

"God made man from the beginning and left him in the hand of his own counsel. Before man is life and death, whatever he shall please shall be given him."

— ECCLESIASTES



I.

LATELY IT HAS BEEN LIKE THIS: the great wall clock is like a heart beating furiously and with anguish. We look at the sky and bloody peace is written there. And as we pause for a while to plumb the onus of humanity, we suddenly hear from afar the drumbeat of another global catastrophe, perhaps the worst the world will ever know. Even in our sleep we are constantly haunted with the children of blood waiting for the forthcoming harvest of corpses.

The next day, as we rise from our warm beds to begin the meaningless routine of the day, we muse as we say: Somewhere, something is wrong. Breakfast headlines, though gory and hair-raising, no longer shock us, for they are mere reprints, it would seem, of the old stories we used to know when we were still kids.

They are an old venom that have lost their power; bagatelle items, matutinal, idiotically mundane.

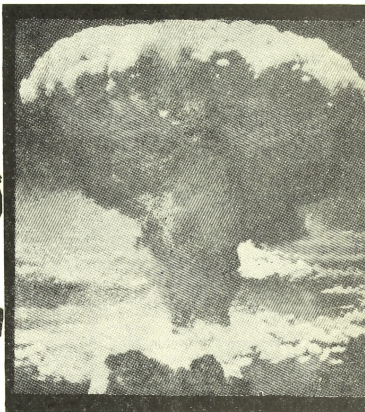
Vive la paix! The cry of humanity or the cry of insanity? Vive la paix! And yet we know that somewhere, in some secret laboratories, a new bomb is being perfected. It's the neutron bomb, and it would put to shame, so the report goes, the hydrogen bomb. After the perfection what then? Let's not anticipate, buddy.

Vive la paix! But we know that the reconciliation of different ideologies in this mysterious world of ours is still a far-fetched idea. We are living in a chaotic world where there is **balance of terror** — a Churchillian phrase so famous that it lives even after the man with an immortal courage dies.

Modern man, to be exact, is a torrero dancing before the fatal horns of a deadly bull.

An Essay that Attempts to Present . . .

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN



by **RICARDO I. PATALINJUG**

Hey! See the waltz of the toreadors and be wise.

Life is getting more and more unbearable everyday. In order to survive, one must have sisyphian patience. If he doesn't have any, he will end up, most probably, in an asylum.

Suddenly we are filled up with sombre thoughts as we flip the pages of books and newspapers or as we sit down in air-conditioned theatres to relax on weekends. Portrayed and reprinted by men who make a living by their pens is the overworked theme: murder. Scenarios are strewn with bloody corpses, pages of books are smeared with blood and for a moment we thought we are thrown into a world of nightmares and not of entertainment. The twentieth century, alas, is producing the most pessimistic philosophers, the most pessimistic writers, the biggest number of prophets of

doom. What kind of a world is this? What kind of a man is the twentieth century man? But no one cares for an answer; no one hears an answer for the individual voices are drowned by the deadly dialogues of the powerful nations and by the booming of cannons and the barking of guns in South Vietnam where thousands and thousands of U. S. Marines are stationed to fight and die and kill for the good of the human race.

Argument over dead bodies is a cliché in our time.

Who likes despair? But ours is a time of despair and of despairing writers. There seems to be no other alternative but to accept this, i.e., if we want to live in a world of reality and not of dreams or make-believe. Aside from despair, who can deny anguish, forlornness and tension? Even the Christian existentialist, Kierkegaard, contends that "the anguish which man bears



FAULKNER
"Man will prevail"



"When will I be blown up?"



CHURCHILL
"Balance of Terror"

is caused by his inability to resolve tensions." And for him, "the escape lies in the transcendental plane of faith." And if one listens and believes in the impious message of Zarathustra — God is dead! — which is most appalling as Christ's is most remarkable, then suddenly Sartre's nausea becomes his nausea!

La dolce vita? That's the glare of another moon in the eyes of corpses!

