On November 24 every year — as also on February 21, April 24 and August 15 — people from all parts of India and even from abroad meet in Poondicherry to have the “Darshan” of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. The recognition of the Aurobindonian message is growing space — especially as all merely mental “isms” are fast failing an anxious India to play her true role of earth’s leader towards that role India could play as an anti-materialism which considers, along certain persistent lines of past thought, the whole universe to be Maya and its plane. She must be spiritually creative of world-values. The following article gives an excellent survey of the many-sided course of Indian spirituality and shows how its original and typical trend finds fulfillment in the world-transformative work that is being done today by the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo.

How did the life-values come to be almost eclipsed and the retreat to the naked Spirit through poverty and sparrow regarded as the crowning success of the Age?

In the Vedic age life was not lived under the shadow of Maya. Life was bustling, buoyant, beaming; it was vigorous and expansive, full of curiosity and wonder and joy and freedom. The leaders of thought, the seers of the Truth regarded life as a field for the realisation and manifestation of Light, and there existed a constant commerce between the higher powers and the powers of human nature for the illumination, elevation and enrichment of this field. Thehighest spiritual experiences returned upon life to prepare it for a greater and greater integration and a more abundant efflorescence. A natural simplicity and purity, faith and trust in the divine intervention marked every step of this glorious age. The world Maya meant, not illusion or hallucination, but the Mother of Light, the supreme creative Force of the Master of the universe.

"By the Naves of the Lord and hark they shaped and measured the force of the Mother of Light; wearing might or might of that Force as a yoke the Lords of Maya shaped and the worlds shaped out for the".

"The Masters of Maya shaped all by His Maya; the Fathers who have divine vision set Him within as a child that is to be born." (Rig Veda, 111. 56, 7; 1x 83.3)

In that distant epoch, in that reddening dawn of human culture, the bases of life were laid, wide and deep, the loftiest ideals conceived and formulated and the general course of evolution of the Aryan race outlined in the life of a developing intuition. The fundamental creative ideas that have shaped and governed the whole tenor of Indian culture found an electrifying expression on the tongues of the Rishis who were no withdrawn ascetics, but leaders and organisers of society and far-seen leaders of its destiny.

"May the Peoples of the five Births accept my sacrifice, those who are born of the Light and worthy of worship; may Earth protect us from earthly evil and the Mid-region from calamity from the gods. Follow the shining stars up across the mid-world, protect the luminous paths built by the thought; weave an invincible work, become the human being, create the divine race. Seers of truth are you, sharpen the shining spears with which you cut the way to that which is Immortal, knowers of the secret planes, from them; by the steps by which the gods attained to Immortality." (Rig Veda, X. 35.5,10.)

The great key-note of the Aryan culture is struck in the words: "Create the divine race. The Earth was regarded as the mother and integral perfection in the earthly existence was sought by the mystics whose consciousness ranged in the sun-worlds of the Spirit.

"I am a son of the Earth, the soil is my mother. May she lavish on me her manifold folds, the secret richness, the earth, that is in thy villages and forests and assemblages and wars and battles." (Atharva Veda, X. 1. 12, 47. 56.)

A perfect freedom in the infinity and immortality of the Spirit and a profound and constant life on earth were the objective of the Aryan culture — trueness to "the kindred points of heaven and home". There was no mist of Maya brooding over the free outflowering of the life of the race, which sought unstained delight both in the Spirit and its manifesting substance, Matter.

"O Godhead, guard for us the Infinite and cherish the finite." (Rig Veda, IV.2.11.)

Spirit and Matter, the Infinite and the finite, One and Many, are embraced in a single, comprehensive vision and a complete life in the immaterial Light was held to be the highest aim of human existence. In the Upanishadic age life became more expansive, rich, robust and radiantly creative. Society developed in color, and complexity and the ancient spirituality flowered as the fertilising Ganges through its multifarious limbs. Knowledge and Power went together and a spontaneous purity upheld the intrepid and manifold endeavours of the Spirit. There was no concept of Maya or illusiveness of the world darkening and paralyzing these endeavours. Maya was regarded as Prakriti — Maya tva Prakritim Vijnant — and the Lord of Maya as the supreme Lord of the universe. The world was regarded as the Brahman itself — Brahmandartha — self-exploded in Time and Space and therefore real, as real as the Brahman itself, though relatively and mutably real.

"By Energy at work, universal Brahman extendeth itself, and from Brahman is born Matter and out of Matter cometh life and mind and truth and the worlds Beind in works immortality." (Mundaka Upanishad, Mundaka 1, Chapter 1. 8.)

"In works immortality" proves that all salutary works of life were not only accepted with joy and freedom, but held indispensable to the highest and most integral realisation and as yet in life.

Doing verily works in this world one should wish to live a hundred years. Thus it is in thee and not otherwise than this; action cleaves not to a man." (Isa Upanishad.)

"The Spirit is all that is here in the universe: He is works and self-discipline and Brahman and the supreme immortality. O fair son, be he who seeth this that is hidden in his own secret heart, reeds even in this body the knot of the Ignorance." (Mundaka Upanishad, Mundaka 11, chap. 1, 10.)

But in the midst of this comprehensive and creative harmony of the gospel of the divine fulfillment in life, a note, distant and faint at first, but slowly gathering momentum as it developed, began to detach itself and assert its independence. It was the note of world-reconciliation struck by the mighty personality of Yajnavalkya over against the prevailing harmony led by Indra and Prajapati. But it did not disturb the symmetry and rhythm of the life of the times. And, besides, there was no exclusively negative philosophy of the unreality of the world and its summary rejection. The tendency to renunciation came more as a fitting consummation of the life of relativities than as a recoil of a flight—too abundant a vitality coursed through the veins of the race to let it turn its back upon the highest end of its existence — "in works immortality". But yet it must be admitted that somewhere in the remote recesses of the world there was first thrill of a quailing before the conquering surges of life, somewhere the beginning of a failing, a withdrawal and self-inflation of the soul from the entangling forces of the material world. But, as I have said, it was only in some far-away fold of consciousness and production of real and as yet in the thought and action.
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of the race. Life flowed on lusty and limpid, throwing up many a sparkling treasure of the Spirit. Yajnavalkya, Jenaka, Ajshtakatu, Aruni, Gargi, Manu and Gajendra were the cowards and the sexual enrichment and perfection of its cultural ethos and growing social organisation.

In the age of the Dharma, the magnificent, many-coloured age of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, social life in India achieved a greater amplitude, a more prolific complexity of thought and action and a versatile intellectual progress. The ancient integrity of spiritual vision began to decay, its correlation, aesthetic qualities of the social order, the generalised greater attention and expression. And yet spirituality regained supreme and functioned as the sole creative, co-ordinating and consolidating force in the form of the Dharma, its delegated image in the higher Reason of man. Here too, there was a diaphanous living spirit insinuating in Dharma, the spirit of the Ramayana, the spirit of Krishna, Bhishma, Yudhishthira, Arjuna in the age of the Mahabharata are like granite pillars of strength supporting the growing structure of the society. Everywhere there is growth, progress and multitude and a victorious deploying of the potentialities of the nation. The note of renunciation has gained perhaps a little more volume, but again, as before, without any accompanying strain of the unyielding and the ascetic. There is a restricted commerce between the tranquil bazaars and the humming life of the towns and cities and one looks in vain for a theory of world negation blighting the tidal vitality of the people, as it did in later times.

From this age of gigantic endeavours in the direction of intellectual and social construction we pass, by various stages of progress and retrogression, through a systematisation of philosophies and a codification of laws, through a breaking up of the old syntheses, the exaggeration of the aspect, the mutual competition of the elements, and in the general decline of the culture, to a period when a violent cleavage disrupts what remained of the ancient balance, and Life and Light stand as two polar magnets dividing the race between them. That was the hour of life and light.

