

Lhasa and Tibet

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The address I propose to give you this evening will be on "Lhasa and Tibet."

First of all I will tell you something of the way from India through Tibet to Lhasa—it took me fourteen months to get there, and I returned to the Indian frontier in nine days.

After our arrival at Lhasa, I will give you a description of two or three of the most famous sights, *e.g.*, Cathedral, Palace of the Dalai Lama, the Monasteries. And finally a brief account of Lamaism, the form of Buddhism peculiar to the Tibetans; together with a few words about the people themselves.

The time at our disposal to-night is necessarily limited, and I would crave your indulgence in advance, if, in my effort to cover as much ground as possible, I do not linger as long as you may wish over interesting features of this extraordinary country and its inhabitants.

The names Tibet and Lhasa have been for so many centuries associated with mystery, not only in China but in Europe also, that the news of the penetration of the Younghusband Mission into the Holy City itself was received with something very like regret that yet another locked door had been opened and another veil rent aside. Alas, too! the stories of Mahatmas and their magic were revealed as nothing but myths to the outside world. Nevertheless, Tibet still possesses for me the charm of mystery and I for

one, am unwilling to deny that, among these primitive people, cut off and isolated from the rest of humanity by stupendous mountain ranges and vast tracts of desert, there may be not some touch with the supernatural which lies buried beneath the fuller cares and responsibilities that Western Civilisation carries with it.

There are four general approaches to Lhasa from the outer world—from China on the east—Mongolia on the north—from North India on the west—and from Bengal on the south. And it was along the last of these that the Younghusband Mission advanced in 1903–1904. The call to join the staff came to me first in Szechwan while preparing for a journey to the Chien Ch'ang Valley, and within five weeks I was at Darjeeling hastening to join Younghusband who had preceded me thence and was encamped ten or eleven marches away across the Tibetan frontier at Khambajong, a bare treeless plateau 15,000 feet high. From Darjeeling I dropped down to the waters of the Teesta and crossed the mountainous and semi-tropical state of Sikkim. I won't detain you with a description of travel through its jungles during the rains—the rainfall is over 200 inches. In spite of the broken roads, the pouring wet, and the bloodthirsty little leeches lurking in every clump of grass, there was always a comfortable rest-house, and a roaring log fire, to say nothing of a nice little dinner, at the end of the day's journey, and I have seldom met kinder and more hospitable folk than the Lepchas, the shy primitive inhabitants of Sikkim. They are born naturalists and have a name for every flower and tree, and every insect and bird that abound in their forests and along their streams. The Lepchas—I am sorry to say—are a dying

race, crushed out of existence by the advance of the more vigorous Nepalese and Tibetan.

From the northern end of Sikkim, Khambejong is reached by a lonely ice-bound pass 17,000 feet across the Himalayas, and the great ice-peak of Kinchenjunga—the abode of the gods—stands like a giant sentinel between Tibet and the plains of India.

For various reasons which I will not go into now, Younghusband decided to move towards Lhasa by a more easterly route and left me in the camp with a company of Sikhs as a decoy to attract the attention of the Tibetans—there were 3,000 to 4,000 of them posted at strategic points around. Meanwhile he returned to India and arranged for an advance from Darjeeling into the Chumbi Valley. The Tibetans, watching our little camp, complained bitterly afterwards that they had been completely fooled, and he was able to march in without the slightest opposition save for a protest from the valley magistrate, who fired off a long speech and then remained to lunch which he left in a jovial and happy frame of mind. We then withdrew from Khamba and without molestation rejoined Younghusband in the Chumbi Valley lying in the northern masses of the Himalayas. It is over a hundred miles from Darjeeling to the Chumbi Valley, beginning with a drop from 8,000 to 800 feet, then across a pass of 14,200 feet until the central plateau of about 15,000 feet is reached beyond the valley. The hills on either side of the Chumbi Valley come down steeply and are covered with juniper and pines, and midway runs the almost torrential Ammo river with silver firs thick down to the water's edge. The inhabitants are known as Tomos, of Tibetan stock, and well to do, being the carriers

between Tibet and India. The charming valley winds upward until a sharp climb brings you to the foot of the Tang Pass which rises gently beneath the ice-bound crags of the most beautiful of Himalayan peaks—Chomolhari—the goddess of the snows. At the top of the pass lies the wretched little hamlet of Tuna, cowering beneath the hills from the never ceasing blasts along the open frozen wastes of this Himalayan plateau, many hundreds of feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. And here I spent ten winter weeks in a tent, living very simply on biscuit and fresh mutton, two daily tots of lime juice, and one of whiskey, and an occasional bite of chocolate.

