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*The Influence of Buddhism on German Philosophy and Poetry**

A PASSAGE in one of the works of Heinrich Heine, a famous German poet, who lived from 1797 to 1856, entitled *Thoughts and Ideas*, reads: "What we could wish for is that a genius may embark on the study of Sanskrit; the only thing we get, when one of the usual run of academicians does so, is a good compendium." What Heine did not know, when he wrote those lines, was that there was a genius amongst his contemporaries, an unusually sensitive spirit by the name of Arthur Schopenhauer, a German philosopher who lived from 1788 to 1860. He had already gone into Indian religious matter with deep understanding and a degree of enthusiasm that won supporters for the study of India and Buddhism for several ensuing generations. I frankly admit that when I was in the top forms of my secondary school, shortly before the first Great War, the 1914-18 one, I was one of those who read Schopenhauer, and it was his work that led me to India. This man, who wrote his main works during the first half of the nineteenth century, was not merely a philosopher: he was an author of no mean ability. With his aphorisms on the wisdom gained from life's experience, his examples selected from a wide range of world literature, his analyses and even his sarcasm, he knew how to capture the interest of an open mind. Admittedly not in every case—for to the youthful ear his main doctrine sounded sinister. This philosopher regarded the will to exist, the hunger for life, a blind, incessantly restless urge, as both the core of our own being and the hub of the entire world surrounding us. Existence, said Schopenhauer, was therefore always shuttling between the pain of unfulfilled desire and the boredom of wishes already fulfilled. There was, he said, only *one* true source of happiness: the denial of will, the decision to lay down individual will, to give up the egotistical thirst for life.

*This is the text of a lecture delivered by Professor E. Waldschmidt at the University of Ceylon, Peradeniya, on 15th March 1963.

He perceived two ways of doing that: one of them consisted in occasionally forgetting one's own individuality for brief periods in a supra-individual admiration of creations of art, the other in the complete and unceasing relinquishment and extirpation of egotistical will through the medium of a life of holiness.

In Indian religious works, the philosopher found consolation and the confirmation of his own convictions. Especially was his interest captivated by the Upaniṣads and Buddhism. Numerous passages in his works testify to that fact. His high opinion of Indian wisdom in general, for instance, is expressed in the quotation "Our religion will never, never take root in India On the other hand, Indian sagacity is flowing back to Europe, and it will bring about a fundamental change in our knowledge, our way of thought." Schopenhauer thought he recognised some of his basic doctrines in the religions of India. He makes several references to the similarity between his philosophy and Buddhist conceptions. "Buddha . . . and I teach the same in all essentials." In one passage, he expresses himself on the meaning of the terms *upādāna* and *karma*, adding "In every way, the synonymity with my doctrine is marvellous, especially because, when I wrote the first volume (the volume referred to is the philosopher's main work entitled "*The World as Will and Conception*") during the period between 1814 and 1818, I could not possibly have known anything about this." Several times he referred to himself and his disciples as Buddhists. "If I intend taking the results of my philosophy as a yardstick of truth, I should have to give Buddhism preference over the others (religions)." Schopenhauer, "the pessimist from Frankfort", as his contemporaries disparagingly called him, was a son of German Romanticism. He experienced directly the discovery and extolling of Indian gems of intellect by the Schlegel brothers and other writers and orientalists at the beginning of the nineteenth century. India, her religions, and her literature, appeared to many Romanticists at the time in the light of absolute transfiguration. The winged words written in 1785 by Johann Gottfried Herder, who lived from 1744 to 1804, bore testimony to this fact. He wrote, "The Hindus are the gentlest tribe of humanity. They are reluctant to hurt any living being; they honour what Life brings, and live on the most innocent of food—milk, rice, fruits of the trees, the healthful vegetables, offered to them by their motherland. Their stature . . . is upright, slim, beautiful Their gait and carriage are charming in the highest degree . . . And as their bodily stature is, so is the original shape of their intellect; gentle feeling and calm depth of soul are the hallmarks of their work and their pleasures." To Herder it meant a sensation when he made the acquaintance of Kālidāsa's

