COMUNISM

Communism cannot save humanity. For if it means the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, well, a healthy normal society will not bear or tolerate it long—no Dictatorship, whether of one or of many, is likely to endure or bring in the millennium. In the sense Communism is only a facsimile of small people fighting against a facsimile of big people. A society is not normally made up of proletarians only; it does not consist merely of lotus-eaters nor does it consist of hewers of wood and drawers of water (peasants and labourers) alone. Even a proletariat society will slowly and inevitably gravitate towards a stratification of its own. In its very bosom the bureaucracy, the military, the officialsdom of a closed body will form a class of its own. A Lenin cannot prevent the advent of a Stalin. Even if the proletarians form the majority, by far a very large majority, even then the tyranny of the majority is as reprehensible as the tyranny of the minority. Communism pins its faith on struggle—the class struggle, says it, is historically true and morally justifiable. But this is a postulate all are not bound to accept. Then again, if Communism means also materialism (dialectical or any other), that also cannot meet and satisfy all the needs and urges of man, indeed it leaves out of account all the deeper yearnings that lie imbedded in him and that cannot be obliterated by a mere denial. For surely man does not live by bread alone, however indispensable that article may be to him; not even culture—the kind admitted by Communism, severely intellectual, rational, scientific, pragmatic—can be the be-all and end-all of human civilization. Communist Russia attempted to sweep away all traces of religion and church and piety; the attempt does not seem to have been very successful.

As a matter of fact, Communism is best taken as a symptom of the disease society suffers from and not as a remedy. The disease is a twofold bondage from which man has always been trying to free himself. It is fundamentally the same bondage which the great French Revolution sought most vigorously and violently to shake off—an economic and an ideological bondage, that is to say, translated in the terms of those days, the tyranny of the court and the nobility and the tyranny of the Church. The same twofold bondage appears again today combated by Communism, viz., Capitalism and Bourgeoisie. Originally and essentially, however, Communism meant an economic system in which there is no personal property, all property being held in common. It is an ideal that requires a good deal of imprudence to be worked out in all details, to say the least. Certain religious sects within restricted membership tried the experiment. Indeed some kind of religious mentality is required, a mentality freed from normal mundane reactions, as a preliminary condition in order that such an attempt might be successful. A perfect or ideal Communism may be possible only when man's character and nature has undergone a thorough and radical change. Till then it will be a Utopia passing through various avatars.

SOCIALISM

Nor can Socialism remedy all the ills society suffers from, if it merely or mainly means the abolition of private enterprise and the assumption by the State of the entire economic and even cultural and educational apparatus of the society. Even as an economic proposition State Socialism, which is only another name of Totalitarianism, is hardly an unmitigated good. First of all, however selfish and profiteering the individual may be, still, one must remember that it is always the individual who is adventurous and inventive, it is he who discovers, creates new things and beautiful things. A collective or global enterprise makes for maximlessness and quantity, but it means also uniformity, often a dead uniformity: for variety, for originality, as well as for the aesthetic tone and the human touch, the personal element is needed, seems to be indispensable. Education in such a system would mean a set routine and pattern, an efficient machine to bring out consistently and continuously uniform types of men who are more or less automatons, mechanical and regimented in their make-up and behaviour. An all-out Socialist Government will bear down and entomb the deeper springs of human consciousness, the magic powers of initiative and creativity that depend upon individual liberty and the free play of personal choice. We do not deny that Socialism is an antedote to another malady in the social body—the paralysation, the fragmentation into a thousand petty interests—all aggressive and combative—of the economic strength of a community, and also the stupendous inequality and maldistribution of wealth and opportunity. But it brings in its own poison.

It is a great illusion, as has been pointed out by many, that a collective and impersonal body cannot be profiteers and war-mongers. A nation as a whole can very well be moved by greed and violence and Slavish (passion for conquest)—Nazism had another name, it was also called National Socialism. Everything depends not upon the form, but the spirit that animates the form. It is the spirit, man's inner nature that is to be handled, dealt with and changed; outer systems and forms have only a secondary importance.

NATIONALISM

Again, Nationalism is also not the amalgam of collective living. The nation has emerged out of the family and the tribe as a greater unit of the human aggregate. But this does not mean that it is the last word on the subject, that larger units are not to be found or formed. In the present-day juncture it is Nationalism that has become a stumbling-block to a fairer solution of human problems. Especially countries that are still subject or have newly won their independence believe that the attainment of their free, unfettered, separate national existence will automatically bring in its train all ideal results that have been postponed till now. They do not see, however, that in the actual circumstances an international solution has the greater chance of bringing about a happier solution for the nation too, and not the other way round. The more significant urge today is towards this greater aggregation—Pan-Americans, Pan-Russians, Pan-Arabians, a Western European Bloc and an Eastern European Bloc, are movements that have been thrown up because of a greater necessity in human life and its evolution. Man's stupidity, his failure to grasp the situation, his incapacity to march with Nature, his tendency always to fall back, to return to the outworn past may delay or cause a turn or twist in this healthy movement, but it cannot be permanently thwarted or denied for long. Churchill's memorable, available call to France, on the eve of her debacle in the last war, to join some form with Britain a single national union, however sentimental or even ludicrous it may appear to some, is, as we see it, the cry of humanity itself to transcend the modern barriers of nationalism and rise to a higher status of solidarity and collective consciousness.

INTERNATIONALISM

And yet internationalism is not the one thing needful either. If it means the obliteration of all national values, of all cultural diversity, it will not certainly conduces to the greater enrichment and perfection of humanity. Taken by itself and in its absolute sense, it cannot be a practical success. The fact is being proved every moment these days. Internationalism in the economic sphere, however, seems to have a greater probability and utility than in the merely political sphere. Economics is forcing peoples and nations to live together and move together: it has become the ordering
WORDSWORTH—MAN AND POET

By “LIBRA”

The death-centenary of Wordsworth was celebrated three weeks back. Appreciative articles were published in various Indian journals, but most of them seemed to me conventional and neither the man Wordsworth nor the poet Wordsworth stood out. I shall be attempting a systematic study to make good their defects. I shall just throw together some facts and observations to stimulate the mind to a living perception of this strange and great figure.

It is now well-known that the highly respectable and conservative sage who never let any suggestion of sensuality or of lawlessness enter his poetic works had been a sower of wild oats in his youth. He was a young man when the French Revolution broke out and in the early phase of it he was actually in France, one of the little group of fiery orators who called themselves Girondists and with whom probably he would have gone to the guillotine, had the crowd demanded longer. During his stay he had a tempestuous liaison with a girl named Annette Vallon who bore him a child. Herbert Read has noted that Wordworth’s genius awakened suddenly after his experiences in France, developed gloriously in the next nine years during which he had not given up the idea of marrying Annette as soon as the political situation made it possible for him to return to her country, and declined from the time of his sedate marriage with Mary Hutchinson.

Annette and Dorothy

There seems little doubt that his efforts to remove all trace of Annette from his life had a harmful effect on the spontaneity and power of his inspiration. But to connect the spontaneity and power wholly with Annette is to exaggerate in his life the culture of feeling in which his genius lay and which made him write—

...all grandeur comes,
All truth and beauty from pervading love;
That goes, we are as dead—

was not only concerned with natural human interactions of emotion between man and woman but in a sort of cosmic sensibility, an awareness of all life and nature in terms of the deep heart. About “every natural form, rock, flower, or wind, the least stirs that cover the highway” he uses in his Prelude the phrase that is one of his most astonishing in bare power: “I saw them feel.” And he adds:...the great mass, Laid hidden in a quiescent soul. His “culture of feeling” was a multi-mooded pantheism in which the deep heart of man communed with and got illumination from the sentient Spirit of the universe which was the ultimate ground of man’s own self.

If any particular woman contributed vitally to the growth of Wordsworth’s poetry it could not be Annette Vallon. She may have stirred his poetic imagination and remained a significant stimulus for many years, but it was his own sister Dorothy who principally kept his genius alive: she was a true sister to his soul, feeding it and strengthening it by her own extreme sensitiveness to the details as well as to the vast general presence of nature: even the exquisite Def побед nem is now taken to be her composition. She was the philosopher, not the fine composer, and a pantheistic poet hope for. And between her and Wordsworth there was a special passage of feeling which brought an intense personal colour to their companionship. There was something of a pure physical passion about their intimacy—nothing pervaded by any direct sexuality but a love, both acute and profound, that went beyond mere brotherliness and sisterliness. No sister, in the common acceptance of the term, would dream of writing to her brother as Dorothy did when telling Wordsworth how she tried to bear his temporary absence: “I tasted and bit the apple where you had bitten it.” Again, no ordinary brother could write as he did of her:

And she who doth with me, whom, I have loved With such communion that no place on earth Can ever be a solitude to me.