The twentieth century rebel, Albert Camus, calls our universe **tuneless** and life **absurd**. Despair is a common phenomenon, he says. Since the first world war, he goes on, our history has been the history of murder, injustice and violence.

What are we going to do? He offers a solution: man must hail life even in suffering.

His picture of man is appalling, though not as gory as Christ's: cloyed upon a leafless tree with a crown of thorns. Being a man without faith, and mind you, he says once: "I want to know if I can live with what I know and only with that," he looks for a justification, and the result is his portrayal of man as Sisyphus: "The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of the mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor."

He left Sisyphus at the mountain where the mythical figure finds again his burden. "The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy." But are we? If you are really living — and not merely existing or dreaming — you should know the answer.

But the utterances of modern existentialists are nothing new in the history of literature. Four centuries

ago, the Bard of Avon had expressed so well the underlying principle of this influential philosophy. There is in his song some **contemporary reverberations** that keep on echoing and reaching as the twentieth century man roams in the veins of the city dogged by his amorphous shadow and his tortured conscience.

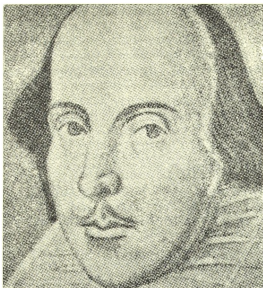
"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Life: meaningless of meaningful we have to go through it. There's one good thing with us now, though, and it is this: We are no Methuselals!

You see, there are people who believe that death is not a punishment but a blessing. Ernest Dowson, a poet without Faith, but had been faithful to his Cynara in his fashion all his life, clung to a hope many of us cannot accept. Wrote he:

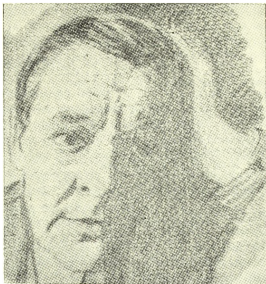
"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter
Love, jealousy and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
"They are not long, the days of wine and roses
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream."

That is Ernest Dowson. He died sometime in 1900 at the age of 33. Poor man. He didn't live long. But he knew it and didn't worry about it.



SHAKESPEARE

"Life is but a walking shadow"



T. S. ELIOT

"We are the hollow men"

2.

THE MASSIVE HORROR of history is brought about by the massive advancement of science. The modern sword of Damocles is a modern man's invention. How will the world end? By design or by accident? Most probably by design although accident is not impossible.

Our age is an age of anxiety and the peace we know is an uneasy one. We are no longer living in a world of established values, moderation and comfort. Haunted with the dreadful premonitions, modern man clings to the crumbling old faiths, only to be frustrated. He is lost; he is just like an idiot in the crossroads. New faiths cannot alleviate him either. Hence, the need of psychiatrists.

What kind of men are we? Here's T. S. Eliot's concept of the modern man in a poem called "The Hollow Men" published sometime in 1925, before the Second World War. But this poem seems to have a lasting effect; its truth is not yet disproved:

"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rat's feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar..."

That's the twentieth century man. And this is the twentieth century world in the eyes of a sophisticated poet:

"This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive

The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star."

The world is a cactus land peopled with hollow men. Come to think of it, man. There's no wonder why many considered **hope** a luxury in our time. Only few can afford it! Certainly this is no time to speculate on Thomas Moore's Utopia. Man today faces the most terrifying question formulated by William Faulkner, the explorer of the human dark: "When will I be blown up?"

After the First World War there was a brief interval of peace. Then the Second World War came, more destructive than the first. The First World War costs, \$400,000,000,000 in property — of course, at pre-war prices. Casualties: there were 8,600,000 killed. Of 42,190,000 allied soldiers, 5,160,000 were killed. Of 23,000,000 Central Power troops, 3,380,000 were killed. The Second World War has a total loss of \$1,385,000,000,000! And the Vatican estimates 22,000,000 soldiers and civilians killed. See? War is the most expensive of luxuries. Can we still afford it?

