"GREAT IS TRUTH AND IT SHALL PREVAIL"

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SAI AURIBINDO UNIVERSITY CENTRE
by "Synergist"

Plate considered ignorance the one real vice, and many of the greatest thinkers of the world have agreed with him. The knowledge of man's own being, of the Universe and of the Ultimate Reality, has always been the goal of seekers of knowledge, and the emancipation of man's mind from the domination of his lower animal nature so that it can live in the light of the highest Truth, Good and Beauty, has been the goal of all serious progress in the peak of mental development. Therefore, it is always gratifying to know of any scheme of education which seeks to develop man's intellectual and spiritual nature. When it is proposed to carry out such a scheme on an international basis in a country like India with its enormous millions, it is undoubtedly an event of importance, especially as the inspiration behind it is a great spiritual figure like Sri Aurobindo.

In an Appeal for donations issued from his Pondicherry Ashram we are told that "one of the most recent forms under which Sri Aurobindo conceived of the development of his work was to establish at Pondicherry an International University open to students from all over the world." It is felt that the most fitting memorial to his name would be to found this University "to give concrete expression of the fact that his work continues with unabated vigour." Therefore an All-India Convention is going to be held at Pondicherry on 24th and 25th of April, under the Presidency of Mr. Shri Pravasi Mukherjee, when the plans for collecting money for the Sri Aurobindo Memorial Fund will be discussed. A number of prominent men from all over the country, who are interested in the problem of education in India, are going to attend it. Among others, Dr. Kalidas Nag, Lord Sinha, Mr. Anandanayam Ayyangar (Deputy Speaker, Parliament) and several other persons, "as well as by eminent Caste parties" and Justice N. H. Bhagwati (Vice-Chancellor, Bombay University) are going specially to Pondicherry to attend the Convention.

It is learnt that the education given at the University will be primarily based on Sri Aurobindo's own teachings and writings, and that it will be entirely free. This is in accordance with Sri Aurobindo's own wishes. Another unique feature of this University Scheme will be that the students coming from various parts of the world—applications have already been received from America, France, England, France and Egypt—will be taught in their own languages.

Ever since Romain Rolland called Sri Aurobindo "the complete synthesis that has been realised to this day of the spirit of Asia and the genius of Europe," the eyes of many of the intellectuals of the world have been turned towards him and his Ashram. Educated at St. Paul's and Cambridge in the heyday of Rationalism and Humanism, he grew to recognise the value of the great social and political ideals advocated by the West in the importance of science and techniques and the right ordering of man's physical existence; but he saw too their basic insufficiency— their incapacity to solve the fundamental problems of existence and create for men a better life. He assimilated in his consciousness all that was finest in the culture of the West, and then turned towards the spiritual treasures of his own country. After attaining the traditional realisations described in the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gita, he ascended the ladder of Being to the gnostic heights of the Spirit at the summit of which is the Supermind, the Truth-consciousness of the Divine Being—that Supreme Consciousness by attaining which one knows God in all His integrity and totality; not only the truth of His essential Being but also the meaning and purpose behind His creative manifestation.

After his great illumination he realised that the fundamental truth of existence is the truth of the Spirit, the other is the truth of life; that the animosity created between the two by those who had not the gnostic enlightenment forms an unreal form of life is the expression and manifestation of the Spirit, not its irreconcilable opposite. Spirit is not only the substance of life, but its very basis. But outwardly life with its apparently blundering growth and its gropings and stumbling does not seem to be an expression of the Spiritual Reality, because man in whom it has become dimly conscious is still an unenlightened creature with a partial awareness that cannot penetrate into its secret workings. Therefore man has to grow in awareness and knowledge and possess greater spiritual power so that he can master life and transform it and make it a true expression of the Spirit; He has to grow in the fullness of the divine and recreate his earthly existence in its image—that is the meaning of his evolution.

The growth of the divinisation of man and the transformation of his earth-life before him, Sri Aurobindo set out to create a synthesis of knowledge. The truths of Spirit and of life that he had apprehended in his spiritual vision he tried to work out first from the metaphysical point of view, for he says that in philosophy metaphysical truth is the nucleus of the rest, it is the statement of the last and most general truths on which all the others depend or in which they are gathered up. He, therefore, created a spiritual metaphysics based on his spiritual realisations, and therefore grounded in Reality, to serve as the foundation of his world-view; this was his Life Divine.

The demand for a spiritual ethic—a law of right action, a way that would show man how to grow into the Spirit through the doing of works—was met by the Essays on the Gita. The next step was to find the means by which the metaphysical and spiritual truths could be dynamised and actualised in life. To achieve this, says Sri Aurobindo, it was necessary to develop the most profound and vital methods of psychological self-discipline and self-development so that the mental and psychological life of man may express the spiritual life through the utmost possible expansion of its own richness, power and complexity. Therefore, in his Synthesis of Yoga he says he tried "to arrive at a synthetical view of the principles and methods of the various lines of spiritual self-discipline and the way in which they can lead to an integral divine life in the human person" and that this , he immediately adds, "is an individual self-development, and therefore it was necessary to show how our ideal can work out in the social life of mankind. In The Psychology of Social Development we have indicated how these truths affect the evolution of human society. In The Ideal of Human Unity, we have taken the present trend of mankind to towards a closer unification and tried to appreciate its tendencies and show what is wanting in them in order that real human unity may be achieved."

This is where Sri Aurobindo's philosophy radically differs from the traditional spiritual philosophies. Though more than any other seer or thinker he recognises the importance to its catholicity and embracing totality seems to have an universal appeal; people of all races, creeds and faiths look up to him and his teachings for spiritual guidance as well as for help in their daily lives. Not only his own countrymen, but Englishmen, Americans, Jews, Chinese, Germans and all those interested in the spiritual and social stature. Regarding his own reaction to Sri Aurobindo's teachings Professor J. E. Turner of Syracuse University writes: "The greatest gift of Sri Aurobindo to me as a philosopher is his magnificent perspective of existence, in three directions; the dignity and destiny of man; the meaning of human evolution, the laboratory of the Divine; and the universal dynamic of Cosmic Evolution. His sustained song of the nature and divine potencies of the human mind comes as a refreshing breeze over the fragmentary, superstitious, and antiquated world."

*This work was recently published for the first time simultaneously in India and America under the title "The Human Cycle."
INTEGRAL AND INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

By DR. INTRA SENA

The world is witnessing today a cultural impasse more than a political deadlock or an economic crisis. The latter are merely the consequence of the cultural life, the outlook of the values and the purposes of the past. The Renaissance in Europe in the 16th century had really set the standard for us. The scientific intellectual approach towards life and nature that it advocated and popularized has directly and progressively led to the conditions that constitute our present life and environment. And we are surely in a most extraordinary situation. The conflicts, divisions and oppositions are more than man was perhaps ever before faced with. But that does not matter. What really matters is the conflict in the whole situation is that our best solutions of the problems seem to turn out to be more patch-work, since the conflicts, divisions and oppositions reappear in other forms.

We wonder at the behaviour of our affairs, ask ourselves again and again where the way out of the impasse and not infrequently tend to get into a despondent mood.

But is there really no solution of our problems? None, it appears, if we consider problems separately and persist in our present approach to them. Recent history has, in fact, demonstrated that with repeated instances.

The crisis in our affairs is a challenge and a reminder to us to examine the premises of our cultural life and reshape them. With an approach, especially intellectual, whose primary function is analysis and division, we cannot hope to achieve real wholeness. Our best unities today are constructions of ideas and ideals. They are not hearty, real oneness, which good-will, love and a larger perception alone can give.

Evidently, another larger and deeper approach than the present analytical and the solutions to be urgently called for by our cultural situation. A larger, deeper and fuller view and way of life was, indeed, Sri Aurobindo’s seeking. The call of the Spirit, which took him away from the activities of 1910 was, in fact, a call to discover the true being of life and the means of its realisation, not as an individual salvation for himself but as a general solution for mankind.

In 1922 in response to a request to help in the political field, he wrote to C.R. Das that he had seen that the true salvation of things lay in the spiritual realm and that he was determined to explore and realise the fullest possibilities of spiritual life. Out of such determination on Sri Aurobindo’s part has emerged an ideal of the spiritual regeneration and transformation of man and society, experienced his original and present day. Out of this ideal and a vast literature exquishing the nature of this ideal, its necessity for man and the methods of training for the realisation of it. The literature, in fact, gives a comprehensive account of the new orientation, a new living and a new cultural life, which seems to promise the best and last solution of our ills.

It was the universities of Europe which had taken up the standpoint of the Renaissance and imparted it to their alumni and in course of time it became the norm of intellectual outlook of the European peoples and today is very nearly the outlook of the whole world. Now, if we have tasted of the full consequences of this outlook and feel the necessity of a new one, one integral and whole we have first to attempt it in our universities and train the youth in new ways of cognition and will, ways which will be essentially synthetic and integral and which will give to the analytical functions of the mind their own proper secondary place.

But evidently at the instance this must be attempted at one place and that is exactly the inspiration and the justification of a Sri Aurobindo University. A University which should grow up in collaboration with the Ashram, where Sri Aurobindo had worked to develop and cultivate this new cultural life for the last 40 years and where his work is now carried on by the Mother. As a memorial too, this would naturally be the best thing to carry forward for the future generations the name of Sri Aurobindo.

When we visualise such a memorial we naturally ask what would be the distinctive features of this University. Its essential purpose, we have stated above. We can also state a few other features which will, in fact, pursue its own further development, but it will do that with a clear consciousness of its proper place in integral knowledge and of its relationship with other branches.