masterpiece entitled *Śakuntalā*, translated into German in 1791 by Georg Forster from the English translation executed by Sir William Jones. "Every scene," says Herder in his preface to the second edition of the work he caused to be issued in 1803, "every scene is garlanded by floral chains; each springs from the cause itself like a beautiful plant, naturally..... I doubt whether humanly gentler and yet nobler ideas could ever be conceived within our world, within the universe." Schopenhauer showed little interest in India's belletristic literature; to him, India was the source of wisdom, which was why he over-estimated the age of several conceptions, and saw this and that in a refracted light. The strides forward taken by research during the past century and a half have provided us today with more accurate knowledge on quite an amount of detail. We can define more precisely—as my learned colleague von Glasenapp already has done—the difference between the teachings of the Buddha and those of Schopenhauer. But the perception of genius which enabled the philosopher to grasp essential points even during his day is something which even now compels our admiration. It is also quite clear how any youthful intellect reading Schopenhauer's works would be led at an early age to study Indian religions.

Together with F. W. J. Schelling, who lived from 1775 to 1854, and G. W. F. Hegel, who lived from 1770 to 1831, Schopenhauer belonged to a generation of German philosophers to whom original Indian works—albeit translated—were made accessible for the first time. Their great predecessor, Immanuel Kant, who lived from 1724 to 1804, had still to rely completely on travel descriptions and secondary sources for the knowledge of India when he gave his lectures on geography. He could not have any intimate feeling for the intellectual treasures of India. With Schelling this was different. Like Schopenhauer, he esteemed the Upaniṣads, and wrote of Kālidāsa's *Śakuntalā* : "How great is the delight, how widespread the appreciation of its charming gentleness, with which Kālidāsa's famous work, *Śakuntalā*, has been received throughout Europe! If one looks for the basis of these sentiments, one finds that it is precisely that prevalence of the spiritual, that extraordinary sensivity of a soul making its outer shell invisible, so to speak—that makes itself felt in the unnatural flight of enthusiasm expressed in its poetry." Nevertheless, Schelling never got any nearer to Buddhism itself.

Hegel, who from 1818 to his death in 1831 was a professor of philosophy in Berlin and wielded a powerful influence as the pre-eminent Philosopher of the Prussian State, had a very pronounced influence on German philosophy which has lasted right upto the present day, although the teachings

of his pupils and successors were probably not in the least synonymous with his own. Karl Marx, for instance, owes him the philosophical basis of his system of materialism and the idea of dialectics as the self-development of thought. In every field, Hegel was the complete contrary of Schopenhauer. The latter, as already mentioned, had made a magnificent attempt to explain the world as deriving from the irrational, from the hunger for life, from the urge for existence as the ultimate principle throughout the whole of nature; according to Hegel, the actual world-creative principle is intellect, pure reason, which develops and organises matter into higher forms of life. Again according to Hegel, the intellect can assume objective forms. For instance, it takes the form of objective power in the law, in morality, in the family, in society, and finally in the State, which last mentioned, in the form of a monarchy is to Hegel objectified intellect in its highest form on earth. Schopenhauer made a great deal of fun of this apotheosis of the State, and he confronted Hegel's hallucinations about objectified intellect with the silly facts of reality. The powerful contrast between the attitudes of the two thinkers led them to completely different views on the Indian works with which they became acquainted. In his works, Hegel concerned himself with India a great deal; he read a number of works, but often showed himself one-sided and inadequately informed. This, for instance, is his conception of the Buddha's image: ". in thoughtful posture, legs and arms crossed, so that he has one of his toes in his mouth". This he explains as intravertion—"sucking at himself". Von Glasenapp assumes here—and very probably rightly so—that Hegel was confusing the memory of a picture of the young Krishna with that of one of the Lord Buddha in meditation. Always captivated by the conceptions of his own system, Hegel measures everything he hears of India with his own yardstick, and, as in the case with Buddhism, usually fails to penetrate to any depth; furthermore, he shows no sympathy for such foreign matter, so that he finishes up with a negative attitude towards India.

