



Let's Fan the Flame

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It is not difficult to arrive at the thesis that the heart of contemporary Man has hardened. The solidification is comprehensive at least in the horizontal direction, although it may not yet be as deep in the vertical dimension. In certain cases beneath the hardened layer of encrustation there can be found an intact, warm and dynamic soul, capable of putting in operation, from the inexhaustible and incorruptible treasures of the primordial human nature, almost all the necessary faculties, including the Intellect, to attain the station of salvation and in some rare case even initiation. The glimmering lamp of the intellect, in the collectivity, though presently engulfed by opaque clouds of rationality, has not completely extinguished and continues to work, may be in a concealed way, for the ultimate liberation of human soul.

The suppressed soul of contemporary man yearns, almost like a female, to rejoin the Origin from whom and from where the journey of separation started and yet finds the escape from this prison-like situation almost impossible. Chained by its own immobility due to weakening of the life forces which are being directed to the most trivial aspects of every day secular life and burdened by the extraordinary weight of the postmodern culture woven around production of enormous industrial commodities and its consumption, supported by a categorical and equally un-thoughtful denial of the efficacy of the revealed religion, the man of this age manifests his pain caused by this fatal wound only indirectly and can only be healed through the intervention of the Divine hand.

Motif woven in the universal theme of the tragedy of a young village girl corresponds in some details to the contemporary man. Kept away from her loved-one by the enormous distance, which she doesn't have the strength to cross due to her acquired weakness; her ignorance of the ways to the destination, and by the conventions and customs of the village and the arrogance of the family. Centuries old folk-poetry and songs based on the motif of this universal tragedy of the woman, unknowingly and without sufficient and apparent awareness, inspires the modern man. Every one in the global village, who hasn't intensely felt the vacuum that is caused by the absence of a Loved one, denies the existence of a Beloved and tells the ordinary man who is now near blindness that these yearnings are born out of hallucination, a self suggested longing because no object of scientific category relates to this unnecessary desire. The whole phenomenon is explained away as stories of the bygone days and fantasy of the primitive times.

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The soul of the ordinary man though not very smart with words is quite aware of her oft-returning vacuous feelings, which upsets her in the middle of an otherwise interesting company. To her, even the anatomy of her form is indicative of the gaps that can be only fulfilled by a Loved one. The easy and popular, as such conventional, way to cure this distress for the soul, is to divert the attention and get busy in elaborate trivialities of ordinary secular life and thus accept the uncreative, unauthentic and unproductive life in a disenchanted and contour less global village.