Our time cannot give any definite answer yet.

The division of mankind still goes on, sundering the world into power blocs. But division as always, leads to war. And the Third World War, if it breaks (God forbid) is a nuclear war. Nobody, it should be remembered, can survive in a nuclear war. There's no escape from nuclear blasts and fall-out.

It is not the fault of poets to write pessimistic and angry pieces. They are merely expressing in poetic terms what others have observed and known. Anticipation of the end of the world for instance which is very much in the consciousness of humanity is expressed by Eliot and Frost in splendid metaphors. Eliot says that the end of the world will be a **whimper** and not a **bang**. Frost is undecided but that it will end he is very

positive about. It might be in ice, it might be in fire. Both, however, would suffice. He expresses this in a little poem devoid of anguish and violence but has an effect like that of a blowtorch:

"Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice."

W. H. Auden, filled with wrath and anguish, and possessed with the frantic wish to get the hell out of this world, cries with anxiety. His tone is not that of a madman, though, but of one who is terribly sick and bored. He wants to put an end to everything; going on is useless; the vicious circle must be stopped. Now, let's pause for a while and listen to Auden's cry:

"The stars are not wanted now; put out everyone
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good."

It was this man, W. H. Auden, who said once that we must love one another or die. And this sounds better than his previous contention that civilization is necessary for world peace and to solve the ideological conflicts of our time. Civilization is never enough and the two world wars are proofs of this. The astute T. S. Eliot was aware of this, too, so that in his later years he became an Anglo-Catholic. Humanity might still be saved, through Christianity. Christian love is moderation with purpose and that's what makes it important and priceless.

For humanity to live in utter godlessness is a tragedy. That would certainly result to another nightmare, similar to the one the world had experienced during the Second World War when Hitler sent 6,000,000 Jews to the gas chamber. Racial differences and the clash of diverse ideologies cannot be solved by the blah-blah of diplomats. Balance of power cannot be curbed by disarmament proceedings alone. One can always say one thing and do another. Lying is the best weapon of a liar among liars. Moderation among powerful nations is formulated in such a way that it will redound to the benefit of the nation making the proposition and not to her rivals. You won't give your enemy a gun to shot you, do you?

3.

SOME YEARS AGO we were reading George Bernard Shaw, one of the best playwrights we have never met in the classrooms but we read just the same. (We cannot expect to learn everything in the classrooms, anyway.) In one of his plays, *Man and Superman*, a character, a devil, who is observant enough, all devils are, I guess, has made this very revealing observation which is nothing new, of course, to a man who is con-

scious of the world he lives in: "I'll tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. The peasant I tempt today eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by peasants of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. . . There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. . . The power that governs the earth is not the power of Life but of Death; and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction. The plague, the famine, the earthquake, the tempest were too spasmodic in their action; the tiger and crocodile were too easily satiated and not cruel enough; something more constantly, more ruthlessly, more ingeniously destructive was needed; and that something was Man, the inventor of the rack, the stake, the gallows, the electric chair; of sword and gun and poison gas: above all, of justice, duty, patriotism, and all the other isms by which even those who are clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of destroyers."

Man has never learned a lesson of the past global catastrophes, it would seem. Or if he learns anything at all, it is to prevent from being caught with his pants down. Hence the constant vigil of the moves of the war-loving devils.

To repeat, if the Third World War breaks, it will be a nuclear war and in a nuclear war nobody can win. The result will be total annihilation. Ex-Premier of Russia, Nikita Khrushchev, was right when he said that those colleagues of his who wanted war must have their heads examined. He was fully aware of the consequences of a nuclear war.

The uneasy peace we have today is brought about, is maintained, because of fear and not because of understanding or rapport of diverse ideologies. One is always watching one's enemies.

And there is danger because always, error is not impossible.

