A CLUSTER OF CONFUSIONS

We are confronted with a host of important happenings both at home and abroad. Perhaps the most urgent of all problems for us is the persecution of Hindus in East Bengal. There is not the slightest doubt that the atrocities were committed in full view on a pretty large scale and that the anti-Hindu virus is widespread and active almost everywhere. Not only Decca, as the East Bengal Government admits, but also Chittagong, Feni, Brahmanbaria, Comilla, Akhaura, Chaudhary, Barisal and Mymensingh have been the centres of recent disturbances. Our Government has done well in refusing to confide any retaliation by Hindus on Muslim residents in India, especially as many Muslims themselves have been loud in condemning the loot, arson, rape and murder their thoughtless co-religionists have been guilty of in Eastern Pakistan. But, while being as humane as possible, we should keep our minds alert and understand the forces at work: then only whatever steps we take on high governmental level will be the right and effective ones.

OUR POLICY TOWARDS PAKISTAN

We say we should pierce to the heart of a situation. Pakistan is based on extreme communalism: that communalism is her origin and raison d'être. All her policy towards India is animates by it and every act in general forms part of a pattern of hostility. If this hostility were not there, there would be no Pakistan. So it is no use shutting our eyes to it. We should certainly not give up the idealism with which we desire to act and we should never indulge in the communalist mentality, but we must face the terrible and ascertainate passions—second, she wants to inconvenience India as much as possible and to reduce her by one means or another to a state of helplessness. The Government has realised by now that agreements are mere scissors of paper to Pakistan, but we do not yet see that it is no temporary acuteness but the natural and inevitable mode of action of a State founded on what Pandit Nehru has called a "pernicious doctrine". We keep on hoping and hoping and our persistence in wearing pink glasses takes the edge off our minds and the strength out of our hands.

It is time we acted, however nobly, in the full consciousness of what we are up against. In Kashmir we have willful and brazen invasion of territory that has rightfully ascended to India and in which the people's party dating from far British times is, in spite of being Muslim-led, all for India. Conditions have been created to make a fair plebiscite impossible. If India had refrained from strafing the bases given by Pakistan in its territory to the trans-frontier liners, and if we had let our armies march straight instead of cutting them and taking our ease to the U.N.O., there would have been an end of the Kashmir affair and perhaps an end even of Pakistan. We thought Pakistan would listen to an international tribunal. The result was that not only did she encourage and equip the savage tribesmen but actually sent her own armies into Kashmir and organised the so-called Azad troops into a force of considerable dimensions functioning under her own command! There is an absolute deadlock in Kashmir today and Pakistan is hearteningly arming for a show-down which, contrary to her expectation, she could not bring to a successful close three years ago. In the realm of trade she has done her best to damage our interests and the Inter-dominion Agreement by which we set such store was flouted in every detail. Recently, she made a unilateral conciliatory gesture towards South Africa in contravention of all understanding for a joint front against Malan's racial policy. In the matter of evacuee property her conduct has been infamous. Since the value of property left in Pakistan by Hindu refugees is four times that of property left here by Muslim refugees, Pakistan has cared not a host to come to any equitable arrangement, but has gone on tightening more and more her evacuee property law. As a last stroke, she has removed the whole issue from the list of subjects to be discussed on governmental level! A list of 7,250 ab ducted women has been sent to her Government with definite cl auses to the recovery of several hundreds of them. A deaf ear has been turned to our plea. In June and July, 1948, a list of about 800 Hindu and Sikh temples reported to have been desecrated was forwarded. Since March, 1949, a further list of 95 temples and Gurudwaras, 74 of which are situated in Karachi, has been sent. The Pakistan Government has not even deigned to give a reply! In the meantime a campaign of blackwashing is going on in the Security Council. And here it may be recalled that last year Pakistan voted vehemently against India's admission to membership of this Council, while all the remaining Muslim countries of the world voted in India's favour. An ineradicable animosity towards India and a resolution not to come to terms with her on any account and a flagrant violation of all pacts have been the distinguishing marks of Pakistan's behaviour ever since Partition.

And now comes the persecution in East Bengal. And what are we going to do about it? We shall protest and we shall hold conferences with the Pakistan Ministers. Perhaps there will be quiet again. But how shall we undo the crimes committed against us and how are we to prevent their repetition in the future? Are we to learn no lesson from the fact that every proposal for a reasonable solution has been bluntly rejected? Pakistan wants no joint fact-finding commission, refuses the suggestion of a joint tour by the Prime Ministers of both countries, apurra even the appeal of the Indian Red Cross for observation by international Red Cross representatives. Instead of helping us, she allows inflammatory falsehoods to be spread by her press so that more and more the lot of her minorities may be worsened, and her Ministers keep on fire-fighting, and lately the preposterous claim was made that India should be further partitioned in order to provide a separate homeland for the Indian Muslims. We must take the right measures for our safety. They must, of course, be thought of by those in authority and it would be out of place for ordinary people to dictate these things. But no right measures are possible unless we burn with the conviction that Pakistan is incorrigible and that every act of violence or injustice to Hindus by her nationals reflects the mind of the Government itself. This has been driven home to us again and again, and yet we go on cheating illusions. There is also a fundamental weakness in our attitude and Pakistan is well aware of it. Suppose she had our resources and our military might. And suppose, again, there were 36 million Hindus within her borders who might serve as hostages—just as we have 36 million Muslins. Would we have dared to behave as high-handedly as she does? Would we have run the risk of drawing manifold retaliation for allowing Muslims to be robbed and tortured and killed? Something is unquestionably amiss with a frame of mind that can stand nonsense on so huge a scale.

We are at a critical moment of our history. While doing everything in our power to ensure safety to the Indian Muslins, we must strike as hard as we can at the communalist aggressiveness that is bent in Pakistan on making peace and security impossible for Hindus. There was some ray of hope in the warning by Pandit Nehru: "If the methods we have suggested are not agreed to, it may be that we shall have to adopt other methods." But has the welcome note of firmness been sustained? We have growing soothingly accustomed to being weak and compromising that it will be a regular effort to be keyed up to the proper pitch. But the hour is ripe for grasping the nettie with virile hands. If we fail to do so, we shall ill-servc our country and its high principles.

OUR ATTITUDE TO VIET NAM

The capacity for clear thought is at a pretty low ebb in responsible circles not only in this matter. Take our attitude to the Bao Dai regime in Viet Nam. Britain to her shame served her commercial interests in China

Continued overleaf
A CLUSTER OF CONFUSIONS—Continued from previous page

and sacrificed the cause of civilization which is bound up with "containing" Communism. But in Indo-China she has been quite clean-handed and followed a policy in close concert with America. Both have recognised Bao Dai in spite of his representing only one section of the two Vietnamese, the other being represented by Dr. Ho Chi Minh whose government is cored with Communist elements. The Ho-Chi Minh Communist as his mentor-in-Chief and who has been recognised as the legitimate ruler by Mao and Stalin and even promised help by the former. As France has been in many ways not for over two years she has protested that under her foreign policy of Alliance she contains a clause forbidding any other country to enter into alliance or coalition against the other. But Stalin, in his resolve to push Communism throughout China, has put the Liberal regime in France by Franco's protocol for which he did for Chiang Kai-shek's against the violation of the 1945 treaty by which he recognised no government except the Kuomintang. Our leaders seem to see nothing wrong here. All that they are obsessed with is the fact that France's presence in Indo-China precludes those other sores of theirs: imperialism and colonialism. They forget that France has granted autonomy to the Bao Dai regime within the French Union and that, though this autonomy is not all it should be, since freedom in foreign policy is not implied by it, it is an admirable beginning of the end of the imperialist and colonial tradition. Britain and America, two of the greatest imperialist and colonial powers in the past, have voluntarily relinquished vast areas and most other West-European powers are moving in the same direction. Imperialism and colonialism are fast being forsaken on our part to make pogos out of them, while shutting our eyes to the tremendous expansionism of Soviet Russia and the establishment of Cominform both in the East and in the West to work by any means for the overthrow of all non-Communist governments in the world.

