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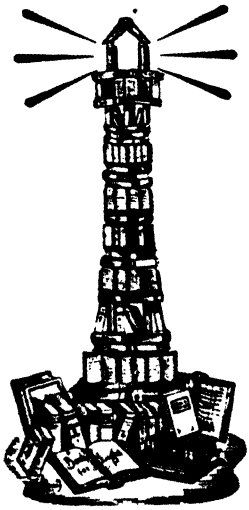
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The MARCH OF MAN

by

S. K. CHAUBEY

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PREFACE

Human history is the story of Man, a strange being, whose restless spirit always seeks the path of creative development inspite of the overwhelming contradictions of his nature. Since the beginning of time, man's restless spirit has compelled him to choose this path. Like a pilgrim he marches on never to return. He may cast a lingering look behind but his wistful eyes are ever fixed on the unknown future.

Brute and god live in him side by side, in peace and conflict. Yet it is the creative urge which governs him in all his failures and frustrations, victories and glories. It is the task of history to record these contradictions. But what is known as the history of man is neither chronology nor factual data. The spirit of history is the spirit of outstanding events which constitute Deeds. It is futile to build history with the scanty material of dates or to trace the march of creative urge in the labyrinths of chronology. This is where scientific verification fails. This is where the orthodox historian feels helpless. What is creative and inevitably impressionstic can not be rendered mechanical and analytical. Living history as a creative organism can not be reduced to a static, *proved* mechanism. All history perpetually lives in time. It is the solemn duty of the historian to record the deeds of man. In doing

so the deep meaning of land-marks, periods and epochs has to be properly appreciated. Not only this, along with deeds, the makers of deeds have to be properly judged. The men of creative genius have never ceased to build history. Even now history is being shaped by such dynamic beings. In life, religion, art and literature there is always a transition from the physical plane to the higher plane. The urge of creative becoming never dies. What men as gods create, they as brutes destroy; and what the brutes destroy, the gods build anew. Death and resurrection as principles of life operate in human history. History is the record of this experience.

The law of creative becoming is higher than the law of social or biological struggle. It sees life whole and not piece-meal. It pervades all the vital phases of human life because it embraces all perfections and imperfections and reckons with all opposite forces. It alone sets up a world-vision which embraces the whole humanity. Those who shout the slogans of peace, happiness and progress also provide the means of destroying the creative zest in man. Civilization and culture, if they have any worth, can only be preserved by the creative powers of man. Thus the present scientific approach is wrong. To search for the creative meaning of life is to search the highest good, the highest truth, and the highest beauty in man.

In a world which is a slave of violence,

greed and selfishness and which cheerfully anticipates the decay and death of the human soul, one can surely find comfort in the never-dying deeds of man. The brave and the wise among us keep the fire of creative life from being extinguished. A desperate world seeks desperate remedies. But those who want to build a "brave new world" must first allow freedom to the creative spirit of man. All forms of barbarism and cruelty must be ruthlessly eliminated from life. Then alone the creative urge of life will function effectively in the modern world.

This is the theme of the present work, which, I confess, is incomplete in many ways. The book was begun six years ago when I first conceived its theme. Since then it has kept pace with me inspite of intervals of mental torpor and lassitude. And even now, inspite of the inherent limitations of the printed word, it is perpetually growing with me. In fact, it has already led me to other paths in the same direction. And I confess my adventures have not proved futile. The present book has whetted my appetite for discovery, but I have retained my unsophisticated palate in all which I choose and offer. In the near future it may become possible for my two other works to appear which may succeed in completing the interpretation of man's creative progress in some measure.

LUCKNOW :
February 14, 1945. S. K. CHAUBEY

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CHAPTER I

THE DAWN OF HISTORY

"No man can judge history but one who has himself experienced history" (Goethe)

In the universe of God, there is nothing more paradoxical than man, the supreme creation of "Unseen Hands." Man looks around, and above, but rarely within. How little he realizes that he is the best pattern of God's workmanship on earth! Everywhere in the vast world, the image of Man is copied. The manifestations of Man are found everywhere in various shapes. Nature creates concrete and vague images of Man. First, we have to think of our own omniscience before we think of God's. One manifestation ushers in another, more vital and more important than the other. One clear copy is translated into innumerable clear and indistinct copies. However remote these manifestations may be from the mind, they are there in nature. We cannot deny their existence, though we may temporarily ignore them. In the process of transformation, man shapes himself anew each day. The modern man is, both, a sublimated being and a disintegrated self. His civilization, all through these centuries, has been busy undoing his primitive self. The impulse, the main urge of life, is there and it travels through blood for centuries. Only the

exterior keeps on changing. Doing and thinking or deeds and thoughts, transform the early man into a curious Twentieth Century specimen of epitomised humanity. Change becomes the law of life and nature. Man fashions his own attitudes and fulfills his own ambitions. While he is led by blind passions he is also constantly harnessing them to further his spiritual ends. He is a paradox by choice. Today, in many ways, the modern man is returning to primitive consiousness. Man keeps reconciling himself to life which is his legitimate share. His spirit of self-assertion is eternal.

The creation of *woman* was a wise act of God. She was created to complete man. She was his partner but not because she happened to live with him. She was his partner because she was to share with him life and its future. She was there to change man's desire into an act. The first desire of man was hunger. Even now it is our first and greatest desire. Our modern world builds its political and economic life on its foundations and uses other names. Hunger meant hunger for life in the body. The human body hungered for life and, therefore, its fulfillment was necessary. But hunger is never satisfied ; it is an endless desire. Life was to be known more and more. We have to know life fully. We shut life from our eyes when we begin to suppress all desires. Desire for life led to the desire for more life, for more abundant life. The life abundant for the first man was different from our conception of it. Life cried for recog-

nition. Man owned it. With this grew the desire for more life. The promise of continuity was demanded from life. Woman came to the rescue and answered the great question. Through her the "pledge of duration" was fulfilled for all time. Hunger for life found its first expression. The human body realized life in its own limited compass, in its own measurable flesh. Flesh became the symbol of eternal desire. Man fulfilled the pledge of continuity through woman. She also realised the never-ending duration of life in her body. Flesh responded to life through procreation which was the link of continuity. Birth became a symbol of joy, because it meant the beginning of life.

Woman symbolizes two ideas, life's birth and its continuity. The first act of man was to assert his desire; his second act was to perpetuate his desire through her flesh. He learned from nature the laws of creation and procreation. He took those laws and practised them. Made after the image of God, he began to imitate Him in many ways. He began to create. As God could not create man different from His own image, man could not create human patterns different from himself. He became the begetter, and woman, his partner, helped him in the act of begetting. Desire, act and begetting became the eternal facts of birth. There is nothing more astounding than human birth, the dawn of life with all its beauty.

Birth signifies the beginning of life with a future. Art, literature, religion have paid attention to this single event of life throughout these centuries. It has been discussed and commented upon by thinkers. Our whole conception of life is futile without thinking of this supreme event of life. It begins life and repeats it with an inexhaustible freshness. The child with all its purity, innocence and splendour is ushered into the world of wakeful consciousness which determines his future. The child, in seeing light, sees himself and the world around. Through light, he is, first of all able to perceive life and receives impressions from it. Light of the planet, earth, is a new reference to the infant, who comes out of the darkness of his pre-natal existence. Birth means, therefore, light. Light, in its turn, brings about the perception of a light-filled world. The human birth, as a fresh beginning of life, is a proof that life always multiplies itself, and in doing that it also establishes an identity between all its multiplied forms. Man is only a form in the vast variety of Life. The begotten begets but he also is begotten of his own begetter. What is begotten always begets in due course of time. The process of begetting never stops. One creation-form multiplies into many such forms. In the endless variety of life, forms come and go like fleeting images. Creation and precreation sum-up life's eternal process. What is created is itself a potential creator. Creation is an eternal creative act. The tiniest creatures of earth are

engaged in this great blind task. Even God, who is supposed to have finished His work of creation, finds the temptation of creating life too irresistible. His static "rest" is a lie invented by theology. The creator eternally creates. Man is doing the same. Life itself is creation in its essence. Life-forms live and perish but creation goes on. The physical and spiritual history of man proves this.

Creation of life is the reproduction of life. Like an unconscious artist, man reproduces himself through centuries. The blind, invisible urge of life, which we call "Destiny" creates innumerable forms, all different from each other in many ways. Birth is the culmination of that unseen seed. The span of life between the two great events, birth and death, is a story of either the futility or the fruition, or both, of this seed. The mother with her child at her breast is not a picture of snug complacency, but a symbol of life with its continuity. The child is future personified. In him humanity looks towards the future, towards life. The cult of the cradle is the cult of birth. The cradle is the cradle of the future. The child looks towards things to come, and the mother's lap is the tangible present in which the child (the unknown future) lies hidden. Thus, the human child who has been described by poets and philosophers in various ways is an enigma of all times. How simple and guileless the child looks! And yet, do we ever realise that he is "the father of man"? The child augurs the dawn of

life, the beginning of human existence. We look at the child and pity him for his ignorance of life and its facts. But we are mistaken. The child knows no "language". Language is a symbol of the visual world. We speak words which explain to us mutual sense-impressions. We change vague things into definite concepts. The child does not know all this. After all, conscious knowledge is an afterthought. Look at a child playing with his toys. He has a primitive thirst for knowing things in his immediate proximity. He does not consciously approach life as we do, but he does approach it in his own way. His immediate environment is his own little world. Beyond that is all eternity to him. He stands near a dead body, unconscious of the meaning of death, not realizing that the other great end of life is death. The immediate and the closest things shut him up in their environment, and he cannot see very far into the future.

He is an epitome of humanity, the eternal man in his unconscious infancy. In him we discover two great urges of life, movement and direction. Life moves from birth and gradually its movement becomes faster and fiercer. The eternal movement of life separates it from other static forms of existence. With movement comes direction. Human energy is directed through various channels.

Life continues, because it is continuous. Life has continuity and, that is why, woman, represents birth and continuity in her physical

body. The movement and direction of life continue, and do not halt for a moment. In other words, the urge of life goes on without any interruption. Motherhood is the cult of endless births. The earth is called mother earth, because it continuously produces new forms of life. The woman carries the process of birth in her body. The urge of life in her, coupled with the urge of life in man, carries on the endless human existence for centuries to come. The conceptions of motherhood and fertility have played a great part in the economic and political endeavour of man. The land which produced, and was called fertile, was always worshipped by us. The birth of a large number of children is still considered a sign of God's blessing in spite of the economist's cry of over-population. Birth, in other words, begins life, with all its future possibilities. Death is not an end of this continuity, but only a landmark, a mile-stone in the race of life eternal. The continuity of life never ends. It goes on in spite of death. Good religion asks us to regard death as an eternal futility. Bad religion, on the other hand, tells us that death ends life. Life goes on; man never dies.

Life must continue because the meaning of life is never-ending flow. It is a river whose source and final destination we only guess, but do not know. Religion itself is knowledge of the continuous life. One cannot imagine a God, who would make death the end of life. A just God cannot make life so meaningless. How

dreadful it would be if death were a final curtain falling on life's stage. Even our conception of the human soul is derived from the notion of life's eternal flow. We call the soul immortal and eternal because we call life the same. The life eternal of every religion results from the desire of man to live for ever. It is wrong to say that man imagines his life to be wretched and miserable. Many enjoy its meannesses with a great relish. There are some who wish to flee from it, but they almost always fail. Life is never undone. People bury the dead and build monuments and tombs over them. Why do people do it ? Not that they respect the dead or perpetuate their memory. There the personal love of our dear ones comes into operation. They may not feel the same for others whom they do not love or to whom they are not related. The dead body is dead only in comparison to other living bodies. There is nothing like an absolute death. The tomb is a symbol of the continuity of life. A dead person is one who ceases to live, as far as the visible activity of his physical organism is concerned. He learns a new technique of living, which people very scornfully, but wrongly call death. The earliest among the mankind understood the significance of death better than us. Their approach to death was braver.

But it is in the life continuous that we have to understand the mystery of death. Man puts an enigmatic seal on it, and feels bewildered before it. Once we understand life, we do not

hesitate to understand death. "Man shall live and die"—that is the destiny of common man. The seed of desire was in its embryo. It required some energy to kindle it into action. Woman gave the impulse and the urge to the blind desire of man. He could never have discovered the meaning of his desire, if woman had not given him the consciousness of it. The blossoming of the desire-seed was brought about by woman. She was the begetter of the force which made man's desire vibrant with the potentiality of an act. She made it vocal, when it was dumb; and she gave it vision when it was blind. In begetting the original stimulus for desire, she bore the desire which reached the fruition of a life-form. This fact is one of the vital charms of life. It explains the never-ending process of life admirably. Woman did not only bear the desire but bore its fruit also. Woman as a mother became the pivot of civilization. To the child the world of light is a discovery, the fact to which he has to adjust himself. His birth breaks upon this fact. The light-filled World becomes the world of his continuity. "In the beginning was the word" is quite a good survey of life. "And the word was made flesh," is a deeper survey of life. The word was incarnated into life. Light helped creation to become conscious of itself. The universe which emerged out of an unknown mysterious matter or mysterious Mind, came into light and settled down on its feet. Human birth, thus, becomes the dawn of life. When

we often say that childhood is the beginning of life we are somewhat mistaken. It is not the beginning of a life but the beginning of a life-form. Life began in some infinite past, we do not know when. As it travels through the womb of humanity, fresh patterns are created day by day. Man, as an artist, is clever and clumsy both. The patterns are both ugly and beautiful.

The birth of each life-form is the birth of a new universe in a vast one. It means the advent of a fresh microcosm in a huge limitless space. No man's universe in which he inwardly lives is like the universe of another man. Every one has his own universe in which his own inward existence is made possible. The historic man marches towards self-fulfilment. He may be conscious or unconscious of the symbolic "must" of his doings, purposes and passions but he keeps actualizing the essentially spiritual "something" of life eternal. This historic urge of man is his life-urge. History is neither zoological nor chronological in character. It is also not a record. It is the story of man, the eternal pilgrim. It is a never-ending drama and not a two-hour theatre-hall comedy.

Man began his a historic life in the first phases of his history. He was timeless and historyless. It is later that the historic urge began to function in him. His first act in life, transformation of desire into material activity, was the first great effective thing which changed human destiny. It is the survey of this

"effective" in life, which is called history. Man is now confined within the limits of time and space. He can be measured, and recorded. He can be estimated in terms of time and space, in terms of the physical world. The impulse alone in him is timeless.

In this way, we find man a creature of dual personality, historical and timeless. The historical man is a product of circumstances, social, economic, moral and political. While he himself may be an eternal phantom, a song of eternity, a beautiful mythical tree in life's wilderness, he fits into this vast landscape of life admirably. The historical spirit in him fits him into the actual and the actualizing. The destiny-urge and the historic urge, both, goad him on in life. And when these two forces fight within him, the great struggle of life begins. That is why, he always lives in two worlds, one his own inner world and the other in which his kindred as well as other alien life-forms exist. His own world is the secret place where he feels most free, and most happy. There he is happiest, because he is in the company of his real being. But as soon as he steps out of it (and he does this every moment) he walks into a vast unknown universe, sufficiently bewildering for him. In this process of getting accustomed to this vast mystifying space, he has to forsake his own world now and then. With some it becomes a habit to give up their own inner world altogether. They are the loneliest and the unhappiest among God's creation.

"Religion, science, art are activities of waking consciousness that are based on a being. Faith, meditation, creation, and whatever of visible activity is required as outcome of these invisibles, prayer.....the carving of a statue..... .....are activities of the waking consciousness and nothing else" (*"Decline of the West"* by Spengler). The poet, the artist, the musician, the lover the devotee are those who persistently desire to live in their inner worlds, at least. in occasional moments. They gracefully retire into their unseen world, and see the external world from there. Poetry, therefore, is the survey of things from an inner angle of vision. As long as its major emphasis is on the outer world it does not do full justice to its high calling. But as soon as it takes its stand in the inner world it realizes its truth. The artist and the musician also are the citizens of an inner 'world". They have got to be away for sometime from the outer universe, if they wish to experience something genuine. Mere technique is like the crust of intelligence on emotion and æsthetic happiness. The artist, whether a painter, or a sculptor or a musician, has to depend upon his inner springs, from which comes perennial stimulus. It is in the inner universe that the artist finds himself free from the limitations of time and space. Man could not have advanced at all if the outer world with its conception of right and wrong as dogmatic laws, had burst upon him like a storm one day. The devotee does not seek God in

the outer universe which is perhaps Godless. He cannot find Him there. In his inner world he communes with Him. What is prayer ? Is it not the language of the inner world ? Is it not language which acts as a bridge between God and Man ? Meditation is another form of concentration on the inner universe. The clock never strikes in this world. It is a world of Budhistic "Nirvana" where time stops for ever. All of a sudden, the plant-existence of man comes to an end. He begins to live as a physical being and adopts methods for a progressive continuation of his earthly life Just as a plant adopts itself to nature, man also in the early stages of his life, surrendered himself to the physical world almost with a sublime negation. But soon he learns the great art of appropriating the wealth of nature positively. From this period begins the great historic march of men and women towards life and future. Before that man was unaware of the limitations of the past, present and future. Now he began to think of the eternal times in terms of time divisions—past, present and future. Man divided history into ancient, medieval and modern periods. We are here concerned with the drama of man.

Life begins with all its landmarks. One very important fact which faced the early man was the fact of the reproduction of the species. The meaning of procreation has a vital importance for us. First of all, it is an indication of life's response to life. Man and woman had

to fill the earth with life. It was their life-task. The solution was given by the very life-urge present in them. They were to reproduce themselves and, thus, fill the earth with their own life-forms. This was the task before the first man—humanity in its making. The word was made flesh and, in its turn, flesh multiplied itself into flesh. It is true to say that in the beginning was the Deed and not the Word. Here we are describing man, not mankind. In the words of Goethe "Mankind! It is an abstraction. There are, always have been and always will be, men and only men." Mankind is the nebulous region of professional history. The human flesh multiplied itself into life-forms. The begetters begot and the begotten began to move on earth. Desire for perpetuation led to the fulfillment of the desire for life. Man, in his loneliness in the external world wanted company. Desire for life was desire for the company of life. Life created life for its own followship. In the loneliness of the outer universe man and woman found themselves very lonely, and it was natural for them to multiply themselves. Procreation, for them, became the law of the earth. God created by wishing creation. The will of God was incarnated into a living universe. God created because He willed to do so. His will was the act. This "Will-to-form" was the most important thing. With man it was not very much different Man willed to create and woman desired to bear the creation. Act became a bridge between the potential and the

actual, between desire and fact. Desire is uncreated act, and act therefore, is a created and translated desire. In the former, it was the will to create, and in the latter, it was the intense desire to bear the creation in her body. Space became the mistress of Mind. Flesh bore the urge of life. It was the response of the Female to the Male in nature. The male and the female of nature completed each other. Nature employed the same method among other life-forms. Both the man and the woman shared the burden of creation through anxiety, care and difficulty. Through pain and suffering came the joy of the continuation and multiplication of life.

This is the way in which flesh multiplied itself into its kindred forms. In this manner, generations of mankind came into existence. The earth was filled with life, abundant and over-flowing. Man had determined to fill it with himself more and more. And as time passed and centuries rolled on, came the great economic endeavour for food, shelter and clothing. When man saw life, he saw hunger. Therefore, when he entered the world, hunger confronted him. He began to live on the produce of the earth. The products of the earth were symbolic of their production by physical toil. The search for food brought about the first economic endeavour of man. Efforts had to be made by him to acquire it by some means. With food, shelter had to be sought. Houses and dwellings were built to provide shelter to

the growing family. The human body needed clothes because it became conscious of its physical needs. Human bodies were temples of desire and hunger. The beautiful human body with its strong limbs stood before them as an embodiment of perennial life and activity. The eyes which could only see now began to detect and spy also. They began to see beauty and ugliness all around. They were fascinated by life's charms. The strong hands of man realized their own strength; and the woman discovered her primeval tenderness. Their eyes began to see far into life; their bodies became the symbols of vibrant activity. All acquired things became the first economic attainments of man. He projected himself into the actual world and discovered comforts for his general happiness. He stood face to face against a malevolent nature. Nature appeared to man as a tremendous power. Even now to the man of the twentieth century, in spite of his professed conquests of it, it is the same. Nature was a powerful living force in the world of the early man. It was kind and ruthless both. Poets call nature a teacher and a friend. This method of looking at nature from our inner angle of vision is not possible for every individual. It is a result of mental adjustment, by which, we first see nature in our innermost beings and then visualize it outside. Wordsworth saw it in this way. He got into the heart of nature, the presiding deity. It was a well-wisher, and a "Being" that Wordsworth saw. Now-a-days

the modern scientists understand by nature the dead phenomena and the static laws of nature. "Fable gave it life; school has deprived it of soil; reason restores to it creative life." (Schiller) Nature as the vast background of life is missed by them. They attempt to see things in terms of causes and effects. Alas none of their discoveries explain life as a unified whole! They only find out facts hitherto undiscovered, and not the chain of continuity in nature. For them nature is a box of secrets which they can occasionally open. They look at its surface and not into its depths where beats its "unseen heart." "If you cannot *feel beautifully* you can still *will rationally* and do as *spirit* what you have not the strength to do as man." (Schiller).

Thus, we find nature as a dual force, a combination of good and evil. One aspect of it represents goodness, that is, the power to do good to man. The other aspect of nature represents evil, the power to do evil to man. Man loves it, worships and writes about it in his poetry. But when man comes in contact with the other phase of nature he fears her and describes it so in his words. Thus, nature is, both, a kind friend and an unkind foe to man. It is beautiful and ugly, loving and dreadful, good and bad, benevolent and malevolent.

The aspect which symbolizes goodness is called the soul of nature. The former frightens man and the latter encourages him and draws him to her bosom. Primitive men and scientists

regard nature as a dreadful, immanent power. Thus, natural phenomena are like the body of nature, and the soothing reality is her soul. Similarly, in man we find two personalities, one residing in the inner universe and the other projecting out into the outer world. The inner man looks at the soul of nature, and the outer man looks at her external self. This external structure of nature remains eternally symbolic of the historic attempts of man to conquer her. It is when man comes in contact with nature's huge and terrible bodily frame its "tooth and claw" that man comes in contact with nature's terrors. When he looks into her soul, he is pleased and consoled. This is when he thinks of nature, as a benevolent being. "Since you read in her what you have yourself written there, since you arrange her manifestations in groups to meet the eye, and stretch your little cords in her infinite field, you illude yourself with the belief that your spirit grasps and understands nature in her vastness." (Schiller) Just as the external urge is divided into two different aspects in man, that is, the soul life-urge and the body life-urge, in the same way in nature there is, first, the soul-urge of nature and secondly the body-urge of nature.

Man fights with nature to conquer her. The primitive man dreaded nature and propitiated her to gain her favour. A stream of water, a storm, a mountain-all these objects of nature, became symbols of her tremendous force. He was left alone with Nature. What could be

more terrible than this ? Man with nature in his universe was a bewildered being. He was too powerless to conquer her and he decided to cajole her into submission. He had to force nature to give him food and shelter. He had to make room for himself even in a vast world. He was too insignificant and powerless before nature. He could not move her sense of pity because he was touching her unfeeling body—the cold, unrelenting physical facts. At that stage he missed her soul, or never came across it. And that is why, when, all of a sudden, Nature reveals herself to man, he is terror-stricken and confounded. She stood against him as an unconquerable force. The only alternative for him was to force her into subjection in some way or the other. Man and nature were the two solitary companions in a great lonely universe. The struggle with nature is a legacy of the first man.

When children were born to man and woman, they realized the meaning of *fatherhood and motherhood.* The first begetter, became the first father. Man the father was not only the begetter of life-forms but also their vigilant protector, and preserver. Life was to be protected and preserved if it was to continue. Man protected and preserved all that he considered precious and durable. On him lay the great responsibility of fatherhood. This led to the growth of community and society. Fatherhood, later, give birth to the conceptions of Fatherland, God, the Father, and father the

venerable head of the human family. The father of a family after some time, was converted into a deity and was worshipped by the successors. God, the Father, was turned into a theological conception. A nation was called a father because it nursed its citizens like a father and was responsible for their happiness.

In the same way, motherhood came into existence as a reality realized by woman for the first time. The mother is the person who beras life in her womb. She becomes the mother of future generations. With her child in her lap she looks towards an unseen, unknown future Like the father, who begets and protect life, the human mother also begets it and nurses it carefully and patiently. She contributes tenderness and love to human life. While the father gives to life elements of virility, assertion, and conquest, the mother lends it her love and care. She is the giver and producer of life. That is why, we call earth our mother, and our country as our mother country. Madonna with the babe Christ is the picture of the eternal mother. The mother carries the symbol of eternal birth in her. She continually bears and suffers. She is the source, the womb, of life. The conception of motherhood has always played a very important part in the making of society and state.

With the concepts of fatherhood and motherhood was born the idea of sonhood. The son was always conscious that he was begotten of his parents, that he was a created life form and

that he had in him the continuity of life. The father, the mother and the son, are the precursors of all human relationships. The son is a son because he is conscious of his sonhood, because he knows his origin, his inheritance and his uncreated future. His birth is the birth of a life-form ; his inheritance is the legacy of a wilful life-urge ; and his future is fraught with the potentiality of great acts. The son inherits the paternal legacy and as the son of a woman he carries forward the flame of life through blood, through centuries. He perpetuates the bonds of blood through eternal flesh.

These conceptions give birth to the notions of family, marriage, home, inheritance, social and family ties, laws and future ambitions. Man grew into a family, a community and finally, the state. The begetters and the begotten both had to unite to acquire food, shelter and other comforts. The father was the aggressive member of the group inasmuch as he protected the family and provided food for it. He became the earner, the seeker of economic benefits, and saved his family from the danger of extinction. This economic endeavour of man has few important land marks in his historic development. When the hard surface of earth was conquered, man began to sow seeds in the fields. It was not a new process for man. In his own life he had experienced that when he sowed the seed of life in the human body, life was born out of it. The earth yielded gifts only when the seed was

sown. The earth yielded its benefits for sustaining human life. This was man's deliberate defiance of nature in an aggressive manner. The physical conquers the physical for the birth of the spiritual.

In this approach to nature man is not alone. In addition to his own kith and kin ; he seeks the aid of alien life-forms, too. For instance, bullocks and horses come to his aid. With the help of bullocks, he is able to plough the field. In the peasant phase of human civilization the cattle rises as its eternal living background. These alien life-forms of nature are appropriated by man for his own use and convenience. We see that man, in resisting nature, is also resisting other life-forms that live in it. He conquers the ox and makes it his willing slave. The animal is domesticated. Today this domesticity is called civilization Man resists alien life-forms and fights with them. Some he conquers but still fears and some he overcomes for ever. This is so even now. The ox helped him to till the ground; the cow gave him milk; and the horse helped him to annihilate distance. This is the first great understanding and fellowship between human life and animal life. The horse, the camel and the cow play a very important part in the growth of Asiatic civilization. The handsome horse chose the battlefield and remained there for centuries till it was ousted by the monstrous tank. The camel travelled over limitless tracts of desert and created the symbol

of the everlasting caravan. Like the horse the camel too annihilates distance. In covering vast sandy deserts, the camel brings space-consciousness back to the physical world over and over again. The cow in India has come to mean the mother cow the giver of milk and the sustaining power of physical life. The cow, thus, is an eternal benefactor.

CHAPTER II

A STRANGE WORLD BUILT ANEW

The emergence of the family as a group brought to the forefront many fresh problems. At every step, man was surrounded by fresh difficulties and dangers against which he had to adopt appropriate measures. After he had learnt to make implements, to burn fire and to build dwellings for his family, he had to preserve all he produced, created and possessed. This desire to preserve was, in fact, the desire to continue. The family as a group did not bother about principles of moral rights and moral obligations. The family in India is still a spiritual entity. In the west it is in a process of vast, universal distintegration. The individual is forced to relate himself to larger and more complex groups. But just as the individual emerged out of the group, individual consciousness was born out of group consciousness. The group governed the individuals, and they yielded to the group-will unconsciously. At that stage, there was no such thing as a conscious, reasoned out loyalty. It was, the instinct whose dictates the early man obeyed. All early acts are actuated by primeval passions. The human instinct was the main guiding force. It required no necessary, rational considerations to guide its judgment. It judged

all human acts in its own way. We find that man and woman were partners, life-partners in an eternal life-struggle. Marriage as a social necessity appeared later in history as a consequence of social consciousness. As life passed from its primitive stages to more "civilized" phases, marriage was shaped into an institution. To the early man, the modern conception of marriage would have appeared something illogical and bewildering. The early man knew it only as an inevitable alliance between the male and the female in nature. The modern marriage as a conventional union was unknown to him. Free love and free marriage, today, are monstrous in their pseudo-primitive pretensions. The union of the early man and the early woman had in it a "destiny and the depth that promises duration." It was born out of a waking consciousness in the early life. Men and women of that period would have laughed at the sorry imitations of our modern unconventionals. The cosmic will was driving them on.

But with the establishment of this relationship between these two becoming beings, there emerged a kind of understanding which meant a mutual sharing of life. Each one had to assist the other in the great task of life. It was not only this. It meant the birth of many more problems for them. Rights and obligations were unconsciously set up. It was the right of their children to demand life's benefits from them, and they, in their turn, had to fulfill

their obligations. These rights and obligations were not established as argued-out principles of life. They were born out of the drowsy intoxication of a new pulsating life. New impulses, desires and hopes began to rise in man's bosom. He began to think of conveniences, comforts, needs, hopes and ambitions, in terms of his economic and social life. In the course of making his manifold adjustments, mental and physical, man rebelled, too, against many things. He asserted himself in life. Man as a rebel is an ancient institution. In the universe of God the first rebel is man who revolts against the established order of life at that time. It is, primarily, a revolt against God and expresses the true spirit of his inward rebellion. He kills another being, a similar life-form, and in doing that he tries to undo the image of God. God made man after His own image, and man was the first to undo that image. It was a vindication of his primitive reason and his crude intellectual self. But the intellect at this stage was a child of unconscious reason. The reasoning mind of man stands defiant before God's order, and tries to alter it in one way at least. This desire to alter God's arrangement is the desire to order things in his own way. He breaks one "image" of God like a wilful, petulant child, and stands defiant to meet chastizement. He is fearless in his act but apprehensive in his mind of the consequences of the act Soon are born the twin realities, evil and good, which begin to qualify

every act of man. He did not actually rebel against the order; he instinctively clung to life to perpetuate a new existence through flesh. But he revolted against the mysteriousness of the order. This early man is the first conscious, intellectual rebel on earth. He approaches God's mysterious Self with his brutal primitive logic. This logic is the inexhorable logic of Destiny set against the logic of Time and Space. He questions the order of God's universe, and, in the course of his searching analysis, he begins to doubt the truth of the order The universe is subjected to the searching mind of man, and he sees in the order of God, an eternal fallacy. It is the early man who discovers for us that man, a creature of flesh and desire, is a double-faced creature a dual personality. Man is a paradox, because he is a begetter of life and also its destroyer. God also seems to be equally paradoxical inasmuch as He angrily destroys things which He so fondly makes. God and man both create and preserve life, but also destroy it. If the first skeptic of the world saw in the universe of God the laws of life and destruction, it was not very strange for him to practise them. The first act of annihilation was the first act of wilful defiance. In killing life, man realized the mortality of flesh and the utter destructibility of life.

The first skeptical rebel of God's universe established an antithesis between the intellectual reason and the blind instinct of man. He is the first logical thinker, the first skeptical philo-

sopher of the world and is the begetter of conscious knowledge. Later, we see the same knowledge systematized by men like Plato, Aristotle and Socrates and others. He is the first conscious artist of life who evolves a new technique for his existence. The rebellion is against God and His order and not against man.

The great rebellion found its fulfilment in an act which brought about fatal consequences for ages to come. This was an act of annihilation and undoing Man rebelled against God, says the complacent theologian. But who was this God ? God, the primitive man's God, was a primitive God. Man propitiated his unknown revengeful God almost with a vengeance But, how long could this cajoling go on ? The intellect of man could never have allowed such a sacrilege of human reason. He doubted and doubted profoundly and it was no wonder, if the unknown God no more accepted his offerings very willingly. Man broke the first living image out of vengeance for God. It was man's vengeance on God, his Creator. Man was now the doer. This first act of annihilation was the first revelation to man of half-born realities like guilt, fear, sin and punishment. In killing life, man, the first killer and the first sinner, unconsciously established the foundations of religion and morality. It was man's first approach to the realities of evil and good. With these realities the great tremendous mystery of death was also revealed to man for the first time.

When man killed man, fear seized him. This

fear was different from its other varieties like the fear of alien life-forms, and the fear of nature's elemental forces. It was a strange fear. It dawned upon his mind for the first time. It was fear of the great unknown vindictive Being. Never before such an act had been done by him and it was the first time that man killed man and realized the strange feeling which such an act produced in his mind. The new act brought about a new reaction which combined awe and bewilderment. This new unprecedented reaction brought with it a strange fear of the God of the murdered man who was his God too. The murder of a mortal man was the undoing of flesh by flesh, and the destruction of one strong body by another stronger body. Blood was shed and because it was the blood of the human body, something cried for retribution. The living body shuddered at the sight of the dead body. Earth responded to earth, and flesh, when destroyed, ceased to feel pain. Fear seized man, and he was overawed by the tragic novelty of his act. God or that terrible something assumed a dreadful, vindictive character. The killer stood in awe of the God of the killed. Deity stood against deity in the dark horizon of primitive imagination.

The apostle of reason found mere thinking an enemy. He thought. He left guilty. Even his instinct was not willing to go far with him. It also rebelled against his sinister act. He began to feel that he had done something wrong,

something startling and something entirely new. The reasoner overwhelmed the doer in him. In his mind, his act became an evil act. Reason, his saviour held him in its clutches. Instead of giving him a release from the commands of his instincts, it established its own laws of conduct. He debated in his mind and the conclusion he reached, provided him with self-reproach and self-accusation of the most terrible kind. Thought had made him a prisoner of reason, and now reason made him a slave of brutal logic. With the feeling of guilt was born the terrible notion of sin. He thought he was a sinner who had sinned against his God. This was the first time that man's act was qualified with an epithet. An act, henceforth, was either good or bad, holy or unholy, virtuous or sinful. And in the same way, a man was either obedient to God or disobedient to Him, either good or bad, religious or irreligious, holy or unholy, virtuous or sinful. A link was established between the doer and the deed and its consequences. The doer, the act, and its results were qualified because, henceforth, an underlying relationship was discovered between them. This discovery was made by man's mind. He became sinful because he came to believe that his act could be best described by the word "sin". Sin was an act of displeasing God and inviting His vengeance. It also established loyalties of a new kind, loyalty to God, loyalty to fellow-beings, loyalty to the family group, and loyalty to one's instincts. It

was mind's vengeance on everyday life. Fear and guilt built up the foundations of sin and the logical mind raised its ugly edifice. From the time man discovered sin, he was very unhappy. It presided over him like a demon. The conscious mind, later, under its weight, gave it the finishing touch of a clear-cut dogma. Theology owned this bastard child of man's mind as its own precious darling. It was a curse on life. But guilt and sin would not have been considered so deadly if the theory of punishment had not become their favourite corollary. The doer and the act were, later on, taken up by world-history as appropriate subjects for discussion, but the results and the consequences of acts were taken up by theology for moral preaching. Man felt terribly bewildered when he found that his act and its consequences, could not be undone. As a matter of fact, consequences of any act can never be undone. An act takes root in the soil of life, and is followed by its results. From the example of nature he saw that an act could not be separated from its results. The act was done by the body, but it perpetuated a memory in his mind. And it was decided once for ever that the consequences of human acts were in the hands of an unknown Being.