In a book called *Strategy for Survival* by the British political-military analyst, Wayland Young, we have this hair-raising account: "The danger of accidental war remains as acute as ever. . . Across Central Europe and Northern Canada lie chains of radar stations to give 'distant warning' of the approach of Russian bombers or rockets. Planes in flight or rockets rising appear on the radar screens as little luminous flecks called 'blips'. Passenger flight appears there, and training flights by bomber formations, perhaps even rockets going up to put satellites in orbit or to attempt the moon. So do flocks of birds migrating.

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by Vivian Aliz



ALHAMBRA LENOS

SECOND to the weather, the school calendar is the most unstable thing. The first two weeks of the second semester were wedged between two two-week vacations.

Like all other heads of organization, **Elena Chiong-bian** sold tickets, called meetings, reorganized the sorority, and scuttled from room to room soliciting "bundles of joy". Those were unhappy days for Nena. Luckily, **Rosario Borromeo** was at hand to give assistance.

The Supreme Student Council was not the less busier. It already had its first session. (Reports say that **Democrito Crisostomo** was the most outspoken member of the congress.)

Posters read, "Dilag Ng Ating Lahi." A 'dilag' is a belle — belles like: **Sonia Albores**, **Abilene Alvez** and **Mary Jane Ong** who donned patadyongs, kimonos, and Maria Clara dresses and lithely did some of our folk dances to the delight of the benefactors of the USC CENTER FOR THE POOR. That was the Polka Española, wasn't it, Mary Jane? **Gene Salgado**, **Cris Barrera**, **Loloy Ancajas** were among the noteworthy participants.

Situated way out of the students' route (behind the Sto. Rosario Church) an inconspicuous, large, empty room. In there, something great has been undergoing production for many weeks... a drama, Antigone! **Alhambra Llenos** holds the title role, while **Pilar Quintana** plays wife to Creon, **Ramon Farrarons**, **Al Evangelio** — one of the messengers; **Frank Legaspi** — Teiresias; **Teodora Bala** — Ismene. An interesting lineup, indeed.

Loaded with books, rolled cartolinas and sheaves of paper, it's evident that **Eddie Yap** is a busy man. But, no matter what, Eddie never runs out of smiles, nor hellos for everybody.

Paging **Diana Sy**! Your Brods in the Delta Pi Upsilon Fraternity of the College of Engineering wish to see you their sweetheart, more often, although they adore your shyness. Meanwhile, Senior Muse, **Emma Luz Kuizon**, is a welcome sight. My, what fortunate girls to have such fine young men for brothers.

Jenny Kimseng is mommy, **Lydia Escobar**, the daughter. I suppose the auntie and the lola are **Aurora Yamael** and **Nilda Castro**. It's only a play family, but notice that each member wears a pair of eyeglasses.

Ferdie Jakoslem, **Eddie Japson**, **Blueboy Quisumbing**, **Manjo Martinez** and **Cheling Sala** are rare campus specimen. One hardly sees any of them around the school these days. The New Year's resolution?
...o-oh, HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It's that contented look in **Vicky Hermosima's** face that worries me. And that smile on **Eliza Verallo's** lips...

What can the year 1966 have in store for you... for me! Here's to all of you!

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

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"Along the other side of the Central Front, and presumably along the Russia Arctic too, lie corresponding chains showing what Western planes and rockets are up to. In the case of the NATO European chain, nobody knows whose responsibility it is to make the final decision which might be the penultimate decision in the history of the world. It may be that on the Russian side the position is no clear..."

There you are. There's balance of power, guy, isn't it? Now, who is at stake? Humanity, of course! And fear rushes like silent waters against the heart.

There are, today, five nations possessing nuclear weapons: U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Great Britain, France, and China. Four more nations will join the group some of these days: India, Canada, Sweden and Israel. That mushroom cloud that bloomed forth over Hiroshima and Nagasaki twenty years ago has captured the imaginations of sages in every nation. The Atomic Bomb has become a universal symbol that nurtures power, speaks a language that all can understand.

4.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN is suffering from ideological hemorrhage, the inevitable result of an age when intelligence is apotheosized. Almost always, human reason in its highest development tends to wipe out the spiritual doctrines which used to guide man in his infancy. Faith suddenly has lost its coherence and man with his reason that roges (and reverse) asserts that he is a colossus, a god.