However, the greatest distinction of the University will be its attitude towards the instruments of knowledge. Today we regard the senses and the intellect as our only instruments. This University will surely seek a cultivation of these, but it will do so in the knowledge that there are higher than the growth of what we have called a synthetic perception, a whole way of seeing things. But then it will progressively seek the yet higher instruments which Sri Aurobindo has described as the Higher Mind, the Íntrínseca, the Intuitive Mind, the Overmind and so still beyond up to the Supermind. Today we seek a horizontal growth of knowledge at the intellectual level; there is no attempt to grow in the levels themselves. But it is the future, the growth in the levels themselves, the higher on our cultural level the greater the possibilities of new qualities, fundamentally superior and more comprehensive orientations.

These provide an even more than a broad outline of the way approach which the proposed university will have to follow. But it is evident that a thing of such a nature being out of it will result in a reorganisation of our entire knowledge, our arts, sciences, philosophy and religion, in fact the entire cultural life.

The Sri Aurobindo University will more appropriately have to be an international university, since the men brought together in it will be of a general character in the world.

In fact the larger synthetic experience which it would seek is the proper base on which the true Unity of the human race can be built up. The Ashram has already discovered and laid the foundations of this new common culture of man on the basis of spiritual experience, and the University will have to broaden and enlarge it by affording opportunities to the representative students of different nations to make their distinctive contribution to the evolution of a rich common culture.

When we think of an institution we very often want a full-bloded formal structure and organisation of it almost immediately. But such structure and organisation is after all a clothing, an outer expression and inevitably integral if it is to be real. And such form must evidently be allowed to grow as the inspiration and the idea grow. Obviously the more important thing is the appreciation of not the need for the proposed University, an understanding of the present-day and to meet it. And if we do that and do that sincerely enough, our energies will spontaneously begin to function for the realisation of the idea and we shall be surprised how soon the idea becomes a fact. Already the Sri Aurobindo Memorial Fund for the University was issued a couple of months ago, considerable progress has been made and with large realisation of the need for such a university, the project is bound to make quicker progress.

SRI AUROBINDO UNIVERSITY CENTRE—Continued from page 1

For the student and the scholar, the essence of spiritual Oneness becoming one day an actuality, and of Sri Aurobindo’s dream becoming a reality.

Regarding the ideal for which he worked incessantly for the last forty years and for the success in Darten on the realisation of which, it is believed, he found it necessary to sacrifice his body, Sri Aurobindo writes: “What shall then be our ideal? Unity for the human race by an inner oneness and not only by an external association of interests; the consciousness of man out of that which is merely animal and economic life or the merely intellectual and aesthetic into the glories of the spiritual existence; the pouring of the power of the spirit into the physical mould and mental instrument so that man may develop himself into that which is the utmost and as much as this exceeds the animal state from which science tells us that we have issued. These three are one; for man’s unity and man’s self-transcendance can come only by living Spirit.” In the creation of this unity the University is sure to play a major part—the mind of man has to learn to open itself to the influx of the Divine Light and Force, the bringing down of which in the earth-consciousness as an operational power has been one of Sri Aurobindo all these years. The “rational mind” has to be transformed

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THE BASES OF CULTURAL FREEDOM

At the very start it was pointed out that the aim of this particular Conference would be to help the other Conferences to understand what exactly it is that is worth preserving and defending and that the discussion of the bases of cultural freedom would be fundamental to the work of the whole conference. The subject was seen to include in general the cultural consciousness of India, but it was wider than a discussion of what India's contribution to culture is and what particular questions immediately concern India—questions of the Indian's place in the Indian religious tradition and the modern western trends or the place of the English language in India's cultural life.

It was felt that the wider connotation of the subject did not contradict the basic point according to which the Indian conception of culture was there was nothing in that conception which could not link up with true fundamentals everywhere in the world.

One of the initial suggestions was that culture should be understood in terms of the highest possibility open to man and that it should mean integration of the whole being of man in terms of that possibility. To determine what is the highest possibility is the main thing, and it was asked whether man's intellect was his highest possibility or there was something deeper and higher which would certainly use the intellect to the full but be essentially a different power than the intellectual.

Taking a cue from this query a delegate defined culture as the pursuit of intrinsic values and said that the degree to which we seek such values and develop them shows our degree of culture. He distinguished different psychological levels. Mainly there are two levels active—that of perception and that of intellect. The former is the animal level and is concerned with the senses-organs and helps us to become conscious of our environment and adjust ourselves to it; Man has reached the stage of self-consciousness, the intellectual stage, and this gives him a tremendous increase of power: he can, with the power of memory, take the past into himself and with the power of the imagination project himself into the future. And yet this is not all that man is. It is his common level. Beyond it is the level of what may be called an integrated vision of things, a whole-vision—the level to which the experiences of the artist, the poet and the mystic point. This level is more in the nature of a potentiality—it is only very rarely possessed; but its qualitative value is immense. And the essence of culture should be the realisation of this plane and its generalisation in common life.

Another delegate said that culture was not so much intrinsic value as expressive activity which had a certain quality. Ancient Sparta was cited as having had certain intrinsic values, but when it came to real culture there was a serious lack. Culture was urged, is the sum-total of all the creative activities of the community; not only all the arts but also things like cooking and the making and enjoying of curries and sauces and wines can be cultural if they are creative expressions of intrinsic values of a community. If they mean something to us and illuminate the life of the community they are cultural expressions of that culture; since wine contributes to the mood of Plato's Symposium and cannot be separated from what the Symposium as a cultural expression stands for. If we wished to know what something is natural we must ask: Is it creative? People living a thousand years hence, shall we look at eating rice or drinking wine expressed our intrinsic values.

Here a new turn was given to the discussion by a delegate that the only point that came across is man's blood and man in his spirit. The community is a concept, the world is a concept, only the individual is the actuality we deal with. And the first need of man the individual is knowledge of self, which amounts also to knowledge of non-self. Again, no one has seen man in isolation—man cannot be conceived without a society. He is both an individual and a part of society. Therefore we cannot conceive of any culture without taking into consideration man's bi-polar content. Culture is both an individual and a social concept. Also, the sum-total of man's creative activity does not exhaust the nature of culture. Culture is more than that. If we go beneath the aspects of manifestation and seek the cause of creative activity we see that below the spiritual something that integrates those activities: an integral calculus is here and not merely waves. There is a unity which makes one family of, for instance, different artists in different ages of a country. Dante, Leonardo and others were one family in their essence. What is that unity? Something that we distinguish as national character: an attitude by which the hunger of the spirit is sought to be satisfied. A community has a culture if it has a national culture, which allows an integration in a particular attitude. However, while national culture is an indispensable step to world-culture, nevertheless if a man is not to go beyond his nation he will have a sense of man's Being, he will lack something: there is a world-context without which man is no longer man.

Then the question was asked whether a man needs to be creative in the sense of expression in order to realise his or her intrinsic values. It was thought that being uncreative was the same thing as not thinking of being or status rather than expression through books and other so-called creative media? It was remarked by a delegate that a man somehow communicating intrinsic values is ipso facto creative: whether he uses consciously accepted creative media or not, what is at stake here is the sense that he has enhanced the community's power of enjoying intrinsic values.

A delegate said that there was no profound conflict between the two views though evidently there was a difference. He went on to recall what ideas had influenced him in his life. In early years he had been influenced "I am the chief aim of man is to glorify God." This was obviously not all that could be said and its terms did not admit of satisfactory explanation. Later, he was under the influence of the idea that one's concern is to give expression to those desires and beliefs which in one's opinion are capable of bringing about a higher state of being. This too had its limitations, for it paid insufficient attention to the reason why one's concern should be a higher state. It is not a very strong pressure by a monistic thinker that every man must acquire a theory of the universe that is important and it implies also the creative urges that come to us. The creative urges are a means of limited expression of something indefinable and infinite which too is real. The right view of culture is a synthesis of intrinsic values and creative urges.

Another delegate declared that two things were necessary to bear in mind. He agreed that human individual culture is strong when a particular individual attains consciousness of their environment and their intrinsic values. When we come to social culture, there is a certain limitation of the number of intrinsic values. Thus the English, French and Spanish peoples have certain national characters, the English are interested most in action, the intrinsic value predominantly implied is Goodness. The French are interested most in thought and the main value implied is Truth. The Spanish are a "pathic" people and are interested most in feeling and the intrinsic value implied is simplicity. But the French and the Spanish are less interested than the English in Virtus, though this does not mean that they are less virtuous. Their interest lies more in the direction of either philosophical values or aesthetic values. Perfection culture would be best for the French and the Spanish. The subject with which we are concerned is that we have come to this Congress as on a particular pilgrimage: we have been moved by a threat to freedom, so we must consider culture super specie libertatis and ask: what aspects of culture are threatened? It should be desirable to have a culture which we could work, and the text should regard culture as both an individual and a social phenomenon and lay emphasis on the indispensability of freedom to both these sides.

The mention of different values and of Virtus as a value led a delegate to consider the point at what time the change in the ways of life could lead to beautiful cultural expressions. He referred to Polynesian culture and the culture of the head-hunters who for all their non-virtuous practices could produce works of art which expressed savagery and yet were beautiful. As regards freedom, this delegate added, we are inclined to connect freedom in an absolute way with culture. But though there may be something absolute here we must admit that in the past certain circumstances and conditions have produced cultural manifestations of a high order. It seems that the centuries in Spanish history when art was strictly confined to religious views and when the Inquisition was functioning gave rise to Spain's most magnificent works of arts. In the Renaissance and the Empire the same was not the case.

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into the "mind of light" and then gradually into the "gnostic mind" or the superrealised mind. This work of transformation will be greatly helped by Sri Aurobindo's teachings and his personal influence which still works strongly today. India's life and spirit are now more directly through life and inner life and well veered and more directly through his associate, the Mother.

