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K. R. PODDAR

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"GREAT IS TRUTH AND IT SHALL PREVAIL"

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The DANGEROUS CRY of "SIKHISTAN"

There is a world of difference between diversity and division as also between provincial regrouping and communal partition. The human race can never be steam-rolled into drab uniformity: in fact, any attempt at such uniformity will run counter to the soul of progress which needs group variety no less than individual variety for its fulfilment. Nationalism, therefore, is a healthy phenomenon just as regionalism is. But there are limits to both, even as there are to individualism. And neither a nation nor a regional group should base itself on improper principles: apart from important geographical factors, it is the common racial stock and a common historical background that chiefly make a nation and in the case of a regional group what is of main moment is the common language and its cultural implications. Of course, even these principles of differentiation are to be judiciously applied; but they have the merit of being judiciously applicable without great difficulty. Any other principle is likely to bring a host of undesirable associations and lead to harmful fissiparousness and unnaturally vivisection the sensitive organism of the human race or the collective sub-organism that is a nation.

The above thoughts have been occasioned by the recent pronouncements of Master Tara Singh, the veteran Akali Sikh leader, in the cause of a separate Sikh province on a communal and religious basis. Master Tara Singh's cry at Batala is not quite new: he has been raising it off and on for the last year. Many Sikhs have stoutly opposed his slogan of Sikhistan and are desirous of saving their community from the virus of anti-Hinduism, but they have not yet succeeded in dissuading him from exerting himself to achieve on a small scale some analogue of what Mr. Jinnah did on a large one.

Pakistan is indeed an accomplished fact as a result of various factors that weighed with the Congress leaders when at the inception of India's independence the Muslim League under Mr. Jinnah violently agitated for the country's division. And the Indian Government does not see prudence today in talking of reunion between the divided parts; but the two-nation theory on which the Muslim League founded Pakistan has always been condemned by our Prime Minister as "a pernicious doctrine" and Pakistan can never be regarded as a fit precedent for the solution of inter-communal questions. The demand for Sikhistan, therefore, should not be encouraged in the least. Not even religious differences such as in India's past have at certain times arisen between some Muslims and Hindus have ever figured in the relation between the Hindus and the Sikhs. Not that such differences could be any ground for separatism, but their absence in the present case is noteworthy. In fact Sikhism was never a movement against Hinduism: it was an attempt to bring Hindus and Muslims into unity. In the religious field, its formula of monotheism was meant to emphasise the basic tenet of the Hindu scriptures which had spoken with unique inspiration about the One whom the sages call by many names and who takes a myriad forms: the emphasis sought to disengage the One from His many names and His myriad forms and to effect a kind of *rapprochement* between the tenet about Him and the stark singleness of the Koran's Allah. It is, therefore, an argument for the non-partition of the Indian sub-continent into a Hindustan and a Pakistan, a plea in general that there should be no distinction between Hindu and Muslim: it can never be a plea that there should be a division not only between Hindu and Muslim but also between Hindu and Sikh. Of course, the cult founded by Guru Nanak has its special features and constitutes a denomination of its own, but it is merely an extreme case of the diversity which Hinduism embraces and even encourages in order to give religion as much vitality as possible by being in tune with the multifariousness of the Life Force and the infinite potentiality of the Supreme Spirit whose emanation is our complex cosmos. No matter how distinct the religious cult that is Sikhism, its fundamental temper and its historical origin tend to prevent it from setting itself up in opposition to the spiritual culture founded on the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gita, and its drive has always been towards psychological harmony within India.

On the political side, too, Guru Nanak, as the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* recalled on his birth-anniversary some months ago, came as an apostle of

integration in an age when India was breaking up with internal chaos. The Delhi Sultanate had lost most of its centralising power and, losing its empire-nature, had shrunk into a local kingdom. Even within its narrow orbit there were dissensions and when the blow was struck at it by a free-booter from Central Asia it collapsed. No stability also was there in the Indian society anywhere—moral degeneration, economic confusion, parochial greeds and feuds, sectarian animosities were the order of the day. Guru Nanak wanted to halt the falling apart of the nation's life. In his own sphere he sought to build up a force counteracting the disintegrative tendencies. Cohesion of the body politic no less than of the inner religious soul was his ideal. No doubt, he lived within a small world, but his push was ever towards political unity and all tendencies that today seek to drive a wedge between communities and weaken the national structure at especially a time of world-crisis and of universal uncertainty are foreign to the cast of mind which was responsible for Sikhism.

All the more reprehensible according to this cast of mind would be the dissociation of a border area which is of the utmost strategic importance to India. A Sikhistan comprising the Sikh-majority provinces of Ferozapore, Ludhiana and Amritsar would introduce a further chink in the already loosened armour of India's defence in the north. The cutting away of West Punjab, the loss of the Khyber Pass, the occupation of Gilgit in Kashmir by Pakistani forces and of Kashmir's western regions by the trans-frontier tribesmen are sufficient strategic drawbacks: to add to them an independent or semi-independent state with neither military nor economic resources to enable it to stand on its own legs would be nothing short of suicidal. Master Tara Singh does not, indeed, desire total secession: he would like to have common defence with the rest of India, but even so a distinct weakening of India's military position will be the consequence. A sovereign state, as Sikhistan is supposed to become, cannot make for the same solidarity and cohesion with the rest of India as do now P.E.P.S.U. and East Punjab and Himachal Pradesh.

Instead of carving out another province and making it a sovereign state true political sense should perhaps move in the direction of amalgamating as much as possible of the areas represented by these provinces and forming a solid unified block at India's northern border—a block enjoying provincial autonomy yet integral to the Indian republic. Such an amalgamation, it has been pointed out, would also bring together the Panth much more than a Sikhistan composed of just three districts. If Master Tara Singh is concerned about the solidarity of the Panth he might work along the lines of greater amalgamation rather than of a narrow insularity which will actually leave one million and a half Sikhs outside his proposed Sikhistan! Of course, there cannot be what he desires—namely, exclusive Sikh Raj—in the larger block we have suggested; but the interests of the Panth as a body will surely be better served and the dire additional threat to India's military security will be avoided. In view of all these considerations, the stress on a diminutive Sikhistan can spell no good either to the Sikhs themselves or to the country at large.

Luckily, not all Sikhs are behind the separatist scheme. Many of them realise its error and feel that even from the purely commercial standpoint they will suffer by it. The Sikhs are one of the most virile and enterprising communities in India and the equal rights and opportunities guaranteed to all Indians irrespective of caste or creed open up an all-India field which will be of particular advantage to them. Those who will be cabined in a separate "homestead", with no harbour and no big business markets available, will unduly curtail their chances, while those outside may unnecessarily create psychological difficulties for themselves and a new minorities issue may arise both in Sikhistan and the remainder of India—all for absolutely no compelling reason.

That the alleged grievances are really illusory can any detached observer doubt? Minor differences are bound to crop up anywhere, but there are no genuine disabilities borne by the Sikhs under the present regime. There

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THE DELHI PACT AND ITS SANCTION

By N. G.

The Pact, if it is to be a success, must be implemented at three levels. First of all, at the highest level, at the source itself, that is to say, between the Governments who initiated the move. The ministers and members at the top should themselves maintain an *entente cordiale* (in the literal and true sense of the phrase) and set an example by their word and deed, and what is more difficult and more important, in their thought and feeling. They that are on either side of the fence should meet and talk and intermix as real friends and comrades, devise ways and means as to how best to carry out what they sincerely wish and desire. If they do not believe in the agreement in their heart of hearts, if they accept it simply because forced by compelling circumstances and because there was no other way out, if they entertain doubts and reservations and take it up as a *pis-aller*, then surely more than half the force of the Pact is already gone. If the pact is not sealed by the truth of our heart, then it becomes a mere scrap of paper and is sure to go the way of all such papers. It will not be stronger than the hundred and one contracts that are made between states only to be broken at the earliest opportunity. We have taken as the motto of our government the flaming *mantra* of the Upanishad, Truth alone leads to victory: we should not forget the continuation of the text, *and not falsehood*.

The leaders overhead should be actuated by the truth of the soul (indeed for that they should have first a soul). A mainly political deal covers up the fissure, an apparent solution or easing of the situation hides a festering sore. We should have understood by now, it has been the bitter lesson of the epoch comprising the last two great wars that mere politics does not save; on the contrary, it leads you into a greater and greater mess. And if governments have still not learnt the lesson, if still they follow the old system of *Real-politik*, well, we can only say God save us, for we are heading straight over the precipice—a final crash or a terrible revolution.

The pact has to be implemented not only at the top but equally at the bottom. Here the matter seems somewhat easier. For in reality the common people have no interest in quarrels, they would prefer to live and let live peacefully; the burden of daily life is sufficient for them and they are not normally inclined to be busy about things that would disturb their routine work. Difference in religion or caste or creed is not such a serious matter with them. They tolerate and accommodate themselves to any variety easily and if there is a clash on an occasion, they forget it soon and live amicably together as before. That has been the life in villages for millenniums. And if there is a formal pact on the upper levels it is what is normal and natural to the common mass.

The difficulty comes from the middle region, from the second element of the tripartite sanction. It is the "middle class", not quite in the economic but in the ideological sense. In other words, in every society there are people who have risen or are attempting to rise above the mass level. They look around and up: they are not satisfied with their lot, they aspire towards higher and wider ideals. They are the material out of which what we call reformers and revolutionaries are made. In the general mass who are more or less contented they are the discontented: they form the leaven of "cells" that move and stir and work for change. Now, all depends upon what kind of leaven it is, what is the quality of the force that is called up, the nature of the ideal or idea that is invoked. For it can be either way, for good or for evil. There are elements that belong to the light and there are elements that belong to darkness. There are mixtures in men no doubt, but on the whole there are these two types: one helps humanity's progress, the other retards and sometimes blocks completely. If the mass of mankind is *tamas*—inertia—there is a kind of *rajas*—dynamism—that drives towards greater *tamas*, as the Upanishad says, towards disintegration; under the garb of reformation it brings about disruption.

So we have to see the type of cells that grow and become consciously active in the body politic. It is *sattwa*—light—that brings in knowledge and harmony. And the movement for reformation and growth among the mass has to be inspired by that quality or mode of consciousness. A sound and healthy structure can be raised effectively upon that basis alone. The man in the mass, as I have said and as it is well-known, is a good natured malleable material, but it is ignorant and inert: it can easily be worked upon by any kind of strong force, worked up to any kind of mischief. Shakespeare has made us very graphically familiar with the reaction of a mob and that remains true even today. Even if right direction is there at the top, at the

higher governmental level, reflecting the mind of the true intelligentsia, a well-meaning plan is doomed to failure, if it does not touch and move the middle strata that are the real executive agents.