The only fuel we had—for Tuna is of course above tree level—was the wormwood scrub bushes (we soon exhausted these) and dried yak dung or argol which we picked up on the plain around. I do not recommend argol as an ideal fuel in the least, but if you do not mind the acrid, blinding smoke, and get the knack of plying bellows so as to keep it alight, it does for cooking. We had nothing much in the way of sauces to flavour our food except the good old Worcester sauce. Wasn't it Voltaire who said of England, 'A land with a hundred religions and one sauce'? However, if we had had a hundred sauces it wouldn't have made any difference, as the smoke flavoured everything so strongly as to kill all condiments. But we got used to that; in fact, I quite missed the flavour later on when I got back to civilisation—I didn't mind missing it. The Tibetan shepherds had been warned by their lamas on pain of death not to sell us any supplies, so when we wanted fresh meat some men would go and bring in a small flock for which liberal payment was made. The shepherds would protest.

Having protested, they were quite happy, and begged not to be paid in hard rupees, but to be given a note of hand to be subsequently cashed and spent in the bazaar at Darjeeling. They knew a thing or two, those shepherds, and among other things they knew their officials.

However, with a chief who is one of the greatest living travellers in Asia, there were opportunities for side trips, and by good fortune, I stumbled on one of these, into the unknown valley of Khangbu where there are hot springs, and large yak farms. Crossing an icefield for two days and climbing a pass difficult even for my yaks to find a footing, I passed down a grim gloomy ravine which might have led to a frozen Hell, but passed instead into a delightful valley with rich pasture in summer and watered by small streams now frozen solid save here and there where the hot springs made pools of open water from which bunches of mallard rose within easy shot. The Tibetan is marvellously adept at building rough stone walls, and in a very short time the half scared villagers had enclosed a hot spring and fashioned a rude but luxurious bath. Very friendly they became and brought quantities of yak milk and barley meal and took me into the hills around to see the yak farms and made me free of their stone-built, flat-roofed houses, evil-smelling, dark, and comfortless. The hills run 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the valley and abound in the blue wild sheep—the burriel.

Beyond Tuna, the country is uninteresting and nothing but a bare brown plain 15,000 feet, above the sea, dotted with patches of scrub and flanked by broken hills, and the monotony relieved only here and there by an expanse of blue lakes. Between the track and the waters of the lake, lie wide frozen swamps, the home in summer of

innumerable wild fowl, ruddy sheld-rake, geese, teal, mallard, etc., not at all shy.

Beyond the lakes are traces of large populous villages, now only a wilderness of great pebbles dropped from the ancient walls and houses marking relics of a lost people. There are many reasons to account for this—smallpox, want of irrigation, Mongol invasion, closing of trade routes to Sikkim. About midway between Darjeeling and Lhasa is the town of Gyantse where we halted for three months, encamped in a meadow, beautiful with purple iris, and fringed with willows on the banks of a small stream. Gyantse to-day is a mart open to British trade and the residence of the British trade agent. From Gyantse it is a hundred miles to the Sangpo or Brahmaputra River.

After leaving the town, the track passes through the wild gorges of Gubshi to the foot of the Karola Rass 16,000 feet, the slopes of which were dotted with the blue Tibetan poppy, blue gentians in profusion, and a species of small sunflower. The season for the Tibetan flora was yet early, but the vivid patches of flowers were very welcome to the eye in this gloomy pass walled in by gigantic mountains with snow-covered slopes and icy peaks. Leaving the pass, the road winds along the picturesque shores of the Yamdok Tso (lake). Here and there a dull grey monastery building shews on the hillside overlooking its waters, and the most romantic of these is the Samding Convent presided over at that time by a female Bodisat, a little girl of twelve. The Convent is familiarly known as that of the sow Abbess. The story goes, that in the Mongol invasion a Mongol army arrived at the Convent intent on plunder and pillage, but found nothing but a huge sow in charge of a herd of swine.