Pandit Nehru has himself admitted that Moscow and Peking keep on referring to their government in the same ways as to their government in the world. They have acknowledged that only Dr. Ho and his regime can be regarded as nationalist. Nationalism, according to Moscow and Peking, means Communism which takes orders ultimately from Stalin. This is well-known to our own leaders and, within India itself, they have denounced the Communist party not only because it carries out acts of violence and sabotage but also because in these acts as well as in every move it makes they see an attempt to assert an external imperial power. Our leaders have refused to consider it a nationalist party. But, as admitted, Russia and the strings of Communism in India, why do we forget that she does the same everywhere else outside Yugoslavia and that, no matter what the number of people supporting Dr. Ho, he can never be a genuine nationalist? Every available fact about him shows him up for what he is. It is now a long time since he became, in Paris, first a Socialist and then a Communist. In the early twenties he went to Moscow, attended the Lenin Institute there, was trained as a Soviet Agent and became a Soviet citizen. He was attached as an aide to Michael Borodin in China in 1927. In 1930 he organised an abortive Communist revolt in Indo-China. At one stage of his career he turned up in the Soviet Consulate at Boston in the U.S.A. Through the three years he lived in Russia. In 1945 he was sent back to Indo-China. We should be simplistic to talk of Nationalism in connection with him. He has for the large support which is alleged to be given him by the Viet-Namese there is sufficient explanation in the old in which in the French are held in their hand and are not wholly responsible for whatever assistance there is to Bao Dai who is favoured by France, and it is strengthened by the colonial ignorance, among the majority of the Viet-Namese, of the dreadful implications of Communism. As long as this ignorance and the wide-spread Francophobia are exploited by Communist agents, there can be no possi-

ble arrival of a true definition of Nationalism in Indo-China. And even were it found somehow that the majority plumbs for Dr. Ho's Communist with open eyes we should still not have Nationalism in the real sense of the word, for a Communist of the non-Tito brand will always work for Russia and Stalin and be a traitor to his own country's interests and traditions. A Communist can only be a surrendered nationalist at the best. He is, in the words of the Swedish poet, "whenever faced with it at home slur over it in the situation in Viet Nam? The sole explanation is that there is no British rule over Indo-China whereas the French are still present as a power in Indo-China and their presence, getting however attenuated to the merely nominal as time goes by, makes see red and turn utterly blind to the real shadow of Red ruin that is creeping like an East-Red throughout East Asia. If not by anything else, we should be jolted into proper judgment by the broadcast from Dr. Ho's radio on February 21 that "Indo-China henpecked into Russian idea. Nobody denies that Bao Dai, even though within the French Union, should be recognized as autonously as Nehru is within the Commonwealth and we should not treat him as autonously or urge on France a more liberal policy; but if under pressure of what we choose between, on the one hand, the last remnants of imperialist colonialism by a country which has ever been in the van of the world's battle for intellectual liberty and the individuality of the East, on the other hand, the necessarily extending tentacles of a totalitarian tyranny which destroys the finest cultural values of both Orient and Occident and against which French bayonets in Indo-China are a help, should we hesitate for even a single second?

OUR CALCULATIONS ABOUT RED CHINA

Have we not realised yet how wrong we were in granting recognition to Mao Tse-tung? We were under the impression that the Communist movement in China was mainly inspired by desire for internal reforms of an agrarian order. We even argued that by recognizing Mao we should be driving him inexorably into the Soviet bloc. Sheer wishful thinking led us to overlook the clear declaration made by Mao as far back as July 1, 1949, that "It is impossible," he said, "to remain on the fence between the United States and the Soviet Union, or the side of the Imperialists or on the side of Socialism," and he added a phrase that has been the motto of Red China ever since: "We lean on one another," as all countries favoured by Soviet friendship, Red China must have agreed to give Soviet-nominated advisers key-positions in the Chinese army, secret police and Communist Party. The Indian Government's calculations—and these were shared by most of the major political groups gene-
rally opposing Congress—have been completely jumbled agley, and it would be wisdom to admit the gigantic folly we have committed and not only set our course in a different direction but also advise Britain to cry a halt to her commercialism and reconsider the entire situation.

OUR ROLE IN THE U.N.O.

Viceroy counsel from us should be forthcoming too in the controversy about unseating Dr. Tsiang from the U.N.O. Our delegate seems to recommend a revision of the proceedings so that Mr. Malik and his sympa-
thisers from Eastern Europe may not turn their backs on Indian and American efforts at the U.N.O. assembly's meetings. But these rules have been taken advantage of by the Eastern bloc delegates to serve their own ends so far: it is illogical to favour change in them just when they help America. Keep the Peking-suggested delegate Mr. Chang Wen-tien from gaining entry. Moreover, Dr. Tsiang is there by right: seven out of eleven members of the Security Council are against his motion and as long as two permanent members—America and France—have not recognised Red China and are therefore pitted against the two—their might and perhaps other considerable reservations about the new way out of the deadlock. We submit that the new way consists in taking stock of the change in conditions since the U.N.O. was formed, and bringing to bear upon the present problem, so that until unani-

mity be obtained on the world's recognition of Red China, the seat not now occupied by Dr. Tsiang might be given not to another Chinese delegate but to someone else, as any other independent nation, she should be chosen as a permanent seat. An alternative is Turkey. Her absence from the war need be no argu-
ment against her election. Technically, such an argument would rules out Red China herself, since there is no such entity as a non-declared entity at war. What is required is a unanimously recognised independent entity or India and Turkey would very well fit the requirement—especially Turkey in the Middle East. If we were less confused with the Chinese puzzle we would play a more constructive role in the U.N.O.'s affairs.

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CREATIVE CRITICISM

BY ANDRE CHAMSON

Literary criticism is a form of literature whose purpose is to give judgment upon the works of creative artists. This at least is the idea that people have of it. Perhaps it is the cultural level, in the sphere of art and literature but considered apart from creative work, an autonomous activity following upon the creative act. For if the critic is to judge, he must be able to see, to feel, to hear, to meaning, more profoundly linked with the realities of life. Be it a part of the doctor’s vocabulary, or that of the politician or historian, “critical” has acquired meaning of an absolute, and is incisively involved in the mystical forces of change.