India is fortunate in having a great spiritual tradition: but owing to certain one-sided tendencies in her psychospiritual development she has been a little physically fatigued of her own spirit. Her life-energy has been sapped and her physical mould weakened. Now at last she has found a new-philosopher and Master of Yoga who does not follow in the footsteps of the traditional Mayavadists. Nihilists or even the Advaitists of the older school, but is a spiritual descendant of the Vedica Rishis. The spiritual spade-work begun by Agasthya and Parasara, by Yamadev and Visvamitra is carried on and developed to its divine conclusion by Sri Aurobindo. He brings to this work a successful culmination the work done by Sri Krishna. Sri Krishna with his global Overmind vision and power gathered together the various strands of spiritual discipline and brought men's Godward effort to a focus and made a new and unique way of the Absolute. Sri Aurobindo has given a total Supermind vision and power of a single divine flame the spiritual efforts of the whole human race and carries forward earth evolution to its logical conclusion.
THE BASES OF CULTURAL FREEDOM

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but flourished under political despots who wanted the artists to produce to culture. Today the tyranny we face is one which should be combated in the cause of culture. It directs everything to the material side of man and annihilates his spiritual life. When Buddhists in Rome were forbidden to construct tombs he could create genuine values even under tyranny. The tyrants aimed at self glorification but left the artist free to create the tomb in the light of his own artistic values. The Stalinist dictatorship says that it knows best what is good in the sphere of art. Art has no more independence. It cannot devote itself to its own sense of truth but has to be bent into the service of the political principles of a party. The artist is asked to be a mere propagandist. It is extremely amusing how poets and artists have been sacrificed when the conscious means that struck the mind as sad while the Soviet people were supposed to be happy, he was condemned as a maladjusted individual. An artist cannot be true to his inspiration. Here the intrinsic freedom of the artist is denied.

A new direction was given to the debate by a member setting up the anthropological definition of culture: the whole of human activity. Every activity is culture— the question of valuation comes later. Against this definition it was urged that if every activity is culture, then when we ask whether something is good or bad we are discussing not culture but something else. Another delegate suggested that the right thing to say is that some activity is culture but that every activity is culture. No activity can be debarred from cultural possibilities, but in itself it cannot be culture: certain values must first come in.

Here a delegate said that what made for culture was the individual's attitude that is underlying motive and that this motive was the test. A man with a commercial mind would be perfectly cut off from culture. One cannot rate a piece of jazz music as equal to the composition of a great musician. Thus all activity cannot be cultural. This delegate was supported by another who said that values cannot come after and that all culture does not come afterwards: culture is bound up with a state of consciousness.

A proper state of consciousness and creative expression, it was asked whether a Yogic who meditates and has no observable creative expression can be called cultural. The answer given was that he is practicing culture of the soul: in India, mental activity is not regarded as the highest power of man, something beyond it is really the ideal state and he absorbs himself in meditation and in the realization of his immeasurant being. It transcends the mind and brings the highest possible power of consciousness into play. A felicitous comparison was said to have been made that it was said that the silence of the Yogis is real culture as the three bars of silence in a symphony of Beethoven.

It was felt by everybody that there was a need for some working definition of culture which could form part of the general declaration of the Congress. Otherwise the discussion, however brilliant, would be like a meteor that flashes and passes away. After some discussion on a definition put forward by a delegate, the following terms were laid down: "Culture is both individual and social. Individual culture is an attitude of the least superior— in fact there are no superior and inferior individuals and of the world. Social culture results from the integration, in a geographical environment and an historical tradition, of the contributions of the creative individuals and the successive generations of the community." The delegate then went on to say that the element of aspiration, the sense of ideality, the impulse towards the perfect, that were present in cultural pursuit. As the modern phrase goes, it is undeniable, according to him. So he proposed that we should say: "seeks ever deeper awareness". On behalf of the alternative definition it was said that the work of the artist is to enshrine a new shade of aspiration and that further qualification was not quite essential and might complicate matters. Another delegate said: "Culture is primarily social. One's own private dreams cannot be culture. Only when other men come into the picture is there a cultural phenomenon." And an answer to this it was declared that although culture does involve co-operation it is something that comes out of the individual.

An alternative formula was offered by a delegate in the following terms: Culture is that which cannot be attributed to people which can only be enriched by the self-expression of a creative individual. This to it was answered that to speak of culture as a growth which is somewhat circular, even though it was meant to clarify the point. Another opinion passed on this definition: the individual's role was not sufficiently stressed: he was said only to enrich culture, but was not the individual the very root of culture? Unless we emphasise the individual we shall not start at the right end and condemn totalitarian tyranny.

It was decided that, while the second definition was not in its philosophical intention very much at odds with the first, the first should be preferred.

A delegate wished to touch upon the notion expressed earlier that certain despots had led to great culture. He said: "It is true that the highest peak of Spanish culture coincided with the age of the Inquisition. However, the time he was speaking was only 500 years after the Inquisition had not been there culture would have been still better. Similarly, in present-day Spain, before Franco came into power there was a great creative activity left loose by a period of freedom. This activity was not only under Franco which was to be of long moment in his own country but also outside Spain which could not be attributed to his dictatorship. In fact it was not any longer in its full form and has been diminishing all the while. Owing to the bad forces set in motion during Franco's regime, what will come after Franco will be poor. People will perhaps then say that freedom came but with poor cultural fruits. It would, however, be a fallacy to believe that freedom engendered these fruits. Really they would be a legacy from the old dictatorial regime. We can only assume that freedom alone breeds creative activity.

The delegate who had spoken of Spain during the Inquisition and Italy under the Renaissance-depends agreed. He explained that he had not meant that tyranny was the direct cause of the good culture. He had wished merely to distinguish the old tyrannies that did not annull culture, from the modern tyranny which gives it no room at all. The latter leaves no free area to the artist's imagination. Michelangelo was free to direct his imagination to the area of his sense of God which no despot ever controlled. Today in totalitarian countries like Soviet Russia our whole force is sought to be made subservient to the State and all our powers to be used for expressing the political party-formulate of the State.

The delegates then turned their attention to making a final statement on good freedom. After the discussion of the definition of national cultures or only the same bases of culture with different national traits and tendencies giving them somewhat dissimilar appearances, the delegates took as their starting-point the definition already accepted and in the final resolutions merely to seek to do justice to the element of aspiration, the sense of ideality, the impulse towards the light from Pondichery

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Entretises. If in the former we saw the heights and profundities of occultism and mystical wisdom, in the latter we come to the practical discipline of Yoga, an infallible spiritual knowledge and an intellectual understanding of the mystic Faith. Here the very first question takes us into the heart of the matter: "Would you say something to us about Yoga?" In the fact of the whole of Entretises is a series of questions and answers. And we are met with the central problems of aspiration and destiny, e.g. : "How is one to meet adversity? - One that are invisible is always with you—living and dead." Or "Is our vital being to take part in the Divine love? If it does, what is the right and correct form of the participation it should take?"; or again, "Have Yoga done greater dramas than Shakespeare?" Here discourses continue from the unconscious of the interpreter, the sublimation in question and the foolish mind: the answers are marvellous in their clarity, cogency and a certain revelatory quality which is not difficult for human mind to understand. We have hardly any scope here for a long quotation, but we can mention that in every place—just as a specimen—both with regard to the light and beauty it emanates:

"Love is a supreme force which the Eternal Consciousness sent down from itself into an obscure and darkened world that it might bring back that world and its beings to the Divine. The material world in its darkness and ignorance had forgotten the Divine. Love came into the darkness and awakened all that lay there asleep. It whispered, opened the ears that were sealed. There is something that is worth waking to, worth living for, and it is love! and with the awakening to love there entered into the world the possibility of coming back to the Divine. The creation moves upward through love towards the Divine and in answer there leaves dawnward to meet the creation the Divine Love and Grace. Love cannot exist in its pure beauty, love cannot put on its native power and intense joy of fullness until there is this interchange, this fusion between the earth and the Supreme, this movement of Love from the Divine to the creation and from the creation to the Divine..."

Lastly, about the translations. We have already spoken about the Mother's French, we need not repeat the same arguments over again. Le Livre du Yoga, La Vie Divine (first four chapters) are a landmark in the history of French literature. Of course the world would have felt luckier to get a complete translation of The Life Divine from the Mother's hands, and also of The Ideal of Human Unity. The world today is broken into pieces, due to a war of petty conflicting ideas and interests. A good part of the world still adores French and there these books will serve as a beacon light of hope and assurance. But for the moment it will be wiser perhaps to remain silent with what we have got. One more thing we can be confident about is that French we have spoken about let it not be forgotten that the Mother is equally at ease with English. The whole of the Entretises was first in English, the French version came afterwards.

One does not know what will happen, but for I once would like to see in future India French given an equal honoured place side by side with English so that masters of that sweet language may be appreciated in their own. In the meanwhile, the Mother's message is accessible through English and in some cases through advanced Indian languages. Thus, the temple is ready, the path made clear for pilgrims to reach the altar, and fill their bosoms with a precious treasure. (Amrita Benaz Patirka)
To write a book in French and that again to publish in India is not a very happy proposition for any writer. Here, in the first place, the number of the publishers appears to be so still that there is only one, and secondly, in a glaring contrast with things of the West, publication-publicity in our country is indeed extremely feeble, still in its infancy or crumbling stage. Only recently there has been evidence some push and go in this field, but all still consisting of a harmless, though spirited, push firmly upon a resistant and intensely situated position. However, that is another matter. Against this discouraging background there appeared in succession Entretiens Avec Mère, Prières et Méditations (both in the thirties of the present century) and La Prière de Bernard. These, the writer of these beautiful books, has in addition a good number of translations to her credit: La Mère, La Synthèse du Yoga, La Vie Divine et Essais sur le Gita (all of them in the thirties of the present century) and, we will speak later on. Not that they are unimportant or less important, but because we want to follow the chronological order of the works which incidentally, may also help us to a better understanding of both the original works and the transformations.