That night the Mongol prince was warned in a dream that the Abbess had transformed herself and her attendants into pigs and that the place was enchanted. So he withdrew, leaving the Convent untouched.

There is another story connected with this Convent. Over a hundred years ago, an Englishman, sent by the Indian Government to deliver presents to the Ta Shi Lama, passed by this lake and lay in the village near the Convent sick for many days. Here he was nursed and well-cared for under the Abbess's orders. A hundred years is a long time to remember a favour—to be exact it was 111 years—but the kindness of the Abbess had not been forgotten. After we had camped on the shores of the lake, Young-husband sent me with assurances that no harm would be done to the Convent. Accompanied by a couple of Indian troopers and a Tibetan servant, I rode from the camp to the Convent, a white patch, seven miles away in the purple distance of the hills. Here and there along the lake were half ruined castles, square red-brown towers of stone with sombre mosses and orange and black lichens on their old worn surfaces. There was no sound of life except the hoarse cry of an occasional raven, and the clink of our ponies' shod heels against the stones. The valley seemed enchanted, and a thunder-cloud entangled against the blue of the sky burst over us in a brief but terrific hailstorm. Long before we reached the Convent doors my Tibetan servant was uneasy and muttering prayers against spells. The approach was deserted and no sign of life anywhere. Leaving the ponies in charge of the two Gurkhars, I went inside; but neither ridicule nor persuasion would induce my Tibetan to

place foot beyond the entrance of the outer temple. So I went on alone to look for someone within the halls piled with massive golden butter lamps, gilded images, bronze bowls filled with sacred grain, and holy water, and silken embroidered banners. Pulling aside a heavy woollen curtain I stepped into a vaulted shrine lit only by a single butter lamp, and beyond into an inner chamber, so dark that I could only feel my way along very slowly through the heavy darkness and the oppressive silence. Suddenly, I heard a faint sound, and I remember a curious, odd idea passed my brain that it was the patter of a child's naked foot. It came nearer and nearer. I think my hair was on end; at any rate I know my heart was going like a sledge hammer, and I gripped my revolver tightly. Something brushed against my knee and putting down my hand, I felt the touch of hair. It was a mastiff, a huge, purblind old dog, very friendly and pleased to smell something human in the deserted Convent. But there was not a soul about, so there was nothing for it but to leave. Some months afterwards, a message of grateful acknowledgment was received from the Abbess.

Between the Yamdok Tso and Sangpo is a steep pass, and we crossed the river in two antiquated wooden barges, a couple of Berthon rafts, and various skin coracles.

It is forty miles beyond to Lhasa along the right bank of the Kyichu, an affluent of the Brahmaputra. The city lies in the centre of a plain about fifteen by three or four miles known as the Plain of Milk, upon which strike the spurs of vast snow-capped mountains. The first glimpse of the sacred city is dramatic in its suddenness. Nature has interposed a long curtain of rock

stretching from the Potala Peak, on which towers the Palace of the Dalai Lama, to the Iron Hill screening the city itself effectually from all view on the side of our approach. The stone curtain is pierced in its centre by the western gate, and from the ridge above it a vast panorama flashes before your sight. On the left is the Potala, bearing a mass of lofty buildings and crowned on its summit by five golden pavilions. On the right is the Iron Hill, which at this angle is foreshortened into a huge pinnacle. Between the two peaks, the town is visible, a white line a mile away among the trees, and in the centre the glittering roof of the Jokkhang dazzles the eye. Beyond the town lies a well-wooded fertile plain through which winds the River of Delight. The three great monasteries of Debung, Sera, and Gahden lie outside the city.

The city of Lhasa itself contains about 15,000 inhabitants, of whom 9,000 are women. The remaining 6,000 are made up of about 3,000 Tibetan laymen, and about 3,000 foreigners, such as Chinese, Nepalese, Kashmirs and Mahommedans, Mongol and Bhutanese.

The city is surrounded by the Ling-kor or Sacred Road frequented by devout Lamaists, for ever twirling their prayer wheels, and murmuring the mystic formula "Om! ma-ni pad-me Hum!" (Oh! the jewel in the lotus!)

The houses are two and three storied. The streets are dirty and undrained, but in the suburbs are wild stretches of woodland, acres of marshy grass ringed by high trees, and lazy streams of clear brown water, over which the hanging branches almost meet on the other side.

