CAN PAKISTAN BE TRUSTED?

Can Pakistan be trusted? That is the question we must answer one way or the other if we are to decide our own course of action in the wake of the atrocities perpetrated against the Hindus. A show of force from the Muslim Government seems to think that Pakistan can be trusted. That is why the suggestion has been put forward that a joint statement should be issued by the Prime Ministers of the two Dominions, laying down seven points to cover the whole: (1) Each Government is fully responsible for giving security and protection to its minorities; (2) the guilt should be punished; (3) those who have suffered must be helped in every way to secure rehabilitation and compensation; (4) there should be an intensive search for lost property and those found in possession of it should be punished; (5) abducted women should be recovered; (6) forced conversions should not be recognised; (7) there should be punishment for rumour-mongers, including offensive newspapers.

The True Character of Pakistan

The very fact that the need felt by us for Pakistan's signature to such an exhaustive guarantee of good behaviour is due to her violation of every one of the seven points in the near past is sufficiently disturbing. A Government capable of all the seven deadly sins in the inter-Dominion sphere hardly presents itself as capable of self-reformation. Our optimism about a heart of gold hiding behind a face of iron would be laughable if it were not deplorable for wanting to let the fate of 12 million men, women and children hang on the word of a ruffian administration that has not shown the slightest sign of being amenable to reason or of having a conscience. If Pakistan were human, she would not have allowed the trans-frontier tribes passage to invade Kashmir and make a hell of the beautiful happy valley. If she were well-meaning, she would not have granted these merciless marauders bases in her own territory nor supplied them with arms and petrol and mechanical equipment. If she were peace-loving, she would not have sent her own army into Kashmir in spite of being aware that Kashmir had legally acceded to India and that the long-established people's party of Sheikh Abdullah was dead set against both the Afridi invaders and the puppet gang of so-called "Azad" Kashmiris. If she were honest, she would not have hidden the fact of this illegal entry from the world and admitted it only when the U.N. Commission discovered it. If she were straightforward, she would not have lied India a dance on the Evacuee Property issue and at last closed it by removing it from governmental level. If she were co-operative, she would not have snapped her fingers in the face of our protest about the desecration of sacred places, the abduction of women and forced conversions. If she were helpful, she would not, with the aim of inconveniencing Indian trade, have refused to devalve her rupee and to supply raw materials to India at agreed pre-devaluation prices even though India had not refused to buy Pakistan's jute as charged.

The Hindu minority within her borders from holding high posts in the Government service. If she were civilized, she would not have permitted nearly 4,000 Hindus to be massacred and many more mutilated—two and a half years after the partition-derver. If she were not bent on exterminating the Hindus, there would have been no such incident as that at Kurnool where the armed guards connived at wholesale butchery or that other on February 28 when the Assam Mail was attacked and looting, murder and assault continued for an hour, with the police in the train keeping aloof and only helping a few of the Muslims, and if Pandit Nehru's Government had not paralyzed the press, the noise of an iron curtain and recently disaccredited Mr. Wilfred Lazarus, P.T.I.'s Staff Correspondent, for publishing reports that are based on unimpeachable evidence and inquiry. Here and there are a few concessions here and there is no question of any goodwill; we intend a fair play, but what is given with the right hand is soon taken away with the left, and mostly we have empty words with no deeds to confirm them.

Not that India herself has not committed blunders or that she is a paragon among nations. No country, in fact, is above blame in some matter or other. But there are limits, and there is always an effort to undo wrongs. Pakistan stands out as acting perversely and barbarously on set policy: her very foundations are laid in communal hatred, religious bigotry, unscrupulous mendacity, delusions of grandeur, autocratic ambition. This does not mean that all Muslims in Pakistan are fanatic or boss. Several of them are men of goodwill, just as on the other hand several Hindus are communalists as well as corrupt. But India, on the whole, has her face turned towards the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity, and a general effort is there to render them active in the wider issues of international no less than national life. The opposite holds for Pakistan: what can the scattered individuals who have a conception of honour avail against intolerant and aggressive officials, an established and organised machinery of falsehood, repression and genocide? The two-nation theory with its frenzy for jehad is the very essence of the force that has run riot without Pakistan and is the jehod and bone of the Pakistani Government. Seen in its true innate nature, it discloses itself as a minor avatar of the Hitlerite mind. This mind, with its expanding periphery of devouring desire and its narrow rigid circle of monomania vision, differs unto eels from the ordinary manifestations of greed and the idee fixe in human nature: the latter are defects that do not bring the evolutionary urge in man to a standstill but only hinder it, and they can be changed by the soul's pressure, while the former is something dense and hard and unalterable, something that cannot be mended but only ended. The difference is not always easy to mark, as is proved by the glaring failure by so many Indians during the last war to draw a sharp line between Nazism and ordinary imperialism, as well as by the absence of a clear-cut perception today that the disintegrating colonialism of the western democracies has fundamentally nothing in common with the ever-growing Communist encroachments by Soviet Russia. We might expect the difference to come home to us with regard to Pakistan, since we ourselves are directly affected. But three factors are in the way. First, the comparative smallness of the Pakistani phenomenon: we are inclined to think of it in terms rather of the obnoxious bully than of the Hitlerite giant or the Stalinist Titan. Second, the common stock from which the Muslims and the Hindus are sprung: we are disposed to feel that after all the inhabitants of Pakistan are really the same race as ourselves though converted to Islam. Third, the exaggerated humanitarian and pacifist views which have been seized upon to avoid unpleasant necessities by all sorts of moral appeals, optimistic compromises, sweet-tempered appeasements. The three factors are not always to be thrust aside. The comparative smallness should save us from a sense of desperation and from the folly of ever leaning toward Stalin in Continued overleaf
C A N  P A K I S T A N  B E  T R U S T E D? 

Continued from page 1

order to pristine the brood of Jinnah. The common stock should make us less self-righteous and prevent us from believing that the Muslims across the border can never be reassimilated. The anti-war penchant should restrain from abuse the flush of power that goes with newly won freedom. But we must not let sentiment as well as adulation cloud our vision. It is vividly the ideology of Pakistan's Government is such as to render those possessed by it incorrigible and that, short of internal break-down, this Government is likely to yield to nothing except drastic measures.

Joint declarations are a farce. They can have effect only when the party we intend to reform is alive to the wrongness of its deeds. Pakistan does not even admit that atrocities on a great scale are going on. On the other side, severa
sions of a few sentences denouncing communist violence from the lips — as in Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's broadcast from Dacca on March 23. But it is noteworthy that Pakistani Radio, reporting for home consumption his speech, completely omitted the sentences in question, as though recognising their punitive fraudulence, their aim of fooling the world without really rebuking the Muslims. There seems to be not a twinge of true regret in Pakistan's heart, not a shudder of sincere shame in her brain. On the contrary she sticks to the lie with a faith indolent in monstrosities of the deceit which has happened in Khulna, Barisal, Sylhet, Dacca, Chittagong and countless other districts is just a small reaction. Apropos Pandit Nehru's appeal, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan said at a meeting in Barisal on March 21: "Muslims in Pakistan must be able to control their sentiments and emotions, because of the grave provocations of events in India." He has also made the following announcement: "I want to make it clear that our efforts can succeed only if minorities in India receive just treatment. At present not only in West Bengal but also in India, Indian stiffness and determination have provided the necessary impetus to all manner of oppression... If this is not stopped, all the efforts of the Government of Pakistan will be fruitless." The burthen of his latest speech — at Karachi — is exactly the same. After this, one would not be surprised to learn that Pakistanian Press is trying to fan the figures frankly disclosed by Pandit Nehru of Muslims leaving India at the end of February and the beginning of March are the sign of a reign of terror in our country: the truth is simply that the Muslims know full well how their co-religionists across the border are oppressed by their Hindu dominion and how they have redressed the balance. In some districts of West Bengal, Muslim National Council and the Congress Party have been involved in a riot that left at least one person dead. In Assam, the situation is even worse.