This meaning is derived from the word’s earliest origins, for it represents an attitude towards life, close to nature the physical idea of separation, specifically the separation of the self from the fundamental act which has a significant impact upon the individual. This movement, but above all, because it is the separation of what is transcendent from that which sustains life.

The word takes on its original meaning in works of literature. When it is not applied to literature, anything that is of a critical nature, a separation of a part from a whole, is comparable with fate. All creation, then, is consequent upon a choice, or a decision. If a man understands this perfectly when, at the bedside of a sick friend or at the deathbed of his own, he is told that the end of his life is near, but he knows that this hour is one of judgment, of separation, of a decision that will shape the future. From that moment, every event tends towards life, for life is not failure, towards salvation or perdition. The separation and movement would seem to be the manifestation of a decision and a creative act.

An act of creation is combined with creative force, that I wish to speak for. It is a form of intellectual creation, although the conception of criticism as a branch of literature related to the consideration of life would form the object on which to pass judgment on art, the object of this creative criticism which I shall try to define.

As at the great works of the past shows that the creations of the human mind, whether they be novels, poems, paintings, are always inspired by a critical situation in the formation of the selection of the material. Be it in the plastic arts, or in the art of language, the evolution of a form of expression, the mode of expression always occurs in the relinquishing of certain realities or ideas which, from frequent use, have become commonplace or mere symbols. Sometimes they may seem to retain a semblance of vitality by former or present associations with certain aspects of life. We may only by choice, even if this choice is as mysterious as our innermost states, but the confident conception of man in fact makes an impression upon us only in certain limited spaces which mark its distance. Like the mountain climber, it selects certain footsteps among bare truths. Our contact with the world in which we live is made by a choice and an understanding, on the part of the listener, of the choice depends on our achievements. In this connection, nothing is more important than the creative power which can perceptively evolve the evolution of cultural forms. He who seeks the truth of the universal, or who strains towards the eternal, cannot fail. I should like to draw upon a personal literary figure to illustrate this point.

About a century and a half ago, Goethe took his journey to Italy. He stopped at Padua, and we know what

selects certain broad ideas, neither purely critical or purely creative but combinations of both, which direct the artist’s work. Whether it be to give Sestism a place it may have already lost, or to categorize a creation in a category. Or, the elements of which seem to have been forgotten; or whether it be to renew the laws of Nature or the re-establishment of authorities that have become dim, with time, there have always been, in the past, a few elementary guides to help the creative urge in men, even before they produce a creative work. As Rousseau says, ‘The critical age, when the mind is opened to certainty, when feeling is deepened and change formed, and all one’s future life is decided.’ This truth applies to generations as well as to individuals.

It is clear that it is a trend of this sort that has formed the basic art forms and of our modes of expression. Certainly, such movements as la Pfaniso, the Romantic were not formed out of a vacuum, nor were they based on some elaborate and ready-made theory, but on a few easily-defined ideas, which served as indicators or signposts. That is, as the origin of all forms of art, what may be termed a critical age of life from a critical angle, a need to study in certain aspects whilst ignoring others. It is like the constant separation of ideas and values, which mean life from those which lead only to death. For the human tragedy, perhaps it is the perpetual loss of contact with reality, with all the chances of a gnawing of human existence, and these successive inventions are probably no more than attempts to return to the logical and critical truths. They express the biological force, the pulsation of life, the sleeping of the green shoot from the bare branch.

If I insist, in this expose’, on emphasizing the relationship between the critical and the creative act, it is because I believe that today, more than ever before, our creative work is withheld for lack of the decisions. A decision, as the outcome of my thought is not merely a thought. It is not merely today that I feel this so strongly, nor is it by chance that I have chosen such a theme. For four years now my thoughts have been full of all great literary works, and the decisions that they made in order to live, and which has been the condition of so many artists, that the work, like a solitude, a solitude which not even the fraternities of war can dispel, since it springs from an instinctive within us, a feeling of the spiritual values of our time.

Finish The Play...

Kill me, but clean me, O my God; What is the use of your hard rod, If it must only push my fears Back, back into the years?
Break me, but take me once for all, What is the use of knock and fall, If it be not in love complete The last fall of your feet?
O God, my God, cleanse me and take My soul to you, for your sweet sake; What is the use of all my sin, If you be not in love complete?
Trap me, but wrap me in your love Illumine all my wrong, and prove Each vague desire against your will Was I not attaining to love ultimate?
Finish the play, I am tired, tired. If I once did what you desired, Tis time you have heard and set me free, Came and become poor me.

TEHRAN.

(A "Exclusively from UNRSCO")
ACT TWO: CONFLICT

Next morning. A bathing ghat in the river Ganges of Navadvip. Two pundits, Keshav and Murari, are seen bathing close together, and a young woman, Ronasumdi, a few feet from them. Keshav who owns a tol (Sanskrit school) is reputed for his scholarship. He has a very high opinion of himself and is of imposing appearance, with a long flowing beard of a man in the early sixties. Murari, who owns a similar tol, is gifted with a sense of humour. He is in the late forties. Romo, about five and twenty, is a Brahmin widow who worships Sri Chaitanya, is of comely appearance, a cultured girl but very poor who ekes out a bare living by spinning and fears equally the Divine and the Devil.

KESHAV
(with the Ganges water in his hands formally intoning a hymn)
O thou, red like the Hibiscus, born of the Sage Kanishaya, O vast Glory, who tirelessly
Dost with dark Night thy mystic battle wage
Re redeeming all our sins—I bow to thee."

MURARl
But have you not, sir, mispronounced a word?

KESHAV
(nurtled)
What?

MURARI
I only mean sir—

KESHAV
You need not, I say.
For nothing that you mean has any meaning.

MURARI
(ironically)
But you behave like a judge who has gone deaf
And hangs the witness taking him for the robber?

KESHAV
(furiously)
You dare—

MURARI
But sir, in daring who can beat you?
For if I have affronted a sambre human
You insulted the whitest God in Heaven,
Although the wicked sceptic may indeed
Ask if the Gods live not too far to notice
Your grievous accent you now flaunt so boldy!

ROMA
(scared)
O Lord, my Lord Gouranga! Were you here
The river would ripple again with happiness.

KESHAV
Stop murmuring, woman! nor invoke a human
When nothing less than the Lord of thunder and lightning
Can blast the irrevenerate, as the Gita says;
(turning to Murari)
When you'll be taken to hell with your foul tongue
Reduced to silent ash. So shudder, fool!

MURARI
There I'll obey you willingly, for once.
If only to swell the choir of Gods aghast
And shuddering, sir, at your pronunciation.
For 'tis for priests like you the Chandi wrote: (he starts reciting in mock solemnity)
Smile thou on me, O Goddess of Gods,
If my breath, unwrathfully,
Has missed a vowel while I sang
Of thy Divinity.

Or if my tongue has mispronounced
A consonant in between,
In thy deep Grace, O merciful
Mother, absolve my sin."