The government in modern times represents indeed the executive power of the nation, itself is composed of the three social elements we speak of. First of all, the high or top-ranking officials, as they are called, who can think out and initiate a policy; next come the intermediate services who form the dynamic limb of the organism; lastly, there is the rung of the subordinate services. Here too the difficulty is with the intermediate grade. It is there that the "disaffected" are born and bred—disaffected not because of grievances or injustice done, but because of the urge of ideals and purposes, ideas and designs. The subordinate man—postman, railwayman, clerk, schoolmaster, daily labourer—has no great ambitions, is not tortured by nostalgic notions: left to themselves these people accommodate themselves to circumstances and take things as they come without worrying too much. But the point is that they are never left to themselves. It is told to them—not without reason, though—that they do not live, they vegetate: they are dead, otherwise they would be living and kicking. The rousing of the masses has always been the sacred mission of all reformers and saviours of humanity. For they form the bulk of humanity and its future is bound up with their destiny.

The whole difficulty centres upon the question: who rouses them and what is the principle that is meant to be roused? There is a slogan that incited the Red Terror of the French Revolution; there is the other one which inspired the Nazis; there is still another one rampant today that has the seal and sanction of Stalin and his *Politbureau*. These have spread their dark wings and covered the saviour light. On the other hand, the voice of the Vedic Rishi that hymned the community of faith and speech and act, the kindly light that Buddha carried to suffering humanity, the love and sacrifice of Christ showing and emblemizing the way of redemption, the saints and sages in our own epoch who have visioned the ideal of human unity in a divine humanity, even secular leaders who labour for "one world", "a brave new world"—all point to the other line of growth and development that man can follow and must and shall follow. The choice has to be made and the right direction given. In India today there are these two voices put against each other and clear in their call: one asks for unity and harmony, wideness and truth, the other its contrary working for separativeness, disintegration, narrowness and make-believe and falsehood. One must have the courage and the sagacity to fix one's loyalty and adhesion.

A true covenant there can be only between parties that work for the light, are inspired by the same divine Purpose. Otherwise if there is a fundamental difference in the motive, in the soul-impulse, then it is no longer a pact between comrades, but a patchwork of irreconcilable elements. I have spoken of the threefold sanction of the covenant. The sanction from the top initiates, plans and supports, the sanction from the bottom establishes and furnishes the field, but it is the sanction from the midregion that inspires, executes, makes a living reality of what is no more than an idea or a possibility. On one side are the Elders, the seasoned statesmen, the wise ones; on the other, the general body of mankind waiting to be moved and guided; in between is the army of young enthusiasts, enlightened or *illumine* (not necessarily young in age) who form the Prana, the vital sheath, of the body politic. All—by far the largest part of it—depends upon the dreams that the Prana has been initiated and trained to dream.

This life principle of the body politic seems, in Pakistan, to be represented by the Ansars. The questions, then, to be determined is whether they have accepted the Pact or not. If they have, is it merely as a political expedient or do they find in it a real moral value? We have to weigh and judge the ideal and motive that inspire this organisation which seeks to be the steel frame supporting or supported by the Government. We ask, is this a nucleus, a seedbed for the new life to take birth and grow, the new life that would go to the making of the new world and humanity? And we have to ask India too, has she found her nucleus or nuclei, on her side, that would generate and foster the power of her soul and spirit? The high policy of a Government remains a dead law or is misconstrued and misapplied through local agents: these are in fact the local growths that feed the national life and are fed by it and they need careful nurture and education, for upon them ultimately depends the weal or the woe of the race.

THE DANGEROUS CRY OF SIKHISTAN —Continued from page 1.

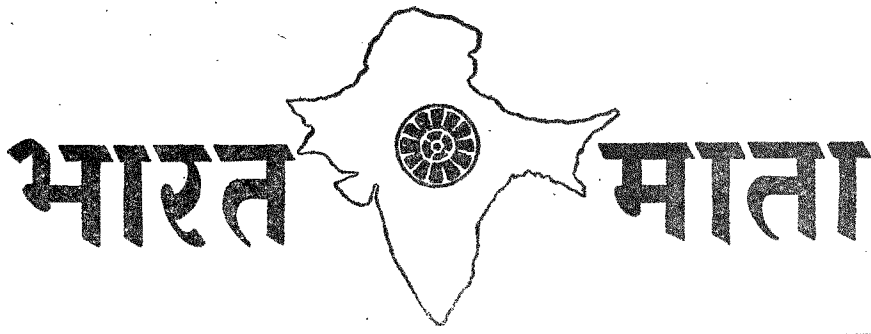
is nothing that cannot be settled by amicable discussion and this is fully realised by all Sikh leaders who do not belong to Master Tara Singh's group. On what ground can this group talk of Hindu tyranny? There was the Hindi-Punjabi language question—some Sikhs were disturbed over the Punjabi language and the Gurumukhi script. But Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel evolved a compromise formula which does full justice to both sides. Even the Shiromani Akali Dal had to admit the fairness of the formula. As regards the point once raised about representation in the legislatures, a generous concession has been made about depressed classes among the Sikhs. The Government has also no hesitation about safeguards in the services. In the Indian Army the Sikhs have a privileged position

out of proportion to their numerical strength. Is this tyranny? Look at the Provincial Cabinet in East Punjab. Perfect parity with the Hindus is enjoyed there by the Sikhs. Surely this is not an example of Hindu domination. In the Central Government it is not a Hindu but Sardar Baldev Singh, himself a prominent figure in the Akali party, who has the extremely important portfolio of Defence in his hands. Is this discriminatory treatment? Hindu tyranny exists only in the imagination. And the sooner the idea of Sikhistan, even if the partition it entails allows common defence and does not quite cut off the new province from the Indian Union, is dropped, the better for the future of the nation. No national division of a religious and communal kind can be anything but illegitimate and injurious.

मातृवाणी

मनुष्य आवश्यक मानसिक विश्राम लेना सीखे। वह जितना काम कर सकने योग्य हो उससे अधिक काम अपने आप से लने की कोशिश न करे।

'समय लगाने' के तथ्य को स्वीकार करते हुए धीरज से अपने पुरुषार्थ के फल की प्रतीक्षा करना सीखे।



'मदर इंडिया'— हिन्दी पूर्ति : : : जून १०, १९५०.

अन्त में, मनुष्य यह भी जाने कि जो कुछ भी वह स्वयं कर सकता है उसमें से किसी बात की भी लापरवाही न हो—और नहें बच्चे के विश्वास-भाव के समान मनुष्य उस सर्वोच्च महान् शक्ति के ऊपर अपने आपको छोड़ता जाय, उस भागवती शक्ति के ऊपर जो सब प्राणियों और सब जीवों में एक-रस सत्ता है।

—श्री माताजी।

सम्पादकीय—

'सिक्खिस्तान' की मांग के खतरे

विविधता और विभाजन में बहुत बड़ा अन्तर है। ठीक वैसे ही प्रतीत्य पुनर-रचना और साम्प्रदायिक विभाजन दो अलग-अलग चीजे हैं। व्यक्तियों में हो कि समुदायों में हो, बलात्कारी एकरूपता का आयोजन विकास की आत्मा का घात करता है। विकास की सिद्धि के लिये व्यक्तियों और समुदायों में वैविध्य अनिवार्य और आवश्यक है। राष्ट्रीयता और प्रादेशिकता दोनों ही स्वस्थ और प्रकृत घटनाएँ हैं। पर वैक्तिकता की तरह इनकी भी अपनी सीमाएँ हैं। राष्ट्रीयता और प्रादेशिकता भौगोलिक विशेषत्व, ऐतिहासिक पृष्ठ भूमि जातीय परम्परा तथा भाषा और संस्कृति का एकता पर आधारित होनी चाहिये। पर वैविध्य या विभिन्नता के इन आधारभूत तत्वों का संयोजन भी विवेक पूर्वक और न्यायपूर्वक होना चाहिये। वैसे सम्भावना मौलिक रूप से ही उन तत्वों में है। अन्य तत्वों या सिद्धान्तों के आधार पर भिन्नत्व की स्थापना मानव जाति की सुकोमल सामुदायिक प्राण-धत्ता को और राष्ट्र या प्रदेश जैसी उसकी असत्ताओं के हार्द को आघात पहुँचाकर उन्हें अप्राकृतिक रूप से छिन्न भिन्न कर देगी।

पिछले कुछ बरसों से प्रसिद्ध अकाली सिक्ख नेता मास्टर तारासिंह सिक्खिस्तान की घोषणा उठाते रहे हैं अभी बटाला में फिर उनका गर्जन तर्जन सुनाई पड़ा है, और उसी प्रसंग से उपरोक्त विचार व्यक्त करने का मौका हमें मिला है। सिक्ख नेता की इन वीरवाणी के पीछे अपने सत्ता भोग के लिये राज्य-स्थापन की हिटलरी मनोवृत्ति काम करती दिखाई पड़ रही है। र मौके का लाभ उठा कर सिक्ख जाति की नसों में हिन्दू-विद्वेष का जहर फूँककर मास्टर तारासिंह छोटे पैमाने पर वही किया चाहते हैं जो भी जिन्ना ने बड़े पैमाने पर किया।

राज कारण की सतही दुनियाँ में पाकिस्तान आज एक हकीकत बन चुका है। भारतीय स्वातंत्र्य की स्थापना के समय कांग्रेस का नेतृत्व जिन्नासिद्धान्तों से चालित था उन्होंने की लाचारी के परिणाम स्वरूप पाकिस्तान अस्तित्व में आया। सो हमारे शासक आज भी उसे एक अनिवार्य सचाई मान कर शिरो-धार्य किए हुए हैं। देश को फिर से एक और अखण्ड कर सकने की किसी सम्भावना पर विचार करने तक में वे देश का कल्याण नहीं देखते। जो भी हो, हिन्दू-मुस्लिम संघर्ष और समवाय हमारे इतिहास में उनके उतार-चढ़ावों से गुज़रा है और उसके दौरान में पाकिस्तान की घटना, चाहे अस्थायी ही क्यों न हो, घट ही सकती थी और वह घट कर ही रही। मगर यह सिक्खिस्तान तो एक बम बेवुनियाद मालूम होता है। यह समस्या तो जैसे उठती ही नहीं विचार की बात तो दूर रही। सिक्ख धर्म और हिन्दू धर्म के बीच विरोध या संघर्ष का तो एक भी उल्लेख हमारे इतिहास में नहीं मिलता। हाँ हिन्दू मुस्लिम एकता की एक अच्छी भूमिका सिक्ख धर्म ने बेशक प्रस्तुत की है। इसी ही नहीं, सिक्खों का आत्यन्तिक एकेश्वरवाद, हिन्दू एकेश्वरवाद