The Prospects of the Joint Declaration Plan

This is not to say that she will wholly spurn Pandit Nehru's suggestion. In fact the suggestion in general is eminently suitable to her because it places her and India on an equal footing and is without prejudice as to the form of the relationship, which she may want to provide for. That has been as much the scene of communal frenzy as Pakistan. This ambivalence has been strongly criticised in our country. But, of course, it had to be there if Pakistan was at all to be persuaded into any written agreement. The only way to make the plan acceptable — if Pakistan is sure to be haggled considerably and, if she can help it, escape the full responsibility of repairation. But even the version to which she may be a signatory has not been written in the direction of circumstances. If she had her own way she would scorn the very idea of making any set declaration in detail. Her occasional musings of pious phrases would be all she would be prepared to give us. But the international context is so developing as to force her into some sort of written assurance about the minorities. One of the main features of this context is the disclosure by that reliable columnist, Peterborough, in the London Daily Telegraph, of Britain's attitude in case India resorts to armed intervention: "If fighting breaks out", writes Peterborough, "the British would almost certainly withdraw all British ranks from both sides. By this the Pakistani forces would be much harder hit, as they still rely largely on British technicians. In consequence, the Pakistan Government consider that were they attacked they should be allowed to keep their British officers, or at least those of them who wish to stay. This view, I understand, the British Government have been unable to accept." Peterborough's revelation has been quite a shock to the sabre-rattlers of Karachi, especially when Pandit Nehru, in the same column, suggests that methods rather than results are the test of the success of the plan. After all it is a fait accompli - if the Pakistan attitude is to be changed, that means somehow their kinsmen. Vengeance of this kind, of course, never be consoled and stern steps must be taken to check it. But the Government's misguided policy on West Bengal, in its inactivity, is in itself a source of innocents by desperate masses but also a shedding, by the Government, of its own people's blood in the interests of law and order. All this will be void if the authorities are caught in another blunder. The sole starting point for a correct treatment of the problem is to recognize that now is the time to hit hard at the partition of Bengal. Against East Pakistan to-day that we must pick up is not the politician's pen but the sword of Bhavani.

reports even that when Dr. Philip Jessup, the U.S. Ambassador-at-large, was passing through the Khyber Pass a large number of Pakistan representatives of the tribal area vehemently complained against the imperialist policy of the Pakistan Government and asked him to inform the American Secretary-General of the U.N. of this. We are told that Mr. Arthur Formal. United Nations, about their firm resolve to fight it and gain their independence. So Pakistan is not only threatened by Afghanistan and her proteges, the Pathans, but also in an unfavourable light before the western world and runs the risk of being enveloped. Rather an uncomfortable position is hers at a time when India is perfectly in amiable. To bolster herself up she has made overtures to the Shah of Iran. The Shah has been to Pakistan and shown willingness to co-operate with her in several ways. A direct rail-line is to be laid between the two cities and there will be cordial relations on many levels. It is hoped by the Pakistani authorities that Iran will serve as a pressure-point against Afghanistan if the latter is in any manner inclined to claim her claims for territory in a flare-up between Pakistan and India. It was also hoped that Iran would stand behind Pakistan and materially assist her against us. But Pakistan's plans have been completely foiled here. For, in the very period of the Shah's visit to Karachi, India scored a diplomatic victory of the first order. Somehow, little is known of this and a large number of people are still apprehensive of what they imagine to be a virtual estate between the two Muslim countries. But the fact is that on March 15 an Indo-Iranian friendship was signed by his Excellency Dr. Ardashir, Acting Foreign Minister to the Government of Iran, and by Syed Ali Zohre, India's Ambassador. Dr. Ardashir, wishing prosperity to India, proposed the toast of the President of the Indian Republic and affirmed that there would be no war against Iran. The Shah is more or less trivial character Pakistan may have secured visit-a-vis Afghanistan, she has failed signal in her attempt to dangle the Shah as a boogy man in India's eyes. Her prospects in the instance of war spreading to West Punjab from a pacificist standpoint is not substantially improved and she must think twice ere she provokes India in the latter's present uncertain mood.

Our Misguided Policy and the Right Solution

It is, therefore, quite on the cards that Pakistan, unsuccessful as she has been in strengthening her position, will be disposed to come to terms with Pandit Nehru's desire for a joint declaration of minority rights. But she cannot at the same time fall to perceive that India has shown weakness by expressing this desire instead of sticking to a plan of armed intervention across the eastern border, either immediately or after a brief tactical delay. So, while consenting to attach her signature to the joint declaration, she will most probably try to whittle down its demands or find some pretext for not giving effect to several of them in the implementation. Also, she will be secretly emboldened in her anti-Hindu policy: if under the greatest provocation India could do nothing more than ask for a written guarantee on the lines of treaties and agreements which Pakistan has frequently flouted in the past, she would cut a pretty jolly figure beside us with greater moral justification for a military blow to East Bengal. And despite her strong case for such a blow cannot be altogether certain of the attitude of Britain, America and the U.N.O., the odds are against any support by them to Pakistan as long as we initiate no military move against West Punjab, and as a result Pakistan is likely to be in a mood for some show of listening to India's appeal for a written guarantee of minority rights. We may very well get in black and white much of what we want and be foiled in missing the opportunity to put a just and one-sided of a State rooted in a pernicious doctrine. After all, the rights of the minorities in general were already stated in the Partition Treaty: has there been any genuine conceding of them by Pakistan? A new scrap of paper is not going to change the basis of Mr. Jinnah's creation or re-distribute the minds of millions sedulously infected with communalism for two and a half years. It will only enable Pakistan to "get off cheaply" and hide her other sin and perhaps greater obtuseness. Far from being an authentic solution, it promises to thump further away the possibility of really solving the problem. And there is also the danger that the people of West Bengal, convinced as they are of the fullest justification for police action, are getting totally frustrated by the fruitless new inter-Dominion agreement. This would tend to increase in the population some sort of feeling in the mind of the people, a feeling that somehow those kinsmen. Vengeance of this kind, of course, never be consoled and stern steps must be taken to check it. But the Government's misguided policy is that, inactivity is in itself a source of innocence by desperate masses but also a shedding, by the Government, of its own people's blood in the interests of law and order. All this will be void if the authorities are caught in another blunder. The sole starting point for a correct treatment of the problem is to recognize that now is the time to hit hard at the partition of Bengal. Against East Pakistan to-day that we must pick up is not the politician's pen but the sword of Bhavani.
THE SOVIET MENACE TO INDIA

By B. C. SEN
Secretary, The Unity Party of India

But if Russia intervenes, she will do it in the name of world conquest, and therein lies the real danger to India. The ideas of the moment India may find herself at war with her neighbourhood Pakistan; the issue of such a war can also be easily predicted, if the two dominions are left alone together. India has no one to give her a blow, which no one can do certain. Some people think that in the event of a war between India and Pakistan, America and Britain will take the side of the latter, and that India would lose the war. This does not seem to be from that side; if Anglo-America intervenes it is likely that it will intervene for mediation. Thus only solution of the conflict between India and Pakistan is the abolition of the partition, and this can be very well achieved peacefully by mediation, if the true situation is rightly assessed will be settled.

