National University of Educational Planning and Administration
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The Tenth Foundation Day Lecture

Am I an Educated Person?
Reflections on ‘Becoming’ and ‘Being’

by

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August 11, 2016

National University of Educational Planning and Administration

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Am I an Educated Person?

Reflections on 'Becoming' and 'Being'

T.N. Madan

I am honoured by the Vice-Chancellor's invitation to give this year's Foundation Day Lecture. My best thanks to you, Professor Tilak, and your colleagues. When I came to know who the previous speakers in this Series had been and the important themes they lectured on, I felt acutely unequal to the task you had assigned me, but your persuasion prevailed over my reluctance. I do hope that what I have decided to say is in some measure worth saying.

Kindly forgive the egocentricity of the title. Actually, the question 'Am I an educated person?' perhaps occurs to every thoughtful person one time or the other. I am sure each one of you here today will provide a better answer to it than I am capable of. Do bear with me and treat what I will say as a 'talk' with all the informality and tentativeness that the term suggests, rather than a Lecture marked by authority.

I propose to briefly dwell on two themes, namely pedagogy and philosophy. I use both terms in their elementary connotations. By 'pedagogy' I

mean the science and art of teaching, and by 'philosophy', deliberation on the fundamental nature of reality, existence, and knowledge. I will explore the themes through the medium of personal experience, my own and that of select others. One might call it the biographical approach.

Pedagogy

I shall begin with my own experience of being educated, and speak to you about five favourite educators who were, each in his own manner, more than mere teachers.

As I look back over the decades, one home tutor stands out as the person who made me realize that being a good teacher requires more than degrees and diplomas, it requires the twin gifts of identification with the other and communication, and of course experience.

Like so many others of my age, I was not comfortable with mathematics, particularly arithmetic, in the early years of learning. When I entered high school, my family engaged a home tutor for me a couple of months before the year-end examination. He had a reputation of being some kind of a 'maths wizard'. He was a trained graduate, perhaps in his late forties, and a head master. He had to be persuaded to coach me and

he made it clear that he would not accept any honorarium. Even before we had begun, the dignity of the vocation of teaching had been brought home to me.

At our first meeting, he told me that he had no rough and ready method suitable for one and all. Every student suffers from his own particular ‘block’, he explained to me, and he would have to find out what mine was by observing me at work. In a manner of speaking, he had to learn from me before I could learn from him: it had to be a joint endeavour. The teacher-taught hierarchy with which I had grown up until then was thus radically softened. I experienced a sense of ease that was new and comforting.

The fact that he came to our home to coach me, and sat with me on the carpeted floor – the traditional Kashmiri seating style at home – and that we took a break for afternoon tea and informal conversation, at which my elder brother joined us sometimes, was in very sharp contrast to the overall ambience of the school classroom. It redefined the character of the interactive sessions. Almost magically for me (I was thirteen), his name was Sarvananda Peer. Peer is a common family name in Kashmir, and means ‘preceptor’, even ‘miracle maker’. I did well in mathematics at the examination for promotion to Standard X.

A year later, I matriculated and joined college as a science student with mathematics as one of the optional subjects. English was the compulsory subject, and I felt much attracted to it. Two years later, I chose the Honours course in English for graduation, combining it with economics and political science. The poetry teacher in the degree college is the second educator I want to talk about today.

Jayalal Kaul expanded my experience of shared learning even within the confines of the classroom. He simply loved poetry – indeed he lived it – in all three languages he knew well – English, Kashmiri, and Urdu. Poetry, he told us, must be read aloud to hear the music. And it must be read interpretively, rather than literally, to capture its subtle nuances concealed in allusions, similes, and metaphors. He never spoke of teaching poetry, but always of reading it together with others, experiencing it.

We already knew about rhyme, but he awakened us to rhythm, meter. He would stand to be able to tap the floor with his right foot to indicate the stressed syllables. He would read fast or slow, modulate his voice, and employ body language and facial gestures to bring out the mood of a poem, whether exuberant joy, mellow sadness, sombre reflection, or heroic triumph like the *rasas* in Hindustani classical music. Jayalal Kaul made

me appreciate that the good educator could not be half-hearted in his vocation, he had to be passionate about it, and enjoy it too. And as you know, joy is infectious.