यौवन

जवानी जिन्दगी के कुछ गिने हुए बरसों पर निर्भर नहीं करती, बल्कि वह निर्भर करती है हमारे बढ़ने की, विकसित होने की, प्रगति की क्षमता के ऊपर। विकसित होने का अर्थ है अपनी अंतर्निहित शक्तियों को, अपनी क्षमताओं को बढ़ाना; प्रगति करने का अर्थ है—जो क्षमताएँ हमारे पास पहिले ही से मौजूद हैं उन्हें अरुक्त भाव से पूर्णता की सीमा तक ले जाना। बुढ़ापा उम्र के बढ़ते हुए बरसों के साथ नहीं आता, बल्कि वह तो तब आता है जब आदमी प्रगति या विकास साधने में अक्षम हो जाता है या वैसे करने से इनकार कर देता है। मैंने बीस बरसके बूढ़े और सत्तर बरस के जवान आदमियों को देखा है। ज्योंही मनुष्य जीवन में शान्ति के साथ जन्म जाने की इच्छा करता है और अपने प्राचीन प्रयासों के लाभों के सहारे आराम लेना चाहता है, 'ज्योंही मनुष्य यह सोचने लगता है कि उसे जो कुछ करना था उसे वह कर चुका और उसे जो कुछ प्राप्त करना था उसे वह प्राप्त कर चुका—थोड़े में—ज्योंही मनुष्य प्रगति करना, पूर्णता के मार्ग पर अग्रसर होना बन्द कर देता है त्योंही उसका पीछे हटना—बुढ़ा होना निश्चित हो जाता है।'

शरीर के विषय में भी मनुष्य को यह जानना चाहिये कि वास्तव में उसकी क्षमताओं की वृद्धि और उसकी प्रगति की कोई सीमा नहीं है, बशर्ते कि मनुष्य इसकी सच्ची प्रणाली और उपाय आवश्यकताओं को खोज निकाले। हम जो यहाँ बहुतों प्रयोग कर रहे हैं उनमें से एक प्रयोग यह है कि जनसमुदाय की बंधी बंधाई धारणाओं को तोड़ कर हम जगत् को दिखा देना चाहते हैं कि मानवीय सम्भावनाएँ अब तक की सारी धारणाओं की सीमा लांघ सकती हैं।

— श्री मां।

मेरा प्रकाश होगा तुझ में ?

मेरा प्रकाश होगा तुझ में, मेरा ब्रह्म तेरी शक्ति बने।
तू मत अधीर दानव को अपना हिय परिचालन करने दे,
तू मत अपूर्ण फल मांग, अरे मत मांग अधूरा पुरस्कार।
तू मात्र एक वर मांग कि तेरा आत्मा हो उठे महान;
तू एक यही जानन्द मांग, तेरी स्वजाति उत्थान करे।
इस अन्ध भाग्य से परे, विरोधी शक्तिपुंज के भी ऊपर,
ध्रुव खड़ी महेश्छा वह जकरण, सारे पारिवर्तन से जतीत,
उस सर्वशक्तिमत्ता पर अपने कामों का फल अरे छोड़।
बदलेगी जग की वस्तु मात्र प्रभू की रूपान्तर-घड़ियों में।

अनु० श्री वीरेन्द्रकुमार

श्री अरविन्दकृत 'सावित्री' से।

और इस्लाम के 'एक अल्लाह' के बीच श्रृंखला की एक अद्भुत कड़ी का काम करता है। सच पृष्ठा जाय तो सिक्ख धर्म सारे भेदों के विरुद्ध एकता की एक अनिवार्य और जबरदस्त दलील है। इसी धर्म-सम्प्रदाय का नेता अपने ही मूल मूल सिद्धान्त के विरुद्ध द्रोह किये बिना, सिक्खिस्तान की आवाज कैसे उठा सकता है। सिक्ख धर्म के आद्य संस्थापक गुरु नानक भारतीय इतिहास के पट पर एकता के एक स्तम्भ के रूप में अवतरित हुए थे। दिल्ली का सुल्तानी तख्त ढाँवाडोल था; साम्राज्य विदीर्ण हो चुका था; चारों ओर घोर आर्थिक और राज-नैतिक अराजकता, नैतिक पतन, लोभ और दस्युता तथा साम्प्रदायिक शत्रुत्व का दौर दौरा था। ऐसे समय में राष्ट्र के पतन को रोकने में गुरु नानक ने अपनी सारी शक्तियाँ लगा दी थीं। उनका आदर्श था राजनैतिक एकता और धर्म की आत्मा की एकता। अपने युग की समूची विच्छेदक और विनाशक शक्तियों के बीच वे एकत्व का मोर्चा लेकर खड़े थे। राजकीय एकत्व के उस निराले और प्रचंड उद्घोषक के वंशधर सिक्ख, यदि जगत-नाश की इस नाजुक घड़ी में, देश को एक

महत्वपूर्ण सरहद को भारतीय राजतन्त्र से तोड़ लेने की सोचते हैं, तो मानना होगा कि वे गुरु-द्रोह के भीषण अपराधी होंगे। पश्चिम पंजाब, खैबर घाटी और गिल्गिट को खोकर भारत की उत्तर-पश्चिमी सरहद पहले ही बहुत कमजोर पड़ चुकी है। फ़िरोज़पुर, लुधियाना और अमृतसर जैसे सिक्ख बहु-संख्यक प्रान्तों का सिक्खिस्तान बन जाने पर इस अरक्षित सरहद में एक और दरार पड़ जायेगी। आर्थिक और सैनिक शक्ति से विहीन, अपने को अपने पैरों पर खड़े रखने में असमर्थ सिक्खिस्तान आत्म-घात से किसी भी कदम कम नहीं होगी। सिक्ख-पंथ की एकता ही उद्दिष्ट है तो अधिक विवेक संगत और राजकीय शक्ति का द्योतक कदम तो यह होगा कि मास्टर तारासिंह पन्द्रह लाख सिक्खों को अपने संघ से वंचित रख उपरोक्त तीन प्रान्तों के सिक्ख-बहुसंख्यक भाग का सिक्खिस्तान बनाने के बजाय, इन समूचे प्रान्तों का सुदृढ़ राजनीतिक संघटन और संगठन करके एक अखण्ड स्वायत्त प्रादेशिक सत्ता कायम करें। इस सत्ता में पंथ का घनत्व निर्माण तो अनायास होगा ही, साथ ही एक सुदृढ़ राजकीय इकाई भी कायम होगी जो सदा

के लिये भारत माता की एक बलवान् भुजा बन कर रहेगी। इस विचारतर संगठन में एकान्त सिक्ख राज्य तो नहीं ही होगा पर पंथ अवश्य शक्ति-लाभ करेगा और देश की एक महत्वपूर्ण सरहद सैनिक अरक्षा के भारी खतरे से बच जायेगी। इन सारी दृष्टियों से यही समझ में आता है कि सिक्खिस्तान की मांग कुछ व्यक्तियों के एक गिरोह विशेष की गौव-गरिमा और सत्ता श्रद्धा महत्वाकांक्षा से प्रेरित एक घातक पुकार है। न इससे सिक्खों को ही लाभ है और न देश को। एक पल की भी देर किये बिना इस आवाज की अवज्ञा कर दी जानी चाहिये।

खुशकिस्मती है कि मास्टर तारासिंह के इस 'तानाशाही गद्दा' के प्रपंच के पीछे सभी सिक्ख नहीं हैं। वे सिक्खिस्तान की कमजोरी को समझते हैं और वे यह भी जानते हैं कि भारतीय प्रजातंत्र में सभी प्रजाओं और जातियों के समान-हकों का आयोजन है, इसमें सम्प्रदाय रूप से सिक्खों को भी लाभ है, उनसे वे इस तरह वंचित हो जायेंगे। व्यवसायिक दृष्टि से भी वे भारी घाटे में रहेंगे। पाकिस्तान बन जाने के बाद अल्पसंख्यक भारतीय मुस्लिम आज जिस विषय और दयनीय स्थिति में पड़ गया है, उससे सबक लेकर सदाशर सिक्ख आचरण हैं। हिंदुओं की सहायता से वंचित होकर वे कितना क्या खोदेंगे, इसका स्पष्ट लेखा उनके सामने है। केवल कुछ व्यक्तियों की महत्वाकांक्षा की तुष्टि के लिये वे इतना बड़ा जातीय आत्म-घात नहीं सहेंगे।

इस मांग के आधार रूप में जो शिक्षायतें खड़ी की गई हैं वे एतद्दम खाली और बे बुनियाद हैं। सामान्य मतभेद तो हर जगह होते हैं, और थोड़े से विचार विनिमय से वे दूर भी किये जासकते हैं। फिर नहीं समझ में आता है कि यह दल हिन्दू-राज के अत्याचार की बात किस बिना पर करता है? हिंदी-पंजाबी भाषा और गुरुमुखी लिपी का जो सवाल उठा था, उस सम्बंध में पं० नेहरू और सरदार पटेल ने जो फेसला किया है उसे शिरोमनी अकाली दल तक ने न्याय संगत माना है। धारा सभा में सिक्ख दलित वर्गों के प्रति निधिरत्व का प्रश्न जब उठा था, तो उसमें भी उदारता पूर्वक सहूलियतें दी गई हैं। शासन की नौकरियों के द्वार समान रूप से खुले हैं। भारतीय सैन्य में सिक्ख अपनी संख्या केअनुपात से कहीं बहुत अधिक पद विशेषत्व के एकान्त अधिकारी हैं। क्या यही है उनके कल्पित खलम का रूप? केन्द्रीय सरकार के प्रधान मण्डल में, रक्षामंत्रित्व जैसे महत्वपूर्ण पद पर कोई हिन्दू नहीं, पर अकाली दल के एक प्रमुख व्यक्ति सरदार बलदेव सिंह भारतीय हैं। क्या इसे आप भेद-भाव का व्यवहार कहेंगे? हिन्दू राज का खलम महज मास्टर तारासिंह की कल्पना का भूत है जो शायद कायदे-आजम की छत से पैदा हुआ है। हर सूरत में सिक्खिस्तान, पाकिस्तान से भी बड़ा और विनाशक खतरा देश के लिये पैदा कर देगा। हिन्दुस्तान के साथ रक्षा में सहयोगी रह कर स्वतंत्र सिक्खिस्तान को तानाशाह बनने का मास्टर तारासिंह का प्रस्ताव इस विभाजन की बटुता और धार्मिक विद्वेष और कट्टरता के जहर को जरा भी कम नहीं करता।

तुम पानी में गिर पड़ते हो। वह विपुल जलराशि तुम्हें भयभीत नहीं करती। तुम हाथ पांव मारते हो, साथ ही तैरना सिखानेवाले अपने गुरु को धन्यवाद देते हो। तुम लहरों पर काबू पा लेते हो और बच निकलते हो। तुम बहादुर हो।

तुम सो रहे थे। ‘आग’ ‘आग’ की आवाज ने तुम्हें चौंका दिया। तुम बिस्तर पर से कूद पड़ते हो; सामने अग्नि की लाल लपटें दिखाई देती हैं। तुम उस घातक भय से त्रस्त नहीं होते। धुएँ, चिनगारियाँ और लपटों के बीच में से होकर तुम भाग निकलते हो और अपने आपको बचा लेते हो। यह साहस का काम है।