Nothing was so bewildering to man as death. Death was revealed to him for the first time when he killed a mortal man. Its reality and significance dawned upon him for the first time on this occasion. Apart from

death's revelation, he saw life moving through past, present and future. Death revealed this fact. Man *was, is, and will be no more.* He saw life continuing in time and space. The recognition of the everlasting changeability of life was vital. Past, Present and Future, stood out before him as definite divisions of time. He could now measure his finite existence in terms of these. *What, was, what is, and what will be,* become the three directions of life. They were a continuous flow with no intervals. Time, the ever-changing energy of direction, moved on. Distance, created by the ever-moving space and time, determined these ever-moving time-conditions. Past is the most potent among these time-directions, because, what is present, to be accurate, is never present, and future continually sinks into the past. That is, *become* and *becoming* are very significant states of life's activity. The sowing of the seed is the past; the flower is the present; and the fruit is the future. The life-urge is eternally travelling through space and time, and we cannot, with the aid of science, imprison it even for a moment. Past, present and future are eternally changing shapes. They never pause. History is the art of the living past; science is the knowledge of the dead present, and philosophy tells of the mysterious will be future. Man finds these directions as the eternal references for his acts and adventures. They are energies of the eternal time. Each present act of man becomes a past act

the moment it is done. The moment what is born in mind is also born in body, ideas of present and future are created. That is, when desire assumes the flesh of an act, this very unseen transformation–this actuality, is governed by notions of past, present and future. As long as this desire or wishful thought remains in the embryo of the mind, there is nothing like past, present or future. An act is a transformation of a latent desire. Distance is created between the urge and the act, and this distance alone creates past, present and future.

When man killed man, he saw death for the first time. Death revealed to him the significance of time-energy. Man "was" and "is no more." Death, the process of apparent annihilation, puzzled man and he had to face its great challenge. It challenged his thought. How could he reconcile himself to this enigma which was a fact also? Death and destruction brought about by the unknown deities were understandable. But death of one life-form brought about by another was entirely a different thing with no precedent in primitive history. He saw in this an attempt to destroy a life-form. That life could stop, all of a sudden, was a bewildering suggestion. A point came where life stopped and did not go on as usual. This sudden termination of life was a startling discovery for man. Death became the great conception, the terrible symbol of this process of sudden ending and complete annihilation. It became the embodiment of utter destructibility. Death

could end life. Apart from the existence of a vindictive God, there was in nature only, nay, in man's own hands, a power which could destroy life altogether. This was the greatest discovery of man. Death became the symbol of appalling destruction. Death appeared to be total destruction and not a temporary termination as conceived by the later man. How could life stop? How could it be destroyed so soon? And how could the power to destroy life, lie undetected in his own hands? These were the questions before man. His hands which were the physical symbols of doing and now, also of undoing, seemed to him powerful weapons of annihilation. The whole activity of a life-urge was not destroyed. Matter was altered and not destroyed. The breath fled from the body as the light goes out of a lamp. But life was not destroyed. It was there eternally flowing. The rebel was extremely frightened by his own act and its inward reaction. He saw the annihilation of life itself in the destruction of a life-form. All rhapsodizing over death was done later by moral beings. Man, at this stage of his history, saw things in their naked forms. The first destroyer of life realized the meaning of death. Life was only a temporary flow of activity in human flesh. The future generations of mankind called life, a "dream" a "passing show". To be mortal was to have an end, a finality to one's life. Life was mortal. Flesh had an awful finality about itself. The conception of immortality came into existence much

later. Death to the primitive man was a fact. The body ceased to live. To the consciousness of the early man this came as a shock because his life was supported by the facts of physical becoming. It was not possible for him to impersonalize death at once. To him the dead man was no more a dynamic being but a static object. The becoming and the "become" changed into the "becomeless". The process of becoming was no more a visual actualizing process, but an unseen process in the vast, invisible nature. Man, after his death, could not move about. The activity of his limbs came to an end. The dead body was absorbed by matter, the great conqueror. Death was stark-naked without the garment of ethical wish-fulfilment. Man goes only to the extent of changing the dead into demons and deities whose existence he affirms in his group-life by different means. To the primitive, life after death was a mysterious, dreadful phenomenon which found its sinister expression in unknown spirits whose nature could not be fathomed. They remained deities of death, and destruction for the living.

Death brought suffering. Suffering came through the feeling of remorse. Man performed the act of annihilation but, later on, his inward soul drew to itself its tragic meaning. He suffered within himself and this unseen mysterious suffering brought to him a deeper realization of life. So man grows and develops. Suffering fashions and moulds his life more and more.

To the early man, however, suffering was predominantly physical in its appeal and effect. Man, by killing another man, did not realize that he was destroying something of humanity. The act of killing was not an act only; it involved other considerations, too. The act does not live and end here. It has a past and a future too. Man could not separate himself from his act and its consequences. He never realized it for a long time that in doing the act he was involving himself in its deeper implications. The consequences of an act are not only reward or punishment. How can we separate ourselves from our acts? They go on "becoming" and we must not imagine that they become once for all. All the time, our nature, our whole self involves us in the deeper implications of our acts. Man thought he could kill and finish with it. No, it was much more than that. He had to suffer what the destroyed life-form suffered, in some tangible manner at least. Man's living flesh responded to the "dead" body. Nature cried to life. Suffering its the state in which mind projects itself into a living life-form and feels its experience of pain during that period. The early man did the same. He suffered because his instinct forced him to feel and see what he did not see before. He also suffered because his mind, the all-seeing mind, helped his instinct to see life as it was. Thus, suffering, for the first destroyer of life, was born out of the deep and mystifying tragedy of his own act.

Thus, suffering became a necessary portion of man's life. Man experienced it and realized its full meaning. It meant pain and loss. Life could not be separated from it. It begot it at every step. Like an ominous shadow, suffering hovers over the life of man. Man himself began to project his mind into the world of physical facts and assimilate the meaning of their existence and mutual relationship. Every time man looked at his body, the suffering entity, he was filled with feelings of loss, pain and sorrow. He could now see the suffering part of his self. He could now survey himself and see how he suffered. The suffering part of his flesh appeared to him awfully pathetic. He began to see the injured body and its perishable material. Suffering, however, did not end there. It held in its grip the whole life of man. There was no possible release from it. Man, born in the pain of the body, could not escape the continuation of pain in life. The human family, as the first human group, realized suffering. They suffered individually but also collectively. Suffering was shared and hence it also became a collective feeling. In the tribal existence of the early man, suffering was not an individual experience but a collective emotion. The group as a whole suffered just as the group as a whole rejoiced. But the primitive mind was able to deify it also. The worship of the dead led to the worship of the past or what is gone and shall return no more. The dead person was dead past, and the only way to revive him or to

remember him was through rituals and forms which, later, became sacred legacies of all ages and all nations. The dead were revived. Hence their sacred memory.

Man as a moral being had his beginning in his animal life and not in his plant life. The first man was amoral. He did not know the rightness and the wrongness of things. Things were things, nothing more, nothing less. He was the first and the last real worshipper of nature. He knew naked life but none of its argued-out implications. Life was simply life and it was not governed by ethical rules and principles. In later periods, the attitude changes. Man appears as the first rational creature on earth because he is the first in creation who is conscious of his self-perpetuating life. His mind rules him now, and, though he is a terrible doubter, doubting the fundamentals of existence, his own mind governs him all the time. As a conscious being, he now evolves new concepts for himself. These new concepts are born out of a clash between nature and the human mind. The mind had to get used to the ever-varying processes of nature. Nature appeared to him full of contradictions. In it he discovered the birth of life-forms and their continuity. But soon he is faced with the principle of decay and disintegration which is continually at work in nature and life. On one hand, there is life's abundance, and on the other, life's decay. Creation and destruction live side by side. What is supposed to continue,

stops and withers too. The beauty, the colour, the odour all vanish away like dreams. What is that force which brings about this change? He sees a tree shooting up into the sky like a stalwart giant. How grand and majestic it looks! Next day he sees it lying uprooted. The early man saw matter transformed and changed, going back to its vast source, the earth. The thinking being adjusted himself to things by and by. With the experience of death and sorrow come other experiences of vital importance. Henceforth, man makes every endeavour to live and protect his life against forces like death, sickness, accident, pain and also the forces of nature which were agencies of destruction. He adopts protective measures in life to live in peace. The first protective measure which he adopts is that he begins to multiply himself into groups and families. Lonesomeness, which is a terrible feeling of isolation, is the deep context of early life. Unconsciously, the individual seeks the fellowship of the group. The group, ultimately, reaches its last fulfilment in the crowd of the over-grown city. In early life some of the greatest experiences were born in this deep loneliness. Even when cities become the nucleus of active life, solitude alone produces great visions and experiences for the artist, the poet, the mystic and the philosopher. The group consciousness protected his individual consciousness. The individual identified himself with his group. Instead of living in caves or jungles

like wild beasts, people began to build houses and habitations suited to their needs. With utility was combined artistic sense. The inner craving for beauty forced its expression in the dwellings and houses built by man. The patterns of beauty found in nature were borrowed and used in the first 'buildings'. The first buildings built by men were an outcome of primitive needs and a crude architectural sense combined. Man's knowledge of architecture was derived from nature. His designs and his models were picked out from nature. He observed them; and he utilized them for his purposes. Primitive art, all over the world, is world-art in its embryo.

The greatest stimulus to civilization has been the living mind of man. Man pondered on nature and himself. In his mind, he began to relate himself to nature and its environment and the establishment of this inner relationship was the cause of his outer adjustments in life. He thought and came to many historic conclusions. First of all, he became aware of his inner resources and his capacity for doing great things. He became aware of his personality which was full of potential powers. He also realized the significance of the forces that confronted human life. Then, he began to look forward to future, the unexplored, unending duration of his earthly life. Civilization arose when man began to move towards future, when he began to fix his gaze at what was to come and what was to happen. Philosophy, history and religion all are results of looking towards infinite future. Archæology is the science of looking at

the past. Astronomy or astrology, thus becomes the "spiritual inversion of archæology". Art, music and literature are the mirrors of the palpable present that can be felt and seen. Immortality, thus, becomes the ultimate reach of such a gaze. Thinking gave him knowledge of himself and the world in which he lived. He looked within and realized himself. In his inner universe he could detach himself from the outer bondage. When he did that, he began to write poetry, paint pictures, carve sculpture, fashion the designs of buildings, sing and play music, read and write, and dance and cry with joy and pain. This festival of the soul would have been impossible if he did not possess the power to look within. He could now look into his deep soul and relate it to the vast background of his life. Architecture became the mirror of his soul ; music became the cry of his heart ; literature became the picture of life, and its vagaries ; and art, which, in a word, became the speaking picture of his life. Man began to think. His thoughts gave him a power with which he filled life with beauty and strength.

But thought alone was insufficient to help the full growth of life-energy. He played the role of a hero, too. He began to act, because he realized that without activity mere thinking was of not much use. Doing became the watchword of life. If he could think, he could also act. This great urge of doing forced him to play the great role of creator, preserver, earner, warrior, explorer, and adventurer, all in one. He had to

create a family, and after that he had to preserve his creation. Rights and obligations came into vogue later. They are an intellectual adjustment of a later period. For preserving his family as a group he had to procure food, clothing, shelter and other conveniences. Having done that he was not to sit idle in snug contentment. The urge in him spurred him on. He played the role of an adventurer and explorer. The solidarity of the whole group was preserved. The result was that rival individuals and groups fought for supremacy. Man, who once shuddered at death, treated it new as an ordinary everyday happening. He felt happy now when he killed his enemy. As a warrior, he rose to fight against his foes. His role, he thought, was to fight and conquer. He asserts his rights against the rights of others. He fought and killed, because, by nature, he was a fighter. When it came to doing, he had no other way but to use the power of his hands, and weapons against others. Blood, human blood, which was once an appalling sight, lost all its dread and mystery. It was blood and nothing more. An exhausted body came to a final and that was enough to describe death. Man, the rationalist, was gradually surviving the shocks of his original realization. The mystery and fright of things and happenings were no more perplexing to him. He got used to them. "My group, good or bad, right or wrong", became the principle of his life. He maintained this principle in the teeth of all

opposition. Even now the group rules the individual in various ways. The various groups evolved different laws and conventions by which they governed themselves. The fight for land began as a never-ending furious warfare between men. But it was not mere lust for food, which brought about this warfare for land. Due to the urge within, man wanted to increase in power and moral stature both. He wanted to live positively in space and time both. In terms of time, he wanted to live for a long time and to preserve the life of his group also. In terms of space, he wanted to live in an expanded manner occupying more land, more space. That is how he got his notions of *area* and *length, depth* and *height*. The desire for land--fertile and useful land, was an economic desire. He began to acquire land because of its utility and power both. He appropriated the land, and that was his first economic endeavour. He had to think of the sowing and the harvest. Sowing meant the sowing of the seed, and harvest meant reaping the benefits of sowing. The former meant the process of procreation and, the latter, the process of birth, and fruition. And when the soil was tilled, it produced corn for food. Sowing and reaping became periodical, the latter following the former. The individuals and groups both began to direct their sole energies towards the production of food for their maintenance. Thus, we find that these groups became economic groups with desire and capacity to make economic efforts. This was the beginning of all economic warfare

and competition. Obstacles and impediments, natural and artificial, stood in the way. Food became the most important factor in this never-ending, terrible struggle for self-preservation.

With his economic life, man begins his social life, too. He is no more an individual all by himself. As an individual, his acts are not solitary events without any special reference to the world around. His individual consciousness cannot remain isolated from the group consciousness. Man is now a unit of the group to which he belongs. What has been given to him by the group, and what he possesses become the sum total of his mental and physical possessions. The group rules him as one conscious mind. He merges himself willingly into the group and accepts its laws for the governance of his own individual life. His individual self merges into the collective existence of the group. As a member of the group he realizes his identity and in connecting it with the personality of the group, he understands the significance of social existence. Social existence means collective living. Individuals have to submit themselves to the collective consciousness of their groups. Laws and conventions are set up to govern the individual and the group. One has to live with reference to the other. Man realizes his existence in the group which socializes him rapidly. The rights and obligations between one man and another are properly understood. The right to live and persist is the source of all rights and when the rights of

all are properly adjusted, obligations are born. Rights are mutual and not independent and absolute. Then there is a certain behaviour and conduct which the individuals learn and adopt as members of their group. This conduct is supposed to be uniformly the same for all, although alienations and breaches are not absent. The group laws are also of equal importance. The very fact that the individual belongs to the group, makes it incumbent on him to obey its laws. Even in his attitude towards God and himself, the individual follows the group. Hence the origin of primitive religion through gradual stages.

Thus man becomes a many-sided creature, willing and desiring to live in a group. He inherits from nature the habits of living and thinking and begins to live collectively. Out of these conditions are born society and the State. Society is a much wider and larger association creating many affinities between the individuals. The tribal consciousness and group awareness disappear and in its place is born class-consciousness (one class against another). In the vast area of society classes are born and nursed. Individuals indicate their loyalties to classes, and classes own them as their members or individual units. Man becomes more definitely a social and a socializing creature. He is gradually civilized, and he, in his turn, becomes a civilizing force. The State is the next logical step in society. The State becomes powerful enough to receive the

loyalty of all kinds of classes, groups and even smaller State-units. In Western history, the church and the State stood as two vast institutions demanding unbroken loyalty from individuals and groups.

What is most important is that man increases in mental stature day by day. As a conscious being, he is now positively evolving methods of living. Every new aspect of life is governed by a new method by which he tries to live and persist. The future attracts him and he treads his path with doubtful steps. The first man never thougnt of future. He was timeless without the references of past, present and future. The modern man has learned to live more and more in terms of the frivolous present and the care laden future. It is man, the rational thinker, who looks at himself and life. It is he who sees himself with reference to time and space. He realizes duration and time, length, height and depth. He is the first conscious being who knows that he lives. He looks towards future and measures it in his own way. Existence is given styles which keep on changing with time. To love, to clothe oneself, to feed, to earn, all these go to make the style, the technique of living. Man, the hunter and the warrior, the explorer, the adventurer, devises means and ways to possess power and happiness. The inner urge expands and blossoms forth into things, acts and events. The dominance of this urge changes life considerably. The desire to possess is the desire to persist, to continue in

life. Food, possessions, or wealth, all these, are signs of continuity. Man is making efforts to continue and perpetuate himself. He fills the earth with himself. From the beginning the group-life had become a necessity. From the beginning, collective security and collective companionship came into prominence. Laws and rules were natural. New ties were created because they connected man with man. The group, as a unit, was decisive in its action and conduct. The individuals felt safe in them. All acts assumed a collective force and character for the individual. With the advent of modern times, the individual indicated a greater desire to merge his personality in the personality of the group. Today, the individual is a hybrid product of his group, a mongrel of what is called as social consciousness.

With the advent of civilization, man sets up new standards. These standards are born out of man's needs. They did not spring up all of a sudden. All obey standards and ideas. We find in the midst of this clash between nature and man,—notions of life, art and religion arising. The vague notion of a group life is converted into the concept of corporate life. The individual comes to realize his oneness with society. Gradually these ideas take final shape, and are fashioned and moulded into definite concepts and theories. They are transmitted to the succeeding generations as permanent ideas in human possession. On these ideas is

built the structure of political theory, art, economics, science, philosophy, anthropology and other specimens of human knowledge. Life is not simply lived but is also pondered upon. All models of definite knowledge are notions and concepts of life. The vague primitive notion of a higher Being is gradually converted into a definite conception of God. The God of everyday experience is frozen into the God of theology. Thus, theology becomes the science of religion, substituting logic in the place of emotion or primeval feeling. Political theory also becomes a cut-and-dried knowledge, a summed-up conception of the first family of man and woman. Politics is now an argued-out science, a rationalized knowledge. Similarly, economics, sociology and other branches of knowledge are extensions of the same original reflection on life.

As man grows, wonder also appears as a definite concept with all its implications. Wonder is the mother of further knowledge. Man wonders at things. He searches for their sources and meaning. Poetry, among other causes, is made possible by wonder. It forces the mind to look back and reflect on past. With wonder comes curiosity and with curiosity, search. Mind sees, observes, detects and coordinates. The growing man reconciles himself to nature and life. In making new adjustments at every new stage, he evolves new knowledge and adopts a fresh approach to things. He changes his angle of vision from time to

time, and looks at things in different ways. His conduct is built up in this way. New needs, new reactions, and new adjustments sum up the history of his conduct. The growing life creates new needs and for this new remedies are provided. Thus, human conduct, at every stage, is a result of previous adjustments. A reconciliation is always made between what is and what is not, between actual ties and newly-born needs. It is no wonder, if man, in every age, and at every stage, appears to be a creature of compromises. The first compromise was made between mind and nature. The destiny of man looks tragic because the rebel in him, often, refuses to make adjustments. His own conduct is a series of adjustments and compromises. The incidental and temporary things always clamour for undue recognition in his life.

Man passes through various stages of evolution and at every important stage, he looks different. Change presses on him from all sides. His ideas, his notions, his acts, his ambitions, all, keep on changing from time to time. In one way only the pre-historic man resembles the man of this century. They both are human beings. Man's humanity has never changed though his language, his thoughts, his view points and his reactions to things have changed. He is just the same. He will remain so forever. He has only grown maturer and wiser in a different sense. One is fascinated by the history of man's onward march through these past centuries. It is a study of man as

he was born, and as he is now. Great storms and great cultural earthquakes have come and gone. Man is just the same in spite of these upheavals. From his birth upto this moment, he has been playing the role of a thinker and a doer. He has thought. He has acted. Thoughts and deeds are the records of his life-history. From a powerless creature he grows into a mighty being passing through various historic vicissitudes. It is impossible for human history to record the changes which man undergoes. So many changes take place in his life that it is difficult to enumerate them. Man is being fashioned everyday. He is fashioned by forces that lie around him. He is built up in the midst of upheavals and storms. The smallest and the greatest forces are let loose upon him. The factors that determine his life-processes increase in number day by day. He carries within him a universe shaken to its foundations which is built and re-built by him in endless variety. All the colours that go to paint the figure of man, are the colours of the soil of this earth. He is composed by them and partakes of their permanence. Just as a mountain is slowly and gradually created on an expanse of level ground by the incessant, but gradual, heaping up of matter, similarly, man, from his birth onward, is gradually fashioned into a waking being by an ever-vigilant consciousness. In our utter bewilderment, we cannot say what builds the whole of a man. Is it destiny which shapes man with its own hands? There are innu-

merable factors which contribute to the completion of the whole picture. He fashions himself, and, if he is conscious, he can see himself in the mirror of life and record his moral development. But while he himself is his own creator, other forces fashion him day by day. He is a child of storms. That is why, his history is tragic and beautiful both, narrating tales of fruitless heroism and stories of great romance. His history is the history of world and humanity. It is man and man alone who travels through centuries, and ages. He is always there in the picture of world history. His memory persists in spite of partial oblivion, because he cannot be forgotten. He fills the earth with his presence. He is the only pilgrim who marches on.

CHAPTER III

MAN SHAPES HIS GOD

The first man attempted to know and understand God. He was there. He filled the world with His breath. Man felt His presence every moment. Man did not have to know him. He *was*. This was sufficient. Real humanity begins in the midst of "struggle." When man comes to live in the world, he has to reconstruct and rebuild his God. It was beautiful for him to live in the bliss of his prehistoric life. But a time came when he was forced to realise Him with his mind. He had to unlearn his first God, and reconstruct His image in the light of what happened in his universe. The very act of living appears so captivating that man must prove its truth with his toil and persistence. The beauty and strength of human body are to be revealed through incessant toil. Men of future have to show their great hidden might by applying themselves to the task of living. That is, man will never live a life of "vile repose" and futile immortality, but will emerge as a builder and conqueror. He emerges out of the dreamy twilight of his early life into the full blaze of life. Man's prehistoric plant-life changes into a fully virile animal life which chooses better and higher forms of self-expression. In his physical world into which man

steps, the sun rises and sets daily to mark the limits of his daily toil. It shines upon him with all its powerful rays and changes the colour and texture of his existence. Man is happy in a world where the sun rises and sets. Man realises that he has chosen a new life, a new technique of living. His new life may be aptly described as a life characterised by knowledge and realisation. God never forbade man to know, to discover the secrets of earth. He was made of earth. God never wanted man to remain eternally ignorant. But he also never wanted man to come to the conclusion that he was only made of earth. The image was His, but the material was from earth. The whole conception of man is derived from God's mind. As an Artist He creates man after His own image. And yet the Artist, in creating this figure used the earth as material. The canvas, and the colours were extracted from earth, while the conception behind the art was God's. Man is God's own clever workmanship, a product of His mind. After making man in this way God wanted man to enjoy the fruits of life. This was too irresistible a temptation for him. He realises the earth in him. Man moves towards self-realisation. Whatever one may say, it is reasonable to believe that one day man became conscious of the earth in him. The stage at which man realises his true self is a very important landmark in human history. It is man's first step towards self-realisation. He saw himself reflected in the mirror of perishable earth. This

was sufficient. He was now able to connect himself with his mysterious forbidden earth. This was a great achievement for man. For him to discover that he was earthly, was an astonishing thing. First he trembled before this discovery and then regarded it as an eternal fact. It is this knowledge, the harvest of his searching intellect, which was so useful for him.

Man makes knowledge as his great tool. It presides over him like a deity or a demon. It makes him discover wider horizons. In his own world, he begins to reflect on God and reconstructs His image in terms of his own, and the life around him. Here we are concerned with man's inward search, the search for God. How does he manage to reconstruct his God in the light of his new life? This life brought for him new implications in a fresh context. He comes in contact with new meanings, new secrets and new problems. He is, now, a doer and a thinker. He has to discover the Artist who made him, and Who carved his picture out of the mortal earth. Here we must understand once for ever that in this search for God, man's instinct and reason both come to his aid. The earliest man of history discovers God with the help of instinct. Of course, instinct and reason cannot be simply defined as two opposite things. Each borders on the other producing such subtle shades that it is humanly impossible for us to separate them altogether. It can be safely said that

when man first started developing his life of physical needs and physical realities, his conception of God emerged out of his mind as an unconscious discovery. It is later that he philosophises over it and gives it the shape of dead theology. Unlike the discoveries of the physical universe the discovery of God is made by man's inner being. He builds His image according to his own fancy. The God of the primitive man was as much an invention as the God of the modern man.

Man now is filled with infinite wonder. He is not mystified by the dreamy twilight of an earthly paradise, but has to live as a fighter in a universe of struggle. Looking around man discovers the eternal context of life. He is in the midst of life. Life surrounds him on all sides. He is in it, thrown into the vertex of its circumstances. Man realises the desperate needs of his strange existence. When he finds himself lonely in the universe, he fills it with his own flesh and spirit. But he does not simply look around; he looks above too. Looking above is surveying the spatial existence in terms of altitude. He lifts his eyes and gazes at the sky which is eternally distant from him. The horizon touches the earth on all sides under the vast heavenly wings. There are no limits to it. It does not seem to end. It is everywhere the same never-ending vastness. Man looks at the starry heavens and stands filled with utter wonder. The innumerable tiny bright stars twinkle and fade in the depth of heavens. The crisp star-

light, the quivering moonbeams fall on the earth and teach him to create poetry. He gazes at the distant heaven, the world of stars removed from his mortal, physical life. How little and insignificant he feels in the midst of this eternal glory. This everlasting pageantry makes him conscious of his finiteness, and the utter mortality of his flesh. He realises his measurable height in terms of Infinite Height. This gives his cause to measure himself in terms of the altitude of the universe. Later on, he significantly describes his heaven as an abode beyond the azure. It is an utopain world somewhere in the great immeasurable heights of the starry heavens. It is, thus, an exalted place raised above the mean earth. To go to heaven is to be lifted into an unknown region. It is to ascend into a spiritual universe above the earth, and for which earthly mortals wait with strange expectations and fears. It is earth's above-look. He has an outlook alsc because he looks out or looks about. When he looks within himself, it is inlook. When man lifts his eyes above, he discovers the vast immensity of space. His mind is filled with great fear and awe. That is heavenward. Our notion of hell tells us that is a bottomless pit full of burning fire and misery. It is, there, where he ends. He descends into it as a matter of downward degradation. It is downward. He looks far, that is, he looks into the universe lengthwise. An ambition, a goal, a mark, a destination are all lengthwise visions of man, the eternal seeker

of things. He looks forward in the grand progressive march of his physical and moral becoming. In front of him where his eyes stretch their vision straight, he sees the unfolded and the unfolding future. That is why, he is compared to a traveller, and life is compared to a journey over a never-ending space and time. This is his forward becoming. This is his lengthwise future. Length and future are the same. Thus, when man looks far into the universe, he anticipates the unknown and the unmeasured lengthwise future of things and events. Life is to unfold itself gradually, by and by, as man marches on the road of life. The human phrases "Look straight", "Look to your goal", "Look ahead" are very significant. Our language, which is a reflection of our growing civilisation, proves that we look far into life to know it more and more by covering its lengthwise distance. Looking below or beneath is also a significant human habit. Beneath us is the earth. We live firmly on it Do we ever realise that beneath us lies the sustaining soil and its infinite depth? It is the immortal and eternal soil, the physical content of the earth. The Mother Earth takes care of her hungry children. Man lives on earth in whose depths the functions of birth and death go on continually. In it are found his origin, his birth, his end, his death. He emerges out of it and goes back to it again. It is the great background of his being and annihilation. Earth is his nursery and tomb both. In earth man begins and ends his life. Around

man's physical life lies earth the giver of life and death. Living means continuity and death indicates a kind of fixity. There lies the great secret of existenee. But this is not all. He looks beyond the depth, the height, the length and the breadth of things. Man has a genius for looking beyond the apparent and the tangible. There is a hidden urge in man's soul for discovering the beyond of all things. The discovery of the beyond brings to him great unknown secrets which are revealed to his physical and mental vision. He explains the outer appearance of things to find out what lies beyond them. If man was not endowed with this gift for searching the eternal context of life in terms of distance-measurements, he would have been deprived of many secrets. He sees beyond the perceived and comprehended things of his world. In this search he is not handicapped by any limitations. Looking beyond is an attribute which he has inherited from God whose Image he has in him. All great things which last forever, are the results of this vision of the beyond. The beyond is what would coincide with human existence free from all its physical limitations. He is filled with wonder. Wonder is infinite and indefinable. It is not the wonder of the stillborn moment which comes and goes away. It is an everlasting wonder which leaves man in a world where strange things become stranger every moment. The universe of God fills man's mind with inexplicable wonder. He stands bewil-

dered for a long time. Then are opened before him avenues of great knowledge. Fresh discoveries are made by him every day. Wonder, experienced by the physical seeing eyes, later helps to build his metaphysical vision which is a beyond-look. Art, philosophy and religion, all, begin with wonder, the spiritual tool of the early man. He sees far into the phenomena of nature.

The eye proves to be a very vital organ because it enables him to expand himself space-wise. The eye sees and discovers things. It is the eye which experiences wonder first. The eye, in its own way, measures the space of man's world. It alone speaks for the whole man. Without it the identity of the physical form would be nullified. It gives credence to the body. The sum total of its myriad impressions goes to shape the mental environment of man. It travels from the physical to the infinite. It unravels many secrets. The child before his birth lives in a prenatal mystery and darkness. Light breaks upon the physical life of the pre-historic man. The eye carries him into the unknown regions of earth. In the world of space, the eye is the first omniscient faculty. Its vision travels to the farthest limits. Some of greatest messages are carried by it. "The eye scatters and gathers both." As an organ of the human body it performs the most vital functions because it is the eye which communicates the impressions of the apprehended objects to the rational mind.

The eye is the discerning faculty. It is a realist essentially and keeps vigilance over the eternal "morrow". It is earth's vision. It alone sees things as they are. It familiarises man with nature and establishes a relationship between the near and the distant, the immediate and the remote. It projects its vision into the far, unknown regions of the universe and brings back to human mind facts of mortal life. It hungers and thirsts for knowledge. It also expresses man's inward self to a great extent. It may be called the magic casement of the soul, through which being looks into becoming. All changing forms surrender themselves to its power. The eye is the eternal seeker.

Apart from other things man also witnesses the phenomena of nature. They also impress him with an unknown inspiration. Nature gives him an appetising peace-offering. It satisfies his hunger of quest. He feels the warmth of sunshine and perceives the beauty of the shimmering grass on whose tender blades lie the silent dew-drops. Man's mind begins to establish an inner kinship with nature. George Eliot says: "Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass today might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, which still live in us and transform our perception into love." Man's life in this world becomes a pilgrimage. As a man of energy now he becomes a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. At this stage man is neither a trappist monk, cowled and melancholy nor he seeks

the cistercian cloister. He is a citizen of the whole universe. His curses and benedictions are the same. He begins to blossom out in this new environment. He tills the ground and knows that " to turn over virgin soil it is necessary to use a deep plough going well into the earth, not a surface plough gliding lightly over the top." He finds himself in the company of nature. He finds himself for the first time as an exile. The whole nature fills his mind with significant ideas. For instance, he gets his notion of altitude from mountains, volume and depth from oceans, length and breadth from rivers, and area from vast plains. All these are distance-measurements as perceived and understood by man. He tries to familiarise himself with these. On the ocean his ships move ; on the rivers his boats dance ; on the mountains the shepherd and the flock wander ; in the desert the caravan of camels marches along ; and in the plains the traveller of life, man, lives, moves and conquers.

Man is filled with wonder when he comes face to face with these aspects of nature. What is wonder ? When he is confronted with things which he has not seen and experienced before, he stands dumb in their presence because he cannot adequately understand them. A child sees strange pictures in a book and is filled with wonder. He cannot understand them. If he sees a man dressed up in a strange manner, he is very much astonished. Man also, in the beginning of human civilization, is astonished

to see nature so vast, and so wonderful. He looks askance at things because whatever he apprehends, he does not equally comprehend. This sense of utter unfamiliarity and confusion gives birth to wonder. Wonder is, thus a product of man's utter incapacity in understanding the whole of the universe. When he wonders at things, it simply means that at that moment, whatever is before his eyes, has been all this time remote from his imagination, and cannot be properly explained by his mind. Wonder is a feeling of strangeness and novelty. It is a feeling which man experiences when he stands face to face with things which have not in the past, lived within the compass of the vision. He has not seen them before, and now, when he sees them he is not able to explain them. Wonder is a feeling born out of man's instinct. It is the reaction of instinct to nature. It is a natural feeling of man's utter inability to understand things immediately. It is the apprehension of thus-far-unapprehended things without a definite rational explanation. Proof is a logical necessity, a necessary evil of the rational mind. We want a proof because it satisfies our minds immediately. Wonder means the absence of all proof. Man is over flooded with a mysterious strangeness and the 'unhappened' character of things. All things which man has not seen before, he sees now with the help of wonder. He is not able to explain them because at that time, he does not use his mind and intelligence. Man is a child of nature, full of primitive credulity.

He has not yet learnt how to argue out and prove a thing's existence. Yet this feeling of wonder is a paradoxical feeling. The very strangeness of things ushers him into the centre of hidden secrets. Wonder becomes an avenue of knowledge Man wonders all the time and in doing, so he understands things vaguely. The eyes which see a thing, also perceive its significance in an imperfect manner. When man sees something wonderful, the act of astonishment itself becomes the act of knowing. He converts his passive wonder into an enduring feeling. At first the inability of man to understand all what he sees gives him a kind of passivity of mind. He wonders at things and stands hopelessly defeated by them. Later on, when he explains the cause of wonder he positively conquers those things, at least, mentally. This is man's spiritual conquest over the apprehended aspects of universe. The reaction of the instinct goes on in spite of the increase in mind's unlimited resources. Man still looks wonderstruck when he comes across strange things in the world. And every time, he sees a wonderful thing, or is simply overawed by wonderful things, he attempts to know them. But there is an abstract feeling of wonder which fills the mind of man. This is an abstract feeling of loneliness. When he is lonely in the universe and comes across, unexplored, wonder-provoking influences, he is overcome with a feeling of abstract wonder, which may be compared to the illogical feeling of abstract

immensity aroused at the sight of the starry heavens. This abstract wonder does not have any definite form necessarily. It engulfs the confused individual in its depths. It is always there in nature. Man is always surrounded by it, though, he can hardly explain it. It weighs over him like a deity. It is always there, in spite of knolwedge and logic. In certain fundamental respects man can never detach himself from his primitive imagination. The feeling of abstract wonder is a legacy of the first man. In man's inner world, there are centres of response for this feeling of abstract wonder which is eternal. "The highest to which man can attain is wonder; and is the prime phenomenon makes him wonder let him be content, nothing higher can it give him.....; here is the limit."

With wonder, fear is very intimately related. Fear in the ordinary sense, is the desire to shrink back from things, which, by their strangeness, overwhelm the individual with a feeling of helplessness. Shrinking at the sight of an unfamiliar object is the act of withdrawing from it. But we must notice that this act of retreating from unfamiliar things is one of the defensive acts of man. The act of shrinking is an act of protection of the individual. By uttering a cry due to some fear, he protects himself with the help of his cry. Man, in the hour of peril, protects himself mentally with these abstract weapons. On seeing the dreadfully unfamiliar things, man shrinks back. Loneliness

and fear are always knit together. They come together invariably. That is why, night is associated with all kinds of fears. Fear is an abstract condition in the universe and also in the mind of an individual. It pervades the whole universe. Man is continuously realizing fresh wonders everyday, every moment. The relish with which man looks at every astonishing spectacle of nature is born out of the total unfamiliarity of things. Every time man sees a new thing and comes across a new situation or undergoes a new experience, he feels new sensations which are collected in his mind for mind's future associations. Fear, having an abstract existence, is omnipresent. It pervades the whole of the universe. The unfamiliar and the alien in nature have always repulsed the marching man. On coming face to face with the alien nature, the part of the universe which he is not able to conquer and understand mentally, he is extremely astonished, and stands bewildered. Every man is lonely in his inner universe. There is no company in that unseen world of his soul. But there he is not filled with fear but with the holy awe of solitude and eternity. In the world of flesh and desire, however, man has to face the fear of the universe. He is over-shadowed by it. His mind is crowded with feelings of suffering, illness, loss and death, not only as they are but as they will be. The insidious, the maleficient and the wicked elements of nature challenge his mind. He anticipates them. He is suspi-

cious, wary and watchful. He argues that life can never be an unbroken round of joy and that it must include sufferings and losses also. Fear of something unknown, shapeless, non-existent and having a future possibility overwhelms him. This fear of what will be, is always with him. No man can be free from it. It is a universal feeling. There is always more of fear than hope in his life. It is by sheer thought and mental coercion that man attempts to falsify fear and nurses fond hopes. The task of religion is to help him to destroy fear and put in its place hope, real and unreal both. One still wonders if religion has succeeded in this.