Most probably the celebrated “Lucy” poems which are Wordsworth’s high-water mark of personal love-expression were really a dramatic transformation of his relation with Dorothy. An actual Lucy has not been identified yet, but all his descriptions of the comic figure of a child of nature, all his love of writing of her agree with what we know of her temperament and of her relation with him. At least about the poem, “A slumber did my spirit seal” which belongs to the “Lucy” series, Cole-ridge remarks that this most sublime epistle, in all likelihood, reflected some gleam moment in which Wordsworth had fancied the time his sister might die.

Not Annette, therefore, but Dorothy was Wordsworth’s main inspirer and sustainer. And if his genius suffered gradual eclipse after his marriage to Mary Hutchinson it was not so much because he drew the curtain completely over Annette and became repressed because the new relation-ship cut across his unusual communion with Dorothy and she was too dutiful a woman to come in any way between man and wife. We know that she suffered terribly by the marriage. Wordsworth in his turn gave Coleridge a suitable and even a noisy party: “Davy, do you know why I published The White Doe of Rylstone in quarto?” “No,” replied Davy. Then Wordsworth said: “To show the world my opinion of it.” One remembers the same letter to Lamb: “I believe I could write like Shakespeare, if I had not a mind to be facetious.” Wordsworth considered that he could write without facetiousness—just an inhuman sensibility” which he described as “utterly revolting.” He wrote a whole series of sonnets praising capital punishment. Several traits of his character which were merely odd in his younger days became now idiotic no less than offensive.

Even in his younger days he had always a certain self-righteousness and a particularly high opinion of all he expressed in his writings. No poet of the nineteenth century cared less for Tennyson who perpetrated lines like “The monkey would not eat since little Willie died”, could have come out quite seriously with the line “A Mr. Wilksdon, a clergyman” as if to conceit to experience the same shock as Wordsworth had too much self-power. Coleridge’s tragedy was even greater than Wordsworth’s, for when he got estranged from his friend he lost Dorothy as well, whereas his friend had her for many more years to keep his mind kindled. But when Dorothy was made to play second fiddle in Wordsworth’s emotional life and Coleridge had become just a splendid memory, the poet of the Prelude and the simple yet profound lyrics and the beautifully contemplative sonnets and the supreme Ode on Intimations of Immortality started on the way to becoming a dry sti ck.

Traits of Character

He grew not only staid and respectable but also ridiculous in many things. For instance, he refused to attend de Quincy’s marriage to the country girl who had borne him several children. In his later years he could not endure to read Goethe: he found in Goethe’s works “a profligacy, an inhuman sensibility” which he described as “utterly revolting.” He wrote a whole series of sonnets praising capital punishment. Several traits of his character which were merely odd in his younger days became now idiotic no less than offensive.

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There was a bit of odd conceit, though mixed with a bit of startling commonsense, in that incident in the English Channel where he and Dorothy and Mary had gone boating. A squall overtook them and it seemed as if the boat would capsize. Wordsworth cooly took off his coat and vest and tossed to an old man swimming ashore, leaving his wife and his sister to drown because they could not swim. Luckily the weather changed, but that resolve to save his own skin was strangely in contrast to the sentiment he had voiced in a sonnet to his wife.

Dearer to me than life and light are dear!

Many other quaint glimpses we have of him, not always showing him in an egotistic or humourless light. Once in talking of letter-writing and the care that men like Southey lavished on it he said that such was his horror of having his letters preserved, that in order to guard against it he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible! There is considerable similarity as much as the poet’s proverbial enthusiasm about his own products, in the account Haydon gives of Wordsworth reading one of his most famous poems, The Leech Gathering, to his hairdresser! Even the epigram that was his was mostly unconscious: there was no deliberate attempt to magnify himself, nor any notion of circumstances which put him in a laughable situation. When he had to go to receive his laureate-ship he had no appropriate garments in his own wardrobe and went dress- ed in Samuel Rogers’ ill-fitting suit. According to custom he had to get down on both knees. But so tight was the suit that he could not get up at all and had to be helped to a standing posture. There is nothing on record to indicate he bore minded looking funny, though surely he must have known that. Once, while kneeling on the floor for an unconscionable length of time until the bewildered laureates realised his predicament, that he was not quite without either humour or charm is testified by Charles Greville who described him at almost sixty as “very cheerful, merry, courteous and talkative.” There is an anecdote related by Haydon. Wordsworth and Haydon were walking across Hyde Park one day and Wordsworth was quoting his beautiful address to the stock dove. On finishing the poem he started telling Hay- don: “Have you ever seen once in a wood Mrs. Wordsworth the stock dove was cooling? A farmer’s wife coming by said to herself, ‘Oh, I do like stock doves!’ Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for her husband’s poetry, took the old woman to her heart; but,” continued
WORDSWORTH—MAN AND POET

continued from opposite page

The stock dove brings us back to Wordsworth the poet. And after all as the poet is Wordsworth great and destined to be remembered. What is the value of his poetic experience and expression? Not all that he wrote appealed to his fellow-poets. Blake was so upset that he got a bowel complaint which nearly killed him, when he read Wordsworth’s lines on passing Jehovah unaltered and on realizing that nothing can breed such fear and awe

As fall upon us often when we look
Into our minds, into the mind of man.

“Does Mr. Wordsworth think he can surpass Jehovah?” Blake asked in horror. On the other hand, when the Immortality Ode was read out to him, he fell into almost hysterical rapture. In this connection we may mention Wordsworth’s own attitude to Blake. When some of Blake’s abnormalities were reported to him, he remarked: “The insanity of this man interests me far more than the sanity of Byron and Moore.”

The remark shows how much against Wordsworth’s brain ran the slick sentimentalism of Moore and the crude power of Byron and how the central motif in his life was the search for the essence of universal mystery and the sense of profundities in the human soul. He did not have Blake’s awareness of what Dr. Otto calls the “numinous”, the mysterious tremendum et fascinans, the transcendental Godhead, but more intensely than Blake he had the consciousness of the perfect presence and the ineffable peace that lives secretly not only in the mind of man but also in the earth, the ocean, the sky, the Cosmic Godhead who looks out at us from things of beauty and majesty, that lures us with magical or tranquil distances and whose dwelling is the light of setting men.

Tennyson regarded this line from Tintern Abbey as the grandest in the entire range of English poetry. Perhaps Tennyson indulged in a little exaggeration, but part of the exaggeration is due to the fact that some other lines of Wordsworth himself merit to be ranked beside it among the greatest treasures of poetic expression in English: for example,

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,
Or the cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wound;
I hear the echoes through the mountains strong,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

...a mind for ever

Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

In a less august manner, too, Wordsworth can work up to a marvellous felicity:

The stars of midnight shall be dear
to her; and she shall lose her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

But, of course, Wordsworth is not all perfection. There are immense stretches of aridity and abstractness in him, especially in his later work. And not everything that even fine critics have praised is pure gold. Thus, it is impossible to agree with Keats when he remarked that The Excursion was one of the wonders of the age. Much less can we join Coleridge in that fantastic estimate of Borderers, a play of Wordsworth’s: “his drama,” says Coleridge, “is absolutely wonderful. There are those profound touches of the human heart which I find three or four times in The Robbers of Schiller and often in Shakespeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.”

Yes, there is a lot of padding in many of Wordsworth’s poems, but as he wrote a large amount of poetry the quantity of true gold is also huge. And whatever he wrote he did with care and scruptie, even though they could not always result in images as distinguished as intellectual politcal. Dorothy records in her diary how her brother once made himself sick, finding a new epithet for the cuckoo. And we know how there was no facility in at least his manner of composition: he used to pace his own writings was the feeling of the garden-path of Alfoxden, while composing poetry. Nor was he averse to correction and chiselling and recasting: he did believe in spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling, but he had no superficial idea of what spontaneously consisted. It did not, for him, consist in just the first draft of a poem; neither did it lie in an uncontrolled or unselective expression. His poem, Odeon, originally opened with a descriptive stanza beginning—

Fair is the scene whose majesty, prevailing
Of breezes not so loud as to molest the subject

But he resolutely cut it out because it detained the reader too long from the real subject and precluded, rather than prepared for, the subsequent reference to Plato. His principle, as declared in the Preface to Lyrical Ballads, was that the poet should never “interweave any foreign splendour or delight of passion with that which the passion suggests.” Hence, on the side of matter and substance, spontaneity lay in avoiding all imaginative superfluity, all incongruity of vision, however beautiful in itself. On the side of form and style, it was equivalent to the avoidance of what he called “poetic digression” the eighteenth century had employed as well as the tortured language often favoured by the seventeenth century and the late Elizabetians. In the pursuit of this spontaneity of form he was conscientiously studious. “I have bestowed,” he says, “great pain on my style, full as much as any of my contemporaries have done on theirs. I yield to none in love for my art. I, therefore, labour at it with reverence, affection and industry. My main endeavour, as to style, has been that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English.”