To Schopenhauer's way of thinking, Hegel was a typical exponent of professorial philosophy, the quasi-philosophy of the paid professor of philosophy, whilst he himself—Schopenhauer—regarded himself as one of nature's born philosophers. There was a time when I was convinced that this thesis was correct. Later, however, I realised that the thinker I once held in such high esteem had remained an outsider in German philosophy—the exponent of a romantic tendency which exists in addition to scientific and school philosophy. Now and then, one of these outsiders in German philosophy does come out into the open with a new, daring world-philosophy. Just such a philosophical romanticist was Schelling. The

most important since Schopenhauer's day has been Friedrich Nietzsche. Allow me to say a few words about him, and to avail myself of a more personal mode of description.

I mentioned that I began to take an interest in Schopenhauer in the upper forms of secondary school. The Great War brought a break of a year. I changed my school cap for a helmet in 1915, was put in the Naval Artillery, and sent to the forts at Kiel on the Baltic coast. I was lucky to be stationed there for some time, for I was near a University town where Paul Deussen, known for his translation of the Upaniṣads and numerous other indological works, held the chair of philosophy. He had, in his multi-volume *History of Philosophy*, for the first time accorded Indian philosophy a place on an equal footing side by side with western philosophy.

At the time, I knew little about Deussen's indological works; however, I had heard of him as the founder of a Schopenhauer Society and the editor of a critical edition of Schopenhauer's works. It took me no time to make his acquaintance, and he often invited me to call at his place. At the time I am speaking of, he was seventy, and his sight was so weak that he had to be read to. He had just completed his memoirs, and I often read passages from them aloud to him. One interesting chapter dealt with his friendship with Nietzsche, who was born in 1844 and died in 1900, and with whom he had attended secondary school (Schulpforta). The two had kept in touch after leaving school. Nietzsche, writer and philosopher, was a man of genius and prophetic disposition, withal a very unhappy man who, when a mere forty-five, after a scintillating display of authorship, became mentally deranged. His views, on which he habitually held forth with tremendous eloquence, underwent more than one change. Proceeding from the Greeks, he joined Schopenhauer's admirers, paying homage to him in a work entitled *Schopenhauer—as Educator*. He also waxed enthusiastic about Richard Wagner, poet and composer, and befriended him personally. However, all this was of limited duration, and when it passed, he jettisoned the idols he had worshipped and established his own views in a new philosophical conception he entitled *Beyond the Pale of Good and Evil*. As Schopenhauer had done, he explained the world from the point of view of the irrational. He, too, regarded all human action and thought as deriving from a world of obscure urges. He, however, did not conceive of the original urge underlying all the other urges as the will for existence, but the will for *power*, the will for a richer, higher, more powerful existence, Schopenhauer had stated the will for existence has to be denied and destroyed; Nietzsche now opposed this view. His idea was to affirm the here and now

and the will for power wholeheartedly. He did not, he once said, 'want to look forward to far-off, vague happiness and blessings and forgiveness but to live in such a way as to create the will to live again, to live eternally'. Existence, he said, should be worthwhile and worth repeating. It was in this light that Nietzsche put forward his doctrine of the continual return of all things, a belief to which he may perhaps have been moved by India. One of the things he said on this subject was "Let us stamp our lives with the image of eternity." In a continually repeated series of existences he thought, a higher form of man, a superman, would come into being. Nietzsche possessed a comparatively lucid conception of the essence of Buddhism, which he considered, so far as philosophical substance was concerned, superior to Christianity. But in Buddhism he saw the result of tiredness of the world and its ways, and theoretically, it is true, there could hardly be two greater antitheses than the conscious and affirmative striving for the continual renewal of existence on the one hand, as Nietzsche would have it, and the rejection on the other of all activity conducive to upholding the cycle of births, *saṃsāra*, as recommended by the Lord Buddha.