Now he comes face to face with secrets and enigmas of life. We find that the moods of nature correspond to the moods of man. Nature is ugly and beautiful. Man also is the same. The dawn of the day breaks in the midst of beauty and freshness. Early at dawn when dreamy twilight gradually vanishes, and nature wakes up, the birds twitter and sing. The songs of the birds come out of the joy-spring of their hearts. They sing songs of holy joy, paying their tribute to morning which is a fresh repetition of life. Then, there are flowers fully blossomed and blossoming forth, become and becoming, unfolded and unfolding with a new beauty and freshness. Even the most confirmed cynics cannot but feel joy at the sight of these flowers. They are the symbols of joy and love. The poet's heart says: "My love is like a red rose".

With flowers, buds and leaves there is shimmering grass whose blades tingle with emotion. They represent nature's youth, its "midsummer pomp", its maddening desire for further fulfilment. Then Zephyr, the mythical deity of joyous breeze keeps skipping over hills and trees. Its tender touch lends man's body and mind a kind of tranquillity which is ever fresh and young. There are many more of such beautiful and tranquil moods of nature. For instance, there are gurgling brooks, placid streams, fertilizing rivers, tall, protective and shady trees, eternal mountains and meditating forests. Primitive imagination is mystical in character.

"Tiger tiger burning bright,
In the forest of the night."

Contrasted with these beautiful aspects are other aspects of nature also. Compare the beautiful dawn of the day with the approaching dusk. At dawn, creatures and plants wake up from sleep and "inactivity"; while at dusk, they retire to bed for rest. The former begins life and activity ; the latter is a termination of toil and the beginning of rest. In the light of visible day things are seen, discovered and physically apprehended. Man sees things and understands them at once with the help of light. The physical comprehension of things become an easy task. When the night approaches things are different. Man does not make a physical approach to things with the same assurance and confidence.

For instance, he wants light to see a thing before he touches it. He gropes in the darkness ; he fumbles. In the day, he sees, realises and understands. In the light of the sun, he is sure of things, but in the darkness of the night, he is nervous, uncertain and frightened. He trembles with a want of confidence. Fear reaches its climax, and attains its maturity at night. Night, the absence of light, destroys all confidence. Man feels so uncertain in its mystery that he betrays a fear for its events and secrets. He trembles with an unknown fear of things. Night, sleep, and death are always associated together. Night's solitude has the suggestibility of fear and awe. The death of an individual in the day is always less terrible and awe-inspiring than his death in the night. Man is not able to make an attempt to explain death and try to get reconciled to its utter mystery. Forboding darkness and awe lend a note of mystery and doom. Thefts and robberies, murders, illness, loss, death, destruction, earthquakes, storms and other innumerable things make themselves felt more intensely in the night. Sorrow, grief, and loss, all these are peculiarly intensified in the night. The light of the sun in the day is always a relief to suffering, because with the help of that we can, to some extent, explain our suffering. Meditations, visions, prayer, murder, death, adultery, wine-bibbing, all attain their maximum intensity in the night. Night's solitude sharpens human emotions and lends them the secret hush of

awe. When we stand on the sea-shore our minds are filled with the mystery, glory and beauty of the ocean. The sight transports us into a state of wondering joy. But the same ocean, convulsed with a storm at night, looks fierce, destructive and doom-laden in its violent ferocity. Night is the eternal womb of fear and mystery. All things turn mysterious in its depth. The moon and the stars also look dreadfully romantic in their splendour. During night, life is born again in a fresh travail.

In nature fear lies incarnate in things and events. Man may try his best, but he cannot altogether reconcile himself to them. He recoils at their sight. It is natural for man the loser, the sufferer, to attribute his loss to something. Fear gives birth to taboo. Fear creates deities with which man fills nature. All through the centuries fear has been the omnipotent deity presiding over his life. All of a sudden, man, the seeker, the killer the conqueror and the thinker pauses to reflect on the weakness and morality of his flesh. Death, of all things, brings him closer to a solution of life's mystery. This "Why" and "How" are his two eyes which probe into things and travel far into the unconquered universe, why do things die ? Why is there a finality of flesh ? How does man die ? These are the questions which find their answer in God. Man is bewildered at the sight of a dead form He wonders at death, destruction and annihilation. His discovery is the historic discovery of life. He affirms his

mortality. Man, in the presence of loss and destruction comes face to face with God. God emerges out before him while he goes on attributing events and happenings to an unknown force superior to himself. God creates him, but he, in his turn, also creates his God. Once he recognises Him as the original. Beginner of things. Coming in contact with an alien universe, man shrinks back and retreats. He never goes to it for friendship but for conquest. He does not readily establish a fellowship between alien life-forms and himself. He feels repelled and confused. He defends himself and conquers the things which stand in opposition to him. Wonder and fear lead to conquest. Fear is the sub-conscious mind of the early man. In the face of death, he discovers the supernatural aspects of nature.

This is a big discovery for the early man. Man lifts the veil of nature's facts and comes face to face with a mystery unknown and almost unknowable. Man sees the phenomena of nature, and tries to understand them in his own way. Modern science has made these phenomena ordinary facts. To the early man, they are more than that. They are symbols. They are objective pictures, things which he daily observes. Yet these symbols move him intensely. In the domain of his knowing being there is no tresspasser like reason. Through sense-impressions, he gathers knowledge about things. What he sees he wonders at and also fears. But he is not shy of making a conquest of na-

ture. To him phenomena are living images, deities full of life and pulsation. It is only the first man who sees beyond them. He can only be compared to a poet or a painter. His vision is essentially primitive and a-historic. That is why, he is able to see symbols. The modern civilized man can only visualize and tabulate facts. When he comes to witness nature as a single entity and personality, he comes face to face with its totality also. He does not see it in parts. It is nature in its full view in its total personality. It is nature in its totality that Wordsworth talks. He talks of "nature the educator." This is an intellectual after-thought. Let us compare what Wordsworth, a highly-developed being of a later stage in history, says about nature with what the early man conceives it to be. Listen to the poet :—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The above-mentioned experience is alien to the primitive man. He does not poetize nature though he is able to love it in his own way. He is a man of sorrow, joy, toil and action. Man has entered into a life of struggle and destruction, of becoming and decaying, of creat-

ing and undoing. Nature to him, first, is uncompromising, impenetrable, insurmountable, immeasurable, cruel, and ugly. His joy is to conquer it. It offers him resistance. Nature is now a foe that has to be defeated and conquered. It is much later in human history that man is able to love nature and consider it as his great benefactor.

Whether man possesses nature's love or benevolence, he comes to observe it closely and views it in its totality. When he does this, he comes face to face with the source and cause of its movement and activity. He trembles before its awe-inspiring spectacles. His fear is accompanied with his passion for discovery. What he discovers is his God, the Highest Being, the Creator and the Governor of his universe. One cannot say at what exact moment of his history, man discovered God. The discovery of God is an inevitable thing. Man could not help inventing his God. He conceives of Him in a definite way, and attributes to Him certain earthly attributes. He dresses up His God after his own image and according to his fancy. His notion of God is his own and does not tally with the notions of God as they emerged out in the later periods of human history. Men were made different from each other, and it was nothing unnatural on their part to invent different pictures of God. Man came to be the maker of his God.

"No signs from Heaven come today
To add to what the heart doth say".

Man is endowed with full liberty to shape his God. God made man from the common earth. Man also made God out of his everyday common impressions and notions of earth. He always builds His God from earth which is his natural basis and foundation. He is absolutely incapable of constructing the picture of God without the help of earth. Man gathers impressions from the earth and builds them up into a conception and image of God. As the human race spreads all over the earth, many images of the same God emerge. We know that the God of Israel was Jahve, who for them was the national God of Israel, a God by the side of the Gods of the alien nations. No one doubted the existence of Kemosh as actual God of the Moabites, of Baal as actual God of the Sidonians, of Baal-Zebub as the actual God of Ekron. These Gods were the protectors of their respective peoples. Local gods arise and demand the allegiance of man.

First, he invents or discovers the countless spirits benevolent and malevolent, pervading the whole universe. In all spheres of his life these spirits govern his everyday acts. He endows the whole world with spirits. There are spirits presiding over land, water and air. The Greeks spoke of Father Zeus, and as the word "pater" (father) is contained in the name Jupiter, so in the hymns of the Rigveda the sky or heaven is often named. Dyaushpitar, *i.e.*, Heaven-Father. "O Heaven Father, Earth our guileless Mother. O Brother Agni, and Y

Vasus, bless us. Grant us, O Aditi And ye Adityas all of one mind your manifold protection. (Rigveda VI, 515). Compare the name of Heaven-Father with the Christian conception "Our Father which art in Heaven". These gods cannot be counted because they are too many. There are gods living in spaces occupied by water and land. Oceans and rivers have built up great human concepts.

It must be said here how rivers have played an important part in the rise of civilizations and cultures. The Nile is the spiritual background of the great Egyptian civilization. It is the symbol of the Egyptian soul which was born centuries ago. The spiritual history of Egypt cannot be understood without solving the mystery of the great Nile. The Ganges is the spiritual counterpart of the Indian classical soul. Against its background is seen the a-historic Indian culture marching through centuries of unbroken progress. The Volga symbolizes the great impulsive and heroic soul of Russia. Neither Napolean nor Hitler have been able to conquer this great river. The Danube and the Rhine are also an intimate part of European history. They have made history in their own inimitable way. Thames embodies much of the spirit of England, the England of Wordsworth. Tennyson and Kipling.

It must, however, be noted that our machine age has destroyed the symbolism of these immortal rivers. From culture to civilization is a transition from symbol to fact, from imagination to chimney-smoke.

There are spirits living in animals and creatures of various shapes and colours. There are spirits of fire, worship, home, art, literature and tradition. Man invests nature with spirits of various kinds. This gives rise to various local Gods. What really happens is that whatever forces man easily conquers and appropriates, he utilizes them for his daily life. He lends them a note of goodness and sacredness and invents a spirit or a deity which presides over each of these. Thus we find that the earth which is man's first and eternal companion, yields itself to the toiling hands of man. He attacks it and even persuades it with peaceful cajoling. He forces as well as begs the earth to sustain his life. The earth willingly, and unwillingly, both, yields itself to man. Ever since the beginning of human life, man gains economic benefits from it. He still regards it as his Mother. It is Mother earth which provides food to the children of the soil. She is kind and protective. Man comes to realise her as his supreme benefactor. Man looks upon nature with bewildered eyes, and stands confronted with the forces with which he has not yet reckoned. But he knows his good earth. "Widely capacious pair, mighty that never fail. The Father and the mother keep all creatures safe. The two world-halves, the spirited the beautiful, because the father hath clothed them in goodly form". In these lines from the Rigveda, we find, together with Heaven-Father also Mother Earth (Prithvi = the broad one).

As William Morris says,

"In the beginning earth and sky and
flowing fields of sea
And stars that Titan fashioned erst, and
gleaming mooney ball
An inward spirit nourisheth, one soul is
shed through all,
That quickeneth all the mass, and with the
mighty thing is blent.
Thence are lives of men and beasts and
flying creatures sent
And whatsoever the sea-plain bears beneath
its marble face;
Quick in these seeds is might of fire and
birth of heavenly place,
Ere earthly, bodies' baneful weight upon
them comes to lie,
Ere limbs of earth bewilder them, and mem-
bers made to die,
Hence *fear* they have and *love*, and *joy* and
grief and ne'er may find,
The face of heaven amid the dusk and prison
strait and blind."

Whatever man gets accustomed to, that becomes for him a familiar object. But there is another difficulty which man faces. He comes to face facts over which he has no control, and over which, he imagines, he can never gain any supremacy. These forces, are, for him hostile and uncontrollable. Of these he remains perpetually frightened and bows before them in humble supplication. Whatever is superior to his physical being and understanding becomes an

object of worship for him. He is afraid of many forces and, that is why, he avoids exciting their fury.

On the other hand, he propitiates them in utter humility and helplessness. His approach to God is through fear. The early man starts with feelings of wonder and fear. He does not start with any love of God. That comes after much rational struggle. Children, we find, begin to worship their fathers' revengeful God, and build an altar for that purpose. The early men, we know, were without a definite theological conception of God. We do not know what curious images thay had in their minds of their gods. But we can safely conjecture that their gods must have resembled the early man himself in many ways. This was inevitable because man himself constructed his God. He too was limited by earth and its facts. Man's fancy and imagination would not go beyond the imagination of earth. Even his best thoughts and most fanciful images are earth-limited.

Whatever man thinks, imagines, conceives and constructs, is borrowed from earth and is never outside it. He can never cross the limits of his earth even in his thoughts. Now, this actually happens when he constructs the image of God. The image he cenceives is governed by the circumstances of his physical being. As he is at this stage of his development, so he pictures his God to be. The image is governed by the limitations of man's physical existence.

This, however, does not imply that God resembles man in every way. Man has to fictionize Him a good deal. In conceiving of God, man invents a higher and stranger Being, and it is quite natural for him to invest Him with higher qualities. But the image taken as a whole resembles his own image. Like an artist, man selects colours from the earth itself to paint His picture. Tulsidas, the great Indian poet, says "As you desire, so you find the image of God to be". Man selects material from the common earth to make his God.

The modern man's God is a cross breed of Darwin's ape and Freud's complexes. The sense of wonder lends glory and beauty, and the sense of fear gives might, relentlessness and benevolence to the total image of God. The great wonder aroused at the sight of the mysterious universe, enables man to make his God a wonderful and glorious Being full of splendour and magnificence. Wonder makes God beautiful; and fear makes Him cruel and stern. With beauty as His attribute it is natural for man to invest God with might and force, because he does not simply wonder at Him, he fears Him also. He is afraid of Him, and he begins to offer allegiance and loyalty to Him. He begins to please Him, and even persuade Him to be good and kind to him. He bows and kneels down before Him in utter humility, and begs His kind protection. He supplicates, he begs, and he cries in desperate need. Though he does not deny the existence of innumerable

gods, he makes God as the Supreme Personality at the head of all smaller beings. To protect himself from loss, suffering death, and other miseries of everyday life, he prays to God. It must, however, be noted here that man is a paradoxical creature with plenty of contradictions in his nature. The image of god invented by man is clever art. It is both ugly and good. He conceives of a God who is full of amazing paradoxes. He fills His image with a million contradictions which theology keeps explaining all the time. As man advances in life, he contends against forces, hitherto unknown, and desires to conquer them one by one. He conquers his God too. In our present era, man has turned God into a vast dead machine. All our gods today are made of metal—tin, iron, brass, silver and gold. We dress them up splendidly according to our own fancies.

The early man, however, approaches God for protection and security. Fear fashions God. Man's first ritual is propitiation. He persuades, begs, pleases, bluffs and placates his God. His worship, however is a combination of fear and wonder. When he is actuated by wonder, he reflects on God's other qualities like beauty, splendour, magnificence and goodness. He begins to cultivate a love for Him. He imagines Him omnipotent, Omnipresent, All-beautiful, All-wise, All Good, Just and Kind before he actually calls Him such. Later, God appears as a Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer; Satyam-Shivam-Sundaram; Bramha-Vishnu-Mahesh; and the

True, the Good, and the Beautiful. He has been called a Mysterious, Unknown, Unknownable, Infinite, Eternal, the Universal Everlasting, Unseen, and Undiscovered Being. As man advances he goes on adding many more details to the same image. Man humanizes his God to lend Him a plausible veracity. He lends him the attributes of his physical self. Man endowed God with flesh, desires and passions also. Every group, every community, every race fashions its own God, and invests Him with its virtues and vices. Lily, the insular Englishman of the 15 century said: "The living god is the English God." How true! How characteristic!

After the discovery of God man has to readjust himself to many things in the world. Before the discovery of God, he and nature were the two companions. There was no third partner. God is the third Being who comes to join the company of nature and man. God, man and nature are the three eternal companions of the universe. With the entry of God into the fellowship of nature and man, things change. Man has to adjust himself in relation to God. But this is not all. He has to effect a voluntary adjustment between God and nature also. God and man, God and nature, man and nature, and man and man, are the four vital relationships born in the world which are to last for ever. On these depend all future knowledge and discoveries of mankind. They become the everlasting them of all philo-

sophical contemplation and scientific search for ages to come. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God."

Man comes to reckon with God and has to bring about an external and inner adjustment with him. This is inevitable. Coming face to face with the higher realities of his existence, man has to give a definite shape to God's image, because without that he cannot think of Him long. It is necessary for him to give God some approximately positive shape. But, as I have said before, this shape of God has been changing from time to time, from stage to stage, from people to people and from individual to individual. There are no fixed and stationary pictures of God though we like to imagine a static and immovable God. At this stage of our survey we must bear in mind the fact that there comes a time in the historical development of man when he comes face to face with God whatever shape he might give Him. At this important stage, man relates himself consciously to God, and tries to understand Him. But the establishment of such an understanding with God is only in the inward self of man

"I'll carve the world
In my own image, I, the first of man
To comprehend the greatness of mankind;
I'll melt the earth and cast it in my mould,
The form and beauty of the universe".

And I repeat, that for constructing the

image of God, man requires earth as his chief aid.

So Mother earth teaches her child, man, the eternal citizen, to shape his God. Into the quiet he goes and finds Him when he seeks communion with Him in nature :—

"The beauty of the wilderness
Has most power when
'Tis for a heart's distress".

For man the world is neither sinful nor sinless. Man is "of the earth earthy". Zola, the French genius, the apostle of naturalism cries out to earth in these words "thou who art our common mother. O unique source of life, eternal and immortal, in which circulates the soul of the world like sap arising now in the stones and now in the trees, our great motionless brothers!.....Yes, I desire to lose myself in thee ; I feel thee down there, under my limbs, pressing and arousing me; it is thou alone who shalt be as a pristine force in my works, the end and the means at once of all things". How true and how natural.

The discovery of God by man is a fascinating romance. If we can only visualise it in the Historical perspective, we can understand the eternal relationship of God and man. He finds Him out at last. The hostile, ruthless nature which had been an unconquerable force for man, one day becomes for him a medium for the manifestation of God. Man places God and nature in their proper relationship. By

this time man is able to see nature in its dual personality. Naturally, he views God also in terms of this antithesis. The God of revenge and anger is also a God of love and pity. He is not only a Being Who punishes, chastises and destroys. He also rewards, provides and preserves man. Nature becomes a medium through which God reveals himself to man. God uses nature, one might say, for the purpose of His revelation to man. One does not agree with these who say that God reveals himself to man without the aid of nature. Such people argue that nature, being subordinate to God, does not prove itself an indispensable medium for His manifestation. To such people one would like to say that God expresses Himself to the earthly man through nature, because He does not always wish to employ mysterious channels for such a purpose.

Man sees Him in nature and endows Him with all its moods. He is endowed with all the moods of man and nature. In the midst of mystifying wonder, man imagines a number of contradictory attributes for his God. These are majesty, power, glory, beauty, love, pity, goodness, truth, anger, unkindness, revengefulness, ruthlessness, strictness, tyranny and even murderous instinct. What the early man discovers, the modern man fully hugs to his bosom. God still is pictured in the same way. He is still considered by man as a paradoxical Being Who is mysterious in His acts, ways and desires. This mad search for God's various

attributes has gone to such limits that it is imagined by the average man today that God is a Mysterious, Undependable Tyrant, who may do anything any moment. This has been chiefly brought about by fear which has proved to be the source of all religion. Even now, organised religion exploits fear to justify itself. By turns, man enjoys ecstasy and napture, on one hand, and doubt and fear on the other. He prays to God, and broods over His image. It is at this time that mysticism, religious contemplation, the cult of the lover-devotee, vedanta, prayer, and worship are born.

On finding God, man discovers religion—the relationship between God and himself. With the discovery of God, he also realises the existence and vitality of his own soul. Man has a soul which enters into a direct communion with God. The soul of the individual wishes to be united to the Soul of God, the universal Soul. Man wishes to identify himself with Him. To do all this, he obeys Him and His unwritten but mysteriously—revealed commands. He loves Him. He prays to Him with his instinctive faith; he enters into an endless communion with God; he cries in ecstasy and pain; he rallies his inner forces to submit himself to Him; he desires to know Him more and more; and, lastly, he places full trust in Him as his Protector and Preserver.

Primitive humanity is sincere in its worship of God. Man starts with primitive faith and

primitive delight. He knows God and worships Him whole-heartedly. There are no moral masks and theological subterfuges. He is a seeker, a discoverer, an adventurer, a devotee, a lover, a worshipper, and a singer of God's praises. Some of the noblest outpourings of the human heart arise from this spiritual experience. Man opens the flood-gates of his soul, and nothing but glory and beauty are poured out in abundance. The vedas of India are a distinct proof of the spiritual nobility and magnificence of man. All early peoples experienced higher realities of life intensely. At this stage man is not obsessed with mental reservations or reason's vagaries. He believes with his eyes and his soul both and feels realities even in the Void of the universe. He feels and touches mystery.

Born out of earth, he knows his mother. The mother tells the child the secret of life and God. Today, man has forgotten his common mother Earth and knows his Heavenly Father, God, only. It is man who has separated the Father from the Mother. How can a child know his father truly without the love of his mother ? It is earth which always unites man to God. It is a fallacy of modern times, that man must reach God without the aid of the Earth. It is as an earthly being living on earth, that man discovers God. Nothing can be more shamefully wrong than the fact that this world is our imprisonment, an alien world in which we live due to the inherent compulsions of our sorry existence. We are told that we belong to an-

other world, and we must return to it sooner or later. Man has forgotten his beloved mother, Earth. Man is an ungrateful child. The desire to know God by denying all earth in him is a futile attempt. Earth binds man to its roots everlastingly. To deny the eternally earthly is to deny the eternally divine too. Gradually, man utilizes religion to adjust his outer and inner selves. He desires to strike an equilibrium between his outward conduct and his inner self. In his daily life, he wants to combine the worship of God with the worship of earth. As long as he has a true conception of his status he sees God in his earth, and worships Him in its glory. But soon earth assumes for him a face of gloom, malice, sin, darkness, misery and wretchedness. He begins to associate it with darkness and evil. The good earth ultimately turns into a gigantic evil system. Man thinks he comes from God who is his Home and he must not remain long on earth but must return to his original Home in heaven. This view is developed by organised religion, which is often an organised conspiracy against mother Earth. In some quarters it has come to mean an organised tyranny of men against both men and God. Organised religion feels tempted to exploit God for its own selfish advantages in the same way as a circus-manager exploits human freaks to make money. Gradually, the faith and fervour of genuine humanity vanish. The worship of God, which combines noble contemplation and passionate sincerity becomes a common place thing.

CHAPTER IV

PRIESTS, THEOLOGY AND BELIEF

The first outcome of such a state of things is priesthood which is as sacred and as out of date as knighthood and kingship. It is one of the necessary evils of human life. Religion breeds authority which is vested in the priests. The priests are individuals who are respected and trusted by people. They are supposed to have higher spiritual powers, and it is imagined that they recommend individuals to God for approval and reward. They evolve a kind of worship to which all must conform if they wish to save themselves from perdition and curse. But it is not the people who give them authority and power; they are empowered by God to rule over men. They are sinless because they never sin. They have a divine right to save the souls of the people because they have been exalted by God to this high office of authority. They are the custodians of the spiritual welfare of individuals. People must look up to them for protection. It is they who are the mediators between God and humanity. They are the earthly saviours of mankind. The image of God as drawn by them must not be tampered with. Their conception of God is the only true conception on earth. One who does not have faith in it, violates all the sacred laws of exis-

tence. The priests of all religions of the world are the persons who command greatest respect and veneration. A halo of mystery surrounds their names. As soon as we utter the word "priests", our minds at once conjure up mystery, prestige, and sacredness which are commonly associated with them. The common man lives under their tutelage and for him priests are little gods on earth who also deserve and desire worship as God does.

But, who is a priest ? He is a person who is given spiritual authority to rule over people and their consciences. A priest is an individual, a human being made of flesh and blood, having all human desires and ambitions. As a priest, however, he is expected to live with a great deal of "make-up". It would be awkward and embarrassing for him to betray his humanness like a common man. He must prove himself to be a kind of super-man. This means he must assume a false role. Even if the priest himself may be a weak and erring human being, he must pretend that he can save others. A priest occupies an office, and, therefore, he must justify it. His duties are prayer, worship, saving and condemning. According to his origin, he is allotted the sacred duty of leading men to God. But as a profession, priesthood often fails to perform this. It seems to be impossible for one man to save another, while he himself remains unsaved. A priest holds an office and is a taskmaster of his people. Organised religion entrusts its preservation and

expansion to the hierarchy of priests. Organised religion is very often only an institution and a government. The average man associates his religion with power, office, fine buildings, wealth, property and possessions. He cannot conceive his faith in its true shape. He thinks of the "house" of God, but not God Himself. He thinks of God as an eternal system which is kept alive by materialism. How can we think of God and His love and His greatness in terms of certain vast materialistic concepts ? Just as the state by its laws, provides comforts to the subjects and rules them, similarly organized religion also provides its members the comfortable doctrine that they all will be saved by it. It rules over a world of confused souls. Multitudes of men and women kneel down not before God, but before the priest who rules them with sadistic delight. A shepherd leads his sheep to fresh pastures but a butcher leads them to the slaughter-house. Men and women are like dumb cattle driven to desperation by it. The priest who believes he is both a leader and a physician learns the art of moal castigation, and denunciation. That is not all. He learns the greater art of moral persuasion and spiritual coquettery. It is also his job to hang the curse of confusing dogmas and doctrines round the neck of his victims and throw them into the ocean of life-long moral confusion. The priest sees the vision of God, experiences mystical states of mind and reaches the summit of spiritual excellence and purity. He looks down up-

n the weak and the needy and lifts them up with a smile of personal victory. So many of our clean-shaven, gracefully-broomed, iron-masked priests see the vision of God daily, while the common man who toils and sweats, sees only misery. How strange ! And yet that is what the world believes and clings to. The whole world goes to them for the highest spiritual rewards. The priests of every religion become both, a necessary evil and an indispensable good. They can serve religion or destroy its eternal verities. They are the inventors of all theology,* the science of religion.

The theological garb of religion was invented by the rational mind of man. It is true that from religion to theology is a transition from instinct to erring reason. The older the theology, the greater is its prestige. Theology, in its crystallized shape, has been built up by generations of mankind. Magic, witchcraft, legend, superstition, belief, worship, have all contributed to its perfection It is religion traditionalized, an everlasting and indestructible heritage of man's religion. It is a legacy of priests, left behind for all generations of mankind. Somehow, theology has been indispensable to religion. It represents the intellect of man as religion represents his emotion, or instinct. Arriving at the age of reason man begins to utilize his rational

*Renan has compared theology to a Gothic cathedral, "It is similar in its grandeur, its immense gaps and its unsubstantiality".

mind. After utilizing the powers and potentialities of his instinct, he bleeds his reason white. All that the instinct of man discovered of God, is changed and modified very radically by man's reason. The religion which had in it the primitive warmth of man's soul, and the passionate impulsiveness of sheer living, is converted into cold-blooded theology. Such an unnatural transformation has continued for centuries. Today, man's religious peace rests on theology and not on religion. In his worship today, the modern man utters words which are totally unintelligible to himself, and whose meaning he never cares to find, because he is satisfied with their utterance alone. His worship is, thus, a patchwork of prosaic, meaningless theology. I cannot describe it better than as an allegory :—

In the beginning there lived a happy race of men, women and children. They worshipped God with passionate fondness and entered into His presence everyday. One day, as they sat and worshipped God, singing hymns of praise to their All-mighty Creator, their priest came and stood near them. They stood up and saluted him overwhelmed with awe and reverence. "What are you doing" ? he asked. An old man, the spokesman of the crowd, replied "O Priest, we are worshipping Him, our God". On hearing this, the priest angrily said "How can you worship Him without me ? He will never listen to your prayers. Do you know this ?

All of you are ignorant and stubborn. You cannot speak to Him because He does not recognize the voice of sinners. Do you know this ?" The old man, on behalf of the multitude said imploringly "O priest, forgive us. Please come and pray for us. We did not know that. You are, indeed, kind. O we beg you, kindly pray for us. He will hear us through you". The priest sat down. The awe-struck women hid their faces and wondered at their priest. The children clung to their mothers, looking frightened, helpless and silent. The priest of the multitude kneeled down and the crowd followed. There was utter silence. He melodiously began : "This is doctrine number one. Repeat it with me." They all did that. Again he said : "This is dogma number two. Repeat it with me." They obeyed him with trembling voices. He paused and then again said : "These are dogmas number three, four, five, six and seven. Repeat them and promise to follow them". They all mumbled some unintelligible sounds. He again said : "O the wrath of God is upon you all. (At this they all shrieked) Believe me when I say this. I can save you if you follow my words. Life is not embodied in laughter, cheer and pleasure. Strifle them. Give up all you have. Don't let your soul be afflicted with a spiritual flippancy. Be quiet and believing before God. You must believe in these dogmas and doctrines because they very adequately define God and describe His greatness. Don't violate them. They will save you from everlast-

ing perdition. Don't forget to utter these words". He rose and walked away. The birds sang songs ; the flowers laughed ; the bees hummed ; the breeze frolicked joyfully ; the trees stood in majesty ; and there was the same joy in nature. But nature mocked at man's happiness. The multitude was moved. The old man sadly looked at them and said : "My children, listen, let us obey the priest." Next day, they all gathered sadly and solemnly to worship the God of theology and not the God of man's discovery. And religion was divested of its spontaneous joy.

Theology has changed the image of God into something quite incredible. It represents a hybrid process of intellectualization. When man reflects on God rationally, and argues out His existence and nature, he evolves a theology. On every theology there is a stamp of its inheritors and builders. As man advances in his moral development day by day, he comes to believe in a number of dogmas and beliefs, whether he understands them or not. An average man does not understand the traditional beliefs of theology though he daily repeats them with fervour. The God of Theology is a technical God. The living God turns into a dead concept. On religion it often feeds as a parasite and sucks its life-blood. It leaves man in the mystifying labyrinths of empty speculation.

But the octopus has tentacles which cannot be ignored.

Common worship is communal worship, the

worship at which many gather with the common aim of invoking God. With the evolution of priesthood and organised religion, common worship also comes into existence. As long as an individual worships God alone he does it voluntarily. His words are his own emerging from his inner self. But when the same individual dreads to be alone with God, he joins a crowd of conventional devotees to learn their words and their ways. Prayer is one man's language, and when it is converted into all men's babble, it often loses its charm and vitality. When more than one man join in worship, there are common phrases and words which all repeat. The individual who, by nature, is accustomed to freedom and spiritual warmth in his worship, is compelled to counterfeit moods of mystical experience. Often he utters empty words, because he has no words of his own to express his inner happiness and pain. Common worship is often not worship though it is common. It may kill all personal initiative. It levells down things, and standardizes human nature. Let man pray to God as the bird in the morning sings to Him. The bird sings her songs spontaneously which are "unpremediated". But when man sings his songs to His God, he sings like a willing parrot. His songs have no emotions and sincerity. He repeats them over and over again as the promiscuous crowd does. The ignorant man has said in his heart that God is everywhere. No, He is not everywhere. Every spot where we wish to find him, must

become a temple for His presence. Let not the care-worn, desire-pressed men seek Him only in temples, churches, and mosques which are often converted into improvised shelters for a lonely God. The Hindu temple, the Muslim mosque and the Christian church all suffer from great limitations. All praying, singing and reciting verses in the same uniform way, is a kind of emotional pell-mell. The individual soul often misses the opportunity of entering into communion with God. The danger is it may not achieve its aim. When the crowd-mind gets into a favourable state of thinking, a spirit of self-complacency seizes the heart of everyone of the worshippers. Everyone feels gratified at the whole thing, and deceives himself by imagining that he has done the right thing to please God. Self-deluded individuals they are! The worshippers imagine themselves to be the favourites of their God and imagine that others who do not worship like them are the inheritors of God's wrath. "This craving for community of worship is the chief misery of everyman individually and of all humanity from the beginning of time. For the sake of common worship they have slain each other with the sword. They have set up gods and challenged one another. Put away your gods and come and worship ours or we will kill you and your gods". Religions invent their Gods as their personal property and preserve them with the power of the sword and hypocrisy. Different

races have their different aggressive competitive Gods to whom people pray. "Freedom and bread enough for all are inconceivable together, for never will they be able to share between them". The multitude, like any other mob is fond of emotional upheavals. Just as a mob shouts slogans of democracy, not knowing its meaning, similarly, the fanatical mob of God's worshippers, gets, excited and shouts "O we have found our God! Behold He is there. Three cheers for God. Hip Hip Hurrah! Yes, very well done. It is like school-boys shouting at the top of their voices for a holiday. The multitude mobs its God and lionizes Him. But that is all. Beyond that it cannot go. It is pathologically emotional and self-deceptive in its ways. Often men and women unite in prayer before a supposed God, repeating slogans and catch phrases. God can only come to us in silence. People talk and talk in their worship and never allow Him to say a word. He is a gentleman. He is always quiet. He listens to them. But do they know what He thinks of them? Like a school-master, He knows that children are little chatter-boxes who keep talking all the time. Common worship is a collective effort of men to worship God. But if it is not supported by individual passion and strength, it is futile. That is why quite a number of our cherished spiritual concepts and beliefs, which sustain us in life, often become the platitudes, of common worship.

Rituals and Ceremonies. According to the origin of rituals, they come into vogue as natural expression of man's religious notions and desires. Man never outlive them, because he is essentially a primitive in many ways. The worship of nature, idols, images and ideas has continued since times immemorial. The burning of incense for propitiation, incantation, chanting of hymns, kneeling down, folding of the two hands, styles of standing and praying ceremonies of marriage and burial, all these are intimately connected with man's social and religious history. Speaking in particular of the rituals of common worship, one would find that they are an expression of man's fear, wonder, joy and belief. As far as they are a natural expression of his inward sincerity (And in this case, they will not be regarded technically, as rituals), they are all right. But, generally, man does not make them a medium for his thoughts and emotions, but only an end of his worship. This is fatal. They are symbols. They should not replace the worship of the human heart. Today, man performs his rituals and ceremonies with a meticulous care, and thinks he worships God. He is self-deceived! They are the scaffolding of a beautiful edifice but man should not indentify them with all that is true and real in religion. If one is temperamentally inclined to utilize them, let him do that. But again, as a group when people use rituals, they lose themselves in them. Today, religion uses them

like witchcraft and sorcery. They are no more as symbolical means but only as mechanical ends.

Sin and Salvation—Are the two notions with which millions of human minds have been obsessed for ages. The average man has to face them and react to them in his own way. All of us believe in sin, whether we endeavour to flee from it or not. There are certain acts which will be termed sinful by all. As far as those things are concerned, which, by general consensus, are included in the category of sin, there is no difference of opinion. All of us hate murder of one man by another. We fear and tremble when we learn the news of a murder. It is ghastly and inhuman. I would define sin as something which revolts against what is best in us. There is in me, in my inner self, a centre of true humanity and chivalry where the merely earthly is daily transmuted into the truly godly. It is the core of my inner self, where my best beauty, nobility and truth, exist. There only are found all the unseen forces of my inner universe, where I retire in moments of meditation and retreat. Sin is something which rebels against this inner humanity, which partakes of the spirit of God. It is a rebellion against man's inner centre of divinity. But we must bear in mind the fact that sin is intimately connected with fear, the primitive dread of things and people. That is why, as man advances in his knowledge of God, he begins to attribute a touch-me-not-ness to ideas and

objects. There are certain things which priesthood and religion, both, strongly taboo. The various taboos imposed upon things, begin to proliferate as symbols of "don'ts" which sum up a philosophy of negation. Morality itself is a codified thing and is built up on life's "don'ts". It is fear, the fear of the utter insecurity of life, which creates the conception of sin. Sin is a disobedience of God's will and commands. But it is difficult to define God's will. Due to fear of life and the dread for its poisonous fruits, man attributes a malignant contagion to things. He suspects them and cultivates a life-long distrust for them. Sin is surely a symbol of man's inner servility. There is nothing optional about it, because theology standardizes it ruthlessly. Theology puts its label on various things, and these are not supposed to be touched by human hands. It converts life into a vile, deceptive thing filled with the sinfulness of the succeeding generations. Every mortal is imagined wriggling like a poisonous serpent sharing the humiliation and indignity of the whole earth. How ruthlessly theology has inculcated this notion into the minds of millions of human beings! Not satisfied with regarding sin as a rebellion against the inner God of man (which is a reasonable notion) theology invents a peculiar philosophy of terror, and makes sin its bastard child. The fear of sin is legitimate, but the dread for countless sins which stifle the free souls of people, is imaginary and childish.