In the centre of the town is the cathedral, the Holy of Holies of Tibet, known as the Jokkhang and the House of

the Lord. In December, thousands of pilgrims arrive at Lhasa for the New Year's festival—the visit in state to the Jokkhang by the Dalai Lama attended by 20,000 monks. It is then that the wild Kams and the nomad tribesmen of eastern Tibet obtain remission not only for past, but also for future sins.

The Jokkhang was originally built by Strongstan Campo, the Constantine of Tibet, in the 7th century A.D., to house the sacred image of Buddha presented to him at the time of his conversion and marriage to a Chinese princess. The roof is flat, and at three corners are gilded pavilions in the shape of a pagoda. The entrance faces west and is neither grand nor imposing. Before the doors is a flagged pavement worn into deep grooves, not only by the feet, but also by the hands and heads of thousands and thousands of pilgrims. A devout pilgrim will not only bump his head on the ground, but will prostrate himself full length on the pavement, rising and throwing himself down again and again. Frequently as many as a thousand of these prostrations are made. The interior is gloomy and dingy and full of dark passages. In one of those is the shrine of the Water Dragon, covering a flagstone, said to conceal the springs of the marshy lake on which Lhasa was built. The legend connected with the building of the Jokkhang is that the wife of Srong threw a ring into the middle of the marsh to find a lucky site. A chorten sprang where the ring fell. The lake was filled up and the Jokkhang built. If the flagstone be removed, the city will be overwhelmed with floods. The chief Shrine, or Holy of Holies, contains the Sacred Image of Buddha at the age of sixteen. The image

and pedestal are thickly encrusted with turquoises, coral, emeralds, pearls, and other gems, a statue celebrated throughout the Lamaist world, the object of veneration by the faithful for centuries. The impression left on my memory is of an inane countenance, devoid of expression and coarse rather than refined.

Mr. Percival Landon, the author of a picturesque book "Lhasa," says:—"The features are smooth and almost childish. . . . Here is nothing of the saddened smile of one who has known too much of the world and has renounced it as vanity. Here instead is the quiet happiness and quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet known either pain, disease, or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought of care for the day. This beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet. It would be difficult to surpass the exquisite workmanship of everything connected with this amazing image."

Colonel Waddell, a well-known writer on Lamaism, says:—"A repellent image about a man's size, with goggle eyes and a coarse sensual face, and of very rude workmanship. In the lurid light and suffocating atmosphere of smoking rancid butter lamps it seemed more like a foul felon in his prison or a glaring demon, than an effigy of the pure and simple Buddha. It only wanted the orgies of some bloody sacrifice to complete the likeness to the she-devil "Kali."

When experts disagree, who is to decide? Who, indeed?

Ascending the staircase we came to the Shrine of Kali, the great Queen, in a shape too repulsive for words. But in

an adjoining room was the Goddess in her most pleasing form. This is the image which the Tibetans used to tell us bore such a striking likeness to the late Queen Victoria, whose features were quite familiar to them by the Queen's head on the Indian rupee. The resemblance is indeed more real than fancied. Little white-brown mice were running over and about this image, the only one in the Jokkhang so distinguished; they were real mice too, as I put out my hand and let two or three run over it. Inside the temple is also a colossal image of Maitreya, the Buddha that is to come.

The Potala is divided into four divisions exclusive of the offices and dwellings at the foot. First, there is the temple holding about 500 monks; second, the halls of reception and audience; third the Dalai Lama's private apartments, and lastly, the private Treasury. The Treasury is, or was at the time of our visit, very rich, containing large quantities of gold dust, gold bars, and silver coins, offerings of pious pilgrims. It would be, I think, well under the mark to estimate the amount of treasure at that time at a million dollars. The roofs are covered thickly with gold leaf and when the sun strikes them they seem to blaze with fire.

The Dalai Lama so called in 1640 by the Mongol Gushi Khan means "Vast as Ocean." The Tibetan title for this pontiff is Gyawal Rimpoche, Gem of Victory. He never dies, but on departing this life his breath is incarnate in the body of an infant. The infant is chosen out of a selection of babies who by some miraculous sign, such as recognising a rosary, a ring, and article of clothing or something belonging to the late Dalai Lama have

substantiated a claim to become a candidate. The choice is narrowed down to four. Four fish-shaped tablets are publicly placed in a golden urn, the gift of the great Manchu Emperor Kienlung. The name inscribed on the first drawn is hailed as the Dalai Lama.