Coming to the second part of this talk, the subject of which is the influence of Buddhism on German poetry, I must once again bring Schopenhauer to the fore as a medium, since most poets who have concerned themselves with Indian works have more or less been convinced disciples of Schopenhauer. The leading light amongst these poets was Richard Wagner, who lived from 1813 to 1883, long unrecognised but enthusiastically celebrated during the final decades of his life: a poet and composer who today receives homage from every quarter of the world. His musical dramas are produced again and again with enormous success in every large opera house. Taken from sagas and mythology, with heroes of unnatural grandeur and a great deal of symbolism, they form what might be called 'an overall work of art', for which Wagner wrote both text and music. In doing this, he believed he had made the spoken drama and pure music obsolete, and had attained a new stage of development in art. He was the incarnation of the bloom of romanticism. Wagner was an artist, but he was also a thinker and meditator. He stumbled upon Schopenhauer's works in 1854 and lonely and unsung at the time, termed them 'manna from heaven'. In a letter he wrote in 1860, he said, "... but one friend I have, one of whom I continually grow fonder, and that is my old, so grim looking and yet so deeply affectionate, Schopenhauer". Through Schopenhauer, Wagner discovered Buddhism. He knew the translations of Buddhist scriptures available in his day. In 1881, two years before he died he had the good fortune to be a contemporary to the publication of Herman

Oldenberg's book entitled *Buddha, His Life, His Teachings, His Congregation* which so enthralled him that he read it aloud at home. A few passages in Wagner's own works sound an unmistakable note of Buddhism. Allow me to give you an example and quote a few of the verses spoken by Brunhilde in *The Twilight of the Gods*. At the end of the final act, she hurls the fire-brand into 'Valhalla's glittering castle' and before riding to her death in the flames, takes her leave of the world with these words:

This seat of zeal I leave,
 This bedlam I flee for-ever;
 Eternal rebirth's
 open portals
 I close secure behind:
 to holi'st spheres of choice
 sans craving, sans fugue
 mundane meanderings' goal
 redeemed now from rebirth,
 goes one who all things sees.

Words that might have been spoken by the Buddha himself. Another of Wagner's works which has similar passages savouring of Buddhism in it is the very tragic *Tristan and Isolde*.

For many a long year, Wagner cherished the idea of composing an opera entitled *The Victors*, based on Buddhism. He had found the substance he wanted in the *Divyāvadāna*, a collection of Buddhist legends, the trend of which had been published in excerpts by the great French Buddhologist, Burnouf. The main characters in these legends are Ānanda, Lord Buddha's favourite disciple and constant serving companion, and Prakṛti, 'Nature', a girl of low caste. One day as Ānanda was begging for alms, he came upon Prakṛti, who was drawing water from a well. Tortured by thirst, he asked for water, upon which the maid reminded him of her caste. Water from her hand, she said, would defile him. Ānanda replied that he had not asked her to what family or caste she belonged, but merely for water. She thereupon gave him to drink and he went on his way. Prakṛti is so impressed with Ānanda's beauty and manners that she falls violently in love with him. She goes to her mother and tells her of her great longing, saying that she will kill herself unless a way can be found to bring her and Ānanda together. Her mother knows a way. By the use of magic formulae she so influences Ānanda that he goes to Prakṛti's house as in a hypnotic trance. There he finds Prakṛti waiting to share her bed with him. Only at the very

last moment does he perceive the danger to his oath, and with tears in his eyes he remembers the Buddha, who then immediately goes to his aid with his own magic, so that Ānanda is enabled to leave the house without having known Prakṛti. But Prakṛti does not give up her desire. She lies in wait for Ānanda and follows him relentlessly: wherever he goes, she follows. Ānanda finally seeks refuge with Lord Buddha and asks for his protection. The Buddha then persuades Prakṛti to follow Ānanda in to his order as a nun, and not as his wife.