KESHAV
(contemptuously)
Yes, such imporlations suit the philistines
Like you and those you teach, the lipissing infants,
Who will stay lipissing infants all their lives
Even as there are some others—
(smiling proudly)
'tis not boasting.
But truth is truth—although the blind, alas,
Never can see and as shall never know
That a few there are who stand out like to peaks
Whose greatness is thus hymned by the greatest Poet:
He who is master of himself
Will laugh to scorn his chains:
The thunder's boom and lightning's flare
His high-born soul disdain.**

MURARI
(bowing in mock humility)
Your high humility does, sir, overwhelm.
But even the high peak is laid low by earthquakes,
And that is why you stumble over a word;
Let Nimal Pandit, the great, adjudicate.

KESHAV
(sneering)
A mighty authority, indeed, this green
Infant of yesterday! And pundit? Tut!
Who knows not even the rudiments of grammar?

ROMA
(angered)
But what are you saying, sir? Our Lord Gouranga
Was reputed as a prodigy of learning
At the age of twelve when he had read through all
There was to read on earth. They say once came
A fearful scholar whose voice was like a gong;
And this blood-curling giant interpreted
A holy couplet faultily which he,
Our Lord Vishwambhar, pointed out to him
In a great consistory of priests and poets:
And he was only seventeen at the time!

KESHAV
Oh, hold your wagging tongue, wench! How I loathe
This prurid blind-hero-worship, bred by gospel!
At seventeen to be reckoned a great scholar?
Pooh! Have I not been poring over the great
Panini from the day I learned to lip?
As everyone knows, and still—behold me, woman!
I have but just won through to the initial status
Of a fool!

MURARI
(clapping his hands)
And how I applaud your judgment, sir!
For the first time in my life—with all my heart.

KESHAV
(frowning)
What do you intinsate sir, may I ask?

*From a well-known Sanskrit hymn to the Sungel:
Javishumamassamksham Kashyapeyam mahdyutin.
Dwinitaram sarupapagam pranastumi divikaram.

**From Kalidasa's 'Kumar-sambhavam':
Atmoshevaranil na hi jitu vigunhi samachibhada-prabha bhavanti.
Panini—a great grammarian of Sanskrit.

*From 'Chandipathaparadha-khamapanya-stotra':
Yadnya pitha jagadambike mayi vaivsa-vindawakebhisham-nilom
Tadgita sampatnatiyam pratikshat samkalpasamasthitu aadiva prajanam.

**From Kalidasa's 'Kumar-sambhavam':
Atmoshevaranil na hi jitu vigunhi samachibhada-prabha bhavanti.
SRI CHAITANYA

ROMA

O sir! I feel so scared and do implore you: Let not the little light of peace there is, The little friendliness that still survives Be blurred for nothing, as says Lord Vishwambhar—

KESHAV

You say this is nothing—when this idiot Impugs my reputation as a pundit, Saying I mispronounce—I am swimming In the oceaned wisdom of Panini!

ROMA

But sir, I am a simple woman: yet I wonder—

KESHAV

You may—and gape, too—since your starless soul Will genuflect to dismal humans knowing Naught of Panini’s godhood.

ROMA (difftently)

But I, sir, Was given to understand that your Panini Was the author of a grammar, was he not? How then could you, a mighty scholar, worship A mere grammarian as a Sage of wisdom?

KESHAV (scandalized)

A grammarian? Woman! utter a blasphemy At your own peril, I warn you! For the great Panini was a Sage of sages who delved Into the mysteries of the three worlds. Only the morons fail to appraise his greatness. His masterpiece is, even as the Vedas, A compendium of all our human knowledge, An apocalypse of life and destiny. So prattler, beware!—I warn you once again.

ROMA (nervously)

I meant no harm, sir. I . . . I only wanted To plead that our great Lord Gouranga is Not a common man, but a grand Avatar, A God incarnate in the human mould. And may I humbly add: he too can lecture On the three worlds and the mysteries divine.

KESHAV (infuriated)

O hush, I tell you! I have come to worship The Sungod in this holy river, Ganga, And not to hark to dire obscenities. What! Shall a human walking on two legs Ever assume the status of Godhood? Oh, fie!

ROMA

Oh be not angry, good sir, I implore you. But what do we know of God’s ways after all? We may indeed be versed in human things: But the things divine, because they are divine, Can hardly be—mainly—within our reach. So how can you presume, sir, to assert That our high Almighty could not for His own Lila accept a human mould on earth? The other day, while singing in ecstasy, Our Lord Gouranga danced as though on air And ge he cried: “O Krishna, art thou come?” His body did become self-luminous As countless witnesses will testify. (Her voice trembles) And then . . . Oh, how can I with human words Portray the superhuman miracle? For as he went on singing, he saw a halo Girdle his shining brow and all fell down Prostrate at his twin feet acclaiming him As an incarnation, in one human frame, Of Radha and Krishna in mystic union!

KESHAV (touching his sacred thread in rage)

O horrible blasphemer! You are doomed For ever: you shall be roasted in black hell On a frying pan in the stinking oil of sharks And the dread demons will beseech you With red-hot tridents burning all your hair Till you’ll be bald as—as this fool Murari Who will insult me and yet genuflect To a callow youth and call him my superior. Yes, he too shall be haled to Hades with you. *

ROMA (scared)

I will crave your pardon, sir. I will not say A word more, nor even venture to ventilate My poor opinions against the learned wisdom Of a great pundit who has touched the bottom With the plummet of reason lent him by the mighty Grammarians oracle.

KESHAV (propitiated)

I can forgive If you will eat your words.

MURARI (interjecting)

But that’s unfair. If you would have her abjure what she still Believes as true, then sir, you must not thus Intimidate her with God’s own fear of hell Thrust into her feeble head. And what a terror! For shame! A blusterer might sometimes behave Like a gentleman for a change.

KESHAV (stammering in rage)

You . . . you infamous . . .

MURARI (smiling blandly)

Sir, tremble not in wrath. For say, how could you Have the heart to freeze her timid, feminine soul By the horrific prospect of deep baldness? Fancy, a woman whose long flowing hair Rippling even as a sable waterfall, Is envied of the Apsaras in Heaven—

ROMA (blushing)

Pray laugh not at a girl. For ‘tis, I tell you, No laughing matter—but a dread nightmare For a woman to be bald in hell or heaven.

KESHAV (chuckling)

I like that, Roma, and so I will forgive you This once: nor baldness nor hell need you fear. (He looks upward and recites a Sanskrit couplet invoking absolution) O Goddess, whose unfailing Grace Redeems all sinners who cry in pain! We bow to thee, we bow to thee, We bow to thee—again and again.**

ROMA (with folded hands)

And I too bow, sir, in relief. But then, sir, May I just tell you one thing—but . . . I mean . . .

KESHAV (encouragingly)

Oh come, speak out—now that I have forgiven you.

ROMA (undecided)

I’d rather not sir. For I dread offending The pitiless agents you just conjured up. I hope and pray they may not visit me In my dreams tonight—a poor and helpless wench With not a friend in the world save mother Sachi, The one and only neighbour who inquires With her kind smile if I am alive or dead.

MURARI (in mock solemnity again)

Sir, I can tell you what she wished to say But dared not, scared by your proclamations: She wanted to return the compliment To you, my pundit, when you recommended Her soul to hell and her pate to perfect baldness.

KESHAV

You dare again crack such foul frivolous jokes With me, your elder both in years and wisdom! To hell you shall be consigned for this grave sin.