From college in Srinagar, I went to the University of Lucknow, one of the best in the country in the early 1950's, for a composite Master's degree in economics, sociology, and anthropology. Why I did not continue with English Literature, although I had done well at the examination, is a story for another occasion.

At Lucknow, the scale and level of everything was larger and higher. Some of the teachers were nationally or even internationally reputed scholars. The best known among them in the Department of Economics and Sociology was not the best of the teachers, but his senior most colleague, D.P. Mukerji was. Mukerji was a sociologist, musicologist, essayist, culture critic, and litterateur. In the first year, what I noticed most about him was his conversational style of teaching. It was in the second year that his qualities as a great educator stood out. He insisted that in the final year of university education, we had to be self-reliant and study the prescribed and recommended books on our own, and come to the class with questions so that we could have discussions together. You can well imagine that not all students liked his approach, but I was

captivated. More than any other teacher, he inspired me to love books and reading. For whatever it counts, my choice of an academic career was primarily under his influence.

Not that he did not lecture, he did, but we could not always anticipate what it would be about. It usually was one of the topics in the syllabus. Sometimes it was about a book he had been reading, a play or movie he had seen the previous day, or a music concert he had attended. He would talk of Tagore's universalism, Gandhi's humane vision, Trotsky's permanent revolution, the Communist Party Line and its crippling effects on the thinking abilities of Indian Marxists, the dialectical relationship of tradition and modernity, the artificiality of the Indian middle class — whatever. Everything was interwoven.

The core objective of his classroom discussions and public discourses (through newspapers, periodicals, radio talks) was the cultivation of scepticism and the demolition of the walls that separate learning from experience. It was the integrated symbiotic nature of education that he passionately advocated. The truly educated person, according to Mukerji, was someone who had cultivated the capacity for holistic (not compartmentalized) thinking to engage with the challenges and predicaments of cultured living, guided by a sense of history and radical thinking.

And the best location for cultivating the life of the mind and the art of living was, he insisted, the university, not the prestigious civil and defence services or the profitable professions.

My years as a student culminated at the Australian National University where I won a scholarship to work for a doctorate in social anthropology. It was a unique institution of high reputation with faculty and students drawn from many countries. It awarded the Master's and doctoral degrees on the basis of research only: there were no courses of study or lectures.

I had two exemplary supervisors to guide me. Derek Freeman and William Stanner had diametrically opposite views on the task of supervision — a potent recipe for a student's nervous breakdown! Freeman, younger of the two, was an uncompromising empiricist, a practitioner of inductive logic. He took it upon himself to instruct me in rigorous scientific method, in disciplined thinking. He led me by the hand, as it were, at times sternly but never unkindly. The relationship was unquestionably hierarchical yet friendly.

Stanner, with much more experience as a teacher, always asked me to tell him what I thought my fieldwork data signified in terms of the chosen theoretical framework, and he would help

me bring out that significance more coherently and persuasively. Additionally, the theoretical perspective too would come under scrutiny in its confrontation with data. For him, I was the author of the dissertation and had to take the ultimate responsibility for it, defend its theses. He did not don the academic gown of a task master to ask me to follow a particular method or adopt a particular theoretical stance. He came through to me as a knowledgeable, witty, and wise man. He had contempt for what he called 'derived intelligence' and for teachers 'under whose shade nothing will grow'. Apparently opposed, it did not take me long to realize that, from my point of view, the two styles of supervision, were really complementary.

What, then, did these five rare educators teach me about becoming an educated person? Shared and joyous learning, disciplined holistic thinking, critical reflection, social awareness, self-cultivation, and eventually self-discovery. Only then did becoming educated result in one's being educated. In a 'character sketch' of Jomo Kenyatta, the first President of the Republic of Kenya (who incidentally was Stanner's contemporary as a doctoral student at the London School of Economics in the mid-1930's), Stanner had written: 'Men do not, I think, "change" with age. It is with age that they complete their character.' Is that, then, what there is to being an

educated person? *One who has completed her or his character*. You may say this is a philosophical observation, and so indeed it is. Let me then turn from pedagogy to philosophy – from 'becoming' to 'being'.