Buddhism came in response to the Time-Spirit, but in its eagerness to cure the evils of the moment, the rampant in equality and rank formalism, it hacked at the roots of national culture and threatened even to bury all that was of the Aryan spirit, even to destroy the religious and ethical structure; for, what is Aryan spirituality without its soul, the Divine, the Brahman or the Supreme Purusha of the Upanishads, the Purushottama of the Gita? Buddhism did tremendous work in social reconstruction: it restored the basic purity and simplicity of Indian life, inaugurated a catholic democracy in religion, but it disturbed the ancient harmony of life and banished God. In its excessive pre-occupation with Asceticism, the Saddharma-pundita (subjection), and Amantika (absence or absence of any psychic substance) which are the surface stamp of life in the ignorance, it failed to perceive the fundamental, immortal Delight, upholding the outer flux, the Delight which, as the ancient sages knew, in time of cosmic road the forces of ignorance and emerge into manifestation. In exiling God from life it prepared the way for its own decline from the land of its birth.

The mind of Maya thus gradually overpowered the Indian sky. It was not lost by the nation of Karna; but its devastating effect upon life cannot be overestimated. It tended to dry up the springs of national vitality and stropghy its initiative. And yet, paradoxically, there was an immense reserve of the ancient vitality and creativity, behind the crumbling crust of Buddhism, producing abundant marvels in art and science, philosophy and literature, politics and sociology, and most of the departments of life. There also began a movement of revolt among the most ancient metaphysical concepts. The death of the Vedas, but still the age as a whole lived in the shadow of a withering Karna.

Then came Shankaracharya, the valiant priest of the Brahman, the renewal of the ancient mysticism and the volcanic explosive impetuousity of the Brahmatrad. In his overmastering zeal to lead the national consciousness back to the truth of the One, the One without a second —Bhumaevamadityayam—of the Vedas and the Upanishads he ignored the complementary truth voiced in the same scriptures, servamahadityam Brahman, all this too (meaning the universe) is Brahman. He restored the One, but stripped it of its multiplicity which, in spite of its branding it as illusion, continued to mock him with its persistent reality. Karna was summoned and he called to the throne of self-realisation, and re-echoed in a thousand voices. The immortal, inactive Brahman was re-established, but the Supreme Person of the ancient mystics, and the world was condemned, its reality denied and life in it discouraged and denigrated. Shankar drives Buddhism out only to find that it had already made itself at home in his own house.

Since the time of Shankar the Indian sky has remained more or less always overcast with Karna. There have been various attempts to revert to the integral vision and full living of the world of the ancient Rishis, but the waning vitality of the nation could not easily lend itself to such a herculean effort. Solitary spiritual stalwarts reacted with marked differences in temperament, the cringing and sterilising Mayavada and delivered the national mind in several directions, but the basic hold of the theory of Maya and the attraction of a satisfied nudity a proved too strong for them. Maya saw the race fall in and subvert all of their ideals hot and love and a rediscovery of the ancient balance, and, on the other, a repeated collapse into confusion and corruption and disintegration. Of what avail a renewal of life if it is only a colonial lie, a nightmare, a delirium? The world was struck by Yajnavalkya became strident, insane, almost compelling.

With the advent of Ramakrishna Roy and the increasing impact of the dynamism of the West, the mist of Maya roused itself. Revelation discovered at once the harmonious completeness, the integrated perfection of man as envisioned by the ancient seers of the race and he set himself to realise and reproduce that divine completeness in the life of the people. He annulled the crippling distinction between the spiritual and the secular and declared that all life has to be embraced as the field of the evolutionary manifestation of the Divine in Matter.

"The steady eye of the ancient wisdom perceived that to know God redounded to the glory of the One, the Many are an illusion and considering and valuing but not mastered by the oppositions through which He shines.

"We will put aside then the trenchant distinctions of a partial logic which declares that because the One is the reality, the Many are an illusion, and because the Absolute is Sat, the one existence, the relative is Asat and non-existent. If in the Many we pursue insistently the One, it is return with the benediction and the revelation of the One confirming in the Many the very wisdom of the Divine.

"The perception of the spiritualised mind that the universe is an unreal dream can have no more absolute a value to us than the perception of the materialised mind that God and the Beyond are an illusory idea. In the one case the mind, habituated only to the evidence of the senses and associating reality with corporeal fact, is either unaccustomed to use other means of knowledge or unable to extend the notion of reality to a superphysical experience. In the other case the same mind, passing beyond the animal vitality and the same inability and the same consequent sense of dream or hallucination to the experiences of the senses."}

After describing in this illuminating way the genesis of the life-withering theory of Maya, Sri Aurobindo indicates the rationale of human existence and the great end of human birth. "If Brahman has entered into form and represented Its being in material substance, It can only be to enjoy self-manifestation in the figures of relative and phenomenal consciousness. Brahman is in this sense the Unchanging Ground of Life. Life exists in Brahman in order to discover Brahman in itself. Therefore man's importance in the world is that he gives to it that development of consciousness in which its transfiguration by a perfect self-discovery is possible. To fulfil God's will, it is necessary for man to feed on the animal vitality and its activities, but a divine existence in his objective.

"However high we may climb, even though it be to the Non-Being itself, we climb ill if we forget to root ourselves to the overwhelming experience of the light of the higher to which we have attained, is true divinity of nature. Brahman is integral and unifies many states of consciousness at a time; we also, manifesting the nature of Brahman, should become integral and all-embracing."

In these inspiring words Sri Aurobindo gives us his gospel of the integral realisation of the integral Brahman in life and Its unblemished manifestation in transformed human nature. It takes us at once to the comprehensive vision and plenitude of the glorious essential of the race and the The present generation bears us with an infinite hope for the future, not only of India but of the world. For, the great past of India is not dead, like the past of Egypt or Greece or Rome. It is supremely alive and active in the throbbing present and crouching to the spirit of the great future.

Refuting the Western view that Indian spirituality has been quiescent, anemic unpractical and otherworldly, and Indian culture barren of any high achievements in thought and life, Sri Aurobindo says, "When we look at the past of India, it does not strike us. Not to abandon the lower to itself, but to transform it into the light of the higher to which we have attained, is true divinity of nature. Brahman is integral and unifies many states of consciousness at a time; we also, manifesting the nature of Brahman, should become integral and all-embracing."

The spirit of the present generation bears us with an infinite hope for the future, not only of India but of the world. For, the great past of India is not dead, like the past of Egypt or Greece or Rome. It is supremely alive and active in the throbbing present and crouching to the spirit of the great future.

Continued on page 5

*The Life Divine, Vol. I, Chapter V.*
समाप्ति—

लिखना और भारत का विचार-प्राप्ति का आदेश

माना जाता है कि भारत ने नहीं ही किया कि स्नेह और संन्यास का मायना है। भारतीय राष्ट्रीय हिंदी भाषा के लिए आदेश को देने और उसे बाहर रखने के लिए भारत का समर्थन है। देश में सभी का हृदय है कि भारत के लिए आदेश का आदेश है। भारतीय राष्ट्रीय हिंदी भाषा के लिए आदेश को देने और उसे बाहर रखने के लिए भारत का समर्थन है।

भारतीय पत्रकारों के लिए हिंदी भाषा के लिए आदेश को देने और उसे बाहर रखने के लिए भारत का समर्थन है।

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"MOTHER INDIA" SUPPLEMENT

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श्रीपति-स्वयंत्र संबंधी समस्याओं पर प्रकाश

श्रीपति (१).—महात्मा गांधी के प्राचीन भारत से प्रकाश देता है कि उसे संबंधी समस्याओं पर प्रकाश देने का कारण है। उसके अनुसार महात्मा गांधी का प्रकाश देना है कि उसे संबंधी समस्याओं पर प्रकाश देना है।