MURARI

God bless your tongue, for there I’ll meet the youthful Like Roma and not the senile erudite.

---

*Metaphorically, the dancing girls of surpassing beauty who are supposed to be the courtesans of the lesser gods of Paradise and endowed with unbridled youth.
**From a celebrated hymn to Goddess Durya in “Markandeyas Purana”: Ye Devi Suvaheshu kahaklisporas omothiti Namastayay namastayay namastayay namo namah.
SRI CHAITANYA—Continued from page 5

MURARI
(moved)
He may not, mother, but I do believe you.
For something upheaves in my breast and whispers: Such miracles may happen even in this Dark age of little living you described As one inspired. I feel within my heart A nameless heat of hope, an exaltant Wing-waft of a Bird of Fire in as... A momentary glimpse of a mystic Truth Through some chance opening... rending of the curtain... An adventitious vision through a fissure In our granite wall of jealous Ignorance. I fail to account for what I see or why. But this I know 'tis something rich and living Which is at war with its assisters: The phantom falsehood which yet seems more real Than the great Reality while it holds out. And so I too have lived a citizen, Even though sick of its aimless make-believes, Of words, words, words—of soulless pedantry Till it has grown now into a deafening blare. No wonder we hear sought else but words today In this our age of din. No wonder we But grasp at shadows letting slip the Form. No wonder Krishna has to be born on earth Again and again and wounded by our arrows That He may heal our wounds with his own blood: To simulate our blindness that He may Wean us from our deep blindness grown so dear. Who knows—our Naimai might be He Himself? How can they who have not once glimpsed the King Depose He has not come intoognito? So have no fear of hell nor listen awe-struck To our arrogant friend, and follow your heart's own leading.

KESSHAV
(taunting)
The Sage never made a profounder observation Than when he said: "A fool shines at his best Until he breaks out into speech."... And here A mad fool, harnessed to a doting gossip, Will be driven to dooms, goaded by blasphemery, Condemning the words of wisdom of the Scriptures With ravings bred by suicide lunacy. Little suspecting, while they wag their tongues, That learning is only mocked at one's own peril. But, as the Gita says: dark ignorance Must babble true to its own inspiration. No wonder night holds up to ridicule The sunbeams when they hymn the bliss of light. (His mounting wrath now gets the better of his sarcasm) I pity you both who fail to reverence The greatness of one who deigns to talk to you Of sober sense to save you from yourselves. (Grandiloquently) I am the son of Ramgopal the great Philosopher who taught me from my cradle To lip in Sanskrit, made me read Panini From cover to cover when I was barely twelve, At twenty I lectured on God's ways to mighty Assemblies of the elect and erudite. And you dare flaut before me a simple swindler Who has mastered only one art in his life: How to impose on credulous men and women And be adored of them as an Avatar Of Vishnu Narayana—a modern Krishna! (Contemptuously) An Avatar indeed!—a lachrymose Daydreamer who, with sentimental tears Has won the hearts, I wager, of a few Gullible housewives!... Oh, what idiocy Is this, I ask you: to hoist an earthly creature On the altar of God Himself! No wonder we, Blind Hindus, are now in full decadence. No wonder aliens hold us in subjection. It serves us right: you cannot perpetrate Criminal heresies and yet be moral! I wish I could but once meet this Pretender Who dare stand on the pedestal of Vishnu.

ROMA
(stopping her ears)
O sir, please—I implore you—or I must Come here no more to bathe—all, there he is! Oh hail, my Lord! Deliver me from this...

*From Sanskrit: "Tvamabhino bhaktah sarvah yavastv kincito-nobhahaste."
SRI CHAITANYA—Continued from page 6

KESHAV

But what then do you want? A man must be a man and act like one. Suppose your Krishna came to you, what would you ask of your Lord, my boy?

SRI CHAITANYA

(tears leep to his eyes instantly)

What would I ask?

If He, my Krishna, came to me, His slave?

Could there be any asking then? But no, I would ask something. Shall I say it, sir?

In a Sanskrit song—since you invoke me kindly?

(He breaks out ecstatically into song)

Renown nor wealth nor a paragon

Of beauty, Lord, I crave

Nor even the Muses I'll implore:

I long to stay thy slave.

Through countless births this boon unique

I sought, may thou appease it

My heart be surrendered at thy feet

In an unbagaining love.*

KESHAV

(once more moved in spite of himself)

This is—not bad. But who was the composer?

SRI CHAITANYA

Why ask the human author's name when all

That thrill our souls derive from Him alone?

KESHAV

(with asperity)

If a son is born one wants to know the father's Name and the mother answers if she's chaste.

A straight and simple question calls for a straight

And simple answer.

SRI CHAITANYA

(smiles sadly with a tinge of irony)

Sir, you wait in light

And I do envy you and yet . . . I wonder . . .

For a question may seem straight to a simple child

But not to an adult. The one infers the gold

From the outer glitter: not, alas, the other

Who has been disillusioned. And yet how oft

Have I not vainly searched for an answer—when

The Lord of Life has put the question straight:

"If thou hast loved me more than all the world,

Why dost thou still hang back to siren life

When my Flute calls thee to leave thy all?"

MURARI

Oh, do not say: you are called to leave us all:

Our only light in this dark Navadwip,

The only minstrel in this mart of hagglers,

And the only poet in this hive of pedants.

None but yourself in this hightened town

Could ever compose the lovely song you sang.

ROMA

(enthusiastically)

You guessed aright, sir. Who else but our Bard

Could make such a song divine?

KESHAV

(curling his lip)

Impudent!

The song's in flawless Sanskrit. Tell me, Gora—

ROMA

(hotly)

But I am telling you: 'tis he himself,

And he has composed many more as flawless.

Oh, listen, sir! Some seven years ago

A famous poet came with a bunch of poems.

But when he read the poems of our Lord

He sighed and said: "Oh, who will read my stuff

After such lyrics as these?" And then our Bard

Just laughed and flung away his sheaf of songs

Into the Ganga that the other might win

The fame he coveted.

KESHAV

But that was wrong.

As said our learned poet, Kalidas:

"Pearls never woo men but will be wooed by them.***

And the pearl of pearls, the laurel of laurels, is learning.

(reproachfully)

---

*From a Sanskrit song composed by Sri Chaitanya himself: "Nirbham na jana na sundaran Kavittam va Jagadish karnaye: Maha jemna-jemanaaisvare Bhavataat-badhih-ratniki twasti."

**From Kalidas: "Na ratnam amratayste migreya hi tat."
Mother Saraswati is faddish
Nor visits all and sundry but demands
Those she favours set store by her boon,
Woe betide the philistines who will not
Welcome her smile of Grace.