Let me tell you what used to go behind the screen, and you will appreciate the excellence of this method of selection. The selection of the infants was left entirely in the hands of the Tibetans—only the final putting in of the tablets was superintended by the Tibetan Regent and the Chinese Amban. The actual drawing was done by a Tibetan. How came it then that the baby selected was always the one the Amban wanted? The explanation is absurdly simple. The four tablets were all inscribed with the same name—that of this baby. When the Dalai Lama is a minor, the power lies in the hands of the Regent, and at the period of selection, it always suited the Tibetan Regent to be complaisant and fall in with the views of the Amban. Later on he might or might not run counter to him—that depended on circumstances.

There are two principal oracles at Lhasa, one the State oracle styled “Defender of the Faith,” the other is the more common oracle, consulted by the ordinary people, and the wizard is the descendant of the ancient high priest of the Ponbo religion. (I shall have a word to say about this religion later on.) The coming of the British to Lhasa was of course the exciting topic at the capital and there was a great run on the oracles. We were told that the State oracle had foretold the arrival at Lhasa, and that the popular oracle had said:—“The British are like the bubbles on boiling water, here for a moment and gone the next,”

which may fairly be interpreted to have meant, that we would arrive at Lhasa, and go away after a short stay.

The three great monasteries which figure so largely as the most important part of the Tibetan Hierarchy are Debung, Sera, and Gahden. Debung is the largest of the three and contains ordinarily 8,000, but sometimes 11,000 monks and Lamas. Sera has about 5,000 or 6,000 and Gahden about 3,000. They are governed by an abbot and divided into four sections each under a steward. Discipline within the walls is very severe and if you had seen the type of monks, you would agree with me it was necessary. It is misleading to call every monk a lama. Lama means "superior one," and it is doubtful if the average of lamas in these three monasteries, and the others in Lhasa, is above five per cent. Elsewhere—except at Shigates—the average perhaps falls to one per cent.

Any reference to Tibet and its people would be quite incomplete without some sort of an attempt at an explanation of the Tibetan religion. Naturally open to religious influences, Lamaism entirely envelops the Tibetan in every hour of his life from birth till death.

The popular explanation of their conversion to Lamaism is that in the olden times Tibet was a country of ravines, mountains, torrents and huge lakes. Buddha visited the land and found the inhabitants were monkeys, and promised them fertile lands if they became good Buddhists. The waters were drained off by underground channels through the Himalayas into the river Ganges. So much for the popular account.

The historical account is that the warrior king of Tibet, Srongtsan Gampo, came under the religious influence of his

two wives—a Nepalese and a Chinese princess. Buddhism was introduced from India at a time when Ponbo or Shamanism or Devil Worship was dominant in Tibet. After his death, Buddhism decayed and was persecuted but revived again later. It should be here noted that the Buddhism introduced by King Srong was not the pure Buddhism taught by its founder Gautama, whose doctrine had become encrusted with Hindu beliefs, and four hundred years before its introduction into Tibet was already divided into the doctrines of the Lesser and Greater Vehicles. It was the Buddhism of the Greater Vehicle which was introduced into Tibet, and it now became further saturated with the popular belief, Ponbo, which flourishes in eastern and southeastern Tibet to this day, and is, I think, similar to much of the ritual and observances of Taoism.

In the middle of the 13th century, Kublai Khan, the great Mongol conqueror of China, was converted to Lamaism. Towards the end of the 14th century, the famous Tsongkhapa introduced drastic reforms into the Lama Church, and his followers, known as Yellow Caps, in contra-distinction to the other sect, Red Caps, became the dominant sect. To-day all three sects flourish side by side, the Yellow Caps, the Red Caps, and the Ponbos.

The great festival of Tsongkhapa when butter lamps burn in extravagant profusion throughout the length and breadth of Tibet coincides with the Chinese feast of lanterns, and was only the revival of a very much earlier mid-winter festival praying to the sun.

The number of people professing the Lamaist faith does not exceed eight to ten millions, including under half a million Russian subjects living in Siberia—the Buriats and Kalmuks.