श्रीपति (२).—धार्मिक विषयों का संबंध है कि धार्मिक विषयों का संबंध है। अन्ततः, धार्मिक विषयों का संबंध है। यह धार्मिक विषयों का संबंध है। यह धार्मिक विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (३).—राष्ट्रीय विषयों का संबंध है कि राष्ट्रीय विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार राष्ट्रीय विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार राष्ट्रीय विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (४).—लोक विषयों का संबंध है कि लोक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार लोक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार लोक विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (५).—संस्कृति विषयों का संबंध है कि संस्कृति विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार संस्कृति विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार संस्कृति विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (६).—एक विशेष विषय का संबंध है कि एक विशेष विषय का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार एक विशेष विषय का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार एक विशेष विषय का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (७).—शास्त्रिय विषयों का संबंध है कि शास्त्रिय विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार शास्त्रिय विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार शास्त्रिय विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (८).—सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है कि सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (९).—दर्शनिक विषयों का संबंध है कि दर्शनिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार दर्शनिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार दर्शनिक विषयों का संबंध है।

श्रीपति (१०).—सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है कि सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है। उसके अनुसार सामाजिक विषयों का संबंध है।
हमारी अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या।

(—कारक) यह अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या है।

अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या वह व्याख्या है जो शब्दों या स्वर्ण से होती है। इसमें व्याख्याता के भाषण का प्रयोग करते हैं। इसमें सुधार न होते हैं। इसका प्रयोग कलात्मक परिचय वा अन्य गैर-प्राकृतिक विषयों में होता है। इसमें क्रियाकलाप या क्रियाक्रिया द्वारा व्याख्या का अर्थ नहीं बदलता।

अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या का अर्थः जब कोई व्याख्या करने वाला कोई तब क्रिया करने वाला है तो वह अपनी निर्देशन का अर्थ नहीं बदलता। अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या के अर्थ का अर्थ नहीं बदलता।

मानवीय साहित्यविद्या में अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या का उपयोग किया जाता है। इसमें अन्तर्भूतीय व्याख्या का अर्थ नहीं बदलता।

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TIBET AND INDIA'S IDEAL OF WORLD PEACE

By K.D. SETHNA

The Indian Government has often proclaimed world peace to be its master ideal. Nobody can doubt its sincerity. But it has rather been a dualist and has been aiming at a peaceful world in two respects: From what it is in the U.S.A., and the French democracy is again dissimilar in various functions to the British, and the Indian democracy has features of its own that are not shared by any of the others. America, as the most powerful democratic country, imposes no fixed pattern and leaves all the unique issues to be touched. It has no specific quarrel with Marxism and Collectivism. Communists live and preach in the very heart of America and she does not insist on any democracy putting the forces of Nationalism on them. On the contrary, those who check when they turn traitors, but they are free to agitate by constitutional means for a change of government. Communist countries, so long as they do not foment violent revolutions outside their borders or launch aggression, are not meddled with. The world is not divided into two equally self-aggrandising blocs but into a terrorist Ruskisian bloc desiring to crush the many-sided intellect of evolving man and a group of freedom-cherishing nations headed by America who has the capacity to halt the march of Soviet tyranny.

The Indian Government, not seeing the fundamental uniqueness of the two parts into which the world is split, has nourished the illusion that it can consolidate its power by keeping aloof from both the parts and securing some sort of balance of power. It has further fancied that peace is really threatened by only the American West and the Russian East, while the countries of Asia are interestingly avoiding war and are not on brotherly terms. In consequence, there has been a sentimental turning towards the newly formed regime of Mao Tse-tung which is the strongest single Asiatic power. A fond hope has been entertained that since communism is a crying need in China as in most of the other Asiatic countries—India, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia etc.—there would be a concentration on it and a sincere desire to help the cause of peace. At the back of our Prime Minister's constant holding of a brief for Mao there is his idea of making in Asia a third power to balance the two super-powers and having a mighty Asiatic association of 800 million people with potential riches of immense magnitude—to safeguard world peace. Aiming to check the imagined thirst of the Western bloc for domination, Jawaharlal Nehru has raised often the slogan of "anti-colonialism". Mao has fervently joined in the spoiling. Nehru has pushed even further and said that colonialism must go no matter if its going means the triumph of Communism. Not that he is an advocate of pure communism, as it seeks to do, the human spirit in Nehru believes that Asiatic Communism is bound to be a non-Russian brand and therefore should not be made an excuse for any remnant of colonial rule by the West. To support his belief he has kept pointing at Mao. And Mao did his best by clever propaganda to play up to Nehru so long as it suited his own game. He encouraged Nehru to overlook the glaring fact that Red China was allied by a treaty with Soviet Russia, that she had openly spurned neutrality as between the West and Stalin in the cold war. Nehru, the Peking Reds to many in India with the assistance between a neutral democratic India and a Communist China thoroughly on the side of Stalin was a political and ideological impossibility, but the myth of what Nehru has called "asian sentiment" made the miracle. The result was, with nothing else, this severe slap in the face could shake our Government out of its ill-founded dream of world peace by means of a Sino-Indian Astere.

Mao, of course, never accepted Nehru as a brother for the simple reason that the latter never put himself entirely under Stalin's wing. In fact, Mao had on India of the list of those whom he and Stalin like to liberate or liquidate. And he was resolved to let nothing deter him. So, when the hour struck, he trumped without the least hesitation on India's pile of promises. The great "betrayal" met in spite of contrary assurances to India and actually accused India of being "afflicted by amnesia hostile to China" because she protested that an armed attack on Tibet was "surprising" and "regrettable".

The severe slap that alone could wake up our Government to ugly reality has come. Clearly, with a China so blatantly militarist and imperialist, India cannot hope for anything but the worst. The new common frontier of 1,300 miles with China which Tibet's incorporation in the Chinese Republic will entail signifies a vast threat to a neutral India. It is now pronounced to be "afflicted by amnesia hostile to China." New Delhi has sufficiently sat up to take notice of such elementary warnings. But though the eyes of our Government have been pulled open and its tongue loosened enough to modulate disagreement in mild yet dignified forms, the limps are still lax. We have not found the strength for decisive action. We have stood by and allowed Tibet to be crushed. We have laid the unctuous to our souls that a couple of critical notes have gone from us to Peking. But when small helpless countries are run over it is not noble words that are required. Brave deeds are called for—and of bravery, in the present instance, we do not appear to have one drop in our veins. Leave aside taking up arms against the unprovoked aggression and summoning the great Western democracies to our side, we have not even broken diplomatic relations with Red China. At that is the least we should do in order to register our deep disgust at her brutal and cynical behaviour. Just as we accepted the Red regime in Peking despite the fact that it was a typhoon that had torn the heart out of the world system, we are accepting the annexation of autonomous Tibet by Mao. There is possible for us here not even the superficial defence that the war is a civil one or that the old government stank to the skies with corruption. We know very well that unbalanced aggression has been committed and that the new government is a believer in brute force and is unscrupulously expansionist. We are keenly alive to the danger of Mao casting avuncular eyes at India, we are well aware that his Communist is of the Stalinist variety in at least the ambition to spread it all over the world by force of arms. But have we the guts to stand up to the bully from beyond the Yangtze? Have we the moral courage to boycott the internationals on the defensive diplomacy of the West? It seems we still hope to buy off Mao with absence of positive action. But to write off Tibet for the sake of imagined self-security is sharply reminiscent of Chamberlain sacrificing Czecho-slovakia at Munich and claiming to have won our time in the same kind of peace we shall win if we fail to present a really bold and dynamic front to Mao.
SELF-REALISATION (and) THE SUPERMIND

If then the possession of an integral knowledge, a trine knowledge—self-knowledge, world-knowledge, God-knowledge—is the goal before us, the highest and the widest vision of the Divine Reality—Reality in all its aspects—is an absolute necessity. Only such a vision, as we have seen, can give us an understanding of the three-termed ontological relationship between God, man and the universe, the working of the cosmic process, the destiny of man, and the purpose of existence. Even the entry into the subliminal, and through it an expansion into the Universal or Cosmic cannot give, as the preceding essays have shown, such a complete knowledge. Obviously, this is the reason; it is not enough to be subliminal, or an inner vision in itself, and that can be only possessed by realising the Supremum, the Truth-Consciousness of the Divine—that Consciousness by which the Divine Being is aware of the totality and integrality of His own Self, His essence as well as His manifestation, the myriad worlds. He emanates out of the infinite depths of His Being. It is a Consciousness which by its inherent light reveals itself to its own Divine Nature as well as the truth of all that it puts forth as Creation.