Philosophy

I invite you to go back with me from the immediacy of our times to the vitality of what the German philosopher Karl Jaspers has named 'the Axial Age' – the pivotal age – spread over half a millennium from 800 to 300 BCE. During this age, new modes of rational thinking and spiritual awakening were shaped by certain 'paradigmatic individuals' (again a Jaspers phrase) from Greece and Persia through India to China, such as, most notably, the Buddha, Confucius, and Socrates – the first two almost exact contemporaries, the latter a generation younger. I will briefly recall here about the transformation of Siddhartha Gautama into Buddha, 'the Awakened One'.

One assumes that Siddhartha, a scion of a wealthy and noble, perhaps princely, family would have received an education appropriate to his social status. Nothing would have been lacking, and yet there was something he sorely missed, for he stealthily left home and family at the age of 29, which may well have been considered a mature age in those ancient times, 2500 years ago.

Nothing is certain for all that we have are legends committed to writing long after his death.

It is said that the decision to forsake home was sudden, but that seems hardly convincing. Over time, not on a single day, he would have encountered sickness, aging, and death as different forms of human suffering, *duhkha*. He thus came to consider good health, youth, and life itself as the 'three vanities' of human existence in view of their impermanence. He also found nothing in Vedic knowledge and Brahmanical ritualism of any use in his deep urge to comprehend the true nature of human existence, and repudiated them. He would have to find out the truth for himself.

Gautama first sought relief from his sense of spiritual alienation by becoming a homeless wanderer. He then retreated into the forests seeking seers, practicing yogic meditation, subjecting himself to extreme ascetic self-denial, etc. – but to no avail. And then the awakening occurred at dawn as he sat in deep meditation under a Pipul tree in Gaya, all by himself, 'collected and purified', 'fixed and immovable', passing through four stages of deepening awareness over one night. On what is referred to as 'the fourth watch', he was fully awake. Attachment is the cause of suffering, he perceived, and detachment should bring about its cessation, *nirvana*. He realized that he had become the

Tathagata, one who has gone away from the mundane world and perceived the truth. He was 35 years old. He worked out logically the implications of his awakening, and formulated the Four Noble Truths (as a causal chain) and the Noble Eightfold Path of salvation (as the entailed course of action).

Gautama at first considered his awakening a personal experience, transcending common understanding, and, therefore, fruitless to communicate to others, if not wholly incommunicable. Even his former closest companions, finding him again in his new state, mocked him. And then, just as understanding had awakened in his inner self, a new illumination also arose in his mind, that of compassion. His buddhahood was now complete. He was ready to educate others, those who would listen. Eventually, as he lay dying (in 486 BCE), his last homily to the disciples included the exhortation that the path of righteousness, dharma, having been shown to them, they should 'be lamps' unto themselves and 'rely' on themselves as individual monks and as the *sangha*. They would need no teachers. The Zen aphorism, 'If you meet the Buddha on the road, kill him', is not a repudiation of the Buddha's parting message but a steely affirmation of it.

The Dhammapada, compiled centuries later in Pali (the Buddha himself would have spoken some form of Magadhi) by Sri Lankan savants, is considered the Buddha's spoken word, the first sermons, and acknowledged as the foundational text of Theravada (doctrine of 'the elders'), the oldest living Buddhist tradition of the world.

The first of the 26 sermons comprising the Dhammapada begins with the word '*mana*', and it is repeated for emphasis: *mano pubbangama dhamma mano settha mano maya*… In Eknath Easwaran's free and felicitous translation, the first two verses read:

Our life is shaped by our mind; we become what we think. Suffering follows an evil thought as the wheels of a cart follow the oxen that draw it. Our life is shaped by our mind; we become what we think. Joy follows a pure thought like a shadow that never leaves.