However, the main danger at the moment India may find herself at war with her neighbours Pakistan; the issue of such a war can also be easily predicted, if the two dominions are left alone together. India has no one to give her a blow, which no one can be certain. Some people think that in the event of a war between India and Pakistan, America and Britain will take the side of the latter, and that India would lose the war. This does not seem to be from that side; if Anglo-America intervenes it is likely that it will intervene for mediation. Thus only solution of the conflict between India and Pakistan is the abolition of the partition, and this can be very well achieved peacefully by mediation, if the true situation is rightly assessed will be settled.

The defeat of the partition. The defeat of the partition.

Communism and America's Policy

Mr. Philip C. Jessup, U.S. Ambassador-at-large, tried to make this point during his visit to India. It is worth while quoting from his statement here at some length. He said: "The United States does not believe in aggression or war. We do not expect war and we devote all the efforts of our foreign policy to the prevention of war. At the same time the United States must maintain its offensive position, and it must be prepared to prevent aggression. That will continue so long as there is the Iron Curtain and power on the other side. We know what is happening outside and so long as no possibility of a strike is revealed. A Communist asked what the American foreign policy was. Mr. Jessup said he was reluctant to discuss the subject and said America did not believe that one set of people were wise enough to control the lives of other peoples. It was not for the people of America to say that the policy of the Government of India should be such.

The American government is not the only government in the world that is interested in the development of the Soviet Union. The United Nations, the United States and the other powers are equally interested in the development of the Soviet Union.

The United States is particularly interested in the development of the Soviet Union. The United States has the largest economic and military power in the world. The United States is the only country in the world that has the capacity to develop the Soviet Union. The United States has the largest economic and military power in the world. The United States is the only country in the world that has the capacity to develop the Soviet Union.

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She had been weeping, her head bowed, her veil drawn closely over her face, weeping since morning. She looked up once as He called to her, Woman, Behold Thy Son! And pitiful He was to see. In that moment all the world’s sorrows stirred within her. She could not bear to see His agony and bent her head and wept into her bosom. She heard His voice: John, Behold thy mother! and she felt John’s gentle touch on her arm. She wept.

She looked up again when He cried out, Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani— My God, My God, Why Hast Thou forsaken me? And she saw His head droop.

He had yielded the Spirit. And beyond words was her pain. In sorrow Woman bring forth her children, but multiplied beyond reckoning are the sorrows that follow the growing up of those she brings forth. God Himself could not devise a greater sorrow than the helpless sorrow of Woman for her born.

She had cried her tears out and had ceased her weeping, and her eyes were red and sore. If only some miracle would happen and kindle again the fire within Him! Gladly would she spread her sackcloth there and not move until He was resurrected if she could only be sure. Even as Rizpah mourned for her sons, Aramoni and Meheriboth, and the five sons of Saul’s daughter, Michael (all of whom David crucified) when she took her sackcloth and spread it upon the rock of Gibea, and remained there from the beginning of the barley harvest until the season of rains, a full six months, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night. It was also the time of the Passover which brought upon Rizpah her great sorrow.

The sorrow of Mary, like the sorrow of Rizpah, was the sorrow of Woman, daughter of Eve, mother of all Living—a mother’s sorrow which is equally for the Living as well as the Dead. Perhaps this very sorrow within her was but the travail of a new birth.

She could not look at Him and not want to take His wounded body from off the Cross and wash His wounds. But the Roman soldiers were there, and they who were but a poor woman, a Nazarene even though the Priests and Judges of Jerusalem had feared Him who was her Son. She did not want to turn her back on Golgotha while Jesus hung there upon His Cross between those other two. She pitied the two of them, their mothers and the woman, those who loved and mourned for Him. Those two crucified with Him had had none to mourn for them or claim them. For a moment her sorrow turned to them who were of His company in death. And they were blessed in that moment for nothing moves God more than when a mother speaks in her heart, whether it be for her own or for another’s.

She would linger longer, yet and she could not, and not rend the air with her grief, even as Martha’s sister Lazarus, her own sister, or the mother of John, and Mary of Magdala, who wept with cries of Ah-lalla, Ah-lalla at that very moment. Hers was the greater sorrow; yet hers was a blessed destiny. He was crucified but it was for bearing witness unto the Truth, and for saying: the Truth had the power to become the sons of God, even as He was. She must prove her faith in Him; and bear her grief in silence and mend her pain by calling to mind all the happiness and blessedness that Jesus had brought into her life.

John took gently by the arm; and led by him she moved away slowly, her sister Salome closely following. Martha’s sister, Mary of Magdala, who now lived with her at Bethany, and Mary, the wife of Clopas, her husband Joseph’s brother, stayed behind to mourn. And Simon, the of Cyrene, the visitor to Jerusalem, who had earned a blessed part in the events of that day by carrying the two beams for the Cross when Jesus fell exhausted, and several others who had seen, and sorrowed over the crucifying followed the sorrowful group for a distance.

Mary’s head was bowed low, her veil drawn closely over her face. She walked like one in a dream, and the crowds sensing some sanctity about the sorrowful woman—even those who were not aware of her sorrow—made way for her, the word unspoken on their lips as she passed.

Near the Gates the crowds were thick and grew and grew; and though they were outside making their way down the path from Golgotha and were making for the Jericho Road to take them to Bethany, John found it hard to follow freely. There were sun-burnt people from Hebron, and from further south, from Egypt and Arabia. There were bland worldly-wise citizens of Jericho, who had come to Jerusalem, moving with the fashion because the Ethnarch of Judea had moved his court to Jeru-
salem for the Feast. And there were Romans, and Greeks, and Ethiopians, and those from beyond Damascus, and Persia, and as far as India and crowds of pilgrims and travellers who had not been able to reach Jerusalem for yesterday’s Passover were pouring in eager to be within the Holy City before the Sabbath, and the Sabbath was a high day, a double Sabbath, a high day, because it was the Passover. Fifty thousand souls lived in Jerusalem throughout the year, and another fifty thousand had come for the Feast of the Passover. Every lodging house and every inn was full; and they who were to be the last to leave put their bundles down in courtyards and-stables and temple porches. Thousands were encamped on the slopes of the hills around.