It is interesting to note that Paroles d’Astéreofos, though printed as late as March 1946, contains the earliest writings (1903) of the Mother. A young traveller going astray just a little negligence and realizing his mistake only too late when his minuscules grow to immense proportions — this is the theme of the beautiful parable that opens the book (written as a school essay when the Mother was a girl of fifteen!) Every word in its right place, and it invariably are the right words, and the ensemble gives us a complete picture of the conflict in the young traveller. Written in prose, as I have already indicated, it is recognizes all the limiting rigidities that this mode of expression is subject to and often it rises to enchanting lyric heights. One hears the cry of hunger and food-appetite that leads people on the path of greed to the end and is finally relieved to know the secret to get over any such catastrophe. And how many secrets are there in the book about dream and thought and life and Supreme wisdom, laid open before the eyes of the reader to know and appreciate? Les Vertus, Savoir Souffrir et La Découverte Supreme Souffrir are all gems of the purest kind shining in their inherent worth.

Only one month after the publication of the book we have just mentioned there appeared Belles Histoires. As is evident from the name itself, it is a book of short stories. Intended chiefly for the children Belles Histoires (based upon an English book) contains stories from various countries of the East and the West, stories that are arranged under eleven different chapters each of which has its appropriate title viz. Self-mastery, ‘Courage’, Cheerfulness, ‘Helpless’, ‘Pain and Perseverance’, ‘Plain Living’, ‘Prudence’, ‘Sincerity’, ‘To Judge Correctly’, ‘Order’ and ‘To Construct and to Destroy’. From a cursory glance at the table of contents it is quite possible for the superficial critic to boo it as a book of morals. But a little journey into the book reveals that it is really a work or art, and the Mother is ever at her best when narrating a story, a dialogue or the various shades of a psychological state. Indeed if Art has any value, as I consider it to have, it is not merely a toy to be sport with in leisure hours but serves deeper purposes and needs of the being. It has to say something useful. The question then is both with Relation and Belles Histoires. Written with an inordinate love, the children is it once a call to them to take up the challenge of the triple demon-god of Ignorance, Inerzia and Ugliness, and re-lay the pattern of human life. Especially in India, where so colossal a misery prevails and so much work remains for the future generation to accomplish, this inspiring book will be, to quote the Mother herself, “a new weapon” in their hands.

Paroles d’Astéreofos now come to the two more serious books of the Mother: Prières et Méditations. I shall first take up the Prayers and Meditations. It was, I suppose, in connection with this book that Maurice Magre who knew so much French as a Frenchman ought to know remarked that it was the highest perfection in style of which French was capable. A great compliment, no doubt. But what does it precisely mean? The French language in general and French prose in particular are marked out for their clarity and precision, their rational and scientific nature. Racine and Renan, Fiancé and Musset are few among the French names that have contributed to this unique consummation. French, in the final analysis, means precision and precision means French. But such an instrument carries its own limitations as well. For, there are noble shades in modern French which are no substitute for such swelling of words as the words which you cannot catch with the help of this mechanism of intellecual language. Whereas English, with its essential Celtic nature is less rational but more full of suggestiveness, more plant, more capable of giving names to the unnameable, the unconscious trying various means to make up for this fact. In the realm of poetry Mallarmé made a gallant effort and not without considerable success. Yet, the insistance was all the more just the more that he had not that kind of mind to forsake the natural, to forsake the English manner of painting to give some significant strokes or hints in ideas and leave the rest to the reader to fill up in their own canvass of mind. Such a process, as we have already said, can lead only to a partial success. Here, as the case of the West, the French need no other light to be explained — sharpened and trained and made recepive. But in order to break new grounds, to achieve new perfections, whatever it be in the domain of poetry or prose, what else can the writer do but to breathe an air which he feels to be the most congenial to him than the prevalent one. And the higher this level of consciousness that is contacted, the greater is the value it assumes in its outward expression.

Here, for example, is this magnificent piece from the Prayers and Meditations which shines like the sun and needs no other light to be explained.

“A ces heures bénies la tourre tout entière chante un hymne d’allégresse, l’herbe frissonne de plaisir, l’air vibre de lumiére, les arbres dressent vers le ciel leur prière plus ardent, le chant des oiseaux devient un cantique, les preux de la mer de la dunes et des champs s’amusent à jouer. Or, ces enfants racontent l’infini, les âmes des hommes apparaissent dans leurs yeux.

Dis-moi: m’accorderas-Tu pouvoir merveilleux de faire naître dans leurs coeurs attentifs, d’éviller les consciences à Ta sublime Présence dans ce monde si triste et si démantelé de susciter un peu de Ton vrai Paradis? Quels bonheurs, quelles richesses, quelles puissances terrestres peuvent égaler ce don sauveur?...

Seigneur, jamais en vain je te t’implique, car, c’est Toi même en moi, tu es la Parole à Toi même.

As one reads through these prayers one unmistakably feels that here French has, besides bring thoroughly poetical, assumed another quality quite different from the other drams, the very essence of the book is in the vividness of the three-dimensional picture which he sees and makes it his own. All this, at the full blaze of the twentieth century we saw another miracle done by Sri Aurobindo who introduced a new spirit into English language, lifted it up and changed it into a marvellous vehicle to express even the Inexpressible, the profanest thought in the man in the modern world was groping in the darkness to seize and embody. The Mother has come in the same line after the Vedas Risshu and Sri Aurobindo. This, I think, was the implied meaning justifying Monseigneur Magre’s tribute to the author of the Prêres et Méditations.

Prêres et Méditations originally filled the pages of the Mother’s personal diary. They were written out of an irresistible urge or an intervention of the being within her. They were written out of the most profound sense of realisation that were rushing in upon her, and to give them permanence also, as the occultists would say. They were not addressed to any human audience nor is there any sense of literary vanity in it. They are truly her prayers and meditations. In this respect they are singularly different from all other diaries of the world. The comparison is so futile that it would be better that we took to no such study. A magnificent book, but it would have remained perhaps in some unseen corner of the world had not immediately seen its value and urged its publication. Printed as it is, it begins in France on November 2, 1912 and ends in India on October 23, 1937. A long journey indeed but the reader feels not the slightest drudgery in traversing it; on the contrary, he feels the strength of strong arms carrying these books day and night, “cessant jamais, ton bien, champ d’action et ta conquête.”

Lute avec persistance pour faire tomber les dernières limites qui ne sont plus que des fréquences demeurent d’expansion de l’état, pour vaincre les dernières obscurités qu’il n’est plus que de puissances illuminatrices. Lutte pour conquérir et pour triompher, lutte pour surmonter tout ce qui fut jusque ce jour; pour faire jaillir la Lumière nouvelle, l’Exemple nouveau dont le monde a besoin. Lutte avec optimisme contre tous les êtres extérieurs ou intérieurs. C’est le devoir grand prix qui est proposé à Ta Réalisation.

*At three blessed hours all earth sings a hymn of gladness, the prawns shudder with pleasure, the air is vibrant with light, the trees lift towards heaven their most ardent prayer, the chant of the birds becomes a canticle, the waves of the sea blow a sweet breeze, the smile of children lights the world, their eyes shine with love. Tell me, will Thou grant me the marvellous power to give birth to this dawn in expectant hearts, to awaken the consciousness of man to Thy sublime Presence, to make the dear and earnest work of the soul within me become the source of happiness, what riches, what terrestrial power can equal that wonderful gift?"

Lo! ever, the voice of the Lord is mighty in the whirlwind. The voice of the Lord is full of power; the speech of the Lord is full of majesty, "Whom shall I fear?" (Deut. 32:2-3)"

The last sentence, the one that says ‘..Thou art both their God’ is truly Thine in me. (March 31, 1947)

Thus far, I have been speaking of a language which is not only so as a whole, but in every part, and everywhere, ever more widely, ever more nobly and beautiful, according to the mental trend and idea of the last outcome of the illuminating Power is already lighting up. Fight that battle for a pure language with the weapons of the soul, and when that day comes, on this day, to make the new Light emerge, this new example which the world needs.

Continued on opposite page
CHAPTER VII

"BLEEDING PIECE OF EARTH"

One of the things that make Asram life so hard to bear is that it first invites one to change then exhorts, then coaxes and lastly forces one to realise that unless and until one agrees to change progressively the divine life must remain a Utopian dream. Somebody said that human folly makes even the angels weep. In my childhood days when I used to read our epic Mahabharata I read somewhere a line that, "If I were an open field full of grass and flowers, the bumble bees would fly over me." That is why, it is contended, Abhimanyu, the boy hero, could break into the phalanx of his enemies but not retreat its steps. Sri Aurobindo has emphasised again and again the egregious nature of human folly which is responsible for this. Not for nothing some kind of "concretion" in the scheme of things—an insurmountable snag—which made even Vivekananda cry out: "The scheme of the world is devilsish, I could have made a better world". Somehow things insist on going wrong progressively no matter what we may or may not do. That is why the word folly has come to exercise an almost hypnotic influence on the minds of even the most robust among men. Sri Aurobindo has underlined the tragedy of this seeming fatality (I stress the word seeming because he does not accept fatality or its faster-child antiology except in a very modified sense in his epic Swasti in the mouth of the pessimist fatalist Queen-mother. She expounds it, indeed, as her own individual point of view but who will dare deny, when one looks at man and the world as they are, that it is almost completely convincing so far as it goes.

