tents. We sat around for some time during which little was said beyond polite remarks about each other's health and after coffee had been served in small Turkish cups we left under the guidance of an affable and immense colonel of the Druse Gendarmery. He must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. A long black moustache, carefully trimmed, gave his normally jolly face a somewhat fierce expression. To me he was the embodiment of a Turkish official of the old regime. As a result of the letter of introduction which we handed to him, he devoted two entire days to our entertainment.

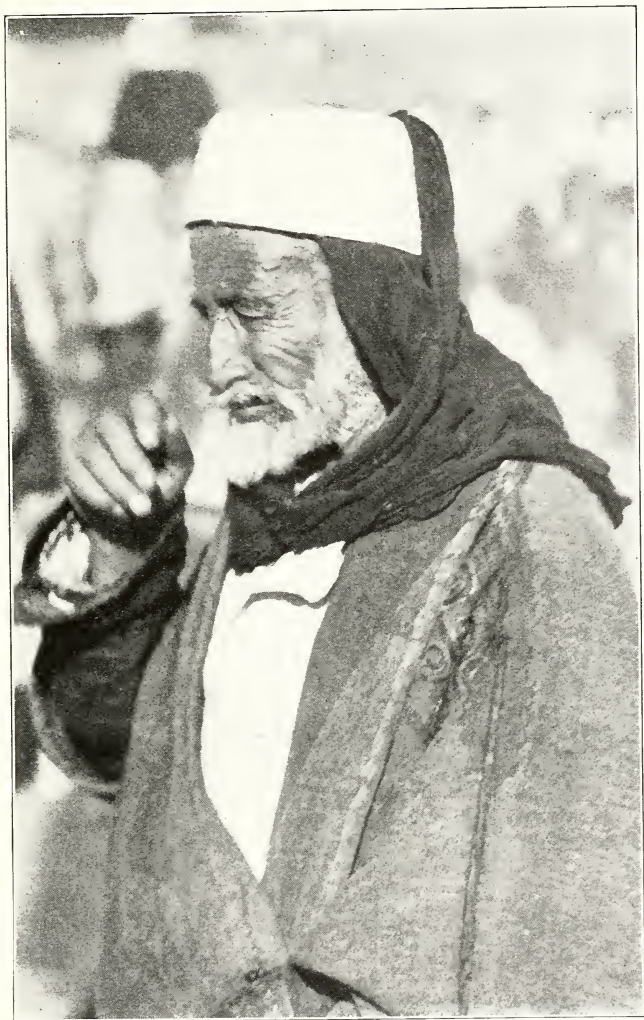
We visited a number of other sheiks along the row of tents to the accompaniment of more coffee and then went with the affable colonel to the local hotel where we had a very good dinner in European style with an excellent local red wine. After dinner we wandered through the crowded streets back to the tent of the Emir who was preparing to leave. At nine that evening we climbed wearily into our cars and set off behind his old Dodge. His castle was about twelve kilometers out of Soueida, a great black basalt building decorated with bits of Roman sculpture from a ruin not far away. The castle had been bombed from the air during the revolt and one wing destroyed and the remainder badly shaken so that even the huge keystone over the main gate threatened to fall. The Emir is a comparatively poor man in a land where wealth is reckoned in gasoline cans of gold Turkish liras. His money as well as the lives of many of his immediate family were given in support of the revolt and he has only now begun to recoup his fortunes. Recently he has redeco-



THE ANIMALS ARE DRIVEN INTO THE WATER STORAGE TANKS

rated and refurnished a part of the house in modern Syrian style and it was there that we found our quarters. The furniture was simple but the beds were comfortable and everything was clean. The Emir himself assisted some of his men to prepare our beds. Dr. Cruickshank and I went downstairs to a room decorated in a similar manner where we spent a comfortable night after I had recovered from the caffeine consumed in the afternoon. The coffee was so strong that one's head swam and heart pounded and the accompanying sensation of exhilaration lasted far into the night. We rose early and attempted to clean up and shave in the few drops of water available. The small village in which the castle was located had no water supply at all and that which was brought daily from a spring not far away had not yet arrived. There are few springs or wells in this entire region, and water is collected during the rainy season in huge reservoirs into which herds of camels, horses, and cattle are driven to water and from which the people dip their daily needs. It was then the end of the dry season and the water was very shallow and of a billious green color. The flavor I can only imagine for I did not try it. The French have introduced a new piped water supply into Soueida which is said to be excellent.

We had a tasty breakfast at the castle served by the Emir himself to do us honor. The table was soon piled high with fried eggs, lebney, goat's-milk cheese, and there was unlimited tea. After we had made photographs of the Emir and the castle we crowded into the cars again and bumped back to the metropolis to begin again our round of calls. Many of the men whom we met have long been famous and their names and faces appear on the pages of the accounts of the region by Miss Bell and Seabrook. Because of his position as a proponent of the revolt, the Emir was not looked upon with favor by the French; no Legion d'Honneur cross glittered on his robes as it did on those of some among the Druse. The spirit was gone from a holiday fostered by the French and the atmosphere was tense with hatred, hatred of the French and of those Druse who were suspected of having aided them or who had accepted favors from them. Among the latter was one who was said to be the best of the famous Druse horsemen. He was a huge heavy-set man dressed entirely in white and wearing a curved scimitar with a beautiful silver bound handle. Although over sixty years of age, he was



THE DRUSE ELDERS ARE PATRIARCHAL IN APPEARANCE.

still very active and we saw him perform later in the day during the games with lance and scimitar.