There is sin. No one can deny that. But we have no right to say that the earth and we ourselves are full of it. If that is so we should never attempt to make any progress in our spiritual life. This means we are all doomed, and we have no chance to improve ourselves. It is amusing to come across people who are every moment pressed down by an abstract and imaginary dread of sin in their lives. This thought deprives them of all joy. Little mistakes, aberrations and departures from the beaten track are considered as various types of sin. A religion nursed up by the weak-kneed priests, converts millions into apostles of maudlin self-pity. We begin to pity ourselves and we regard every act of ours with an exaggerated concern and suspicion. We live in quarantine. For us everything seems to be full of the germs of sin. We touch things with a pair of tongs and put on the wary physician's gloves. Religion, a prophylactic of good spiritual taste, is always a rod of vengeance which smites us into hopelessness, and is like the sword of Damocles which hangs over our heads. People have gone to the extent of abstaining from all pleasures on certain sacred days. This is bad religion. To abstain from good music, good food and good company on certain days cannot be an excuse for an unhealthy, slavish, bovine repose. The sin of theology is untenable. It is opposed to the very logic of life. But that alone rules people's minds. Every religion paints the world black. That

is the burden of its mournful song. "O we are sinful and hopeless" Yes, we must be! Religion tells us that daily. It feeds upon fear and publicity. The greatest propagandist in the world is the priest who toadies upon God and tyrannizes over man. It is said that man is born in sin and he dies in sin. What a dismal picture! This is trading in the macabre of human life. It is to worship death and annihilation to say that we are sinful and cannot save ourselves from sin in our life. Religion says to man "you are a reptile, full of greed and ambition. In you lies the insect of lust and annihilation. You are born in sin. Have you thought of that? Think of it and you will be repelled at your own sight. Why do you talk so glibly about divinity and purity? They are not your legitimate share. You are mean, contemptible and the doom of destruction awaits you. Your only hope is to know your God. Go to your priest and he will help you. He will be your guide in your search of God. Your body is all clay, perishable earth, on which millions walk with unconcern. You are full of sin. Sin, sin alone is your lord. You will live in its bondage for centuries. Follow my laws, which my agents will explain to you".

Man listens to these words. Can he deny that he bows down before religion? Man regards himself a hero, a fighter and a conqueror, but before priests, religion and theology, he trembles nervously. He proves himself their willing

slave. He is sinful and he is asked to deliver himself from its bondage with the help of a priest. After imagining that sin as an outward activity is not outside him, but something which stifles him from within, he gets lost in utter confusion. Sin pervades his whole self. How can sin which rebels against the inner man, lie eternally in man's heart? This is a falsehood. It is a gross misrepresentation of human nature. But whatever it may be, man is asked to believe that sin is in him and in the world and that he must seek deliverance from it through organised religion. Man may seek deliverance from what? That is a natural query—the interrogation from within. He endeavours to face himself from something which is an abstract entity, a semi-mythical monster created by theology. He is asked to deliver himself from the sin of theology and not the sin of life. Man seeks freedom from notions and not things which have in them the roots of destruction. Dogmatic sin, and not real sin, besets him. He is confronted with problems which do not really occupy the first place in human life. His deliberate contemplation of death and sin is a habit which he learns from antiquated theology. He begins to think of earth as full of doom and pestilence and tries to realise himself independent of earth, and earthly conditions. His progressive march in the process of self-realisation is brought to an end by his unnecessary, and imaginary fear of earth. He begins to fear himself. He learns

one thing and it is that the earth to which he belongs is a vast spectacle of human worthlessness. Life is a dismal scene, not worth anything. When religion forces him to believe all this, it also asks him to aspire for salvation. Salvation, thus, comes to mean a deliverance from evil, which is considered inherent in human nature and the world itself. The goal of life seems to be nothing but salvation. As soon as a child is born, his parents and his teachers constantly tell him that he is born in sin and that he must, from his very childhood, endeavour to work for his salvation. He is asked to place full trust in his priests because they are responsible for his spiritual education. They keep him under their moral supervision and control his spiritual destiny. He must not question their authority because they are unequalled in power and purity. He works towards an abstract goal, the goal of salvation. Religion, the myth-worker, creates this eternal myth of man. It is also rooted in the fear of earth. It results from a deep-rooted distrust of life, and provides a freedom born in negation and not in the affirmation of life. It is a kind of release to a prisoner chained to earth. Now, this negative conception of salvation, as a liberation from earth's evil and our own inherent worthlessness, has done a great injury to mankind for centuries. It has filled man with gloom, weakness and life-long despair. Man crawls towards his goal like a care-worn insect. He tries to forget the earth and unlearn him-

self also only to reach an abstract, mythical goal attained only by a few. Organised religion always invents the myth of collective salvation of the whole community or race. This mass salvation is as bad and as good as mass conversion. Salvation, to my mind, is a progressive realisation of the inner forces of man's being. It is an act of positive affirmation as opposed to a negative release. The word 'salvation' itself, however, is very misleading because instead of denoting a positive spiritual discovery, it denotes a passive deliverance. It must have its roots in the earth. It is a harmony between the inner universe of man and the common earth. Salvation is primarily individual. Collective salvation is a myth. We cannot standardize it and say "this is the way." Every approach is different from the other. It provides variety-abundant variety—for the countless millions to fit into it. Every individual's spiritual victory is his own. He must not try to imitate others because the technique of his spiritual growth will be typically his own. Man enjoys the beauties and charm of this earth, and learns their great truth and reality every moment of his life. Let him not be weaned from his mother earth. She is always with him, and she never abandons him. Why should he forsake her? It is a tragedy for the human race to cultivate a positive indifference towards their mother, and march towards a mythical goal. No one can achieve salvation without thinking of it in terms of his real life.

Let man seek the sources of strength, beauty and goodness within himself. There he shall discover the source of his greatness and divinity. He will discover himself if he looks within into the recesses of his being. Let him not be obsessed with a salvation of negative relief, but endeavour to discover the freedom for a positive growth which will be born within his own soul.

Due to this great distrust and dread for life, man makes all possible efforts to hate his life and love an unseen world of joy, whose opposite joy, the world of pain, is equally mythical. He invents his *Heaven and Hell*, which are enigmas to his whole physical life. The conception of heaven and hell as two positive conditions after death, are rooted in man's thinking. He thinks of God as a whimsical Master who rewards and punishes, both, by turns. God is imagined by man as a strict judge who never spares the rod of chastisement because He never desires to spoil His children. If man follows all His commands, he insures his place in heaven. Now, this sounds rather queer. Why does man always imagine that God is to be feared, obeyed and respected only ? Is that all a man has to do ? Should a man all the time devote himself to the task of securing a cheap passport for heaven ?

Man is given all the best gifts and blessings of earthly life. Then something tells him to deliver himself from the supposed evil of

these things. Thus man is burdened with an escapist morbidity. The invention of heaven and hell by organised religion and priesthood is a malicious conspiracy against earth. The priests by inventing these two future conditions of human life, persuade and frighten millions of people every moment. It is, again, a technique of fear, by the use of which, they force people to anticipate rewards and punishments for their lives. The theory of reward and punishment is a very specious one and contradicts the higher evaluation of life. It is logically untenable. It proves God a monstrously illogical Being. How can God create man in earth, and then give him a mysterious reward and a more mysterious punishment after death? Why does He do that? What is the intention of God? What higher things does He think of by making earth so full of pain and desire? Are heaven and hell the only two alternatives for man? The priests exalt the technique of fear to glorious heights. Hell is the omniscient dread of life. Distrust of life breeds hatred for it and makes possible the anticipation of a future condition when human beings will be mutilated, wounded, tortured and burnt. The fear of such a punishment is at the root of all the possibilities of a future torture. The whole thing comes to mean this: If man is going to be a good being according to the instructions of theology and priesthood, he will go to heaven, and if he is going to do everything contrary

to this he will go to hell. Thus, heaven, better than earth, would be a reward, and hell, worse than earth, a punishment. The former is a state where man enjoys limitless bliss, and the latter, a condition where man suffers endless pain. Hell is a place where man will suffer all kinds of tortures allotted to him by the God of dead theology. But man must pray to this unknown father of all humanity. He punishes man because He is angry and furious. His anger cannot be subdued because He is ruthless and unsparing. Hell is presented to the mind of the common individual as an inevitable punishment for life. When people talk of doing the will of God they generally understand by it the ruthless will of God which aims at destroying the human race. Hell is considered as a mark of disobedience of such a "will" and also a consequence of it. This is strange. And yet theology nourishes the frail children of the world with this poisoned milk. Hell is terrible in its torture, and it is a punishment for sheer living, for the mere fault of living on earth and loving it. Religion always tells man to hate the world because it is temporary and wretched, but never tells him what he should look forward to. The vague heaven? It is a fiction. The manufactured hell of priests? It is a black lie. Dare and do, discover and love: live and die. The rest which belongs to the realm of speculation, is an invention of mind—the friendly and treacherous mind of man. Hell, thus, is punishment for

the mere act of living on earth like an earthly man.

Then, what is heaven ? I would like to describe it as a deliberate falsehood of priesthood all through these ages. The priests deceive others and deceive themselves by inventing it. It is a result of the clergymen's warm imagination run riot. Heaven is, no doubt, a poetic image. It is an abode of eternal sweetness, peace, pleasure and happiness. Some religions have over-emphasised the element of pleasure in heaven. It is imagined by the votaries of such faiths that there will be plenty of wine and women in the life after death. But who will be the claimants of this unending happiness ? Before others answer, the priests say emphatically "only those who will obey God's will as explained and interpreted by us. Those who do not follow the tenets of our ancient religion, and do not lead a good life in terms of the rules, the dogmas and the doctrines of religion, must not hope to reach heaven. It is beyond their reach. Only those will go there, who, by their good conduct and right living please God and regard us as His agents and their trustworthy guides. Man is weak, and he needs a prop, a support to help him to stand on his feet morally. We help those who come to us for help. We save those who desire to be saved. We pray for all who wish to know God and please Him. Their reward is great. They go to heaven. Oh, heaven is a beautiful place 'Almighty seated

on His eternal throne, is surrounded by gods and angels. Beautiful gifts and prizes lie scattered all over. The saints wander in their midst. There are rivers of honey and milk flowing eternally. There are lovely gardens, in which there are silent shady bowers. Mankind finds in heaven an abode of everlasting peace and joy. Oh we must return to our gods. Let us no more wander aimlessly in this wilderness where misery and pain perform their terrible dance. Oh, we are orphans in this world. Our father is in heaven. But what is the way? We shall show you His bright face. We shall give vision to your eyes. Then you will see things for yourself. Believe in God and believe in our guidance. Imagine not this earth to be beautiful. It is ugly and miserable. Do not yield to its charms. She is an enchantress, who by her siren's song leads humanity to perdition. She is the Pied Piper leading innocent children to the sea of sinful destruction. Give her up. Come to us, and we shall pray for you. Our prayers never end. They rise for all sinners. We have seen the vision of God and His abode, heaven, and we desire that you should also share it with us." The nervous humanity follows. The foolish world looks forward to heaven with as much expectancy as a young child waits for the prize promised to him by his miserly father. We all wait for heaven, because we prepare ourselves fit to go to it and live in it. We forget every other thing. We remember

one thing above all and it is that we must inherit heaven. I ask, is this the meaning of life? Does man have to do nothing but to prepare himself for heaven? It is surely a conspiracy against Mother Earth. She cries out to her wilful and disobedient children, but they do not heed per words. These children are taught to hate her. Earth is the teacher of God's ways. Without his mother, the child cannot know and love his Father. He must learn to belong to her. Man is earth's own child, what right has he to hate his mother. Every child belongs to his mother and grows stronger in her love. If he hates her it is his act of treachery towards his mother. She calls him her own son. The son says "mother, I have to ask you something. Will you tell me?"

Mother. My son, ask me what you desire to ask.

Son. Mother, they say that you are very unkind and evil-minded and that you are full of desire, sin, greed, betrayal, untruth and darkness. The good priests all tease me by saying that you are not my mother, and that you have snatched me from my Father, the Eternal Begetter who is in the high heaven. Am I to believe this mother?

Mother. What painful words do you utter my son? Think, what you are saying. A son must not speak to his mother like this.

Son. But they have said so, and I am repeating their words.

Mother. Precious child, have you forgotten

your history altogether ? You were in my womb, and I took care of you there. Then you were born and I suffered all the pains of child-birth. I was in pain and travail. I bore you out of my sacred depths I sustained you, and watched over you day and night. You began to grow through the strength of my blood. I gave you the best of things and gifts. I played with you ; I danced with you ; I laughed with you. You were my life's joy. I taught you to talk. I taught you to run. When you sat near me I gave you knowledge. O son, why do you say all this ? Your words no not make me angry ; they only hurt me deeply.

Son. Mother, don't cry. I am sorry, I said all this.

Mother. What is my fault ? Haven't I loved you enough ?

Son. They say that I must go to my Father who is in heaven, because He loves me much, and does not want me to live with you.

Mother. I myself overheard it said in the past that He thinks I am full of evil and darkness. But I don't believe that He hates me whom he fondly adored as his wife once. How can a husband forget his loving wife ? We love each other, but He must not snatch you from me. You know you are mine. Beloved child, Your Father is unkind. I have always loved him and have taught you to do the same.

Son. They say, heaven is more beautiful

than you. O mother, I must see it. Let me go to my Father. Won't you let me go?

Mother. My son, don't be deceived. Heaven is my imitation. It does not exist. It is an imaginary picture. I am real, but heaven is fictitious. Take it from me, He, my lord, does not live in a place called heaven. They say he lives in the void and that he has no habitation. He lives in me, but to tease me he has created a heaven. He is unkind to me. I don't know why.

Son. They say, heaven is full of all happiness and pleasure. Mother, I must see it. I long for it.

Mother. Can anything be sweeter to you than your own mother? You are an ungrateful child if you talk this way. You know I love you. You are my son. You are mine, and you have no right to forsake me in favour of your Father whom you have not seen. Son, remember, a mother's love is inexhaustible. You cannot destroy it with ungratefulness and treachery. The more you will hate me, the more my love will expand and cover your hatred with it. My precious child, listen to me for the last time. I have given birth to you, and have nursed you with love and care. You belong to me. Don't run away from me. You will repent at the end. I am not ugly and evil-hearted. I am beautiful and good. Come and lie in my lap. I will never leave you. You belong to me through flesh.

Son. Mother, I am going. I shall come again.

Mother. Promise that you will not think of that heaven again. Stay with me. Think not of it.

Son. I shall try.

Mother. No, you must promise in solemnity that you will always belong to me.

Son. But Father calls me there.

Mother. It has been well said, "do not forfeit a mother's blessings", my son.

As she speaks these words, some priests appear suddenly on the scene. They take possession of the son and speak to her "Earth, do not make your son as bad and as disobedient as you are. You have no right over him. We shall take him away. You are not his mother".

Mother. You can never take him away from me.

Priest. We shall (to the son) come and follow us.

Son. (Reluctant) I shall come later, mother is crying.

Priests. How dare you refuse us? Your Father has sent us to fetch you. The gates of heaven have been opened for you. Come before they close.

Son. I shall follow you. Should I mother?

Priests. Do you see O Earth? He follows us and leaves you behind for ever.

Mother. He can never leave me. I know he will repent and come to me again. He will hear the mother's call many more times than his father's call. Go my son if you wish to go. I shall not stop you. You will come back to me one day in tears of penitence.

They all depart. Earth is full of ancient faith and pain. Man may run away from his mother Earth but he always returns to her in time. Heaven may appear to mankind very tantalizing and real, but they soon realise its unreality. In life too, millions of people seek an imaginary heaven. If people were given a choice, after their death, they would all return to common earth and refuse to live in a dull heaven. The human race is a slave of the priests. There is nothing which has paralysed humanity more ruthlessly than the thought of what is going to happen after death. Heaven and hell are a scare to millions of trembling hearts. It is best if people give up thinking of life and reality in terms of these monstrous unrealities.

Then, what is religion ? What is this quest for God ? How does man realise God ? For answering these eternal questions, I can do nothing better than quote some extracts from late Poet Tagore's address on March 3, 1937, at the Calcutta Parliament of Religions in connection with Sri Ram Krishan Paramhansa centenary celebrations. I shall quote profusely because what Tagore says is in perfect agreement with what I think and believe. He says :—

"We are groping in the dark, not yet clear in our ideas of the ultimate truth which is at the centre of this world. Nevertheless, through the dim light which reaches us across the (barriers) of our physical existence, we seem to have a stronger faith in this spiritual life than in the physical. For even those who do not believe in the truth which we cannot define, but call by the name of spirit, even they are obliged to behave as though they did believe it to be true, or, at any rate, truer than the world which is evident to our senses. And so even they are often willing to accept death—the termination of the physical life,—for the sake of the true, the good and the beautiful."

When Buddha preached '*Maitri*' the relationship of harmony—not only with human beings but with all creation, did he not have this truth in his mind that our treatment of the world is wrong when we solely treat it as a fact which can be known and used? Did he not feel that its meaning can be attained only through love because it is an expression of love which waits for the answer from our soul emancipated from the bondage of self? This emancipation cannot be in character, for love can never lead to negation. The perfect freedom is in a perfect harmony of relationship and not in a mere severance of bondage. Freedom has not content, and therefore, no meaning, when it has nothing but itself. The soul's emancipation is in the fulfilment of its relation to the central truth of everything that there is, which

is impossible to define because it covers at the end all definitions.

The distinctive feature of materialism is the measurability of its outward expression, which is the same thing as the finiteness of its boundaries. And the disputes, civil and criminal, which have raged in the history of man, have mostly been over these same boundaries. To increase one's own bounds one has necessarily to encroach upon those of others. So, because the pride of Power is the pride of quantity, pride of the number of its recruits and victims, the most powerful telescope, when pointed in the direction of power, fails to reveal the shore of peace—across the sea of blood.

Such is the tragedy that so often besets our history when this love of power, which is really the love of self-aggressively domineers over the religious life of man, for then the only means by which man could hope to set his spirit free, itself becomes the worst enemy of that freedom. Of all fetters those that falsely assume spiritual designations are the most difficult to break and of all dangers the most terrible are those invisible ones where man's souls are imprisoned in self-delusion bred by vanity. For, the undisguised pursuit of self has safely in its openness, like filth, exposed to the sun and air. But the self-magnification, with its consequent thwarting of the best in man, that goes on unashamed when religion deadens into sectarianism, is a perverse form of worldiness under the mask of

religion; it constricts the heart into narrowness much more effectively than the cult of the world based upon the material interest can ever do.

Let me try to answer the question as to what this spirit is for the winning of which all the great religions were brought into being.

The evening sky is revealed to us in its serener aspect of beauty though we know that from the fiery whirlpools which are the stars, chaotic outbursts clash against one another in a conflict of implacable fury. But *Ishavasyam idim sarvam*, over and through it all there is spread a mysterious spirit of harmony, constantly modulating rebellious elements into creative unity, evolving ineffable peace and beauty out of the incoherently battling combatants perpetually struggling to elbow out their neighbours into a turmoil of dissolution.

And this great harmony, this everlasting yea,—this truth, that bridges the dark abysms of time, and space, reconciles contradictions, imparts perfect balance to the unstable. This all-pervading mystery is what we call spiritual in its essence. It is the human aspect of the truth which all great personalities have made their own in their lives and have offered to their fellow-beings in the name of various religions as means of peace and good-will, vehicles of beauty in behaviours, heroism in character, noble aspiration and achievement in all great civilizations.

But when these very religions travel far from their sacred sources, they lose their original dynamic vigour, and degenerate into the arrogance of piety, into an utter emptiness crammed with irrational habits and mechanical practices; then is their spiritual inspiration befogged in the turbidity of sectarianism, then do they become the most obstinate obstruction that darkens our vision by human unity, piling up out of their accretions and refuse, dead weights of unreason across our path of progress, till civilized life is compelled to free its Education from the stifling coils of religious creeds. Such fratricidal aberrations, in the guise of spiritual excellence, have brought upon the name of God whom they profess to glorify, uglier discredit than honest and defiant atheism could even have done.

The reason is that sectarianism like some voracious parasite feeds upon the religion whose colour it assumes, exhausting it so that it knows not when its spirit is sucked dry. It utilizes the dead skin, for its habitation as a stronghold for its unholy instinct of fight, its pious vainggloriness, fiercely contemptuous of its neighbours' articles of faith.

Sectarian votaries of a particular religion, when taken to task for the iniquitous dealings with their brethren which so deeply injure and insult humanity, immediately try to divert attention by glibby quoting noble texts from their own scriptures which preach love justice,

righteousness and the divinity immanent in Man, ludicrously unconscious of the fact that those constitute the most damaging incrimination of their usual attitude of mind. In taking up guardianship of their religion they allow, on the one hand, physical materialism to invade it by falsely giving eternal value to external practices, often of primitive origin ; and moral materialism on the other, by invoking sacred sanction for their forms of worship within the rigid enclosure of special privileges founded upon accident of birth, irrespective of moral justification. Such debasement does not belong to any particular religion, but more or less, to all religions, the records of whose impious activities are written in brothers' blood, and sealed with the indignities heaped upon them. All through the course of human history it has become tragically evident that religions, whose mission is liberation of soul, have in some form or other ever been instrumental in shackling freedom of mind and even moral rights. The desecration of truth in unworthy hands—the truth which was meant to raise humanity morally and materially out of the dusky region of animality—is moreover followed by condign punishment and thus we find that religious perversity is causing more blindness of reason and deadness of moral sensibility than any other deficiency in our education, just as, the truth represented by science, when used for ignoble traffic, threatens us with annihilation. It has been the saddest experience of man to witness

such violation of the highest products of civilization to find guardians of religion blessing the mailed fist of temporal power in its campaign of wholesale massacre and consolidation of slavery, and science joining hands with the same relentless power in its murderous career of exploitation.

When we come to believe that we are in possession of our God because we belong to some particular sect, it gives us a complete sense of comfort to feel that God is no longer needed, except for breaking with the greater unction the skulls of people whose idea of God fortunately or unfortunately differs from our own theoretical details. Having thus made provisions for our God in some shadow-land of creed, we feel free to reserve all the space in the world of reality for ourselves, ridding it of the wonder of Infinite, making it as trivial as our own household furniture. Such unmitigated vulgarity only becomes possible when we have no doubt in our minds that we believe in God while our life ignores him.

The pious man of sect is proud because he is confident of his right of possession of God. The man of devotion is weak because he is conscious of God's right of love over his life and soul. The object of our possession needs must become smaller than ourselves and without acknowledging it in so many words, the bigoted sectarian nurses the implicit belief that God can be kept secured for himself and his

fellows in a cage which is of their own make. In a similar manner the primitive races of man believe that their ceremonials have a magic influence upon their deities.

Thus every religion that begins as a liberating agency ends as a vast prison-house. Built on the renunciation of its founder, it becomes a possessive institution in the hands of the priests, and claiming to be universal becomes an active centre of schism and strife. Like a sluggish stream the spirit of man is choaked by rotting weeds and is divided into shallow, slimy pools that are active only in releasing deadly mists of stupefaction. This mechanical spirit of tradition is essentially materialistic, it is blindly pious but not spiritual. obsessed by phantoms of unreason that haunt feeble minds with their ghastly mimicry of religion. This happens not only to mediocre individuals hugging fetters that keep them irresponsible or hungering for lurid unrealities, but to generations of insipid races that have lost all emphasis of significance in themselves, having missed their present in their ghostly past.

Great souls who have a comprehensive vision of truth have power to grasp the significance of each different form of the reality that is one in all,—but the masses of believers are unable to reconcile the conflict of codes and commands. Their timid and shrunken imagination, instead of being liberated by the vision of the Infinite in religion, is held in bigotry

and is tortured and exploited by priests, fanatics for uses hardly anticipated by those who originally received it.

Unfortunately, great teachers, most often, are surrounded by persons whose minds lacking transparency of atmosphere, obscure and distort the ideas originating from the higher source. They feel a snug satisfaction when the picture of their master which they offer, shows features made somewhat in the pattern of their own personality. Consciously and unconsciously they reshape profound messages of wisdom in the world of their own tortuous understanding carefully modifying them into conventional platitudes in which they themselves find comfort, and which satisfy the habit-ridden mentality of their own community. Lacking the sensitiveness of mind which is necessary for the enjoyment of truth in its unadulterated purity they exaggerate it in an attempt at magalomaniac enlargement according to their own insensate standard, which is absurdly needless for its real appraisement as it is derogatory to the dignity of its original messengers. The history of great men because of their very greatness even runs the risk of being projected on to a wrong background of memory when it gets mixed up in the elements that are crudely customary and therefore inertly accepted by the multitude.

I say to you that if you are really lovers of truth, then dare to seek it in its fullness, in all

the infinite beauty of its majesty, but never be content to treasure up its vain symbols in miserly seclusion within the strong walls of conventions. Let us revere the great souls in the sullime simplicity of their spiritual altitude which is common to them all, where they meet in universal aspiration to set the spirit of man free from the bondage of his own individual ego, and of the ego, of his race and of his creed ; in that lowland of traditions where religions challenge and refute each otbers' claims and dogmas, there a wise man must pass them by in doubt and dismay.

I do not mean to advocate common church for mankind, a universal pattern to which every act of worship and aspiration must conform. The arrogant spirit of sectarianism which so often uses either active or passive, violent or subtle, methods of persecution, on the least provocation or without any, has to be reminded of the fact that religion, like poetry is not a mere idea, it is expression. The self-expression of God is in the variedness of creation, and our attitude towards the Infinite must in its expression also have a variedness of individuality ceaseless and unending. When a religion develops the ambition of imposing its doctrine on all, it degrades itself into a tyranny and becomes a form of imperialism.

That is why we find a ruthless method of fascism in religious matters pervailing in most parts of the world, trampling flat the expansion

of the spirit of man under its insensitive heals.

The attempt to make the one religion which is their own, dominate all time and space, comes naturally to man addicted to sectarianism. This makes it oppressive to them to be told that God is generous in his distribution of love, and His means of communication with men have not been restricted to a blind lane abruptly stopping at one narrowpoint of history. If humanity ever happens to be overwhelmed with the universal flood of a bigoted exclusiveness, then God will have to make provision for another Noah's Ark to save his creatures from the catastrophe of spiritual desolation.

When I plead for a living recognition of the neglected truth that the reality of religion has its basis in the truth of man's nature in its most intense and universal need and so it must constantly be tested by it. When it frustrates that need, and outrages its reason it repudiates its own justification.

Let me conclude with a few lines from the great mystic poet of mediæval India, Kabir, whom I regard as one of the greatest spiritual geniuses of our land:

"The jewel is lost in the mud
and all are seeking for it,
Some look for it in the east,
and some in the west;
Some in the water and
some amongst stones.

But the servant Kabir has
appraised it at its true value,
and he wrapped it with care
in a corner of the mantle
of his own heart".

In the above-quoted words of the poet, one finds the summary of India's spiritual genius. It is a true description of religion of ages and centuries. But we know that man is weak by nature and requires the support of theology, priests, and organised religion. The average man is conservative and believes in a kind of religion, and does not make any endeavour to know the religion of eternal man. He is a slave of law, and therefore, he accepts the tenets of an advertized creed. He wants to see the truth in terms of quantity and number. The institution of religion provides him with all these things. He desires to find out a short cut to God through organised religion. But he is deluded miserably. Does he realise that it is never a short cut but a long arduous journey? Man can see God without the aid of any quack physicians, and wizards. The truth is he does not have the desire to do this. He can settle it out with God. God and man always attract each other. There is a magnetism between kindred spirits. But man prefers to be a slave of ignorance and superstition. He likes to follow a longer path to reach his false destination. He is duped. He is cheated. When will he realise this? How long will

he live under the tyranny of ignorance and absurd laws? "There are three powers, three powers alone able to conquer and to hold captive for ever the conscience of these important rebels for their happiness—those forces are miracle, mystery and authority." That is what the great Russian writer Dostoevsky says. He is right. Man is slavish and servile in his ways. He prefers to cling pieteously to law and ignorance. He is unable to see God in the freedom and light of his soul. He does not want to see Him alone. He is not his God, but the God of the multitude. If man could discover his God in his soul, he would find him in his world too. But for him there is no such opportunity. The crowd governs him. Organized religion constructs the image of God and presents it to him for his willing acceptance. And when the voice of the Infinite calls the weak trembling soul of man, he hears it not.

Tyutchev, the Russian poet, writes :—

"Bearing the cross, in slavish dress,
Weary and worn, the Heavenly King,
Our mother, Russia, came to bless,
And through our land went wandering".

Earth will teach man to know the Infinite Power and while he perpetually distrusts his own finiteness let him remember that by constantly seeking communion with the Spirit that is in earth, he, too, attains the height of exaltation. Let him not try to be heavenly because the

denial of his own true earthiness will always be fruitless. To seek God through the religion of society is futile. Organised and institutionalized religion converts God into a magnificent edifice which stands fixed and immovable in the universe. Churches, temples and mosques do not move; they are static. Millions of human worshippers also do not move. They too are static in their blind devotion. I cannot imagine God as a dead Necessity, religion as a search for salvation and worship as a fixed habit. For me all such notions are signs of a deep-rooted ignorance. Religion should live and move among the millions of this earth with all its dynamic ways. A living God and not a dead God is necessary for man.

CHAPTER V

ART, LIVING AND CREATING

Art was born with man. Man nursed it with his own hands and filled it with life and vitality. It grew and repaid man by becoming a truthful mirror of his life. It became a source of joy and inspiration for him. It is as ancient as man. The art of the primitive has much resemblance with the child's art of drawing. Nay, it is as timeless as God. The Greatest Artist is God himself. Millions stand wonder-struck in the presence of His might, but few realise His supreme art. The poets and philosophers concern themselves with His art and workmanship; the scientists only look at his miracles; and the devotees hunger for His love.

Let us think, first of all, of God as an artist. Let us look at His art and make it the basis of all human art. He is the supreme Artist, creator of all art. In his "Discourse on the Dignity of Man," Pico della Marandola makes God say to the son of Adam, "I have set thee in the midst of the world so that thou mayst the more easily see what is therein. I have created thee neither a heavenly nor an earthly, neither a mortal nor an immortal being, so that thou mayst be thy own sculptor and mayst

chisel thy features thyself. Thou canst degenerate into an animal; but thou canst also by the free will of thy spirit regenerate thyself a god-like being."

God, the supreme artist, wrought the earth with which we are familiar. In shaping man as he is, he accomplished a masterpiece of art. For the last many centuries, man has been perfecting and destroying his own image. Even now, man is doing nothing but re-shaping and re-fashioning his image. In every age fresh colours are added to the same picture. Man looks different in each age. In one age he looks simple and searching; in the second, aggressive and persistent; in the third, inquisitive and violently ambitious; in the fourth, progressive and blood-thirsty; in the fifth, greedy, selfish and inhuman. But there is no order in this. In all periods of history the beautiful and the ugly have always been mixed together. Thus, human history is a history of paradoxes and contradictions. While man sheds the blood of others and kills them, he sacrifices his own life also for others. Man advances forward, and retreats backward at the same time. As he enters into a fresh age, he either perfects his present image, or destroys it to build anew. It is the same image which was made by the Eternal Artist, God.

The whole earth which is inhabited by the human race, has evolved from that Supreme Mind. The earth itself is a vast picture created

by God. Man, who is just a tiny speck in this stupendous portrait, cannot look at it with complete detachment. He can hardly impersonalize it, because his whole being is shut up within it. It is difficult for him to stand apart and view it in an unconcerned fashion. He finds himself as an indissoluble part of this earth. How little he looks: How great is his existence! It is he who inhabits the earth. The rest of the creation is eclipsed by him. It is his doings and exploits which find room in history. It is man who dominates the rest of God's creation. This cannot be denied. The earth is, no doubt, an excellent painting executed by God. The Artist does not believe in an art which simply pleases the heart and arouses its emotions. No, His art is different. He paints His picture of earth with colours both of joy and pain. The earth is both beautiful and ugly. People try to prove that God has created an earth for beauty and joy. They are even inclined to believe in the inherent goodness and beauty of earth. The earth is neither inherently good nor inherently bad; neither entirely beautiful nor entirely ugly. The earth is both good and bad, beautiful and ugly. The Artist has made it such. I am glad the earth is so tangibly "earthly". It is a combination both of hell and heaven. Man finds earth all-sufficient. Earth is our only abode. We are not supposed to seek a heaven where it is said flesh and blood never endure. We are creatures of flesh and should live in this

tangible earth. We do. Even when we die we remain spiritually mingled in the earth, and are merged physically in its depths. We cannot get away from the fact of our earthliness.

All primitive people were artists. Through fear they found God but worshipped Him in ecstasy and joy. Their God was capable of joy and pain both. They know Him as an Artist. Alas, some religions converted God into an inhuman martinet. He became a strict disciplinarian, using His rod too often. In later periods of human history God assumes a highly-intellectualized form. God the Artist is substituted by God the machine. This God has a monstrous face, blood-shot eyes, (with a criminal propensity lurking in them), grey, drooping eyelashes, a long white beard, a rod in His hand and is seated on His throne in a majestic pose. He never smiles, because he burns with great indignation and seeks ways and means to chastise the living beings. That is why, the average man is never able to visualize His art. God, to the average man, becomes a vast, unknowable system which governs the universe with never-changing laws. He is the law-giver and not a creator who rejoices in His creation. It is only the early man in spite of his limitations who could think of Him as a creative Being whose art pervades the whole of earth's canvas. People have always missed the art of their creator. Their God is fearful and puritanical, ordering them always to avoid

the beauty and joy which belong to this earth. He is imprisoned in the pages of the Holy books because people have shut Him there. This God, unfortunately, appears as a ruthless long-faced puritan. He is powerful and great and arouses everlasting fear and reverence in the hearts of the countless millions. He is the God of theology, a person full of icy egotism and vindictiveness. But God, the Artist, is never seen by these millions.

They all fear Him and respect Him in abject humility, but they never see Him as the Artist, the Musician, the Sculptor, the Painter and the Architect, all combined in one. His music pervades the universe. From a tiny insect to a human being, we discover a wider-range of musicians. The nightingales, the cuckoos, the flowers and the birds—all have their language of sorrow and pain. Then in nature we have the music of wild, murmuring brooks, and fountains, silvery-bosomed rivers, and the deep unfathomable ocean. Among men we have different kinds of music. The earth is full of music—music of pain and music of joy both. Similarly, the earth is a huge piece of sculpture—a veritable Taj which has a language of tears and joy. How well-chiselled and well-fashioned it is. The Hand of the Artist is still seen working at it. From the tiniest insects to the most impressive men, we find various living beings as pieces of a mysterious sculpture. Man is a unique statue filled with life. In nature also the same sculptural beauty

is found. Yet the Sculptor does not only carve beauty; He shapes terrible ugliness too. There is a symphony and harmony in this stupendous ugliness in the midst of beauty and great beauty in ugliness. The Painter paints also. What is painted by Him is both beautiful and horrid. "God's other face is the Devil's." Ugliness is the other part of Beauty, and evil is the other half of good. The whole earth is a strange piece of architecture. Its architectural magnificence and ugliness are blended into one. How artistically the earth has been created and built! The Architect is still at work. But who realizes this? We always imagine Him taking rest on the mythical seventh day.

God, the Artist, does not exist for the majority of human beings. God, the All-Powerful Force, is known to everyone. If everyone who fears God and considers Him as a necessary Evil, were to see Him as an Artist, much of the futile mystery that surrounds Him and His creation would be solved. He is an Artist and yet religion has proved Him a wizard and a juggler, and theology has taken for granted that He is a petulant cynic, a giant invalid to be shut in the cage of doctrinal discourses. Fetters of blundering phrases imprison Him in the cage of national thinking. Something hides Him from our human vision by imposing on Him the dead weight of meaningless doctrines and dogmas. Men turn their holy books into tombs for His rest. People have tried

to paint God as a Grand Manager of this circus humanity, who, with the flourish of His unsparing whip makes all men dance like monkeys, lions and elephants round the arena in abject jubilation. God, the Artist, is never seen by humanity. Theology and the priests force on Him the mask of amiable hypocrisy and He looks very pathetic in His own way. Today they are providing Him with a gas-mask too as He too seems to be in danger.