There is a consensus among Indian and Sri Lankan translators in rendering the multivocal *mana* as 'mind', for it is a rational argument about cause and effect, and within this framework, about human autonomy that the verses contain. The Buddha's conception of human existence, knowledge, and the enlightened person, combines empirical observation with intuition and rational

thought and action, holistic awareness with the virtue of compassion.

*   *   *

Taking a double millennial jump forward into the second half of the 16th century, let me now talk of one of the wisest men in the annals of empire builders, Jalaludin Akbar (1542-1605). We of course know a great deal more about him than the Buddha. He too had his tutors to teach him all that he needed to know, from Quranic theology to the martial arts. He had a curious mind, was a good listener, with a prodigious memory, and a quick learner too. But he refused to learn reading and writing, always preferring the outside as a place of learning to the inner precincts. He must have been dyslexic. Akbar, it is recorded in a selection of his sayings, liked to recall that the prophets were illiterate. It is worth noting, however, that Muhammad, the last of the prophets in the Abrahamic tradition, although himself illiterate, spoke of the first revelation granted him by Allah, that having created man, God had ‘by the pen taught man what he did not know’ (*al lazee allama bil qalam, Sura 96*). Writing and knowledge are here linked and valorized.

Still in the process of being educated, Akbar succeeded his father, Humayun, to the throne of Hindustan at the age of fourteen. A guardian was

appointed but he dispensed with his services within a couple of years, for he decided to learn from personal experience. For the rest of his life, Akbar gave precedence to experience together with intellect over received wisdom, even revelation. 'The superiority of man rests on the jewel of reason', is one of his reported sayings. Therefore, 'a man is the disciple of his own reason'.

Akbar's range of interests was very wide, or, shall we say, holistic? They included wrestling, hunting, riding, swordsmanship, the graphic arts, music, metaphysics, and much else. He had no use for printed books (giving away those that Jesuit missionaries had presented to him to win him for Christ) but wanted to have books read to him. And he was a collector of illuminated manuscripts, for he loved miniature paintings, and ironically, good calligraphy!

Akbar commanded that not only his sons but all boys of the realm should receive a broad-based education. According to the *Ain-i Akbari*, a number of subjects were listed including agriculture, arithmetic, grammar, logic, medicine, metaphysics, morals, physical sciences, and yoga. The principle was clearly spelled out: 'No one should be allowed to neglect those things that the present time requires.' I believe you at NUEPA would endorse the principle.

With the passage of years, even as the frontiers of his empire and the scope of his secular learning expanded, his interest in spiritual matters also deepened. He rejected magic and miracles, and his thinking inclined him towards rationality without turning agnostic. He saw no necessary conflict between faith and reason in line with a well-known medieval Islamic tradition of which Al Farabi (Alpharabius of the Latins) and the polymath Ibn Sina (Avicenna) are luminaries. He explored the teachings and practices of various religious traditions with an open mind, even as he rationalized his administrative structures and revenue regimes with the help of his gifted advisers.

Like Gautama's awakening at the age of 35 under the secluded pipul tree in Gaya, Akbar too had his epiphany, under a fruit tree at Bhira in Punjab on April 22, 1578. He was 36. Abul Fazl tells us in the *Akbarnama* that the emperor had been going through spiritual turmoil about the significance of human existence, even as he was deeply immersed in his numerous mundane concerns, and sought relief from his restlessness through a retreat into the wilderness. An arranged hunt was a part of that diversion.

At the very climactic moment when he had downed the first animal (according to a 1590 miniature water colour by Miskina, it was a

magnificent Himalayan blue sheep with curved horns), Akbar, in Abul Fazl's words, was overtaken by a 'sublime joy', which may have had several sources. The essence of the experience was that 'the lamp of vision had become brilliant', and 'the cognition of God [had] cast its divine ray'. Having attained 'his desire in the spiritual kingdom, he in thanksgiving set free many thousands of animals', and commanded that 'no one should touch [even] the feather of a finch'. Akbar's heart was freed of 'sensual pleasures' and the attractiveness of 'asceticism' took root in him. The emperor considered the experience at Bhira the beginning of new life of virtue and wisdom.