From tent to tent we went, sipping coffee, eating candy, some stale, but some, especially the Damascus candied fruit, excellent, munching grapes, pistachios and peanuts, until I felt like a monkey and my head was in a whirl. For French visitors there were bottles of every variety which we declined with thanks. The Druse men are fine, tall, distinguished fellows with that great natural dignity which dwellers in the desert lands possess. Never have I met with such genuine hospitality as we did in the Mountain. As Shaik Khalil said, as long as we were in the Jebel Druse we were their guests and were permitted to buy nothing.

The initiated Druse are usually most patriarchal in appearance and they wear as a distinguishing mark a white *chefia* wound around their tarbooshes. This is the only group permitted to read the holy books and to partake fully in the religion; they must foreswear liquor, tobacco, and leave their beards uncut. There are few young men initiated nowadays, for the spirit of unrest has penetrated to these far parts and many of the new generation have fallen into the ways of the Ferengi. But they are still full of enthusiasm and the ground around the tents shook with their rhythmical stomp and reiterated war songs. The dancers were divided into two groups, one of which sang a line which was then repeated by the other side of the circle. The same words may be shouted ten or twenty times until a new line is introduced and the process begun all over again.

About the middle of the morning, a desultory rifle fire commenced some distance to the west of us and crowds of beskirted Druse began to run in that direction. Presently through clouds of dust came an officer of the *gendarmerie*, a fine young Druse, who suggested that we would be safer and have a better view from the top of his house nearby. From the flat roof we looked across a small wady toward some black tents beyond which was a small group of men engaged in a battle royal with fists, stones, clubs, and anything else available. The *gendarmes* were pressing their horses into the *mêlée*, swinging the butts of their rifles and firing into the air. The struggle must have lasted fifteen minutes or more until enough police arrived to break up the fight and scatter the combatants. The trouble began when one tribe attempted to place their banner before the others in the assembly which had just taken place.

The festival itself was not of great interest for the spirit of the Druse was not in a holiday celebration held under the eyes of the French. Their official tent stood on the east side of the square in the morning and on the west in the afternoon to avoid the sun which was still hot in this region even so late in summer. The parade of Druse flags, a review by the French military officials, and many photographs, were followed by physical exercises by Druse school children ending with the waving of small French flags! The Druse *gendarmerie* and police gave excellent exhibitions of stunt riding but the feature for which we were waiting, the riding by Druse warriors and games which had always followed, had been shunted off to the end of the program if indeed they were ever given. At four it became imperative that we start for home, and after numerous farewells we climbed into the cars once more. The road was dotted with solitary plodding figures or weary horsemen whose animals reflected the dejected state of their riders. As we discovered later, the best road was one through Ezra'a but it was not the shortest, as our maps indicated, nor did it show upon the road signs. We therefore went through Sha'aba where we arrived at dusk. It is a most interesting ruin and one which I should like time to examine at my leisure. There were two Roman roads at right angles to each other, both in almost perfect state of preservation, temples, baths, and mosaics, scattered throughout the city, as well as two triumphal arches, one at each entrance to the city.

Night had fallen before we entered Damascus but we stopped there only for some tea and reached Beirut about midnight, weary from too little sleep and drugged with too much black coffee.

WOMEN IN PRESENT-DAY IRAQ

BY WINIFRED SMEATON

FOR THREE YEARS it was my privilege to be a member of an Iraqi household in Baghdad, and during that time I not only shared the life of the most advanced and educated group in the capital, but was also able, in traveling about, to observe the mode of life among the tribes and villages. The diversity of population is one of the most fascinating things about this new Oriental nation whose country and ancestors were responsible for the earliest civilization.

Since long before the beginnings of written history, the fertile valley of the Two Rivers has attracted people from less-favored regions on all sides. Relics of all the invasions are still to be found in different sections of the population, although most of it is, or considers itself, Arab. In the northern part of the country, in the mountains, the people are mainly Kurds, who come of a different racial stock from the Arabs, and whose language is Iranian. Besides these two most important divisions of the population, there are a number of Christian groups, Arab, Assyrian, and Chaldaean, old communities of Jews, and various smaller groups, Mandaeans or Subbi, Turkomans, and Yezidis, who are often erroneously known as devil-worshippers.

The religious divisions of the population are almost as many as the racial, but by far the majority of the people are Moslems, with Shi'ahs and Sunnis both represented. Roughly speaking, the Shi'ahs are numerically strong in the south, and Sunnis in the north. Nearly all members of the government are Moslems, although minority groups are represented proportionally in the Parliament.

In spite of the diversity of race, language, and religion, there is a certain resemblance between the groups, at least as seen by western eyes, which may best be ascribed to the traditions of Oriental civilization. One of the most striking manifestations of this Oriental complex is the social structure, with its rigid separation of men and women. The separation is less marked in some communities than others, and is probably strongest among Moslems. It is a mistake, however, to consider the segregation of women as a result of Islam, for it is a far older institution.

Outside the family circle, men and women live entirely different lives and have different interests. Strict seclusion is found only among city dwellers and families of high rank, but the general attitude on this point is gradually changing. Peasant women and women of the tribes do not cover their faces and go about freely, but they have few contacts with men outside their own families. The family is a close-knit circle, especially among the Arabs, where marriage of cousins is usual. Within the family circle there is complete freedom, especially in the large patriarchal households.