God reveals His great immortal art through human agencies. Lives become incarnate with this art. All incarnations are living symbols of this art. One can pick out any of these great beings and see how wonderfully God reveals His art through them. Take Christ. He is an Artist. The crucifixion is the last act of the artist, to liberate himself from all the excess of earthly vanity. However helpless and humiliated he may look, he is an artist. I think of him as an artist of life. I look upon him as a great artist. All lovers of Christ, in fact, all half-deluded Christians must look upon him as an artist. Every great artist is lonely in the worldly sense. Art emanates from the inward spiritual sources of man. Man has to recede into his own inner universe. Great art which endures is created in the quiet of the inner universe. It may have on it the stamp of an outer upheaval, but all the influences have to be re-shaped within. Jesus is lonely. Even in spite of his twelve disciples, he is lonely, alone, all alone. They are with him but he

is alone. They partook of the glory of his adventures and victories; they clung to him; they adored him; and finally, they lionized him and killed him. They gave him a decent tomb, but all in vain. They never understood his art. They only tried to know the miracle-making Master and shouted in empty jubilation. He was lonely. Even now he is lonely. The spectators still gather round his cross and enjoy the fun of his crucifixion. I find him one of the most pathetic figures in history. Like a tragic hero he arouses our utmost compassion and admiration. Budha is another great artist whose art reaches its climax in the sublime Nirvanic consciousness. Lord Krishna was also an artist. He is God, the musician and the lover. His flute is his immortal music which fills the world with songs. He is a musician to a care-worn, songless world. Krishna, the lover is a being not ashamed of his flesh unlike Christ who dreads it. He owns it cheerfully as his legitimate share of life and exalts it into a noble passion free from all cheap platonic pretensions. Ultimately, the "Gopis" realise the true lover in him and attain a high spiritual bliss through human passion. It is love which is immortalized but never suffers from the limitations of unnecessary idealization. While Krisha is the eternal masculine, Radha is the eternal feminine. Christ is also the eternal Son and Mary Magdelene the eternal Mother. Krishna establishes the cult of passionate living. Christ also knew the art of living but in a

different spiritual sense. He also owns the earth but as a saviour-lover. He rises above its limitations because he has a dread for its weaknesses.

An artist is always torn between heaven and earth. That is the great cause of his divine unhappiness. He is not only lonely but he is unhappy too. Every great artist faces the deadly warfare between spirit and flesh. While heaven may crown him, earth holds his roots and nourishes him. Christ remained eternally unadjusted and unreconciled. As a genius, one who was also an artist, he was overburdened with eternal unhappiness. The discontent of Jesus was raising a storm within him. Genius is a kind of one-sided concentration. It is abnormality of the highest order. Genius and normality never go together. It is a kind of mania, an over-exerted divine craze. It is a desire to diverge from the normal standards of life. Almost all the great men of history were abnormal and strange. The normal people in life are samples of mediocrity. Genius, in its perfection, is a life-long mania. Genius is a kind of over-emphasised point. It produces beautiful patterns of art and beauty for generations to come. Christ was a genius, an artist. Because he was a genius of the highest order, he could not be satisfied with mediocrity in human life. While he brought about a wonderful reconciliation between heaven and earth in his teachings, in his own life there was a sharp cleavage between spiritual and

physical gifts. His whole life was a sublimated fact. While he was compassionate about the numerous weaknesses of human flesh and offered the inheritance of heaven to all sinners, he himself hated the human flesh. Like Budha he dreaded it and repressed its violence by banishing it from life. The artist Jesus is sorrowful but he paints with his strange brush a picture wonderful in execution and appeal both. He puts forward a pattern of beauty which cannot be denied its excellence even by the most critical of world historians. What tore him to pieces was this eternal struggle. Between the spiritual and the earthly. He appears to be swept away by it, but he stands immovable. He is there, a conqueror, a hero for God and humanity but perhaps a humiliated martyr in his own eyes. He knows he is defeated very terribly. He was not crucified once but all his life.

I see the artist Jesus a figure occupied with the life-long drudgery of self-mortification, and self-laceration. Someone has defined and described genius very aptly: "The character of genius and all its works is apparition; as angels do not come, but are here, do not go away, but are away, so also with the work and the effect of genius. That which is unlearnt and unborrowed, which can be neither learnt nor borrowed, the inwardly individual, the inimitable, the divine, that is genius; the inspirational is genius and is called so, will be called so, at all times among all peoples, as long as men think and feel and speak.

Genius flashes and creates; it does not construct, just as it cannot itself be constructed, but is. Inimitability is the character of genius, instantaneity, revelation, and apparition, giveness; that which is given, not by man, but by God or by the Devil." While he says "He that loseth his life, the same shall save it", he perhaps says like a martyr "My triumph is that I am not dead." Every man can say "I have sown the seed of my own resurrection."

"The Virgin birth, the baptism, the temptation, the teaching, Gethsemane, the betrayal, the crucifixion, the burial and the resurrection; these are all true according to our inward experience. These are what man and woman go through in different ways." (D. H. Lawrence.)

Jesus, the Artist, broods over death. Death, it seems, completes his personality. Like life death too has its own art. "Imperfection and incompleteness are the certain lot of all creative workers. We all compromise. We all fall short. The life story of any creative worker is, therefore, by its very nature, by its diversions of purpose and its qualified success, by its grotesque transitions from sublimation to bare necessity and its pervasive stress towards flight, a comedy. The story can never be altogether pitiful because of the dignity of the work; it can never be altogether dignified because of its inevitable concessions." (H. G. Wells). The lives of Krishna and Mohamad indicate the same results, the same frustrations arising out of this inevitable spiritual conflict. 'Great men are always

bound to their century by some weaknesses," says Goethe.

Now the question arises: What does art mean to life? "Nature demands with no uncertain voice that the physical needs of the body shall be satisfied first; but we feel that our real human life only begins where that is accomplished, that the man who works at some uncreative and uncongenial toil merely to earn enough food to enable him to continue to work has not, properly speaking, a human life at all." (Rogerfry). We must discuss art as it arose out of the life of man. In other words, we must think of art in relation to life. "Art began with man", is a great truth. However, as far as the origin of art is concerned, we must bear in mind that it came into proper existence with the development of the creative faculty of man. In other words, it was produced by the creative power of man. Creativity is a dominant human trait. A human being is endowed with a creative bent of mind. It is easy for us to realise at this stage that man, all through these centuries, has been carrying on the process of creation in a variety of forms. From his very historic childhood to the period of his adolescence and maturity, we discover man creating new patterns of life in manifold colours. Man has always been creating and re-creating through the endless process of his existence. He is never tired. He goes on. Creation never ends, because creativity is a portion of God.

Unfortunately, science is based upon a cleavage between creation and evolution. To my mind, hitherto, this has been a futile controversy for all intellectual idlers. For me creation is the right word because it embraces evolution also. What is the great reason which must separate them as two different processes of life? God is no mechanical producer of things and articles. The description that the world was created in a mechanical, pre-meditated fashion, is totally wrong. What is creation? God or that "Something", created life in its abundance consisting of everything which essentially belongs to it. The Artist created because there was no other task for Him except the great task of creation. He carved out this huge picture and painted it with colours of different kinds. The secret of His art lies in the beauty and immensity of His creation. How can we prevent the Artist from doing the task of creation? And yet, we may ask: Does He create because he feels a material necessity for it? Does He create because he must justify His name? He creates because He cannot help it. Creation, therefore, is the inevitable consequence of that Supreme Creativity. It is something inevitable, something which is a—logical end of the "will-to-form". Art is an indispensable portion of the Artist. We do think of the brush, the canvass and the harmony of colours, and yet the material is secondary. We think primarily of what the art conveys *i.e.*, the inner meaning of the picture as communicated

to us by the Artist. Is it not a process of self-evolution? Does not the picture evolve out of the inner being of the artist. The whole art emerges out of the artist, slowly and gradually. It is a process of evolution of the highest order. This evolution of art from within in a spontaneous manner, is something which can never be reconciled to the professional scientist's conception of evolution. Evolution is a self-creating and self-reproducing process. The urge of life and continuity goes on uninterruptedly. There is a power in the creative urge. This creativity expresses itself in two ways. First, it creates something out of a combination of the inner and the outer forces. Secondly, it helps the particular creation to evolve itself spontaneously. What is created evolves gradually from the great urge. The expression of creativity in new shapes and fresh forms in the endless variety of creation, is nothing but the evolution of form from spirit The scientist who looks at the phenomena of nature and thinks of it in terms of facts and figures only tabulates, systematizes and infers. He is bound to be an external observer—a witness to the externals of life. He is naturally inclined to be dogmatically mechanical in tracing the evolutionary processes of life. The result of laying undue emphasis on the external phenomena of nature, is that he misses the inner meaning of evolution. Creation and evolution are only two ways of approaching the same reality.

Man as an artist is also a creator. He also engages himself perpetually in the endless task of creation. In the course of his reconciliation to life in general and the phenomena of the physical life, he learns to exert himself on the higher spiritual plane too. He becomes a creator of spiritual things and appears as a creative being whose joy it is to evolve himself spiritually. This great spiritual evolution results in art, literature, appreciation of beauty, mysticism, religion and self-perfection. "The shell must be broken and what is within must come out, for if you wish to have the kernel, the shell must be broken. And if, therefore, you would find Nature naked the allegories must all be destroyed, and the further one enters into her, the nearer one comes to the essence—." (Meister Eckhart). Art is a process of spiritual self-gratification and fulfilment. As he discovers the laws of the universe and reconciles himself to the realities of nature, man discovers the inner urge also. By positively relating himself to nature and by making a wilful appropriation and conquest of its strange regions, he becomes a spiritual creator of things which have a maximum of spiritual values. The invention of art is a romance of the eternal man, the historic being. As he fights his battle with the many forces which confront him, and applies himself to nature for his own continuity, there rises in him a spiritual urge to create from within, something that would amount to a higher form of creation,

and would satisfy him inwardly. Art is the waking being's creative living. Outwardly he is a physical being facing facts and laws; inwardly, he is a spiritual being facing higher things. In his search of God and food man comes across another great reality in nature and within himself, and that is beauty.

The discovery of beauty was a very great revelation to man. From his early infancy, man was capable of detecting beauty in all forms and shapes. Its existence satisfied him in a mysterious manner. He did not know why. The explanation of beauty came later. But it was there shaping him in the most decisive manner whether he understood it or not. What did beauty mean to the early man? If we say that it was only the recognition of symmetry and proportion it would not satisfy all. The perception of beauty by man in the early infancy of human civilization was brought about by mysterious circumstances.

For me nothing is more fascinating than the discovery of beauty by man. It is the eternal man coming across beauty in his early existence. Man discovers it amid the conflict of manifold forces that confront him from day to day. No historian or scientist can fix the date of such a discovery, because it transcends physical facts and laws.

Side by side, with the realization of the ugly and terrible aspects of life and nature, there takes place the discovery of beauty and

unity in the world. Beauty comes to be detected by man while he detects many other things and forces. He does not find it, all of a sudden, one fine morning. It is poured into his being slowly and continuously. Man cultivates it by constant companionship with nature. He gets to know the world around him by and by, and as he advances, he does not advance in knowledge only but also in the deeper perception of extraordinary objects and realities which face his life. He is able to perceive in nature the art of the Artist. There is in Him the persistent urge to create, and He never avoids it. It would be an impossible task for man to dissuade the Artist from creating patterns of beauty. He decorates and beautifies His bride, the Earth, each moment because His marriage with her is eternal and not the temporary romance of a ceremony. He is never tired of His darling Earth. She belongs to Him in the eternal bond of matrimony. He belongs to her in the same way. Both are inseparable. Nothing can be more misleading than this. Look at the Artist with His mistress, Earth. How fresh and pure they both look! There is no tiresomeness and exhaustion on their faces. The earth is eternally coy, shy and young. Her cheeks still have the blushes of a maiden; her hair is still bedecked with bridal flowers; the palms of her hands are still red; her eyes are still shy and innocent; her body is still pure and sensitive; her bosom still rises and falls; her hands are still tender and beautiful;

and her face is no more hidden behind the bridal veil. The Artist dotes on her, and lavishes all His gifts on her. We are blind. We cannot witness all this. We are incapable of seeing the Artist and His Art. For us He is not here but somewhere in the unknown clouds of speculation. He is here. If we have eyes, we can see Him. The Earth is united in love to its Master and Creator.

There is something in us which responds to nature. This "something," I believe, is an extremely irrational and abstract centre of response within ourselves. We may try to give it a name, but we cannot fully describe it in this manner. This something corresponds to the other something in nature. When we call a thing beautiful, in fact, we do so because we desire to interpret our inner echo. There in our inward self, the object which we have witnessed, has aroused our response to its beauty and character. Our sense of unity, we may say, seeks, in the outside world illustrations and examples of unity. When we understand them we shape them into conceptions of beauty. We seek the laws of unity in the world. A rose is beautiful because it is an aggregate of the elements of beauty-colour, odour, shape, touch which appeal to our senses. But that is not the only reason. Much depends on our past associations and our inner capacity for collecting these associations into a single conception. Nature has taught us how to love her. We generally like roses because they create within us a response for

their beauty. There may be people who may not feel the same joy, at the sight of a rose. In them the æsthetic faculty may remain undeveloped or under-nourished. Whenever nature presents to our eyes a picture of unity which appeals to our inner chords of unity, we witness and enjoy beauty. Thus, the search of unity in diversity and contradiction is an eternal search for beauty. In a vague, blind and abstract manner, man has always been seeking beauty which pleases him, fills him with delight and spiritually shapes him. That is why, the highest part of our being is eternally engaged in the search of beauty. Even the most uncivilized man seeks beauty and seeks it in a more primitive way, loving its wilder and more original forms.

But it is not only the sense of unity which makes the realisation of beauty possible. One finds that the law of contradiction also provides us an opportunity to see and comprehend beauty. Even in some of the most glaring contradictions of nature, we recognise beauty. Contradictions in nature do not defeat us, or repulse us. We see them, and, in fact, enjoy them inwardly. Within ourselves there are forces of contradiction which battle for superiority and predominance. We like to be contradictory in many ways. We like to come across paradoxes in nature and ourselves. One cannot give any reason for this except that we have a constitutional relish for them. The flesh and the spirit always create

a battle filled for various opposites. No man is free from his opposite forces which reside in him. They are there. All of us like paradoxes in action and speech. We may try to avoid them but in fact, it is natural to be paradoxical—to be human in a fuller sense. If we try to persuade ourselves that there are no contradictions in life, we deceive ourselves. What we call variety in life is amply created by a hidden sense of paradox and contradiction. And we all love variety. There is a beauty in contradictions also. One man calls a thing pretty and the other calls it ugly and unseemly. No two individuals perceive and understand things in the same manner. What we often call as indentically the same angles of approach, are, in fact, only the nearest approximation to the same end. The beauty of the paradox is also the beauty of truth. Man always desires to build a nest of illusions which he keeps destroying one by one. He always wants to do opposite things to give room in his life for the birth and nourishment of paradoxes. He hates, he fears and he kills the tiger. But he also says :—

"Tiger, Tiger bunning bright,
In the forest of the night."

This is surely an attempt to humanize the tiger and make it look like a pet of the mystic.

He loves to undo what he has done and he fondly destroys what he has built. His acts are a series of contradictions. He is a double-

faced janus, nay, a hydra-headed monster who has many attitudes and faces to show. Spiritually he is a Ravana.

But he enjoys the right of appreciating beauty in a permanent manner. This happens when he can look beneath the surface of paradoxes. Before the gaze of man there appear naked paradoxes. He is made up of them and his own life is a drama of their endless conflict. But once he looks beneath the endless flow of this conflict, he sees the eternal stream of unity. The great laws of unity and harmony endure. One has to look and think deeper to find the real and permanent laws of beauty differentiated from its temporary standards. The *seeer* can see and find. One who can see what is beneath the hard surface of paradoxes, comes face to face with the eternal principles of beauty. These laws never change. They are there, and it is we who look at them in such difficult ways. One may imprison beauty within the limits of space-dimensions and may, thus, reduce it to a mere configuration of lines. Or, one may go beyond these and seek what transcends length, breadth, height, depth, area and volume. The physical eyes may only see the ephemeral and transient phases of beauty. But they may also comprehend its permanent eternal aspects. But what we must note is the existence of unity even in disunity. Personally, I cannot think of beauty in any other way without understanding this supreme fact of unity. The mystic, the poet and the artist ultimately meet

at the same point. Truth and beauty merge in each other at the end. The difficulty with us is that we never see them at their source. We should seek their fountain. The moment we collect all our impressions and search for their common note, we begin to seek the law of beauty. It is this ability to discover the cardinal factors of unity even in the midst of terrible disunity and diversity which exalts man into a higher being,—one who lives in close touch with God and nature. Let us not say that every man can detect this law of unity operating all the time in nature. For the average man beauty is an exception and ugliness the rule. From pre-historic times to the modern age the transition has been from the primeval to the artificial, from the beautiful to the mechanical. While cultures of the past lived on the beauty—naked beauty of life and nature, our present civilization has set up entirely new standards of beauty which are standards of standardized ugliness which rules the world today. It is only by flashes that man experiences within himself the significance of beauty. What he daily admires and goes mad over is a fleeting phantasmagoria which catches his eyes for the moment. These images do not stay long with him, and, that is why, when they are gone, as they do every moment, he is left defeated, desperate and despaired. He feels weak and disappointed because what catches the eye often deceives the soul. But if he is able to detect the inner rythm beneath

the mad dance of excitement and comprehends the law of unity in the smll, movement, colour, and shape of things, he possesses beauty more definitely. He must bear in mind that whatever is on the surface is not always unreal or mythical. All that may be real, physically speaking. But there is something eternally true hidden in it, and that is what man, the eternal seeker, desires to find and possess. The petals, the colour, the fragrance and the shape of a rose are real, but in them there lies something which is eternal—the law of unity. This never changes and never grows old. It has been there since man was created. It has been there since man began to find within himself chords of unity and harmony to which nature's unity and harmony respond every moment. One may not hear the response, but that is one's own fault. The moment he brings the sea-shell closer to his ears, he can hear the deep, ancient music of the ocean. The law of unity is there. We have to seek it and experience it within ourselves. The strings are there. We only have to play them in perfect harmony. The mystic does it when he communes with his Beloved. The poet does it when he addresses his Master and Lover. The bird does it when she sings like a child to her Creator. The artist does it when he sees the Artist before his eyes. Should we go to seek it elsewhere? Should we not seek the law of unity within our being, within our own experience? If it ceases to operate in our lives, all of us would become

dumb beasts and even worse than that. The heart of the universe beats in unison with the heart of its Creator. The law of unity is the law of beauty and the law of truth. That is all we know and need to know on earth.

"Art both stimulates and controls those indefinable overtones of the material life of man which all of us at moments feel to have a quality of permanence and reality that does not belong to the rest of our experience." (Roger Fry). The proper office of art is to create patterns of beauty. The artist must learn to shift his vision from sensations to emotions. But it never means painting life false. That will not do. A picture is not necessarily "a beautiful romantic dream, something that never was, that never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define, only desire." This is an act of separating it from life. Art's chief concern is with beauty but not at the expense of life. Of all the arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, the last named seems to me to be the most universal. It is an art which "hath charms" for the whole humanity. A piece of excellent painting may not be appreciated by all, but a melody well-played or well-sung makes an appeal to all. There is such a universality about it that all of us, with all our limitations, love music. With some it may become a rapturous ecstasy and with some it will be just pleasure. I have often wondered what kind of music the early beings used to sing or whether they sang at all. Just as some

of the ancient drawings and frescoes remind us of the modern cubist art presided over by a Cezane and Piccaso, certain forms of our folk music and (examples of) folk songs are remnants of primitive music. Music and dance came into man's life when he came in contact with nature as a free individual, hunting and exploring. Just imagine how many countless sounds filled his life everyday at this stage of his development! Millions of sounds, all different from each other, loud and soft, harsh and sweet, pleasant and unpleasant, familiar and unfamiliar, came to him. A contact with vocal and articulate life was established. Another vital category of life was created. Sound-values and sound-meanings came to constitute knowledge of the physical world. This relationship between man and nature has always been a great factor in the development of a closer contact between the two. Man hears sounds out of which he shapes relevant knowledge. This knowledge itself shapes him a good deal. He establishes a deep spiritual affinity and intimacy with the various sounds. And what happens is this: Whenever the eye sees, whenever the ear listens, understanding is born. How harmoniously the organs of the body work in perfect union! There is no flaw in this collective labour of man's organs. Sounds acquire a value the moment they are heard and understood. These values, further, gain a permanent meaning when language perpetuates them as symbols,—words,—of written and spoken speech. They assume a

communicative worth when the same sounds have the same effect on all. This is what happens eternally. Sounds are everyday changing into familiar symbols which are used in communication between man and man, people and people.

Sounds do not only make possible a communication between human beings; they play another much more important part in human civilization. As soon as sounds acquire rhythm, movement and emotion, they assume a different form. They are no more mere symbols of communication, but also as symbols of a higher expression of man's being. When individual or communal feelings need a medium for their expression, poetry is born, and, we rightly call it the rhythmic expression of human sentiments. When man's words receive the gift of movement and colour, there is an immediate appeal to the human hearts. Emotional experiences necessitate the birth of the language of the inward self. Through their repetition, recurrence, rhythm and movement, appeal and meaning are born. But this does not imply that poetry come first in human civilization. Rhythm and movement alone are the first to appear in man's life in his contract with nature. Rythm is born the moment man perceives it in his contact with the physical world. Nay, life itself is rythm. One can only imagine how man came to evolve his music. The birds poured their melodious songs; the flowers blossomed in freshness; the leaves quivered at the

touch of the breeze; the water flowed; the rainbow appeared and disappeared; the seasons came and vanished; the sea roared; the clouds thundered; the lightning flashed; and man himself quivered with new sensations. In all these the early man discovered the rhythm and movement of life. Life was not static; it moved and it grew. That is where the greatness of life is. It has a rhythm. This is no mean discovery for the early man. It led him to the discovery of music. Gradually, fear and the feeling of strangeness and unfamiliarity gave place to joy and thrill in man's varied experiences and discoveries. Perhaps, the cry of a nightingale to him at that stage; must have been an aggregate of sounds, meaningless and disgusting. Later, when man acquires the poetic insight and impulse, the same is termed a song, beautiful and sweet. He finds a meaning in such a song, and, thus he attempts to identify himself completely with the bird. Man converts the unfamiliar sounds into familiar and meaningful word—images and thought—pictures. Sounds become words and words become concepts and notions.

In the midst of sounds which he hears, emanating from millions of sources, he comes into grip with rhythm and movement. Some sounds acquire a unity of conception and appeal for him; some are disconcerted and scattered and never make an appeal to him. The former are pleasant and the latter unpleasant. Here we are concerned with the former which have

rhythm, movement, emotion and meaning. In his own life, sounds acquire a unity which always lasts. He does not only speak; he sings too.

The evolution of music in his life is made possible by his power and desire to recognise rhythm and movement in nature. When this happens, sounds assume two roles; the first, of language and the second of music. Similarly, words also play two roles, of ordinary communication between man and man and also of expressing what is in the depths of the inner self. Music is born in nature and is like an eternal fountain of joy and energy in man's being. When man sings spontaneously, he does it from an inner urge. It is one of the irresistable acts of his becoming. He endeavours to "become" through his songs. In a song the elements of sweetness, pleasantness and emotion are found. Without these no song can endure. When man talks in his everyday speech, he cannot always shape his words as they gush out. Thus his ordinary words represent him very truly as a being made of flesh and blood, one who errs, fumbles, and fails. But nothing like that happens in music. Though the words are spontaneous and beautiful, they represent emotions and thoughts which are invariably good and beautiful.

Music rises above the limitations of common everyday speech because it expresses the inward self of man in the deepest possible way. Look at a cart-driver singing a song while his cart

slowly moves through a lonely uninhabited tract. How cheerfully he sings and how wonderfully he seems to be the picture of man, the singer! Look at the pale, care-worn farmer humming his native tunes in his field. How happy he is! Look at the mother singing lullabies to lull her child to sleep! How full of joy she is! When she puts her darling child to sleep, and watches him with her motherly joy, the event knows no expression in human words. The mother 'becomes' in the act of nursing her child who is a portion of her own flesh. She sings lullabies. How many of us detect in those mad, meaningless words, the urge of motherhood, the progressive fulfilment of the woman. The mother hums and hums softly, gently pressing her child with her hand. Soon the mother's sweet songs lull him to sleep. The magic of the songs casts a spell, and the child is fast asleep. Take a child playing with his toy and singing a song in his characteristically artless and imperfect way. It at once strikes us. His songs shape his articulate self. Then look at an octogenarian with a wrinkled-up face, weak and calm. He sits humming his songs. The songs have lost their original vitality and gusto. The words are indistinct and the voice is feeble and quivering. That is what is old age; feeble and trembling. As he trembles over the edge of life, his words also tremble and his voice also quivers. This also is an act of becoming. Like the songs of youth, old age also has its songs of the sinking eve

of life. Who is that individual who says that he does not sing? I would like to meet such a pathetic, strange man. I would say to him "You have ceased to grow and become. Do you know this? If you have no songs you have no language. You are dumb and mute. How can you live when you are not able to speak—speak in the inevitable language of the inner man. Take up your lyre, and strike it if you have not done it so long." Everyone sings because everyone must have a zest for life. Pain and joy both have their songs. The songs of bliss are as eternal as the songs of suffering. The song of life can be sung either way.

Music is an activity of the soul. It provides the greatest impetus to imaginative life. It emerges from within. The body helps to express it, but it is the inner man who sings all the time. That is why, whenever it is the song of the body alone, it grades on our delicate sensibilities. But we find that the music of man like his religion is necessarily shaped and moulded to suit him and his manifold conditions. This goes on for ever. That is why, we have systems and schemes of music which advocate and establish the art and technique of music. The history of the birth and development of the music of man is most fascinating. It would be interesting to note here that all art-forms of music were born in various cultures expressing their deep lyricism. Modern civilization, which is divorced from the soul of

culture, has evolved its own expression—forms of music which are characteristic of all its negative spiritual values. We moderns have gone crazy about our new cheap sensations. The modern jazz with its free technique is a mirror of the western soul. It is untraditional, exotic and yet possesses a peculiar intensity like that of modern western painting. European jazz bands, in spite of their great richness and hypnotic power, just seem to make a sorry endeavour to outwit and outlive musicians like Berleoz, Wagner and Beethoven. The modern hybrid forms of cheap Indian music are only third-rate imitations of the western spirit and are false and untraditional. The tradition for which Tansen stood is being destroyed by dozens of our cheap, tinsel celebrities who exploit popular sentiments at music conferences. The great are few, very few.

It would take a whole life time for one to study this charming romance and express it in words. In all types of music there are certain factors which constitutes the principle of universality in art. Whatever type of music we may hear there will be something in it which will have a power to move us. This is, in fact, an appeal to the elemental in man. Even in the case of men who are totally different from us, we find an artistic expression very much akin to our own. This is because there is something in music which can touch their inner chords, at least once if not frequently or always. "Of all the arts, music and the plastic

arts are most efficacious, because they evoke intense feeling, though that is not the full extent of their influence. They affect our consciousness, our unconsciousness, our affectional attitudes, and also our intellects (that intellect which has some slight special interest in science). The senses being held in hypnotic check, the spirit is lad to the joys of speculation. These arts are nowise inferior to those of Science, as far as intellectual value goes." ("Foundations of Modern Art" by Ozenfant)

CHAPTER VI

ART, LIFE AND ETHICS

Whatever form of art we may take, we establish the fact beyond all doubt that apart from the astounding multiplicity of the forms of artistic expression, the creation of art is made possible by something in the artist which defies scientific analysis. It is extremely evasive. The most wonderful thing to notice in the fuller development of the creative self of man is the rapid growth of his inner consciousness. This terrible awareness of his being is the root cause of all culture and civilization. When he tills the fields and ploughs the ground, he, in fact, acquires a physical awareness of the space around him. He must grow in terms of space and time. We find in him a double desire for confining himself within the sphere of the finite and also plunging blindly into the infinite, the unseen and the beyond-space-time existence. Flesh and spirit both go on seeking new pastures and new heavens. Take for instance, his attempt to produce corn. This is a great illustration of his endeavour to conquer the physical with the physical. He is attempting to gain victory over the physical portions of nature. Not only that. He is tangibly living in terms of the physical measurement of life. This consciousness of the

physically near and immediate accompanies him all his life. He is terribly obsessed by the immediately physical space-consciousness. This awareness in the first stages of his historic infancy is confined to the limits of physical consciousness. He sees his cattle, his herd, and is always conscious of them in terms of nearness and immediate physical life. Later on, they all come to his mind as symbols and images, all abstract, of physical activity. He can view them later as abstract personifications of life and activity of work and assistance, and as life-forms living and multiplying in a world of physical facts. Later, as a painter, these creatures form images for his infinitely beautiful paintings. He gets away from them at a certain distance of time and space, and shuts them up immortally in canvas and marble. That is what happens eternally. In the beginning, man requires a perfect knowledge of the physical life. The awareness of the physical universe must precede all other types and degrees of awareness. When we say we are civilized, we perhaps mean, in other words, that we have attained a high degree of physical awareness or consciousness of the universe in which we live. Culture, I believe, is a higher and deeper thing than civilization. It is more than physical awareness. It is that which is discovered at the roots of a people or a community of peoples. Culture is more deeply embedded within the inner depths of a group of people who have a community of ideas and

thoughts. Civilization, to me, thus, seems to be a degree of physical growth, and culture a measure of moral growth. In both these categories, there are two different forms of awareness. But we must never think that these two forms are sharply defined things. There may be no definite line of demarcation between the two and they may not be regarded as two separate growths. In civilization we have a predominent superiority of physical consciousness; in culture we have a predominance and superiority of moral and spiritual awareness. However, as I say, they are not two entirely different or opposite things. They grow and develop together in one common soil.

The birth of creativity in man and the awareness of the higher knowledge of inner existence, both, are great things. The transition from physical awareness to a deeper awareness called spiritual consciousness takes a long time to come in human history. It is a very complex type of transformation in the life of man. There is no definite moment of time when man, all of a sudden, acquires a sense of unity and harmony. Ever since he comes in contact with life—with physical nature and with facts and phenomena—he gradually develops a certain creative feeling for life. Side by side with his physical awareness he develops his higher and deeper consciousness of life also. Both the awarenesses are there. The difference is that the physical awareness predominates over the spiritual awareness. Does he not build his primitive

abode with a certain artistic sense? Does not his dwelling possess a certain harmony? Does it not show that he builds with some design and some crude idea of symmetry? All early primitive arts testify to this fact. In many of those things which he does, he shows his great craving for beauty. Look at his barbaric tools and implements. Are not they patterns of early beauty? The sense of beauty is there but not in prominence, because physical life dominates him. This sub-conscious awareness of his artistic soul is, in fact, an unawareness of his own great spiritual possibilities. It is a type of unawareness, too, because he does all that moved by some blind urge, some elemental passion, some feeling to create and carve out order. But when we say that with the birth of art, man becomes spiritually aware, we mean that he is fully conscious of his inner urge for beauty. He is now fully aware, and this awareness is the deeper consciousness and knowledge of life in a higher way. It is this fuller awareness in the history of his development which may be called his conscious urge in art. It has always been there. It has only attained its realization. Primitive art is, thus, like, primitive religion. It has now realized its meaning in a fully conscious manner. Art, itself is a fruition of the human creative urge. It is the fulfilment of the artistic hunger. Just as a physical being produces, multiplies and perpetuates, an artist also does the same in different forms and shapes.

The artist is a higher being just as the poet also is. Both brood over their images and visualize them with great joy. I cannot compare an artist to any other being in the world except to a mother. The seed of art—a thought, a feeling, a passion or an idea—is sown within him. He conceives it like a joyous, expectant mother. Art goes through a period of "conception". The artist, at this time, realizes his motherhood. This is a great experience. When the artist begins to feel the maturing motherhood, the virginity of mere ideas disappears The time for the birth of art-creation comes. When the full ripe moment arrives, the mother in him suffers great travail. The artist through pain—the inner experience—delivers his art in travail and joy. Full motherhood is realized by him. The seed of life is sown and is conceived in the womb where it matures and assumes life. The moment comes when creation is released in joy and pain. Then motherhood realizes itself more fully day by day. The human mother repeatedly passes through the same mysterious processes of conception and birth. The artist does the same. He creates his art in the same manner. He must feel and suffer first and then whatever forms he may choose, what he expresses counts most in the judgment of men of all times. Because of his deeper awareness of life he creates tangible and abstract forms of beauty. He multiplies and perpetuates his creativity because he is a willing mother, a conceiving and loving mother. It is the mother,

the Mater—the woman within him, who conceives and creates.

Great art has the semblance of suffering life. When man acquires this higher awareness of life, he begins to live in terms of eternity. He transcends the physical and enters into the mysterious, unseen regions of the spiritual. Art is this transcedental quality. It is like the lotus flower with its roots in deep mud and its head above the water. That is why, even when we talk of an art which endures, we do not mean by it a sudden absolute uprooting of our physical life. The roots are always there. The artist always shifts inwardly to the spiritual plane. The passion of living on the physical plane, and looking into the beyond is always there. The artist perpetually craves to live this double existence. He goes beyond his physical knowledge of the universe and looks into another world which he can discover himself. This, however, never means that he escapes from life. He can never do it. What he wants is that he should stand at a distance, far from the immediate physical life, to see it more fully. He requires a perspective, a vision. He hovers over life and darts towards it like a river-side bird. He escapes from life for the time being to paint it more adequately. If, for instance, he does not have the strength to move out of his immediate environment inwardly, the result is that when he discusses life it seems too brutally realistic and terribly stale. He begins to copy and imitate; he does not create. In

such a case, he is inclined to become a cheap photographer. Here I am concerned with a creator who creates and does not simply copy. The desire of the artist to look beyond the physical world is the passion of a creator. What he really desires is that he must search the deep secrets of life. He does not only live, and he does not only desire to do so. He wants something more. He is urged by his true creativity. His passion to go on is a blind, irrational, illogical urge which cannot and should not be analysed. It can never be explained and defined, and those who endeavour to dissect the secrets of life with surgical instruments, fail. It is a desire to live universally and eternally. I cannot describe it. I can feel it and experience it within myself. The artist goes on doing it, though, frequently, at intervals, he is pressed down by his physical limitations. At times, he feels terribly flesh-and-blood, and cannot go on further. But the true artist goes on undisturbed even if he has struggles to face, and storms to conquer.

The creative urge is illogical and abstract as long as it is not born in the body of a form. Often it yearns for the unseen and the indefinite. Let not men mock at it. That is our true state of conscious becoming. A full awareness is aways beautiful and is an indefinable human sltate. Art is conceived in the womb of flesh, born in joy and suffering, and it matures and ripens into true fulfilment when the artist seeks in the world, symbols and not facts. True and

great art is symbolical. It must signify and suggest the "beyond" apart from describing the "now" and the "present". "Every work of art must be symbolical, *i.e.*, point beyond itself", says the great Goethe. It is no doubt "the interpreting of holy things which pass beyond the veil". It expresses beauty, not beauty of flesh only but of spirit too—and we know "beauty is the revelation of eternal law". This law, however, is not man-made but the law of being in which all life is involved and towards which we all move for perfection and realization. "Art is the vision of beauty embodied in forms and relationships; this is the art of life, and all other arts; and this is the good of it". (Harold Speed).

Then comes the problem of art and its good or morality. Somehow, the two contradictory things, life and ethics, cannot be separated. Art and morality seem to go together though there seems to be nothing common between them. Art is born with man, and becomes his helpmate since the beginning of human civilization. Morality, which is a child of religion born in primitive fear, comes to be recognized by man after he has discovered his God and evolved his religion. Religion breeds it during its adolescence and reshapes it into a self-perpetuating doctrine for ages to come. The primitive man does not think of life in terms of good and evil, but in terms of what is ruthlessly irreconcilable and what is readily reconcilable in nature. He starts with fear—fear which is as immanent in

the universe as God. This abstract, fear, which does not necessarily express itself in distinct, concrete shapes, pervades the world of the primitive, and provokes in him a desire and will to project his personality into the void for a tangible support. Thus comes God into existence. He fea rsand propitiates his God. But as yet he has no morality. He is as non-moral as a child, because he is humanity in its childhood. The good and the evil arise out of man's positive reconciliation to an unknown God and a perceived nature. Morality is, however, rooted in the fear complex of man. It is an attempt on the part of man to translate a series of "don'ts" into a logical theory. The good and the evil are nothing but the transformation of the friendly and the hostile in nature. As man advances in his intellectual life he reduces these notions into a positive theory of morality which is characterized by words like "Character", "Conduct", "Behaviour", "Goodness" and "Reward." We must recognize that morality is of two different kinds. I would term the first as morality and the second as higher morality. The average man understands by morality a stultified code of moral rules. This, ultimately, is degenerated into a philosophy of negation. Didacticism is invariably characteristic of its ruthless directness, passion for negation, and an uncompromising self-sufficiency. It orders, commands and instructs by utilizing a catalogue of precepts. It forces the individual to live in a punctuated world of "don'ts." Such a morality is a science of life's

surface realities. Conduct and behaviour, in perfect harmony with established precepts, are positively affirmed by it. The type of morality which concerns itself only with the surface of life, is, surely, a morality of an inferior kind. It is rooted in the negation of human conduct. All of us are perpetually obsessed by it during our life. The average individual cannot rise above the good and the evil notions of life. He is not taught to do that. He is tutored by religion to pay his unbroken loyalty to it, whatever may happen.