“By ‘pure intelligible English’ he meant at one time inclined to denote, in his own words, “the real language of men in any situation,” but later described it as “a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation.” In practice he wavered between the two definitions and not infrequently went beyond either when he achieved his greatest effects, but when understanding his criterion we must remember that in speaking of “men” he did not confine himself to his ordinary contemporaries, much less his humble Cumberland neighbours: he included also “men” like Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton, the three poets he perhaps valued most. What he really aimed at when he intuitively rather than intellectually understood and followed his theory was a certain simplicity and austerity wedded to intensity, as in lines about happy country life:

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
or in lines of personal pathos, like
And never lifted up a single stone,
or in lines of poignant racial respect, like
Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago,
or in lines drenched with the tears of things, like
The still sad music of humanity... The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

The last quotation can serve as a good starting-point for a few remarks on Wordsworth’s technical artistry. The adjectives “heavy” and “weary” with their falling rhythm and y-ending suggestively reinforce each other’s sense by sound, while the w-beginning in three words has a marked expressive effect hinting the immensity of the burden, and that immensity with its peculiar ambiguous and baffling character is brought into apt relief by the lightly yet slackly moving and lingering epithet “unintelligible”. Similarly, a most skilful play on the varying sounds of “o” and “a” is part of the inevitability of those two lines of poignant racial recollection cited already from The Solitary Reaper. There is perfect art, full of the sense of water bailing from hidden sources, in the many-shaded crystalline rhythm of:

Murmuring from Glastermans inmost caves.

And nothing could be finer for conjuring up both beauty and mystery than the alliterative phrase in the poem where a young woman is told that if she remains a child of nature grey hairs will never sadden her

But on an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lend thee to thy grave.

Wordsworth is particularly felicitous with names of places. As faultlessly used for poetic effect as Glastermans and Lapland is the name of those remote islands in that couplet, silent as well as liquid, which is a masterpiece of half atmospheric half psychological strangeness—

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

An effect not so strangely evocative but as deeply and skillfully intoned is Wordsworth’s says to the spirit of liberty whose chosen home he considers to be England and Switzerland, the one country full of the sea’s voice and the other full of the voice of the hills:

...what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean below from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

Little room remains for doubting that Wordsworth was not incapable of careful conscious art. His many lapses are mostly due to the extreme importance he attached to whatever figured in his perception or experience: coloquially, on the whole, of both the poet’s own immediate and the centre of his world-message made him rest complacent again and again with the bare intellectual statement of it—he was not so absorbingly an artist as to admit nothing without the stamp of it; but there was sufficiently the beauty-lover in him to enable the artist to function effectively not only on the sheer breath of inspiration but also on afterthought and back-view and with the help of sitting and polishing and revising. His frequently widespread sense of values in words is illustrated by the remark we have quoted from Dorothy about his feverish exertion to hit upon a revealing adjective for the cuckoo, and also by his

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Walter Scott is not a careful composer. He allows himself many liberties which betray a want of respect for his reader. He quoted, as from me,
The scene, the 'sweet' St. lairy's lake
Plots double, mean and shadow.

instead of 'still clinging to my idea and betraying his own unconscious principles of composition.' Clearly, Scott's word was conventional claptrap: not only what Wordsworth would have called the spirit of the lake remained unchanged, but also the experience he had sought to convey was spoilt by an alien element. The accurate and direct communication which, together with intense sympathetic vision, Wordsworth aimed at in his poetry could indeed never be possible unless often enough he had the capacity to be, in Keats's phrase, "a mixer of sound and syllable."

However, we must distinguish his artistry from Keats's. Keats was the words-crafterman par excellence and it almost appears as if he wanted intensity of vision and feeling more because they could electrify language into breath-creaping exquisiteness or splendour than for its own revelatory life-enrichment. Wordsworth had the conviction that he had extra-ordinary things to say and that poetry was the best instrument of embalming as well as transmitting his experience: Keats was drunk with the wine of words and in order to make it always champagne instead of common claret or even good Burgundy he desired the richest and loveliest ideas and emotions to distil from it. The Muse accomplishes her end in various ways: somewhere or other she wins great and subtle meanings; great and delicate and various temperaments and dispositions she makes her vehicles, and little it matters what starting-point is adopted. But significant differences will be there in the poet's attitude to his creative work in relation to both manner and matter. Wordsworth would rarely treat language as anything save a necessity; Keats could easily treat it as a luxury. Even the abundance of the former was mostly a prodigious piling up of effects economical and available in the hands of others. The latter tended to the toning-tishly packed with "fine excess." In regard to matter, Wordsworth, dominated by his own definite sight and emotion, was anxious that his words should be utterly faithful to them. He had a special meaning antecedent to expression and when he cast about for the correct phrase it was for that which embodied with fine exactitude his meaning. Keats had a more fluid consciousness, a "negative capability"—as he called it—which enabled him to feel that his own self was undefined and could immediately become whatever he saw or said, or whatever he saw in a real stone, or an idle stone. He gave no importance to any fixed meaning arising out of his own previous experience or meditation: he cared only for the most beautiful significance he could get out of the vast potentialities of language at the disposal of the broad general scheme or theme he had in mind. He would welcome any suggestion valuable in itself and assimilable by his subject: it would not trouble him in the least if instead of writing the poem he intended he turned out something entirely dissimilar in mood or direction. In this he resembled Shakespeare, probably the most passionate among English poets, was the most protean genius we know of, though Shakespeare was not so keenly conscious a connoisseur of words and threw up his wondrous wealth of them out of a masterly multifarious vitality much more vibrant than Keats's. Wordsworth resembled Milton who, as we have seen, was the most firmly structured genius on record, though Milton differed in being far ahead of Wordsworth in sustained artistry and far behind him in other poignancy or amplitude of spiritual perception suffusing and transfiguring the powerful analytic and synthetic mentality.

Poetic Experience

In that poignancy, in that atmosphere of spiritual perception is Wordsworth's uniqueness in the poetic literature of England. He was the first to make literature, answering in however limited a measure to the definition of seriocord current in the mystic Orient: one who has known by direct intuition and by intimate personal realisation and by concrete entry of consciousness a Divine Reality at once encompassing, containing and pervading the universe, an Existence that is an infinite Consciousness and eternal Bliss and the secret Self of all things and beings. Wordsworth's see-sense of this Reality is not a possession always intense and all-pervasive, but it forms the permanent background of his best work and at several places comes to the fore and then his poetry is the slower speech of the Godhead residing in cosmic nature. Wordsworth is not strictly a nature poet, catching felicitorously the colour and atmosphere and thrill of her myriad phenomena: he is the singer of the mighty and the man of the world. He speaks not of the face and body is she or, rather, whose manifold degrees of manifestation make up her stuff and activity. Together with Shelley who was an atheist according to conventional Christian standards just as Wordsworth was according to the same standards an apostate—together with Wordsworth is the great connoisseur of pantheism which has appeared in the poetic history of England. But we must not understand either his pantheism or Shelley's in a narrow sense which erases all distinctions between high and low, good and evil, right and wrong. If important distinctions had not been acknowledged by Wordsworth's generation, Shelley would never have had the arbour of the world-reformer or Wordsworth the zeal of the character-builder. But their arbour and zeal rose from something beyond the mere moral consciousness, some light of a non-moral consciousness, an intuitive consciousness, a self that is an intuitive looking for the source of all good not in the rational will but in some indescribable vastness of peace or in some ineffable widening of vision out of the hidden universal oneness of all diversities, even contradictions. And of the two, Wordsworth was the greater worth, though Shelley was the more vivid: Wordsworth it was who wrote in the pantheist dormant within the rebel against orthodox Christianity, and Wordsworth it was who had the more massive awareness in what he called "Wisdom and Spirit of the universe," an awareness which dissolved more effectively than Shelley's feeling of the "white radiance of eternity" the pains and fears infecting mortal life, and which replaced them with an enduring calm until Wordsworth. A grandeur in the beating of the heart.
Sri Aurobindo, the Leader of the Evolution: Part II of "The World Crisis and India" by "Synergetik"

Section III: The New World-View

(a) The Spiritual Metaphysic

The Divine Reality

"The Master and Mover of all works is the One, the Universal and Supreme, the Eternal and the Infinite. He is the transcendental unknown or unknowable Absolute, the unexpressed and unmanifested Ineffable above us; but he is also the Self of all beings, the Master of all worlds, transcending all worlds, the Light and the Guide, the All-Beautiful and All-Blissful, the Knowable and the Looser. He is the Cosmic Spirit, the Power of the Word, an immortal within us. All that is in us and he is the more than all that is, and we ourselves, though we know it not, are beings of his being, force of his force, conscious with a consciousness derived from and made immortal in him. Everyone mortal existence is made out of his substance and there is an immortal within us that is a spark of the Light and Bliss that are forever."