This rather astonished me the first time I was a guest in a black Arab tent. The tent was divided into two compartments, one for the men, and one for the women. We were first entertained by the men, and then when the two women of our party went in to see the feminine half of the family, we were accompanied not only by one or two of the men, but also by a young Englishman who had been living among the Arabs, studying their ways, and who was completely accepted as a member of the family. The women, however, do not go into the men's part of the tent, and never eat with them.

It cannot be denied that men come first in Iraq, as in other parts of the Orient. Life is ordered for their convenience and pleasure in so far as it can be ordered, for in spite of certain natural advantages, life is hard in Iraq, and the standard of living low compared with ours. To be sure, we make altogether too much of our scale of living, and there is an advantage in being able to work and live with a minimum of material. The age of machinery and labor-saving is just beginning to arrive in Iraq.

The soil of most of the country is rich, and there is an abundance of water, but not in the easy form of rainfall. It must be lifted from the river and conveyed to wherever it is needed, a perpetual labor. Irrigation is being developed, and pumps are being installed, but outside the towns, and even to quite an extent in the towns, water for household purposes must still be carried by the women.

Carrying water and collecting fuel are two of the hardest tasks of peasant women. Fuel, however, is almost more of a problem than water, since there are very few trees besides the date palm, which are much too precious to be used for fuel. Low thorny bushes and animal dung, both of which are gathered by the women and girls, are the usual fuel. It is not unusual to see a file of women in



YEZIDI GIRL SPINNING GOAT'S HAIR



SHEIK'S DAUGHTER WITH A NEGRO SLAVE

the open country staggering home under loads of camel-thorn bigger than themselves. In the cities firewood can be bought, for bundles of branches are brought by rafts from the northern areas, where trees are to be found.

It might be supposed that oil or natural gas would be readily available for heating, considering the rich oil-fields in Iraq. So far, except, I believe, in the company houses at Kirkuk and Khanqin, neither gas nor oil is used; but with further organization, it is to be hoped that such natural resources will be cheap and at the disposal of the people.

The other duties of women are what they are all over the world, cooking, sewing, looking after the children and the house, spinning and sometimes weaving. But as elsewhere, these depend on the economic status of the various groups. Life in the cities is vastly different from the life of the nomad Beduin or of the *Fellāhīn* or cultivators. The wife of a government official lives in a different world from that of a poor peasant.

The daily life of Baghdad ladies is not very different from that of our leisured women. They have servants to do the housework and to look after the children under their supervision. The servants are generally of rather poor quality, for although a great deal is demanded of them, it does not include real efficiency. For this reason, it takes several servants to run a house—a cook, perhaps his helper, one or more houseboys, probably a maid, a gardener, and a chauffeur. Labor-saving appliances are still rare, and looked on with suspicion by servants in those households, usually foreign, which have tried to introduce them.

Some men with old-fashioned notions demand a great deal of personal attention from their wives, with no consideration for the time of day or night, or for any plans their wives may have made. But that is not usual, and as a matter of fact, the seclusion of women is becoming less strict all the time. A few families do not allow their women out except on rare occasions, but most upper and middle-class women have a wide circle of friends, and visit each other frequently.

We are apt to think of rich and influential Moslems as living in the midst of luxurious well-stocked harems. Allow me to shatter any such quaint romantic notions, for there is very little polygamy. Of all my acquaintances in Baghdad, I knew only one polygamous household. Great sheiks and important personages in the tribes and

villages, whether Arab or Kurdish, may have two or three wives, but for economic reasons, if for no other, most men have only one wife, or at least one wife at a time. Divorce is very easy for men, and in practice the advantages are all with them, including the disposition of the children, although there are laws in regard to restoring at least part of the wife's dowry.

One of the big sheiks in the marsh country, whom several of us visited for a few days, has had thirty-three wives altogether, and about a hundred children, although nobody seems to know the exact number. But he has one permanent wife (the first wife, who is carefully chosen and probably a relative, is apt to be a permanent fixture), who told us with a good deal of satisfaction that her magic had caused her husband to divorce most of his wives soon after marrying them. We strongly suspected that most of the magic lay in the power of her tongue!

On another occasion our party stayed with the Mir, or head of all the Yezidis, who has six or seven wives. The only one we saw was the latest and youngest, whom I had met before her marriage while she was at school in Baghdad. We understood that the others lived together in another house with their common mother-in-law, a most formidable old lady. But these are exceptional cases, and most men stick to one wife.

Among themselves the women have quite a gay time, and calling is one of the chief occupations of those who have leisure. In Baghdad each lady has her day at home once a week. Her friends are expected to come frequently, and are heaped with reproaches and accusations of unfriendliness if they stay away too long. Picnics and pleasure excursions are greatly enjoyed. Several families (without the men) will go together with a hubbub of children, quantities of food, servants, and fine Persian rugs to spread on the ground. Poorer women, who must have more excuse for such excursions, go forth on *ziyārah* or pilgrimage to the tombs of local saints, and enjoy themselves just as much. If even that much leisure is impossible, work may sometimes be made an excuse for getting together. In Mosul all day long there is a congregation of women washing clothes in a side stream of the river, and the cheerful sound of the wooden paddles with which they beat the long-suffering clothes against the rocks can be heard for a long distance. Children splash in and out, and the clothes are spread on convenient parts of the landscape to



MANDEAN WEDDING



CHALDEAN COURTYARD

drv. Only near sunset do the women gather up their bundles and offspring, and go home to their undoubtedly ravenous menfolk.