Yet real morality is of a higher kind. It does not raise its edifice on the sands of conduct and rules. It is only the small children who need rules and rods. The grown-up individuals do not have to follow precepts as laid down once for ever. They have something much higher before them which they can achieve if they so desire. That is morality in its true shape. It begins with a positive affirmation of life and not with its sorry denial. It is progressive, and unfolds its secrets to man. It does not govern itself by rules and precepts. There is something higher which governs it. It is the freedom of soul and life which provides it a scope for its development and fruition. It is against the spirit of quantity and number. It does not run riot in a plethora of dicta but scatters its plenty in the domain of freedom. It is not a dogmatic rule-ridden philosophy of life. It is a process of spiritual "transvaluation" which makes the valuation of God, man and nature possible.

It does not concern itself necessarily with concrete, visible and material reality. It is realized in the depths of souls and hearts, and this alone is a proper explanation of life. It aims at the beautiful which is singularly lonely, and not the unnecessarily ugly which is promiscuous. It is a sign of health after sickness, birth after travail, discovery after search, and light after darkness. It does not arrive at the zenith of its excellence by sheer magic. No, it undergoes pain, and suffering. It is the philosophy of deed and doing and not the theory of work and adoptation. Nature provides such illustrations in its daily acts and miracles. The eagle moults; the trees wither and put on fresh leaves; the earth worms are cut into two parts and yet they again and again resume life; man experiences a peculiar joy during convalescence; the child is born in travail and pain; there is, finally, the healing balm of death after life's sickness—one is born again. The process of regeneration is always there in nature. "Except ye be born again" is the summary of the highest morality of man.

The artist, whoever he may be, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet, the musician, will adhere to this higher morality and will never stoop to pay homage to the lower kind of morality which is a science of negation. The higher morality, or morality as it is in its true shape, is an interpretation of life. Genius knows it because genius can concentrate on it with passion and sincerity. Morality is not a dogmatic

affirmation but a spiritual appraisal of life. It does not depend upon words for its meaning. It is independent of language because in language it cannot be adequately affirmed. It seeks other avenues of expression. True art alone provides channels for its expression.

Art has some cardinal virtues of its own. It is a vast medium of life's expression. A legitimate question will be raised here : what and how should art seek to interpret life ? It is here that the unending warfare begins between those who believe in art for art's sake and those who say that art must have an ulterior aim in view. These two schools of thought have not yet reconciled themselves to each other. According to the first viewpoint, art is an expression of beauty—beauty which is full of abundant variety. The artist by his inspiration and skill interprets beauty in many ways. The painter with his brush arranges the colours on the canvas. But the arrangement of his colours is not deliberate, or mathematical. If that were so, the picture he paints would not be included in the category of art. The image, the conception or the idea of the thing which he wishes to express and which he brings into life, is aiready formed in his mind. The idea is there tingling with divine life and it seeks an artistic outlet. The artist endeavours to express it in the shape of an image or a picture so that it may have veracity and tangibility. It must resemble life, yet this is primarily on artistic resemblance. A. C. Benson says, "A

great artist said to me the other day that in picture making, the difference between the amateur and the professional is that the amateur paints, knowing mentally what he is painting—a house, a tree, a figure, a face. He reasons about it, he interprets it. But the true artist, as said my friend, could paint a thing just as well up side down. He does not reason about it; it is to him just a matter of shapes and colours and spaces; it is the mind of the man looks at the picture which interprets it—the painter has nothing to do with interpretation". The true artist has no preconceived ideas, and no definite motives to reveal in his art. True art is free from wilful interpretation, and has no axe to grind. Was it not Novalis, the German Philosopher, who said, "Ideas have hands and feet." That is what happens in art. The art-creations always pulsate with life and vitality. The artist creates and does not reproduce things like a photographer. Joseph Cornard speaking of a friend, said, "His personality leaps up like a tiger". The true artist is like that. He visualizes life and paints it with an astounding fidelity. Now, those who believe in art for art's sake, say that beauty is sufficient.

"Beauty is truth, and truth beauty
That is all ye know, and need to know on earth."

The Greeks established the cult of human beauty. They were the creators of form. The Greek conception of beauty finds a

true expression in the Greek statues. The figure of Apollo stands out prominently. Greek art, in fact, reveals the classical attitude towards life. When we examine classical Greek art with the later Western art, there is a great deal of difference, a radical difference between two different views and historical visions. That is why, there is a great deal of resemblance between the classical, Indian and the classical Greek of the past. We discover how different the Greeks were from the later Europeans. Spengler writes "For the Greek, eye and ear are the receivers of the whole of the impression that he wishes to receive. But for us this had ceased to be true even at the stage of Gothic."

In discovering expression-forms, art devises its own means too. "The technical form-language is no more than the mask of the real work. Style is not what the shallow Semper—worthy contemporary of Darwin and materialism—supposed it to be, the product of material technique, and purpose. It is the very opposite of this, something inaccessible to art reason, a revelation of the metaphysical order, a mysterious 'must', a Destiny. With the material boundaries of the different arts it has no concern whatever. To classify the arts according to the character of the sense impression, then, is to pervert the problem of form in its very emancipation. If an art has boundaries at all—boundaries of its soul become-form, they are historical and not technical or physiological boundaries. (A theory of 'Art' is a pious fraud). An art is an or-

ganism, not a system. There is no art—genius that runs through all the centuries and all the cultures. Every individual art—Chinese landscape or Egyptian plastic or Gothic counterpoint—is once existent, and departs with its symbolism never to return."..... (Spengler) "Decline of the West."

Spengler has something to say about modern art :—"What is practised today as art is impotence and falsehood. One thing is quite certain, that today every single art-school could be shut down without art being affected in the slightest. What do we possess today as art? A faked music, filled with artificial noisiness of massed instruments; a faked painting, full of idiotic, exotic and showcard effects, that every ten years or so concocts out of the form-wealth of millennia some new "style" which is in fact no style at all since everyone does as he pleases a lying plastic that steals from Assyria, Egypt and Mexico indifferently, yet this and only this, the taste of the 'man of the world', can be accepted as the expression and sign of the eye; everything else, everything that "sticks to" old ideals is for provincial consumption".

The above quotations from Spengler are indispensibly relevant to the background of our theme. The advocates of Art for Art's sake preclude every possibility of moralizing. "The great mistake of the critic consists in posing the question; what should the artist do? A much more important question would be; what

does the artist want to do? Every new artistic genius must be judged according to the æsthetic which he himself brings". (Heinrich Heine, Introduction to "Der Solon", 1831). Art itself is enough It alone is strong enough to save mankind. Yet, we know that art is not simply the expression of the actual, the near, the palpable, the visible. It is more than this. We have to think of its æsthetic substance. "But this is the inescapable and perplexing paradox of every form of art; that, being of all things in the world most individual and particularized the expression of a vision most sharp and bright and momentary—it yet is the revelation of what transcends all particularity or contingency or vicissitude. Of all marks of great art it is perhaps the most distinctive, this power of eleciting from the sensuous a clue to the super-sensible, from the particular the assurance of the universal, from the adventitious and ephemeral communion with the eternal and necessary. ("Beauty" Pankhurst).

But, on the other hand, there are those who have no faith in Art for Art's sake, and who emphatically affirm that art is for life's sake. They always connect art with man's daily life of joys and pleasure. They argue that since art is a delineation of life, it should leave out nothing but paint everything truthfully. The artist, they reason, should paint the variegated picture of life with fidelity. And yet, at this point someone will raise his voice and say "What is a truthful picture of life? Is it a

naked realism that you are speaking of?" I suppose this is a legitimate query. The word realism has been used in different ways by different people to suit different situations. Under it one would surely put down many things. The artist cannot go against his age. Were not the middle ages summed up in scholasticism, Gothic and erotic? Different artists will engage themselves in the study of various things. The artist may concern himself with life as it is. Realistic art has provided us with some of the best specimens of beauty. The artist copies life, nay, perhaps, counterfeits it, and presents before us pictures of its various aspects in such a truthful manner that the observer at once recognizes in them a resemblance to actual life. But we also come across artistic creations which represent artistic excellence and skill, and yet repel us because of their total impression left on us. The theme they execute is perhaps undesirable. What shall we say in such a case? There is everything in such a picture which justifies the name of art, and yet we contemptuously sneer at it. It is life and yet we reject it. What about pornography and the modern cult of the nude? Are they not realistic? Why should we call them obscene and worthless? What is, then, realism? These questions have not been satisfactorily answered hitherto. There are many who unconsciously associate art with unhealthy pleasure and vice. Such people always condemn it on very primary grounds. With regard to the moral condemna-

tion of Art, Plato and Tolstoy are the two most notable figures According to the latter, art almost always fails to communicate the emotions of brotherliness which are alone worth communicating. He is engaged in analysing the reactions left on actual life by the emotions of art. His hyper-sensitive puritan mind condemns Michæl Angelo, Raphael, Titian and even Beethoven. His annoying book "What is Art" is full of specious logic and clever generalizations. Plato said that indulgence in emotions and deplorable and imagination is only a primitive part of our nature which ought to be done away with. The following words occur in Plato's Republic "Pleasure and selfishness are the two main factors of art, and may be called its two great evils and objections." It seems to me that bad art is like bad language. Selincourt in his book "Art and Morality" says : "It is perhaps worth remarking that what is called bad language is the most æsthetic kind of language not only communicating a meaning like the other kinds, but also expressing emotions more obviously than they do." We have Aristotle expressing a more sensible viewpoint than Plato. "According to Aristotle's purgation theory, art can more or less completely liberate us, for the time being at least, from emotion by stimulating it to excess and causing it to overflow. He regarded the artist as a psychotherapist whose function it was to minister to a mind temporarily diseased restoring it to health by cleansing it of the

perilous emotional stuff that at times weighs too heavily upon it. First, there is a self-identification with the characters in the tragedy or play and then a kind of vicarious liberation". (Selincourt).

But there are many who do not condemn art but desire that it should be primarily moral and not an expansion of imaginative life. We know well how Tolstoy showered his contempt on Shakespeare because he imagined, the poet had contributed anything to the moral strength of humanity. We can safely say that Tolstoy was hard on Shakespeare. Shakespeare did not preach; he indirectly inculcated life's truth and beauty into the minds of the people. Ever since the beginning of literature and art, didacticism has had many great votaries in the spheres of art and literature. The artist, who acts as a pulpit-preacher, makes his art a medium for conscious morality. He starts with a number of pet theories and favourite ideas and works them out. Thus he degenerates his art into a kind of conscious snobbery. He combines beauty with utility, but such a combination, brought about in a deliberate manner, is always injurious to art. Art provides pleasure which exalts the soul into a higher region where higher values exist. The artist is the painter of beauty, which excites the sensuous and the earthly in man, and enables the individual to grasp a spiritual meaning through them. A wilful didacticism is a heresy in art. It amounts to habitual blasphemy. Let not the artist be obsessed by

what he wilfully wants to say or preach. Let him not be deliberately conscious of it. Let the meaning sink down into his soul and emerge out again in his creations. For him to have motives in his mind is detrimental to his art. Neither egocentric motives nor mere ideas create art. The passion of inner experience lends a note of veracity to art-creations.

And yet as I have said before, he represents the temperament of his age. He cannot help it. At the decline of the middle ages, we find mysticism gaining ground in Europe. Eckhart and Johann Ruysbroeck are among the notable mystical influences of the period. Just observe our present condition in which we find ourselves in this modern age. "No one will seriously dispute the statement that we live in a period of epidemic psychoses; and differences of opinion concern only the significance of these phenomena. Already the close of an age has its fin de siecle man with his typical disequilibrium due to an excess of soul. The plague corresponds to the world war; and if any one still doubts that the first was a product of the age, no one will be found to deny it in the case of the second. (We can naturally ignore the war-quilt question here; it is merely a question for elementary school children, since no war could arise between two groups of powers of equal strength unless both sides desired it). Then, again, we have today the great dissolution of the former dominating powers which charac-

terized the decline of the Middle Ages. The ideal which inspired the political life of the last generation was constitutionalism. It is now as completely outlined as is the Kaiser-Idea; neither the Right nor the Left takes it seriously. The progressive idea on the one hand is the dictatorship of an individual or Cæsarism. What the Church was to the Middle Ages, Official Science, the organization of the learned, has been to the last few centuries....."

In art, too, there are certain common features; in both cases there is a strong tendency to realism in the lower branches, side by side with an equally strong stylistic intention in the realm of pure poetry and painting. Particularly noteworthy in this respect are the mystery and passion plays of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, some of which are magnificent. Through these runs the clear purpose to create typical drama which is to count not for once, but for always, to show not the events in the life of men, but in that of man; deed and sorrows, the descent into Hell and the Redemption of the whole race. Strangely enough, here as in expressionist drama, emotion not infrequently turns into unconscious caricature. The want of representative personalities is also common to both eres. Here, as there, we find only Lenins and Ludendroffs, Liebknechts and Mussolinis who simply absorb the perversities of the age as in a concentrating minor and reflect them back again. And in contrast to the scarcity of prominent masculine

capacities we have the determined attitude of woman, who in both cases taken up a position that for centuries has been denied her. That the middle classes are today in a situation similar to that of mediæval chivalry will hardly be disputed. That theosophic tendencies take up more attention today than for a long time past is common knowledge. Indeed, the similarity extends even to certain externals, as, for instance, mixed bathing which up till a few years ago offended the proprieties, the fashion of indrawn waists and padded chests for men, and bobbed hair for women. And most probably our century will seem as ghostly and unreal to a later age as the fourteenth century to us. (Egon Spriedell). What applied to the conditions produced by the first world war, applies now to the world facing the second world war.

"Only that art in which the form is inseparable from the content, is capable of being handed down to posterity, in all its entirety." (Renan). It is impossible for us to separate art from goodness. The True, the Beautiful and the Good—Satyam-Shivam-Sundaram—are inseparably bound together. What is really beautiful (not merely sensuous) in art is inevitably moral. The moral is not deliberately introduced in art; and even if a zealous artist passionately desires to conceal moral motives in his art, his art does not reach perfection. His art remains imperfect, handicapped by a moral intention with which he is so awfully obsessed. He must not play the role of a moralist. Even

if he wishes to reveal the good in his art, he must permit it only an indirect expression. The immediate output of art is pleasure and from pleasure emerges all goodness. It depends on artists what art they present before us. A superficial artist provides pleasure which has a deep meaning. The artist always demands from us our keen insight and imagination. We have to understand what is below the obvious surface of the canvas, and the marble. The poet, who is also an artist, lands depth to poetry by giving it a deep meaning. Mere metrical skill and music will not be enough. He must arouse emotions which endure. Good art is not still-born or shortlived. It produces in us a lasting feeling of satisfaction. It does not arouse our sentimentality but our deeper feelings. In moving us to our depths, it acts as a moral influence. A direct exploitation of morality in art is opposed to its spirit of untrammelled joy. The artist should not have any preconceived notions. He can interpret things but never at the expense of pleasure and joy. If he does so, he sacrifices his art. He has to be very careful. Art must not be wilfully degenerated into æsthetic artifice. Let it aspire to attain the highest summits of the beautiful and then alone it shall have accomplished its aims. Let it paint life and not exploit it for ulterior motives. In doing this, the artist belies his own soul. Art must not leave out the ugly aspects of life. They also must be painted, but never with a desire to

darken men's souls and embitter people's hearts. Art must not shut its eyes to the unhappiness and misery of life. It should give us the vision of life as a whole and not in parts. But in painting the whole of life it must illumine the earth. It must arouse our pity but must not exhaust our hearts with it; it must show us the worst, but must not delight in it maliciously; it must inspire us morally but never in a wilful manner; and it must provide us deep pleasure, which is its primary result. This pleasure must endure within us and build us anew. Since art is a good, morality must include the devotion to it as well as the pursuit of it. Or, to state the position more accurately, art is one of the classes of good things in the love of which for the sake of their goodness, and with some recognition of their goodness, the moral state of mind can manifest itself; and since the goodness appropriate to art, or to particular works of art, is beauty, we can say that the love of beauty is one example of the love of good in which moral virtue primarily consists.

Art, therefore, though in some sense an indispensable thing with its own standard and containing its value in itself is doubly related to morality; directly in virtue of its impact on the practical lives of persons which constitute the sphere of morality, and indirectly through its relations to other things which are similar to itself and are related to morality in the same direct way. And in both these respects, it is susceptible of moral justification;

in the former as an activity worthy of serious pursuit by human beings, and in the latter as embodying or furthering. The artist and the moralist should not encroach on each other's sphere, but should ally with each other for mutual good. (Selincourt).

Science means doubt, religion means spiritual knowledge; and art symbolizes the hunger for release. Art is a liberating agency no matter if people regard this notion as a vagary of Surrealism. It is surely a balm of liberation. Stendhel said: "It was a great surprise to find, when studying painting solely as an escape from boredom, that it held a balm against the most painful deceptions. For our nervous fluid has, if I might so empress myself, only a limited amount of sensitivity to expend day by day, so that if it be employed in appreciating thirty-five pictures it will not be used to mourn the death of an adored mistress." The artist disowns nothing. He hugs life and humanity to his bosom. His aim is to discover beauty, beauty in its every form. Taine said, "Ugliness can be beautiful, but beauty is still more beautiful." The artist recognizes art in every form and lends to life a sense of spontaneous joy. The artist says in the words of Bossuet: "I am a painter, a sculptor, an architect. I have my art, my design, or my conception. I have choice and the preference I accord to my particular conception because of the special love I bear it. I have my art, my rules, my principles, which I reduce as much as I can to one primary

principle, which is a rule also, and by means of which I am fruitful. With this primitive system and the fecund principle which together make my art, I engender within myself a painting, a statue, a building, which in its simplicity is the form, the original, the immaterial model of what I shall execute in stone, in marble, in wood, or on canvas on which my colours shall be displayed." In doing all this the artist is not only concerned with the fanciful and imaginative picture of life but also proves a liberator of mankind in a greater degree than the philosopher, the poet and the mystic do.

The narrow-minded puritans have no right to pronounce judgment on art. Only the artists or those who love art can understand it best. There is no such thing as a lukewarm affection for art. Either one loves it fully or hates it desperately. All of us have to learn to see the sharp and hazy contrasts, the high lights, deep shadows, fresh and rich complementary colours, perspective, half-tones, broken lights, fine nuances, subtle suggestiveness, sound-beauty, the imperceptible tender notes, and other hidden charms We ought to develop an instinct for it and should cultivate a taste for it. The chiselled marble ; the various contrasting colours on the canvas arranged in the symphony of beauty by the dynamic energy of the brush ; the sounds and the transition of notes ; the beauties of metrical composition ; the sheer architectonics of vision ; the architectural beauty of words, colours and sounds,

and the unseen springs of beauty from which emerges the whole conception of art—all these must be comprehended by the lovers of art.

We should have an eye, an ear and a soul for art. Then alone we shall know it and appreciate it. And then only we shall discover the art of life and detect its rythm and dance. Art has, thus, a wide range. Napoleon was a poet of action as Jesus was, and like him he stands apart. These two "acted out their dream instead of dreaming their action." To me, Cæsar, Jesus, Alexendar, Mohammad, Krishna, Budha and Gandhi, all are great artists. They show the various aspects of the same eternal art of life. They act out from within and not from without. They know the dance of life. The true artist is never handicapped by circumstances. He has a single vision, and he devotes himself to the realization of the highest that is in beauty and truth. Was it not Nietzche who said : "My style is a dance. Everyday I count wasted in which there has been no dancing." Art is this dance, and when it lowers itself to the level of a "devitalized technique", it loses all its worth.

The song and the dance endure,
The rest is a mockery of life.

CHAPTER VII

DEEDS AND DESTRUCTION

We shall attempt to envisage his future in the light of his past and present. Life is a story of the onward march of man. Human history itself is concerned with this eternal hero, this lonely, untired pilgrim still going on the path of his great journey. For me, this being, man, is the only theme of history. Historians have too long occupied themselves with events and periods as if all such so-called landmarks would constitute the history of mankind. It is a totally fallacious attitude. Can dates and landmarks tell faithfully the history of a people or of the whole human race? Historians have persistently written about men but have conveniently left out man, who is the only real and living theme of life. They have wilfully divided people and countries into many water-tight compartments. This type of mechanical division of history into many periods and epochs with their respective qualities and characteristics of culture and growth has proved very injurious to the real, unbiased study of history. Nothing can be farther from the true conception of human history than this attempt to divide blood from blood, culture from culture, people from people, country from country, soil

from soil, religion from religion, language from language and thought from thought. This ruthless allotment of spaces to world's peoples has bred a spirit of universal antagonism. How can we divide man? He is indivisible with his individual personality. The "I" of history has been divided into the abstract "they" of date-wise chronology. Man should be studied all alone. He alone is the proper subject of human history. It is he from whom have sprung all activities and movements of culture and thought. He is the symbol of life with all its never-ending flow, with its endless energy. In his veins runs the urge of continuity and growth. He is the hero of all human tales. He is the hero of all times. He marches on as a dreamer and an actor. His life-energy flows in many directions through many channels. The hero as a begetter explorer, earner, protector, dreamer and actor, all in one, is this pilgrim on earth. Man, alone, constitutes human history. Let not historians split him and his history into segregated parts thinking that these would constitute world-history. This is totally wrong. But this has been the tragedy of all history-writing. It has no perspective of man, the continuous whole, but observes only men, the many parts. Periods, dates, events, landmarks, and epochs are the constant obsession of all historians. There is no world-portrait and no world-vision of man. I can picture man only in one way and that is, as a lonely, faithful pilgrim marching on the dreary road of his life. He is seen as a dim

figure marching on. Across him in the horizon the sun rises in full glory. The traveller has emerged out of the twilight of life and is walking in the heat of full-blooded life. He goes on and on. He is the eternal pilgrim.

The professional historians meet him at the way-side inns and hear his tales. They never see him march along his road. They see him in his solitary acts and words only. The result is they never commune with his spirit. He is ever journeying. The historians observe only his occasional rests and intervals. What a pity! God never rested on the seventh day after creating the world for six days. I cannot think of it. It is very wrong. The historians seem to assault God like press correspondents as if He is still taking his rest after six days. Man goes on and the historians only note the "how" and "why" of his journey. Hence their omission of man and pre-occupation with men who are abstract entities. They devotedly study the morphological eccentricities of these fossils. Like dehumanized surgeons they brood over the dead corpse of the past. How they dig out the dead, disfigured, stinking bodies out of their tombs to dress them up and keep them artificially embalmed. Don't they know that the dead ones are truer in their death than in the glass cages of artificial history. They gloat over them with a criminal sense of joy. They are all benevolent sadists. Digging up the past just to unearth dates is futile. Digging up the past just to count the

bones of the dead ones is monstrous. Digging up the past with the inward relish of a grave-digger, is, often, the constant obsession of the modern historical mind. The historians dig up their men as if they desire to study life at closer quarters. They also dig up their men while man is abundantly alive, going on his endless journey. They dissect the dead past to find out some commonplace secrets. They see life piece-meal. They begin to discover the undiscovered regions and explore the unexplored tracts of life just because they see life in terms of past, present and future. It is almost with a diabolical passion that our historians feed on the dead past like the hungry carrion. Soon the corpse is devoured leaving the ghastly bleached skeleton behind. The historians give us the skeleton of a dead humanity, telling us always that something has gone out of us never to return. They tell us, nay, they frighten us by telling us, that our predecessors belonged to the past and that they are gone for ever. They tell us that we belong to the present and that we also shall follow them. Then they tell us that our successors will succeed us in future, and they will also follow the same path. They tell us something about our past and anything about our future. It may be mentioned here that what is called as Indian history, as it is taught to the younger generation, today, is chronology. It has become almost impossible for us to visualize our history and culture in their proper perspec-

tive. The result is we have developed a text-book vision of our history. The professional historian is as bad as a professional quack. We want something else. That something which describes us better, that something which paints us fuller, that is what is our true history. Man must not be split up into isolated parts of his life-history. He is an indissoluble whole. He is a unified conception, not an aggregate of notions and ideas spreading over the past, the present and future. Just as religion degenerates into mere theology, science into data, poetry into versification, art into mere craftsmanship, beauty into naked sex-appeal, love into passion, truth into truism, history also may be degenerated into mere chronology.

For me the study of eternal man and eternal woman is the greatest allegory of all times. It is man who travels through ages and centuries. He still marches on, though, we treat him now as an ancient fossil. He is never tired. If, at times, he halts and waits, there are lulls in history. But he is a curious combination of many opposite qualities. There is no such thing as an ordered progressive march towards perfection. All ages have their own ideas of perfection. We can never decide what is a standardized perfection. Man may reach the peak of perfection and yet he may descend from it into the lowest abyss. He rises and falls. In fact his destiny has great fluctuations. He is made up of viccisitudes, changes, revolutions nd storms. At times, he would stand out

triumphantly as a great being, and at times he would be in the low marshes of life, desperate and humiliated. Human history has a number of peaks of perfection. Like high hills they stand out snow-clapped with glory. There are individuals who have attained higher summits of perfection. Man, the eternal being, has attained those heights in such individuals, but he has also descended low to the level of those who can never rise,—the wingless mortals. Man keeps changing. Side by side with man's discovery of his God, he discovers his devil too. "In my Father's home there are many mansions". Man is a many-sided being. The Adam of the Garden of Eden is seen as Jesus in the garden of Gethsem. The child Krishna, in the consummation of his life, is seen on the battle-field of Mahabharat. The devotee finds his final consummation in the Budha. The mortal lover blossoms forth into a Krishna. What a change! It is man himself as a highly-perfected being that we see. It is a gradual but steady unfoldment of life. It is man changing into a being of perfection. And yet around perfection there are always littlenesses and imperfections. How wonderfully fascinating man is! Human history is a record of failures and defeats, of meanness and nobility, of evil and good, of angels and devils. How can we get away from it? It is an imperfect history. It is an undeniable truth. History is a beautiful record of human destiny, of man—the imperfect, changing into a super-

man, a highly-perfected being. How blindly and knowingly, both, he goes on. It is that demon,—destiny, which has got into his life. It is inevitable that he must go on. Man is the only theme of history. This is what man, the hero of my romance, is. As he marches along, I see his movement—the movement of his soul which urges him forward for fulfilment.

To understand the true spirit of human history, it is necessary that we should watch the progressive unfoldment of human spirit from the early infancy of civilization. We have to see man from the time of his early development. We must be able to trace back man, the supreme citizen, of this planet, to his early periods of development in order to observe the progressive continuity of this being upto modern times This method is unavoidable. Again we should not, and cannot, depend upon facts and figures for our survey. What is factual is not necessarily real. Symbols of historic becoming cannot be reduced to facts of mechanical functioning. The latter will have a partial share in all historical descriptions, but what we desire is to catch this evasive, elusive and defiant human soul travelling from the past into the present. It is to see for ourselves the unbroken continuity of man's active spirit. Man ought to be studied as a living being who sums up past, present and future within his being. Thus, the study of man is the study of humanity. It is mankind we are studying in a large sense. We choose the lonely pilgrim because in him

we find the consummation of all force and movement. We are studying the movement of the dynamic urge within us. Man, the finite consummation of life in flesh, the urge imprisoned within the body, the spirit shut up in a life-form is a symbol of continuity. He *was;* He *is*; He *will b-*. How does he live in past, present and future? Does he really live in this triple manner? Are time-divisions real or unreal? There are no ready-made answers to these riddles. A flower is a final consummation of its seed. In fact the urge in its seed is infinite in spite of the finality of its own existence. In man we have the terrible finality of flesh through which travels his infinite spirit. The fruition of the seed is nothing but life becoming consummate. The ripening of the fruit is another stage in the same endless development. The flower changes into a fruit. This is a transition from the half-unfolded life to fully-unfolded life. It is life in its process of development. Seed is seminal urge in the womb of soil. The womb has a power of receptivity. But in nature receiving is immediately followed by giving. It is always true to say that giving is better than receiving. The soil of nature has abundant charity. If it went on receiving only it would become a stagnant, dead force. The womb receives the seed, but it adds something to it and that is its own life-urge. Without this desire there would be no fruition possible. The culmination of the seed into fruit is brought about by this mysterious give and

take in nature. The womb of the soil is there eternally ready to receive the life-urge. The result is the process of birth. Then growth. Nay, growth is not a second step. Birth is itself a kind of growth, a type of self-realization, a method of self-fulfilment. Life makes an eternal endeavour to fulfil itself through different processes. Similarly, in man, the same urge of self-fulfilment travels along. In the mother's womb, the seed of life is sown. She adds her own willing joy and affirmation to it. During this period the principles of give and take, fatherhood and motherhood, realise themselves. Birth is, thus, the first fulfilment of the seed. Then life grows and develops. The life-urge goes through the processes of self-fulfilment. Death is also a fulfilment. It is also a process of self-realization. In life, language and light nurse up the becoming being; in death, silence and darkness shape it. The process of building and shaping goes on. Death, the disintegration of life, is also its fulfilment. The dust returns to dust, the earth goes back to earth; but the life-urge is still there. The flower blooms and withers and then falls to the ground from whose depths it springs again. There again it finds sources for a renewal of its life-fulfilment and life-realization. Afterwards, the dead flower changes itself into the infinitesimal seed and begins to assume visible life. Life is a visible symbol of the eternal urge; death is its silent proof. The dead body lies buried in the earth. The urge

is still there as an elemental force. The body perishes immediately, in the moment, but lives always in its multiplied forms. Through the mysterious channels of blood, marches the life-urge. It goes on. The flower and the man are, both, beings, fulfilling themselves in endless cycles of growth and decay. In nature, human life and plant life, both, undergo similar processes of endless becoming. This vast act of fulfilment goes on silently. The deed is always silent and hidden; the event, the work, the incident are always visible. In millions of forms this manifestation is made possible in earth itself.

Man travels through eternity. But, we must not only talk of his past existence, but also of his present and his future life. Such a treatment of human history may seem unscientific to many, but I cannot help it. I have never pinned my faith to anything ruthlessly scientific. It does not satisfy me. I cannot simply gather facts and data to build up the picture of man. For me, such a method is totally dehumanized. The scientific historians who have a great storehouse of learning and education, may laugh at my method, because it is not orthodox and conventional. It is my firm belief that man cannot be catalogued as an inanimate, inarticulate, fossilized plant of ancient times. He must not simply be tabulated and verified. That is very remote from my outlook. Human history, for me, is an account of the never-ending, progressive unfoldment of human spirit, carrying in

its train, the tangible and the intangible, the seen and the unseen, the experienced and the incomprehensible, the palpable and the abstract, the illuminated corners of life and the dark shadows of death. It is not only a story about individuals and communities in their respective traits and habits. I grant that history will always cultivate a taste for past men and past movements. But in the midst of that, all history writing must be actuated by a creative desire to record the doings of Man, the everlasting but also the changing being. It must not simply aim at the discovery of the incidental and the particular; it must also bring about the evolution and revelation of the universal elements of life. True history is a record of eternal man in all his universal elements of life. True history is a record of eternal man in all his universal everlasting acts and doings. Acts are not mere acts, not mere solitary happenings of life, but expressions of the inner creativity of man. Mere acts are stale facts; acts, in their true meaning, are the inexorable laws of creative life. They are expressions of what may be called, for want of a better word, the effectively heroic in life. But outside the context of life, outside their soil, their birth-place, they are meaningless and futile. They have to be seen in the perspective of existence, otherwise they lose all their true significance. History is the record of such acts. Just as in nature, there are fixed, everlasting phenomena which never fail but go on indefinitely as if governed by some blind, ruthless will,

similarly in human life great acts are born. (They do not "happen", because happening is an unconscious, ignorant action of life) in the being of man, and assume the shape of immovable laws—life's mysterious phenomena. It is man who allows their seeds to germinate within the womb of his being. He takes up the burden of the great awful creativity and releases it in acts which lift mankind.

A great act is a birth. It takes its time to be born. God becomes man to reveal himself. The Creative urge itself becomes flesh to reveal man to man, soul to soul, and life to life. To take up the burden of the joy and pain of an act, is the doing of a great man. Man, like a human mother, hides the seed of creativity within his being, and then, releases it in acts. The word at last, becomes the deed. All humanity keeps the seed within its womb, lends it life and then gives birth to it in the individual. The whole humanity goes through the everlasting processes of *germination*, *conception*, *suffering* and *liberation*. Through man, mankind enters into the never-ending cycles of vicarious suffering and vicarious liberation. The liberation of the urge is the act. It is a great thought that the ever-growing humanity is perpetually and incessantly going through the stages of birth, baptism, suffering crucifixion and liberation. What a wonderful vision it is to see man travelling through all these eternal processes! We can see birth, growth, suffering, death, and joyous emancipation—all occurring in the life of

humanity. They go on for ever. We need emancipation, both, in thought and deed. The seed sprouts into the flower. Is it not a process of liberation ? The germinal urge of man blossoms into a newly-born child. Is that not a process of glorious emancipation ? The Creative impulse escapes into the outer grandeur of an act. Is that not a process of conscious salvation ? All great acts are acts of humanity. These acts cannot be governed by any man-made laws. The only true law is the law of self-liberation. The spirit seeks emancipation from itself into flesh. This is an eternal law ; it never changes. Great acts are neither moral nor immoral in the conventional sense of the word. They may be ugly and beautiful both, and good and evil both. We need not debate about it. Their greatness and their permanence are not governed by cheap ethical considerations, but by a deeper morality of endless becoming. Through the ever-flowing channels of blood, travels the procreative urge of humanity. When a tiny little seed germinates in the depths of the soil it advances forward into images of fulfilment. Just as a flower springs and blossoms, an act sprouts and a deed is born of its own accord. It is wrong to say acts are "done" or "performed". They are born; they germinate ; they grow; they multiply. The scientific materialism and materialistic utilitarianism have very unnaturally thought of a price of life. "Utility", "price", "gain", "loss", "work" are significant words showing our adherence to

an artificial measurement of values in a world of economic facts. We have forgotten our deeds and values. History must write about deeds. But, by deeds, I do not mean only those achievements in battle, warfare, chivalry, religion, statesmanship, which have filled the pages of history. The true history of man is the record of his historic deeds which are of first-rate importance to his being, and through which he has developed and perpetuated himself. Mere "works" are "happenings" which always happen and yet they do not have the life-urge, that creative impulse, which we have been describing here.