But it may be asked here: "Is not what is known as Self-realisation in yogic philosophy the culmination of the spiritual life? Do not the ancient scriptures say 'By knowing That we know everything else'—what is the nature of that knowledge if it is the same as 'That', the Self of all, the realisation of the Supremum becomes superfluous, for we already have the knowledge of the Ultimate Reality who is all that exists. Further, if the nature of this Reality is found to be Satchitananda, it will be known that it is not merely an undifferentiated continuum, but a positive state of All-Existence, Consciousness-Force, and Bliss. So what is the necessity of the Supramental realisation; and is not this realisation included in that of Satchitananda? But if the Supramental is in some way different from or higher than Satchitananda, how is one to correlate the two, and how does Self-realisation fit into the Supramental realisation?" Or again, it may be asked: "It is possible to understand from the preceding essays that the Nirguna Brahman and the Saguna Brahman, the Impermanent and the Personal, the One and the Many, the Static and the Dynamic, are poles of the same One Being, and that though they seem to be opposites on the mental plane, they are found to be aspects of one and the same self. For this reason, when the Satchitananda does not then this does not happen when one has the realisation of the Self in its three aspects of inclusion, indwelling, and identity—the Self seeing all that exists in itself, by inclusion; the Self seeing itself in all existence, by indwelling; and the Self regarding itself as all existence, by identity. And if over and above this, one realises the Divine, both as a Person and as an Impersonal Absolute, if one has the Chaitanya realisation of the Divine as the Total, Sri Krishna, as well as the Ruchikanchana realisation of the Divine as Parabrahman, will the attaining of the Supremum still be necessary—can it give greater knowledge?"

These questions rise up in the minds of many when they read about Sri Aurobindo and the Supremum, especially in those that have accepted as final Shankara's version of the Upanishadic teaching—which he expounded according to his own realisation of Parabrahman; those who have been influenced by Buddhism are also unable to relate the Supremum to the other two versions of the Ultimate. Therefore many scholars of yogic philosophy find Sri Aurobindo's metaphysics very difficult to understand; some of them have a tendency to put their own meaning in the terms he uses without first trying to find out what significance he attaches to them; and no one can accuse Sri Aurobindo of not giving definitions and explanations; he has all the attributes of Plato's ideal philosopher—"He shall be as a God to me who can rightly divide and define," Plato used to say. Sri Aurobindo not only defines, divides and explains the different terms he employs and the experience-concepts he refers to, he defines and explains them in various ways so as to bring out their full significance and relevance when used in different contexts. Yet many Vedantists, unable to comprehend the difference between the cosmic-total and Supramental realisation, interpret the Supremum to be merely some power of apprehending knowledge greater than the mind, missing the obvious fact that the Truth-Consciousness of the Divine determines the nature of the knowledge—higher than the mind and therefore cannot possibly be a power of apprehension lower than the highest. Consequentially, it is not at all surprising that they come to wrong conclusions about Sri Aurobindo and the Supremum, for they argue from a standpoint which is wholly alien to Vedanta philosophy—it views Aurobindo's metaphysics as if it were a new and independent field of knowledge, not part of the ancient Vedic tradition. However, it is possible for a more thorough study of the Vedanta literature to provide a more accurate understanding of Aurobindo's metaphysics.
The evolution—Continued from opposite page

Dispeled the Mist

and administration, arts spiritual, arts worldly, trades, industries, fine crafts,—the list is endless, and in each there is almost a mass of activity. She creates and creates and is not satisfied and is not tired; she will not have an end of it. She expands too outside her borders; her borders are too vast. The barrier of her cities is too wide, over to Judea and Egypt and Rome; her colonies spread her arts and epics and creeds in the Archipelago; her traces are found in the sands of Mesopotamia; her religions conquer China and Japan and spread westward as far as the Cape. And, the figures of all the Unishadins and the sayings of the Buddhas are re-echoed on the lips of Christ. Everywhere, on her soil, so in her works, there is the teeming of a superabundant energy of life."

Well, that was India in the past, great in the treasures of the Spirit and equally great and opulent and powerfully creative in the realms of life thought and action. The decline that set in was due, not exclusively—

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We have seen in the first part of this article, published in the last issue of Mother India that (1) desire is a darkened and deformed splinter of the divine will and its destruction means a free and unhampered working of the unveiled will in and through the liberated individual, and not a pious torture and torment of the innocent; that (2) desire is the source of all the defilements in the development and aggrandisement of the individual so long as he is bound to the ego and its ambitions, it is the greatest obstacle to his transcendence of the ego and entry into the infinite freedom and self-existent life of the soul and his identity with God; and (3) suppression of desire never leads to its conquest.

If we wish to live in a causeless and ceaseless peace and happiness, not, certainly, in ascetic seclusion, but in the full flood of life's salutary activities and in the light of knowledge, not only of the sciences, but also of all the knowledge of the soul, all the stumbling ignorance of our mind, we have to conquer desire and replace it by the divine Will as the leader of our nature. "Desire and the passions that arise from desire are the principal reason why you are not free. Desire makes you go on saying I and mine, and subjects you through a persistent egoism to satisfaction and dissatisfaction, liking and disliking, hope and despair, joy and grief, to your petty loves and hates, to wrath and passion, to your attachment to objects, to your sorrow and suffering of failure and of things unpleasant. Desire brings always confusion of mind and limitation of the will, an egotistic and distorted view of things, a failure and clouding of knowledge. Desire and its preferences and violentings and the sin of sin and error. There can be, while you cherish desire, no assured tranquillity, no settled light, no calm, pure knowledge. There can be no right being—no peace, no perversion of the Epicure—and no firm foundation for right thought, active or passive feeling. Desire, if it be permitted, to remain unquenched whatever colour, is a perpetual menace even to the wisest, and can at any moment subtly or violently cast down the mind from even its finest and most superficially acquired foundation. Desire is the chief enemy of spiritual perfection."

In this article we shall try to understand how desire is to be conquered and replaced by the divine Will by progressive stages of purification, and we shall place on our teachers' tables between reverence, faith, rejection, suppression and indifference, desire and necessity, and desire and delight.

It goes without saying that those who have known life to be only an insatiable skein of desires and demands, hopes and disappointments, struggles and successes and failures, unhappy pleasures and pains, all marked by a dull or raging fever in their active, conscious being, will find it extremely difficult to believe that there can be a state of untroubled peace that is even more securely maintained in the lasting security of a distorting maladjustment, just as those who have lived in perpetual dissatisfaction of their birth cannot easily bring themselves to believe in the dignity and blessings of freedom. Habit duels or deadens our finer sensibilities and feelings, our life of unsatisfied cravings and desires. A life of unsatisfied and unmet desire may appear to many as something colourless and void, at all possible. It is only those who have seen through the colossal cheat of the life of desires, its continual goal, its frequent frustration or fleeting satisfaction, the whole system of methods by which a man, who has subjected himself to desire, comes to grief, is beautifully described. First, an intent settling of the consciousness on an object of the sense, then attachment, then desire, then quieting passion, then infatuation, then forgetfulness of one's true self, then a complete collapse of intelligence and thereupon—when the light of the intelligence is clouded—a collapse of the whole being. This is the inevitable story of every man madly pursuing the phantom of desire—"they prove to be his dooms. If the very first movement could be checked, if desire could be cut off at its root, if its fertile seed, if all the vicious action soul vainly seeks in finite objects—the whole precipitate process of failure could be avoided. But desire—soul finds with an almost irresistible impetuosity, it sweeps us as a storm sweeps a frail boat, and before we have time to control its forces, we find ourselves, wrenched and torn,对象与欲望}