In all communities weddings and births call for celebration, and in the case of death the women of the family and their friends join together in wailing for the deceased. The men also celebrate weddings and mourn for the dead, but it is the women who preserve the old ways and ideas. The men are more exposed to outside influences and become more sophisticated. With the spread of education among girls as well as boys, it will become less and less true, but at present (and probably always) in the country districts the old culture is kept by the women much more than the men.

Magic practices are very popular, as indeed they are everywhere. Written charms may be bought for nearly all contingencies, and men or women with a reputation for magic have a flourishing practice. The charms are generally to be worn in the clothing, or in special cases to be buried, or mixed into bread and fed to a black dog. I once bought a whole series of such charms in the town of Nasiriya from a charming and affable *Sayyid*, a descendant of the Prophet. There was a charm against scorpion bites, one against dogs, one for headache, two or three varieties of love charms, and a general cure-all, invoking the seal of Solomon, for all the evils which might conceivably befall one. Men as a rule scoff at these charms, but women find them very comforting. The children, and especially the boys, are hung with them and with amuletic stones, which the women also wear.

The visits to saints' tombs have more than a purely social purpose: generally the women go to tie a rag from their clothing onto a railing or window-grating of the tomb or a branch of a sacred tree, taking in its place a wisp of cloth or wool which had been tied there by some previous visitor. This may insure the protection of the saint, or more often, secure his intervention in the matter of having children, for women in the Orient want children more than anything else in life.

Most of the country women of Iraq, not only Arabs, but Kurds, Yezidis and Turkomans also, are very fond of tattooing, and some are elaborately decorated on the face, hands, and body. It is chiefly a form of feminine vanity, for good tattooing is esteemed as enhancing the charms. But some tattooing is supposed to have magic power, and is employed to cure pain or illness, to guard against other

charms, or to attract or repel a man, according to the circumstances. Three dots tattooed in the palm of the right hand while some one reads passages from the Koran is effective in attracting and keeping the affection of one's husband. If for some reason one does not wish his affections, three dots tattooed similarly in the left palm will keep him away. But imagine the havoc if the wrong hand were tattooed!

It will be a sorry day indeed when the women of Iraq, to say nothing of the men, entirely give up their old way of dressing. Already the inevitable change has begun, and the veil and *'abab* are losing ground. In the towns most well-to-do women, Moslems and others, wear European dresses and shoes. But in the street they still wear the all-enveloping *'abab*, which covers them from head not quite to toe, as the length varies with prevailing fashions. The same type of garment is worn by men, but in a different way. It is a straight wide garment, worn over other clothes, open down the front, with small openings for the arms. Men wear the *'abab* across the shoulders, with the arms through the openings, and women wear it over the head like a cape. In addition, many women in the towns cover their faces with a strip of black veil, which considerably interferes with the wearer's vision.

Jewish women, and formerly Christians as well, wear a different type of covering garment, the *izār*, which is a rectangle of cloth pulled around the body, but not over the head. It is clumsy in shape, but made of most exquisite gold or silver brocaded silk. Before the war, some *'ababs* were made of similar material, and were also worn chiefly by Jews and Christians.

Conservative older women among the Moslems do not wear European dress, but the old type of garment, the *zibūn* which is a carefully cut and well-moulded dress with long sleeves, open down the front and overlapping, and slit up from the hem at both sides. It is usually black, and may be of any material. With it goes a headdress of two black kerchiefs, one folded triangularly, so that the ends hang down with the braids of hair, and the other folded into a band and fastened around the head. In Basrah and the south, the typical costume is, or rather was, a very wide straight dress with an opening for the head, and very long arm-holes. One or both sides may be draped over the head for convenience, which makes the dress fall into very graceful lines. With this is worn the *fūtah*, a headdress

of gauzy material, generally black, which is wrapped around the head, framing the face, and covering the throat. But alas, fewer and fewer women wear the old dresses, although among the tribes there is as yet little change, and the women still wear *sibūn*, *fūtah*, and *'abah*.

The typical Kurdish costume is also very attractive, and is said to have been copied from seventeenth and eighteenth century European dress. It consists of two dresses worn over full ankle-length bloomers. The inner dress is high in the neck, opening down the front, with long pointed sleeves, the ends of which are wound around the arms, or tied together across the back. The outer one has three-quarter length sleeves, and a full gathered skirt, and is cut down to the waist in front, showing the inner dress. The headdress is a voluminous sort of turban made of two large kerchiefs edged with fringe or tassels, sometimes wound over a foundation like a fez.

Yezidi women in most of the villages wear white, and in the Sinjar area they wear an enormous white headdress.

It is always a pity when local costumes disappear, but that will be one of the effects of general education in Iraq. Since the benefits to the women of the country will far outweigh the loss of a certain picturesqueness, one must not begrudge the spread of education.

Very few women in Iraq have any real intellectual interests, chiefly because they have not had the opportunity to develop them. There are a number of educated and intelligent women in certain circles, especially in Baghdad, but most women in the country, even in families in which the boys are educated as a matter of course, have not had the same chance. The next generation will be most interesting to watch, for many girls are now sent to school. With this opportunity for women's education, and the gradual permeation of new ideas, there is every reason to hope that the future Iraq will rest on a solid foundation of educated men and women.