Sri Aurobindo

In our effort to understand the three-termed ontological relation between God, man and the universe and the significance of the cosmic process, we have to rise from it to the top from the terrestrial to the supra-terrestrial, following the ascending curve of the evolutionary movement. Now we shall proceed downwards from the heights of the Spirit to its incipient depths.

In Sri Aurobindo's spiritual metaphysic, the Ultimate Reality is a Divine Being whose essence is Sat-Chit-Ananda (Existence-Consciousness-Force-Bliss), and whose gnostic light and highest creative dynamism is Supermind. This Reality manifests itself to the human consciousness in spiritual experience either as a Divine Person, Lord and Creator of the Universe, or as an Absolute Person. This Divine Person is not the Personal God of the Scriptures, an anthropomorphic deity—a glorified image of man. No doubt the Divine does appear in a particular form to His devotees—as Krishna to a Vaishnavite or as Christ to a Christian mystic, but His manifesting capacity is not restricted to the form in which He chooses to appear. Sri Aurobindo writes: "The personal realisation of the Divine may be sometimes with Form, sometimes without Form. Without Form, it is the Presence of the living Divine Person, felt in everything. With Form, it comes with the image of the One to whom worship is offered. The Divine can always manifest himself in a form to the bhakta or seer. One sees him in the form in which one worships or seeks him or in a form suitable to the Divine Personality who is the object of the adoration."—

"The Divine Personality reveals Himself in various forms and names to the individual soul. These forms and names are in a sense created in the human consciousness; in another they are eternal symbols revealed by the Divine who thus concretises Himself in mind-form to the multiple consciousness and aids it in its return to its own Unity."

The Upnishads also clearly state that the Divine Reality is apprehended by the human consciousness in its two aspects of Personality and Impersonality, but that it exceeds both these aspects. They refer to It as the Lord, Ish, Ishvara, Para Purusha, Sah (He), when they want to emphasise the Personal aspect, and refer to it as Tat, That, when they wish to stress the Impersonal aspect. There is a tendency among some intellectuals who have taken to the spiritual path to emphasise only the Individual Absolute and make it out to be the Ultimate. Sri Aurobindo's words in The Yoga and its Objects clearly show the mistake of holding such a view.—"...be- hind the Sad Atman is the silence of the Asat which the Buddhist Nihilists realised as the Sunyam and beyond that silence is the Paratpara Purusha (purus coena atidanda tavamah parastat). It is He who has made this world out of His being and is immanent in and sustains it..."

In another line of polar spiritual experiences, the Divine Being can be realised as either a static and impersonal Self who bases and supports all existence in the vastness of His own being, or as a Power and a Personality who puts forth this cosmos of myriad worlds from His static and silent depths by the energism of His Consciousness. So it can be stated that the Divine is not only the Cause and Source of all creation or manifestation, but is Himself that, for all manifestation is only a projection or emanation of Himself amidst conditions of Space and Time. What He is in essence, that He becomes. Now we can proceed a step further and state that in spiritual experience the Divine can also be realised as the Virat Purusha, the all-pervading Cosmic Spirit, as well as the Immanent Divine Person, Lord seated in the innermost heart of all creatures—the Divine Being, not in His supracosmic Transcendent or His Universal aspect, but in His Individual aspect.

But though the Divine is all this, He is neither restricted to any of His aspects, nor to the cosmic manifestation which is only a particular movement in the infinite expanse of His Being. He is not only the supracosmic Transcendent beyond Time, Space and Casualty, but is the Ineffable beyond and other than all that we can call Existence, Sat, or its negation Non-Existence, Asat.

Before we proceed further it is necessary to clear certain difficulties which may have arisen in the minds of those who are still to a certain extent under the influence of the rationalistic tendencies of the age. They may perhaps admit the validity of spiritual experience and recognize the truth of Sri Aurobindo's stressing both the Impersonal and Personal aspects of the Divine Reality, but they may be led to believe that his other assertions about It are just metaphysical postulates—rationally and intuitively conceived—which he finds suitable for his philosophy and his system of yoga.

It should be clearly understood that the different aspects and statues of the Divine described by Sri Aurobindo are to him facts of immediate experience, facts more apodictic than any truth of sense experience or any truth of science and mathematics. With regard to the aspects of the Divine, it is once again necessary to state here that as his realisation is that of the Integral Divine Reality, it is but natural that the experiences which may have seemed final and ultimate to other seers, are to him partial revelations—only particular aspects of a single yet multi-poiise Reality, a Reality which is infinitely greater than any of its statues, the totality of which can only be known by an ascent into the summit light of the Spirit, the Truth-Consciousness of the Divine—the Supermind.

To be continued

Elixir Vitae

There was a legend among the alchemists that the discovery of the "elixir vitae" would be proved by the form of a vaguely luminous rose floating up in the liquid.

The swift soliloquy of a waterfall—
The passionate wide communion of seas—
"Twilight's cool rain has hushed the tending work peace—"

A lake's half-audible wind-whisper—all

Sound-flows of earth, immense or delicate,
I merge in a bowl of dream and, hushful, wait

Perfumes of Spirit borne upon world-voice—

Glimmer, O Deep, a mystic petal-poise
Within my clouded crusticle: O breath

Of God's calm capture: soul beyond gods,
Love's word that from the unknowable Silence came,:
Up surge in me: break through my bhy thy flame,
O perfect Rose of the eternal Name!

K. D. SETHNA
Peace is the basis and pedestal of the cosmic movement. If the immutable peace of the Spirit were not there as the infinite and eternal auger, the world would fall into disorder. In spirit, no discords and disorders, clashes and collisions, the world holds together with its multitudinous elements and progresses forward through whatever zigzags and detours, because an unshakeable peace upholds it from below. The very nature of the cosmic symbol is to support upon his prostrate, moveless body the unceasing dance of Kali, the supreme creative Force. Peace is the last of the three principles of Jyoti, Tejas and Shama or Shanti which are the spiritual equivalents of Sattva, Rajas and Tamas respectively. It has, therefore, the lowest of the three planes. In Matter Shanti or the luminous Peace of the Divine becomes the dark and dense Tamas, the concealed inertia of Incognoscence.

This peace is the recurring refrain of many of the hymns and incantations of the Vedas, because without it there can be no complete purification of human nature and no creative play of any beneficial power in life. It is the principle of preservation and conservation, stability and security, repose and equilibrium. It is the infallible healer of all ills, the rectifier of all errors and the sustainer and restorer of all energies. In peace is one established in one's nature, all defects can be easily repaired, all impurities washed clean and a solid, sure progress made towards self-transcendence. It is the mirror in which the soul sees itself and the only condition and atmosphere in which it can commune with its eternal Master.

But it is not easy to have a settled peace in one's entire being. If quiet and detachment are practised for a long time through an unremitting renunciation of all desires, and a conscious opening is made towards upholding the peace, one can expect to find peace. In the beginning one feels a growing peace only in the centre of our consciousness, and whenever there is unrest or disquiet in any of the members of our nature, we can at once recede from it and take refuge in that tranquil centre. But after while peace expands from the centre and gradually seeps and encompassishes the whole nature. It establishes itself not only in the mind, the heart and the life parts, but even in the very cells of the body. That is to say, it becomes integral and sovereign. But this integrality is the most difficult to be arrived at; the peace that is established in an ideal nature is the most powerful. It is a法兰 wholeness and completeness to be felt within us is not the least disturbing vibration anywhere, in any part of the being. It is a peace of the immutable Self, universal in consciousness and eternally equal to all impacts of the world. It is one of the prerequisites of the manifestation of the Divine in and through the life of the soul of man. It is the peace of the fiat of all passions, nameless peace that the liberated individual develops what the Gita calls life. There is a tautness to this transcendent love and adoration knows and unites with the Supreme and becomes a vehicle of His Light and Love and Force upon the earth.

"When one has become the Brahmans, when one, serene in the Self, neither grieves nor desires, when one is equal to all beings, then one gets the supreme love and devotion to me" (The Gita: Chapter 18).

We know that Sri Aurobindo lays the same kind of insistent stress upon this peace and calm as the very foundation of his Yoga. In the Bases of Yoga he says, "The first thing to do in the shedhana is to get a settled peace and silence in the mind" "Whatever else is aspired for and gained (this calm) must be kept. Even Knowledge and a knowledge of all the consequences only (of this), but the power of seeing one's own power and of becoming independent, the power of this will, but the power of the soul and of the spirit and will, and the power that will always have to be present in order to overcome this thing."

"It is not in the peace behind you that must learn to live and feel it to be yourself."