Thus we clearly see that the endless process of becoming, through which man passes eternally, is the only thing which makes true history. We are only witnessing this terrible Act of Becoming. Life itself is one stage of becoming, because death is another stage of the same development. But not only one life of one individual, but millions of lives of millions of individuals, nay, the Life of Men is becoming. The creative urge travels through man and life. In humanity alone there is an embodiment of this impulse. In spite of the fact that man travels through Life eternally, we cannot get away from the truth that *he was*, *he is*, and *he will be*. The life-urge is timeless, but its form is within the limits of time. Though the human spirit transcends all limitations of past, present and future, the body, the frame, the flesh, through which life travels, has a finite

finality. It cannot transcend itself. The body of the flower perishes, but its soul always lives. The nightingale dies, and yet her melodious songs, though unheard, endure Man has an earthly existence a flesh-being too, which is terribly limited by time and space. Hence the need to describe him in terms of his flesh and blood. As far as the spirit—the creative spirit—of man is concerned, it never ceases to function. Past, present and future as isolated time-symbols, are false and contradictory. But we may still use them to signify his development for want of better words. What does "he was" means ? In terms of his past, we think of man with his past deeds, the once-sown seeds of time. History watches how they grow. These deeds may be contemptible, incomprehensible and awful, it does not matter. But they are deeds which hide in them the flesh-spirit perpetuation of man. It is the flesh existence which gives birth to acts. Is not man's body the "fruitfulness of his form ?" The father, the son and the sacred love are immortal laws of being. It is love which hallows the finite flesh of the body and exalts it high. The father and the son, that is, the begetter and the begotten go on endlessly. The mother is eternally hidden in the great primeval darkness. From her issues all life, when I say, 'man was'. I only mean that we can trace him to his early existence in the finite sense. But he is essentially untraceable and sourceless in his infinite being. Life's allegory has no truth for millions, because

reduced to its minimum, it is a fraud. But even then it is a beautiful allegory, I should say, the truest which describes the birth of man in the dark womb of time. Man's existence is pre-natal. The latent urge hidden in him is birthless. Its birth is its first expression within the limits of flesh and life. Therefore "man was" is an eternal truth expressed in a transient language. This strange being, man, has been marching along for centuries. Life has an obscure vicarious motherhood. The mother is never seen. She is always hidden in dark mystery. Her seeds grow into flowers and fruits. But man becomes the father, the son and the mother all in human history. He is always a mother because he has in his being the seeds of growth. He receives in his soul the urge of evolution (Not the evolution of Darwin and Huxley, but creative evolution) and growth, and he goes on transmitting it to generations of mankind.

This process never stops. It is an incessant activity, and with it, life flows eternally. The creative urge of becoming proclaims the law of continuity. Man *was*, but man *is* also. The urge, we notice, is a self-unfolding and self-perpetuating power. Man, the eternal creator, expresses himself through countless life-forms similar to himself. The urge of continuity travels through men, and women of past, present and future generations. The urge expresses itself also through culture-types spread all over the world. Several cultures grow in different

countries in different times. Here history will devote itself to periods and epochs and dates. But such a differentiation cannot be an end in itself. In differentiating one culture from the other, we should observe the everlasting law of unity as the source of life. We know that in different periods, different cultures grow carrying with them the burden of the spirit of various human groups and communities. They express themselves through various channels. They seek many avenues for their self-expression. They select their own outlet That is why, they have their own characteristics, and their own individualities. Some definite traits will always characterize them so that they may be adequately distinguished from each other. There is in history a progressive advancement from pre-historic times to modern times. Very often, we imagine that there are fixed periods of darkness, lull, and enlightenment. Such an attempt to divide history into periods is a grave blunder. The words "uncivilized" and "civilized" are false and contradictory. In the so-called periods of darkness, there were signs of enlightenment, too, just as in certain periods of "enlightenment" there were symbols of darkness. There are no clean-cut, sharply-defined periods in human history. The historians must never divide men and women into fixed epochs. There are other motives and passions hidden in the depths of human nature. No periods of history are totally dark, just as no epochs are totally enlightened. The twentieth century

persistently laughs at the puerile sentimentalities of the victorian period, while the victorians shuddered at the indecencies of Keats, Shelly and Byron,—the individuals who belonged to the romantic period. "Close thy Byron open thy Goethe," was the cry of Thomas Carlyle. There are no definable standards by which we may judge achievements of human civilization. What we know is that in different soils, at different times, grew the plants of different cultures.

Man expressed himself through men. Men and women realized themselves through their children. The creative urge interprets itself in many ways. In several soils, the same seeds are sown. The seeds sink into the depths of the soil and multiply. Creative growth is that kingdom of heaven of which people often speak. "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." The kingdom of heaven is built by that deep creativity which resides in all human bosoms It is there always creating and re-creating all things. "Except ye be born again", is the command of the life-urge. We have to be born again and again through those creative channels which flow everlastingly The seeds are scattered all over the earth, and they sprout into culture-patterns. A culture, thus, is a long

continual process of a people's becoming. For instance, the Greek culture is the ancient becoming of those historic people, called the Greeks. It was, in their case, a process of self-fulfilment. They had their birth, suffering, and death. Every great community of people undergo all these processes. The Chinese had established their own culture, through which one can see their endless becoming. In the same way, the Egyptians, through their eternal Nile and their infinite Pyramids, can be seen in terms of the timeless motherhood of their civilization. Indians evolved their culture, which, in spite of historic changes, still exists. In spite of the terrible impact of western civilization, the soul of Indian culture is still living. Through it can be seen its ancient soul, passing from the fullness of birth to the joy of living. The Indian soul moves through it in the infinite earnestness of becoming. The Indian attitude, thus, in spite of being a particular, definite view point, closely resembles the eternal urge of becoming. We are the only people left on earth, who, are still clinging to the principle of endless becoming even in the midst of ruthless unfamiliar outside influences. We still look into the indefinite and the eternal and search for the laws of unity of life and its activities. We still trace back ourselves to the seed of Being, and the urge of Becoming. But we too have begun to decay as a culture people now.

Just as seeds are sown so that they may spring into vibrant life, cultures are born in

different soils, in different periods. They are expressions of eternal humanity. The great mistake which we do is to isolate them from each other destroying the law of unity cementing them all into one. The life-urge fulfills itself and reveals itself through abundant variety. All human groups, with their various culture-types, are nothing but the eternal man unfolding himself through variety to achieve unity. True realization, we know, emerges out of suffering. Not the suffering of body and flesh, not the everyday suffering of everyday life, but suffering in the deepest sense, as a means of spiritual fulfilment. The average men and women have not the power and desire to emerge out of this great terrible variety of life. They remain fixed in life and never endeavour to seek the principle of unity in life. That is why, different culture-expressions have, in addition to their essential qualities, put on an adventitious glamour to mystify and confuse others. And, that is why, variety has often meant and caused a necessary opposition and antagonism between various cultures. Just as different seeds change into different plants though there is only one seed, and that is the seed of life, similarly, different human groups have nursed up different cultures though, there is only one urge, which is productive of all these intellectual shapes and spiritual forms. And this is the urge of life. A seed blossoms into a fruit. A culture ripens into the fruition of its becoming. There is one seed, but many

forms. Different culture-groups always interpret different human groups. Every culture will have its attitudes towards society, God, and nature. Out of these emerge art, religion, all sciences, social and natural, poetry, witchcraft, and philosophy. For the realization of all these a long period of travail is needed. Every culture must have its motherhood and it must conceive, deliver and suffer. The human spirit becomes the mother and shares the burden of such births. Just as children of the same mother are different from each other, and yet resemble their mother, their source, in some essential traits, all cultures are different from each other in many respects, but still they retain some characteristics of resemblance. The qualities born out of soil, climate, place and other circumstances, are the traits of differentiation. Through them cultures are differentiated from each other. They are qualities which govern the incidental, the circumstantial and the temporary in all cultures. The other qualities are those which are the same in all cultures and which are governed by the laws of eternal becoming. The former would establish the laws of differentiation and the latter would set up the principles of unity. Culture is the creative living of a people. In it we find the play of great elemental forces which are never exhausted. All knowledge, accumulated and preserved, emerges out of it. One people, through different historical changes, will have different cultural attitudes and qualities. One culture is life lived

once only by a people. There cannot be a repetition of the same in future. It represents a continuous creative and blood existence of a people. It is a spiritual blossom of their passions. It is the sums total of a people's spiritual efforts. It is the moral totality of a group of human beings. It is the spiritual fulfilment of a community of men and women.

A very common thing like property, on which the wrath of the social gospellers has been poured, is a deep blood-symbol of culture. Family is the first symbol of society. It is "I" converted into "we". It is a deep truth. The family is the first recipient, begetter and transmitter of human culture. Marriage, thus, is a beautiful symbol, because it indicates that from the beginning, men and women united in joy and hope for abundant fulfilment. The law of unity was perceived and understood together with the law of variety and differentiation. It is a social urge of human continuity. Men and women of the earth are the flowers which spring from the soil. They ripen, they wither and they are scattered on earth to be buried to attain the summits of resurrection and redemption. All laws are attempts to control the human family within the limits of giving and receiving. Art, too, emerges during a culture-period and indicates the desire of a culture-people to search for the symbols of beauty. Through its art, a culture attains the symbols of the perception of life and nature. Art is its life-blood, because in it is discovered

the indispensable elements of æsthetic fulfilment. It expresses the symbols of beauty amid which man finds himself. Various types of art are various expressions of the process of beauty in the act of Becoming. Man goes into life's depth to emerge into the liberating freedom of art. That is his æsthetic redemption. Art redeems humanity for ever. The existence of art in a culture is a sure sign of its vitality. Similarly, religion springs from the desire to solve and conquer the mysterious phases of nature. By discovering his God, man discovers himself. All the sciences evolved by man are the length-breadth-height-depth-beyond visions of his life. They are his attempts to emerge out of the dreamy twilight of his pre-historic universe. Culture has all these expression-means at its disposal. Different cultures are different patterns of life-art woven by different human groups in different periods. Through them the eternal man "becomes." Nay, through them humanity "becomes." They are different visions seeing one reality; and different colours painting the world of facts. The distances of time and space isolate them as hostile expressions of men, divided from each other. This is when we look at them from the angles of pure differentiation. When we look at them from the angles of unity, we see before us the portrait of Man, of all humanity, of all times and of all ages. Cultures are channels of liberation for the human spirit. In every culture is born the desire to blossom, to ripen, to fruitify, to wither,

to die, to disintegrate, and to rise from its grave. The human spirit creates it, sanctifies it, crucifies it, buries it and then raises it from the dead. There is always a judas to betray it and also to lead it to its calvary. Since motherhood is the concept of endless births, all cultures are birth phenomena of becoming—terrible births which take place continually in the body of living peoples and communities. There are weak and robust cultures just as there are weak and robust children. Cultures are born, crucified and buried. Professional historians build beautiful tombs over them to forget them. It *was*. A culture is never born again ; it never will be.

The birth of the modern man is an old story. He began to assert himself as a conscious, waking being with a waking consciousness long ago. I see him going through changes and storms like a fantastic individual. At times, he is slow in his movement, and at times, terribly excited and precipitous in his acts. He goes on. Great changes of the past have become great stories for the children of today. These are landmarks standing out prominently in human history. We need not name them for they are too many. I believe in discussing recent times. One cannot forget the French Revolution, Darwin and the Great War. In between these are important events, but we have no time to describe them here. We shall pick up man at the present time and see what he is doing, and where he is moving. We shall watch the creative urge moving on and on into

an indefinite, unknownable future. We can never catalogue it. Let us look at the modern man as he is found today, at this moment. Today, man is discovered in his contact with science. For a long time in this modern age, man has been engaged in scientific discoveries and inventions. This is nothing very new. Modern man, like the early man, is applying his powers to nature. There is nothing new in these endless pursuits of man. The early man did the same in his own way. He also began to reconcile himself to nature and its strange, unfamiliar forces. He faced natures mystery, and began to unearth it by and by. He defended himself against its terrible forces and, in doing so, he began to conquer its unknown territories for a final subjugation. The progressive subjugation of nature is the task in which the modern scientists,—the early man's successors—are engaged. As the years roled on, with the lapse of time, nature was increasingly attacked and conquered by man. This process has gone on in an endless manner. There is no end to it. Man has never been a static, stagnant being, but a dynamic, individual. Within the compass of his own being he has collected his experiences and discoveries. His experience is what he naturally feels and comes across in his life; his discovery, on the other hand, is what he discovers when he is actuated by the motives of his own endless search. In the former, there is a revelation of things in the natural order; in the latter,

there is discovery of facts willed and effected by man himself. The modern scientist is a successor of the early man, and he engages himself in the endless pursuit of applying his consciousness to nature. Science aims at discovering reality. But reality is of two kinds, the physical reality and the transcendental reality. Those who always concern themselves with physical reality and do not desire to go beyond it, are, all the time, engaged in finding facts, mere facts of the natural phenomena. While, on the other hand, those who go beyond the limits of physical reality into the regions of transcendental reality, find out the truths of phenomena. There may be scientists who may strictly adhere to these different forms of reality. Both the realities, however, are like complementary parts. They are the alternate beats of the same heart of reality. When man goes beyond the physical limits of reality, or, when he is able to see the transcendental depths and heights of nature, he endeavours to achieve the same knowledge which the artists, the poets, the philosophers and the mystics incessantly seek. The "Upanishads" are an expression of such a deep search, and they are a revelation of the great transcendental reality. That is what the classical Indian outlook is. The Indian looks into the depths of the unknown and the unknownable. The Vedanta philosophy is the Indian approach to life. In Indian thought, there is a great ever-present unity. Every great and beautiful discovery,

in fact, is referred back to the eternal, the Brahma. There was an attempt to learn physical knowledge of physical nature in ancient India. There was also an endless search for the secrets of the physical existence of nature. But all these are considered secondary and unimportant, and the emphasis is laid on the eternal and the transcendental. This desire for the beyond, the physical, is always there. Reality alone, in its deepest sense, is worth one's achievement. The Indian looks within; there is an inlook and no outlook in him. He goes through the processes of introspection, and inner search. All knowledge, according to him, merges into Brahma, the First and the Last Reality. "The kingdom of heaven is within you" is a truly Asiatic principle of life. The truly Indian attitude towards Reality is found in the words "I am Brahma". The Individual is looking within himself, eternally. Budha looks within, looks physically at his novel (a striking pose of calm self-realization) and progresses in the knowledge of eternal truth. He is the Budha-to-be. Nirvana is the highest state of becoming after which he is become-less. The knowledge of Reality beyond the physical limits is the highest aim of the Indian, a truly classical being.

In achieving this unity of life science resembles philosophy. The highest stage of science is also the highest stage of religion and philosophy. Reality is to be discovered whatever the means may be adopted by the seekers.

For me a scientist is a seeker. If he seeks only the physical reality, and shuts his eyes to Reality the next logical step, he is never able to witness what is behind the veil of physical facts. All the lesser scientists try to find out these facts to catalogue nature and man. They end at their beginning. For them, discoveries are only an addition of new facts to man's knowledge. If the astronomer, for instance, finds out unknown stars just for the sake of the lust of discovery and does not go even one step further, he remains where he is, shutting his eyes to the presence of the great Reality. He imprisons himself within the limits of his own telescope. If, on the other hand, he sees what is inside the mysterious garment of nature, he comes face to face with Reality. There are symbols, signs and representations in physical realities, which lead the seeker to step into the realm of the Beyond. Symbolism is the depth of all great discoveries. Whenever the modern man says that he lives in an age of science, he means that he lives in an age of discoveries and inventions which are daily filling life with wonder and astonishment. He stands wondering at things almost with a vacant primitive stare. All great discoveries and inventions are wonderful things. Who can deny that? Who can deny scientists their greatness, who can say that these great discoveries are not stupendous facts, terrible in their magnitude and greatness. Our modern life is filled with wonder and strange-

ness. Ours is an age of wonder. The scientific mind, primarily, is romantic. A mere revival of learning and erudition may not be romantic, because it looks back to past for authority and inspiration. Romanticism is a finer thing, a phenomenon with a sublime latitude and self-abandonment, an emancipation of the "ego", a looking back to past to evoke a festival of passions. Modern science is a type of romantic movement. It revives primary passions, and takes us into the realm of novelty and strangeness. Scientific romanticism fills the world with great wonders. All the discoveries of science have a great undying charm. We are astonished, shocked and taught. The modern scientist is a seeker, a romantic seeker with all his undying inspiration. Science establishes an enduring relationship between nature and humanity. With the help of science, man begins to relate himself to his world. The discoveries of science, however, leave people spiritually dislodged, unrelated and unreconciled.

Quite a number of people cannot understand the significance of great discoveries and truths. Even in the moral and political affairs, there are people who do not discover their proper relationship with events. There are, however, changes in the life of a community which come to mean terribly overwhelming to the people. The French Revolution aroused the slumbering passions of the French people The storm broke out one day and swept mankind with a

terrible passion. Man asserted himself through humanity. The rights of moral living were upheld and vindicated with an uncontrollable fierceness and with a great demonaic sincerity. A whole people rose from their age-long stupor and shouted with a mad passion. Through blood, man reached the shores of liberty. The nation, as a whole, the whole Europe, once, felt the need of going through the historic process of catharasis, of purgation. The Aristotelian dictum functioned effectively in the moral life of a whole people. It was the assertion of man for a greater fulfilment. The cry of the human soul filled the soul of whole Europe with pity and anger. People and communities felt the tremendous passion and sincerity of the revolution. It swept them off their feet. Then came the great Industrial Revolution which in the economic world, meant another great sweep of passion. Man asserted himself and said to the world "Give us our daily bread." The whole science of economics is centred in the words "give us our daily world." With it came the great doctrine of self-determination in politics. Nations asserted their rights, and vindicated their obligations and rights. The words "nation" "nationality" and "state" were defined by political thinkers. They said great and beautiful things, and humanity thought its political life was placed on a solid basis of reality. It was a futile dream. And when the Victorious were sanctimoniously saying "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven", came Charles Darwin who

summed up his message in that one solitary line "Deliver us from evil." His theories were attempts to deliver mankind from the evil of their origin. The theologians murmured and denounced him because they were all the time saying "Thy kingdom come", without understanding the physical meaning of the kingdom. Darwin shocked theology out of its accustomed grooves of thinking. When the Victorians in their snug complacency, were talking of their hearth and home, of their Tennyson and Dickens, Darwin led his Caliban of Science into their Island and frightened them into hysterics. He made them think afresh. Science struck its roots into the soil. Henceforth, it was to assert itself with a greater ferocity than ever. It went on assuming a greater role by and by. While it explained life it also mystified it. Science was no more a weak seeker; henceforth it stood defiant and unbending.

The strange phenomenon which occurred with an awful suddenness in 1914, the Great War, was brought about by great forces and circumstances which had their roots in the past. These forces lay there in the silent embryo of past. The Great War was an inevitable cataclysm. It was accumulating for a long time. Here I do not intend to make an inquiry into its political causes. They are not the real causes; the real causes are found elsewhere. I think the causes which brought about the war were historic and not political. The politicians have only looked at the surface of the thing and have

accounted for it by various means, attributing faults and blunders to nations and parties. That is not the way to look at it. The second world war raging now in the world is a continuation of the first. All great wars are great phenomena sprouting out of the soil like poison-trees. We stand confused and look at them with fear and astonishment because we cannot recall when we sowed their seeds. But the seeds were sown at some distant date, which we cannot remember. The Great War was an inevitable phenomenon because destiny's hands were shaping it for a long time. The French Revolution was the fruit of intellect. The Great War of 1914 was the poisonous fruitfulness of an unbridled scientific romanticism. The fruits of science, though they looked tempting and sweet, were sources of poison. The science of physical reality and not the science of ultimate reality, became the law of mankind. Man took delight in the revelation of power, the power whether for good or for evil. Power alone, man thought, was all-sufficient. He required nothing else. Science meant a power which made man powerful and great. He had been utilizing the knowledge of science to discover the great witchcraft and sorcery of the universe. He learnt the secret curses and imprecations of nature. Instead of being a healing Prospero, he became a hideous, relentless comus. The Great War was a proof of the terrible greatness of the science of physical facts. The scientists fought it then as they are fighting it now even. A

seeker as he was, the scientist, began to search the great secrets of disintegration and destruction. He was now not a healing physician, a selfless seeker, a lover of knowledge, a mystic amid physical reality, but one who, with a "motiveless malignity", began to poison and destroy the sweetness and charm of life. He caught in his hands the great secrets of life's disintegration and began to utilize them to experiment with evil on a large scale. He did not go beyond the physical realms of Reality, but closed the doors of his dehumanized laboratory against humanity and God, both. Man used his knowledge against his fellow-beings for the sake of fun and power. In the catastrophe of these two great wars is found the flowering of this poisonous passion.

Science moves on and on, until it stands on a dangerous ground and looks beneath the precipice of destruction. It begins to dote on its mistress, power. The passion for power is the passion for self-expansion. Man cannot check it once he has tasted its fruits. When science harnessed the forces of nature, it began to destroy the world. The discoveries which were first welcomed as great findings to inspire, to teach and also to explain life to mankind, were, later, utilized to accomplish the satanical aims of destroying life and its integral parts. What used to heal suffering and add sunshine to life, began to destroy and darken it. With the progressive march of science, the scientists began to direct their discoveries into channels of

useful destruction. The scientists depend on science for its terrible powers. I find in all great wars an exhibition of the utter nakedness of science. Science concerns itself with facts, and not truths because it does not go beyond its discoveries. Goethe was right when he said: "All our knowledge is symbolic....Science has an artificial life and is an extraordinary mixture of fact, symbol and analogy." "When the scientific mind knows more and more about less and less, and has as its highest development pure mathematics, the consciousness of Being seeks relationship with a greater and greater extent of reality, and searches its highest state in the ecstasy of an all-embracing Love." (Harold Speed) "Science measures us, weighs us, dissects us, and notes a vast number of structures and processes. A wonderful picture of the interior universe of our bodies and its functioning is now known; but nowhere has it come in contact with the real self. Nature is a vital functioning organism such as we are; and there is a similar reality in it which is not found by patient scientific observation and analysis, but is recognised by the simple-minded. The reality that sustains the phenomenal world, the same as the reality that sustains our bodies, is directly and intentively knowable, but not to be discovered by cold measurable, analysis." (H. Speed). For a long time science had been measuring man according to its own measurements. It had reduced man into a discovery of laboratories and had begun to experiment with him in all manner.

Science made humanity a mere object of experiment. When science discovered its inability to create man, to create life, it began to discover ways and means to undo it. It was naked in its ruthlessness. But not this only. It began to shape the minds of individuals and nations. Different groups of people were shaped and moulded by its spirit. The scientific approach to life become the craze of the individual and the community. People began to judge things according to the rational dictates of science.

Minds were shaped anew in a scientific world and no opportunity was given to the truly scientific spirit which was a gift, but also a wrongly-developed temperament and which searched for evil and destruction. Man had to go through the process of death to cleanse himself. A war is a phenomenon which is brought about by the forces of spirit and flesh, mind and nature. It is a natural happening. Let us not imagine that wars are anomalies; they are, on the other hand, necessary expressions of a full-blooded human race. They must happen, because as long as we are alive, we have within us the eternal seeds of their birth. No one can prevent them. They must happen. Through them, man purifies his life if he so desires. Through them, man poisons himself and his life if he is not cautious. Wars are phenomenon of nature. They are an inevitable expression of man's fatal destiny. There are two kinds of wars. The first kind are those which are a process of man's purification, his moral cleansing. They are a

process of suffering through which the becoming beings of nations must pass. Through wars some of the noblest qualities of man are expressed. Honour, sacrifice, chivalry and patriotism find their revelation through them. But, on the other hand, there are those wars which aim at destroying the best qualities of man. They achieve their end by diabolical means, basing themselves on fanaticism, and mercenary patriotism. They destroy not to reconstruct but to ruin and disfigure life. The famous London fire and plague of the 17th century were blessings, but in everyday life they are a menace and curse. If a community of people fight to cleanse themselves by defending their honour through sacrifice and devotion, they do not lose but gain something in a spiritual sense. But if they fight to destroy things with a callous ferocity for the sake of destroying and ruining others, they shed blood with ample malice and are ignorant of their own injuries. Wars are, often, fought by people to fill their lives with a deadly poison, to destroy their best, and to annihilate their noblest. That is why, a war is, often, a war among beasts and not men. It is neither fought to defend human honour nor to vindicate the rights of the weak and the needy, but to kill and destroy life for the love of it. It is a biological necessity brought about by the forces of a ruthlessly advancing science. Wars burst upon the world like great storms though for long their clouds hang over the world. Beneath the apparent order of things, and a peaceful society,

science secretly hides a fatal dynamite. No one sees it. People never realize that a great, terrible phenomenon is going to reveal itself to the world with such a suddenness and ferocity. Ruthless science, tired of its complacent devotees, wreaks its vengeance on them. One fine morning the monster of war rises and tears humanity to pieces. People look bewildered in ignorance. Beneath the quiet surface of things a great upheaval takes its birth. Science like revolution devours its own children at the end.

There was always in the minds of individuals in the past a mad craze to learn from science all its secrets for self-glorification. Humanity had to become a veritable laboratory for such a stupendous experiment. Scientific imagination was running riot. It outgrew man's individual limits. Man could not control it. Science had long ago shaped the minds of the people according to its own fancy and it was happy to realize that men were rapidly becoming its willing rools, its intellectual chattels. Man sold his soul to the devil, and wanted power, power alone. Science has always taught people to be exact and ruthless in their measurement. The nicety of detail, and the accuracy of mathematical judgment are its necessary parts. It leaves out human emotion when it begins to weigh facts and discoveries. It leaves out humanity when it wants to dissect man. Then it takes the human soul and fills it with all the unholy pleasure of its discoveries, and destroys life in a similar way. Its romanticism degenerates into

extravagance and sadism. It pays no heed to man's real power. Man cannot preserve the treasures of his own discoveries. They become frightful. Nations also become scientifically awakened. In them also are sown the seeds of wild passions. In the silent being of the people burns a desire to fight, kill and destroy. A fearful destiny presides over them. Science tells them that they are symbols of active, ruthless life and that they must go on. Its laws become for people the principles of aggressive living. People became mechanical tools dehumanized machines, and instruments of destruction. The scientific attitude replaces all other attitudes, leaving people cold, ruthless, mechanized and determined. In the last Great War, science blossomed into terrible fruitfulness. And now the Greater war is going on with all its horror and stupidity, with all its strange suffering and passion for "freedom."

The modern man is brought up by science whom he loves extravagantly. How far is science shaping him? How far should it mould his destiny? And how far should it go? Where is man going? Where is this scientific man marching on? Today, life is imagined in terms of movement and speed and velocity. Movements and ideas are hurried up with a certain ferocity. I find the modern man rushing at topspeed, one does not know where. Who can predict his future? One can only envisage his future with the help of what he is at present attempting to be. We can only adumbrate in

some measure, his future shape. The scientific temperament, today, is dictating to him terms which he is most willingly accepting. The spirit of science is pervading the world. In almost every movement of modern culture, there is a sign of scientific attitude. In everything which man is doing, man allows science to influence him in some measure. Analysis, doubt and cross-examination have become the lawful instruments of the modern man. Instead of lending man a spiritual depth to things, science acquaints him only with the physical measurement of objects. It lends to his mind a certain inevitable harshness of static artificiality. It believes in labelling and cataloguing life. It probes it surgically. While people are everyday inventing medicines to heal the wounds of the sufferers, there are those who are inventing new methods of inflicting greater wounds on the men and women of this world. Today, nations are producing armaments, every moment, with a terrible speed perhaps just to feel physically secure in the international world of menace and fear. Fear, today, is burdening the soul of the modern world. Fear of life, and fear of each other is the product of science. Instead of creating a bond of friendship and love between people, it has given them a great terrible burden of fear, which is also the burden of care. Care sickens the soul of the modern man. He is care-laden and care-oppressed. Care for what? Care of what? This care is an expression of the unredeemed, ruthless

materialism of modern history. The kingdom of heaven is without, not within, says the modern man. Care, which is the mother of many evils, occupies the minds of the people today. They care for their possessions and their lives with an exclusive isolation, shutting their eyes to the rest of the world. Fear of each other is brought about by the same causes. It is the root cause of all evils in modern world today. It creates greater and more terrible patterns of suffering for men. It produces fear of the baser kind, fear which is not natural. It is an unnatural phenomenon. The early man also went through the stage of fear but it was a holy and sacred feeling which was productive of many good things. The fear of the early man was a process of sanctification which sanctified him. It was an avenue of knowledge, a channel through which his soul travelled to acquire a true meaning of life. The early man was a priest whose altar of knowledge was built by fear where he went for his daily worship. Through fear, he realized the calm familiarity of life. Through fear, he fulfilled himself into power, knowledge and joy. Through it he discovered his Creator. For him fear was a sacred process through which he sought knowledge. But it was only a means and not an end in itself. Fear to the early man was an elemental force of nature; it was a universal feeling reigning in the universe. It produced holy awe. But when we examine fear as a hybrid and artificial

product of modern science, we are bewildered. It is a very unnatural phenomenon which has grown in the fertile soil of the modern care-laden world. It is the fear of a dehumanized humanity and is also the source of many modern mechanistic attitudes. Care oppresses the peoples of the world today, almost with an inhuman ferocity. It makes people eternally unbalanced. Look at the stock Exchange ! How terribly monstrous a picture of world-care it is ! Look at the world commercial rates ! What symbols of a frightened life they are ! Trade now is no more the trade of olden times because there was a spirit of fun and chivalry about it. It is now an oppressive business which has converted the world into a chess-board. Science realizes itself through fear and care in the modern world. It produces them ; it nurses them ; and it perpetuates them. They are the two dominant types of sickness from which the modern soul suffers. They both aim at an artificial measurement of man and his environment.

If some of our predecessors were barbarians, we are more terrifying ones. Science has taught us the secret of the art of destruction. It has acquainted us with destruction as a supreme art of violence with much beauty and skill about it. It is no more a science of destruction but a great art which needs careful skill and artistic workmanship. *Destruction* is the child of science. It thrives on it, and shares its dominant traits. Every moment, today, science

is proving the great destructibility of matter against all its past beliefs and convictions. Today people are producing tools and instruments to ruin, to destroy and to disfigure life. Science has become the weapon of violence. If our forefathers were barbarians, we are greater barbarians. They fought bravely inflicting their vengeance on their foes almost with a primitive sincerity. Even in their brutality there was a certain frankness, a certain kindness and tenderness which we are compelled to appreciate. Even when we come to the age of chivalry we find that duels were fought between individuals with honour and nobility. A duel was all aboveboard and brutally frank. They never hit below the belt. They never inveigled their enemies into false security and never shot them from behind the hedge. In an atmosphere of guile no honest reprisals can be made. Even friends are galled, and they feel, that even they are scudding before the gales due to the suddenness and the insincerity of the attack. Duels were beautiful things. Woman was the symbol of honour and love, for whom brave men fought and died. She was given a high place, and she excited the beautiful spirit of honesty and bravery. In these duels there was an expression of the passionate sincerity of man, the utter frankness of his convictions, and the inner forces of his burning soul. They were beautiful symbols of eternal chivalry in man. But we find no such sincerity in modern forms of destruction. We very glibly talk about the

barbarism of certain periods of history. To me, the early man with his sharp, brutal weapons of destruction, seems a clean fighter. He fights with an invincible determination, and an irrevocable will. These men fought to defend themselves, and were clean, brutal fighters whose weapons struck with a certain manly and honest determination. The modern warfare, on the other hand, is becoming inhuman and cowardly. Today, people strike their foes for no conceivable reasons. The early man could not talk clever nonsense and justify his contradictions as the modern politician does. He did not talk at all. The modern war fare is based upon the foundations of intellectual dishonesty, selfishness, greed and fear. We have sharpened our weapons since then, but we have also put on a certain intriguing smile to entrap our foes. We are brutal and dishonest. We fear to be chivalrous, because science has destroyed all our innate chivalry. It is a very strange thing that we call modern civilization a high water-mark of human advancement. Nothing can be a more erroneous appraisal than this. We contradict ourselves when we say this. Our words and our actions belie each other. What we call today as the high degree of twentieth century civilization, is a sorry pell-mell. We are returning to the fearful ignorance of our early history. In spite of our advancement in terms of science, we have made ourselves unnaturally artificial and mechanised. Science, today, is leaving a

legacy of blankness and ignorance to the succeeding generations. In spite of all our advancement we are retreating back into our jungles of ignorance and fear. The jungle and the beast sum up the meaning of life. The discoveries of science cannot constitute a whole civilization for the world today, civilization lies bleading like a dying patient. We have trusted ourselves with science too much. And now we shall have to provide our civilization with a decent gas-mask.

Scientific romanticism rules the world today. It is found everywhere in the world. It expresses itself through various elements found in modern society. Society is rapidly changing into something new. The social man keeps on shaping his society. It is now no more the old structure of society. It is, now, a new structure with a rapidly-changing basis. Man is living passionately with all his sincerity. Hence the birth of social gospels. Before this he only cared to improve the obvious facts of society. Now he is changing its very basis. Due to deep upheavals, brought about by economic and political causes, man is re-chaping and re-moulding society in a different manner, creating a new order.

The social experiment carried on in Russia after the last war was a result of social consciousness. It was a fruit born out of the deep soil of the spiritual conflict of a whole people. This was a historic period of agony through which

the Russian people had to pass inevitably to cleanse themselves, to be born again for their own progressive, endless regeneration. The birth of the new man in Russia took place in the birth of a communistic form of society. Historically, it was nothing new. It was a repetition of history. Much before this, Plato had conceived his "Republic". Christ was the first man in history who inunciated the spiritual meaning and form of communism. Carl Marx comes as a prophet to preach the message of a new gospel for society. The Russians, who had suffered so long, were drawn to this gospel by their own inevitable destiny. Communism is the romantic gospel of a progressive society. It is an attempt, on the part of a people to be born again, to find themselves, to realize themselves, and to fulfil their destiny. Every great social revolution which endures, is a channel for change and regeneration. All revolutions are not a clearing agency just as all changes are not for good. But the Russian regeneration was born out of a passionate sincerity. It endured because they desperately searched for its meaning in all sincerity. A suffering people discovered for themselves an adequate technique of regeneration. Suffering and bloodshed were necessary for the realization of their true worth. Poverty, bloodshed and revolutions are eternal companions. Just as in an individual, the existence of unhealthy blood necessitates its transfusion, similarly in a nation, in a people, the same necessity for cleansing and purifica-

tion is felt. Let not people undervalue the revolutions of the world. Even blood is a purifying agency. It must be shed to purify people, to redeem the excess of bad health or unhealthy blood. The Russians passed through travail to realize themselves more fully. They were hungry, and they sought bread. They expelled Christianity because it had told them that "man does not live by bread alone." They had, for ages, believed in that truth, but a time came when they disbelieved it and rose against it. They turned out all the mystic impossibilities of existence from their life in spite of themselves. It was in fact the romantic yearning or a community of people to realize themselves through pain. Romanticism travels through pain, joy, suffering, strangeness and re-birth. It has a spiritual self-abandonment about it. It has a kindliness in it which it lends to all forms and shapes. The Russian experiment is a romantic experiment in history. Southey before that, had conceived his plan of a Pantisocracy; the Byronic and Shelleyan waves had already swept the people. Romanticism did not die in Goethe and Byron, it was reborn in their spiritual successors. The Russian communism is an extraordinary combination of symbolism, strangeness and fulfilment. It was a poem written by Russia with her own blood. It had its spiritual predecessors in the past. Society was re-shaped successfully by communism. The romantic soul of modern Russia looked back to

past to draw its inspiration, and began to build a millenium in reality for which Shelly had cried all in vain.

The same romanticism fills the pages of modern political history. The nineteenth century with its doctrine of self-determination and equal opportunities, had created the cult of democracy. Since then democracy had flourished, until recent times, when it began to be attacked from all quarters. It has now definitely proved to be a big hoax, a mare's nest. It is "the cult of incompetence". The modern cult of dictatorship has proved a greater convincing substitute for old democracy. Even where democracy seems to have built its citadels, it is being increasingly paralysed, and is existing there more or less as an ancient venerable cult to be patronized and preserved by the complacent. But whatever it may be, in a decent world a decent man can only live for a decent democracy. Today, we find, side by side with a ruthless rationalism, there is a spirit of (unredeemed) irrationalism in modern politics. Dictatorship is a type of irrationalism, where will and judgment yield place to voluntary submission and hero-worship. The mob spirit is the passion-flower of this irrationalism. The modern dictatorship is based upon feeling, passion and hero-worship. Hitler and Mussolini are products of the last war. One-man-rule has replaced many men's rule. One individual becomes the embodiment and the final consummation of a nation's qualities. He takes upon him the

burden of his own nation to save his people, to exalt them, and to purify them. "I am your saviour," says the modern dictator. This is a strange romantic fact, a romantic falsification of history, and yet millions believe it with utter sincerity and passion. Even in publicity and propaganda this one-man heroic embodiment of a nation's virtues and vices, has a tremendous appeal. It is a beautiful symbol of suffering and purification. One individual, one great man, takes upon his shoulders the burden of his people's suffering and marches on. The people believe their hero; they follow his footsteps; and they realize themselves spiritually through his deeds. He carries in him a beautiful consummation of his nation's desires and passions. He leads, and they follow him quietly and unflinchingly. And this one man, this impulsive hero of modern history, is the eternal super-man of all ages. In all ages he leads people and exalts them. Kingship is born out of this desire. The strong, heroic soul leads the people of a nation from victory to victory. Such an individual is fearless. He is a romantic being because in him we find a curious combination of strangeness and passion, kindness and determination selfishness and greed. He plunges headlong into violence with all his passions. He lives a life of great passions. And these feelings are so great and so awful that they sweep millions in a moment. While democracy also lives on the support of slogans and catchwords and exploits the emotions of

the unfranchised, dictatorship debases mass-passions. This strong man, who is chosen by his people to lead them, has had his predecessors in human history. Plato, Nietchze, Schopaunhaur, Byron, Carlyle and Shaw have talked about him. But the modern dictator is a different species. He lives and grows powerful because of the inherent weakness of democracy. If we wish to redeem dictatorship of its horrors, we must re-build democracy. The world cannot get rid of its dictators; it can only get rid of the horrid things they do. The modern dictators must not convert themselves into robbers and gangsters. They must not also standardize human nature. The modern dictators have a romantic extravagance about their everyday life. They live strangely removed from the common people. They talk and think like all free romantics of the world. Their appeal is based upon a deep-seated irrationalism in human nature. They are strange wizards in this twentieth century world of matter-of-factness. Dictatorship is a never-dying phenomenon. It blossoms, it withers, and it is born again. It dies only for a while. Since times immemorial men and women have chosen their dictators in spite of the fact that dictatorship is often a coarse and brutal system.