Thereafter, Akbar immersed himself more fully than ever before in the pursuit of knowledge about the ultimate purpose of human existence and the nature of the ultimate truth. The Ibadat Khana (House of Prayer), which originally (in 1875) had been intended as a meeting place for Muslim *ulama* and *sufi* masters to resolve sectarian differences within Islam, was now thrown open to scholars of all prevalent faiths for truth is but one, although its manifestation is plural. In this belief, and in some other respects too about which I will speak shortly, is reflected the influence of the great Sufi master, Ibn Arabi. Although Akbar's dissatisfaction with Sunni orthodoxy increased, to the point of scepticism even about prophethood, and his adoption of the practices of and rituals of

other faiths also gained salience, he rejected the idea of conversion.

While Akbar considered unceasing conquest his royal obligation, his spiritual restlessness found solace in Sufi doctrines, notably ‘the unity of all creation’ (*wahdat-ul-wujud*), the idea of ‘the perfect human being’ (*insane-i kamil*), and the philosophy and practice of ‘peace unto all’ (*sulh-i kul*). He came to embrace and emphasize the principle of rational thought (intelligence, *aql*) as the only valid basis for faith, and repudiated unquestioning adherence to tradition. Faith and reason were, as I said earlier, integrated into a single principle of human existence.

Eventually, in 1582, Akbar announced a new doctrine rooted in the truth of God’s unicity and the unity of creation by God’s will, *tauhid-i Ilahi*. Others gave it the name of *din-i Ilahi*, ignoring Akbar’s distrust of organized religion. It was at best like a Sufi order (*silsila*), which Akbar did not compel anyone to join. The new order remained confined to a close circle of admirers, and died with him. The guardian-scholars of Islamic orthodoxy, pronounced him an apostate.

It is a long, well-documented, fascinating story. My limited purpose in recalling it here is to bring out what a richly educated and sagacious person Akbar was although unlettered. This does

not at all imply that it is better to be illiterate. That is why I quoted earlier the exaltation of written knowledge in the Quran.

*   *   *

The Buddha and Akbar stories are of times long gone by. For modern times, we need a modern voice, and we have this, Tagore's. Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) belonged to a wealthy landed family of Brahmos in East Bengal, but was raised as a Brahman. He was sent to school, in fact four schools, one after the other. But his education was basically undertaken at home by his brothers and tutors. It had wide scope and paid equal attention to the training of the body and the mind. Tagore was happier learning at home and from being outdoors, and disliked regimented classroom education. Eventually, he stopped going to school and never matriculated, much to the disappointment of his family. Later in life he condemned schools as 'a hideously cruel combination of jail and hospital'. In a book of essays *Sadhana* (1915), he strikingly contrasts the ancient Greek civilization which, he wrote, 'was nurtured within city walls' and the Indian civilization that had 'its birth' in 'the forests'.

Tagore's father wanted him to become a barrister, and he was sent to England for the purpose at the age of seventeen. He attended

school in Brighton without taking any examination and, then, attended law classes at the University College, London, but earned no degrees. A second visit to London for the same purpose proved similarly fruitless. As he was to say later: 'The main object of teaching is not to give explanations, but to knock at the doors of the mind'. And this knocking he had found absent both in school and at university, in India and in England. I consider the opening of the 'doors of the mind' central to Tagore's conception of becoming and being an educated person. Maybe we should consider it so too!

After the two sojourns abroad, Tagore returned to India to a youthful life of wide reading in three languages (Bengali, Sanskrit, and English), practical experience of managing the family estates, creative writing in Bengali, and travelling in the Himalayas and the countryside (a passion he had inherited from his father), nourishing his deep love of nature. He studied Indian philosophy, particularly the Upanishads, and familiarized himself with Western philosophy also. The formal process of being educated was behind him. As he famously said, 'I do not remember what I was taught, only what I learned'.