बहुत दिन हुए मैं इंग्लैंड के एक बच्चों के स्कूल में गई थी। वहाँ तीन से सात वर्ष तक के छात्र थे। उनमें लड़के लड़कियाँ दोनों थे। वे सब बुनने, चित्रकारी करने, कहानो सुनने सुनाने, गाने आदि में लगे हुए थे।

उनके अध्यापक ने मुझसे कहा—“हम अब अग्नि से बचने का अभ्यास करेंगे। आग सचमुच में नहीं लगी है। पर बच्चों को यह सिखाना है कि किस प्रकार खतरे का संकेत पात हाँ झटपट उठ कर भाग जाना चाहिए।”

उसने सीटी दी। उसी दम बच्चों ने अपना पुस्तकें, पेन्सिलें और बुनने की सलाहियाँ छाँड़ दी और उठ कर खड़े हो गये। दूसरे संकेत पर सब, एक के पीछे एक, बाहर खले में आ गये। कुछ ही क्षणों में श्रेयाँ खाली हो गई। उन छोटे बच्चों ने आग के खतरे का सामना करना और साहसी बनना सीखा था।

तुम किसकी रक्षा के लिये तैरे थे? अपनी रक्षा के लिये।

तुम किसकी बचाने के लिये आग की लपटों में से गुजरे थे? अपने आपको बचाने के लिये।

बच्चों ने किसके बचाव के लिये आग के भय का सामना किया था? अपने बचाव के लिये।

प्रत्येक अवस्था में साहस का प्रदर्शन अपनी रक्षा के लिये किया गया था। क्या यह अनुचित था? बिल्कुल नहीं। अपने जीवन को रक्षा करनी और उसे बचाने के लिये वीरता होनी सर्वथा उचित है। पर एक वीरता इससे भी बड़ी है—वह वीरता जो दूसरों की रक्षा के लिये काम में लाई जाती है।

मैं तुम्हें माधव को वह कहानी सुनाती हूँ जो भवभूति ने लिखी थी।

माधव मन्दिर के बाहर घुटने टेके बैठा था कि उसने एक दुःखभरी आवाज सुनी।

अन्दर घुसने के लिये उसने रास्ता पा लिया और देवी चामुंडा के कक्ष में उसने झाँका।

उस अमानक देवी पर बलि चढ़ाने के लिये एक लड़के को वहाँ तैयार रखा हुआ था। वह बेचारी मालती थी। वह युवती उस अवस्था में ही वहाँ लाई गई थी। वहाँ पुजारी और पुत्रारिण के पास वह बिल्कुल अकेली थी। पुजारी ने अपना चाकू जिस समय ऊपर उठाया उस समय वह अपने प्रेमी माधव का ध्यान कर रही थी—“माधव, मेरे हृदयेश्वर, मेरी यह प्रार्थना है कि अपनी मृत्यु के बाद भी मैं तुम्हारी यादमें रह सकूँ। जिनको प्रेम अपनी लक्ष्मी और मधुर यादमें सुरक्षित रखता है, उनकी मृत्यु नहीं होती।”

श्री मां की कहानियाँ

साहस

[ये कहानियाँ इसलिये लिखी गई थीं कि इनको पढ़ कर बच्चे अपने आपको जानना तथा सत्य और सौंदर्य के मार्ग का अनुसरण करना सीखें। —श्री मां]



एक चीख के साथ वीर माधव उस बलि-युद्ध में कूद पड़ा। पुजारी के साथ उसका घोर युद्ध हुआ। मालती बचा ली गई।

माधव ने इस साहस का प्रयोग किसके लिये किया था? क्या वह अपने लिये लड़ा था? हाँ, पर उसके साहस का केवल यही कारण नहीं था। उसने दूसरे की रक्षा के लिये भी लड़ाई की थी। उसने एक दुःखी की आर्त ध्वनि सुनी थी जिसने उसके वीर-हृदय को सीधा जा छुआ था।

यदि तुम जरा सोचो तो तुम्हें कितनी ही इसी प्रकार की आँखों देखी घटनाएँ याद आ जायेंगी। तुमने निश्चय ही देखा होगा किस प्रकार एक व्यक्ति भय का संकेत पाते ही किसी दूसरे पुरुष, स्त्री या बच्चे की सहायता के लिए दौड़ पड़ता है।

तुमने समाचारपत्रों या कहानियों में भी इस प्रकार की साहसपूर्ण घटनाओं के बारे में अवश्य पढ़ा होगा। तुमने यह भी सुना होगा किस प्रकार आग बुझानेवाले आग की लपटों में घ्रस्त घरों से लोगों को बचाते हैं; किस प्रकार खान में काम करनेवाले गहरे कुएँ में उतरकर अपने साथियों को पानी, आग और दम घोटनेवाली गैस से बचाने के लिये बाहर निकाल लाते हैं; भूचाल से हिलते घरों में से लोग घर की दीवारों के गिरने का डर होते हुए भी दुबल व्यक्तियों को बाहर खाने का साहस करते हैं, नहीं तो वे मलबे के नीचे दब कर मर गये होते; किस प्रकार नागरिक अपने नगर या मातृभूमि को बचाने के लिये शत्रुओं का सामना करते, भूख प्यास सहते और घायल तक हो जाते हैं।

इस प्रकार हमने दो प्रकार के साहस देखे हैं—एक अपनी सहायता के लिये काम में लाया जाता है दूसरा औरों की सहायता के लिये।

मैं तुम्हें वीर विभीषण की कहानी सुनाती हूँ। उसने एक ऐसे खतरे का सामना किया था जो मृत्यु के खतरे से भी अधिक भयानक था। यह एक राजा के क्रोध के सामने डट गया था और उसने उसे बुद्धिमानी की एक ऐसी सलाह दी जिसे देने का किसी और को साहस नहीं हुआ था।

लंका का राक्षस राजा दस शीरावाला रावण कइलाता था। वह श्री सीताजी को अपने रथ में बैठा, उनके पति से दूर, लंका—द्वीप में स्थित अपने महल में ले गया था। जिस महल और जिस बाग में राज-कुमारी सीता को बन्द कर दिया गया था वे बड़े विशाल और मोहक थे, फिर भी वे दुःखी थीं; दिन रात रोती थीं। उन्हें यह भी पता नहीं था कि वे अपने स्वामी राम को पुनः देख सकेंगी या नहीं।

यशस्वी राम को बानर—राज इनुमान् से यह पता चल गया कि उनकी स्त्री किस स्थान पर कैद करके रखी गई है। वे अपने सुशील भाई लक्ष्मण और वीरों की एक बड़ी सेना लेकर बंदिनी सीता की सहायता के लिये चले।

जब राक्षस-राज रावण को राम के जाने का पता चला तो वह डर के मारे कांपने लगा।

अब उसे दो प्रकार की सलाह मिली। उसके राज-दरबारियों का एक झुंड उसके सिंहासन के चारों ओर इकट्ठा हो गया और कहने लगा—“सब ठीक है महाराज! डर की कोई बात नहीं है। आपने देवताओं और असुरों दोनों को जीत लिया है; राम और उसके साथी हनुमान् के बन्दरों को जीतने में कोई कठिनाई नहीं होगी।”

ज्योंही ये गुलामपादिये राजा के पास से हटे, उसके भाई विभीषण ने वहाँ प्रवेश किया और उसके आगे घुटने टेककर उसके पैर चूमे। फिर उठकर वह सिंहासन की दाईं ओर बैठ गया और बोला—“मेरे भाई, यदि तुम सुख से रहना चाहते हो या लंका के सुन्दर द्वीप के सिंहासन की रक्षा करना चाहते हो तो सुन्दरी सीता को वापिस कर दो, क्योंकि वह दूसरे की स्त्री है। राम के पास जाओ और उनसे क्षमा मांगो। वे तुम्हें निराश नहीं करेंगे। इतने दुःखदाहसी और अभिमानी मत बनो।”

एक और बुद्धिमान व्यक्ति मलयान ने यह बात सुनी और वह इससे सन्तुष्ट हुआ। उसने राक्षस-राज से आग्रहपूर्वक कहा—“अपने भाई की बात पर विचार करो, क्योंकि इसने सत्य कहा है।”

“तुम दोनों दुष्टाशयवाले हो”, राजा ने उत्तर दिया, “कारण, तुम मेरे शत्रुओं का पक्ष लेते हो।”

उन दस सिरों की आँखों से ऐसे क्रोध की चिनगारियाँ निकलने लगीं कि मलयान तो डर के मारे कमरे से भाग गया। पर विभीषण अपने आत्म—बल से वहीं डटा रहा, बोला—“स्वामी, प्रत्येक मनुष्य के हृदय में विवेक और अविवेक दोनों का निवास है। जिसके हृदय में विवेक होता है उसके लिये जीवन सुखकारक है; यदि वहाँ अविवेक का राज्य हो तो फिर बस दुःख हाँ दुःख है। भाई, मुझे डर है कि तुम्हारे हृदय में अविवेक अज्ञा जामाये हुए है क्योंकि जो तुम्हें बुरा परामर्श देते हैं तुम उन्हीं की बात पर कान धरते हो। वे तुम्हारे सच्चे मित्र नहीं हैं।”

इतना कह वह चुप हो गया और उसने राजा के पांव फिर चूमे।

रावण चिल्लाया—“दुष्ट! तू भी मेरे शत्रुओं में से है! बस, ऐसे मुखौते के शब्द और मत बोल। ऐसे शब्द तू उन साधु—सन्ध्यासियों को जाकर सुना जो जंगलों में रहते हैं, उससे मत कह जिसने जिन जिन शत्रुओं से युद्ध किया है उन सब पर विजय प्राप्त की है”—ऐसा कहते कहते उसने अपने वीर भाई विभीषण के एक लात जमा दी।

मन में व्यथित हो विभीषण उठ बैठा और राजा का घर छोड़ कर चला गया।

जरा भी मन में भय न मानते हुए उसने सब कुछ रावण से साफ साफ कह दिया था और अब क्योंकि उस दश सिरवाले ने उसकी बात न सुननी चाही तो वह चले जाने के सिंघाय और कर भी क्या सकता था।

विभीषण का यह कार्य शारीरिक साहस का कार्य था क्योंकि उसने अपने भाई की ठोकरों का डर नहीं माना, पर साथ ही यह एक आत्म-निर्भयता का भी कार्य था। वे भाँते, जो अन्य राजदरबारियों ने उतना शारीरिक बल रखते हुए भी अपने मुँह से नहीं निकाली थीं, इधने राजा से कहने में जरा संकोच नहीं किया। यह मन का साहस है जिसे हम नैतिक बल कहते हैं।



ऐसा साहस इजराइल के नेता मुसा में भी था। इसने मिश्र देश के राजा फारो से यह मांग की थी कि वह सताये हुए यहूदी को स्वतन्त्र कर देवे।

