

HIGH WAR.

Happy the knights O son of Pritha, who find
such a strife coming unsought to them as an
open door to Paradise . (Bhagavadgita)

May God again let loose great wars,
Wherein is search and strife for ever
To find the Spirit that declares
A sense of life beyond the shores
Of Time and Time's fast flowing river.

No war for plunder this, no shock
Of iron and steel to slay or wrong,
But endless strife to stir and wreck
That death of Ease whereby men lock
The tall reverberent Gates of Song.

A war of Song , a march intense,
Of multitudes that swing and sway
The censer of some Will immense
And nothing care for ' why and whence '
Or purposes that have their day.

Through ways of fire and sounding song,
Upward and onward in a choir,
They march and though the way be long,
The crystals flash, the thousands throng,
With music surging higher and higher.

2.

MARCH /

Let the march go on and the goal be ever afar,
The fire is lit and the flame of the Spirit burns,
For ever and ever to where the Great Sphere turns
A globe and a star.

For the war is great, far greater than were all wars,
The strife can never be ended , until the Way
That has no end but goes to Infinity ,
Stands out past the shores

Of Time and the tint of Time and of memory,
Broken the circle of Life and all Life's end !
Onward ever with fire and song we trend
To Eternity.

Great is the war, no war was ever so great,
Greater than life and death and the ring of the world,
Strange and strong with perpetual song and strife
Of a Flame unfurled.

A clear blue flame that shall break through the ring of Time
 Consume and carry the known to the strange and rare,
 Onward then and advance for far bells chime
 And Dawn through the air

Quivers for ever , and never shall pass to day ,
 No noon of knowledge no thoughts that grow old are here
 But afar appears as a flower in a field of clouds
 The burning Sphere.

The colours change as the colours of some large star,
 Aldebaran, Arcturus are not more rare
 In jewelled splendour , and more we march the more
 Flame the war and the Sphere.

The march is lit with the fire of Reverence,
 For the million bow the head and divide the air,
 With song and sword while the ring of the world without
 Strives through the sense

To stay the march towards the unending Way
 And set the Song upon the wheel of the world,
 But the clear blue flame is up and the Song unfurled
 To Eternity.

' All hail ' they cry ' All hail to the burning Sphere
 The Sphere of Song , the Sphere of the Mystery,
 The sign and symbol of that which must ever be
 The Unending Way !'

For the war is great , far greater than were all wars,
 A war of Song , a march for some far fine Flower,
 On sapphire hills where Beauty and Dawn are one
 The eternal hour!

3.

Then over all the multitude
 A Seraph's song floats far and free ,
 A song the multitude have sung
 Caught in a mirror musically ,
 Vibration of a starry sea,
 Victorious voices heard afar,
 Echo of echoes lo! tis He
 Born of the world and now a star.

A music quivers from his wings ,
 And fine the notes of pearl fall
 And o'er the listening world unfurl
 The soul of things ascensional.

Long silver trumpets, thin, outdrawn,
 Like slender lilies shake the air,
 And seraph bands in song declare
 The advent of some far off Dawn.

'The Dawn ' they sing, 'the Dawn afar
The spirit wind , the sound of foam,
And there our rare celestial home,
The sea of light ! the star! the star !

'The Flower, the Wind, the Dawn, the Star ,
The after-glow, the ardent fire,
The spirit casts in going higher,
These are, and these - alone they are.

4.

Dawn is more beautiful than all
Than all that we have understood,
With fire the evening may be shod
And night be full of wheeling spheres,
Yet Dawn strikes down new ways untrod,
Up and arise these are the years !

The march is set and the ring is rent,
The million follow as we break free ;
The veil of Time and the firmament
Divide asunder while far away ,
Vast fires reveal the nebulae
And great suns quiver to left and right ,
As we strike the waves of the starry sea
And pierce the paths of the vault of night.

The crystals flash , the way leads higher,
The Song upsurges and echo mounts,
The fire grows tense for the fire of Fire
Enkindles the million and no one counts
The chance of death or the falling far,
But tends towards the burning star,
'The sphere ' they thunder ' the wheeling sphere'
We march for ever we travel far
To shatter the utmost sense of Fear.

May God again let loose great wars ,
Wherein the Spirit strives for ever,
And armies in an endless river
Stretch onward to the Eternal Shores,
The ways of Song are kindled keen,
The swift sword scatters the rhythm lo!
We pass where no man yet has been,
Then on for ever, toward, the glow.

Barnett. D. Conlan.

IMAGE of ASIA.

All sounds that give the innermost sense to Song,
 Being made and measured as all things are measured,
 Mark the royal accent , dooms of light and shade,
 Infolded music wherein deep things treasured,
 Are wrought like sails shaped to a shifting wind,
 Wafting the mariner through unseen surges
 Of refluent song, driven to the North or spent,
 Towards the South , even as the sun's orb urges.
 All these magnificent with choral flame,
 Tell of New Times of old days gone for ever ;
 Another Ocean on the crests of Time,
 Puts forth new life in lines of foam that quiver,
 Like harp strings glittering athwart the Dawn,
 Or Image of Asia on a sacred lawn.

1925.

This is a piece of abracadabra which Mr. Conlan wishes me to send you as a ludicrous sample of some modern writings on Art. G.C.

MODERN TECHNIQUE.

Confronted with an arrangement of physical objects and concrete things he separates in his mind firstly his perception of individual forms from his perception of the architectural relations of those forms, one to another; he separates that is forms from architectural form. Then he separates in his mind his mechanical vision of individual forms from his knowledge of the generic character and function of those forms; then he separates his knowledge of these forms from his knowledge of their generic formal relation to one another; then he separates his knowledge of their the generic formal relations from his mechanic vision of the effect of these relations in the light and shade of the moment; and then he separates his consciousness of any reactions in himself to emotive fragments from this consciousness of reaction in himself to the architectural relations of forms before him one to another; and so on and so forth.

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