As if the world's stone load was not enough
A crop of miseries obstinately is sown
By his own hands in the furrows of the gods,
The most increasing tragic harvest ripe.
From old miseries buried by obdurate Time,
He walks by his own choice into hell's trap;
This victim creature is his own worst doom.
His science is an artificer of doom:
He roundels earth for means to harm his kind;
He slays his happiness and others' good.
Nothing has he learnt from time and its history;
Even as of old in the race youth of Time,
When earth ignorant ran on the highways of Fate,
Old forms of evil cling to the world's soul:
War making sought the sweet smiling calm of love,
Bottle and rapine, rain and massacre
Are still the fierce passions of man's warrying tribes;
An idiot hour destroys what centuries made,
His history repeated of fameless days and ages.
The beauty and greatness by his genius wrought
And the mighty output of a nation's toil.

A few weeks ago a Korean lady wrote to Pandit Nehru a letter in which she deplored how even those who came as champions to save Korea were responsible for unleashing further devastation on the poor country. To state just one single act and follow its concatenation of consequences: the South Korean capital Seoul was bombarded by the North Koreans who professed to come as its liberators. Results—devastation, followed by retreat of the South Koreans. Next come the Americans to relieve the situation. They bombard Seoul again—result—further devastation, followed by the retreat of the invaders in occupation: the North Koreans. Next enter the Chinese Communists, they bombard again. Result—deepest devastation followed by retreat once more of the liberators in occupation: the South Koreans and the Americans. Now the Americans have bombarded Seoul again to liberate once more from its old "liberators." After such reported bombardments of liberation how much of the unhappy town could possibly have survived? The same thing happened with Poyyang, the capital of North Korea: first came the South Koreans who devastated it—this time as the liberators on retreat, next the North Koreans followed by the Chinese communists the latest liberators now in occupation, to be possibly supplanted once more by the South Koreans!

Now it must remembered that only one act was responsible for all this: the crossing of the 38th parallel by the North Korean "liberators." Not even their worst enemies would assert that they could have anticipated the release of such an avalanche of calamities as the result of just one button pressed: their crossing of a geographical line. And it was not an accident: such unforeseen calamities were brought off once and again in history by just one misadventure, one outrage, one miscalculation. Was Sri Aurobindo guilty of an overstress when he wrote: "An idiot hour destroys what centuries made!"

I remember my reply, long ago in 1924, to my question on "the widespread misery, fear and suffering which afflict men": "How can you help that so long as men choose as they do to hug ignorance which is at the bottom of all suffering?" As long as they cherish the darkness of attachment rather than the light of liberation and knowledge, how can they expect to see?" Years later he developed his outlook on pain, its rationale, in his Swasti, hinting that almost, realising that suffering too must come, yet the very suffering, which is the offspring of ignorance serves one, in the Divine enigmatic economy, as a god to the search for a panacea to the evil suffering, viz. pain and grief:

Thy grief is a cry of darkness to the Light;
Pain causes the first flower of the Incarnation.
Which sees the body's dawning original base.

And its raison d'etre was that it fathered joy, since pain came first, then only joy could be.

Pain plagued the godhead in the world-drowse.
By pain a spirit started from the clod
By pain life stirred in the subliminal deep.

But in the world-drowse it dries its shapes from the subliminal depths,
Then turned to look upon the world it had made.

Not only that, pain with its polar opposite joy was a necessary good to our soul to wake up and look:

By pain and joy the bright and tenderness twain

The insatiate world perceived its sentient soul.

And the soul's slow and progressive awakening out of the circumscribed "world-drowse" (in which it has, naturally, to participate, being itself a part of the world) is, in its turn, necessary because otherwise it can never shed its native clinging to this lethargy of sleep and therefore never initiate any change first in itself and secondly in the Incoseinct which is the origin of the primal Inertia and the perpetuator of the status quo. To remedy this, the psychic being in each of us must first reciprocate its lost consciousness and so come to its own.

Else had the Incoseinct never suffered change.

But the Incoseinct is the object of matter, and matter, having a greater longevity than the most unaging die-hard, is a born imperialist vis-a-vis the future. So it cannot be easily prevailed upon to welcome change. That is why pain has to take a hand as the liberator because, in the last analysis,

Pain is the hammer of the gods to break
A dead resistance in the mortal's heart,
His sole inertia as of living stone.
If the heart were not to hard to war and weep,
His soul would have lain down content, at ease
And never thought to exceed the human start.

Nietzsche caught something of the Divine Resolve, amounting to a predestination, when he said: "Der Mensch ist Etwas das ubewurzelt wird oder soll." But, as Sri Aurobindo points out, this ultimate self-transcendence cannot be achieved if man unwarily sides with the power-addict Demons (Asuras) in himself to the exclusion of the love-incorruptible God. So Narad, the protagonist of the Divine Gnosis, counsels Araspati, the deputy of Divine Inspiration:

O mortal, bear this great world's law of pain,
In thy hard passage through a suffering world
Lean for thy soul's support on Heaven's strength,
Turn towards high Truth, aspire to love and peace!

But he warns him, withal, against admitting a wrong movement in his impatient colonisation of his true self:

Haste not towards Godhead on a dangerous road,
Open not thy doorways to a nameless Power,
Climb not to Godhead by the Taylor way.

Because the deluded Titan is motivated not by the spirit of God's allegiance but by God-defiance and therefore

Heavenward he clammers on a stair of storms...
He strides with a giant strength to wrest by force
From life and nature the immortal's right...

Because having grown blind in his lust for quick results,
He waits not for the outstretched hand of God's will
To raise him out of his mortality.

In the Gita we find a description of the salient features of the Asura's character. But Sri Aurobindo's description gives us a much fuller view (because the modern Asura, even as the modern human has become a much more complex being):

A mesopotamist of the world-energy,
He dominates the life of common men.
His pain and others' pain he makes his means;
On death and suffering he makes his throne.
In the hurry and clamour of his acts of might,
In a riot of excess of fame and shame,
By the magnitudes of hate and blood.

But in the world beneath his tread
He matches himself the Eternal's calm
And feels in himself the greatness of a god:
Power in his image of celestial self.

And therefore he grows and grows in stature till—by the incalculable law of Karma, as the Gita puts it—he identifies himself with the Colossus, possessed, the image of his ambition: go ahead, do as we say. Thus this is not a fanciful nightmare becomes obvious to anyone who looks at what is happening in the world around us, e.g. in and through every
power-chief who dictates himself into a colossal Demon of the vital, a veritable Titan of whom Sri Aurobindo says:

"He is the chief in the world of all and life is the same as his will, his power, his might, his desire, his thought, his purpose, his action."

This is a profound picture; nor has one to be a mystic or a Yogi to be able to see that this has been one of the primeval causes of human misery. Any dispassionate observer will have to agree here with Sri Aurobindo. To give an instance, I shall quote a passage from the great rationalist-realist-idealists, Locke and Diderot: "Our faculties are our enemies, and we must have a strong will to overcome them.

"Nietzsche's strong man is not a mere idea; he is a fact ... for it is Power, not wealth or comfort, at which they aim; and in pursuit of that aim they trample under foot all law and all morality ... Power being their ideal, they are most ready to of having achieved it when the resistance over which they triumphed has been most vigorous; and what provokes resistance more determined than the prospect of isolation, ruin and death? Therefore the more the Overmen rejoice, for the more conscious he is of being strong; and in that sense of strength lies his whole satisfaction in life."

Nietzsche's Overman is synonymous with Russell's Dictator, Sri Aurobindo's Titan and Sri Krishna's Arjuna. In other words, though each of these thinkers has a different outlook on the world they all focus for us the same type and its dreadful tendency. Studying this type we realise that the one-act lust in humanity to dominate others is as difficult to eradicate as an infant from its cry. It is an instinct of the nature itself. When I first came to the Ashram I well remember how I walked its grounds with jaunty steps, with this compulsion idea that I was, with all my faults and feelings, a Superman. I saw certain wrong movements in me—happily, more blesses in others—but though I wanted sincerely to get rid of them I never thought that their expulsion was a matter of much urgency. I had certain blissful experiences to turn to from time to time; also some delightful musical or aesthetic achievements which only strengthened my general conviction that all was well with me here below even as with God on high; and last, though not least, very heartening encouragements from Gurudev and Mahat that in spite of my stumblings and depressions I was getting on. Is it any wonder that I should be utterly unconscious of the blinded power-adorer that slept within my "innocent and humble self" as I called the being popularly known as Dlip? In one word, I was far from surmising that I had such a tremendous roadway to make up or, to put it in Yoga terminology, that I would have to "transform my nature" step by step, resolutely prudingly, ruthlessly and lastly, alas, deponderently and that it was going to be such an uphill task. I was still very ignorant about the "discontents" that exist in me, as in others, and that the Yogi had to cross in the past. The actual difficulties I had to encounter in my day to day sadhana of the Ashram life turned out to be very different indeed from those I had imagined and been forewarned against by the worldly-wise. When I came to know how in ordinary life in my earlier days I could only have in the first place, to undergo heroic austerities and in the second to meditate for hours and hours. The first prospect gorged the egoist in me to become even more alive if not kicking, while the second made me simply glow with pride as I said to myself with the great poet A.E.:

"We are in our distant hope
One with all the great and wise:
Comrades, do not turn and grope
For a lesser light that dies.
Yes, yes, I echoed him again and again:
Pure at heart we wander now,
We have hopes beyond today.
And our quest does not allow
Rest or dreams along the way.