An optimist, he sees the future as a world of order, for chaos is the result of mere primitivism and ignorance packed with superstitions and idiotic illusions. But what if nuclear war breaks? This is the question that blocks of the futurist's vision of a new society.

Human reason alone is not enough. Something else is necessary for the maintenance of world peace and order. What is it? Faith! Yes, Faith. Faith transcends reason and defies the bitter and nightmarish workings of intelligence. It is the hidden rhythm of the soul that aches for a destinations within the charted geography of code and constitution. Understood in its proper context, it is moderation with purpose; its seed is nourished in the womb of the mysterious Is. It is the best guide in our tour into the labyrinths of man's motives; it is our best companion in our future explorations.

In a world committed into darkness, Faith is light enough.

A society without faith is an arena full of fierce beasts. One is always thirsty for the blood of others. "And to the end of history," to quote from Shaw again, "murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

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There's Christian formula that sounds very simple indeed but humanity has never learned it, it would seem. It is as old as Christ himself.

"Love your enemies."

The formula may hold true to a man of faith but what to a man who has none? Mao would surely change it to: Destroy your enemies! Peace for Red China is the triumph of her ideology over all others. "Love your enemies." It would only make Mao laugh and laugh and laugh until the world laughs with him.

A man of Faith, Gerard Manley Hopkins, the priest-poet of the Victorian era but is very much a poet of our time had written a poem called "Peace." His time had not yet experienced the global catastrophes we had experienced in the 20th century. But just the same he was already tired of the alarms of war and of the "piecemeal peace" which was the only kind of peace that he knew.

"When will you ever, Peace, wild wood dove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play
hypocrite

To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace allows
Alarms of war, the daunting war, the death of it?"

But an optimist, he was positive about the coming of True Peace, the kind of peace that we dream to have:

"O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should have
leave in lieu

Some good! And so he does leave Patience exquisite,
That plumes to peace thereafter. And when Peace here
does house

He comes with work to do, he does not come to coo,
He comes to brood and sit."

Well, that is Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, a tortured genius of the Church. What this priest had written is always the salient characteristic of the men of Faith. Only Father Hopkins knows how to write poetry while other do not. He has language; he has rhythm; and his theme is universal. Even his most didactic poem does not sound like a sermon; it is a virtue rare to didactic poets.

5.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE of man? What will be the ultimate result of the crisis of our time? The future may either be grim — total annihilation; or it may be a wonderful place to live in — a new Eden. The two possibilities are worth speculating.

All of course want the future to be a world of order and not of bloodshed for we have had enough of it. But while we are wishing for the good, humanity, it would seem, is working for the opposite, hence our uneasiness.

FATHER SCHOENIG RETURNS

(Continued from page 11)

In 1961 he again took up residence at his Alma Mater, Notre Dame, to work for his Ph.D. degree. His specific line of study and research was the field of medical entomology, especially mosquito genetics for which Notre Dame is a world center, and is closely connected with the World Health Organization (WHO). To anyone not familiar with the work, the title of his doctoral dissertation might sound strange or unimpressive: STRAIN VARIATIONS IN BEHAVIOR IN AEDES AEGYPTI.

However, it is one of the few existing investigations which combine a quantitative analysis of behavioral traits with the study of their genetic background.

This line of investigation is considered vital for the solution of many intricate problems which face the WHO in its attempt to control insects, the worst carriers of human diseases. During his studies Father Schoenig attended a number of international meetings of biologists and read a couple of papers on the behavior and genetics of mosquitoes.

SCHOLARLY TOUR

After his graduation in May 1965, Father Schoenig visited various universities in the USA, Europe, India and Formosa (Taiwan). He discussed problems of mosquito control with authorities connected with the WHO: Professor H. Laven, Germany; Dr. M. Coluzzi, Italy; and Dr. U.M. Adhami, India. In Manila he visited the center of the WHO for East Asia with the intention of correlating his future work with the plans of this worldwide body. He intends to work on problems of medical entomology with the view of improving control over these carriers of plant, animal and human diseases.