A draft of *The Victors* composed by Wagner and dated the 16th of May 1856 is known to us. It contains a few compositional changes in the Buddhist legend I have just sketched. Wagner intended, for instance, to have Prakṛti suffer under her love for Ānanda even after entering the order. In a conversation à *double entendre* with the Buddha, Prakṛti was to have made reference to her passionate longing for union with Ānanda, and to have broken down on being told that Ānanda had sworn an oath of celibacy. This increased the tragedy of her destiny; however, it was Wagner's intention to have her torture motivated in a Jātaka story. According to his conception, Prakṛti had brought about her own fate by reason of the fact that she had, as the proud daughter of a Brahmin during an earlier life, rejected the love of a prince of lowlier caste, and had even mocked the unhappy man.

On occasions, Wagner made reference to the musical part of his plan also. He said himself, for instance, that the well-known world conquest motive in the gripping scene between Wotan and Erda in the second act of *Siegfried* had originally been intended for *The Victors*. *Parsifal* also contains passages originally intended for *The Victors*. There is something about Kundry that reminds one of Prakṛti. Buddhologists will regret that the plan conceived by one of our greatest musical geniuses to make the Buddha the dominating figure in an opera never came to fruition.

Herman Oldenberg's *Buddha, His Life, His Teaching, His Congregation*, which I have already mentioned, ushered in a new age of German Buddhistic study, since the work of this eminent Indologist gave us Germans direct access for the first time to the sources of Theravāda, the so-called southern form of Buddhism in which the original teachings of the Buddha retain a great amount of their originality. Translations of the holy scriptures followed. One of our pioneers in this direction was an outsider, a man without any training in Sanskrit; he was Karl Eugen Neumann, who lived from 1865 to 1915. What he lacked in training he made good by his

enthusiasm for the work in hand. His career led him from Wagner to Schopenhauer and from Schopenhauer to India. The son of a well-known manager who had been given the sole right by Richard Wagner to have his troupe of singers put on his great cycle of musical dramas, the famous *Nibelungenring*, he inherited a considerable fortune, which enabled him to visit the home of Buddhism as a young man and to embark on a career of his own choosing, the translation of Pali texts into German. From 1892 until his premature death in 1915 he translated considerable portions of the Theravāda Canon, which included the speeches of Gautama Buddha from the medium and long collections, the *Majjhimanikāya* and the *Dīghanikāya* — three extensive volumes of each. He also compiled a Buddhist Anthology, translated the *Dhanutapada*, the songs of the Monks and Nuns, the *Theragāthā* and the *Therīgāthā*, and further parts of the *Khuddakanikāya*. His translations were read by many with what can only be described as burning enthusiasm. A. Ehrenstein wrote, "Never since Luther's translation of the Bible and Hölderlin's tragically completed translations of Greek authors has foreign sound echoed so magically new and yet as old as the world, so intellectually powerful and yet so tenderly spiritual, as in the textually identical translations of Karl Eugen Neumann." And Oskar Loerke wrote, "Karl Eugen Neumann makes Indians talk German." No philologist would be able to agree with these enthusiastic appraisals, since misinterpretations are recognisable in almost every passage of the translations. But any philologist will gratefully acknowledge Neumann's pioneer work and appreciate what Neumann did to make original Buddhist texts known in Germany. Fired by him, literature on India and Buddhism takes a tremendous upward swing. That fact was testified to by a dissertation written in German by John Forst at New York University in 1934 and entitled *India and German Literature from 1900 to 1923*. At the end of the book we find almost a hundred German belletristic literary works which appeared between 1879 and 1929, all inspired or influenced by Indian ideas and concepts. How great a part Buddhism plays in them is revealed by the frequency with which the name Buddha is used in many of the titles. Let me quote a few; in 1899, Ferdinand von Hornstein's *Buddha—a Legend in Three Acts*; in 1901, Max Vogrich's *Buddha—a large opera in three acts*; in 1907, Rainer Maria Rilke's *Buddha in His Glory*; in 1912, Joseph Victor Widmann's *Buddha—An Epic Poem*; in 1913 Fritz Mauthner's *The Last Death of Gautama Buddha*; in 1921, Alfred Döblin's *Buddha and Nature* and Hermann Hesse's *Buddha's Speeches*; and in 1922 Hans Much's *Buddha's World*.

