

My question runs, 'How will Your Holiness rule? Will he open Tibet to the outer world?'

The Panchen Lama answers this question in detail, but the interpreter merely says, 'His Holiness can say nothing more on the subject. The wishes of the Nanking Government will guide him in all respects.'

But will the Panchen Lama, who must by now have reached the Himalayas after his journey by sea to India, really conquer Tibet? Will the Chinese commander who is to prepare the way for him reach the Chinese Tibetan frontier? Well-informed people here doubt it.

I was told little incidents about the daily life of the Living Buddha that are very interesting. Prayers, meditations, and official duties fill his time. The Tashi Lama wakes at six in the morning, drinks a few cups of Tibetan tea, which always stand ready on a little plate, reads Buddhist writings, runs through his enormous mail that comes to him from India, Mongolia, Sin-Kiang, and central China, and skims the information provided him by the Nanking Government. After a substantial breakfast his daily religious work begins. Surrounded by four monks and dressed in a yellow robe he plays and sings for two hours accompanied by the incessant ringing of a bell. He loves walking and dogs and is interested in sport. Sometime ago he thought of leaving Shanghai by airplane. At the close of my visit the Living Buddha gives me a piece of sky-blue silk woven in a Himalayan monastery. If I ever visit him in Lhasa, it will accompany me on my journey.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

By ALFONS PAQUET

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

SOME years ago an English newspaper printed an article about the relations between Whites and Negroes. After referring to the changes that the lives of the Negroes underwent the moment the first ship arrived in Africa with white men, powder, rum, salt, and industrial machinery, the author discussed the possibility of a new social order among the Negro tribes. He raised the question of human rights, which include the following privileges, even in colonial countries—the right to a dwelling place, the right to choose where one lives, the right to enjoy the fruits of the soil without hindrance, the right to choose one's form of employment, the right to legal protection, the right to live in natural associations, and the right to education.

The author of that article was named Albert Schweitzer.

It then appeared Schweitzer was a doctor who had lived in the

French Congo, where he fought sleeping sickness, leprosy, and the various diseases that Europeans had brought with them to Africa. Aided by a few helpers, he established himself in a little corrugated-iron mission station on the lower reaches of the Ogowé River. This station, known as Lambarene, was the only one in a wide radius. There were not many plantations along the lower reaches of the jungle river, but a great many Negroes were employed floating lumber, and the European way of doing business caused the Negroes both physical suffering and social misery. Nowhere in Africa was there a hospital to be compared with this one, and it was a priceless boon to the whole neighborhood.

This station was not maintained by the Government; it came into existence entirely because of the voluntary decision of an individual who asked himself, 'Should we close our eyes to this misery merely because people in Europe know nothing about it?' European medicine might at least be able to mitigate some of this suffering. In our part of the world, when a person is sick, the doctor stands near at hand. If an operation must be performed, the clinic is available. Out there, however, millions of people are suffering without any aid whatever. Civilization has saddled these people with a burden that must be relieved even though the relief may amount to no more than a drop of water falling on a hot stone.

Since then, Schweitzer's widely read book, *Aus Wasser und Urwald*, has described how the hospital came into existence. He built it almost with his own hands, raising the money in small sums among his European friends. His diaries entitled *Mitteilungen aus Lambarene*, which have just appeared in three volumes published by the C. H. Beck Verlag of Munich, describe how Schweitzer keeps in touch with his friends. But the most important thing is that a great scholar and a great musician has made the hospital his life work. Here is something unprecedented, and the great musician and scholar is none other than the colonial doctor, Schweitzer himself.

He is also a moralist. And the question naturally arises how his ethics, of which his life work represents the fulfillment, originated. He did not obey the impulse of the Christian missionary in any conventional sense. Schweitzer came back to Europe every two or three years and gave organ recitals in Strasbourg and Barcelona, in Germany, France, Sweden, and Holland, which were followed by invitations from universities to lecture on religious history. He received every kind of honor and was offered professorial chairs. After he had made the rounds, Schweitzer then retired for a few months to the Black Forest or to the Vosges Mountains to write a book.

His biography of Bach has been translated into six languages, and his most recent books, *Zerfall und Wiederaufbau der Kultur* and *Kultur*

und Ethik, are now appearing in translations. His lectures on Christianity and world religions contrast the most important differences between European thought and the uncompromising religiousness of the East. Recently, Schweitzer's new book, *Die Weltanschauung der indischen Denker*, made its appearance. Here we find a clear distinction between two types of mysticism. One arises from the assumption that the world spirit and the human spirit are identical, and the other is rooted in ethics. Schweitzer's own philosophy is an ethical mysticism.