SRI CHAITANYA
(with a smile of sad irony)
You are her favoured
Beneficiary and therefore know, sir,
What is right action and what is the reverse,
Being virile of conscience and enthroned in science
Of the erudite. Only, I never have sought
What you, the pillars of society, crave.
I wrote my poems nor for fame nor lucre:
I wrote them, sir, because I felt like giving
Voice to an urge that clamoured to be born.
Furthermore, as I sang even now: from childhood
I have but longed for one boon and no other
Whose name is Krishna. Him alone I have loved.
I own I have loved other things as well.
(Not for nothing I feel now too bewildered
To answer a straightforward and simple question simply,
Nor can I claim my nature is consistent.)
But as time passed, a nameless melancholy
Deepened in me and with it my one yearning
For Him who plays His haunting flute to hiding
Behind a veil . . . and with my years there grew
In me a strange averseness to our earth
Of shadow and fire and evanescent gleams
I felt I was being weaned from all I once
Hailed as the most desirable of God's gifts.
I was dismayed and strove to temper it . . .
To dally with what they called life's greatest boons.
(He shakes his head sadly)
But alas, when one is seized with a mystic passion
One cannot help but let oneself be taken,
Even as a ship caught in a violent cyclone,
When naught awaits—helms, rudders, stars nor compass,
And I must now wend—whether His gaze will lead.

KESHAV
Oh, come, my boy, all this will pass:
You must not throw away the tangible
For something which no real prudence can
Ever approve. For 'tis but a mood of folly
To hanker after the moon—as say the poets.
The Flute of Krishna is a myth, a legend,
An ignis fatuus no wise man would chase.
Come, I now offer voluntarily
(A thing I seldom do—but one must strives to
To save one's fellows from dire suicide):
You come to me: I will take you in hand
To cure you of this perilous fantasy,
I confess I judged you harshly from reports.
For I see in you potentialities
Rare as diamond. If a trifle wayward
You are lovable and gifted and endowed
With humility: I was unfair to you.

SRI CHAITANYA
(with a bow, smiling)
O utter not, sir, such a monstrous thing:
For surely you and unfairness could never
Hive together. Can error and erudition
Live locked in love—the sun and morning mist?

KESHAV
(taken in)
You are ripe in judgment. But, sometimes, the greatest
Mountaineers may stumble on level land.
However warily one marks one's steps,
Our human mind, like flesh, must come to grief
On occasion, though the wise grow taller in wisdom
Even through pain. And it's in this true wisdom
I offer to initiate you, my son.

SRI CHAITANYA
Your Grace is overwhelming, sir, I own,
But I regret 'tis too late now—tonight,
I leave my home and all for Brindavan,
A mendicent in His name.

ROMA
(stifling a cry)
What! You, my Lord!

SRI CHAITANYA—Continued from page 7

MURARI
It is incredible, Gora! For you are
The only pledge of sun in our deep night,
The only thrill of song in our wrangling din,
The beloved of all, the hope of Navadwip,
Whatever may your few detractors say
Who do not count.

SRI CHAITANYA
(heaving a sigh)
No more than do the others
Who will acclaim me or extol my gifts.
For only one thing counts on our dismal earth:
The loving approbation of Sri Krishna,
Beside whose one sun-smile of welcome pales
The whole world's prohibition or approval.

KESHAV
(impatiently)
But what in the name of sanity are we here
Debating now? What is this approbation
Of Krishna, Vishnu, Shiva or Indra?
And how can a human consciousness be sure
Of the God's approving smile or deep or pale?
All this to me seems stark midsummer madness!
(Fixing his eyes on Sri Chaitanya's)
You do not claim, I hope, that Krishna plays
His flute for you alone in this big world?
So I infer you are joking.

SRI CHAITANYA
Never have I
Been more in earnest, sir. Last night my mother
Gave me her sanction that hereforth I may
Put on the ochre gird of a wandering beggar
Living for Krishna on the alms of others.

MURARI
You mean: you will forswear the obligations
You owe to her and to your—

SRI CHAITANYA
(nodding)
—wife and friends
And what men in common parliance dub the world.
For I heard Him calling: 'Stake your all for me.'

(Turning to Keshav)
You may, sir, deem this too midsummer madness;
But he who has heard even once that haunting call
Can to another nevermore look back.
(He shakes his head ruefully)
But no, 'tis futile striving to explain
What happens to one's psyche when one hears
His mystic music—Flute so soft and yet imperious.
One might as well endeavour to explain
What love's eye sees in the beloved's face.
And so, sir, I suggest: you put away
My madness, as you call it, from your mind.

KESHAV
(insistently)
But this is serious, since your mind, my son,
Is a tribe unbridled; for when you claim that Krishna
Is wearing you from this our world of karmas,
You indulge your fancies. For no God-note ever
Calls one away from the world of fact to loll
As a lotus-eater in a hanging garden,
Nor sanity desires to drift away
From its cherished moorings toward a meaningless
Life of the parasite—the mendicant's.
Come, come, my lad! You are green youth still
Who cannot tell the right move from the wrong:
And men of wisdom will unanimously
Tell you: this giving up for God
Springs from a wrong escapist urge—an impulse
Calamitous because it makes one end
In the stagnant bog of a purposeless existence.

SRI CHAITANYA
(animadverted)
But what use is this existence we eke out
From day to day, sir—drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the crest of circumstance? You talk of the world
Of fact: but what is this work as we see it?
Is it not an aimless round of pointless squandering
Of our most precious energies on—what?
Building on the plinth of hopes a house of dreams
Our dismal watchfulness makes tumble in ruins:
A legacy of tears and questioning sighs.
Composing raptures' overtures that end
In threnodies of desolate frustration.
SRI CHAITANYA—Continued from page 8

How can a stone fool with the heart-beat of the bud, Or mind see with the eyes of Krishna? (He looks straight into Chaitanya’s eyes and smiles)

But undeviating what it has not glimpsed
Nor doubting its own reason’s sanity.
It tradgers on like the sanel which only knows
The load of sandal-wood but not its scent!
The multitude accept this blindly—hugging
The hope he reeds to a holy refuge lies.
But does it, sir? Does life fail its pledges?
I hope ‘tis a question straight and simple as well?

KESHAV
(embarrassed)
I know not what—

SRI CHAITANYA
If you will parle me, I’ll make it simpler still: Have you, sir, ever stood before a mirror and learned your face?

KESHAV
(sulkily)
A mirror? . . . What a question? . . . I decline—

SRI CHAITANYA
I beg you’d answer. Have you ever looked?

KESHAV
(outraged)
Well, yes, I mean—but this is preposterous—

SRI CHAITANYA
But why sir?—since Sanjivi never enjoined
On his devotees to shun the mirror like hell?

KESHAV
(disgustedly)
I—er—remem deliberate levity—

SRI CHAITANYA
巡查ing
I apologise. But suffer me to explain:
When I confronted you with my simple question, You know I was not overawed with levity
That prompted me. I only meant to hint
That if you scanned your own eyes in the glass
You would agree they were not radiant
With bliss or light that came from self-sufficiency
Or even the certitude that one was reading
The right path and no other.

(He raised and folded the other’s eyes)

SRI CHAITANYA
You are a sage and prophet, whereas I
Am born unacquainted for this alien world
Of spurious responsibilities.
The Gita says: one cannot flout one’s nature;
The wise see from their wisdom’s sacred towers;
The feet from his abash of silly and madness.
One cannot achieve a stature not one’s own.
We are born we know not why, and ask in vain:
Why we comport ourselves like helpless puppets,
Driven by unseen forces, fed by strange
Urge-like foams on tides of chance and fate.
We hark at every turn to invisible prompters,
Swayed against our will this way and that.
We voyage on but rarely come to port,
And what we coveted but yesterday,
Find, when we grasp it, but a thing of shadow.
We zoom like rockets to return to earth mere ash.
We are failed by life but our souls stay untouched by peace.
This is the ancient tale of human fate.
It seems avidity to the outer eye,
A chimaera calling more as it recedes.