The first fly that I discovered in the ointment of my self-esteem was when I found that I did not like it at all whenever any of those who used once to obey my will declined to bow down to my wisdom in which I lived and moved and grew progressively: my growing wisdom made me more and more conscious that I had thought that it must work out in the other way: that my egoism should dwindle in proportion to my knowledge and insight deepened. This, naturally, disconcerted me but that in itself would not have been so serious had I not noted at the same time that my discomfiture was not something with a secret, chafing at the Guru's will having his way and not mine. It is not an autobiography I have undertaken so I cannot possibly enlarge on such experiences. Suffice it to say therefore that I came to realise slowly but ineptly that the Asura was as much as not so much was not a mythical figure with a multitude of heads and hands but a real resident and cherished guest housed only too willingly by each of us. Only some cherished him more, some less. I saw, for instance, that whenever any vital hunger in me was underfed he got progressively retreating even till the social trapping of decay became hard to retain to cover his naked ugliness. Years later I read a citation from the great mystic WilliamLahiri, the purport of which is that none can turn towards God without turning his back upon his ego, because none can be fully alive to God till he completely dies to his lower nature.

But I must pause here a little to stress an experience of mine which grew from day to day till I could not deny its vivid, concrete reality. I refer to what Gurudev called the "hostile forces". I had indeed read about the Buddha's Mare, and had read the speculations in my own fancy about ghosts and spirits and monsters which figured in the Tantric writings of certain schools. But having always been exceedingly normal and strong, with no "weird experiences" to look for (even though I loudly threatened with them) I was very prudently dismissible entities seriously. What I mean is that though I did not exactly pooh-pooh all such stories as old wives' tales, I never imagined that there could really be in action queer forces such as these which a twentieth-century scientific seeker might have to reckon in dull carnage on his way to the Divine.

I never saw any spirits not to mention the Devil, though I agreed always with Russell's acceptance of Him as a living reality. Nor did I ever feel any eerie presences (Paul Valerie called those "les choses absentes") which left me an aftermath of jittery fears. I did indeed hear from my friends about such macabre things whichloomed and waylaid one also. I also tried to witness quite a few sudden unexpected happenings which terrified the percipients, sometimes even disabled them temporarily. But for all that I could never persuade myself that these might ever be concrete impediments on my way, far less make my mind "go to handle" as I put it flippantly.

Nevertheless—and here is my point—I had to reckon with them time and again—not indeed with their actual presences, but with the heritage of morbid and depression that such experiences can engender and that one can dismiss nonchalant. And to make confusions worse confused, they breed their microbes so fast that before I could pronounce "Alert—Armstrong" they would have me "translated like Bottom" from a rational man to a maniac. I know how that sounds, however convincing, the more because I cannot prove my point to those who have no experience what I have. Notwithstanding, I must still testify to what I have felt again and again, namely, that we can never insulate ourselves completely from forces which entwine us except with the powers which can as concretely shield us as ostrich can strike. To give a typical instance:

I met something from Gurudev or Mothé—some support in some matter. It so happens that neither comes forward to oblige me. My self-love gets hurt and then lo, the magic button is pressed and where it was all a laugh—denying a moment ago with hopes dancing like flowers, certitudes glowing like sunbeams and aspirations soared like birds, one sees only doubts blazing like poison-fumes, chafings irrational lie thorns and last, though not least, a sentimental revolt that gesticulates like a demon deprived of his mask. Time and again this happen to me and often enough, just when I was riding on the top of the weather, there out of a clear sky, a wrong suggestion dropped into me and then bang came the showdown. I know full well how difficult it is to bring certain sometimes inordinate or even morbid visions or ideas into the light of day, especially because if and when they come to us in ordinary life, that is on non-yogic paths, the depressions do not assail as they do here—with the veritable downwash of a deluge or the storm-hurtle of an avalanche. The reason is that the whole force of nature and society, as well as organized as they are in Yoga—their métier being to thwart all Godward endeavours and in ordinary life people are seldom concentrated on such a task. But when the Godseeker wants to clamour or soar upward, these phalanxes themselves quickly in their rebel alarm to be able to act as a sort of earthball or wing-clipper, shall I say? Or to give another example, when you float with the tides, all the waves befriend you and carry you on their jubilant crests, but just turn back to swim against them and you will know swiftly what is the truth. The image seemed to me more apposite especially when I swam against the current and felt all but suffocated by the buffets of the waves. I was reminded of this when years later, a pupil of mine in our city, wrote me that she no longer wanted the Divine the world was so kind and generous and appreciative but it all changed the moment she turned to Yoga for God. I told her I had realized years ago, that it had to be always more or less like that.

"Had to be why?" she asked.

"Because", I answered after I had recounted to her briefly what I had gone through, "Yoga means transcending Prakriti or the forces of Nature, which flow all around us like the waves. So long as you are in the swim with these forces in these waves you will be carried forward by them. But since Yoga wants to part company with these they will, not naturally, resent such defiance and outlaw you as a despot. You can't expect the services of those you don't propose to obey by offering content. And when, moreover, your entire being which has been their habitat for years and years, won't then do the things you want for and attack from sheer fear of becoming homeless refugees?"

This in itself would not have been so catastrophic, if I may exploit such a word, had not the natural urge of Nature found the too-willing support of the hostile forces which are so soon the swarms of bees everywhere. That is why all spiritual guides have emphasised the urgent need of purifying our emotions so that we may side always with the right ones as against the wrong. To put it differently, we must not allow
SRI AUROBINDO CAME TO ME —Continued from page 7

these adverse forces any loophole or handle by sympathising with what we are who are living in nature. That is a matter of fact. It is quite an uphill task in practice, as I found to my bitter cost, and the more I realised this the more grateful I felt towards Gurudev for his unfailing help and guidance, showing me, indefatigably where and how I had erred. I felt a sense of relief when I began to perceive that these forces were not a mystery, the creeping or organizing force in the evolution of the soul, and not an imperceptible through the breaches made thereby. It was primarily his insistence on the right attitude which helped me convict the wrong ones in spite of their most treacherous pleading for what we call our human weakness.

But this is known to all Yogis. I have no wish to write a manual of Yoga. I have referred to this only to underline, first, the help and encouragement one gives to one’s self by one’s right attitude; secondly, the security of protection he offered whenever we felt shaky or dilapidated; and lastly, the invaluable guidance he gave us by acting as an eye-opener to us all, showing us laboriously the cause of the minutest of being. I see, body and soul, even if you are conscious of you are conscious or are supported by a consciousness or consciousness behind. One is in the midst of a big universal working and it is impossible any longer to explain everything as the result of one’s own and sole personality. You yourself have at one time written that your crises of despair etc. came upon you as if thrown on you and worked themselves out without your being able to determine or put an end to them. That means an action of universal forces and not merely an independent action of your personality through the blind working in the field of unconsciousness. But you are not conscious and others also of this intervention and pressure at its source for the reason I state. Those in the Astram who have developed the inner view of things on the vital plane have plenty of experience of the hostile forces. However, you need not personally concern yourself with them so long as they remain incogito. . . . You may have the experience on the mental plane without this knowledge coming—for there mind and idea predominate and one does not feel the play of Forces—it is only in the vital that it becomes clear. In the mind plane they manifest at most as mental suggestions and not as concrete powers. Also if one looks at things with the mind only (even though it be the inner Mind) one may see the subtle play of Nature’s forces but without perceiving the conscious individual which we call hostile.

But knowledge too has its disadvantages—as I was to discover soon enough—especially when it leads one to glimpse the world of occult forces, hidden dangers. To give a typical instance, whenever I flirted with a wrong suggestion I never dreamt of its virus being manufactured somewhere outside to be injected subsequently into my mind. But with the passage of time I did perceive a flavour in my own being. This never made me enough which they were not so gross. But you are not conscious and others also of this intervention and pressure at its source for the reason I state. Those in the Astram who have developed the inner view of things on the vital plane have plenty of experience of the hostile forces. However, you need not personally concern yourself with them so long as they remain incogito. . . . One may have the experiences on the mental plane without this knowledge coming—for there mind and idea predominate and one does not feel the play of Forces—it is only in the vital that it becomes clear. In the mind plane they manifest at most as mental suggestions and not as concrete powers. Also if one looks at things with the mind only (even though it be the inner Mind) one may see the subtle play of Nature’s forces but without perceiving the conscious individual which we call hostile.

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POETIC IMAGERY IN “SAVITRI”

By Rajanikant Mody

Continued from page of February 21

Nine

Next we have some images drawn from plant-life and flowers and gardening. The first one is applied to Life:

Only she clung with her roots to the safe earth, Thrilled dimly to the shocks of Time And put out tendrils of desire. (105)

The next one is a fine image pertaining to the lotus:

In gleaming clarities of emerald air The chainsless and omnipotent Spirit of Mind Brooded on the blue lotus of the Idea. (106)

Then there is a lovely image following upon another lovely image:

Mountains and trees stood there like thoughts from God. Pranced butterflies, the conscious banners of air. And here is an equally vivid picture drawn in a single line:

He tore desire up from its bleeding roots. (108)

The following one is taken from gardening and is applied to the world of Falsehood:

There Good, a faithless gardener of God, Watered with virtue the world’s upas-tree And, careful of the outward weed and act, Engrafted his hypocrite blooms on nature ill. (109)

Then we take images drawn from natural scenery like mountains, sea, sky, moon, etc.