During travels in the early 1880's, when he was in his early twenties, one day he had an unprecedented visionary experience in a house in

Kolkata that he shared with his elder brother, powerful enough for him to recall it more than once in later years. Like in Gautama's case, it happened at dawn, the sun rising from behind trees. As he said in 1930, when he was seventy, in the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford, all of a sudden, he had felt 'as if some mist had in a moment lifted', fallen away from his eyes, and the world had been bathed in wonderful radiance of joy: 'the invisible screen of the common place was removed from all things and all men, and their ultimate significance was intensified in my mind'. He characterized this experience as a 'sudden expansion of my consciousness'.

The experience lasted but four days, and then 'the lid hung down again upon my inner sight', he told his Oxford audience. Twenty years earlier, in *My Reminiscences*, he had considered the transformation an enduring experience. How similar this experience is to what the legends tell us about Gautama's awakening and what Abul Fazal wrote about Akbar! This is not the occasion for undertaking such a comparison, however, fascinating although it is. I may only add that I have recalled here the visionary experiences of the Buddha, Akbar, and Tagore to emphasize the significance of holistic education, which treats empirical knowledge as more readily accessible but not self-sufficient.

In the years that followed, Tagore matured into a poet, essayist, novelist, short story writer, playwright, actor, music composer, singer (he had training in raga music and loved folk songs), philosopher, commentator on politics, institution builder, and eventually, in the last decade of his life, a painter. As D.P. Mukerji succinctly puts it (in a perceptive study), 'There is an intimacy between greatness and wholeness'.

Turning to institution building, Tagore's involvement in the running of a school at Shantiniketan, which had had its beginnings as an ashram established by his father, did not quite engage him: it was too small for the realization of his burgeoning ideas. His focus was on 'individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly'. But individuals without institutional outlets are bound to remain self-centred. In 1916, when in Santa Barbara, California, he visualized an innovative educational institution for holistic learning.

In a letter to the Scottish regional and town planner Patrick Geddes (incidentally the first university professor of sociology in India, at Bombay), whose advice he had sought on the lay-out of the proposed institution, and who had asked for some elaboration of his ideas, Tagore wrote that, like in all his literary creations, he had 'merely started with one simple idea that education

should never be dissociated from life'. The rest had to be developed from there, guided by 'the pursuit and imparting of truth'. For Tagore, the educational process which should culminate in self-cultivation was *sadhana*, constant striving, an unfolding of potential.

The new institution, which he named Vishwa Bharati (Bharati is a Vedic goddess associated with learning and knowledge) began functioning in December 1923 at Shantiniketan. He had in mind the traditional *gurukula* model, bringing teachers and students together in personal, intellectual, and spiritual bonds, living in a harmonious relationship with nature. He wanted to make Vishwa Bharati 'the connecting thread between India and the world', 'a world centre for the study of humanity beyond the limits of nation and geography'. He was critical of the notion of nationalism at a time when it was peaking under Gandhi's leadership. He called it '*bhougolik apadevata*', the demon of geography, and the role of Shantiniketan was to exorcise the demon. The India of his vision would be home to the world.

Today, the story of Vishwa Bharati is, alas, one of depressing decline, despite its having been declared a central university. Maybe Tagore's unique institution lost its distinctive character once it was grouped with other such universities. Or, was Tagore's vision unrealistically utopian, 'a

poet's caprice', and in some respects anachronistic? Did he downplay the role of formal education? Or were those entrusted with its management lack the clear thinking, noble feelings, and capacity for right action that he expected. Tagore's goal of holistic participatory education was not flawed, I think, its institutional realization was. I am sure you at NUEPA have a more nuanced understanding of what has gone wrong.

* * *

To conclude: I began the Lecture by recalling that, at different stages of my formal education, I was fortunate to have had some exceptionally gifted teachers who, each in his own manner, led me to believe that becoming an educated person ultimately is one's own responsibility. I have called it 'self-cultivation', borrowing the term from philosophical anthropology.