Schweitzer, who is now sixty years old, wrote his great *Geschichte der Leben-Jesu-Forschung* thirty years ago. Then came his *Geschichte der paulinischen Forschung*, which was followed by the *Mystik der Paulus*. Simultaneously with these first theological works, his book on Bach and his work on French and German organ construction and organ art also appeared. At fifty he wrote a little book entitled *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit*, one of the most unpretentious and beautiful autobiographies in the German language. It begins with the words, 'I was born on January 14, 1875, in the little town of Kaysersberg in Upper Alsace, in the little house with the little tower, on the left of the upper road leading out of the town. As a boy I always took great pride in the fact that I was born in the town of Geiler von Kaysersberg and in a year famous for its wine.'

YOUNG Schweitzer studied theology and music in Strasbourg. Already he was occupied with the question of whether he would accept his own happy youth as something entirely natural. A peculiar, inborn willpower soon asserted itself. The student decided to devote himself to preaching, science, and music until he reached the age of thirty and after that to pursue philosophy, but under no circumstances the kind of philosophy acquired in the classroom.

One day he was profoundly moved by the figure of a Negro on a monument in the Colmar market-place. The young philosopher decided to become a doctor and to bring his art of healing to those who were suffering on the outskirts of white civilization. It was no accident that he reached a decision of this kind in Alsace, for it is the destiny of Alsace to be a land in which two cultures are mixed, in which mysticism and rationalism meet, and this explains a great deal of Schweitzer's life story, including his passion for Bach and his cool, yet appreciative attitude toward philosophical theologians. Schweitzer's intellectual work places him far above the advocates of individual creeds, and his medical work overleaps the boundaries of race.

The extraordinary thing about his life is that it blends spirit and reality. The language of this professor-scholar is luminously clear in his books. Schweitzer's labor is a conscious reversion to the work of the

humanitarian philosophers of the eighteenth century. Its fundamental ideas were simple, and in Schweitzer they rise to their greatest heights through his reverence for life. He agrees with Nietzsche in demanding that life shall yield the highest values. This philosophy gives an heroic assent to the world and regards life as something valuable in itself. Faced by the great riddles of existence, Schweitzer is modest and brave enough not to attempt too profound explorations. He calls himself an 'adventurer giving assent to the world and to life.' As an adventurer in the realm of good, he seeks in his own life to make Kant's religious philosophy take the form of ethical action. It is typical of the man's willpower that he has the courage to set himself and his fellow creatures such a difficult, but not impossible, task. His bold but sound subjectiveness places Schweitzer among the most clear-sighted and beloved characters of our time.

In spite of the range and variety of Schweitzer's career, his achievements have been limited and gradual. He does not seek success for the sake of applause and therefore pays no attention to the voice of our time. Schweitzer has carried out in exemplary fashion Goethe's advice to fulfill the demands of the day. In his case, what is demanded of him is not poetic work, but he is called upon by men who want music and by men who are overwhelmed with problems and suffering.

Five years ago the city of Frankfurt gave Albert Schweitzer the Goethe Prize. He accepted this gift with his famous speech in the Opera House delivered at the beginning of the Goethe year. We recall this passage in particular, 'Not everything in history is compelled to undergo constant change as superficial observation suggests. But it will come to pass that ideals possessed of enduring truth will come in conflict with changing circumstances and will assert themselves and gain ground. Personal humanity is such an ideal. If it is abandoned, the intellectual man goes to pieces, and that means the end of culture and even of humanity.'

These two stories by leading Soviet writers depict Russia before and after the Revolution. The first deals with school life in the old days, the second with the city life of the present.

RUSSIA Old *and* New

TWO SOVIET
FICTIONEERS

I. SCHOOLDAYS IN OLD RUSSIA

By A. ZORICH

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

EARLY in the morning I felt that the day held unusual happenings in store. The entire school wore the tense expression that always preceded a visit from the highest authority. The porters bustled about, the watchmen fussed, the barefooted floorwashers ran up and down the halls, and Inspector Zimin, a nervous, high-strung, and unusually cruel person, who had received the nickname of 'Psych,' walked about inspecting door knobs and other metal fixings. His thin, evil face twitched more than usual, and his cold, empty, sadistic eyes reflected unrest. In the dressing room, a huge

dingy cellar, which was always damp and dark, the beadles met us. To-day they wore their medals and were carefully shaved.

To help them in their task, the class supervisor with the gastronomic name of Korjik (sweetmeat) came down to the dressing room. He was a drunkard and a thief, and the school poets wrote quatrains about him, which appeared from day to day on the blackboard. His eyes roved incessantly as he quickly inspected our pockets and made us take off our hats to see whether we had regulation haircuts. It was he who told us that the new