

A NEW ORIENT

HERE is a New Orient!

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

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

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

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

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

Why do we emphasize the *new* Orient?

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

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

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

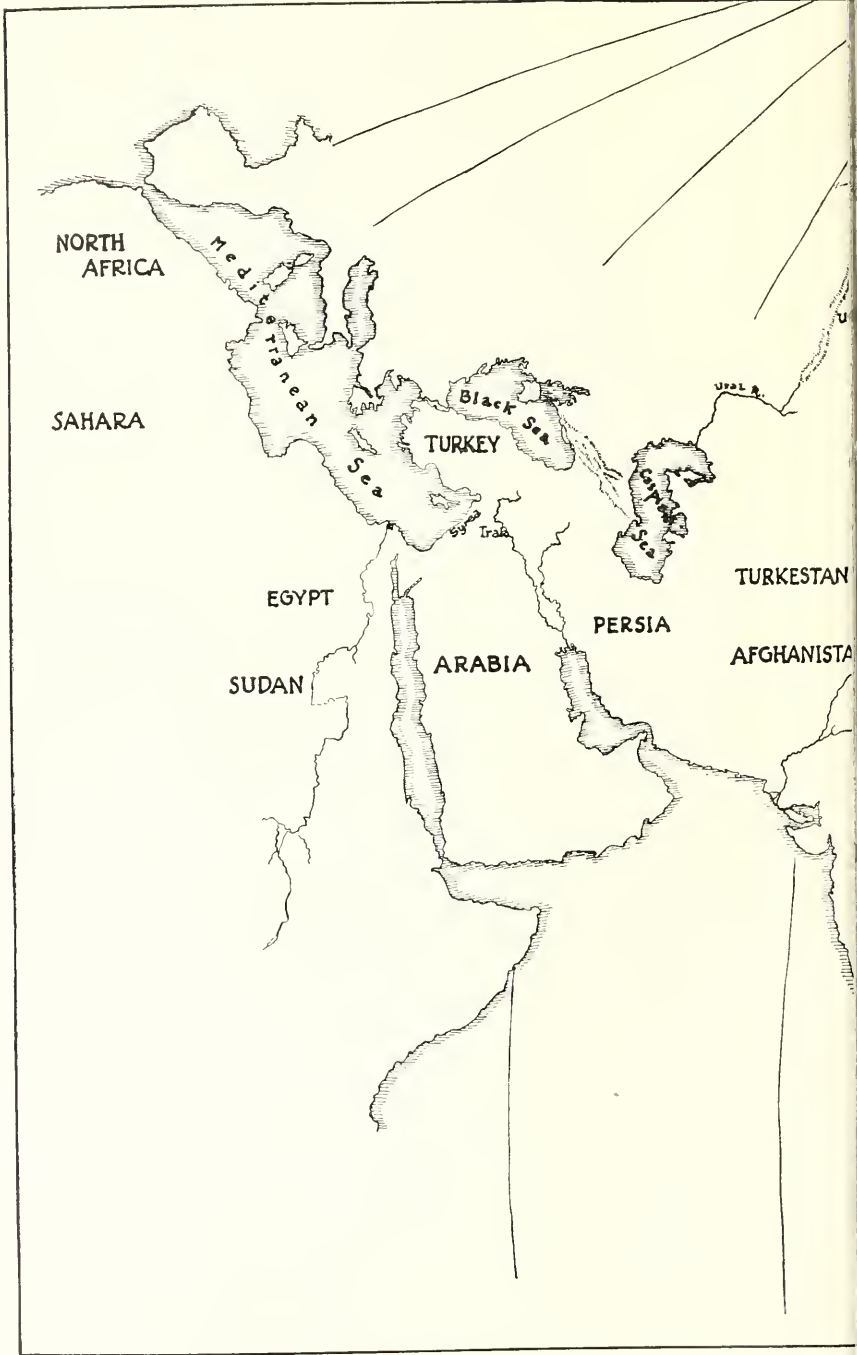
From all sides there is borne in upon our nostrils as the true savor of Asia, an odor of hoary, musty, moss-grown antiquity. Not only bee-like antiquarians and archaeologists, reconstructing the cells and combs of man's growth to his human stature, not only the moths, good, bad and indifferent of medieval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