There vailed apart by its own innerness In a mystical barrage of dynamic light He saw a lone immense high-curbed world-pile Erect like a mountain chariot of the Gода Motionless under an ineradicable storm and fall. As if from Matter’s platn and viewless base To a top as viewless, a carved sea of worlds Ascended towards breathless immenser. (110)

Another bunch of images we have already noted before under 13-15 and we shall not repeat them here. The following is a conventional image but used with a charm all its own:

Her body of humanity moomed the seas of bliss. (111)

Then there is a lovely mixed image:

An architect heaving out self’s living rock, Phenomenon built Reality’s summer-house On the beaches of the sea of Infinity. (112)

And the next one is a picture conjured up in a single line:

A foam-keep travelling from the vales of bliss. (113)

And another one:

Deep glena of joy and crossing waterfalls. (114)

And still another:

Imagination’s comet-trail of dream. (115)

The following is a mixed image, partly drawn from Nature and partly from human life, and somewhat reminiscent of Shelley and Francis Thompson:

The rude God-children in their playfields run Smiling the winds with splendor and with speed; Of storms and sun they made companions, Sported with the white mane of tossing seas. (116)

This image of playfields occurs elsewhere in a different context:

The little plot of our mortality Touched by this tenant from the heights became A playground of the living Infinite. (117)

There are two beautiful images taken from agriculture. The first is applied to Inspiration, in which she is called:

A gleaner of infinitesimal grains of Truth, A sheaf-binder of infinite experience. (118)

The second is applied to Man:

A lightning from the heights that think and plan, Ploughing the air of life with vanishing trails, Man, sole awake in an unconscious world Aspires in vain to change the cosmic dream. (119)

The image of grains given above were “grains of Truth”, while quite the opposite is the case of the “earthly being” described in the following lines:

Its treacherous elements spread like slippery grains Hoping the incoming Truth might stumble and fall. (120)

There are two images of passport, which are quite different from each other:

Assigned to meet the cosmic mystery In the dumb figure of the material world, His passport of entry false and his persona, He is compelled to be what he is not. (121)

This is the description of the plight of man and so is the next:

Our spirits depart disheartened a futile life Into the black unknown or with them take Death’s passport into immortality. (122)

There are two images which somewhat resemble each other:

A mounting endless possibility Climbs high upon a topples ladder of dream. (123)

The second one shows the stair of Time:

To the top and actions done Are to its clinging hold a balustrade Of safety on the perilous stair of Time. (124)

This figure is applied to the “pignary habitual Thought” we have referred to before. The next image relates to “the Greater Life”.

Across a luminous dream of spirit-space She builds creation like a rainbow bridge Between the original and the Void. (125)

This idea of creation becoming a bridge between the Silence and the Void is a lovely idea. The double image of bridge and rainbow is extremely happy and full of significance.

There is another pair of images which also is equally beautiful and equally apt:

The immobile’s ocean-silence saw him pass, An arrow leaping through eternity Suddenly from the tense bow of Time. (126)

This refers to the Traveller of the Worlds, King Aswapati. The originality of the image of the arrow shot from the bow of Time is striking. A very similar image is to be found in the following line:

In every hour loused from the quiver of Time There rose a song of new discovery, A low-toned’s hum of young experiment. (126A)

In the first it is the image of how the arrow is applied to Time, while in this second it is the image of quitter. But there all the resemblance stops. For the arrow in the first case is Aswapati himself and he is shown to be leaping out of Time into the Timeless Eternity, while in the second case it is the arrow that is the arrow.

In the next image also there is wonderful freshness:

Alone he moved watched by the infinity Around him and the Unknown abores. (127)

And the sense of immensity it suggests stirs the profoundest depths of our being. A similar feeling is stirred within us when we read:

The dire velamen and the bottomless crypt Between which life and thought for ever move, Forbidden still to cross the dim dreed hounds, The guardian darknesse moste and formidable, Empowered to circumcorse the wingless spirit In the boundaries of Mind and Ignorance, Vanished reasounding their enervate caves:

Once figure of creation’s vain elispe, The expanding zero lost its giant curve. A boundless being in a measured Time Invaded Nothing with the infinite. (128)

He saw unwatched, unsealed his titans scope. (128)

The image of two fires joining with each other is seen in two places, but in quite different moods and contexts:

Emotion clasped emotion in two hearts, They felt each other’s thrill in the flesh and nerves Or melted each in each and grew immense As when two houses have been fayl’d together. (129)

Yet were there regions where these absolves met And made a circle of blue with married hands:

Light stood embraced by light, fire wedded fire. (129)

Now we shall take some other images which could not be taken in groups, but are exceedingly beautiful. The first one is a mixed figure:

The black Inconscion swung its dragon tail Lashing a stupefying Infinite by its force Into the deep obscurities of form:

Death lay beneath him like a gate of sleep. (131)

This is a very daring picture and a very suggestive one too.

A finer substance is a subtle mould Embodies the divinity earth but dreams; Its strength can overtake joy’s running feet; Overleaping the fixed hurdles set by Time, The rapid net of an intuitive clasp Captures the fugitive happiness we desire. (132)

In these six lines or, rather, in the last four of them, there are more than one image tucked together. Time receives many images, each loverlier than the other. Here are some:

Out of that formless stuff Time mints his shapes. (133)

A song of pleasure on the lips of Time. (134)

Many other images we have already noted before. e.g. 1B, 26, 27, 42, 45, 46, 53 and 63 and 132. Talking of Time, we may mention two images applied to days:

The Magic Hour

While sun and wind were conspiring together
To frolic among the leaf and the flower—
A 'rush' came upon the world and the weather
And whispered a Silence into the hour . . .

Thou art hunger, allure, the breath of the longing
For sunlight that dazzles mere mortal eyes,
The moonbeams entrancing the oceans, and thronging
The starlit spaces of tranquil skies.

Thou art the veiled lamp in the Night
That steals like a luminous mist in the mind,
That thrills the heart with a sudden light
While hiding a vaster Light behind.

Thou art the beckoning star beyond
This vision of mortality—
The urge to aspire and yet the hold
That feters our humanity.

The Nile that through the desert runs,
The Brook named Kerith flowing deep
In the heart—the hidden light of suns
In the cave of forgotten sleep.

Thou art the hammer-strokes of noon,
The beaten gold of a bruised sky
The flawless calm of a tropic moon
Seen from the edge of eternity.

Thou the first mysterious flood
Of passion when the world was born,
The early flush of the rose, and the blood-
Red stain of the awakening dawn.

NORMAN DOWSETT

The Mother of Mothers

Up, hoist her banner and march on, forward,
Singing: "We will to Victory!"
And children of our Mother Divine,
We glow with her flame of purity.
Ind's glory and pride on us depend
Her honour we must with our lives defend,
Her beauty's bloom that knows no end
May we enhance—sing, sing: "We are free
And will to the last, great Victory!"

Loyal to the Sun's inviolate beams,
We nurse in our souls Truth-Pearl that gleams
And neighbouring Light no cloud ever damps
May we one be with Light—sing, sing: "We are free
And will to the last, great Victory!"

Devotion, courage and love we claim
With faith's demand no doubt can tame:
To build a new world naught shall avail!
May our dream come true—sing, sing: "We are free
And will to the last, great Victory!"

(Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy from Indira's Hindi song for the children of Sri Aurobindo's Ashram.)

SRI AUROBINDO CAME TO ME

And we don't rebel merely but also refuse to learn from our past mistakes, insist on our right to pledge for our folly with the wisest of reasoning and, lastly—to quote from Gurudev's letter to me—resist the change from the heaven to the divine consciousness in order to be able to defend its right to sorrow and suffering. I was reminded again and again of Sri Ramkrishna's simile about the camel which even when its mouth bleeds from munching 'prickly grass' will persist in munching the same grass. In other words, I insisted, as Gurudev pointed out in a long letter, 'on the Divine becoming human and remaining in the human consciousness' and withal protested against any attempt to make the human divine.'
REIGN OF TERROR IN RED CHINA
SPECIAL DRIVE AGAINST RELIGIOUS ORGANISATIONS

BY GUY WINT

The reason why most people prefer that social progress should be by evolution rather than by revolution is that revolution nearly always causes a vast human slaughter. The French and the Russian—are remembered for their reigns of terror. The terror did not come at the beginning of either of these revolutions; in the first few months there was surprising moderation, even in Russia. But as soon as the revolutionary Governments were in difficulties, they turned on their own people with a ruthless savagery which shocked the civilised world.

The same is happening in China today. In the first months after they gained power the Chinese Communists practised systematic clemency. Though they demanded obedience and were a very exacting Government, they did not make the Chinese people tremble for their lives. That moderate phase of the revolution ended when the Peking Government plunged into the Korean war. As time goes on, China's decision to intervene in Korea will probably be seen as one of the most fateful events of our time. It has set in motion a train of events in world affairs which is very threatening. In domestic matters it has started a Chinese reign of terror, such as the world has never seen. It is why we must be cautious about the Chinese. The world has never seen anything like it before. It is why we must be cautious about the Chinese. The world has never seen anything like it before.

Death Penalty
On February 21, the Peking Government issued a decree prescribing the death penalty for a very large number of offences. It was even laid down as the punishment for those who in the time of the Kuomintang had fought the Communist revolution and who, since the Communist triumph, had not reformed themselves by "moral renovation". The decree is drafted in such a way as to include anybody whom the Communist may wish to get rid of. It says the Chinese people have their mercy. To show how seriously the Government regarded the decree, Mee Tse-tung signed it personally, a thing which is very unusual with ordinances in Communist China.

Of course everything will depend on the way in which the decree is enforced. It might have been supposed that it was intended to give the Government emergency powers which it would use only in extremities. But since the decree was passed there has been a dreadful increase in the number of executions. It is true that the number has been very much exaggerated in the propaganda reports of the Kuomintang Government in Formosa. But the Peking Government has itself been announcing long lists of those who have been executed. At least it is better that it should be frank about this instead of trying to conceal it. As it is, the public knows that the Peking Government is killing people. Fifty-nine prisoners have been burned, and the power plant damaged. Some of the Communist newspapers asked: "Are we not justified in putting an end to such appalling incidents?" But in fact this sabotage really took place in September, 1949.

A special drive is being made against religious organisations. Buddhists and Taoists are the chief targets. In Shantung, 502 Taoist leaders have been arrested recently.