The householder reads great sermons on life’s march,
Hugging his chains that cause his feet to bleed,
With no delectation, yet, fast as a goal.
He cites Fionaeous phrases from the books
To prove that our hearts! Everlasting Beloved
Is reigned elsewhere when, alas, his own
Heart stays unrested—ignoring the simple truth,
Life’s stark experience, that until one loses,
Through loving Him, the last trace of one’s ego
One hunts in vain for a trace of His omnipresence.
But one who has not loved Him never can know
How the pilgrim soul yields of the faintest echo
Of the past and through its self-sufficiency
Can work the miracle and reassure
A frozen cadence into a living Presence.
How shall he know that love can live, like a wizard,
Though symbols touch the One they symbolise?
SRI CHAITANYA

Ever gave grooping life the clue to life's

incurable purpose, the clue we seek in vain.

(He smiles qualitatively)

You did, sir, take me measure when you said:

I was not the fool I looked. I know the Vedas

And the philosophies with all their commentaries.

You will forgive me if I claim I am

Verse in Sufi and the Vedic lore,

And can declaim on entire Brahmanas,

Lecture or metaphysics and geometry.

On these like pustils till the insomnious

Shall lose off into sleep it weariness.

But I cannot—such worldly tests have never

Led me to the minute my homey, prayerless heart

Pined for in vain—till, last night, in a flat.

The veil was rent and, overwhelmed, I saw

That for that beggar's simple happy hours.

Throned in the love and bliss of the King of kings

I could bathe all my learning away for good

And the fame I have won as a great scholar and poet

And the envied self-complacency that accrues

To a burglar of reprecepsibility.

(He warms up and reverts to animadversion)

And this is no mere fancy of a fool,

A sentimental dreamer. For I have drunk

Deep at the founts of worldly bliss as well:

I have known how precious is the mother's love,

How sweet the embrace of a loving wife,

How beautiful a pupil's loyalty,

How delicate the sympathy of true friends.

But still our life, as I feel more and more,

Is a quest ever deepening, through all that attend us,

For something new, starting as a barren sea,

Grows even as it is. till its very rustle

Dozes in a large, a questioning:

"Withee, Oh whither Shall wand my Radha-heart to find her Krishna?

Who plays at hide and seek, I know not why?"

(He lowers his voice somewhat abashed)

I came here not to be theatrical,

For less to read you a tedious sermon, sir!

How could I ignorant, who only knows

That he knows not even what he sees believed

He knew infallibly. I speak not of the great,

The deus who commune with the heart of Krishna,

I cannot even claim I saw my way

Clear through the maze of writhing fuses

Till I was relentlessly borne home to me

That so long as one probes with human eyes

One cannot even tell an avenue

From a blind alley and that, when one's groping,

One takes a forward step—one seldom can

Be sure one will not land in a fatal pitfall.

KSHYAV

I take you, sir, you are highlybrilliant, my boy,

And 39 imagine globs in every bush.

For I wonder if you grasp the implications

Of what you now conven in deep depression.

This is due to be wise is to be wary;

If I even concede that sometimes one can find

It hard, at life's cross-roads, to know which path

Will lead to the heights and which to the bleak abyss.

But even when one owns one's up to uvr

Through ignorance or inexprience,

Surely it would be folly to assert

One never could wade a step avoiding pitfalls.

Ah, no! my sir, my sentiment pestal!

Only the blind can say: they see so light

In their hearts' faves to guide them to the Goal.

SRI CHAITANYA

But what's the Goal? For unless this were known,

How would the guiding light reveal the Way?

With awe how soon would you fall from west to east?

KSHYAV

(punctuating)

Ah, there, my boy, I have got you at last long last.

For the sun, in there in high sky, and soon so there

Is a sun in every heart that breathes

Assuring our rights that daybreak's not a myth.

SRI CHAITANYA

(with an ironic mocking smile)

I am defeated, sir. I know I went.

Could it be otherwise? Could a humble spirit

Prevent against an avalanche of wisdom?

But I foun the sun trust still exist

Even when the ruthless logic of light disproved it.

(with a deep sigh)

Only my soul now traverses the night.

Whose shadows make light dim as a dream-glimped face.

KSHYAV

(triumphantly)

I knew, my lad. Man's life can never be

Like to a child's who has no knowledge of death.

To err is human and none orn win wisdom

Except through tribulations. Even the highest

Knowledge accrues but through a painful trawl.

But that is why to the learned you must turn

And harp on the oracle of experience.

The wise you must consult and they, our saviours.

Said with one voice: 'tis folly not to want

To be circumstantial-marking every step.

None can be reckless with impunity,

Part never, my son, on an impulse of the moment

From the harbour when we have built against the fates.

With infinite pains and courage and vigilance,

Not give your ears to Voices of the Night

Which lead men to the abyss with the pledge of heaven.

(Putting him on the shoulders)

Wake up, sleep-walker! 'tis high time; remember:

You have a loving mother, a doting wife,

Loyal disciples and admiring friends.

God's all very well. I know the mystic language.

But He is not enlaced in a skin alone.

A rootless Presence: all, say the Vedas, is He, The Brahma.

And the sage of Katha said:

Vibrant: 'What is here is there as well.

And what is there must be on earth be traced.'

So do try Him here at your own peril, son.

For never then shall you find Him anywhere.

And do find Him here and then you'll sing with that saint:

"Krsna is on land and water and mountain peaks."**

SRI CHAITANYA

As you are caught now by your own words' snare.

For words are faithless, sir, and will betray us.

Also, too often, conjuring up a world

Of utter necrotic set and hole us.

On a phantom throne with no sign of a kingdom:

And, constantly involved, they will induce us

To take chimneys for the Billionest becoming,

The shadow 40: for form and make us home in work

Of pernicious fantasies and make-believes

Which are worlds away from soul-experience.

(He shakes his head sadly)

And so the great Acharya Shankara said

In his own peerless vein of irony:

"You may discuss the boon of a medicine,

But no cure for you unless you take it, friend!

Even so through great discourses none shall wise

What's only by experience attained."

And so be not offended if I tell you

That all you say is true and yet is false.

Like love or death existent on the stage.

Whose aim is to consolidate the maya,

The great Illusion which is cosmic life

Exposing comargies to blind perception.

Forgive me if, when I applaud your thesis,

I doubt it but null— as when you quote:

"Who finds Him here must find Him everywhere."

But what if you miss Him here for all your seeking?

(He heaves a deep sigh)

I too once mounted these words of hollow wisdom

Of the Sun in the soul, the Guiding Voice in the heart.

But they speak to me no more as once they did

When I, like you, smiled on them as on a boat

And went on drifting, coming never to harbour.