Some of the authors of the small selection I have just gone through are famous names in German literature. If I were to go on, there would be

many more, no less well-known. But one thing will have become clear to you: if you intend delving into more than one index of names, you will have an almost boundless task in tracing the repercussions that Buddhism has had on more recent German poetry. So I think I must ask you to allow me to confine myself, at the end of my paper, to one author alone: I mean Karl Gjellerup (1857-1919), who was of Danish extraction but wrote his later works in German. The reason I choose him is that I knew him personally from 1916 to 1919, and his works meant a lot to me at the time. My chance of making his acquaintance came in 1916 at a meeting of the Schopenhauer Society in Dresden that I was privileged to attend as Paul Deussen's secretary. Gjellerup, who in the following year was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, was accorded the honour of a festival performance, while the meeting was taking place, by the Dresden State Theatre. He had been in Dresden for more than twenty years at the time. Coming from Schopenhauer, he had studied in detail every single source on Buddhism he could lay hands on. He combined an intimate knowledge of the works of Oldenberg and the translations done by Karl Eugen Neumann with a great deal of reading in other fields of indology. He was thus in a position to put on paper substantial criticisms not only of Neumann's works, but also of those of Dutoit, Dahlke, Garbe, Deussen and others. It was only when he was nearing the end of his life that he went over to Buddhist subjects in his poetry. Two of his dramas and two of his novels are set amidst Indian scenery. The one on which I would comment here is the one he wrote in 1907, called *The Perfect One's Wife*.

This piece dramatizes the essential episodes of the life of Lord Buddha. Yaśodharā, the wife of the Bodhisattva, is the heroine. The author makes her the third corner of a triangle, the other two being the Buddha and his mentally and, according to the poet, physically powerful cousin, Devadatta, who has fallen violently and irrevocably in love with Yaśodharā. This rivalry between the reckless Devadatta and the Buddha, first in love, then in the Buddhist Order, is the fulcrum of the whole piece. Gjellerup takes considerable liberties with the actual legend. In an attempt to provide effective Indian colour, he sometimes employs rather amateurish and—for the Buddha's day and age—anachronistic means to represent typically Indian scenery, such as for instance, the performance of Kālī rites, preparations for *suttce* etc. But I think one could say that this author had, in general, absorbed the Indian spirit and intellect with fineness and feeling—that, in fact, he sometimes approaches the literary source even in his diction. Innumerable details show the long care and genuine poetic feeling he devoted to the subject of his work.

In a prelude entitled 'The Great Self-Denial', the Buddha's father in keeping with the legend tries in vain to tempt his son with the promise of sensual pleasure and worldly power. The prince is determined to forsake his life at home. The break with wife and child is difficult. Yasodharā herself, however, had once, in an unguarded moment, told him the second part of an old prophecy, according to which he is destined to be the Lord Buddha. On parting, Siddhārtha promises Yaśodharā— it is, of course, a promise à *double entendre*—to return and claim her when he has found truth.