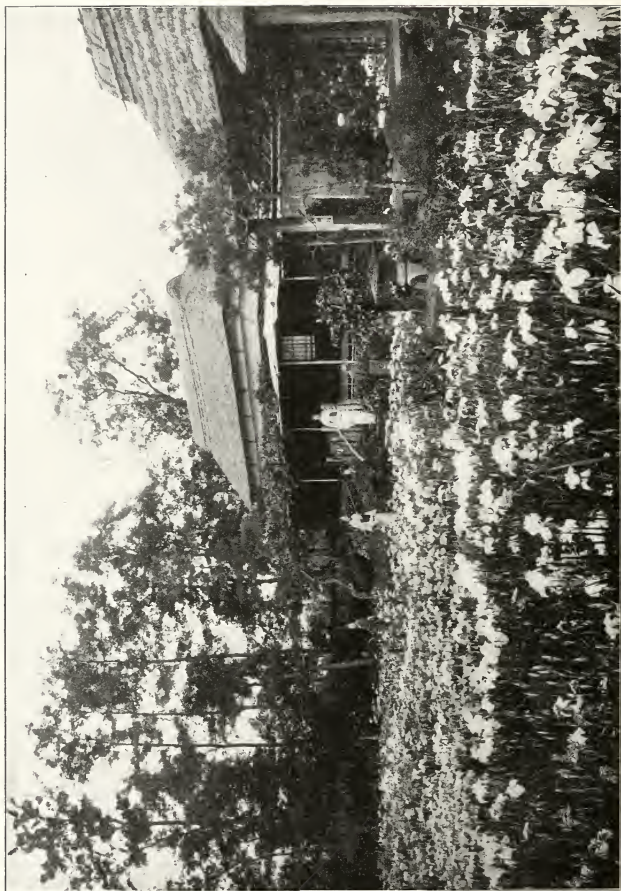
JAPAN HONORS HER WARRIORS OF THE FUTURE

BY ARTHÉMISE GOERTZ

THE JAPANESE have a proverb, "Among flowers, the cherry; among men, the warrior." It is typical of the Japanese temperament—strange admixture of gentleness and austerity—that flowers and war should be mentioned in the same breath, a phrase not so paradoxical, however, when it is understood that war connotes for the Japanese not the searing hatred among men associated with belligerency by occidental nations, but signifies rather the superior virtue of bravery, which has always been the ultimate ideal of the Japanese policy. What beauty meant to the Greeks, right to the Romans, and purity to the Hebrews of old, bravery has meant to Japan. In the middle ages, the development of courage was undertaken with deliberate system; in the schools of the Tokugawa period, even as today, martial exercises were a part of the daily curriculum; for centuries even the festivals of the Flowery Kingdom have borne beneath their surface ripples of laughter, life, and gaiety, a deep undercurrent of this inflexible moral force.

On May 5th of every year since Tokimune Hojo's victory over the invading hordes of Kubla Khan on that date in 1282, Japan has bristled with ancient weapons and flamed with banners and flags from one end to the other of her island domain; for on "the fifth day of the fifth month" is observed the *Tango-no-sekku*, or Boys' Festival, as dear and thrilling to the heart of the Japanese lad as is the Fourth of July to an American youngster. While every Japanese schoolboy envies his *ni-san* (elder brother) fighting on the other side of the Japan Sea, many a Japanese soldier this year will dream in Manchurian trenches of the brave festival "back home" which has done so much towards fortifying him with courage sufficient to face the terror and hardship of war.

For days preceding the great occasion, there is an unwonted bustle among all members of the erstwhile calmly regulated Japanese household. Behind fragile walls of rice-paper and bamboo, maids and mothers prepare the chamber of honor to receive the precious relics which the men of the family fetch from the fireproof warehouse, or *kura*, which squats like a whitewashed dwarf to the



IRIS AT HORI KIRI, TOKYO.

rear of the house, in the garden. Inside, a wide, flat, black-lacquered stand is set up in the *tokonoma*, a slight recess in the wall of the room; the *tokonoma*, hardly more than a symbol, is all that is left today of the guest-chamber of olden times, which in every Japanese house, whether of peasant or noble, was always kept in immaculate readiness against an impromptu visit of the Emperor. No more fitting corner than this could be chosen for the reception of the priceless heirlooms which are brought forth but once a year, to grace and solemnize the occasion of the Boys' Festival.

An ancient coat-of-mail, not unlikely the very one which was worn by the boy's *samurai* ancestor, and handed down from generation to generation, makes an imposing centerpiece for the display. About it are grouped bows and arrows, lances, spears, helmets, drums, flags, targets, sabres, saddles and armor, and in fact every conceivable military appurtenance of bygone ages. An appropriate background for so martial an array, a silken banner, embroidered with the fierce figure of Hachiman, God of War, hangs against the rear wall. The black lacquered stand is burdened with a host of historical dolls—Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan; Nogi Kiten, hero of Port Arthur; Yoshitsune, the Bayard of Japan; Iyeyasu, founder of Yedo (now Tokyo) and the brilliant dynasty of the Tokugawa; even a woman, the Empress Jingu, the Japanese Boadicia—and a score of others, all correctly attired in the military dress of the periods to which they belong. The floor in front of the *tokonoma* swarms with a proud company of miniature warriors, some on gaily caparisoned horses, some with arrows poised in their ancient bows, others with drawn swords and diminutive sabres. On lacquered tables flanking the display, the most noble of family treasures, the ancestral swords, rest on cloths of scarlet shot with threads of gold.