यही साहस पैगम्बर मोहम्मद में भी था जिसने अपने धार्मिक विचार अरबनिवासियों पर प्रकट कर दिये थे। उन लोगों के मृत्यु का डर दिखाने पर भी उसने चुप रहना अस्वीकार कर दिया।

गौतम बुद्ध में भी ऐसा ही साहस था। इन्होंने भारतवासियों को एक नवीन और उच्च रास्ता बताया और बोधिवृक्ष के नीचे दुष्ट प्रेतात्माओं द्वारा सताये जाने पर भी डर नहीं माना।

यह साहस ईसामसीह में भी था जिन्होंने लोगों को यह उपदेश दिया—“एक दूसरे से प्रेम करो।” न वे यशसलम के धर्माचार्यों से डरे जिन्होंने उन्हें ऐसा सिखाने से मना किया था और न रूम के लोगों से जिन्होंने उन्हें सूली पर चढ़ा दिया था।

हमने अभी साहस को तीन श्रेणियों और तीन मात्राओं का निरूपण किया है।

शारीरिक साहस, जो अपनी रक्षा के लिये प्रयुक्त होता है।

वह साहस, जो मित्र, पड़ोसी और कष्ट में पड़ी मातृभूमि के लिये दिखाया जाता है।

अन्त में वह नैतिक साहस आता है जो अन्यायी मनुष्यों का सामना करना सिखाता है—चाहे वे कितने ही बलशाली क्यों न हों, और सच्चाई और न्याय की आवाज उनके कान तक पहुँचाता है।

अलमोडे के राजा के पहाड़ी प्रदेश पर कुछ आक्रमणकारियों ने धावा बोल दिया। उनको मार भगाने के लिये एक नई सेना खड़ी की गई। उसमें कई लोगों ने अपना नाम दिया। प्रत्येक को एक बट्टा तलवार दी गई।

राजा ने आज्ञा दी—“बड़े चलो।” उसी दम सबने बड़े जोर शोर से अपनी मियानों में से तलवारें खींच लीं और उन्हें ऊपर चमकाकर वे सब जोर से चिल्लाये।

“यह क्या?” राजा ने पूछा। उन्होंने उत्तर दिया—“स्वामी, हम तैयार हो रहे हैं जिससे हमारे शत्रु कहीं हमें असावधान पाकर हमपर चढ़ न आवें।”

“तुम डरपोक और धबराये हुए हो” राजा ने उनसे कहा, “तुमसे कुछ न होगा। जाओ, अपने घर लौट जाओ।”

तुम देखोगे कि राजा ने इस प्रकार तलवारें खींच लेने और शोरसुल मचाने को जरा महत्त्व नहीं दिया। वह जानता था कि सच्ची वीरता में हल्ला करने और हल्लारों बचाने की आवश्यकता नहीं होती।

इसके विपरीत, निम्नलिखित कहानी में तुम देखोगे कि कितनी शांतिपूर्वक लोगों ने एक कार्य किया और किस प्रकार समुद्र के बड़े खतरे के सामने भी वे वीरतापूर्वक डटे रहे।

सन् १९१० के मार्च महीनेके अन्त में स्काटलैंड का एक जहाज आस्ट्रेलिया के

यात्रियों को आशा अन्तरीप ला रहा था। आकाश में बादल का नाम-निशान नहीं था। समुद्र नीला और शांत था।

अचानक आस्ट्रेलिया के पश्चिमी किनारे से छः मील दूर जहाज एक चट्टान से जा टकराया।

जहाज के सब कर्मचारी एकदम इधर उधर भागने लगे। सभी अपने कार्य में व्यस्त थे। सीटियों की आवाज सुनाई देने लगी। पर इस हलचल का कारण न तो कुप्रबन्ध था और न भय।

एक हुकम गुंज उठा—

"ढोंगियों पर चढ़ो।"

यात्रियों ने सुरक्षा की पेटियां पहन लीं।

एक नेत्रहीन व्यक्ति अपने नौकर का हाथ थामे डैक पर आया। सबने उसके लिये रास्ता छोड़ दिया। वह दुर्बल था। सब चाहते थे कि पहले उसको सहायता मिले।

कुछ क्षणों के बाद ही जहाज खाली हो गया, और फिर क्षीप्र ही वह नीचे ठ गिरा।

ढोंगी पर बैठे हुए एक ली ने गाना शुरू किया। लहरों के शोरगुल से बीच-बीच में गाने की आवाज दब जाती थी पर फिर भी जो एक-आध कड़ी मल्लाहों के कान में पड़ जाती उससे उनके बाहुओं को बल मिल रहा था।

"किनारे की ओर बढ़ो, नाविको, किनारे की ओर बढ़ो।"

अन्त में वे सब जहाज की दुघटना से बचे हुए लोग किनारे तक पहुंच गये और दयालु मछुओं द्वारा किनारे पर लाये गये।

एक यात्री के भी प्राण नहीं गये। इस प्रकार चार सौ पचास व्यक्तियों ने अपने शांत-संयत स्वभाव से अपनी रक्षा कर ली।

अब मैं तुम्हें एक ऐसे धार्मिक साहस के विषय में बताती हूँ जिसने बिना किसी प्रदर्शन और धूम धड़ाके कई उपयोगी और भले कार्य किये हैं।

एक ग्राम के साथ एक गहरी नदी बहती थी। उसमें केवल हिन्दुओं के पाँच सौ घर थे। उन ग्रामवासियों ने अभी तक भगवान् बुद्ध के उपदेश नहीं सुने थे। सो बुद्ध ने उनके पास जाने और उनको अपना उत्कृष्ट मार्ग बताने का निश्चय किया।

वे एक विशाल वृक्ष के नीचे बैठे गये।

वृक्ष की शाखाएँ नदी के किनारे तक फैली हुई थीं। ग्रामवासी सब नदी के परले किनारे पर इकट्ठे हुए थे। अब बुद्ध ने अपनी आवाज उठाई और उन्हें पवित्रता और भ्रम का सन्देश सुनाया। उनके उपदेश एक चमत्कारक लङ्ग से उस बहते हुए पानी के ऊपर होते हुए नदी के परले किनारे तक पहुंच गये। फिर भी इन लोगों ने उनके वचनों पर विश्वास करना अंगीकार नहीं किया और उनके विश्वास ने बढ़बढ़ाने लगे।

उनमेंसे एक अमी और जानना चाहता था। उसने बुद्ध के निकट जाना चाहा, पर वहां न कोई नौका थी और न ही पुल था। उस मनुष्य ने मन में दृढ़ साहस रख नदी के गहरे पानी पर चलना शुरू कर दिया। इस प्रकार वह उस गुरु के पास पहुंच गया। उसने उन्हें प्रणाम किया तथा बड़े हृष से उनके उपदेश सुने।

सा कि कहानी में कहा गया है कि उस मनुष्य ने चल कर नदी पार की थी, हम नहीं जानते। पर फिर भी उसने इस मार्ग पर चलकर हर तरह से साहस का ही परिचय दिया था—ऐसा मार्ग जो उन्नति—पथ की ओर ले जाता है। उसके उदाहरण से गाँव के दूसरे लोगों ने भी फिर बुद्ध के उपदेश सुने और उनके अन्तःकरण उन अत्यन्त शुद्ध विचारों की ओर खल गये।

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एक साहस है जो नदियां लांघ सकता है। एक ऐसा है जो मनुष्य को न्यायपथ पर ले जाता है। पर सत्य मार्ग पर चलना शुरू करने की अपेक्षा उस पर दृढ़ रहने के लिये जिस साहस की आवश्यकता पड़ती है वह उससे भी बड़ा है।

मुर्गी और उसके बच्चों का एक छान्त सुनो।

गौतम बुद्ध ने अपने शिष्यों से कहा था कि तुम अपनी ओर से पूरा प्रयत्न करो, फिर इस पर विश्वास रखो कि उन प्रयत्नों का फल तुम्हें मिलेगा ही।

उसने उनसे कहा—बिल्कुल उसी तरह जिस तरह मुर्गी अंडे देकर उन्हें सेती है, पर वह इस बात की जरा भी चिंता नहीं करती कि क्या मेरे बच्चे अपनी चों चों से अंडा फोड़कर दिन के प्रकाश में आ जाने में

समर्थ हो जायेंगे? तुम्हें अब अधिक डर नहीं होना चाहिए। यदि तुम सत्य मार्ग पर दृढ़ रहोगे तो तुम प्रकाश तक भी अवश्य पहुंचोगे।

ठीक रास्ते पर चलना, आवेगों, मूढ़ विचारों और कष्टों का सामना करना, सदा आगे ही, प्रकाश की ओर बढ़ने के प्रयत्न में लगे रहना ही सच्चा साहस है।

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प्राचीन समय में ब्रह्मादत्त नाम का एक राजा बनारसमें राज करता था। उसके शत्रुओं में से एक ने—जो किसी और देश का राजा था—अपने हाथी को बुद्ध की शिक्षा दी थी।

लड़ाई की घोषणा हो गई। वह विशाल हाथी अपने स्वामी राजा को बनारस की चार—दीवारी तक ले आया।

दीवारों के ऊपर से उन घिरे सैनिकोंने उबलते द्रव्यों और गोफन द्वारा फेंके हुए पत्थरों की उन पर झड़ी लगा दी। इस भयानक वर्षा के सामने एक बार तो हाथी पीछे हट गया। पर जिस आदमी ने उसे सघाया था वह उसकी ओर दौड़ा और बोला—

"अरे हस्ती, तू तो वीर है; वीर के समान कार्य कर और फाटक को जमीन पर दे मार।"

इन शब्दों से उत्साहित हो उस विशाल जंतु ने फाटक पर एक जोर की चोट की, अंदर प्रवेश किया और इस प्रकार राजा को विजय दिलाई।

इसी प्रकार साहस बाधाओं और कठिनाइयों को जीत कर विजय का पथ प्रशस्त करता है।

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देखो, किस प्रकार सबको, चाहे वे मनुष्य हों या पशु, बड़ावै के शब्दों से सहायता पहुंचाई जा सकती है।

मुसलमानों की एक अच्छी पुस्तक में उदारहृदय व्यक्ति आबू सैयद की एक कहानी है। वह हमें बड़ा अच्छा उदाहरण देती है।

एक बार वह ज्वर से पीड़ित हुआ। उसके मित्रगण उसके स्वास्थ्य का हाल-चाल पूछने उसके घर गये। कवि के लड़के ने द्वार पर उनका स्वागत किया। उसके होठों पर मुस्कराहट थी क्योंकि रोगी पहले से अच्छा था। वे लोग उसके कमरे में पहुंचे और बैठ

गये। अपने सदैवके हंसोड़ स्वभाव के अनुसार उसे बोलते सुनकर सबको बड़ा आश्चर्य हुआ। अब क्योंकि गर्मी बढ़ चली थी, उसे नींद आ गई। और लोग भी सब सो गये।