I think it was Sir Isaac Newton who expressed an opinion that Prayer went to Heaven by vibration. The Tibetan prayer wheels—small ones twirled by hand, large ones turned by water power—and the prayer flags fluttering to every breath of the wind—known as wind horses, convey daily millions and millions of prayers through the air by vibration.

The Tibetan form of Buddhism is absolutely saturated with the rites and beliefs of the early religion Pon-bo, or devil worship. Religion is after all a way of looking at life, and the Tibetan regards himself as surrounded by the lures and persecutions of demons and spirits. His lamp through life is his prayer wheel, and his earthly guide the Lama. His hope is to be born again in better surroundings and ultimately transcend into a Bodhisat and be absorbed into Buddha. The two last do not trouble his mind, as they are too sublime and far distant for everyday thought. He is a great believer in charms and amulets. Every commune has its own particular set of spirits. Let me give you but one illustration and tell you how to avoid ague or malaria. When you think you see a rainbow, the illusion is caused by innumerable small folk—sprites—sliding down to the water. They twang guitars and live only on smells. Beware of drinking water there, for if you do, you will get fever.

The dress of both sexes is a very full, high collared gown, known as the Chuba, and girt about with a woollen girdle. The Chuba is sheep-skin in winter, otherwise woollen. They wear boots of raw yak hide, Wellingtons gartered. The Tibetans are small eaters and have no regular meals. The staple food in central Tibet is parched barley meal (tsamba) washed down by tea. The meal is worked up

into the consistency of dough with a little water, and then swallowed. Tea drinking is a passion. Boiling water is poured on brick tea, rancid butter and salt are added, the whole being mixed in a churn. The beverage is served hot and looks like cocoa. The taste at first is a shock to the palate, but after a few trials you can drink it without turning more than two or three hairs.

The Tibetans have many curious customs, but the time at our disposal will only permit us to take a glance at two or three of them.

The most interesting, perhaps, is *polyandry*, i.e., one wife and two or three husbands. The general elevation of Central Tibet is 15,000 feet, and in the plains of India, *polygamy* is practised. One writer has deduced therefrom the ingenious theory that marriage is regulated by barometric pressure. However this may be, polyandry can be explained by the fact that the area of arable land is scanty and very limited, and unable to support any but a very small population. Family fields are therefore not divided up, but the two or three brothers share a single wife. The arrangement—odd as it may appear—works quite well in practice, and the wife invariably controls the household. For instance, she it is who decides that John is to stay at home and till the fields, while Thomas goes to Darjeeling to trade, and Robert herds the yaks in the mountain pastures.

The women, too, smear their faces with dark brown cutch or varnish, as a protection for their complexions against the bitter winter winds and snow. But, of course, it is said that they have made themselves unattractive so as not to distract the monks from their devotions.

The dead are not buried but are generally exposed to be devoured by wild animals and vultures.

The method of salutation is quaint. A Tibetan meeting you will remove his cap and, holding his left ear, protrude his tongue as far as he can. This signifies that his head is unprotected from attack, and that he listens to your words without venturing a reply.

In conclusion, I will just give you a few words on the character of the Tibetans. But I would first of all ask you to remember that your point of view as a stranger in a strange country, is very largely determined by your point of contact with its inhabitants. Let me quote three authorities on the subject—Turner, a British officer who travelled in Tibet in 1792, writes:—“Humane, kind, gentle disposition, unassuming, moderate in their passions.” Père Desgodins, a French missionary who has spent a life-time among the Tibetans:—“Fawners, ungrateful, treacherous, cruel, vindictive.”

A Tibetan author gives us at any rate frank judgment on his own countrymen. He declares that the Tibetan character has been formed from the original descent of the Tibetan from the King of Monkeys, and a female Hobgoblin. From their father they inherited religious feeling, kind heart, intelligence and application; from their mother, cruelty, avarice, craving for animal food, and fondness for gossip.

It has been repeatedly said that the Tibetan of to-day is a degenerate creature, dragged down by his degrading religion of Lamaism. It may be so, but for all that he is a simple, garrulous, hospitable man, not averse to getting something out of you. My own limited experience of the Tibetan, formed from three journeys in that country, is that—taking into consideration his environment, his loneliness and isolation—he is much the same as anybody else.