And Caiphas, the High Priest, who had gone up to the roof of the Temple, in readiness for the evening prayer, ranged his eyes across the vale of Kedron over the Mount of Olives, whose slopes were one sea of tents of the pilgrims and visitors: and then westwards over the Western Hills, on which rose terrace after terrace of flat-roofed houses. The canal which Pilate, the Roman Governor, had cut to bring water from Bethlehem to Jerusalem lay like a partly gleaming snake across the Western Hills. Closer yet on the high hill on the north was the Upper City, and sloping away beyond that the Lower City.

Caiphas saw the great city of Jerusalem from east to west, from north to south, and his heart knew not its bounds for very pride. A hundred thousand souls were there at this moment, Caiphas thought to himself, and but for a few hundred Romans, and Gentiles, and heathens, they were all Israel’s children. He was thinking of the multitude of people that had come to see Jesus, and of the people that had come to see Him crucified.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

"He art woe-begone, thought Caiphas, and agreed with the prophet. But who, in the face of Israel’s great inheritance could become forgetful of Jerusalem? He could imagine none. Then he suddenly remembered.

Unless there were more like that boastful impostor, the Rabbi Jesus, who had got his deserts and hung on the cross over against the Son of God; unless there were more like that. At the thought of Jesus, the Nazarene, and the “mischief” he had caused, and the blasphemies he had uttered, the face of Caiphas grew sullen with anger. He reflected that the many blasphemies words the upstart Rabbi had said against him, against the other Priests, and Scriptures, and Levites. How had he ridiculed the Holy Temple itself. How he had dared to inveigle against the Holy City assuming for himself the mantle of a prophet:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chicken under her wings, and ye would not!"

Remembering the presumption and the boasts of the false Christ, whom he had sent to the Cross, Caiphas faced the setting sun with a wrathful face and a vengeful heart and asked for the Lord God’s punishment upon the blasphemer’s soul: certain in his mind that Jerusalem and the laws of Rome had indeed been to witness and torment men by their name.

As his eyes fell upon the city a mellow mood came upon him. Jesus was Jerusalem as the Prophet had seen it—the City of Peace, holy, clothed in beautiful garments, and calmly like a bride. He saw its magnificent houses, its theatre, its circus, its race-course, its many synagogues, big and small, its markets into which were brought from lands near and far gold and gems, silks and linen, spices and frankincense, and myrrh and scented woods, and every kind of luxury for the dwelling, for the body and flesh. He saw its historic Gates—the Damascus Gate, the Ephraim Gate, the South Gate, the Fountain Gate—and he thought of the caravans and crowds entering the city at that very moment in addition to those which had come in such large numbers in time for yesterday’s Sacrifice and Feast. From Damascus, through Galilee of the beautiful valleys and rich fruit-fields and vine-clad Samaria they had come; from Beer-sheba past the sacred tomb of Abraham, past Eilan of Solomon’s glory, and past Bethlehem of David and the lands further south. From the lands east of the Jordan—Persia and Ind, by way of Jericho, the Pleasure City, the City of Palms, and the heart of the National Ruler. And Caiphas said to himself—the Lord God of Israel is merciful, and kind, and just to the seed of Abraham.

Caiphas did not see the misery, and the poverty, and the squander of the dimes; nor the narrow lanes where garbage and every kind of filth and stank; he did not think of the fertile seeking and getting of the things ministered to the flesh which went on in those dark alleys; his eyes were not open to the dungheaps that shamed the golden trappings of the Temple. He was only half awake when the two Nazarene women and John felt less lonely for the passing minute.

There were richly dressed merchants and their wives from Sidon and Tyre; and there were humble, happy fishermen from Sidon and Tyre, to go and sell their fish. There were sun-burnt people from Hebron, and from further south, from Egypt and Arabia. There were bland worldly-wise citizens of Jericho, who had come to Jerusalem, moving with the fashion because the Ethnarch of Judea had moved his court to Jeru-
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WOMAN, Behold Thy Son!

Cairates did not see the sheep market near the pool of Bethesda, and the multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the trouble of the water of the pool by the angel which was to make them whole of whatsoever disease they had when they had bathed in the troubled water.

Waiting in vain.

Cairates saw only the greatness of Jerusalem, the greatness of Israel, and the greatness of the tribute the children of Israel were paying to the memory of that deliverance in Egypt. In the eyes of Cairates the multitude who had come to Jerusalem for the Passover was a joyful, thankful multitude.

He imagined them gathering at the golden spikes which pierced the Temple roof and gleamed reddish yellow in the setting sun, while the marble of the temple walls and pillars played with the sun’s rays cooling their glow even as it touched them; and the thousands of adorning pilgrims gathered at the Temple Gates. The Gold Gate, the Silver Gate, and the Brass Gate—while at the North Gate, in the Castle of Antonia, the mighty Caesar’s own soldiers from Rome mounted guard.

True, they paid tribute to Caesar in Rome; and the King of Israel was yet to come; but Israel had cause to be exceeding proud and exceeding thankful to the Lord God.

Cairates was learned in the prophecies of the Prophets, and knew the five loaves of Moses; and before he became High Priest, had read them in the synagogues on the Sabbaths days. And as a young man betrothed to the daughter of Annas, then High Priest, he had pondered deeply over the wisdom of Solomon:

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; Nor he that loveth abundance with increase;

This is also vanity.

When goods increase they are increased that eat them:

And that which is good to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; But the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.

Cairates did not enjoy his sleep so well these days, and last night he had had none. But he had ceased long ago to recall Solomon’s wisdom when he lay awake at nights. At this moment he was only awake to the abundance and prosperity that lay at his feet. Once again he cast his eyes over the city. The sun was nearly set, and Caravans of camels were still streaming in through every gate, their drivers urging them on the last lap.

They came trailing clouds of dust bringing pilgrims and merchants and simple believing folk and Mammon-man mad men with pearls of great price which they had come to exchange for gold and silver, and others with much gold and silver which they were ready to give for a single pearl of great price.

Through the Gate of Ephraim, through the Gate of Benjamin, called also the Sheep Gate, through the old Gate, through the Fish Gate, and the Valley Gate and the East Gate they poured in.

And just outside the East Gate there were herds of bullocks and calves and sheep and goats and lambs, those that had found no buyers at yesterday’s sacrifice but which the drivers were bargaining about with those who had come from far and near to make burnt offerings at the Temple during that Passover week. And great was the bellowing and bleating. Within the Temple Gates there were hundreds of captive doves waiting to be bought for a name which could not afford sheep. And from their myrrh throats there came an unending cawing.

And all around from the many bazaars—the Cheesemakers’ Bazaar, the Fish Bazaar, the Fruit and Vegetable Bazaar, the Tailors’ Bazaar, the Saddlers’ Bazaar, the Incense Bazaar, the Corn Bazaar, the Woel Bazaar, the Timber Bazaar, from the crowds of buyers and sellers, their faces curiously aglow in the twilight, there issued an endless concert of voices which to one listening from a distance sounded like the heart-beat of the Earth itself.

But to John, who had now guided the mother of Jesus and his own mother, Salome, past the thickest of the crowd, it recalled an occasion when He whom he loved so well, quoted that unconventional old Rabbi, the great Hillel: “The more flesh, the more worms.”

Amidst it all, heard by only those who were very near, the voice of Cairates rose from the vertex of the Temple:

Hear, O Israel, Yahweh our God, Yahweh is one!