Most of Father Schoenig's time in Germany was spent in soliciting financial help from government and industrial agencies for much-needed equipment. Such transactions take time, and their fruits ripen slowly. It will take months, maybe a year, until the tangible results—equipment valued at P50,000 to P60,000—will eventually arrive.

FAIR HOPE

It is hoped that with the return of its head, and with the arrival of new and better equipment, the Department of Biology of the University of San Carlos will expand its scope of activities, intensify scientific research and put it on a higher level.

The great American novelist, William Faulkner, who writes about the evil and the ugly side of man, asserts that man in the future will prevail. Surely it is one of the noblest utterances of our time, a moving declaration of an optimist's refusal to surrender to the ding-dong of doom.

Anne Frank, a Jew, who had witnessed the terror of the Second World War and the cruelty of the Nazis was not convinced that such an orgy would last forever. She clung to the old idea—a optimist as she was — that sooner a new reign would come, and everything would be all right again. Wrote she: "I see the world becoming a wilderness, I hear the ever-approach-

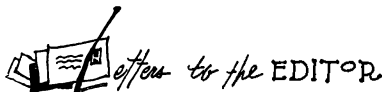
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November 18, 1965

Dear Sir,

I should like to thank you for the very interesting and enthusiastic article in the October-November issue of the *Carolinian* entitled, "New Hope for the Filipino Theatre". I am most flattered, if somewhat abashed, to find myself called a "shining figure".

There are, however, one or two points I fear that may lead to misunderstanding. Please allow me to explain. First of all, I did not say that the Oriental drama has not yet fully developed the way Western drama has. I said that the history of Western drama shows a continuous development and change in which one form of drama is continually giving way to another. While, on the contrary, in the Orient, traditional forms of drama tend to continue to live beside new styles that break away to form new traditions. For example, the Noh drama of Japan (which is certainly not new, but has a continuous tradition of 600 years) still exists beside the Kabuki and puppet theatres that developed out of it.

I should like, also, to disabuse all my students of the myth that the history of any art is the story of its development or progression towards some unknown absolute perfection. Art is an expression of man's being caught in time and space. The expression is, therefore, different (not necessarily better or worse) in mood, style and method between man and man, between age and age, and between society and society.

Again thank you for your otherwise very splendid article.

I remain, yours sincerely,

(sgd.) MOYRA MULHOLLAND

October 7, 1965

Dear Sir,

I have a son who is studying in your school.

Yesterday morning, I saw your magazine on the table where my son had left it. I went over it and read the article "Young Drivers" by a certain Reuel Carillo. It touched me

for my son somewhat have the same situation as that portrayed by Mr. Carillo.

We bought our son a car for his personal use. But he has neglected his studies and went roaming around. He has indulged in useless activities with his companions.

I showed the article to my son and he read it but didn't mind what message it told.

But anyway I want to express my gratitude for the article printed which really has a message and that we can learn from it.

Sincerely,
a mother

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

(Continued from page 39)

ing thunder which will destroy us, too. I can feel the suffering of millions, and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that this cruelty, too, will end."

There is a devil in every man and a god, too. What is so obvious, so often exposed is his vanity, his evil temperament, the beast — and not the best — in him. But what is it in man that makes a Nero, a Genghis Khan, a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin out of him? This must be what the Christians call Original Sin — or to use the modern jargon of modern psychology, Id, "a blind unreasoning drive, an unconscious will to murder, and rope, featureless, anonymous, an inheritance of the race, an ancient fault."

What is to be done?

In another poem, the poet T. S. Eliot, offers a solution to the human problems we are facing. This may not be the right solution but certainly it has something to say and it is worth trying. It is no royal gambit to test this tentative solution: Give, sympathize, control — Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata.

Shantih! Shantih! Shantih!

— THE END —