How To Conquer Desire

The analogy with the boat should not be carried too far, for, behind man's apparent fragility, there is a firmness which is absolutely unshakable, a fire which nothing can quench, a decisive ability to alter the sensations of pleasure and pain or broken and flung away after a brief moment's play, but an instrument of God, commissioned here to fulfil His Will to self-manifestation in human life. The secret is clear, to realise, to learn, to act. Desire is an immense and powerful enemy, desire. The traditional way of dealing with desire is a drastic or gradual suppression. This is the ascetic way which does not care to take proper account of the origin and nature of desire and the best way to deal with desire is to face it, to face it, and to face it, but in that upon getting rid of it by a sheer violence of the will and physical austerities. The basis attitude of this way is one of fear, impatience and aversion, which, in most cases, panicky, precipitate measures, and proceeds on a fundamental assumption that desire is as valid as reason, that all miseries, have to be smothered there to death; and in order to smother or slay them, one begins to smother or slay the vital (prana) itself, where, is in human beings and thus becomes avid. This idea of one with desire is an ignorant identification which turns self-discipline into self-torture and renders it immensely difficult and arduous, as it he was hammering or hacking away a part of himself. It is certainly the wrong way to deal with desires. There may be a relentless and circular wrestling, much struggle and repression, but the result, except in a very few cases in which there are other factors entering into play, is always unsatisfactory and depressing. It is not uncommon that even after one has made a desert of one's life, one is painfully surprised by new shoots of desire cropping up in it.

The Mother teaches us a most simple and effective way of conquering desire is to lit up with knowledge, and that makes all the difference between it and the ignorant, coercive methods of impotent asceticism. She says that the best means of self-mastery is a dual movement of transcendence and surrender. It is shee folly to wrestle with desire in its own field, where it is almost possible to be killed by it. She says that one can safely and easily and fortiﬁed by its own universal energy. What we have to do is to step back from the lower vital, which is a part of the universal nature, abounding with all sorts of desires, cravings, lusts, hungers etc., and take refuge in the higher vital, where our final goal is to be free, free from the compulsion of the forces of nature. Tranquil witnesses, we can watch the desires invading us like waves from the surrounding sea of universal nature. It becomes then increasingly clear that they do not belong to us, they are not our own, they are the waves of an attack comes, the wisest attitude is to consider that it comes from outside, and to say, ‘This is not my self and I will have nothing to do with it.’ You have to deal in the same way with all lower impulses and desires including the most monstrous and most confused desires. You can deal with them, the difficulty in fighting them becomes all the greater; for then you have the feeling that you are facing the never easy task of overcoming your own will. And then, when an attack comes, you will have nothing to do with it,” becomes much easier to dispassionately.“

In fact, all desires come from outside, from the universal nature, and take shelter in our sub-conscious vital. It is only when they rise from there into our conscious mind that we become aware of them. It is our ignorance of that makes us think that they are ours and that we must exert ourselves either to satisfy or suppress them. They belong to a world of their own, the beings of which seek to make us take their tools and use them as means to their satisfaction and suffering upon earth. Here a word of caution seems to be necessary. In the beginning, when we practise the rejection of desire, we have to be very careful that we do not indiscriminately reject all movements of the will and discourage all volition. It is essential that we should be able to distinguish between a will and a desire. A desire is always accompanied by an over-eagerness or an impetuous precipitancy, a straining or a tension and a certain uneasiness in the being’ whereby a will is re-enforced by a profound impulsion, quiet even in its intensity, and more or less assured of the sanction of the Divine or the most luminous part of our being. It may be that in some cases this discrimination will be somewhat difficult, but as we progress in inner purity by all persistent rejection of desires and an aspiration for the reception and realisation of the divine Will in us, the difficulty will diminish and finally disappear, and it will be not only possible, but quite easy to detect and reject all desires and accept all impulsion that come from the Divine or from our own inner self. During the stage of transition when there takes place a transference of initiation from desire to will, there may be passing moments of misjudgment or indecision, inevitable in every transition—but our sincerity and aspiration release from the bondage of desires will be a sure safeguard against any major error or serious set-back, and the divine help will always be there to light our path and lead us to the Truth. Transcendence, then, is the first condition of mastery. This transcendence, the Mother says, has to be achieved by a quiet detachment and equality. By detachment she means a self-withdrawal of the central consciousness from the vortex of vital desires and its untwisting poise and universal soul reach. By detachment she means a self-abnegation—acquisition of a vantage ground, from where one can watch and work upon the desire-ridden vital. This detachment need not be difficult a job for a spiritual seeker who has endeavoured to be "conscious" and "purified" and "completely detached", and who is an infinite and immortal self, ever free and ever pure, who has assumed the triple nature for the manifestation of the Divine in Matter. The
"The difference between suppression and an inward essential rejection is the difference between mental or moral control and a spiritual purification."

Both suppression and indulgence are movements of ignorance and signification. In suppression there is a force of pain and alibi, even of coercion, even an obsession of ruthless retribution, which keep the consciousness tied to the very desire one is struggling to get rid of, while in indulgence one surrenders oneself to one's desires and remains helplessly stuck and yoked down to them. Neither suppression nor indulgence can ever eliminate desire. But, it must be noted, if ever came to a choice between suppression and indulgence, one should not hesitate to adopt the former, though we repeat, both these on the same level from the spiritual standpoint. To indulge desires is to condemn oneself to frequent disappointment and distress.

Desire and Necessity — Desire and Delight

As one has to distinguish between desire and will in the beginning of the spiritual discipline, and has to draw a line between desire and necessity. An ascetic austerity may transmute even ignorant desires and exalt it in the realm of the individual, but dynamic spirituality, which is chiefly concerned with the preservation and divine outflowing of life, takes care to respect its necessities and even provide it with some amenities, so that no hard material hardships may interfere with its natural growth and expansion. A necessity is not a desire, it is the need of something which is indispensable, and the need arises naturally from the circumstances of one's life. But desires may or may not have any references to circumstances — they are, as the Mother says, waves from the sea of the sub-conscious vital entering into us, if there is something in us responding to them, and driving us to struggle and suffering. We must, therefore, be always on the watch, and so that no desire may be interpreted as necessity and delude us into striving to satisfy it. Let us take an example. A man needs something to wrap up at night in winter. He is given a rug which is thick and soft, but he does not use it because it is a little cold. This is a case of necessity. But if the man refuses the rug and wants to have a special kind of quilt, which he has seen at one of his friends', then it is undesirably a desire; and to indulge or even nurse it would be to imperil his own spiritual progress. There are few things that are real necessities in life, the rest are but objects of desire.

What desire really seeks is delight. Delight is, indeed, the seeking of each element of our being; but desire seeks it in things that are finite and perishable and exclusively for itself; it is a wrong and perverted seeking, which creates conflict and entails suffering. A complete renunciation of desire — all desires, good and bad, for they are all born of separative ignorance — is the only condition for the enjoyment of the delight which is the aspect and substance of our being. It is the manner in which all things become in the universe. "To conquer a desire brings more joy than to satisfy it.""

Disguises of Desire

Desire assumes many disguises to beguile the unwary soul. If we reject a gross physical desire, it appears in the form of a vital ambition tempting us to a great adventure and promising a brilliant success. If we have developed the purity and perspicacity to unmask and reject it even in that form, it comes back as an admirably righteous desire, a desire for social service or the service of humanity. These are the lures of life which we think are self-perfection but are self-perfection in any considerable extent. A quiet and dynamic detachment is stabilised and fortified by equality. A perfect, unperturbed equality in the face of all happenings of nature makes the detachment invulnerable and itself becomes the most powerful action of a dynamic yoga of self-perfection. Detachment and equality are, therefore, the indispensable primary means of the conquest of desire.