"To feel the peace above and your head is a first step; you have to get connected with it and must descend into you and fill your life and body and soul. You have to live in it—for this peace is the one sign of the Divine's presence with you."

It is interesting to note the same idea here as in the Mother's Prayer quoted above and expressed in almost identical terms.

This was also the ideal of the ancient spiritual culture in India. But later Yogic and religious disciplines seem to have loosened their hold upon peace. Especially, in some forms of the Bhakti cults, there is a tendency in many cases even an explicit—sanction given to frenzy, impatience and over-sagacity. Intensity is, of course, indispensable; it is the marshalling of the concentrated energies of the being towards a single definite goal. But an unquiet intensity shakes the poise and disturbs the balance of the central consciousness and opens the door to many a force of darkness and disorder. It produces a lopsidedness, a flaccidity, sometimes even a moribundity, and clouds and confuses the intellect, rendering it difficult, if not impossible, for the higher light to descend and settle in our nature. The vast, untrembling background and foundation of the ancient Vedic and Vedanta discipline having been lost, Indian spiritual endeavours have to seek a new way or a new need for theocentric tendencies and the movement which is aimed at achieving a sheer, giddy ascent into the Light of the Spirit or a brilliant burst of power or ecstasy in a few giants of exceptional calibre. It is high time they reverted to the ancient background and recovered its deep and calm serenity which alone means the edifice of the future can be securely reared.

It is obvious that it is not a mental peace that the Mother speaks of in her Prayers. A strong moral will may succeed in coping with the nature and imposing a sort of peace upon it, but it is usually found to be a precarious peace and very superficial, behind which one can often hear the
uneasy rumble of the rebellious forces. The Socratic confession of suppressed passions is a universal experience which sometimes damps the ardours of youthful idealism and leads to cynicism or pesimism. A peace or calm held at the point of the sword against the dogged opposition of its enemies, cannot be called a conquest, far less a secure possession. What the Mother means by peace is not the sepulchral stillness of a devastated nature either. She means by peace something profound, permanent, radical and authentic; something that is sovereign to action as well as to inaction, in life as well as in death—the infinite and fathomless peace of the Eternal.

"May the peace of Thy divine love be on all things." It is this peace of the Divine which she passionately invokes in her Prayer of March 10, 1914 (Pg. 71-72):

"In the silence of the night Thy Peace reigned over all things, in the silence of my heart Thy Peace reigns always; and when these twain were united, Thy Peace was so powerful that no trouble of any kind could resist it. I then thought of all those who were watching over the barrier of the ship to safeguard and protect our route, and in gratitude, I willd that Thy Peace should be born and live in their hearts; then I thought of all those who, consistent and carefree, slept the sleep of innocence, and, with solici-
tude, because of their miseries, pity for their latent suffering which would awake in them, in their own waking, I will that a little of Thy Peace might dwell in their hearts and bring to birth in them the life of the Spirit, the light which dispels ignorance. I then thought of all the dwellers of this vast sea, visible and invisible, and, with a yearning, I invoked Thy Peace. I thought next of those whom we had left far away and whose affection is with us, and with a great tenderness, I willed for them this continued and lasting Peace, the plenitude of Thy Peace pro-
portioned to their capacity to receive it. Then I thought of all those to whom we are going, who are restless with childish preoccupations and fight for mean competitions of interest in ignorance and egoism; and ardent, in a great aspiration of all those whom we know, of all those whom we do not know, of all the life that is making itself out of all, of all that has changed its form, and all that is not yet in form, and for all that, and also for all of which I cannot think, for all that is present to my memory, and for all that I hope to forget, in a great ingathering and mute adoration, I invoked Thy Peace."

And again in the Prayer of Dec. 7, 1916: "In appearance my life is the most ordinary and commonplace possible; and inwardly what is it? Nothing but a calm tranquillity without any variation or anything unexpected; the calm of something which is realised and is not sought for any longer, which no longer expects anything from life and things, which acts without anticipating any profit, knowing perfectly that its action does not exist in and may belong to it, either in its impulsion or in its result; which wills, consolingly that it is the supreme will itself, in the supreme will and only in it; a calm of love, a made of an incontestable certitude, of an objectless knowledge, of a cause-
less joy and of a self-existent state of consciousness which no longer be-
longs to anything. It is an immobility which moves in the domain of external life, without, however, belonging to it or seeking to escape from it; it is the hope for nothing, expect nothing, desire nothing, aspire for nothing and, above all, I am nothing; and yet happiness, a happiness calm and unmixed, a happiness that does not know itself and has no need to look at its exis-
tence, has come to inhabit the tabernacle of this body. This happiness is Thou, O Lord, and this calm too is Thou, O Lord, for these are not at all human faculties and the senses of men can neither appreciate nor enjoy them.

This peace is one constantly felt in strength and action, and not only in the silent depths of the soul. It is victorious over all causes of anxiety or agitation and a stable support of even the most stupendous activities of life.

We have seen that its first perfection is the psychic peace—peace in its pervading and unsatisfiable purity, possessing and occupying the whole nature. Its final perfection is the peace of the Spirit, infinite, eternal, all-
embracing and all-transcending. It is through this peace alone that the Divine sovereignty act in the life of the individual.

Man, torn and convulsed by the universal unrest, pants today for peace: his soul is in deep agony. War and strife have become the order of the day, war and strife in every walk of life; and everywhere there is a general necessity of the formation of all universal traditions, a vague longing for some-
thing new, a desperate tug of the old and the new; and unless this strife is quiet. How will peace emerge out of this heaving chaos? And whenever peace comes, how will this chaos dissolve?

In this dilemma, the soul of man, unknown to his outer consciousness, appeals to the Mother. It is the appeal that rings in many of the Mother’s Prayers and Meditations with the haunting pathos of psychic sadness. Her Prayer of the 29th Nov. 1915, runs:

"Why all this noise, all this movement, this vain and hollow agitation; why this whirred sweeping men away like a swarm of flies caught in a storm? How sad is the spectacle of all this energy wasted, all these efforts in vain, when will they cease to do, and will this be the only path? Where are the threads held they know not by whom or by what? When will they take the time to sit and draw inwards, to collect themselves and open that inner door which hides from them Thy priceless treasures, Thy infinite boon?..."

This pain and miserable seems to me their life of ignorance and obscurity, their life of foolish calculation and profitless discussion, when a single spark of Thy sublime light, a single drop of Thy divine love can transform this suffering into an ocean of joy!

"O, Lord, my prayer rises towards Thee: May they know at last Thy divine light and feel that calm power which will enable them to live in an immit-
ulate serenity—appassion of those whose eyes have been opened and who can contemplate Thee in the enkindled core of their being.

"But the hour of Thy manifestation has come."

"And all the canticles of the angels will break out from every side."

"I bow down religiously before the solemnity of that hour."

The foregoing consideration will have made it abundantly clear that by peace the Mother does not mean non-violence. Peace comes with purity, with the elimination of desires and the progressive abidation of the ego, and is not the result of the imposition of an ethical principle upon one’s nature. It is an inner state that evolves out of the awakened soul or descends from the Self, and is not generated or induced by the ethical rule of non-violence. It is not, therefore, an outcome of moral but of spiritual growth.

On the basis of peace both violence and non-violence can have their respective play in accordance with the needs of the hour. Ancient dynamic spirituality had the wisdom to recognise the indispensability of divine violence as a preliminary to every new creation. Effete forma-
tions of the old are common in the course of growth. Just as the animal, plant or vegetable body is made of atoms, so too are they physical, vital or mental, have often to be ruthlessly broken up and cast away. New forms and principles may emerge and initiate a new era of human progress. Destruction clears the way for new creation and it is a folly to fight shy of it, and try to keep the old in its place.

Ancient philosophy and religion always describes the beneficent God of kindness and compassion as also Rudra, the terrible Godhead of destructive violence and scourging wrath. It is this truth that Sri Krishna taught Arjuna while exhorting him to fight—"Fight, but with the fever of the soul gone!—"Fight, but without violence!"

The pacifists who think that mere physical abstention from violence will save the modern world from ruin and bring about the cherished millennium are either ignorant of human nature or infatuated with an impossible utopian dream. Violence will continue to disturb or disrupt human society and shatter the hopes of the devotees of the lower lusts of man sways his nature. If it is repressed on the physi-

cal level, it will migrate to the vital and chafe and seethe till it bursts on the mental level again; or, repressed even on the vital level, it will rise to the mental and assume the concentrated intensity of a mental passion. The remedy lies not in the imposture of a moral principle or the adoption of a mental rule but in a sustained and thorough purification of human nature including even the subconscious, for it is often seen that when vi-

ence is completely expelled from the normal waking consciousness, it sinks into the subconscious and re-emerges from there in sudden, frightful spurs, playing havoc with the order and security of individual and col-

lives.