Science has bequeathed to us a rich *legacy of doubt and* skepticism. We have destroyed the images of our old thoughts, conventions, habits and modes. To religion, science has given a skepticism which is eating up its vital

parts. A wave of agnosticism has spread over the world, and it has caught the sensitive youth. The youth of the world has adopted a skeptical attitude towards God, toward religion and its eternal varieties. In some respects, youth's skepticism is a blessing; in some respects, it is a curse and a menace. The youth of the world, today, is questioning the authority of religion. The traditional veneration attached to religion, is now rapidly disappearing, because the people of the modern age are attacking religion and its authority from all quarters. Psychology and psychoanalysis are reducing great truths into feeting mental images. They are explaining every eternal fact in a most cavalier fashion. The first expression of agnosticism came into lime light when Darwinism with its epoch-making scientific passionateness, dislodged the age-long theory of the origin of human race as contained in the Book of Genesis. The Christian theology got a rude shock. Side by side with Darwin there arose many other intellectual giants who began to explain life with an extremely uncompromising rationalism. Science gave a scientific temperament to people, and they, in their turn, weighed and measured life with an excessive nicety. Reason and logic became the watchword of thinkers. The feeling went on gaining ground. Today, religion is being explained away (or rejected) by people in a curious cavalier fashion. The great intellectuals of society are attacking it

from all sides. The city man, the man of intellect and logic, loses his faith soon, but the man of the countryside, the man of intuition and faith, clings to it amid all storms and upheavels. In the villages and the country side, there is a keener and truer perception of God and truth because there the human intellect is not allowed to assume its fatal role of negation. It must be noted here that in our own country, villages still are the citadels of our faith and spiritual inheritance. An excess in intellectual knowledge often needs several outlets, healthy or unhealthy, for relief,—for purgation. The peasant classes embody in them the true faith and joy of humanity. They have a beautiful conservatism about them; and they hardly feel the need to rebel against religion and its truths. They accept them as eternal tradition. On the other hand, in the cities where human civilization reaches its consummation, human intellect plays havoc, doing more harm than good. Today, in the modern world, humanity residing in the great, eternal countryside, resides in hamlets, huts and cottages. This humanity is an essential part of the world, and has retained in its body, the great eternal principles of life. No attack on religion has come from the villages, and the country-side; it has come from towns and town-men and the mighty intellectuals. The landscape and the architecture of the country-side are universally the same; they never change. The city landscape and the city

architecture keep on changing because of the mighty influences of human intellect.

But by saying all this I do not mean that the challenge thrown by intellect to religion is a false one. It is a great challenge. Much of the criticism levelled against religion is brave thinking. Intellect outlives all tyranizing and superfluous forms of religion. It keeps on changing and replenishing religion. But in its haste and impetuosity, intellect is often aided by the cruel logic of callous science. It has attempted to destroy the spirit of things in breaking their false images and forms. In coming to grips with religion, intellect must overhaul it, change it, rehabilitate it, but it must never destroy its cardinal good. Unfortunately, science has taught man to doubt and doubt eternally, and man has sometimes done this against the dictates of his innate self. Skepticism as a cleansing agency is a blessing, but as an end in itself it is a menace of the worst kind. The result has been that today man doubts everything which he possesses. There is a terrible uncertainty in his soul. There is a fear and a care in his being. This is a result of his faith in science. Mere blank cynicism is no good. Mere criticism for the sake of it is dangerous. I am for breaking old idols, but I am not for destroying the beautiful spirit of true religion. That leads humanity nowhere. In Germany scientific ruthlessness has been trying to destroy the images and the ideas both. This will never do.

Institutions can be destroyed but not religion. At times, people have rightly raised their voice of protest against religion and its vested interests because often it has quietly stood and watched laws of human living beings violated by man. Even those who call themselves religious, have closed their eyes to injustices being perpetrated while they have been in power and authority. Institutionalized religion has sinned against society and it must pay for its sins in some measure. A challenge has been thrown out to it now. It must accept it. But the people's mistrust is deep-rooted. They have begun to doubt the very fundamentals of religion. One cannot say how far this modernism in religion, which is a product of science, will endure. It is bound to fail, I feel, because it is too superficial. Its roots are not deep. Skepticism, agnosticism, unproductive doubt, and futile rationalism will consume themselves into nothingness and will become extinct, because their excesses will not endure for a long time. Even when he is cut off from his original moorings man will find the haven of his spiritual freedom, spiritual joy, and spiritual sincerity in some quiet moments of his confused life. But this great wave of doubt may be a very happy sign. We have to prune a great deal of our superfluous outgrowth.

CHAPTER VIII

FRUSTRATION, HOPE AND RELEASE

Modern art is an expression of modern soul carrying its burden through confusion and excitement. The soul of modern art has a poignant carelessness about it. Art, today, is expressing itself through various "isms". The modern man, in his artificial life, deprived of all spiritual assurance has learnt catchwords and slogans for his moral life. He contents himself with all kinds of "isms" because they sound grand and nice. When a community of people are not able to experience the sense of deeper living, the individual, as a unit of society, pleases himself with superficial experiences in his intellectual and moral life. For him the mystifying varieties and forms of mere sounds are more pleasurable and significant than deep meanings. Instead of availing himself of the deeper experiences of moral living the individual lives in a world of images and words. Our modern life itself is a series of catchwords. "Democracy", "Socialism", "Communism", "Dictatorship" are among those wonderful words which keep the modern man spell bound. We have evolved standards of speaking, thinking and living. Without the constant use of such a conventional language, we

imagine, our thoughts remain unexpressed. We make them as our ends, as our last ultimate reach. In the development of our artistic sensibilities, we have done the same thing. Things like 'Orphism," Synchromism," "Purism" "Integralism," "Expressionism", "Imagism", "Cubism", "Futurist art," "Surrealism," "Vorticism", "Dadaism," "Orientalism" have occupied our minds. We cannot get rid of them for a moment even. The whole of our thinking is governed by such ideologies of art-evolution and art-expression. Words imprison us too ruthlessly. "The letter bindeth us" and we cannot free ourselves from the tyranny of language.

The great characteristic of modern art is its abundant variety as expressed through various conflicting schools of art. The complexity of modern life is expressed in the birth of different schools of art. This is an inevitable outcome of modern life with its manifold loyalties which are sufficiently conflicting and antagonistic. Today, we discover many schools of art in the modern world. Man is expressing his abundant variety and inconsistency through various channels which art has sought to exploit for its revelation. It will not be wrong to say that quite a number of these art-schools are opposed to each other in spirit and objective both. The modern art has a vast range, from symbolism to nudism. People have the opportunity to satisfy their artistic demands by various means. Nudity, as a

modern cult, is an unconscious revival of primitive nakedness. It has no identity with the Greek conception of the physical form,—the cult of the body. Science has destroyed all taboos. Hence this brutal frankness in all affairs. The different artistic trends, found today, show how strange the modern man's soul is. It seeks to reveal itself through variety. His desires, passions, yearnings, weakness, strength, speed, hurry, impatience and aimlessness, are all revealed through these. Modern art has no great permanent enduring power besides portraying modern life and its paradoxes. There is no great depth in it, and, as time rolls on, and as modern tendencies disappear, it will leave no spiritual legacy for future. It is beautiful and brilliant both, but it is not enduring and permanent. Technique, pure technique, has been the pre-occupation of modern art. A certain vagueness also is found in modern art which is an outcome of the eternal indecision of the modern man. However, this is not a dogmatic comment on modern art. Perhaps art and geometry were never so close to each other as they are now. A kind of new fantastic art has come into vogue.

I detect a certain aimlessness in modern art. The large number of schools of thought in art today, are not a proof of its richness, but pay an abundant testimony to its spiritual blankness and paucity. Modern art, thus, is an expression of the unsettled, dislocated, un-

reconciled fluctuating tendencies of the modern times.

Coming to *literature*, which is also a species of art, we enter into a strange world. The great impact of science is found here. Science has brutalized human emotions and has underestimated the value of human life to a great extent. Literature, too, betrays a kind of glorious carelessness. We know that modern literature is great in its variety and richness. Due to the advancement of thought, there have arisen a new frankness and a new technique of expression. The twentieth century novels seem to laugh with derision at the Victorian luminaries like Dickens, Thackeray and Meredith. Thomas Hardy is an exception. He is a rebel, and he belongs more to the modern times than to the victorian era. There is on him the stamp of the Russian mind—a kind of Asiatic or oriental seal. Today, we find literature has gone many steps ahead in its adventurous spirit. Writing alone justifies itself. There is no discipline about all the famous literary movements today. Whatever the individual writers have deemed fit and noble, has been written by them and then applauded by the mob. The obedience of law and the appraisal of permanent values have been thrown overboard. Writers are indulging in a kind of emotional luxury and unredeemable individualism. Due to the absence of a definite moral evaluation, there have sprung up as many schools of modern poetry as the

heads of Ravana. You may call this a type of richness or a kind of destructive variety. This means perhaps to be cut off from one's original moorings and to drift aimlessly on the ocean of uncertainty. That is what modern man is. Modern poetry like modern art, is hydra-headed. It is beautiful and ugly both. But mere charm and fascination of skill won't do; we require something more. That something more, which goes to constitute all good and permanent poetry is absent. Much of modern poetry which is everyday applauded by critics is tortuous and is anything but poetry. It has attempted to represent life, and the result has been that it has assimilated its major superficialities and brutalities. Logic and matter-of-factness have not allowed it to achieve its artistic goal. Sometimes when we read some of it, we find it so vague and meaningless that we do not discover in it any inspiration which can move us. Here and there we have real flashes in modern poetry; and those who write such genuine poetry are very few, and have not been dehumanized by the brutalities of science. They stand unshaken in their creative faith in a world of doubt and uncertainty.

Modern literature attempts to portray life as it is, and that is why, it is always obsessed with a hideous realism. It bases itself on the incidental, the ephemeral, the circumstancial and the particular, because it observes life at very close quarters. It is eternally obsessed with a feeling of impatience to interpret life as

it is in facts and figures, and the result is that it cannot transcend facts to reach the eternal, and enduring truth. Much of the modern literature will not be read by future generations. Only those things will endure which have an enduring quantity. In fact, modern literature has created a new middle ages, and people have to feed on fiction, for that is the food of all moral milksops. I should say that it is too earthly and has not in it those sources of inspiration which are found in the literature of the other periods of human history. Here when I say anything about modern literature, it is with reference to its daily consumption by millions of its readers. Creative, permanent, and genuine literature does not have a large audience. Literature has never been governed so ruthlessly by the politics of a country as it is done today. It has given its consent to serve its country even though morally it may be wrong to do it. It has been debased today and is reduced to the level of an advertisement. Quite a number of good thinkers today, write what they do not believe to please the authorities in power. This was never done on such a large scale in former times. Today the Totalitarian states are making literature subservient to their own designs, plans and whims. This is another sign of its great weakness. Everywhere I find there is an attempt to cater to this monster—the modern humanity. The mob must be amused and pleased. When literature says that it interprets life as it is, it always means that

it slavishly obeys the desires and caprices of the modern man. The scientific man of this century has found in literature a pliable instrument, and, that is why, he uses it in whatever way he likes. He has dragged it to the level of facts and logic; and everything in modern literature and thought which refuses to be debased in this manner, is tabooed, rejected and destroyed. The creative artists are the great brave ones of this "brave new world" who refuse to leave their heights. However, modern literature is abundantly rich in its variety and astoundingly vast in its range. It is terribly great.

The tendency to please and copy in the cheapest possible sense, is expressed in other ways too. Look at modern sky, scrapers of America, which is still a juvenile civilization. It is the attempt of modern man to reach heights in his own way. For him those heights are enough, and that is why America, the most juvenile of all civilizations, lives in its sky scrapers, aloof, isolated and suspicions. Take the jazz. Is it not an expression of the artificiality of modern life, in which music has been reduced to the level of sensual ectasies? Our own film-music in India, today, is also a hybrid product of modern life. It is simply excruciating and un-Indian. The spirit of such a film music is anything but Indian. It is signing a death seal on our own musical genius. We daily see that mere romantic flavour in things is becoming the stamp of universal recognition.

Even in films, which are representatives of life, we find that any excess of sex-appeal always pleases the millions of these grown-up hungry adults. The modern man wishes to be pleased at any cost. The detective novels, the murder stories and other species of the same kind are popular today. There is a certain criminal propensity and sadism in modern life. Science has lifted all bans and destroyed all taboos, thereby destroying the sacredness and modesty of life.

In life we have the same thing. Look at the modern man. How painfully engrossed he is in his dress and everyday details! He is very meticulous about what he puts on. New modes of living are being discovered. One of the most outstanding features of such an unadjusted living is free divorce which is symptomatic of an organic infection in society. There are secret clubs and mysterious parties and communities of people carrying on their theories of actual living to perfection. Nudity clubs are a very significant sign of man's looking back to his primitive infancy. In the cities and towns, what is so falsely known as modern culture, is debasing itself into a mere technique of civilization. There is a certain paradoxical falsity about modern life. The civilization of science is the civilization of speed and hurry. Science has persuaded us to take delight in our own stank nakedness. We stare at ourselves with a great deal of delight and pride, imagining ourselves strong

and virile. We are not so. Science has made our lives mechanical and routine-ridden which is measured by facts and figures, and whose aim it is to seek eternally a quantitative expression of life. The "I" has never been so pugnacious and untrue as it is today. The modern man in fact suffers from an excess of science, which is often, a disease and not a cure. The scientific spirit, instead of proving and blessing, has proved a curse. We have plunged headlong into our adventures and have come out triumphantly with our maddening victories which have turned our heads. We suffer from a spiritual frivolity and a moral inanity. We can't help it. The twentieth century temperament has been built up by science. I discover pn this body of knowledge and in this insatiable iassion for power the meaning of the purposelessness of modern life. Our cities have become the great centres of this grand inactivity of the human soul. The body works incessantly; the mind toils regularly; but the soul is fast asleep. In any period of human history whenever man, the eternal hero of all times, loses sight of his soul, and does not allow it to live in a state of waking consciousness, there is great tragedy on earth. The scientific civilization of our day is a civilization of spiritual negation. The only positive truth about it is its material grandeur. Even if there are some scientists who use science to serve humanity and life, the general spirit of science is nevertheless menacing and highly destructive.

Man, the eternal being, finds in such a period the causes of his degradation. He allows his body to be the slave of science and its effects. The result is that his soul does not acquire full consciousness. At times he shakes off the chains, and endeavours to set himself free. Whenever he does that, he frees himself from the injurious effects of science and spiritual degradation and allows his creative spirit to assume a vital role in his development. Today, I find him like Gulliver imprisoned in a strange land; and I can visualize how he would one day shake off his bondage and stand erect like a strong being. Science keeps him down to the levels of moral inanity, superficiality and spiritual negation. He is still a willing slave of science, but a time will come, as it always comes in human history, when he will live his life in the freedom of wakefulness.

"Near the fields of Helyon there is a river called Marah, the water of which is very bitter, into which Moses struck his staff and made the water sweet, so that the children of Israel might drink. And even in our times, it is said, venomus animals poison that water after the setting of the sun, so that the good animals cannot drink of it, but in the morning, after the sunrise, comes the unicorn and dips his horn into the stream, driving the poison from it so that the good animals can drink there during the day".

In the midst of the contradictions and para-

doxes of modern life, it is a glorious spectacle to witness the conscious vigilance of the soul of man. The creative spirit of man drives away the poison from life, and gives us nectar. Side by side with the destructive ruthlessness of science, there has come into vogue a nihilism which attempts to destroy all permanent values. To counteract the designs of this nihilism, there is, however, the eternal creative spirit of man. Man performs the double task of selling his body and mind to science, and persevering at the same time, his soul for higher things. Man, the eternal being, goes on through centuries in this paradoxical manner yielding the temple of his body to the worship of mere knowledge and cleansing the silent sacred temple of his soul for the worship of truth The mind of man runs after knowledge ; but his soul craves for the fuller unity of truth which is universal. Here we are concerned with the creative spirit of man as it makes its slow but uninterrupted journey through eternity. When we are every day surrounded by the effects of sheer physical living and material thinking it is a joy to witness the leven of the creative spirit spreading slowly here and there. The creative soul of man cannot sit idle ; it functions all over the world. It is always a fight between mere physical existence and the higher spiritual living. It has always been there for ages. Science gives us a mere technique of living and not a solution of life's great problems. It is incessantly busy in finding ways and means for man's

comfort, and his knowledge, but it does not provide any sustenance for his soul. The body is strong and well-nourished, but the soul is weak and famished. But, mind you, the feeding of the soul would not simply mean the kingdom of heaven in heaven but kingdom of heaven on earth too. Theology has often misled the simple-minded people by telling them that the kingdom is above and not here. The soul's kingdom is here only. The only thing is that we do not realize it often. The soul has to be nourished and fed here. I would not have man's soul nourished in heaven. The earth is its veritable home. The spirit of man says: "verily I say unto all that the creative spirit should grow strong and productive by eating earth's food, which is its only manna, and not by living in air and subsisting on ether". That will not do. What a joy it is to realize that out of this terrible chaos of modern illusions, there emerges a light to guide people! It is the light of secret, enduring faith in humanity. Creativity is a sign of faith. It is the spiritual will to endure in the midst of the forces of destruction. The will to live is the only faith of all humanity. Every individual who lives creatively, lives on a higher plane, rejecting all that is ruthlessly imitative and paralysing, and endeavours to develop himself in the light of what he spontaneously urges to become and not in the light of what he artificially and mechanically desires to be. The faith of the creative man is the product of his

creativity. He has a divine faith because he has the urge to grow creatively. It is not that faith which, by theologians, has been confused with unexplained blind belief, but the faith of all creative life. The creative man is only occupied with the endless task of "becoming". In his becoming lies all the process of creative life. This deep spirit of creativity may seek to reveal itself in expression, through art, literature, language, acts, or through silence, the great medium of noble humanity. In other words it may be revealed through the language of silence, or the language of acts. All deep and permanent things issue from this eternal source. It is the cause of all that goes to build life anew, afresh, when it is too much encrusted with unreality.

If I were to give concrete illustrations of this deep eternal creative spirit of man, I would, personally, pick out some two or three individuals who embody in their personalities the features of this spirit. There is only one individual in the world, today, whose very life is creative in the deepest possible sense, and who has truly understood the art of creative living in the midst of the fierceness of conflict and contradiction. This creative artist who carries within him a deep, undying creativity is Gandhi, who, by chance, happens to be my countryman. This individual is a true representation, in actual life of creative living. His acts sum up his life. He has lived it out. The eternal creative man lives in him and

through him. He embodies, first, of all, the impulses of a whole nation. Gandhi, "I do not bow to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person"! There was another man whose mission was the same, and he was Tolstoy. Gandhi is greater because in him a deep spiritual faith predominates over intellect and thought, while in Tolstoy the intellect occupies a higher place. I regard both these great saints the two torch bearers in the darkness and confusion of modern life. Tolstoy stood for truth and non-violence in Russia, and gave to the people of his country a consciousness which woke them up from lethargy and ignorance. In that strange, terrible country suffering has found gigantic manifestations, and the people of that land have known the meaning—the spiritual meaning—of suffering. There was another man there, and he was Dostoevsky, the contemporary of Tolstoy, who has proved to be the most observant and passionate chronicler of the suffering, terror and pity of the Russian people. The Russians are a very great people. Dostoevsky also was one of the greatest creative artists the world has ever known. As a novelist, he has no equal. Tolstoy has his own greatness, but not Dostoevsky's terrible grandeur. The English and French novelists are too puerile before him. As a thinker he is primarily creative, and I regard him one of the greatest creative geniuses the modern time have known.

Today, Gandhi is the greatest living crea-

tive man on earth. To deny him this honour is to deny truth. In actual life, he has shown us a wonderful pattern of the art of living for the individual and the community. His own life is a true illustration of creative living. There is no other man, today who can live so bravely a creative life, and carry within him the burden of deep, awful creativity. The west may put against this man its own scientific models, its own great men, but most of them are meteors who shoot in the sky, dazzle and then vanish away. Gandhi's leven will spread all over the world. The Gandhian creed is the conversion of occidental christianity into oriental christianity. It cannot die out. The congress is merely a channel through which the creativity of this great genius flows and spreads. It is only a means for him; it is never an end. In the scheme of Gandhi's spiritual culture, political fight is only one of the important themes, and not the whole of his programme. In the art of living, he is the only man in the world today who has taught us to live creatively. For me Gandhi's message is not only his emancipation of the poor and the needy, it is, further, a message of creative living in the midst of the forces of science and machine. Gandhi stands as the greatest foe of this machine-civilization and stands to guard the doors of Asia against its onslaughts.

Among creative thinkers and writers of the present time, Tagore seems to me a great crea-

tive thinker, whose constant endeavour was to counteract the forces of the modern scientific nihilism. Tagore's works are expressions of the deep, immortal spirit of the "Upanishads". If Gandhi is in the direct spiritual succession of our ancient saints and incarnations, Tagore is in the succession of India's past poets who were seers and thinkers both. He also had in him the deep urge of creative life. Surrounded on all sides by the forces of scientific negation, the Indian can feel it a source of joy and solace to have communion with his great spirit. He persistently refused to ally himself with the forces of mechanistic civilization, and also refused to lose himself in the deserts of scientific uncertainties. He has shown us the way, because he was also a great torch-bearer. He was one of the very few genuine thinkers of the present day. He was a spiritual genius, a poet of the eternal realities of human life. He is our poet, nay, the poet of Asia also. He has described what he has seen, and that is why, his words have a deep meaning and a deeper passion. This creative man has infused in our blood the passion of creative thinking. He is great. He is mighty. He is beautiful. He is passionate. He too saluted Gandhi respectfully. John the Baptist was great because he recognized the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth. Tagore was and is our creative thinker. If there is anything which can save the modern man, it is this deep creative urge of all ages. At present, the demon of science presides over

the destiny of mankind. We are living, today, in a world of scientific progress and advancement, and we are very proud of it. From all quarters the people are shouting jubilantly "our civilization has reached its zenith. There never was such an age of light and learning as today. We are the most civilized people of all times." The people deceive themselves by saying all this. To me human civilization has never been such a hybrid combination of the deceptive and the ugly, as it is today. Even the dark ages were better. The twentieth century civilization is characterized by its moral decay. By moral decay however, I do not mean, a decay in the morals of the people, because the morals of a people are a temporary phase of their development. Here, by moral decay, I mean that want of spiritual vitality which characterizes every age of progress. Our age is drunk with cheap victories, and staggers perpetually in its onward journey of self-realization. What will an age gain by amassing all it can and losing all it should not? Does it become greater and truer by acquiring all the new riches and losing its soul? It is an age of negation and it has lost the will to become. It has lost the desire to fulfil itself adequately and, that is why, in spite of its energy and activity, it is dumb and paralysed. Modern age is dying in its tragic grandeur. Our age is hungry and thirsty and we have to satisfy its hunger and quench its thirst by becoming its willing tools. The modern man's slavery is

obligatory. It is he who has shown his willingness to serve his age at every cost, even by becoming a sacrificial offering on its sinister altar. Science is the serpent who gave up the garden of Eden to live with man outside it. This serpent is terribly attractive, and fully alive in its movements. It still wriggles on its belly and constantly asks man to eat the fruits of knowledge. The tree of knowledge, uprooted from the soil of Eden, has struck roots in the soil of man's world to provide fruits of poison to all who come to pluck them. Science, the serpent, is inveigling man into a false security to destroy him. Knowledge has degenerated into a fatal sorceress who allures men by her songs. It is left to man to make his choice. It is man's duty to see where he goes. He would never fumble and grope in the darkness of ignorance, if he follows his creative spirit, his "life-force". This is the great need of the modern man today.

Let him seek his moorings, let him find his way; and let him develop himself fully. The moment he will realize this, a great number of his troubles and tragedies will come to an end. Organised religion cannot save him, because it has lost all its original vitality. Let not man cry out to his God like a habitual weakling, if he has not the will to find His ways on earth itself. "We must learn to appreciate earth if we are to be fit for heaven; and for me the revelation of it is so overwhelming that there is often little room and little desire for

more". (Canon Charles E. Raven, "The Creative Spirit") Organised religion has forced real religion to grow in an inverted, unnatural fashion with its sacred roots in sacred heaven and its branches and shade rearching towards the supplicating, mean, contemptuous earth. Its theology has ceased to make an appeal to the children of this earth. Let not man, in the midst of all these great forces today, look to organised religion for a final solution of his difficulties and problems. Let man look to his creative urge, his life-force, to show him the way, and lead him rightly. This creative spirit embodies in it all religion, all morality and the only light which guides mankind. Today, we need this only because this is our only religion. The modern man, who has given it up, to adhere to new tendencies, is confounded very much. His knowledge, his religion, his social theories—all these cannot show him the way. He must be guided by his creative spirit. This is present in all ages, in all humanity. It is the symbol and cause of man's endless becoming on earth. "From embroy to saint is man's pilgrim's progress; if we could see it whole and complete, we should resolve the antithesis of organism and environment, of nature and nurture of freedom and determinism, of process and deity" ("The creative spirit"). As soon as man will recognize the importance of the task of never-ceasing becoming, he will cease to remain in the deserts of uncertainty. He must rise and strike his

foe, science. There lies his salvation, and he must realize this at once. The creative spirit of man demands from him an unbroken loyalty. He must remain loyal and faithful to it. Today, he is unfaithful to it.

I see the modern man standing on a dangerous precipice. Where is modern civilization taking us? Is it taking us towards a greater development and fulfilment of ourselves? Is it shaping our destiny and improving the powers of our body and soul? Is it our safe guide, I ask? What we have so ardently termed as our beloved precious civilization of this age, has proved to be our doom, our final day of judgment. We are being judged today and we stand to face our doom. I see man groping in the utter darkness of civilization to seek light, and the only light he gets is from science, which is in fact more fatal than darkness where shall we go? What shall we do to save ourselves? We look tragic and hopeless. Our words have no meaning. Wars are going on between nations, and others who are not engaged in them sit and talk, smoke and drink perpetually devising a language to conceal their cowardice and inactivity. We are self-deluded individuals. Where are we moving? What are we doing? We should reply: "we move nowhere, and we do nothing; we sit and watch as our doom approaches."

The modern man, in certain respects, is a rebel. His rebellion, however, is against the

past, and its habits and images. Rebellion is a pathological necessity for him. He rebels because he must. He depends upon the machinations of this monster, science, to rebel against things. He utilizes his present resources, and creates a romance of science. In doing so, he forgets that he is unlearning all his past and destroying his life-urge almost by imperceptible degrees. But he has not to seek his spiritual foundations in science. She is cold-blooded and calculating. Hardly she lavishes any pity on man; she is busy exploiting him. We are no prophets to prophesy the modern man's future. We can, perhaps, see some silent symbols and adumbrations in life today, which would point out the hazy route of future. Truly speaking, the modern man is a confused and excited being wandering hither and thither. Where is he going? We can only envisage his future very dimly. When we do this, we have to see man in the composite portrait of the universe as a universal being. "Evolution is an adventurous cycle of Being, evolving new individual forms of ever-increasing complexity, from the necessary limitations and discipline of the lowest to the freest of created individuals, man. Here the cycle can return to the source, transcending physical relationships and returning directly with the centre from which all has evolved; or of doing so, and becoming another of the failures with which the history of reality unfolding in creation is strewn. We have the option of carrying

on by what we make, think, and do, in harmony with the reality in and though all things, or of turning away; doing and making things ministering to our self-centred interests alone ; callous to universal relationships. When passing discords and ugly conditions are the result some ask in despair, where is the beneficent Creator ? As if all was entirely in His hands instead of largely in our own, or we could not be the free individuals we are.

The flame of Being that flows through all fashioning the innumerable forms of created things, is urging us to create in tune with the highest in us ; to create forms and relationships more in harmony with the logic of reality. Apart from which, what we make and what we do is incomplete and fails to satisfy, as it fails to achieve true form.

This is the art of life ; a readjusting of ourselves into harmony with the great underlying unity of all Being. It is the alliance with reality, the vision of which we seek to express, endeavouring to bring all things and actions into line with true creative purpose. So that what we do, think, and make, shall help on the unfolding and fit into the right order of things ; instead of running counter to this, as will happen if we seek to bend everything to our own self centred purpose. The art of life is the greatest of all the arts .....It is the greatest because it includes all the others ; in fact the others are only truly great in so far as they are in line with this

greater purpose. Self-centred art, self-expression unallied to the universal, and set up in callous opposition, is diabolical; some startling specimens of which variety, these aggressively assertive times have not failed to produce.

But if this losing of the individual in the universal is the true art of life, what of variety, what of new individual character; surely if all flowed in one direction, character and variety would be gradually eliminated. True, the principle of change, of constantly forming new varieties, is inherent in the plan of creation, and this is in a counter direction. The whole scheme of things is that of a unity constantly taking form as a widening circle of variety. Without this urge towards change, creative evolution would never have started from its initial oneness; the polarity of positive and negative would never have been formed, or undertaken the great adventure of their multitudinous dance, the endlessly forming new combinations of which, have evolved the world we know.

Without this constant element of change and the option of right or wrong doing, all, would be static. Human society is constantly dreaming of fixing a state of things comfortable and convenient to itself, in which all change would cease. But it is vain dream and could only produce a decadent state.

There are, however, two sorts of change, that which can be brought into harmonious relation

with the whole, forming a new variety in unity—a new reality,—expression, and that which is running off the line on its own in self-centred independence, and unrelatale. Only the newness which is new truenes. that can link up with the logic of reality is right creation. Much has to be cut out to achieve this, the art of life is not an easy hedonism, but more like marble in the hands of the sculptor. We are the sculptors of our Being cutting away freely in some parts, and refining other; and nowhere is it easy going.

In the same way that the health of the body depends on all the innumerable controlling centre of the different organs performing their functions in harmony with the scheme of the whole, and not according to their own sweet will, so the health of the universe depends on the controlling centres of which we human beings are the most independent and self-willed, behaving in unself-centred unity, and not in self-centred independence. The unhealth of the body and the unhealth of the universe, are brought about by the individual centres setting up schemes of their own ; out of harmony with, and in defiance of the central unity. Pain and suffering are the result, a warning that all is not well.

"A world working towards perfection, would be that in which the individuals were all brought into a unity of relationship by the law of gravitation of the real world, the logic of reality, which is love. In any other attitude we are

not in line with the oneness of all being pulsating throughout the whole. By this means all would become artists in the greatest of the arts, expressing reality in their lives, according to their different abilities. Thus through an unlimited number of varied capacities for vision and attainment, there would run a unity of direction making for right doing, making, and thinking. Out of sight as such perfection may be, the success of any movement towards betterment will depend on the number and influence of such true artists in the art of life, that it can inspire. It is such an aristocracy, not one of birth, wealth, or even talent alone, that we need." ("*What is the Good of Art*"—H. Speed.)

Prophesies are, often, fatal, and one, who makes them, is never free from liabilities. The future of mankind is no sealed secret of prophets and astrologers. We are not here, however, attempting to predict the fate of humanity; we are only trying to see as far into the future as we can. The world can easily doubt the veracity of one's vision, but not its honest attempts. One can see on the canvass of future, dim figures moving on to some unknown end. This unwearied tireless traveller, man, goes on his journey. Who is there to stop him? One can hardly say what he will be in future, and how he will shape his own destiny in shaping the destiny of his world. Will he triumphantly emerge out of this chaos? He should, even if he does it late. Changes and revolts are always occurring in human

affairs. Men and women are happier and truer when they express themselves truly in life and its complexities. Self-expression, which is the only art of living, is the sole need today. If there are individuals who know the art of living, they will teach others the same. But personal self-expression may not be enough. Communities and classes of people should learn this habit of self-expression. First of all, a habit of genuine self-expression relieves the individual and the groups of all superfluous excesses. The modern man suffers from a plethora of mechanical living. His is not a static existence, but a dynamic one. Alas, he is dynamic in the sense of a mechanism. He has developed his machine-sense at the expense of his inner sense. His is not the "God's eye view" of things but the "brute's eye view" of things. He is helpless ; he cannot help it. As long as he will not discover his real self, his inner strength, he will take pride in his stubborn cowardice. There is in him a growing sense of adaptability to all the temporary phases and influences of modern life, and he shuts his eyes to all that is eternally good and true in life. He is no more capable of self-expression. As long as he depends upon the brute facts and forces of life for his life-long sustenance, he shall never see what is truly great within him. He has to withdraw from all facts of phenomena into the Truth of life. That does not prevent him from participating in the events of life. That does not make him a recluse or a cynic. The modern man has

forgotten his ancient habit of withdrawing into his inner universe. He must learn the art of living within and existing without. If he does not do that, he will forfeit all the fruits of true knowledge.

I consider self-expression the greatest need of modern man. That should be his only religion. For a many long time we have persuaded man to seek his heaven and hell through religion. We have deceived him too much. We have joined hands with the monstrous priests of all ages to tell man that he is eternally doomed and that he will be saved by theology alone. While religion has tried to tell stories to man, theology has persecuted his soul. He has, upto this moment, passed through a long-drawn-out process of moral decay. The only religion man needs today is the religion of self-expression. If man cannot express himself adequately, it means he does not have life and energy. On the other hand, if he knows the art of self-expression, he knows everything. It means, he lives and develops himself fully. Today, the modern man is developing himself along purely mechanical lines. The electrons and molecules have greater meaning for him than sympathies and emotions. The expression of human personality has become completely initiative and mechanistic. As long as humanity has its native strength, its original sincerity, it will never go on. As soon as it begins to lose all this, it begins to disintegrate. The sad want of self-expression has forced man to disinteg-

rate. He is a living corpse in the process of decomposition. He cannot see it himself. How can he? He is totally incapable of self-criticism and self-survey. He can see everything in the world except himself. That is what his doom is. He is blind, he cannot see. He needs eye-sight. The discovery of the self is one of the most terrible discoveries in the world. When that is possible everything is possible. Alas, the modern man has forgotten to discover himself, nay, to re-discover himself. This rediscovery itself is a kind of self-expression. The individual made of flesh and blood must search for his great human depths. As long as man does not discover himself, he has no chance to discover anything great. He and his fellow-man are sick and possessed. How true the story is! The modern man says in the words of Pushkin :—

"Strike me dead, the track has vanished,
Well, what now? We've lost the way,
Demons have bewitched our horses,
Led us in the wild's astray.

What a number! Whither drift they?
What's the mournful dirge they sing?
Do they hail a witch's marriage
Or a goblin's burying?"

The creative spirit rises to save these millions if they wish to be saved.

"And there was one herd of many swine feeding on the mountain, and they besought him that he would suffer than to enter into them. And he suffered them.

Then went the devils out of the man and entered into the swine; and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake and were choked."

This miracle can only occur when the creative spirit takes upon itself the burden of cleansing the evil of humanity. For me, and I suppose for many, every great man is the embodiment of a deep creative spirit. Every saviour, in fact, embodies in him this cleansing and nourishing power. He has the power and right to save individuals, communities and nations. Today we need many such saviours to save us and to cleanse us everyday, every hour, every moment. Each life, the life of individuals and community both must be filled with this power. This is what I call salvation and final liberation. The other attempts are futile, and they have never borne fruits.