Repression and Rejection — Repression and Indulgence

The Gita says that creatures follow their own nature, and therefore, repression is not of much avail. Repression is a movement of ignorant impatience and fear, and usually generates explosive reaction. A repressed desire, as the modern psychologist tells us, does not die, but chafing and seething, causes serious derangements and moralisations in the nature. One can repress one's desires for a time, even for a long time, if one has a strong will, but not for all time. They are bound to explode. Rejection, on the contrary, is a movement of confident strength and calm self-discipline. It is an irrevocable withdrawal of the sanction of the Purusha from the cravings and appetites of the unregenerate Prakriti. It is based on the spiritual truth that the Purusha is the master, adhikare, of his nature. Prakriti is to be told to listen and submit to our limitations. If we want to overcome our playfulness in desires, we would\n
4 & 5 "Words of the Mother."
ORWELL'S INFERNO
E. R. Srinivas

In the interests of clarity the title ought to be cast aside. As described by Mr. George Orwell. There are, of course, other Infernos described by T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley. There is, then, Dante's Hell, verify a congregation of the damned. But this Hell is not all the universe, for Dante particularly takes us to the wielded swords and even to the splendidly wide spaces of Paradise. In the case of George Orwell, Hell has got to be distinctively made, but he painted at least the Kingdom of the Horses in alluring colours. Indeed finds the Government of the Peanuts a sane and serene affair. Eliot's Hell is a lot safer for the reader already rambles in the air — and when thunder rumbles can rain be far from himself, while he gives us the creeps, holds out the spectre of the reprobate. Here, the possibility, of redemption through Love; alike in his Brave New World. Yet here, he leaves the ultimate issue an open question, and it is fifty-five years later, that we are better prepared for a challenge to the possibility and their challenge at the jungle yonder.

The title is the see-saw of Tyranny and Revolution. Tyranny makes Revolution possible, and Revolution makes a new Tyranny inevitable; and this, in its turn, breeds another Revolution. It is in this sense that "Long Live Revolution!" may be said to have any validity whatsoever. This ex- a tale
Tell by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

The tale begins, is followed by Mirabeau, must Mirabeau in turn give place to Marie, Danton and Robespierre. What had Orwell Johnson wrote an essay on Koestler:
"Revolution, Koestler seems to say, is a corrupting progress. Really enter into the Revolution and you find yourself in the midst of Rubashov or Gleichin. It is not merely that 'power corrupts': so also does the corruption of power. Therefore, all efforts to regenerate society by violent means are in vain. Ougri. Lenin leads to Stalin, Stalin to power. We have come to resemble Stalin if we can't have Rubashov or Gleichin."

For Rubashov and Gleichin (who are characters in Darkness at Noon) we might substitute Danton and Robespierre; and we might even add:"Mirabeau leads to Robespierre, and would have come to resemble Robespierre if he had been able to survive." Such, in brief, is the Koestler-Orwell indictment of the revolution which is a common experience to humanity through violence.

Eighteenth-Fourty is a grim book, much莫de for its horror: it is packed with horrors, both physical and psychological; and it is a pitiless book that spares neither our nerves nor our sensibilities. Might it not be that the sheer terror of living through its creation really killed the creator himself in the process?

Orwell started his career as a Police official in Burma, as may be inferred from his Burmese Days. He soon gave up his job, and returned to England. He was attracted to revolutionary socialism, and in books like The Road to Wigan Pier he expressed his burning sympathy for the underdog. He fought with the communists during the Spanish Civil War, and he watched the slow decline and fall of the much publicized and rather tepid revolutions in Chili. Gide, Orwell too completely had shed the trappings of Christianity, which had God that had Failed, and accepted his destiny as a prophet, not only with resignation, but also with courage.

Orwell's Animal Farm is in a way the sequel to The Gladitor. The Gladitor, published eight years earlier: likewise Eighteenth-Fourty sharply recalls Koestler.

Darkness at Noon, which preceded it by five years. Not that there is any plagiarism here, or that what has happened has anything to do with the current events. Orwell start from like premises and take the same main road. The difference is that in Eighteenth-Fourty a slightly accelerated pace, passes milestones further off, and even more glorious at the end of the jungle yonder.

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Eight

Two such books are peasant detectives, and a 'nature' book, in the very image of the once hated, and perhaps will look where the hapless smaller fry of Animal Farm gaze at the final transfiguration of the novels. The former is a ruthless perspicacity to the viewer. "No question, now, what had happened in the novel."

Orwell is one of the most lucid and intellectual of our contemporaries. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig; and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

2 Such is the 'false' of Orwell's 92-page "fairy story". Animal Farm—although it is more a packet of themes than a "fairy story". In Eighteenth-Fourty, Napoleon, Pilkington and Frederick reappear, rising up the government's policies. Animal Farm is in England, but as the invisible rulers of the three superpowers of the world, Oreon, Euonia, and Eastasia. Things are not what they appear to be. The voice of the pigs is not quite so much of an advantage, and dense scrutiny may help us to see in a grain of sand, and Big Brother is always watching you. It is the world of the future — an affair of no more than thirty-five years. Already some of the heartland wars of attrition in Security Councils have ended in the tact of backfire. The three superpowers are three nearly invincible powers.

In one combination or another, these three superpowers are permanently at war, and have been
War is kept as a regular occupation ... is to use up the products of the machine without enabling the general standard of living to improve. If [the Party] silences the opposition and brings about the confusion of party loyalties, EMANUEL OCHS, the Cincinnati Enquirer, has put the focal point of the day’s “Two Minutes Hate” and the annual “Taste Week” ritual of the Winston Club, the most prominent ennui meal of the Russian revolutionaries, or anyone else who could do what he ought to do, except agree to fall at the appointed place! Such, as Coekeler sees it, is the tragedy of revolution, the violent means, that plot the ends before the means. By the time we reach a perversion of means we bring about a perversion of the ends as well.

The Second is located in the London of the nineteenth-eighties, while Coekeler’s drama is enacted in the Moscow of the nineteen-thirties. Fifty years are a long period, and contribute to a heightening of the tempo of life. Winston Smith is no Rubashov; he is no more than a timid camp-follower of the Party employed in the Ministry of Truth for the fabrication of lies and falsification of history. Even when the waves of disaffection stir within, it is but a timid hand—no more than a meek loosening of the attentions of the Telescreen and the Thought Police, constantly looking before and after in panic apprehension, Winston and Julia, a fellow-member and leader of the Anti-Party group, are disillusioned and forbidden to express their disaffection, gingerly break Party discipline, and like helpless inmates into the press gang. They are then turned over, and taken to the Ministry of Love. It is characteristic of Oceania’s political philosophy that in the era of Peace and the Third Front, it is not sufficiently clear to the government what the intelligentsia has to offer; and that the Ministry of Plenty should rationalize Sturvan, and that the Ministry of Love should specialize in every form of physical and psychological cruelty. As to O’Brian’s “The Second,” the other novel from the basic principle that a collective sum justifies all means, and that repetition is the only law, but demands that the individual should in every way be subordinated to the needs of the community—which may dispose of it as an experiment for “the extermination of rabbit or a sacrificial lamb.”

A totalitarian dictatorship—be it Stalin’s or Big Brother’s—has no use for the Christian or humanistic ethic. There is no virtue that is cherished, for virtues like the dignity of the Individual, the Christian ideal of a just society under the direct rule of God, are incompatible with the operation of a totalitarian dictatorship. It is Rubashov’s duty to the Party to take on himself the burden of the death sentence. It is an inescapable obligation, as much as it is for painting. Rubashov had acted with the true love of the Party, and had sacrificed the innocent Richard, the no less innocent and innocent. Rubashov himself knows has bestirred the ideal of the Social Revolution that in the new society, Rubashov, had acted with the true love of the Party, and had sacrificed the innocent Richard, the no less innocent, and the innocent. Rubashov had been already rotted by the Reformers and the like, and in the next few years, he or she will have to be dealt with.