Besides, violence cannot be regarded with indifference, but has to be met and combated, not certainly out of any love of revenge or retribution, but for the protection and preservation of the higher values of existence. Violence is to be smitten hard and falsehood pulled down from its high throne, in order that Love and Light may be the sovereign masters of men. And this work of destruction need not in the least ruffle the inner peace; rather the inner peace is sure to impart a clearer vision and an unfailing strength to those who engage in such a Dharmic yuddha—a battle for the salvaging of the spiritual and cultural heritage of humanity. The Kshatriya element, the aspect of Rudra and Mahakali, has its undeniable truth and function, at least in the present economy of the world, and a wilful ignoring of it can only lead to chaos and confusion, and untold miseries. The use of soul-force is an ideal for which man is not yet pre-
pared individually, let alone its employment in the life of the community. And even granting that soul-force succeeds, it is open to question whether or not it would be in physical form or in mental form and whether it is not attended with consequences too radical and dan-
gerously explosive to control. Whenever it has been tried—it should not be confounded with moral force which is much feeder, because men
tend to be limited in its scope and power. Violence has rebelled the ordered march of humanity and upset its psychological balance.

But the peace that the Mother speaks of is the abysmal peace of the Eternal which supports equally the dual work of creation and destruction of the Yugas and the ages. It is a state of perfect equality to all the movements and impacts of life. It is not a growing discontent, an unwholesome ordering of all the parts of one’s nature. Even a little of this peace ensures happiness and clear perception and a comprehensive and catholic outlook on life and its complex of problems. This peace transcends all mental and moral states and is "Not the peace of an intermittent mood, but a peace of a self-
satisfied inertia, nor the peace of a self-forgetful ignorance and an obscure and heavy indifference; but the peace of the omnipotent force, the peace of a perfect communion, the peace of an integral awakening, the dis-
appearance of all limitation and all darkness." (Prayers & Meditations: p. 152.)
NEW TRENDS IN WESTERN THOUGHT
IS A THIRD WORLD WAR INEVITABLE?
BY BERTRAND RUSSELL
U. N. WORLD

Since the year 1,000 A.D., when the end of the world was expected, there has been a general and profound anxiety as to the future of the Western World. We should like to think that the anxiety will prove as groundless now as it has been in the past. However, since diagnosis must precede prognosis, let us first try to ascertain the present situation and then to ascertain the future. The reasons for some of these types of anxiety are of a different nature than those of the past. The problem is undoubtedly simplified if any one of these is emphasized to the exclusion of the others.

To begin with the economic cause, there are rich nations and poor nations, and rich individuals in poor nations and poor individuals in rich nations. Speaking very broadly, rich nations and individuals tend to side with America, and poor nations and individuals with Russia. Consequently it is Russia's interest to keep the world poor, and to America's interest to make the world prosperous. Of course Communists profess that the poverty they promote is only a temporary means to ultimate goals. The present prosperity is their enemy.

If the tension is not reduced in any permanent way, there must be more approach to economic equality between different nations. Such is the contrast that between the standard of life in China and that in the U.S. Means of livelihood, trade, and friendship between the two countries vary greatly. In the case of India, however, this very difficult fact appears to have been accomplished, thanks to the joint statemanship of Nehru and the British Government.

Economic and Political Factors
Both in Asia and in Africa, there is a conflict between economic and racial factors. In the nineteenth century white men had worked to change the situation. In this there is no longer the case in Asia, and there is no longer peace. It is likely to continue to be the case in Africa. The claim to equality with white nations takes a different form of the same as the basis for the conflict.

Communist ideology is a difficulty from the point of view of the West as parts of the world which claim equality, and to which the West can only offer equality in the form of independence, which may lead to chaos. Moscow is the central authority in that respect. In the African continent, there are eighty countries. Colonialism in previous conflicts, just as in the past, has continued. Catholic, 1588, revolutionaries in 1918, and Fascists in 1939. The military revolution has been constant since the rise of Spain: one nation has thought itself sufficiently powerful to conquer another, and there has been in the end a defeat by a coalition of nations unwilling to lose their independence. In that coalition there has been a leader, which in the first two conflicts made immense gains by ultimate victory, but has not sought universal dominion. Hitler-Stalin-Berlin is therefore imperialist, but there is not in America the same determination as there is in Russia. The state governed from a centre nor is there the same intolerance of all other than that established in Washington.

The part played by the clash of ideologies in the present conflict is from one point of view very great, and from another little worse than a form of humbug. Whenever the domination of a country is threatened by ideological revolution, it is satisfied with the defence of some power groups, and power politics become the ideology in the minds of those who direct policy. The ideology is present to make war much more than a trick, for enlisting popular support.

In the sixteenth century, Catholic ideology was imported in Spanish imperialist, Protestant ideology in the profits of piracy. Napoleon, in his early days, was welcomed in Italy and Western Germany, because he was regarded as the standard-bearer of the Revolution; but when it came to the personal rule of his brothers and autocracy for French wars, he became apparent that power politics had replaced Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Is it not the same with the Communist world: power politics for rulers, ideology for dupes and underlings.

New Historical Elements
I do not want to suggest that there is nothing new in the present state of affairs. On the contrary, several things are new.

Communist ideology is at once more radical and more supple than those of previous imperialisms. The coming of Karl Marx makes to certain intellectuals an appeal not unlike that which St. Paul made to St. Stephen: this approach with double strength of being nominally to the old religion and the rival to the old traditions. To the discontented everywhere it offers upheaval and punishment of enemies. To victims of injustice, of whatever kind it offers redress, all the more inalienable because it proceeds according to a mystical formula which professes to have discovered the very core of injustice. A young Western intellectual who hates his father, a Jew who has suffered from anti-semitism, a Chinese infuriated by a century of foreign invasions, a Latin-American Indian who execrates the memory of Cortez and Pizarro—all these can easily accept the doctrine. The power of capital is the source of their sorrow.

The second thing that is new is the class-conscious character of the organization. The results, its success, is so as well organized, and what they accomplished in the counter-reformation. On the other hand, few, and Catholics outside their own country, people of the same, however, were hostile to the Jesuits. There was not the same capacity of liquidating Troubles as there is now. It is true that this rigidity of organization has its drawbacks. The legend is that it was imitated by the Marshall Aid. China is lost to us at least for the reason, because we persisted too long in support any one of these. The policy of the present South African government is to stamp out propaganda value to Moscow. Palestine presents an insoluble problem: if America does not fight the Jews, all the Arab States may become friendly to Moscow; if the Jews do not fight against the Administration, and semi- Jewish people will attack each other in Washington: if strict impartiality is observed, each side will think the other side cannot get the ends of their kind of evil will result. Neither side seems capable of reflecting that in war each side in the Near East would be wiped out.

Propaganda and Armaments
The good deal more could be achieved by propaganda. There is some indication that this is being achieved at present. The gradual relaxation of satellite nations should be emphasized, and so should the bad economic conditions of the border States. The present condition should be vigorously supported, and the threat of every beginning of a similar movement in Poland, Bulgaria, and Hungary. Truman's Fourth Point is probably the most important of the extreme of what is financially possible. Vigorous young intellectuals from places like China, e.g. the Near East—should be trained in England or America, as Young Communists are being trained in Moscow. And much more should be done than is done at present to ensure that positively what the West stands for, will be lost to mankind if Moscow propaganda is not stopped. More and perhaps will be a hundred times as effective as an equal sum spent later on actual war.

Nevertheless, actual armaments will be in the end decide, if war comes. I do not agree with those who object to the sum of $25 billion as an unnecessary armament. All arguments for a unilateral limitation of weapons of war are only valid against the length of absolute pacifism, which means that a war cannot be fought unless it is a war. This is why, for the reasons given above, that a war now would be impossible, and would be against the national interest. If a war were started by the United States, we may not want to fight, but it is against the nation. But, for the reasons given above, that a war now would be impossible, and would be against the national interest. If a war were started by the United States, we may not want to fight, but it is against the national interest. If a war were started by the United States, we may not want to fight, but it is against the national interest. If a war were started by the United States, we may not want to fight, but it is against the national interest.
VISNAGAR: A RETROSPECT

This poem, which is one lyric split up into sections, has an interesting personal background to its simple yet moving charms. The Government of Baroda wanted to start a College for North Gujarat. Because of a local donation Visnagar was selected, though it is a small Thakua town and being only 40 miles from the Cutch desert, all sandy soil with very little vegetation. The author was chosen as Principal and asked to see the project through. The area being rural, he had to struggle against odds, but he thought the work had been entrusted him by Providence. The people of Visnagar he found most generous and appreciative. Working for over 7 years, he saw the College built up and was looking forward to a bon voyage, but was transferred to Kolhapur. Whence, with the sense of a mission accomplished, he left, his students, colleagues, and the public showed an affectionate regret that overwhelmed one who had gone amidst them as a stranger only a few years before. It seemed the work of starting a College had somehow awakened the soul of the people of North Gujarat. And the work had also given him the solitude he had wanted for deeply studying the writings of Sri Aurobindo. He soon got into touch with the Master and the Mother and began a fruitful practice of meditation. His students brought great sympathetic understanding to him, as was proved by their presenting him on their own initiative with what he had secretly longed for—autographed photos of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

(1)

The blinding glare of the summer sun;
O the thirst of the summer heat!
The fiery breath of barren soil
And tired and baked feet!