In continuation of this idea, I turned to three 'paradigmatic individuals' in the second part. The Buddha's teachings originally communicated to a small group of followers have evolved over two and a half millennia into an internally diverse world religion. The idea of personal responsibility in the attainment of perfection remains central to all schools of Buddhism.

Akbar's splendid empire today survives only in books of history, miniature paintings, and monuments but his pursuit of self-education and the ideal of faith within the limits of reason have a contemporary relevance in our post-secular pluralist age.

Tagore's Vishwa Bharati currently is in a deep crisis, but his philosophy of life as constant striving for perfection retains its validity. What is common to the personal endeavours of these three exemplars is recognition of both empirical knowledge and visionary experience as the basis for total awareness, the harmonization of faith and reason, and the goal of self-cultivation.

Self-cultivation is indeed a civilizational universal. The Upanishadic exhortation *atmanam vidhi* (know thyself) presupposes learning from gurus (*diksha*) followed by reflection (*vimarsha*) or self-cultivation. In the Confucian ethic of the good life, while the wisdom of 'the ancients' was honoured, the ultimate quest was for harmonizing benevolence towards others with the attainment of personal maturation. The ancient Greeks embraced the ideal of *paideia*, that is the attainment of all-round refinement. The 18th-19th century German idealist philosophers called it *Bildung*, philosophically informed holistic education, leading to personal and cultural perfection. And Tagore said, 'it takes time to prove the spirit of

perfection lying in wait in a mind that is yet to mature'. Only when and if this happens - when, in Stanner's evocative words quoted earlier, one completes one's character – may one be deemed to be an educated person. The transition from 'becoming' to 'being' is indeed arduous, involve as it does the balancing of achieving the possible with the art of reaching for the impossible.

Bibliographical Note

Jayalal Kaul's best known work is an English verse translation of the aphorisms of the medieval Kashmiri Shaiva mystic Lal Ded (for the Sahitya Academy, 1973). D.P. Mukherji's *Modern Indian Culture* (Bombay, 1949) is a classic of historical sociology. *His Tagore: A Study* (Calcutta, 1972) is a slim but sensible book. Derek Freeman is the author of, among other works, the controversial *Margaret Mead on Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth* (Cambridge, Mass., 1983). W.E.H. Stanner's *White Man Got no Dreaming* (Canberra, 1979) is a rare work of empathy, insight, and wisdom on the Australian aborigines. His Kenyatta memoir was published in *The Anglican Review* (1953).

For the Buddha, the best recent reference offering a rich comparative perspective is Gananath Obeyesekere's magnum opus, *Awakened Ones: Phenomenology of Visionary Experience* (New York, 2012). The basic source for Akbar is Abul Fazl's *Akbarnama*, 3 vols. (English translation by H. Beveridge: Delhi, 1973). The account of Akbar's visionary experience is in chapter 43 of volume 3 of the English version. The English translation of *Ain-i-*Akbari by H. Blochman has the regulation regarding education (*Ain* 25). Akbar's 'sayings' also are in the same work, Book 5, chapter 12 of the translation by H.S. Jarrett (Calcutta, 1948).

The section on Tagore is mainly based on two biographies, Krishna Kripalani's *Rabindranath Tagore: A*

Biography (London, 1962) and Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson's *Rabindranath Tagore: The Myriad-Minded Man* (New York, 1996), and D.P. Mukerji's *Tagore: A Study* (Calcutta, 1972). Tagore's own *My Reminiscences* (London, 1912) and *The Religion of Man* (London, 1931) have accounts of his visionary experience. His *Sadhana* (New York, 1915) is an early statement of his philosophy of self-realization as constant 'striving'.

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Foundation Day Lectures

1. **Alternative Perspectives on Higher Education in the Context of Globalization**
   Prabhat Patnaik (2007)

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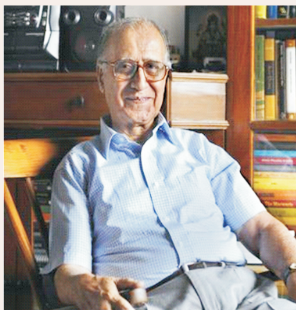

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