And from those other hundreds of synagogues which were strewn over Jerusalem, check by jowl, with the bazaars of fruit and fish, flesh and fowl, wool and corn, incense and myrrh, the same words went forth:

Hear, O Israel, Yahweh our God, Yahweh is one!

And then the sun which earlier in the afternoon had been overcast by dark clouds, so dark for some minutes that people lighted torches to see their way, and which for the last three hours had been glowing fiercely, suddenly went down and night was come over Jerusalem, a night mellowed by the Full Moon of Nisan. And the hilly road to Bethany two miles away was softened and lighted by the moonlight; and along it came late travelers who had come from Jericho, from the north—Galilee and Samaria—and they came like those at the end of a journey speaking a few words at a time amongst themselves, tired and fatigued, but drawn by the lights of Jerusalem. And they knew not what had befallen Jerusalem, between dawn and darkness that day. And they took no notice of the two veiled women who passed them going in the opposite direction.

For John had left Mary and Salome to go by themselves along the familiar road to the house of Martha. And he returned in haste to Golgotha where he met Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Pilate had granted Joseph’s petition to take down the body of Jesus for burial; and they had wound it in linen cloths with myrrh and aloes. Mary of Magdala, and Mary, the wife of Clopas, were there still weeping.

Joseph was the owner of a new tomb hewn out in the rock in the garden close to Golgotha; and there they laid Him. And rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre. And as the Sabbath had begun they went away.

* * * * *

And on the first day after the Sabbath Mary of Magdala was the first to come to the tomb. Mary, his mother, was still too grief-stricken to want to visit the sorrowful scene. Mary Magdalen found that the great rock which had been put across the mouth of the tomb was moved and that the tomb was open. She ran in haste to tell John and Peter and they all came and saw that it was so. John and Peter were greatly amazed at this happening and went away to tell others, but Mary waited by the tomb. And as she kept watch she saw Jesus and He spoke to her and in a moment His Presence was gone. But that same evening as John and Peter, and James, the brother of Jesus, and the other disciples, and Mary, His mother, and Mary the mother of James and Joseph, were sitting together at Martha’s house talking about the wonderful Resurrection, Jesus appeared in their midst and blessed them. And He gave them many other signs of His Resurrection which His disciples wrote not of.

“But ye have not believed that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.”

And the Sorrow of Mary, the mother of Jesus, was made less; and she, and her son, James, and Mary and Martha, and all the disciples, John and Peter, even Thomas, who once doubted, they all dedicated their lives to His Memory.

(Copyright: Author)

Heaven-Impassioned Flame...

Out from a solitary sleep’s deathward night
Leaves the heaven-impassioned flame—
A Bacchus of the blue-honied Infinite,
To embosom the unattainable spheres
And all the grandeur of the spirit-peak
And drink deep the wine of the vastness
And feel on the rapture-borne wide-open wings
The majestic sweep of the titan floods
And clasp the unnameable to its voice heart.
 0 keen ravisher of star-unwalled delight!
0 marvell-fire ceaseless yearning!
Wing on to the immutable altitudes,
Leave the twilight-depths of earth below
And, passing the high diamond-orbed gates,
Reach the august zenith of the unseen
To receive on thy sky-luminous brow
The benediction of the last Summit-Sun!

ROMEN

Psychic Reflections

Waves of perfumed music tease my ear,
Colour-words of rhythm pass me by,
Breathlessly I strive my heart to steer
Into the light of Thy divinity—
Flowers of mystic form that change their hue
Weave a garland of this vision rare,
And high up in the canon of white
White birds fly across the magic air—
And there on mountain heights, a golden stream
Winds its way towards a deep abyss
Where fall the golden showers of a dream
Tossed to the fugling memory of a
"Recall again!" the voices seem to say,
"Thy journey through the worlds of amber light,
Hide the meridian majesty of day,
Sind in thy heart the song of love’s delight!"

NORMAN DOWSETT.
LIGHTS ON LIFE-PROBLEMS

One of our chief aims will be to provide authentic guidance in regard to the many important questions which arise in the minds of thoughtful persons all over the world. This cannot be better done than by considering these questions in the light of Sri Aurobindo’s writings, because Sri Aurobindo is not only a Spiritual Yogi in possession of the Eastern Path, but also a Critic and Helper of mankind in various spheres of life and thought. To bring home the light of this guidance and to make it directly applicable to the problems that present themselves to an observing intelligence, a series of questions are developed, with precise answers, drawn directly from Sri Aurobindo’s writings, which will regularly appear in these columns.

Q. 1. The slogan “Art for Art’s sake” was very popular at one time though now its popularity seems to be on the decline. What is the real issue behind this slogan?
A. “But what after all is meant by this slogan? Is it meant, as I think it was when the slogan first came into use, that the technique, the artistry is all in all? The contention would then be that it does not matter what you write or paint or sculpt or what music you make or about which you make it so long as it is beautiful writing, competent painting, good sculpture, fine music. It is very evidently true in a certain sense,—in this sense that whatever is perfectly executed is good,—but the true and proper meaning of a given art proves itself by that very fact to be legitimate material for the artist’s labour. But that free admission cannot be confined only to all objects, however, common or deemed to be vulgar,—an apple, a banana, a donkey,—it was a right of citizenship in the domain of art to a moral theme or thesis, a philosophic conclusion, a social experiment; even the Five Years’ Plan or the proceedings of a Drainage Company, an Electric Factory or a big hotel can be brought after the most modern and still the more robust Bolshiek mode into the artist’s province. For, technique being all, the sole question would be whether he as poet, novelist, dramatist, painter or sculptor has been able to triumph over the difficulties and bring out creatively the possibilities of his subject. There is no logical basis here for accepting an apple and rejecting the (Shavian) Applescart. But still you may say that at least the object of the artist must be art only,—even if he treats ethical, social or political questions, he must not make it his main object to work with the enthusiasm of aesthetic creation, a moral, social or political aim. But if in doing this he satisfies the conditions of his art, shows a perfect technique and in it beauty, power, perfection, why not? The moralist, preacher, philosopher, social or political enthusiasm is often doubled with an artist,—as shining proofs and examples there are Plato and Shelley, to go no farther. Only, you can say of him on the basis of this theory that as a work of art his creation should be judged by its success of craftsmanship and not by its contents; it is not made greater by the value of his ethical ideas, his enthusiasm or his metaphysical seeking.”

Q. 2. But how far is this theory true? Is technique all in all in Art and substance of no importance?
A. “The theory itself is true only up to a certain point. The technique is only a means of expression; one does not write merely to use beautiful words or paint for the sole sake of line and colour; there is something that one is trying through these means to express or to discover.”

Q. 3. What is that something?
A. “The first answer would be,—it is the creation, it is the discovery of Beauty. Art is for that alone and can be judged only by its revelation or discovery. Or, if you like, Whatever is capable of being manifested as Beauty is the material of the artist. But there is not only physical beauty in the world—there is moral, intellectual, spiritual beauty also. Still one might say that ‘Art for Art’s sake’ means that only that, which is aesthetically beautiful must be enlisted and all that contradicts the aesthetic sense of beauty must be avoided. Art has nothing to do with Life in itself, things in themselves, Good, Truth or the Divine for their own sake, but only in so far as they appeal to some aesthetic sense of beauty. And that would seem to be a sound basis for excluding the Five Years’ Plan, a moral sermon or a philosopical treatise.”