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POETIC IMAGERY IN "SAVITRI"

BY RAJANIKANT MODY

Even a casual reader of Sri Aurobindo's poem Savitri will be struck by its profuse wealth of poetic images. Not a single page passes under his eyes without unloading its rich and varied cargo of imagery before him and it is a cargo from many countries, from many worlds; it is a cargo of dreams, may, of dreamlikes realties and of eternal verities lying beyond our poor limited human vision. Or, perhaps, these images are not a cargo at all, but are themselves the boats, the freighters in which is loaded the divine cargo; for the boats, the freighters are familiar to us since they are our own boats, freighters of our own world that have been sent by Sri Aurobindo, the master poet, to far off, little known countries and still less known other-worlds, and they return filled with gems and curios and novelties that dazzle and enchant and surprise our unaccustomed eyes.

These images are the creations of a poet, in whose vision even the most prosaic, even the most worldly things are transformed into exquisite or magnificent vehicles of profoundly mystic and at the same time utterly poetic ideas. Of these many gems, we shall here pass in review some of the extremely bright ones:

A three that came and left a quivering trace,
Gave room for an old tired went unfulfilled,
At peace in its subconscient moonless case
To raise its head and look for absent light,
Straining closed eyes of vanished memory,
Like one who searches for a hygine self
And only meets the corpse of his desire.

And a little later we find another beautiful image,

A long lone line of hesitating hue
Like a vague smile tempting a desert heart
Troubled the far rim of life's obscure deep

The dawn that rises in the world of Inconscience is represented in another image,

A wandering hand of pale enchanted light
That glanced along a fading moment's brine,
Fixed with gold panel and opalescent hinge
A gate of dreams ajar on mystery's corpse,

which is followed by

Interpreting a recondite beauty and bliss
In colour's hieroglyph of mystic sense,
It wrote the lines of a significant myth
Telling of a greatness of spiritual dreams,
A brilliant code penned with the sky for page.

And the same Dawn becomes an

Ambassador twixt eternity and change.

Priests and religious ceremonies and other churchly things are favourite images deftly chosen and marvellously and sometimes quite unexpectedly introduced. We shall note some of them now:

The wide-winged hymns of a great priestly wind
Arose and failed upon the altar hills;
The high boughs prayed in a revolving sky.

In this image it is the happier side of religion that finds expression; in the following one the other and sorrier spectacle of creedal religion is taken as an image:

A serile blinkered silence hushed the mind
While mitred, holding the good shepherd's staff,
Falsehood enthroned on wise and prostrate hearts
The cults and creeds that organise living death
And slay the soul on the altar of a lie.

The artists of Nature's fall and pain
Have built their altars of triumphant Night
In the clay temple of terrestrial life.
In the vacant precincts of the sacred Fire,
In front of the reredos in the mystic rite
Facing the dim veilmen none can pierce,
Intones his solemn hymn the mitred priest
Involving their dreadful process in his breast;
Attributing to them the awful Name
He chants the syllables of the magic text
And summons the unseen communion's act,
While twist the incense and the muttered prayer

All the fierce hate with which the world is racked
Is mixed in the peom of man's choice.
And poured to them like sacramental wine.

In another place greed and hate are pictured as the eocyles of Force (9) and we find, elsewhere,

An immortality couched in the cape of death.
In the "Kingdoms of the Little Life," the Life-Goddess is depicted in a very significant figure, showing the futility of petty vital pleasures

In her obscure cathedral of delight
To dim dwarf gods she offers secret rites.
But vows unending is the sacrifice.
The priest, an ignorant image who only makes
Fatal mutations in the altar's plan
And casts blind hopes into a powerless flame.

In a later canto, while describing the World of Falsehood and the part played by Thought in that world, a full-fledged image drawn from Mystery-Religion is to be found. It is as follows:

Thought set, a priestess of Perpetuity,
On her black tripod of the irride Snake
Reading by opposite signs the eternal script,
A sorceress recasing Life's Out-frame.
In the darkling states with evil eyes for lamps
And fatal voices chanting from the aope,
In strange infernal dim basiliscus
Intoning the magic of the unholy Word,
The ominous profound Initiato
Performed the ritual of her Mysteries.

Next, we take up another group of images which are based on geography:

Calm heavens of imperishable Light,
Illumined continents of violet peace,
And griefless countries under purple suns.

This is the description given of what Sri Aurobindo calls the "Wonder-worlds of Life," above which is situated "a breadthless summit region, whose boundaries jutted into a sky of Self." The Traveller of the Worlds finds himself ascending into the "kingdom of a griefless life", where

Above him in a new celestial vault
Other than the heavens beheld by mortal eyes,
As on a fretted ceiling of the pala
An archipelago of laughter and fire,
Swan stars apart in a rippled sea of sky.

A little later he becomes a traveller in the "Kingdoms of the Little Life," in which

A freak of living startled vacant Time,
Islands of living dotted lifelike space
And germs of living formed in formless air.

And a similar image is found in the description of Man, who is a "nomad of the far mysterious Light", and who is a stranger become awake in an unconscious world:

A traveller in his off-shifitng home
Amid the tread of many infinitudes,
He has pitched a tent of life in desert space.

And the most daring and charming image in this group is

The conscious ends of being went rolling back;
The landmarks of the little person fell,
The island ego joined its continent.

From this group of geographical images, we now go to images of travel and communication. Aswapaty, the Traveller, has become "a pilgrim of the everlasting Truth".

He has turned from the voices of the narrow realm
And left the little lane of human Time.
In the hawked precincts of a water plane
He treads the vestigues of the Unknown.

And again,

He journeys to meet the Incommunicable,
Hearing the echo of his simple steps
In the eternal courts of Solitude.
POETIC IMAGERY IN

The image of travelling appears again in a very unexpected context and in a happy and apt manner in the following lines:

And, traveller on the roads of line and hue,
Purifies the spirit of beauty to its home.
Thus we draw near to the All-Wonderful.
Following his repute in things as signs and guide;
Beauty is his foot-print showing us where he has passed,
Love is his heartbeats' rhythms in mortal breasts. (21)

And a weird image of the Traveller Soul coming across dreadful dangers in his journeying is the following:

On his long way through Time and Circumstances
The grey-hued riddling mother shadow-Sphink,
Her dreadful paves upon the swallowing sands,
Assists him armed with the soul-slaying sword;
Across his path sits the dim camp of Night. (22)

This “Circumstance” finds an equally weird apparel of an image elsewhere:

We hear the crush of the wheels of Circumstance(22) and also,

The galloping hooves of the unforeseen event(24) and again.

In a gallop of thunder-hooved vicissitudes
She swept through the race-fields of Circumstance. (25)

In this last image it is Life that is pictured as the rider. The next one is a mixed image of many hues, describing the journey of the Traveller through the “Kingdoms of the Greater Life:"

Around him teemed the forests of her signs:
At hazard he read by arrow-lines of a Thought
That hits the heart with fiery gasses or human chance.
Her changing coloured road-lights of idea
And her signals of uncertain swift events,
The hieroglyph of her symbol pageant;
And her landmarks in the tangled paths of Time(26)

And it will not be out of place here to note two occurrences of the image of an inn applied to Time. We do not feel that it is repeated again, for in both cases it is so differently used. The first occurrence is in these lines:

And hardly with his heart's blood he achieves
His transient house of the divine Idea,
His figure of a Time-inn for the Unborn(27)

And on the second occasion it occurs in:

The home of a perpetual happiness
It lodged the hours as in a pleasant inn. (28)

In the first instance it is Time that is conceived as the inn, while in this second it is Matter that lodges the hours as in an inn. This shows what a great poet can do, even when he is using the same image.