Meanwhile, from the appearance of the streets, especially in the rural districts, it seems that the world has turned over on its side and shifted the ocean above the horsetops, for the air is filled with giant paper carp that swim to and fro with the spring winds as happily as their own substantial brothers in their own element. Tall bamboo poles are erected before every house which boasts one or more boys in the family circle, and from the tops of the poles are suspended these toy fish—one for each boy in the house, and varying in size according to the ages of the children. Over a house which

is blest with many sons there floats a veritable school of these carp; the largest, at the top of the pole, is very often nearly twelve feet in length. Hoops of bamboo in the mouth and tail of the fish allow the air to pass through, inflating the body to life-like proportions. The untutored eye of the occidental sees only the tinselled scales and vividly colored fins glancing brightly in the sunlight, but to the Japanese youth the carp banner is much more than an ephemeral toy; it represents the stern and inevitable doctrine of invincible courage, for the carp is the bravest of fish, swimming upstream despite the current, mounting waterfalls, and attaining a great age. By the presence of the paper carp-banners, the Japanese boy is reminded that to his Emperor he owes a debt of courage, and is expected to brave inimical forces and overcome every obstacle that stands in the way of progress for Dai Nippon.

The decorations and effects used in the Boys' Festival are so stern and warlike that it seems inconsistent for the holiday to be known also by the name of a frail and delicate thing like the iris. To the Japanese mind, however, the iris, growing deeply rooted in the soil, signifies perseverance and endurance, and the day is popularly called *Shobu-no-sekku* (Iris Festival) throughout Japan. When the Mongolian armies threatened the western shores of the country in the thirteenth century, the Mikado sent his son, Prince Sagara, to stem the tide of invasion. The Prince stopped at a shrine in Yamato province on his way to war, and, as he prayed for victory, he observed in the garden of the fane beds of exquisite iris in bloom. This was on the fifth of May. The following July, the Mongolian armada was almost utterly destroyed off the coast of Hakata, near Moji, by raging storms, which the Prince considered an answer to his prayers. To this incident is attributed the origin of the festival, with its attendant use of the iris, or "sweet-flag," though there are Japanese scholars who claim that the popularity of the iris is to be traced to the superstitious practice, in feudal times, of applying iris leaves to injured parts of the body in the hope of effecting a speedy cure.

The iris flowers and their sword-like leaves are gathered from the banks of river and lake, and carried home by the basketful. The leaves are hung from the eaves of the house in rows which look to the occidental like green icicles, but the Japanese eye sees them as a hedge of swords, beyond which no evil may pass on this day

of days to afflict the lads who live within. Bunches of iris leaves are arranged in vases around the display in the *tokonoma*, and in various places throughout the house, so that practically every corner is an ambushade of bristling bayonets. The iris flower itself is used for its supposedly salubrious effects. In the country districts, the Japanese boy begins the *Tango-no-sekku* by getting up early in the morning and bathing in water which has been saturated with iris flowers—the scent of the iris lending a fragrance to the bath delightful enough to suit the pleasure of Hollywood's most fastidious idol. At noon, a feast of iris is everywhere the order of the day, and even in sophisticated Tokyo, where so many of the old customs are fading into tradition, the *Tango-no-sekku* midday meal of *chimaki*, rice dumpling wrapped in iris leaves, and *shobu-saké*, fermented rice-water in which chopped up iris leaves have been soaked, is still enjoyed.

The street games played in the afternoon of the Boys' Festival borrow a military aspect from the warlike display indoors. Kite-flying on this occasion becomes more than ever a test of skill and dexterity. A favorite stunt is to paint two kites with the faces of rival warriors, and cause them to duel in mid-air. A tense splinter of whalebone, set in at the top of the frame, utters blood-curdling howls as it vibrates in the wind, while the cords which tether the two duelists are stuccoed for several feet of their topmost length with powdered glass, so that they saw up and down against each other until one or the other kite falls to the ground to become the captive of the victor.

Processions of boys and decorated floats ramble through the streets during the afternoon, and music, laughter, shouting, prancing about, and the constant throb of the drum make the scene as merry as the most festive European or American carnival. But the big event of the day is the mimic battle which ushers in the dusk. The boys form into two sides—called "Genji" and "Heike," old rival feudal clans which figured so prominently in the Minamoto and Taira Wars, the Japanese Wars of the Roses. The "Genji" carry white flags, the "Heike" red. All the boys wear a kind of earthenware helmet, and are armed with heavy bamboo swords. The lines march in battle array to the scene of the conflict: they meet, and the attack begins. The boys, many of whom are already adept in the art of fencing, rush to the combat and hack at each other with

their bamboo swords. Relatives and friends, even snowy-haired grandfathers, cheer their champions from the sidelines. A skilful blow shatters the helmet of an opponent, who must then drop out of the struggle. That side is victorious which breaks the most helmets, or captures the most flags from the opposing company.

Nightfall brings a climax to the day's events in a great pyrotechnical display to which the entire community looks forward. Even after the younger boys have been tucked in their night-kimonos under their *futons*, tired to the point of exhaustion but beatifically happy, the older lads, reluctant to say farewell to the fun, parade through the streets, singing and swaying colored lanterns and flaming torches.

To understand the *Tango-no-sekku* is to look upon the soul of Japan. The ceremony of decorating the *tokonoma* with relics of dead ages, teaching the boys the virtues of their forebears by the insinuating presence of ancestral armor and swords, and telling historical tales that will fortify their impressionable young hearts against trials to come, shows how closely the inseparable trinity of past, present, and future is linked together in the Japanese mind. Every phase of the Japanese polity since the time of honored Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor, to the present day, is featured, though not always obvious to casual eyes. At a time when Japan is perhaps holding the balance of power in the Far East in the hollow of her hand, it is a relief to discover in this simple festival upon what a firm and admirable foundation rests the moral and ethical education of Japanese youth.