Q. 4. But is it not a fact that beauty is something which is not in the object itself but in the consciousness that perceives it? We know that an artist can perceive beauty in things that seem plain and ugly and even repellent to others?
A. “There is a certain state of Yogic consciousness in which all things become beautiful to the eye of the seer simply because they spiritually are—because they are a rendering of line and form and quality and force of existence, of consciousness, of the Ananda that rules the worlds,—of the hidden Divine. What a thing is to the exterior sense may not be, often is not beautiful for the ordinary aesthetic vision, but the Yogan sees in it the something More which the external eye does not see, he sees the hidden, the self and spirit, he sees too lines, hues, harmonies and expressive dispositions which are not to the first surface sight visible or seizable. It may be said that he brings into the object something that is in himself, transmutes it by adding out of his own being to it—as the artist too does something of the same kind but in another way. It is not quite that however; what the Yogan sees, what the artist sees, is there, he is a transmitting vision because it is a revealing vision. He discaracters appears what is in the world to be, the same ones appear as if it is. And so from this point of view of a realised supreme harmony all is or can be subject-matter for the artist because in all he can discover and reveal the Beauty that is everywhere. Again we land ourselves in a devastating dogmatism: for here too one cannot pull up short at any given line. It may be a hard saying that one must or may discover and reveal beauty in a pig or its poke, in a parish pump or the undertow of somebody’s pills, and yet something like that seems to be what modern Art and literature are trying with vigour and a conscientious labour to do. By extension one ought to be able to extract beauty equally well out of morality or social reform or a political cause or allegory at least that all these things can, if he wills, become legitimate subjects for the artist. Here too one cannot say that it is on condition he thinks of beauty only and does not make moralising or social reform or a political idea his main object. For if with that idea foremost in his mind he still produces a great work of art, discovering Beauty as he moves to his aim, proving himself in spite of his uneesthetic preoccupations a great artist, it is all we can justly ask from him, whatever his main preoccupation, to be a creator of Beauty. Art is discovery and revelation of Beauty and we can say nothing more by way of prohibitive or limiting rule.”

Q. 5. Is there then no difference between this view of Art and the Yogan’s vision of universal beauty?
A. “There is one thing more that can be said and that makes a big difference. In the Yogan’s vision of universal beauty, all becomes beautiful, but all is not reduced to a single level. There are gradations, there is a hierarchy in this All-Beauty and we see that it depends on the ascending power (vibhava) of consciousness and Ananda that expresses itself in the object. All is the Divine, but some things are more divine than others. In the artist’s vision too there are or can be gradations, a hierarchy of values. Shakespeare can get dramatic value and therefore aesthetic value out of Dogberry and Malvolio and he is as thorough a creative artist in his treatment of them as in his handling of Macbeth or Lear. But if we had only Dogberry or Malvolio to testify to Shakespeare’s genius, no Macbeth, no Lear, would he be so great a dramatic artist and creator as he now is? It is in the varying possibilities of one subject or another that there lies an immense difference. Apelles’ grapes deceived the birds that came to peck at them, but there was more aesthetic content in the Zeus of Phidias, a greater content of consciousness and therefore of Ananda to express and to fill in with it the essential principle of Beauty, even though the essence of beauty may be realized perhaps with equal aesthetic perfection by either artist and in either theme.”

Q. 6. Does this mean that for a complete creation of Art something more than the discovery of Beauty is required?
A. “Just as technique is not at all, so even Beauty is not all in Art. Art is not only technique or form of Beauty, not only the discovery or the expression of Beauty—it is a self-expression of consciousness under the conditions of aesthetic vision with a perfect execution. Or, to put it otherwise, there are not only aesthetic values, but life values, mind values, soul values that enter into Art. The artist puts into form not only the powers of his own consciousness, but the powers of the Consciousness that has made the worlds and their objects. And if that Consciousness according to the Vedantic view is fundamentally equal everywhere, it is still in manifestation not an equal power in all things. There is more of the Divine

Continued on page 8
In the last essay we saw the direction in which the materialistic theory of evolution was expected by Sri Aurobindo to change. In the following essay we can see the view of the spiritualization of the evolution process. He himself makes a distinction between the philosophical ideas of evolution intuited by the ancient seers of India and the scientific ideas based upon observation and experiment by modern science. Both, he explains, have contributed to the store of human knowledge. Whilst the former got at the spirit of the movement and succeeded in revealing its metaphysical and psychological implications, the latter disclosed its form and outer machinery. While the scientist either looked upon Life and Mind as developments out of Matter, or considered all three to be separate principles, and tried to create a frame of reference in which they could be correlated, the ancient seer looked upon them as powers out of a plane or in a field in which original spiritual principle. Possessing an enlightened spiritual consciousness, and consequently a vision whose "scale of observation" was cosmic, he could see the whole of existence from its transcendent source to its lowest levels, and behind surface phenomena the play of universal forces, and was able to perceive in the evolution process a purpose—the emergence and ascent of Consciousness from its imprisonment in Matter to the summit of the Spirit. He saw that man was an emanated power of the Eternal working out his destiny in Time and Space. He was not, and that just as for an essentially transcendent his natural limitations and grew into a divine consciousness. The scientist could not fathom, for his approach was different—his method of working dealt with only the outer machineries of the evolution process; besides, on all too human "scale of observation" he could not perceive behind surface utilities the ontological and psychological factors at work. Therefore he concluded that the force behind evolution was purposeless and blind. He did not know that his inability to read purpose and meaning in evolution was due to his psychological limitations, but that if he overcame them and developed a spiritual consciousness, and his apprehension of Reality become wider and acuter making him see the cosmic totality, he would be able to understand it. However, there has recently been a revolution in the scientific outlook. Now Mind and Life are not considered by all scientists to be developed out of Matter. It is admitted by many that Matter, Life and Mind seem to be three separate principles. This implies that the evolution of Mind in Matter must have been effected not by a Material principle, but by a Life principle working upon Matter and imposing its own laws and necessities upon it, and that, matatis mantu las, a similar action must have taken place when Mind emerged. The idea of a matter-life interaction upon the material world has long affected the European thought; now it is seriously considering the possibility of a Mind governing both Life and Matter. Some of the best minds, after examining the findings of the researches carried out by the parapsychologists in the field of Psychokinesis (P.K.), Telepathy and clairvoyance, have come to the conclusion that Mind is a distinct principle in itself, working according to its own laws, and not a by-product or a derivative of Matter. They maintain that experiments in Psychokinesis show that Mind can definitely act upon Matter independently of the physical laws, and that the conclusion that Mind is a separate principle distinct from Life and Matter, which interpenetrates them and imposes its laws upon them, yet which at the same time, accommodates itself to their laws and practical necessities.

Now the next step for the scientific thinker is to recognise all these three principles as manifested powers of the one Spiritual principle. But for that a science of three principles is required, just as for a complete understanding of the working of the other principles a science of Matter, Life and Mind is required. This science can only be given by a seer-philosopher with a Supranatural gnostic vision, in which the Ultimate Reality can be apprehended in all its totality and integrity.