सायंकाल तक सब उठ बैठे। आबू सैयद ने अभ्युगतों का जलपान से सत्कार किया और कमरे को सुशुद्ध करने के लिए धूपबत्तियां जला दीं।

आबू सैयद ने तब प्रार्थना की, फिर उसने उठ कर एक छोटी सी स्वरचित कविता पढ़नी आरम्भ की—

"दुःख के समय निराशा न हो, क्योंकि प्रसन्नता की एक घड़ी तेरे सारे दुःख-दर्द भगा देगी।

मरुभूमि की तेज गर्म हवा बह रही है, पर वह ठण्डे समीर में बदल सकती है।

काली घटा उमड़ रही है, पर वह जल-प्रलय करने से पहले ही हट सकती है।

आग लग सकती है, पर तुम्हारे संतुकों और पेटियों को छुए बगैर बुझ जायगी।

शोक आता है, पर चला जाता है। इसलिये जब विपत्ति आवे धैर्यवान् बनो।

समय सब चमत्कारों से बड़ा है। ईश्वर की कृपा से तुम्हें सदा अपने कल्याण की आशा करनी चाहिए।"

इस आशा से भरी सुन्दर कविताको सुनकर सब प्रसन्नता और बल अनुभव करते हुए अपने अपने घर लौट गये। इस प्रकार एक रोगी मित्र ने अपने स्वस्थ मित्रों की सहायता की।

यह निश्चय है कि जो लोग स्वयं साहसी होते हैं वे ही दूसरों को साहस बंधा सकते हैं, ठीक उसी प्रकार जैसे एक जलती मोमबत्ती अपनी लौ से दूसरी मोमबत्तियों को जला सकती है।

वीर बालकों और बालिकाओं, तुमने यह कहानी पढ़ी है। तुम दूसरे को साहस बंधाना सोचो और स्वयं भी साहसी बनो।

अनु०— श्री लीलावती जी
—"अदिति" के सौजन्य से।

भूल सुधार—

भारत माता के गत अंक्रमें श्री सुन्दरम् की कविता 'हे पूरण!' की बारहवीं पंक्ति में 'हे रसनिधि सोहन!' के स्थान पर 'हे रसनिधि साहेब!' छप गया है। पाठक कृपया सुधार लें। —सं०

(पिछले अंक का शेष)

क्या हम शान्ति चाहते हैं ?

ले०— श्री वशिष्ठ

स्टालिन एंड कमानी का एक मात्र ध्येय है 'समस्त पृथ्वीको कम्युनिज्म के जूड़े के नीचे लाना या अणु बम से सबको समुन्नत नष्ट कर देना या स्वयं नष्ट हो जाना। उपरोक्त चुनौती को लक्ष्य में रख कर ही मनुष्य जाति को काम करना है। खस को रावटी किमी ल वाले देश में होनी चाहिये न कि बर्फ से ढके हिमालय पर सेवामार्ग में शांति सम्मेलन करने के बजाये मास्कोमें स्टालिनके द्वार पर शान्ति सम्मेलन होना चाहिए था। अणु बम ने ही एशिया में जो शांति स्थापित की है—यद्यपि एशिया के देशों की स्वाधीनता का उस अणुबम काण्ड से गहरा सम्बन्ध है क्योंकि यदि वह काण्ड न हुआ होता तो जापान का युद्ध चलता होता और एशिया के राष्ट्रों की स्वाधीनता अनिर्णीत या उपस्थगित हो जाती—यदि वह हमें मान्य नहीं है तो हमें स्टालिन को समझाना चाहिये क्यों कि सेवामार्ग न शान्ति को मिटा सकता है न स्थापित कर सकता है। जो मिटा सकता है, मिटा रहा है और मिटाने पर कटि बद्ध है उस विडाल को नियन्त्रित न करके सेवामार्ग में घन्टा बजाने से क्या लाभ ?

यदि हमें सच्ची शान्ति की, सत्य की, प्रकाश की शान्तिकी अभिलाषा है जो आत्माका स्वभाव है, प्रकाश एवं सत्य का गुण है, सत्ता का आनन्द है तो वह व्यक्ति में तब उपलब्ध होगी जब व्यक्ति अपने में आत्माको अभिव्यक्त करके आत्मा की चेतना में रहता हुआ आत्म—चेतना के द्वारा असत्यकी शक्तियों से बाह्य चेतना को मुक्त करके उसे आन्तर चेतना से प्रेरित व रूपान्तरित करेगा और मनुष्य जाति में तब उपलब्ध होगी जब व्यवस्था नाम की शान्ति के लिये चतुर्मुखके द्वारा वे सब मनुष्य जो अज्ञान, असत्य व अन्वकार की आसुरी शक्तियों की ओर अपने आपको दिये हुये हैं, दे रहे हैं—सामर्थ्यहीन कर दिये जायेंगे या फिर विनष्ट। और यह सब युद्ध से होगा। अदिव्य वह मनुष्य है जो मिथ्या को मिथ्या मानता हुआ उसे हेय समझ कर उससे बचना तो चाहता है किन्तु अशक्त होने के कारण अज्ञान की कुप्रवृत्तियों के द्वारा बलात् अधिभूत हो जाता है। ऐसे व्यक्तियों में नियन्त्रण रचनात्मक कार्य करते हैं। दिव्यता विरोधी असुर वह है जिसने अपने आपको मिथ्या पक्षी की ओर समर्पित कर दिया है, मिथ्या को सत्य श्रेष्ठ मान लिया है और वह अब असुर की राक्षसी पैशाचिक प्रेरणाको सत्य मानकर उसके अनुकूल सब कुछ करने को कटिबद्ध है, कहने भर को वह स्वाधीन है किन्तु यथार्थ में वह असुर के हाथ की कठपुतली है, अन्वकार की प्रवृत्ति का खिलौना है। उदाहरणार्थ जिसका दृढ़ विश्वास है और जिसकी धर्म—पुस्तक में

लिखा है एवं दिन रात सिखाया जा रहा है कि जो उसके सम्प्रदाय का अनुयायी नहीं है उसको बलात् भी अपने पन्थ में लाने या कत्ल कर देने से हुर्रों वाली जवत मिलेगा तो वह भिन्न सम्प्रदाय वालों को कत्ल करने से क्यों चुकेगा और विशेषतः तब जबकि उसके प्राणों में हुर्रों (सुन्दरियों) के लिये घोर लिप्ता और लोलुपता भरी हो ? आसुरी प्रवृत्तिये अवसर पाकर ऐसे व्यक्तियों को प्रेरणा देगी 'वाजिबुल कत्ल है, कत्ल करो और जन्नत के बादशाह बनो हुर्रों की सोहबत बढ़कर दुनियां में क्या कोई सुख हो सकता है ? अपने सम्प्रदाय के प्रतिकूल किसी भिन्न सम्प्रदाय के सन्त की पवित्र शिक्षा भी उसके लिये कुफ व गुनाह होगा।'

हिटलर का दृष्टिकोण भी ऐसा ही था कि जर्मनों को छोड़ कर शेष सब मनुष्य मुलाम हैं, शसक होने योग्य नहीं केवल शासित होने चाहिए। दूसरा दृष्टिकोण है जो कम्युनिष्ट नहीं है वह या तो कम्युनिष्टों के आधीन रहे या मार दिया जावे। उस प्रकार के मनुष्य, समाज, सम्प्रदाय, संघ या राष्ट्र वह समूह है जिसने अपने आपको असुर को दे दिया है, असुर का यन्त्र बन गया है। कहने भर को वह स्वाधीन है किन्तु यथार्थ में वह आसुरी शक्ति का यन्त्र है। यह कहा जा सकता है कि आसुरी शक्ति को नष्ट कर दिया जाय, किन्तु कैसे ? आसुरी शक्ति कोई हाक मांस का बावनगजा राक्षस तो है नहीं। वह तो अपने सूक्ष्मरूप में ही मानव—यन्त्रों को नचा रही है। जब तक इन मानव—शरीरों को, जो असुर के यन्त्र है नष्ट न कर दिया जायगा तब तक असुर के यन्त्र बने रहेंगे और असुर द्वारा उपयोग में लाये जाते रहेंगे। यदि सन्तों ने सिर झुका कर आत्म समर्पण करके धन, सम्पत्ति, नगर देश और जन्तु को इन आसुरी यन्त्रों के हवाले कर दिया तो भी शान्ति न होगी। भेड़िये भेड़ों को खाकर फिर आपस में एक दूसरे को खायेंगे क्योंकि सामंजस्य, सुरसंगति, समता व एकता अज्ञान व अन्वकार की आसुरी सत्ताओं का स्वभाव नहीं है; वहां सत, रज, तम है और वह है असख्य प्रतिकूल अनुपातों में, हमारी वर्तमान शांतिशे शांति में नहीं है बल्कि अवसर की खोज है, दांभ घात के अन्तर-विराम है। इन सब में असुर को गुप्तचर शक्तियों ही असुरों की विजय के लिये अथत् अनाचार, अत्याचार व घोर अत्याय को शक्ति सम्पन्न बनाने के लिये प्रति दूरदर्शी विचारकों, लीडरों के सामने नाना प्रकार की कल्पित व भावुक दुश्चिन्ताओं के भविष्य की सम्भावना रखकर उन्हें किंकरत्तव्य की भूमिका में लाकर शांति सम्मेलन के लिये उकसा रही हैं तो दूसरी ओर दुस्साहसी नेताओं को डिक्टेटर की भूमिका में ले जा कर हिटलर बन जाने का प्रोत्साहन दे रही हैं।

लेनिन

फोर्ड, जरा घ्रांख खोल कर देखो तो हमारे सोवियत रूसके मजदूर राजको । जिसे तुम्हारा समाज मृतप्रसव कहा करता था, फूंक से उड़ा देने की बात सोचता करता था, आज तीस ही वर्षों में उसका दुर्दान्त प्रताप देख कर संसार कांप उठा है । बर्लिन से शंघाई तक उसका एकछत्र साम्राज्य है और वह दिन भी अधिक दूर नहीं है जब सम्पूर्ण पृथ्वी पर उसी का लाल झण्डा फहराया जाय और सभी मानवता की समस्या का समाधान होगा । पर जान पड़ता है कि एक और भी विश्व व्यापी युद्ध और भीषण नरसंहार बिना पूंजीवाद संसार के गरीबों और मजदूरों का परित्राण नहीं होने देगा । मेरा सोवियत रूस हर परिस्थिति का मुकाबिला करने को तैयार है ।