No other secular observance is so heavily imbued with the chivalrous principles of *Bushido*, (literally "knight ways," or, as we might interpret it, "Precepts of Knighthood"), which is the Japanese ethical code. From the moral standards of the *samurai*, whose diminutive counterparts the Japanese boy admires among his warrior dolls, this system of ethics has been evolved, embracing diligence in military arts, loyalty and patriotism, bravery, self-mastery, alertness, trustfulness and justice. In short, it is a collection of the precepts which the fighting nobles of old observed in their daily life, as well as in their vocation as warriors, an organic growth of decades and centuries of military career. *Bushido* has one point in its teaching for which no sacrifice is held too dear, no life too precious; this is the duty of loyalty, which was as the keystone of the arch of feudal

virtues. The feudal system has passed away from Japan as it has from England, and yet there is no less reverence to the duty of loyalty in Japan today than long ago, *Bushido* holds that the interests of the family and its members are one and the same, and that it should be so with the entire nation. There are no interests separately for subject or ruler: all should work for the whole, and merge his or her personal interests in the interests of the nation in its entirety.

The Japanese lad sits before the *tokonoma*, so like an altar heaped with idols, and listens spellbound to his father pronouncing these ancient precepts in terms of stories as thrilling as any modern adventure yarn would be to an American boy. There are tales of Kusunoki Masashige, one of Go-daigo's generals, and paragon of Japanese patriotism, who prayed for seven lives that he might give them all to his master, and of those popular heroes, the Forty-seven Ronin, vengeance-wreaking followers of the wronged Lord Asano, all of whom committed *seppuku*, or *hara-kiri*, as it was variously called some two hundred and fifteen years ago, all at the same morning hour, all by gracious permission of the law as the alternative to death at the executioner's hands. The stories are many, but the theme is always the same: unswerving devotion to superiors, which renders it the greatest possible honor to die in the service of the Emperor. It is not surprising that teaching of this sort should result in a unified organism of government, based upon an ever centralizing loyalty, which gives Japan a power out of all proportion to mere size.

The influence of *Bushido* on the Japanese nation cannot well be overestimated, but the *Tango-no-sekku* portrays another influence still more far-reaching and fundamental. This is ancestor-worship, which may be regarded as the foundation stone of loyalty and patriotism, and which supplies that enormous reserve of energy which makes Japan what she is today. The reverence with which the boys are trained to regard even the relics of their illustrious forebears results practically in the deification of the departed. The effect upon the living of their duties to the dead and to future generations is enormous. All through his life, the Japanese boy has the responsibility not only of living up to the reputation of his ancestors, but of being a good ancestor in turn. Below the intense practical working of the Japanese mind, its wholly material grasp on material

things, its swift assimilation of modern science in its essence as well as in its detail, the ancient beliefs still cling in some corner of their mental fabric, and their filial devotion, carefully nourished by their elders from childhood to manhood, has yet to be broken.

Despite the outwardly martial aspects of the *Tango-no-sekku*, its purpose is by no means to inspire a love of war in the heart of the Japanese adolescent. Its teachings are wholly *Bushido* in the sense of training the potential warriors of Japan to protect their homeland against hostile forces, rather than in the line of aggressive conflict in terms of which occidental nations translate militarism. The precarious geographic position of the Island Empire demands that she be eternally on the defensive, and this is essentially the meaning of the Japanese word for war. The composite character *bu*, which stands for "war," is composed of two individual characters, *shi*, to stop, and *kwa*, a spear, the joint meaning of which is to prevent the movement of *kan*, shields, and *kwa*, spears (or, in plain English, "prevent war"). To employ troops for the purpose of fighting, to defeat armies, to besiege castles, to capture territory, and so forth, is not the true Japanese art of war. The true art of war is to govern one's country and territorial possessions carefully, to keep them from invasion by neighboring foes, to send troops to put down what revolts there may be in adjoining countries, to show the adjacent nations the light of one's fearfulness in war, so as to prevent hostile incursions, and to awake fear in the hearts of men.

And so, amid an atmosphere of poetry and world-old militarism, hedged in by ceremonial and enlivened by festive jollity, taught strange duties compounded of austerity and gentleness, self-immolation and individual development, the young master of the East journeys on his way to full-orbed manhood. The treasures enjoyed for so brief a time on the day of the *Tango-no-sekku* are all returned the morning after to the gloomy precincts of the *kura*, not to see light again for another year; but the lessons they leave, sown like seed in the mind of the Japanese boy, grow into the mature virtues of bravery, filial devotion, and patriotism, insuring for Japan, in her warriors of the future, the ideal type of military protection.

BOOK NOTES

MENCIUS

Translated by Leonard A. Lyall, formerly of the Chinese Maritime Customs. New York. Longman, Green & Company.

Times of stress always bring out the true quality of a people. Thoughtful students will learn much by the study of those men who achieved greatness in the perilous times of their day. This is as true of our own present as in the days of Mencius, one of the most brilliant scholars of the Chinese people who lived shortly after the time of Confucius. The latter who upheld the instincts of loyalty to the king and Mencius who held to the rights of the people.