In the following essay, Sri Aurobindo states some of the ideas on evolution developed by the ancient seers, and then interprets them in the light of his own realism. He says, as we have seen, covers the whole field of reality, both static and essential, and dynamic and manifested.

* * *

"The western idea of evolution is the statement of a process of formation, not an explanation of our being. Limited to the physical and biologi-
expression in the Vihvuth than in the common man, prudens:chak: in some forms of life there are less potentialities for the self-expression of the Spirit than in others. There are also gradations of consciousness which make a difference if not in the aesthetic value or greatness of a work of art, yet in its contents-value. Homer makes beauty out of man's outward life and action and stops there. Shakespeare rises one step and reveals to us a life-soul and life-forces and life-values to which Horace had no access. In Valsiki and Vya there is the constant presence of great Idea-Forces and Idea-Values, and its roots extend beyond the shallow scope of Homer and Shakespeare. And beyond the Ideals and Idea-Forces even there are other presences, more inner or imminent realities, a soul behind things and beings, the spirit and its powers, which are not the subject-matter of an art still more rich and deep and abundant in its interest than any of these could be. A poet finding these and giving them a voice with a genius equal to that of the poets of the past might not be greater than they in a purely aesthetic concern, but he would either be, in a way, a subject-matter of an art still more rich and deep and abundant in its interest than any of these could be. A poet finding these and giving them a voice with a genius equal to that of the poets of the past might not be greater than they in a purely aesthetic concern, but he would either be, in a way, a subject-matter of an art still more rich and deep and abundant in its interest than any of these could be. A poet finding these and giving them a voice with a genius equal to that of the poets of the past might not be greater than they in a purely aesthetic concern, but he would either be, in a way, a subject-matter of an art still more rich and deep and abundant in its interest than any of these could be. A poet finding these and giving them a voice with a genius equal to that of the poets of the past might not be greater than they in a purely aesthetic concern, but he would either be, in a way, a subject-matter of an art still more rich and deep and abundant in its interest than any of these could be.

**Lights on Life-/problems**

Continued from page six

Q: 7. What are the elements constituting perfect Art? What should be the highest aim of our aesthetic endeavour?

A: "If we take these three elements as making the whole of Art, perfection of expressive form, discovery of beauty, revelation of the soul and essence of things and the powers of creative conscious-ness and Ananda of which they are the vehicles, then we shall get perhaps a solution which includes the two sides of the controversy and reconciles the different 'philosophies.' Art for Art's sake—certainly; Art as a perfect form and discovery of Beauty; but also Art for the soul's sake, the spirit's sake and the expression of all that the soul, the spirit wants to seize through the medium of beauty. In that self-expression the ultimate aim is a union of the expression with the personal will, an expression that leads to a final stage of a higher life. In that stage the artist must renounce the mere intellectual and emotional satisfaction of an immature egoism and be able to see the whole universe in the act of creation and in the act of a higher life."
LIFE'S ENRICHMENT THROUGH FICTION

READ A NOVEL by Walter Allen
(Phoenix House, London, Price 5/-)

"The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction." So said R. L. Stevenson long ago. Though not because of this reason, today the major part of the reading of ordinary people consists of books of fiction. It is said that in Great Britain alone no fewer than 1,631 new works of fiction were published in 1948. And yet a great majority of people read these books without getting the best out of them, and hence some suggestions by a capable person about Reading a Novel should be very useful.

Some may be inclined to ask what there is to know about reading a novel. It is said that the great cricketer Hobbs when asked how he managed his fine hits replied, "You simply put the bat to the ball." But we know that very much more than that goes to the making of a fine stroker; and that this is true also of the profitable and efficient reading of a novel will be evident to any one who follows the way Mr. Walter Allen's discussion of the theme.

But he begins in a slightly muddled style—toned somewhat disgruntled letter of R.B.S. to Edmund Gosse declaring, "I do not write for the public...I do write for money, and usually for a four-shilling book." He proceeds to point out the fact that Stevenson in another remarkable passage declared that "the function of the writer is to please his masters, the readers. Mr. Allen's first chapter called "Good Novels and Merchandise" is not only a little supercilious, it is also inadequate. Physicists say that an under-doctor is to the doctor as feeding upon the germs and succupitaries are to the patient. In the same way Mr. Allen refers to the large majority of adult people reading novels in the same way they would not be left to such things without being there is no need of trying to "explain the greatness of Mozart's chamber music to a man who was stone deaf or the superiority of Rubens over a tinted photograph to somebody with a colourblind." There is truth in this answer so far as the capacity for appreciation of great art is concerned, but it does not explain why people who are content with films and, swear they switch their interest on to Milton and T. S. Eliot, change their mind and the "How"

That explanation, however, though Mr. Allen seems to attempt to give it in the first chapter, may well be gathered from the rest of the book. Writing about the proper way of reading the right kind of novels he could not help giving the reasons why Milton should be preferred to Creony and Mozart to Jazz. He begins in an elegant way but prime question "Why Read Novels?" Brushing aside the reading for information or the solving of the problems of life, he concentrates on what Dr. Johnson called "that hunger of the imagination which the problems of life, all the facts of existence, to one test: how they affect the individual, man as man, as a unit in society, a producer or consumer, or cog in a great machine. He brings back something to the thing to the test of individual emotional experience." This way of looking at life and seeing fellow beings individually vis-avis the reader is of the utmost value and requires so much value as at the present time when various tendencies and influences seem to bring about the state or the condition of spiritual decay. The interest of the novelist in man as man contributes among other things to one of the most important purposes of all literature and art: the opening of man's heart to his fellows, to the growth of human understanding, to large-heartedness and charity. This alone must be the justification or at least the excuse for "immoral" novels and "unpleasant" characters. But Mr. Allen suggests that the novelist is picturing life as he sees it, that he has the right to his beliefs, and that it is the reader's task to judge of this to pictures that appear to him as immoral and unpleasant. This, in a way, is the writer's right to his story. Simply because the ugliness and the evil are what the author has honestly seen in life is there no justification for picturing it. But he may well do so if he is able to bring out the beauty or the meaning that is hidden behind the sordid. For literature fact is only a part of life in its fullness needs the ugly and the evil in order that the reader's imagination may be expanded and his sympathy enlarged. If this object is not the novel is not justified in his evil pictures, however honestly he may have observ iced. Hence the attitude of the reader in value between Les MisCerables, the Heart of Midlothian, Great Expectations, the History of the Matter on one side and All Over the Wrecking Yard, Madame Bovary and the novels of the once notorious W. M. Reynolds.

Six Typical Novels

After a general discussion about reading a novel Mr. Allen has devoted a chapter each to six typical novels. Graham Green, with whose power, The Power and the Glory he begins this section, is surely one of the most outstanding of modern novelists. Religious emotion is ordinarily considered unfit for the novel; and yet Graham Green has used it very effectively in his work. He makes a peculiar blend of romance and realism—and each has in it some unpleasant touch which however he transmutes to beauty and nobility. Mr. Allen means of deft elaborations and illustrations shows how such work should be. He begins his examination of the novel and the evangelist and shows how the mood of the novel may be caught. Then he brings back the peculiar character of the set of the story and the preaching of the purflying priest for an ideal, and yet a "whisky priest" with many weaknesses and sins. But in the end he turns out to be a hero in his own way, a very man who is not at all the less because martyrdom and saintliness have been thrust upon him. The book becomes a general and growing habit; Mr. Allen's book shows effectively how to do it with grace and intelligence.