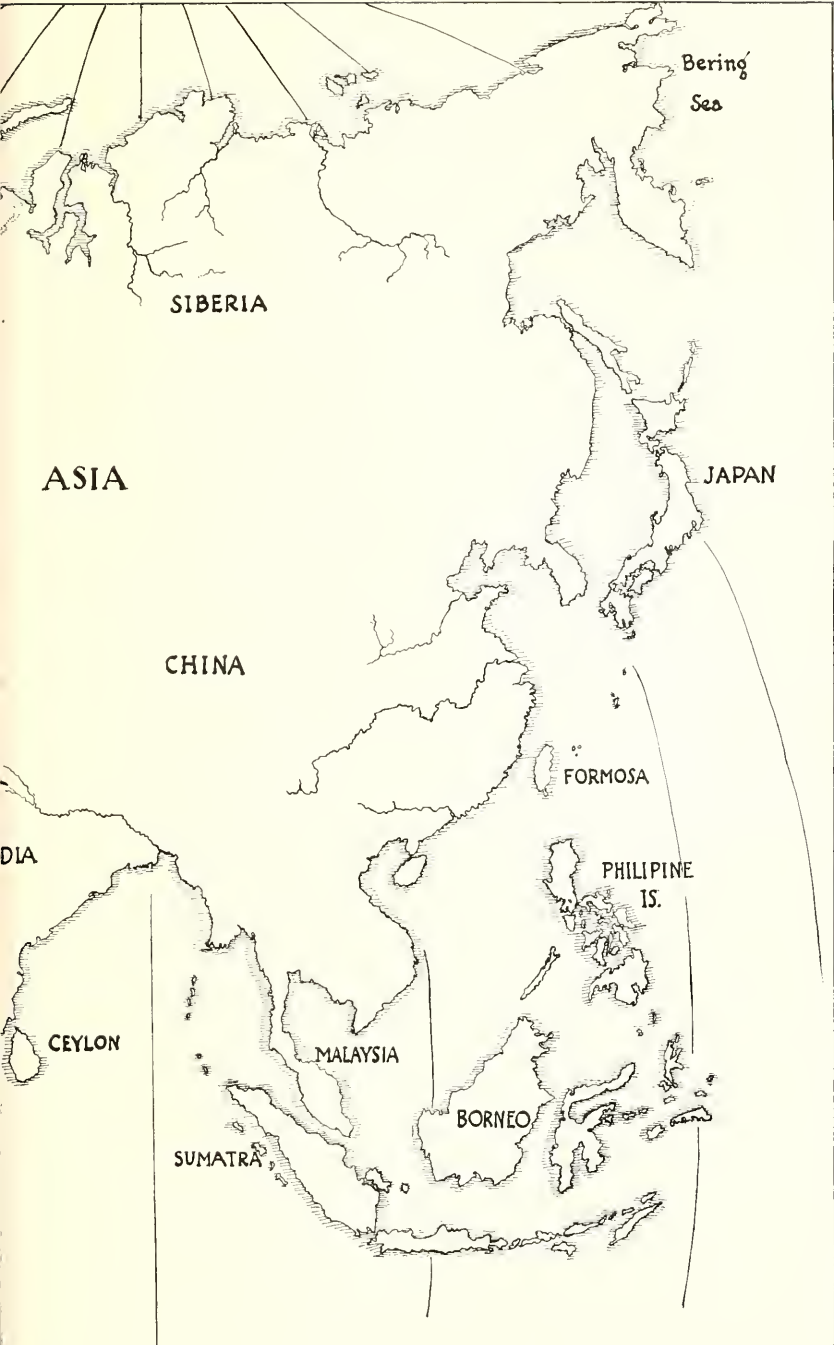
activity Europe as well as America sent more than one ray of beneficent good will toward Asia. It is also true both that European exploitations involuntarily and unintentionally did Asia as much good as harm, and that an awakening social conscience is slowly changing Western methods of attack. But it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

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

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

THE OPEN COURT





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

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



Courtesy of Macmillan Co.

SAYYID JAMALU'D-DIN "AL-AFGHAN"

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

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

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

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

There is a *new* Orient.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

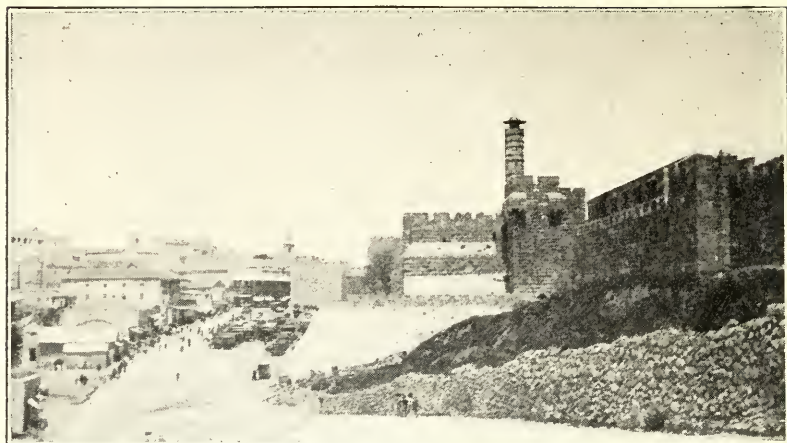
United States thinking about these facts? At one time they were of interest to us. They are our share and our form of a widespread problem. They may be differentiated, but they cannot be wholly separated from the general, typical problem of modern Asia, of the modern Orient as a whole. To see this we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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



SCHOOL CHILDREN VISITING THE SPHINX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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