Mencius was born in 372 B. C. in a small town in the south-west province of Shantung. He was a member of the Meng, a powerful family in the time of Confucius, (551-479 B. C.). Mencius' mother is a famous woman in Chinese story and under her upbringing, Mencius grew up to be a great scholar.

The time of Mencius was a period of internal strife and of great mental ferment. The breaking down of the old régime made men question the old assumptions and adopt the unorthodox opinions. Mencius attacked the new philosophy and declared it was the philosophy of the pigsty. He defended the doctrines of Confucius, but while Confucius spoke most of the duty of a liege to his lord, Mencius spoke more of the duty of a king to his people.

Mencius did not originate the doctrines he proclaimed. They are found scattered here and there through the older Chinese literature, but he collected and focused them on the times of internal strife. He was a master of debate and brought out his point with great clearness. He had a great command of language and a style of unsurpassed beauty and in all important matters, he held unflinchingly to his principles.

Awakening Japan: The Diary of a German Doctor, Erwin Baelz. Edited by his son, Toku Baelz. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul, New York, The Viking Press.

Baelz was one of the outstanding figures in the able group of foreigners gathered together at the University of Tokyo to help in the making of the New Japan. His Memoirs and Journals are a living mirror of Japan in the ferment of her awakening in the years 1876-1912.

Today, when the Western world is in the throes of a crisis, it is important to learn what were the forces that enabled Japan to achieve so remarkable a development. In little more than a generation, Japan has emerged from the Middle Ages and has wrested for herself an incontestable position—alone among Asiatic states—as a great power, both by land and sea. Historically considered, that is a very remarkable phenomena as well as an important one. It is by no means clearly understood in the west. Anything that can throw light on it must surely be of value, since understanding must, of necessity, precede peace.

The Japanese God-idea as identified in the Emperor Mutsuhito, known posthumously as Keiji-Tenno, may contain the key to Japan's entry on the stage of world-wide history.

Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene. By J. E. Wallace Wallin. New York, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1935. Pp. xii + 511.

After defining the concepts of mental health and mental hygiene this book sets forth the objectives and the elements of the mental-hygiene program and indicates the types of children with which such a program is concerned; by the liberal use of case histories it then exhibits the symptoms of personality maladjustment; finally it expounds specific types of faulty methods of solving life's problems and puts forward a number of helpful preventive and remedial suggestions. Though designed especially for psychologists, educators, counselors, and mental-hygiene workers, it is not without important bearings upon ethics and the problems of social morality.

Why Democracy? A Study in the Philosophy of the State. By Jay William Hudson. New York, D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc., 1936. Pp. xvi + 246.

In subjecting the concept of political democracy to an ethical evaluation, as he does in this essay, Professor Hudson carefully scrutinizes the numerous arguments that have been directed against it from the time of Plato to our own day. These, however, he finds inconclusive inasmuch as they seem either to condemn democracy *merely* because it falls short of perfection, or are equally or even more applicable to any form of government, or refer to faults clearly remediable or not belonging to democracy as such or fail to balance obvious defects with important values. Political democracy, he concludes, is not simply a logical corollary of human rights (of which he offers a significant and somewhat novel classification) but is itself a right—the right, namely, of determining the guarantees of rights. Moreover, he finds, political democracy is measurably practical and is, in spite of deficiencies, actually inevitable. Nevertheless he is convinced that the “future of democracy absolutely depends upon . . . enlightened understanding and conviction” as to its ethical motives. Towards the realization of this end he may be said here to have made a very real contribution.

Problems of Conduct. Second revised edition. By Durant Drake, with six concluding chapters by Raymond Holdsworth Finlay. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1935. Pp xvii + 520.

Presenting ethics as “essentially an attempt to solve the urgent and unescapable problems of actual living” Professor Drake’s *Problems of Conduct*, first published in 1914, won a distinct place for itself, particularly as a textbook for college classes. Though touching but slightly the issues of abstract ethical theory and of philosophy, it presented vividly the more pressing moral problems of contemporary life (both private and public) and it suggested lines of their solution. When well along with the task of revising this book, Drake passed away. Very successfully, however, his undertaking was brought to completion by Mr. Finlay in chapters dealing with political and ecclesiastical morality and with the problem of the future of civilization.

An Introduction to Contemporary German Philosophy. By Werner Brock. Cambridge, University Press, 1935. Pp. xx + 144.

That isolation and insulation should be as prevalent among philosophical groups as they are is as surprising as it is regrettable. This book, growing out of lectures delivered at London University, is therefore to be heartily welcomed, even though it so restricts its scope as to omit accounts of such important thinkers as Brentano and L. Nelson, and all but incidental references to Simmel, Scheler, N. Hartmann and Cassirer. Informingly, though cursorily, it sets forth, in its three chapters, the doctrines particularly of Husserl, Dilthey, and Weber; Nietzsche and Kierkegaard; Jaspers and Heidegger. Bibliographies are appended.

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THE ONE HUNDRETH anniversary of the birth of Dr. Harris was celebrated at the 36th Annual Meeting of the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, where Dr. Harris began his great career as educator and philosopher. A special Harris Memorial Committee planned this celebration and secured the cooperation of a number of philosophers who presented papers dealing with various aspects of the philosophy of Dr. Harris.

The Harris Memorial Volume just brought out by The Open Court Publishing Company includes these papers, along with others, as follows:

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The book has as a frontispiece a reproduction of the painting of Dr. Harris which hangs in the Commissioner's room of the U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

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