फोर्ड

हां लेनिन, मैं तुम्हारे सोवियत रूस को भी देख रहा हूँ और तुम्हारे मजदूर राज को भी देख रहा हूँ । मजदूर राज से तुम्हारा आशय यह तो है कि सोवियत रूस में सबको नियंत्रण करने वाला केवल एक राज है और बाकी सब उसके आज्ञापालक मजदूर । सोवियत रूस में न कोई व्यापारी है, न किसान है, न दुकानदार है, न खरीददार है, न कलाकार है, न वैज्ञानिक है, न अध्यापक है, न कवि है, न साहित्यिक है, न लेखक है, न मनीषि है—इन सबको ही परिचित कर दिया गया है केवल एक मजदूर श्रेणी में जिसका एक मात्र काम रह गया है बस अपने शासकों का हुकम बजा लाना । इस प्रकार के तुम्हारे मजदूर राज की सराहना बुद्धिमान तो कभी नहीं करेंगे । रही नरसंहार की बात, सो शायद मानवता को इतना अत्याचार और उत्पीडन सहन नहीं होगा और इस शक्तिसी चंगुलसे इन "मजदूरों" का उद्धार करने के लिये यदि युद्ध या नरसंहार की ही आवश्यकता होगी तो वह भी होकर ही रहेगा ।

लेनिन

बुजुर्वा पूंजीपतियों को तो सदासे सारी बातें उलटी ही नजर आती हैं । रूस में समाज के सब वर्गों को एक ही शिक्षा दीक्षा एकसी रहन सहन, एक ही आदर्श के सूत्र में पिरो कर उन्हें एक मनप्राणशरीर कर दिया गया है । वहां कोई छोटा बड़ा नहीं है, देश को सारी पूंजी, जमीन जायदाद, पशु, कलकारखानों पर सबका समान अधिकार है, सब लोग एक विशाल कुटुम्ब की भांति रहते हैं और जो कुछ उत्पादन करते हैं उसे सभी बांट कर खाते हैं । शताब्दियोंसे संसार के धर्मचारियों, अर्थशास्त्रियों और राजनीतिज्ञों का जो लक्ष्य रहा है उसे हमने केवल बीस साल में प्रत्यक्ष कर दिखाया है । है संसार के इतिहास में इसकी कहीं भी तुलना ?

फोर्ड

लेनिन, मुझे तो इस में गर्व करने लायक कुछ भी नहीं दिखलाई पड़ता । यही तो मानव समाज की प्रारंभिक अवस्था थी । उस आदिम समाज में भी कोई पूंजीपति नहीं था, एक कुटुम्ब या फिरके सब लोग साथ रहते थे, सब चीजों पर सब का समान अधिकार था, दलपति या बुजुर्गका आदेश सब को मान्य करना पड़ता था, लुटमार, खेतीबारी अथवा लोभ धंधे से जो कुछ मिलता था उसे सभी कोई बांट कर खाते थे, किसी की कोई व्यक्तिगत सम्पत्ति नहीं थी और न अलग अलग विचार धारा, भावनाएं या आदर्श ही थे । उसी आदिम समाज का वर्तमान भाषा में अनुवाद एवं वृहत्तर संस्करण होनेके अतिरिक्त

एक सम्वाद

समस्या

ले०— श्री अर्किचन

[संसार की उलझी हुई समस्याओं पर स्वर्ग में कुछ आत्माओं की बातचीत होती है और वे अपने अपने आदर्शों द्वारा समाधान का मार्ग दिखलाते हैं यही कल्पना इस कथोपकथन का आधार है]

तुम्हारे कम्युनिज्म में धरा ही क्या है ? इसी प्रकार भोजन, वस्त्र मकान आत्मरक्षा और संख्या वृद्धि में ही संतुलनता, वहीं पराई सम्पत्ति पर लोभ, वैसीही बाहुबलपर निर्भरता, वही बर्बरता ! परन्तु यह प्रवृत्तियाँ मनुष्य की विचार बुद्धि के विकास की प्रारम्भिक अवस्था में ही शोभा देती थी और तभी चलभी सकती थी । ज्यों ज्यों मानव का मानसिक विकास होता गया त्यों त्यों उसके मनमें नई नई उमंगें नये नये आदर्श, नई नई कल्पनाएं हिलोरे मारने लगी और उसमें व्यक्तित्व और व्यक्तिगत स्वतंत्रता की भावना का प्रादुर्भाव हुआ । आज का मानव उस आदिम मानव से बहुत आगे बढ़ चुका है और केवल भोजन वस्त्र एवं आवास से ही उसको अन्तोष नहीं है । आज के मानव को सारी तकलीफें और असुविधायेँ मेल कर भी विचार की, आदर्श के अनुसरण की, मिलने जुलने की, अगना विकास करने की अपनी सजति करने की यहां तक कि अपना सर्वनाश करने की भी स्वतंत्रता तो चाहिये ही चाहिये । अब स्वतंत्रता उसके प्राणों से भी प्यारी वस्तु हो गई है । बलात्कार या उत्पीडन द्वारा उसकी इस भावना का बाल्य प्रकाशन तो शायद कुछ तक दबाया भी जा सके परन्तु भीतर ही भीतर यह आग छल्लाती ही रहेगी और एक न एक दिन प्रचंड दावानल बन कर सारे वर्गों को भस्म कर डालेगी तथा मानव की मुक्ति का पथ प्रशस्त कर के ही शान्त होगी । इतिहास कदा से इस का साक्षी रहा है और फ्रांस की महान् क्रान्ति की पहली आवाज भी इसी आजादी के लिये ही थी । लाखों सहीदों ने जिस आजादी के पौधे को अपने खून से सींचा है और हजारों वर्षों की तरस्या तथा साधना के बाद मानव ने जिस स्वतंत्रता को प्राप्त किया है उसे धूल में मिलाकर तुम मानवता को उसी अविचलित अवस्था में घसीट ले जाना चाहते हो ? पर तुम्हारा सोवियत लाख प्रयत्न करे, मानवता की प्रगति एवं विकास रुक नहीं सकेगे और प्रकृति अपने लक्ष्य से विचलित नहीं होगी ।

लेनिन

तुम जिसे मानव समाज की आदिम अवस्था कहते हो उसी का परिवर्तित एवं परिवर्धित संस्करण ही मानवता का चरमअवस्था भी है । फ्रांस के महाविप्लव की पहिली मांग आजादी के लिए जरूर थी परन्तु उस आजादी की सार्थकता भी उसकी दूसरी मांग समानता में है । और कम्युनिज्म का लक्ष्य इसी समानता में मानव की स्वतंत्रता को सार्थक करना ही है । तुम लोग जिसे स्वतंत्रता कहते हो वह तो स्वतंत्रता के वास्तविक सत्य का मखौल है—जब तक मनुष्य को आर्थिक दास्ता से छुटकारा न मिल जाय, जब तक उसे जीवन की आवश्यकताओं के लिए दूसरों का भोड़ताज रहना पड़ता है तब तक विचारों और आदर्शों, भाषण और लेखन की स्वतंत्रता का उसके लिए क्या उपयोग है ? सबसे पहिले तो शरीर धारणा की समस्या को ही हल करना पड़ेगा; मनुष्य के भोजन वस्त्र निवास और दवादारु का ही प्रबन्ध करना होगा । मानव जब इनकी चिन्ता से मुक्त हो जायगा तभी तो उसे

विज्ञान, कला, आदर्श, अध्ययन और मनन की बात सूझेगी, और उसके मन को इन विषयों पर विचार करने का अवसर और अवकाश मिलेगा । भूखे भजन न होई गुपाला । आज की परिस्थिति में तो ज्ञान, कला, आदर्श, धर्म स्वतंत्रता आदि की चिकनी चुपड़ी बातें तो पूंजीवाद की चक्की में पिसती हुई जनता के लिये केवल अफीम की चुस्कियां हैं जिन्हें पिला पिला कर उनके दिलों की प्रतिकार या विरोध की आग बुझा दी जाती है, उनकी आत्म सम्मान एवं मानव अधिकारों की भावनाको छुला दिया जाता है, उन्हें निर्जीव कर दिया जाता है ताकि उनके शोषण का क्रम अबाध गति से चलता रहे । तुम्हारे पूंजीवादी देशों में गरीबों और मजदूरों को किस बात की स्वतंत्रता है ? सबी गली जुठन खाने की, चिथड़े पहिनने की दूध की बूंद बूंद के लिए नन्हें नन्हें बच्चों को तरसाने की, जलती हुई लू और गिरती हुई बर्फ में सड़कों या फुटपाथों पर पड़े रहने की या मालिक जहां अपने घोड़ों और कुत्तों को भी न रखना चाहें ऐसी अन्धेरी, दुर्गन्धमय और सीलन भरी कोठरियों में गोदाम के बोरों की भांति भरे रहने की, अपनी बहन केटियों को आबरू बेचने की, मशीनों से उलझ उलझ कर स्वयं भी एक मशीन ही बन जाने की, अकारण जाँविका से बंचित किये जाने की, दवादारु बिना अकाल में ही तड़प तड़प कर मर जाने की या और भी कुछ ? जरा खुद भी तो बख कर देखो कि तुम्हारी इन नियामतों में कितनी कला है, कितना विज्ञान है, कितना धर्म है और स्वतंत्रता का कितना आनन्द है ? पूंजीवाद में पैसे से ही कला है, पैसे से ही विज्ञान है, पैसा ही आदर्श है, पैसा ही धर्म है और पैसा ही स्वतंत्रता है । जिनके पास पैसा नहीं, जिनकी खून-पसीने की गाढ़ी कमाई का अधिकांश भाग पूंजीवाद हड़प कर लेता है उनकी दुर्दशा देख कर तो छाती फटने लगती है । संसार के मजदूरों ! एक हो जाओ, तुम्हें भय किस बात का ? तुम्हारे पास अपनी बेधियों के अतिरिक्त टूटने को धरा ही क्या है और खोने को तुम्हारी गरीबी तथा दुर्गति के अलावा तुम्हारे पास है ही क्या ?