In the main part of the drama, the man who was once Prince Siddhārtha is already the perfect Buddha, who appears on the stage in all the three acts. As an itinerant preacher, he pays his home town the call he had promised. His royal father receives him with great ceremony, ordering all the princes in his household to join the Buddha as monks, and they have to allow their heads to be shaven and religious robes to be laid over their shoulders. Devadatta also, who despite years of effort has failed to win Yaśodharā, joins the Order. In doing so, his intention is to prove to the woman he loves, who is still attached to her former husband, that he is in a position to beat the latter at his own game, and that he can outdo him in the power of magic. By a frightful process of self-torture, Devadatta, now a monk, quickly succeeds in gaining extra-ordinary powers. In one scene we see him walking in the air, join a group of astonished fellow monks. He tells them that he has just returned from a visit to the Heaven of the Thirty-Three Gods, adding that they had paid him homage. To prove his power, he makes a magical pass with his hand, and a shower of flowers descends. A few of the monks see into heaven through the open gate: they see the chateau flying the banner of victory, terraces of gold and crystal and beautiful goddesses with well-turned limbs casting down flowers with promising glances. A choir of angels sing "Hail to Devadatta, Hail to the Great Victor! Master of men and gods, all hail!" Most of the monks thereupon throw themselves at Devadatta's feet; only Sāriputta and a few others remain impervious to such tricks.

While all this is happening amongst the monks, important changes are taking place on the political stage. Brahmin priests who resent the king's favouring Buddhism remove him from the scene by seducing him to share the bed of a so-called poison girl, whose snake-like embrace is lethal. Yaśodharā is made queen, since all the princes have become monks. She mounts the throne, albeit regarding herself as her former husband's regent,

and she now offers him, the Buddha, the throne. He is to rule the empire in the spirit of his own beliefs. But the Buddha refuses the offer. Yaśodharā is deeply hurt and swears an oath that now she intends to become Devadatta's wife. Preparations are made for the marriage. Before the festival can get under way, however, it turns out that Devadatta has been involved in an attempt on Lord Buddha's life, and, after a whole set of complications, he takes his own life, not, however, before he has assured Yaśodharā that the twain will meet anew in another life, when he will renew his struggle to possess her.

The belief underlying these words, that the participants in one and the same act can meet again in a subsequent incarnation, is the background of Gjellerup's two great novels that are set amid Indian scenery. One of them *World Wanderers*, was even given its title in accordance with that belief. The other, his famous *Pilgrim Kāmanītā* (The Pilgrim Who Was Guided by Love) which appeared in 1903 and was translated into English in 1911, is based on the same idea. We live the fate of two lovers who, during an incarnation at the time of the Buddha, are separated by unhappy circumstances. They had been always born together. They grew next to each other as palm trees, they swam the seas together as dolphins, combed the woods together as deer, and wandered across the deserts together as nomads. Separated after a brief love affair at the time of the Buddha, they both join the Order, and are subsequently born into paradises, in the beauties of celestial worlds. The description of the Grounds of those who have passed on is filled with poetry; the two lovers float on lotus cups on still ponds. They call at the bank of the celestial Gangā, the milky way, and take their rest under an azure sky in the shade of a coral tree that spreads its fragrance far and wide. This tree is capable of reminding them of their long series of earlier existences, and they think back on their re-incarnations as plants, birds, beasts of the forest or human beings. And always the same love of each other joined them, even though Fate outwardly sundered them. The two wonder through space for millions and billions of years as stars, until at last even this magnificence disintegrates, and the two find their rest and disappear for ever in the realms of Nirvāṇa. Here we have poetry and Buddhism united by a Dane who became a German poet.

Leopold von Schröder, an Indologist of repute at the turn of the century, said of Gjellerup's novel: "After reading *The Pilgrim Who Was Guided by Love* once, I found myself picking it up again and again, reading some of its passages twice and even often. It is a real work of art." And J. V.

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Widmann wrote: "In this poetry is set up a temple of beauty and devotion; to enter it means happiness for any who are at pains to understand the problems of human existence."

With this sentence I like to conclude my theme which, as I told you before, cannot be exhausted in a single lecture.

E. WALDSCHMIDT