Eleven were executed early this month. Under instruction from Peking, the provincial prosecution officers are reopening cases already dealt with. Not long ago 4,000 people were arrested in the city of Chungking.

Public Executions
A shocking feature of this reign of terror is the use of the executions as a political show. Public executions are always regarded as a mark of barbarism in a society. But in New China, the Communist radio is constantly announcing executions which have taken place in front of huge rallies of people, sometimes as many as 50,000. Sometimes the mob itself has taken part in the sentencing of the accused.

There was an ugly case a few days back, which happened in Peking itself, the capital of Red China. Twenty-five accused persons were brought before 5,509 "People's Representatives". A high dignitary presided and asked: "What are we going to do with these important special agents, bandit leaders, stubborn bandits, despots and leaders of secret religious societies?" The mob shouted back: "Shoot them...revenge the people...this terror will have a deep effect on the way in which the Chinese nation is regarded in the outside world."

(Special Feature from British Information Services)

THE MISTAKE ABOUT MACARTHUR

—Continued from page 12

The high percentage of nearly 45. Such a gratitude cannot help diminishing in sudden ways the co-operative spirit at the moment and within a year's time it may even spell the fall of Truman, which would indeed be the deplorable turn of events. Let us hope the upsurge caused by the President's precipitate action will soon die down. But what will repair the damage done by lopping off one-half of the admirable double centre of anti-Communist inspiration which has so successfully enabled the free world to hold its own against Stalin in the crucial test of both mind and body in Korea?

When we say all this, we must not refuse to appreciate the ticklish position in which MacArthur now and again put Truman. It was never easy to keep him within the limits of official orders. We should be ungentle to the President if we deny the exasperation which the Supreme Commander must have at this point in personal relationship with Chiang as well as by his forbearance utterances to the press. Truman had reason to complain. But the complaint could only have been legitimate on the score that MacArthur was too big for the post of a mere general obeying orders framed by politicians not always sure of their own minds.

The cure for the somewhat anomalous situation lay in clearer grasp of objectives at the top and in going as far as one could in making the post big enough for the man. At least, it might have been remembered that there was great disregard by MacArthur of direct concerning the campaign itself: whatever his frettings at the short sight he often found in his directors, he never took the bit between his teeth and ran away. His differences remained on the plane of ideas. So long as he did not exceed his orders in the field itself, he should not have been penalised by a curt dismissal. Even his jumping the official gun by that offer of truce was not serious enough an offence from the concrete and practical point of view: it did not mean any genuine subjection of the political department to the military. A soldier in command is entitled to some initiative, and when the soldier happens to be endowed with military genius of the first order as well as with far-reaching vision of the evil of Communist expansionism much should be forgiven him. To dismiss him is an immeasurably greater blunder than any independence of thought he may show in matters generally considered as falling outside a soldier's scope. The free world can only pray that the consequences of this blunder may not prove too serious.

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INDIA'S CULTURE THROUGH THE AGES

A detailed analysis of the origin, development and spirit of Indian culture from the very beginning up to the first half of the twentieth century

by MOHAN LAL VIDYARTHI, M.A.,


Price: Rs. 5.
The dismissal of General MacArthur from supreme command of the U.N. forces in Korea is one of those acts whose consequences can be averted only by what we may conceive as God's grace. To hail it as a far-reaching decision is the cause of peace to be blind to the real nature of the Korean war.

This war is being waged against powers that are bent on arresting man's evolution and fixing him into a cast-iron type in which the creative individual and its possibilities of participation by every human unit is reduced to an efficient machine serving the materialistic dogmatism, he collectivist tyranny and the imperialistic ambition of a small group that has under Stalin's leadership enthroned in its heart the Tyrants of the Second Commandment to man. The Gospel of the future is the whole future of civilization hangs. If in any way it ends in favour of the Communist dictators, if it does not drive home to them the determination on the democracies' part either to appease them or to compromise with them, if it makes them believe that they can succeed in a small measure in their attempt to spread their totalitarian tenets, it will have been fought in vain and the blood, sweat and tears of thousands will have been wasted.

The people who can see this war to the right conclusion are those alone who care as fire in their minds the sense of its real nature. Of course it cannot be expected that every anti-Communist should understand the message of that fire which can also create conditions in the God in man and the Titan (or as we say in India, the Azura). But there is no effort and no action that a person who feels deeply the sinister character of Stalinism and when a person becomes almost an embodiment of that intense feeling he qualifies to be a friend of the fire, to act against it, no doubt, that he is not a narrow fanatic with uncontrolled and undirected anger. On the contrary, there is one with a wide and various experience, clear and many-sided vision, a talent for organisation and administration, and, to crown all, genius in thought. And then he is ferocious, he dare to speak, he can deal the crippling blow to the arch-enemy of the Light that is upon man's face.

If there is one General MacArthur, he seems as if born with the mission of challenging Stalinism. Nobody can hold a candle to his clarity of insight into Stalin's ruthless and conscienceless ambitions to dominate the world and put permanent fetters on the human mind. Nobody can come anywhere near that brilliant group of Far-Eastern strategy and his dynamic leadership. That is why it is impossible for him to be an unmitigated pronouncement on political issues. But let us look at his chief pronouncements. He declared a long-time back that Formosa was vital in any fight with Communism in the Far-East and that therefore it should not be exposed to invasion from the mainland of China. This is the bare truth and the Korean war has fully borne it out and the U.N. can ignore it only at the cost of all liberty in Asia and of all security in the Pacific. MacArthur also said that Mao Tse-tung intervened out of fear and not of anger about the safety of hydroelectric installations on the Yangtze but with the clear intention to open a new front on the Chinese mainland. It is difficult to understand why Chiang Kai-shek, whose representative has still a seat on the Security Council shall not or could not be helped to open such a front on the Chinese mainland. It is too much for the Chinese Nationalists to be branded Red China as aggressor. The justification for neutralizing his troops in fairness to Mao whose plans for invading Formosa are also being nullified by the U.S. Seventh Fleet is no longer there, since Mao has hurled himself into the Korean war by a direct intervention in the exercises which in the bombing of Manchuria will be inevitable. Here too isocommunism which promises greater results with an enemy of Mao's type—especially in view of the giant build-up reported to be in progress on the Manchurian border. The formula was often found that moment that any talk of carrying into the war the enemy's country can do nothing unless Mao must be made to feel the U.N.'s readiness to take all measures necessary to stop him from being a pernicous intruder in Korea. It is almost certain that such intervention would have been carried out as "volunteers" in order to keep their Government uncompromised and leave a loophole for their getting out of Korea without much official loss of face in the eyes of the world. To say that the effect of such a move would be too hot. A firm threat to bomb Manchuria would even today send Mao's forces at least a little to sea. There is one in which is more likely to be averted than incited by a resolution to stand no nonsense from Peking.

The MacArthur's dictum that the Chinese would not intervene because of the crossing of the 38th Parallel because "Orthadox Christmas" offensive was not beside the mark. Substantial intervention took place on account of the U.N.'s hesitation in combining MacArthur is as soon as the first batch of "volunteers" was sighted—a hesitation that had never been expected. Everything that MacArthur has said has been a sign of genuine sympathy—and nothing that he has done has exceeded the political decisions taken by the U.N. His sole crime of commission is that, apart from making pro- tests and demonstrations a political character, he offered a real challenge to the communists before the U.N. It seems that the U.N. had an identical proposal ready and had sent the General the whole plan for bاتهم comments. He, instead of pasting, took it upon himself to for all the offer. This has very understandably riled his chief, who must have been the ministerary finger waved by the General at the Reds. Not that the chiefs at home are blind to the necessity of attacking Manchuria if Mao sends another expedition with his second command to man. They are not yet as impatient with large-scale air-support, as he is rumored to be on to the number of dots. But they are in no mood to be soft and suave, they do not wish to stirle Mao up, they still expect a change of heart, they do not believe that only the shaming of a fist in his face would make him sit up and think. They say that they can succeed in a small measure in their attempt to spread their totalitarian tenets, they will have been fought in vain and the blood, sweat and tears of thousands will have been wasted.

On the Korean front, therefore, the exit of MacArthur can only spell harm. Has it done any good on the home front? Britain had been having paroxysms of anxiety to be very fun of danger of U.N. forces into the sea. This again is nothing save the truth: the so-called Chinese volunteers have openly stated their aim to expel those forces from all Korea. MacArthur has recently affirmed that the Chinese Nationalists now entrenched in Formosa should be allowed and aided to open a new front on the Chinese mainland. It is difficult to understand why Chiang Kai-shek, whose representative has still a seat on the Security Council shall not or could not be helped to open a new front of the Chinese mainland. It is too much for the Chinese Nationalists to be branded Red China as aggressor. The justification for neutralizing his troops in fairness to Mao whose plans for invading Formosa are also being nullified by the U.S. Seventh Fleet is no longer there, since Mao has hurled himself into the Korean war by a direct intervention in the exercises which in the bombing of Manchuria will be inevitable. Here too is communism which promises greater results with an enemy of Mao's type—especially in view of the giant build-up reported to be in progress on the Manchurian border. The formula was often found that moment that any talk of carrying into the war the enemy's country can do nothing unless Mao must be made to feel the U.N.'s readiness to take all measures necessary to stop him from being a pernicous intruder in Korea. It is almost certain that such intervention would have been carried out as "volunteers" in order to keep their Government uncompromised and leave a loophole for their getting out of Korea without much official loss of face in the eyes of the world. To say that the effect of such a move would be too hot. A firm threat to bomb Manchuria would even today send Mao's forces at least a little to sea. There is one in which is more likely to be averted than incited by a resolution to stand no nonsense from Peking.

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