Next, we take up one of the most fertile sources of images, viz., communications:

Neighbours of Heaven are Nature's altitudes,
To high-raised dominions of the Self
Too far from surface Nature's postal routes,
Too lofty for our mortal lives to breathe,
Deep in us are responding elements. (29)

How wonderfully appropriate and apt this figure of postal routes is! For surface Nature's lines of communications are all restricted within the area of mind-bound and sense-bound consciousness, while these domains of the Self are lying outside and beyond those means of communication. It is not only the postal communications that have obliged by becoming an image, but even the telegraphic transmissions have become a magnificent figure in the hands of this mystic poet:

The troglodytes of the subconscious Mind,
Ill-trained slow stammering interpreters,
Only of their small task's routine aware
And busy with the record of our cells,
Concealed in the subliminal secrecy
Mid obscurous occult machinery,
Capture the mystic Morse whose measured lift
Transmits the messages of the cosmic Force. (30)

In passing we may note that here there is a curious and at the same time brilliant mixture of two images, the first being that of troglodytes or cave-dwellers which reminds us of the Vedic figure of Pani who penned up the divine cows in their subterranean cave, and the second is that of the Morse code. But this is not all, for even one of the most prosaic of all persons, the newspaper reporter is not spared. In the hands of an ordinary poet such an image especially when applied to such a sublime thing as Inspiration would have become grotesque and jarring. But what an apposite figure it becomes in the following lines:
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 than by following the advice of Sri Aurobindo, who 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 make it functional for the present time, we have arranged a series of questions of common interest along with precise answers directly taken from Sri Aurobindo’s writings which will regularly appear in these columns.

Q. 1: Is the psychological character and actual life of a nation in any way influenced or determined by the external fame of its leaders?

A. The manners, the social culture and the restraint in action and expression which are so large a part of national prestige and dignity and make a nation admired like the French, loved like the Irish, respected like the English, is borne essentially on the sense of form and beauty, of what is correct, symmetrical, well-adjusted, fair to the eye and pleasing to the imagination. The absence of these qualities is a source of national weakness. The rudeness, coarseness and vulgar violence of the less cultured Englishman, the over-bearing brusqueness and selfishness of the Prussian have greatly hampered those powerful nations in their dealings with foreigners, dependencies and even their own subjects, allies, colonies. We all know what a large share the manner and ordinary conduct of the average and of the vulgar Anglo-Indian has had in bringing about the revolt of the Indian, according through a sense of wrong, indignity and the absence of mutual intercourse, against the mastery of an obviously coarse and selfish community. Now the sense of form and beauty, the correct, symmetrical, well-adjusted, fair and pleasing is an artistic sense and can be fostered in a culture of the life of the city, in the perception and sensibilities. It is noteworthy that the two great nations who are most hampered by the defect of these qualities in action are also the least imaginative, poetic and artistic in Europe. It is the South Germans who contribute the art spirit and music of Germany. Dr. C. I. M. Norman who produces great poets and a few great artists in England without altering the characteristics of the dominant race. Music is ever more powerful in this direction than Art and by the perfect expression of harmony insensibly steeps the man in it. And it is noticeable that England has hardly produced a single musician worth the name. Plateau Republic has devoted itself, as we have seen, to a similar law of beauty, harmony and just arrangement in line and colour, the tastes, habits and character with which they are adorned. The mind is profoundly influenced by what it sees and, if the eye is trained from the days of childhood to the contemplation and understanding of beauty, harmony and just arrangement in line and colour, the tastes, habits and character with which they are adorned is it inevitable that the habits, thoughts and feelings of the people should be raised, ennobled, harmonised, made more sweet and dignified.

Q. 2: Is there any difference in the ways in which poetry, music and the arts of painting and sculpture exercise their influence on our life and character?

A. "The purification of the heart, the chitranidhi, which Aristotle assigned as the essential office of poetry, is done in poetry by the disturbance of the lower self-regarding passions. Painting and of emotional aestheticism which make up life, unalloyed by the disturbance of the lower self-regarding passion. Painting and sculpture work in the same direction and have the same aim. Art is not the same means as poetry but cannot do it to the same extent because it has not the movement of poetry; it is fixed, still, it expresses only a given moment, a given point in space, not move freely through time and region. But it is precisely this stillness, this calm, this fixity which gives its separate value to Art. Poetry raises the emotions and gives each its separate delight. Art stills the emotions and teaches them that restrained and limited satisfaction. — this indeed was the characteristic that the Greeks, a nation of artists, so far more artistic than poetic, tried to bring into their poetry. Music deepens the emotions and harmonises them with other. But music, as music, art and poetry are a perfect education for the soul; they make and keep its movements purified, self-controlled, deep and harmonious. These, therefore, are the agents which can profitably be negatived by humanity on its outward march or degraded to the mere satisfaction of sensuous pleasure which will disintegrate rather than build the character.

They are, when properly used, great educating, edifying and light-giving forces in the present day and age of confusion and disorder. To bring home this light and this guidance, and make it functional for the present time, we have arranged a series of questions of common interest along with precise answers directly taken from Sri Aurobindo’s writings which will regularly appear in these columns. Some persons consider music far superior, in its aesthetic appeal, to poetry or the arts of painting and sculpture. Is this really so? "It is necessary to fix a scale of greatness between two fine arts when each has its own basis, and it is here that we have to measure the extremes of aesthetic Ananda? Music, no doubt, goes nearest to the infinite and to the essence of things because it relies wholly on the other arts, in 3D, in colour, in 3D perception, and language. It can do something of the same kind at the other extreme even in its imprisonment in mass; but painting and sculpture have their revenge by liberating visible form into ecstasy, while poetry though it cannot do with sound what music does, yet can make this into a many-stringed harmony, a sound revolution winging the creation by the word and setting aside vivid suggestions of form and colour, —that gives it in a very smallest kind the power of all the arts. Who shall decide between such claims or be a judge between these godheads?

Q. 3: Some people differentiate poetry from music by saying that poetry is to be mentally understood while music is to be felt and experienced. Is there a difference?

A. "The difference is not that poetry has to be understood and music or singing has to be felt (enabled); that one has to reach the soul through the precise written words and the other through the suggestion of sound and its appeal to some inner chord within us. If you only understand the intellectual content of a poem, its words and ideas, you have not really appreciated the poem at all, and a poem contains only that and nothing else, is not true poetry. A fine poem contains something more which has to be felt just as you feel music and that is its more important and essential part. Poetry has a rhythm, just as music has, though of a different order and without rhythm or without the proper rhythm would not at all move or impress you in the same way. The same thing is also an inner content or suggestion, a soul-feeling or soul-experience (not merely an idea), and it is only when you can catch this and reproduce some vibration of the experience — if not the experience itself — in that you have got there and that the poem can give you, not otherwise."

What then is the real difference between poetry and music or between a poem and a song?

A. "The real difference between a poem and a song is that a song is written to be set to music and its rhythm and a poem is written with the ear listening for the needed poetic rhythm or word-music. These two rhythms are quite different. That is why a poem cannot be set to music unless it has either been written with an eye to kind of rhythm or else happens to have (without especially intending it) a movement which makes it easy or at least possible to set it to music. This happens often with lyrical poetry, less often with other, because the music, art and poetry are a perfect education for the soul; they make and keep its movements purified, self-controlled, deep and harmonious. These, therefore, are the agents which can profitably be negatived by humanity on its outward march or degraded to the mere satisfaction of sensuous pleasure which will disintegrate rather than build the character.

In countries influenced by the democratic, socialist or communist ideology which insists on bringing down art to the level of the common people, popular verse and folk-songs are claimed to be of greater cultural value than poetry and music which require a developed taste for appreciation. Is this claim valid? "Popular verse catches the child ear more easily than the music of developed poetry because it relies on a crude jingle or infantile lift — not because it endures in its movements the true native spirit of the clans. It is a conlarity to think that the real spirit and native movement of a language can be caught only in crude and primitive forms and that it is disguised in the more perfect work in which it has developed its own possibilities to their full pitch, it is as if one maintained that the true and fundamental nature of the evolving soul was to be sought in the earthworm or the scarabaeus and not in the developed human being — or in the divinitized man or rishis/monk.

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