P. L. STEPHAN.
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**The Soviet Menace**—Continued from page 3

The American policy of economic sanctions against the Soviet Union has been relatively unsuccessful, and the Soviet Union has been able to continue its economic growth. The Soviet Union has also continued to expand its military capabilities, and has been able to maintain a strong military presence in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. The Soviet Union has also been able to continue its economic aid to developing countries, and has been able to maintain a strong economic relationship with China.

The United States has been unable to effectively counter the Soviet Union's economic and military capabilities, and has been unable to effectively engage the Soviet Union in a diplomatic or economic dialogue. The United States has been unable to effectively counter the Soviet Union's economic and military capabilities, and has been unable to effectively engage the Soviet Union in a diplomatic or economic dialogue.

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A letter, from Mexico, by the Nobel Laureate Gabriela Mistral, put me in touch with Sri Aurobindo and his Ashram, that is to say, his School, Shrine and Place of Living. It is in his Ashram that the world-renowned "Guru" has lived in seclusion since the day many years ago when he "left the world" to dedicate himself exclusively to the spiritual life. To reach Sri Aurobindo, one has to cross the frontiers of India and enter the small Freetown of Gaborone in Botswana today animadverted, like the whole of Asia, by strong winds of nationalistic and liberation. In that little town, "The Sage of Pondicherry" lives in silence impermeable, listening to the pulsations of the worlds visible and invisible. There, through us, the America has our illustrious companion, nominating him for the award of Nobel Prize for Literature next year, reached him.

We have here before us the splendid literary works of Sri Aurobindo that fully justify such a high distinction: his magnificent Essays on the Gita, his magnificent book, The Mother, his volume of his Synthesis of Yoga, and his superb masterpiece, The Life Divine, which is the climax and quintessence of his philosophy and mysticism. In transparent, lyrical English prose—it must be remembered that in his youth the author studied in one of the best English Universities—Sri Aurobindo describes for us his realization of the Divine and he gives us his high moral lesson with rules of conduct for this world. Here is a strange example of a man who enters life as a revolutionnary leader of the first rank, engages deeply in a struggle for Death for the freedom of his country, bears suddenly, while being in the depths of a prison cell, the call of God, the appeal of the One, of the Great Mind of the Universe, towards new pathways. Knowing profoundly the Sacred Books of his race, the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas and the Bhagavad Gita, he was well-versed at the same time in the teachings enshrined in the Bible, the Koran and the Avesta, Sri Aurobindo gives himself up entirely, in 1910, to the objective of finding a divine life here on earth. Born in Calcutta in 1872, sent by his father to the south-east coast of India, to receive his education, the Pandit Sri Aurobindo, father at an early age to cooperate with his father in his studies in Great Britain, arrived in London a secret society, named "The Lotus and Dagger", started by Hindu youths and dedicated to driving out the English from India by force. Once in India, the young Aurobindo started on a career of diverse, dynamic activities: teacher in a college, editor of a high class weekly, speaker at public meetings, organizer of societies and leader of opposition to the government. He soon became the Public Enemy No. 1 of the Britishers.

But all that belongs to the past. Thirty-nine years ago, Sri Aurobindo, already well-versed in Yoga and vouchsafed a vision of the Divine while a prisoner in his cell, entered the life of introspection and meditation. After many years of silent practice, he arrived at the perfect comprehension of the Absolute Divine Reality, through the evolution of the Superspirit. With the light of this prodigal revelation, he started writing treatises on the Sacred Books of Hinduism, and his books are made of the purest spiritual gold.

But it would be wrong to believe that Sri Aurobindo has lost interest in the fate of his country; he has always followed, step by step, the movement for independence and resurgence of India and even now he watches the Indian nation's many-sided career. On rare occasions he lets even his silence be clearly heard in favour of one course of action or another. The difference between the rising fighter of old days and the mystic of today is that Sri Aurobindo applies himself to spiritual pursuits and relies mainly on the occult impact of his power to change the world. He believes that Sri Aurobindo can play a very important role in the world tomorrow, particularly in all things concerning the exchange and harmony among the nations. He also believes that the Indo-Aryan Culture of high philosophic and moral values will be reborn and carried to the world for the good of humanity and its future destiny. From his sound of conviction comes his interest in and interpretation and diffusion of the Sacred Wisdom of Hinduism enshrined in the Upanishads and the Gits.

The writings of Sri Aurobindo do not make easy reading. Often they demand an extraordinary mental concentration, a good knowledge of the English language and a relative understanding of Hindu philosophy, including some Sanskrit words. His teachings, to use Gabriela Mistral's expression, may seem like those high cliffs that one has to breach from the sea, and the icicles and cold from their stony lines. But, with all that, his books have no equals in the European or American literature for their precious content of spiritual nourishment. Sri Aurobindo, the Seer of Pondicherry, is a sublime "Adeptado" who travels and guides us toward worlds of which we have only a pale glimpse at present.

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because the idea of using the ideological struggle as a means for world domination is there and keeps the argument apprehension and preparation for armed defence and attack because the co-existence of the two ideologies is impossible. If this element is eliminated, a world in which the two ideologies will be controlled individually, a modified Capitalism might well be a modified Socialism, a combination of the two. The social revolution would be a struggle for power, a struggle for control over the world market, a struggle for the world's production. The power of the Soviet Union, today, is exactly the position that has been taken up by America and her Western allies. Though America has her own conception and way of life, she does not want to impose it on others by force and is ready to come to terms with the Communist States if only they give up their aggressive designs. But Russia's outlook is quite opposite; she does not believe that Communism must rule the world, that she has the power of prevention and the welfare of the race in their charge. It is too much to expect that the present leaders of India will take to heart this solemn warning given to the world by the wisest of men. Russia might have a temporary success in bringing about such an objection; (. . .) it may be argued that the history of the last war run its issue for this possibility, for in conditions not quite ripe for a struggle approximating to such a combination of circumstances the aggressive Poles failed in their attempt and underwent the disastrous consequence. After all, they came for a time with a hair's breadth of success and might have become a menace to Europe and the world. These glaring facts have absolutely no doubt as ascertained the lesson that the real imperialist power in the world today. It is true America has strategic bases in different parts of the world, but it would suit very well Soviet designs of world conquests; she also be foolish enough to renounce them at the present moment. Referring to the alleged danger to Asia from the Occident, Sri Aurobindo remarks: "The acumen of Europe and America of the Asiatic resurgence and the eventual total liberation of the Asiatic peoples, as also the downfall of Japan and China is at such a time and indeed actually presented itself as a single and powerful force to the leaders of Asia; the anti-imperialist and anti-colonial movements in the Orient have a春天."

Printed by K. R.

Poddar at the Popular Press (Bombay) Ltd., 35, Tardeo Road, Bombay 7 and published by him from 33, Rampart Row, Fort, Bombay.