Burning particles of sand
Within the eye, ear, nose and mouth:
What a job, the soul would sob,
For a man from the south!

Look! The soul’s pure, lambent flame
The human animal would put out;
Bird-like trees and spread the snare
About it and about.

The soul in desperation asked
Sometimes: O Master! Why this pain?
Why put me to the bitter proof
Again and yet again?

(2)

In the midst of the dazing heat
And miles of burning sand,
Hath beckoned a helping hand.

In the heart of the desert blossomed
Spreading its fragrance close,
A hundred-petalled rose.

In a strange, staring land
Rains Mercy, for ages known,
A tranquil peace I own.

In the sojourn that I question
Surges a golden chance;
Marvel of circumstance!

In a helpless habitat
Is the Mother’s hand that guides;
The Master’s grace abides.

In the desert hath sprung a sapling;
In the summer hath beckoned a shade.
The house is planned; the brick is laid.

(3)

Yea, North Gujarat is my home.
It is the Kannada folk and soil.
No loveless burden this, my friend!
Nor is it fruitless toil.

For I have plunged into willing hearts
And bathed in their affection pure,
Measured their depths dimensionless
And friendships that endure.

I have walked into happy homes
And been acclaimed as their own by each;
Sat by hearths blazing with warmth
Of love, else out of reach.

Moving through provinces, I knew
Their living unity of heart.
They are one nation at the root;
Of one whole a part.

Numerous the feet; the gait is one.
Different the words; one is the flame.
Tongues many; the throat’s mellifluousness
Has always been the same.

Moved by the melodies of Gujaratis,
This Kannada heart sang like a bird;
Discerned the dawn of nationhood
And to great depths was stirred.

O those friends! O the young comrades!
O the elders without guile!
O the nectar-brimming friendships
Mine, though for a while!

The prayers and the congregations,
The poor man’s soul-enkindling love!
Ah! The pigeon-haunted mansion,
The cooing of the dove!

The melting song, the delicate sculpture,
Sunny landscapes, graceful dance,
The smiles that flowered forth celestial
On each countenance!

Yea, North Gujarat is my home,
Blest is the Kannada heart that sings
The song of Gujaratis and her glory,
For the spirit has wings.

(4)

O here were divinely charmed
The outer life, the inner mind.
A treasure-trove dim even to dreams
It was my fortune to mine.

Came walking of their own accord
To me the Mother’s lotus-feet,
Filled my hands where I was sitting
The Master’s bread, which I did eat.

In simple frolic was thrown open
Contemplation’s shining path.
Heavenly music filled my ears,—
A predestined aftermath!

But not just a dreamer’s life.
The Work accompanied the Word;
The toilsome task, the needful mission,
The tryst of which the soul hath heard.

Into these arms was born the Princess
That North Gujarat fondly bore;
And this the heart that nursed the infant,
With which she grew three years and more.

Saraswati, the subterranean,
Disdaining to espouse the Sea,
Flashed like lightning through the sandy
Desert of Cutch in virgin gleam:

The Virgin Mother of a thousand sons,—
Like it is that reappears.
Her august presence we celebrate;
It permeates the coming years.

A priest I came, pontifical,
Mintoned an icon to install.
I stayed to hear the image speak
And lay its magic spell over all.

Continued on page 10
I grew dumb when the image spoke. It was the voice of a people's soul—
The eternal Princess who grows younger As the wheel of Time doth onward roll.

Opened without, the region's love. Blossomed within, the rose of my heart. Rejoice, my soul, in this twin blossoming: Brood on it like the brooding dove.

Fulfillment, synthesis divine, The harmony, the lustre pure Beams within and brims without. The whole, the One that shall endure,—

This have I glimpsed. The jewelled dew-drop Glistens, on the lotus, single; But within its orbéd measure The multidimensional oceans mingle!

(5)

A lone fulfillment makes not the Blest, A lone intuition the Enlightened One. Life is an endless pilgrimage; Its course the path of the unlying sun.

The addhas are of no avail Unless they blend and synthesise. Though the dew-drop figures the ocean, It is a dew-drop to the wise.

From fulfillment to aspiration And to effort beckoned me The Mother's hand. In other regions Fate pointed out things yet to be. But to forsake this beloved soil! O the sorrow and the smart! Why, at this innocent brotherhood, Should Fate have aimed its cruel dart?

The enveloping mist of tears, The mother-love and the calf-love; The stricken friendship that wept over The many precious dreams it wove:

The comrade crying his heart out, The railway guard whistling in pain; The elders wiping their tears gently; The mental wishing me back again—

Yea, like a tender child I wept To see this noble-hearted throng And when memory lights the scene I weep again, as now in song.

I am a page of the Blessed Child Whose feet once walked upon this earth. But Visnagar is Gokul, sure, The very region of his birth,

For blessed is the spot that loves With a love limitless, infinite, Any little thing that God May, in His mercy, bring to light.

(6)

Soul-engraved is that great morning: The clouds that dulled the leader sky; The hearts that, thrilled, thonged at the station And, sobbing, whispered: "Friend, good bye!"

Moistened by their silent tears, The hearts gulped down their pain and said: Pilgrim, start! The train is ready, The signal given, the engine fed,

As in a flower-crownedated fame, A speechless idol, I sit and stare. Whatever is, is for the best. Today is here. Tomorrow,—where?

O those garlands of great love! The glancing epistles in glowing eyes! This is the world of the Mother's making Come out to play, from its disguise!

This is fulfillment; the fruit in the flower. This is the Mother's milky way. And I but a pedestalled icon Dressed and decked for a holiday!

These large-hearted folk have showered Their spirit-influence in largesse And, plunged in their own bounteous love, Me, the mere occasion, they bless.

(7)

I ride on the high tide of love. It is the Master's giving. But the train whistles; the rail-path points To a life of arduous living.

I have welcomed with sweet thanks-offering Fulfillment's mellow fruit; Shall I not welcome effort now That takes me back to the root?

O Infinite! I am infinitesimal. Thy grace I drank to my fill And now am ready to execute Whatever is Thy will.

Yes, this, that and the other Speed up God's will in man. Fulfillment, effort—these the poles That cover life's brief span.

They alternate in the cosmic game, Chequer, like night and day, Man's life till they have fashioned forth A psyche out of clay!

Amen! I bow low to the love That I have left behind And calmly I salute the dawn Whose day I am yet to find!

(8)

A modest gift For a noble one: O poet, O my friend! Take it. Our regions, Like our hearts, May one day meet and blend.

Ashoka foliage, Mango leaf,— One yours, the other mine. This is the way That Nature decks The shrine of the Divine.

This is the way That Spring fulfills Herself in many ways. She blossoms on Long after we Have had our little days.

Sons of the same Ancient Mother, We meet on the Indian scene. You in your fame And I in mine: The shrine is the same, I ween.

You in your speech And I in mine— We sing to the self-same tune. The nation tinges In our veins Even while we commune.

The Spell eternal And the joy aural Animates our song. May they wake A million hearts And may they echo long.

(Translated from the Kannada original by the author)
"I SAW THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JESUS"

Some passages:

"How were the images projected into his own! Professor Vignon tells us that it was the custom of the time to wrap the dead in sheets which had been sprinkled with powdered aloes, the antiseptic properties of which are well-known to modern chemists. Laboratory experiments prove that the ammonia vapours which emanate from a corpse under certain conditions can produce such images on a surface dusted with this powder.

In this particular case, the Shroud came in contact with all the prominent features of the face and Figure of the cadaver, leaving a clear impression of them that are readily distinguishable as in a photographic negative."

The dead Man has a serene, compassionate expression on his face that is in strange contrast to the sedulously mutilated body. The high, powerful forehead is the most salient facial characteristic; the eyes are closed, and under the juncture of the lids are stains that doubtless be- toned teeth. Mouth, chin, and hands distinctly outlined.

The fact that the images have remained clear and intact proves that the body had not lain in its Shroud casing too long; otherwise it would have begun to putrefy. Without considering the question of the resurrection at all, it is a historical fact that the body of Jesus was taken from the sepulchre three days after it had been placed there; for at that time the tomb was discovered to be empty.