I blame you not, sir. How can I feel fault

Who am still unaware of everything but this

That I must burn my boats and may not carry

A moment more!... My die is cast. I know not

Why this great preaching has possessed me so

That I cannot choose but yield to it—surrender

All my cherished lights and preconcussions.

To its imperious call and take the plunge.

(A cryptic smile edges his lips)

Not that I love life less, sir, I assure you,

Nor ever that I am grown too blind to see:

I have a lovely wife who may, I know,

*From Mandebiy Upanishad: "Bhavam bhaved Brahma.,

**Katha Upanishad.

††Yadevade bahumatra yadadbrahmanda.

**From old Sanskrit:

"Jeev Krishną, sháhe Krishną, Krishnáh paramatmáráh."

†††From Shankara's Viveka-Charitamrta.
SRI CHAITANYA—Continued from page 10

Die of heart-break. I saw my mother crying And sobbing till I felt her heart would split. But still I may not linger here although I long to cling to the painted shore of life With all its magic gleams! But something stronger Than the pull of the siren world of tears and laughter; Of voices that ring like sweet familiar bells; Of eyes that shed careworn love-warm light; Of dear old footfalls that bring shivers of joy; Of chequered plains I have explored in rapture; Of the very dust hallowed by memories Of ancestral feet; of temple-carillons That wake me abrift at more; of chirping birds That greet me day by day; of loyal cows That yield me milk so sweet; of faithful dogs That jump at me in a frenzy of delight; Of purring cats that woo me for caress; And not the least, this rippling, purling Ganga Whom I hear even in my dream reproaching me For leaving her for a nameless far-off phantom…

(All have grown into a part of me, My being's core, the marrow of my bones. And yet I cannot stay… I know not why, Or whither I am going. I only know: Find Him I must who, for His mystic Purpose First tethering me Himself to alien roots)

Will now uproot me thence once more for some New rhythm of His deep dance to manifest, Wrenching me from this magic world of beauty He made me love so dearly. So bid I must Farewell to you and all: I have no choice.

(He smiles again cryptically)
But I assure you I am sane and normal, For the hearts of all I still feel with my heart-beat. I have lived intensely, loved with all my passion And fire and burned my candle at both ends. And so I still can feel for all I have loved Whom I must now bid adieu—although I know not What anguish is in store for them—which makes, Also, my own heart's anguish a million-fold Harder to bear.

(He stifles a sigh and smiles)
And yet my all I must Stake for my All-in-all whose haunting Flutelet Calls to me in my wakefulness and dream: "Oh come to me, my Radha-heart, delivered From thy last encroachment; put out to sea. The thornless Deep accept, cutting away From thy dear moorings set thy bark adrift To founder, if it must, in my boneless Bliss."

(Sri Chaitanya falls into a sudden trance and points his hands toward the sky. Murari and Roma fall at his feet. Keshav folds his hands in awe.)

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of MICE AND MEN

by "Cynic"

THE GREAT MAN OF THE HALF CENTURY

Nominating the great man of the half century—everywhere people are trying to make out a case for their hero. Churchill, Einstein, Gandhi, Shaw all have their candidats. Some have even voted for Stalin and Charlie Chaplin.

I would like to give my humble opinion also. I vote for Mao. After his recent visit to Moscow, it cannot be denied that he is the greatest man in at least the greatest Chinese of the half century. Nehru comes a close second. I don’t very much care for the others.

THE FIRST AND THE SHOES

I have heard this story from a friend of mine who has been to Tirumalavnadi.

Someone informed Sri Raman Maharishi that Jaspalrakhi Nanak had declared that he would not wear new shoes when going on a vacation. The SEEKER OF TRUTH

The following announcement appeared in the Times of India a fortnight back.

New Delhi, February 14.

The Government of India, it is understood, have not so far received any reply from the Pakistan Government to their proposal for a “no war” declaration.

It was Sir Mohammad Zafarullah Khan, Pakistan’s Foreign Minister, who announced last week at Lake Success that his Government had already sent a reply to India concerning their proposals for a “no war” declaration between the two countries.

After reading this the U.N.O. has decided not to buy a television set as they had originally intended to do; instead they will install a “lie-detector.”

A METAPHYSICAL GENIUS

Another great metaphysician has arisen from the East. It is none other than Zafarullah Khan. The fact that he has been known up to now only as a clever political propagandist should not stop us from regarding him as a metaphysical genius.

He suddenly came into prominence when he lectured in America on February 17, on Hindu and Muslim cultures. He said, “Although the people of the two nations are of the same racial stock, Muslim society is based upon the highest equality and brotherhood of man.”

I suppose he was thinking of Nehru, who was speaking. Then he remarked, “The Hindu belief in reincarnation of the soul which leads directly to the caste system makes true cooperation virtually impossible.”

Such wisdom! And that in one so young! What will he be doing when he grows up? For the first time we are shown great philosophers in their true colours. Now we know that these hipocondriacs Hoffer, Nash, Plate, Sorensen, Ciers, Virgil, Brunn, Schopenhauer, Leibnitz, Pidno, Goethe, Emerson and Thoreau were secretly advocating the caste system, for they all believed in the reincarnation of the soul.

I have heard many a man, talking through his hat, but this is the first time I have heard one taking metaphysics through his hat.

TERMITES ORGANUM

Just as “the Hindu belief in reincarnation of the soul leads directly to the caste system,” the Muslim belief in reincarnation leads directly to the purdah system and polygamy, and makes murder, rape and anti-Semitism possible.

This is not my logic. It is Pakistan logic.

A CLUSTER OF CONFUSIONS

OUR REACTION TO THE HYDROGEN BOMB

Mental confusion is also evident in the way we hold up our hands in horror at Mr. Young’s “Go Ahead” to research in the manufacture of the hydrogen bomb. No doubt, this bomb, which will be perhaps a thousand times more powerful than the one which exploded over Hiroshima and killed 190,000 persons and injured another 80,000, is such as would bring civilization to an end in a blinding flash. But to condemn the American President’s decision, without understanding the motives behind it and the situation demonstrating it, is to act merely with one’s nerves and with one’s brain.

Still worse it is to read in that decision a diabolical intrigue to war in order to gratify American ambition. Let us get one fact straight: America is not making the hydrogen bomb because she wants to use it for world domination by herself—she is doing it because she wants to prevent Soviet Russia from threatening to use it and keep the world under her thumb.

If America were really ambitious she could have exploded the head she had for a few years in the atom bomb. Everybody knew that the secret of chain-reaction would be found in a short while by Russia; so an ambitious America would have tested no time in bringing Russia to her knees by an atomic weapon, but, and indirectly conveyed if not openly blown out.

So such ultimatums were sent, but on the contrary the Baruchs Plan for atomic control was put forward, a plan for which all its defects is yet in its fundamentals the best and most effective control, and she insists as the power of the veto which could nullify any treaties proposed against a nation found guilty of illegal output of bombs. In short, she does not mean business. And now, she is prolonging the threat of the bomb and will not go out to develop something which may make her tower above America and enable her to dictate terms. America must at least keep pace with, if not outdistace, her. Then alone can there be a curb on Russia’s indescribable designs for world-domination. As long as these designs are in existence and efforts are being made to develop weapons for putting them into practice, not only the hydrogen bomb but even

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