As to the nature of the material itself, Professor Vignon has demonstrated that it might very easily date from the era of Christ, or even before. Linen can be preserved in- definitively. There is a fragment of cloth in the Louvre Museum today dating back to 1000 B.C.; its condi- tion is still so good that it gives the same impression of toughness when touched lightly with the fingers as does new linen.

These facts in themselves might seem conclusive evidence that the Man in the Shroud was Jesus Christ, but Professor Vignon goes further. He had hundreds of photographs taken and enlarged (many of which are reproduced in his book), which present a multiplicity of de- tails. The astonishingly clear mark- ings of the blood and serum prove beyond all doubt that a crucified, bleeding human being had once been wrapped in that sheet.

The markings prove several other things besides: that the victim had been beaten (Professor Vignon was even able to reconstruct a whip similar to the one which must have been used by his tormentors), that his hands had been pierced by a spear-thrust, and that his hands and feet had been perforated by nails. All these forms of torture are exactly and peculiarly the same as those suffered by Christ. How can one explain their perpetra- tion on someone else? An incident which would be unique in history?

As soon as the hands and feet were pierced by nails, the blood ran vertically in little streams before drying. When the body was taken down from the Cross, the displace- ment caused by moving the arms into the folded position shown on the last photograph tends to show the horizontal direction that has puzzled many observers, and is in this way clarified. The arms were folded across the body in the orthodox manner of the period.

And to forestall doubts on the origin of the ammoniacal vapours mentioned above, the professor explains that they were caused by the fermentation of an area which would be a normal reaction during the anguish of pain and fever."

A point not mentioned by M. de Bovesville may have cleared. Sceptics have asserted that although the markings are not paint it looks as if the tints were obtained by working on a stone or raised wooden statue. Artists in the 13th century often did this by pouring an ink tint over the surface of a statue; the tints were then stroked over and pressed lightly with the hands, all it absorbed the colorant. Proj- ecting parallel brown tints into the tissue while the rest remained white. This tinting theory has been an- dired by pointing out that the angered was not superficial and that each thread is completely im- pressed. Evidence, therefore, is in favor of M. de Bovesville's startling conclusion."

"I Saw the Photograph of Jesus."
LIGHTS ON LIFE-PROBLEMS

One of our chief aims will be to provide authentic guidance in regard to the many important questions which arise in the minds of thoughtful persons all over the world. This cannot be better done by considering these questions in the light of Sri Aurobindo's writings, since Sri Aurobindo is not only a Master of Yoga in possession of the Eternal Spiritual Truths, but also a Guide and Helper of mankind in various spheres of life and thought. To bring home the light of this guidance and to make it directly applicable to the problems that present themselves to us, a series of questions of common interest along with precise answers directly taken from Sri Aurobindo's writings will regularly appear in these columns.

Q: 1. In recent years art and poetry have considerably freed themselves from the stress of intellectualism which so strongly dominated their seeing and expression in the nineteenth century and have turned more and more to the dynamic force of life for inspiration and creation. Is this a turn in the right direction?

A: "The demand for life, for action, the tendency to a pragmatic and vitalistic view of things, a certain strenuous and even strident note has been loud enough in recent years. Life, action, vitality, are great indispensable things, but to get back to them by thinking less is a way not open to us in the 20th century, even if it were a desirable remedy for our disease of intellectualism and a mechanised existence. In fact we are perhaps less than the men of the past generation but much more intent, with a more packed and teeming thought, with a more eager eye absorbed hunting of the mind along all the royal high-roads and on hunting by-ways of life. And it could not be otherwise. We are the breed of poetry which insists on actual life as the subject matter of the poet carries into it with or without conscious intention the straining of the thought mind after something quite other than the obvious sense of the things it tries to force into relief, some significance deeper than what the observing reason or the normal life-sense gives to our first or our second view of existence."

Q: 2. But is it not a fact that the predominance of the thinking intellect however fruitful it may prove for the development of science and practical utilities, is very unfavourable to the creation of art or poetry and that a turning towards life is essential to restore their creative vigour?

A: "The intellect moves naturally between two limits, the abstractions or solving analyses of the reason and the domain of positive and practical reality; its great achievements are in these two fields or in a mediation between them, and it can do most and go farthest, can achieve its most native and characteristic and therefore its greatest and only contribution to the world, either in philosophy or in Science. The age of developed intellectualism in Greece killed poetry; it ended in the comedy of Menander, the intellectual artificialisms of Alexanderianism, the last flush of beauty in the aesthetic pseudo-naturalism of the Sicilian pastoral poetry; philosophy occupied the field. In the more rich and complex modern mind this result could not so easily come and has not yet come. At the same time the really great, perfect and securely characteristic work of the age has not been in the field of art and poetry, but in critical thought and science. Criticism and science, by a triumphant force of abstraction and analysis turned on the world of positive fact, have in this period been able to become enormously effective for life. They have been able to reign so powerfully, not so much by their contributions to pure knowledge, but by their practical, revolutionary and constructive force. If modern thought with its immense scientific achievement has not enriched life at its base ce given it a higher and purer action, it has only created a yet unrealised possibility in that direction by its idealistic side,—it has wonderfully equipped it with powerful machinery and an imposing paraphernalia and wrought conspicuous and unprecedented changes in its superstructure. But poetry in this atmosphere has kept itself alive not by any native and spontaneous power born of agreement between its own essential spirit and the spirit of the age, but by a great effort of the imagination and aesthetic intelligence labouring for the most part to make the best of what material it could get in the shape of new thought and new viewpoints for the poetic criticism or the thoughtful presentation of life. It has been an aesthetic byplay rather than a leading or sometimes even premier force in the cultural life of the race such as it was in the ancient ages and even, with a certain limited action, in more recent times."

Q: 3. Does this mean that there is a basic incompatibility between intellect and poetry?

A: "The pure intellect cannot create poetry. The inspired or the imaginative reason does indeed play an important, sometimes a leading part, but even that can only be a support or an influence; the thinking mind may help to give a final shape, a great and large form, a somnambulism manahsā, as the Vedic poets said of the mantra, but the word must start first from a more intense sense in the heart of the inner being, avidity taētheṃ: it is the spirit within and not the mind without that is the font of poetry. Poetry too is an interpreter of truth, but in the forms of an intuition and not so much of intellectual truth, the truths offered by the critical mind, as of the intimate truth of being. It deals not so much with things thought as with things seen, not with the authenticities of the analytic mind, but with the authenticities of the synthetic vision and the seeing spirit. The abstractions, generalisations, minute precisions of our ordinary intellectual cerebration are no part of its essence or texture; but it has others, more luminous, more subtle, those which come to us after passing through the medium and getting drenched in the light of the intuitive and revealing mind. And therefore when the general activity of thought runs predominantly into the former kind, the works of the latter are apt to proceed under rather anaemic conditions, they are affected by the pervading atmosphere; poetry either ceases or falls into a minor strain or takes refuge in virtualities of its outer instruments and aids or, if it still does any considerable work, lacks the supreme spontaneity, the natural perfection, the sense of abundant ease or ease of sovereign mastery which the touch of the spirit manifests even amidst the fullest or most ardent labour of its creation."

Q: 4. Can poetry really overcome this limitation by refraining altogether from thinking and turning solely to life? Is it not possible to harmonise thought and life at a higher level and make them both authentic powers for poetic creation?

A: "The way out lies not in cessation of thinking and the turn to a strenuous description of life, nor even to a more vital and forceful thinking, but in another kind of thought mind. The filled activity of the thinking mind is as much part of life as that of the body and vital and emotional being, and its growth and predominance are a necessary stage of human progress and man's self-evolution. To go back from it is impossible or, if possible, would be undesirable, a lapse and not a betterment of our spirit. But the full thought-life does not come by the activity of the intellectual reason and its predominance. That is only a step by which we get above the first immersion in the activity and excitement and vigour of the life and the body and give ourselves a first freedom to turn to a greater and higher reach of the fullness of existence. And that higher reach we gain when we get above the limited crude physical mind, above the vital power and its forceful thought and self-vision, above the intellect and its pondering and measuring reason, and bleed the illumined realm of an intuitive and spiritual thinking, an intuitive feeling, sense and vision. This is that vital intuition which is sometimes confused with a much broader, loftier, vaster and more seeing power, but the high original power itself, a supra-intellectual and spiritual intuition. The all-informing spirit, when found in all its fullness, heals the scission between thought and life, the need of a just balance between them disappears, instead there begins a new and luminous and joyful fusion and oneness. The spirit gives us not only a greater light of truth and vision, but the breath of a greater living for the spirit is not only the self of our consciousness and knowledge, but the great self of life. To find our self and the self of things is not to go through a rarefied ether of thought into Nirvana, but to discover the whole greatest integral power of our complete existence."