फोर्ड

आदर्श, कला, धर्म और स्वतंत्रता अफीम की चुस्कियां हैं या नहीं सो तो मुझे नहीं मलूम परन्तु संसार का अनुभव यह जरूर है कि तुम्हारे कम्युनिज्म की तेज और जहरीली शराब को पीकर मानव उन्मत्त हो उठता है और एकदम खूँखार पशु बन जाता है । कम्युनिस्ट प्रभुता कायम करने के लिए जिस छल कपट, विश्वासघात, मिथ्या एवं घृणित प्रचार, हिंसा आतंक और पैशाचिकता का अवलम्बन लिया गया है और अब भी लिया जा रहा है उसकी समता तो शायद चिराग लेकर दूढ़ने पर भी सभ्य मानवता के इतिहास में नहीं मिलेगी । जिन्होंने तुम्हारे अनुचरों की कारगुजारी के इस पहलू को देखा है वह तो उन्हें कम्युनिस्ट के बदले 'कमीनीस्ट' ही कह कर पुकारना पसन्द करते हैं ।

* कमीने की superlative डिगरी ।

पूँजीवाद का समानता के आदर्श से कोई विरोध नहीं है, परन्तु तुम लोग जिस अर्थ में समानता का उपयोग करते हो वह तो समानता की विकृति या विपर्याय ही कहना पड़ेगा । सबको कांट छोड़ कर एक सा या बराबर कर देना या कूट पीस छान कर सबका एक सा बारीक नूण बना देना तो समानता का अर्थ नहीं है । समानता का यह भी आशय नहीं है कि पाव भर और सेर भर खुराकवाले दो मनुष्यों को तीन तीन पाव खाने के लिए बाध्य किया जाय या राजनीति के करव से भी अतन्त्र मजदूर को ही विदेश सचिव की गद्दी पर आसीन किया जाय अथवा बधिक को ही डाक्टरी के औजार देकर अस्पताल में मरीजों के आप-रेशन कराये जाय । सामाजिक समानता सबको अपनी अपनी रुचि के अनुसार अपना और अपना सामर्थ्य के अनुसार अपना अपना विकास करने, अपना जीवन गढ़ने का अवसर तो भेदभाव से रहित होकर समान रूप से देती है पर किसी को एक विशेष दायरे के भीतर सीमाबद्ध नहीं रखती और यह अवसर की समानता ही सामाजिक समानता का अर्थ है । पर यह समानता का मुकुट भी विभिन्नता, विभिन्नता एवं अनेकता के शीषे पर ही शोभा देता है और यदि विषमता का महल ढा दिया जाय तो समानता के अस्तित्व का आधार ही नष्ट हो जायगा और समानता का मुकुट धूल में मिल कर जो कुछ हो जायगा उसे एकाकार तो कहा जा सकता है पर समानता के साथ उसका कहीं मेल नहीं रहेगा । रुचि भिन्नता भी मनुष्य के मानसिक विकास का ही परिणाम और लक्षण है और इसे मिटाने की चेष्टा करना मानव के विकास की प्रगति को अवरोध करना है ।

बाको रही संसार के गरीबों और मजदूरों की दृश्य कहानी—जिसे सुना सुना कर तुम मानव हृदय में प्रवेश करने का अवसर प्राप्त करते हो और अपरिपक्व बुद्धि युवकों, भोले भाले बालकों और अनपढ़ मजदूरों और किसानों को बड़का बड़का कर अपनी दुरसिंधि का साधन बनाते हो—उसमें सत्य का कुछ अंश अवश्य है और वही सत्य का अंश तुम्हारी अब तक की सफलता का कारण भी है । परन्तु धीरे धीरे तुमने इस सत्य में मिथ्या एवं अतिशयोक्ति की इतनी अधिक मिलावट कर दी है कि सत्य एकदम जकड़ गया है और शायद मिथ्या ही बन गया है । यह बात भी नहीं है कि तुम्हारे कम्युनिज्म ने ही सबसे पहिले इस सत्य का आविष्कार किया हो । तुम्हारे मतवाद के पहिले से ही संसार के धर्मचारियों, राजनीतिज्ञों और अर्थशास्त्रियों ने इस सत्य को देख लिया था और सभी इसे सुलभाने में लगे हैं । बहुत कुछ किया जा रहा है और कुछ कुछ सफलता भी मिल रही है । अभी तक यदि यह समस्या सुलभ नहीं पाया है तो इसका कारण चेष्टा की कमी या पूंजीवाद की स्वार्थ भावना नहीं है बल्कि यह समस्या ही इतनी जटिल और टेढ़ी है । तुम लोगों ने केवल उसके बाहरी रूप का समाधान कितना सुगम समझ रखा है वह एक अम है । रोग के उपरी लक्षणों का उपचार करने से तो रोग नहीं मिटाया जा सकता है रोग के अश्ली कारण की तह तक पहुंच कर वहां इलाज करना होगा, रोग को जड़ को ही नष्ट करना होगा तभी रोग मिट सकेगा । गरीबों और अभाव इस बिचले पौधे का केवल फल ही है । इसकी जड़ों तो मानव हृदय एवं प्रकृति में इतन गहराई तक चली गई है कि उन्हें वहां से उखाड़ फेंकना तो दूर की बात है, शायद समस्या की जड़ तक मनुष्य की निगाह भी नहीं पहुंच पायी है ।

—(अपूर्ण)

COLLECTIVE DEFENCE FOR NORTH ATLANTIC AREA

HISTORIC IMPORTANCE OF LONDON DECISIONS

By SEBASTIAN HAFNER

As a result of the Atlantic Council meeting in London the concept of an "Atlantic community" is being translated from the realm of ideas into that of concrete practical realities. This is a historic event of the first magnitude. In the larger perspective May 18, 1950—the day of the Atlantic Council resolution in London—may come to be seen as the date on which the separate histories of the U.S.A. and the nations of Western Europe began to merge into one gigantic stream.

What makes the decisions taken in London of such transcending historic importance is not the setting up of a permanent organ of the Atlantic community in the form of a Council of Deputies in London. That is a detail, though an important detail, of external organisation. A fundamental new fact from which immeasurable historical consequences are likely to flow is that the 12 Atlantic Treaty Powers have "resolved by their united efforts to build up a system of defence capable of withstanding any external threat directed against any of them".

Mutual Help

This resolution goes far beyond the original commitments undertaken in the Atlantic Treaty a year ago. The Atlantic Treaty established a defensive alliance on the principle that an attack against any of the signatories would be considered

an attack against all. It made sure that a Russian attack against Western Europe would, from the outset, be effectively defended against such attack.

Beyond a mere alliance, the Atlantic Treaty established a system of self-help and mutual help in the field of defence. The signatories undertook to keep their defence in order and to help each other in doing so. In practice that meant something like a limited peacetime revival of U.S. Lend-Lease to Western Europe and it found expression in the American Military Assistance Act under which a certain amount of American arms was made available to Western European armed forces. But the armed forces of the 12 Treaty partners remained organically separate. There was not one system of defence but 12.

Now the revolutionary decision has been taken to build up one system of defence and to base the defence of the North Atlantic area on the progressive "creation of balanced collective forces"—though with the proviso that certain Governments continue to need also balanced national forces to meet commitments outside the North Atlantic area. To work this out in practice remains the task of the newly created Council of Deputies in London to which the Treaty powers are to appoint persons of the highest standing and calibre and which will function as a

kind of supra-national Defence Ministry of the Atlantic community.

Joint Responsibility

The principle in any case has been established that the home defence of the Atlantic Treaty nations is in future no longer an individual but a joint responsibility and that the North Atlantic area as a whole is to be defended by a united North Atlantic defence system.

From the point of view of home defence the nations of the Atlantic community are thereby ceasing to act as separate countries, each relying primarily on its own forces for the defence of its own territory. Instead the whole North Atlantic area is to be regarded for defence purposes like the territory of one State, with an eastern frontier that runs from North Cape via Copenhagen and Trieste to the heel of Italy. This frontier is to be defended by one united defence system in which the "collective forces" of the 12 Treaty nations are again to be progressively organised like the forces of one State.

What has made this radical break with history and tradition necessary is obvious. It is a fact that the bulk of the strength of the Atlantic community lies at present in the U.S.A. while external threat to its members lies in the middle of Europe. If national defence systems remained separate in peace time, indeed even

if a joint Western European defence system remained separate from the armed forces of America, Western Europe might in case of war be overrun before American power could come to its support.

Hard Reality

The only system which can guarantee the effective defence—as against the ultimate liberation—of Western Europe is one of which America is an organic part from the beginning. The Atlantic Council decision takes account of this hard and inescapable reality. Indeed, the official reason for building a united defence system of the Atlantic nations is the need to withstand "any external attack against any of them".

It is, however, equally obvious that this decision is pregnant with far-reaching consequences. Defence cannot be organised in a vacuum. It is closely bound up with economic policy, finance and foreign policy. The Atlantic Council decisions foreshadow that in all these fields the Atlantic Treaty nations will inevitably become increasingly "mixed up together". They have entered upon a road which clearly leads to the final goal of an organic political union for the Atlantic community—the whole Atlantic community, not only its European half.

(Special feature from British Information Services)

Three Poems

Potential Poem

Many a shaking
Of friendly palm
Has gone to the making
Of my right arm.

Arm, be steady
And strong for your ends,
Arm made ready
By immortal friends!

Hand, be clever
In the task assigned,
Forgetting never
The love behind!

Cul-de-sac

Nothing grows in Callus Crescent.
The pollard limes' smutch forks
are their own crutches; clipt privets
choke in the clogged air, their stomata
unable to get the smoke out of their cavities.

O this adhesive hate, stifling
all life, smearing the furled green
and the fresh world searing! O these
effusive efforts fuddled and made ineffective
by the indiscriminate use of spiritual contraceptives.

This is a cul-de-sac. The houses,
behind whose blinds are lopped lives,
stare back without seeing.
These being the wrong premises,
how can we ever reach the right conclusion?

Negative Capability

("When a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts,
without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." Keats, Letter to
his Brothers.)

While I was reading underneath the eaves one evening,
Suddenly onto the page there dropped a hair
Whose queriform adoption could presage
I knew nor wondered what. Alighting there,
It shuddered the golden poetry with doubt,
Singing itself. But I did not stretch out
And quickly rescue the question by the handle:
I quivered with the quavering of the candle.

The snaky thread, finding itself at home
Within my charm of contemplation,
Fell asleep in a calm vibration,
Text-tangled in the tome,
And the scales of the adder-doubt and the deepening gloam
Balanced the whole creation.

My heart beat with the cricket-throbbing dusk,
And looking up I saw the luminous husk
Stripped off the sky; the tides of light rolled by,
And I was sailed beside the skerried stars
Above vapours (by whose ascendancy
The star-light-years are ruffled in a minute)
Among the murky matrix, swaying in it,
Doubthook-dangling, rich and smooth in the rough stuff
That mystic serpents slough.

Terence Heywood

SRI AUROBINDO, THE LEADER OF THE EVOLUTION

PART II OF "THE WORLD CRISIS AND INDIA"

By "Synergist"

SECTION III: THE NEW WORLD-VIEW

(a) THE SPIRITUAL METAPHYSIC

(ii) KNOWLEDGE OF THE DIVINE REALITY

Continued from previous issue

"An absolute, eternal and infinite Self-existence, Self-awareness, Self-delight of being that secretly supports and pervades the universe even while it is also beyond it, is, then, the first truth of spiritual experience. But this truth of being has at once an impersonal and a personal aspect; it is not only Existence, it is the one Being absolute, eternal and infinite. As there are three fundamental aspects in which we meet this Reality,—Self, Conscious Being or Spirit and God, the Divine Being, or to use the Indian terms, the absolute and omnipresent Reality, Brahman, manifest to us as Atman, Purusha, Ishwara,—so too its power of Consciousness appears to us in three aspects: it is the self-force of that consciousness conceptively creative of all things, Maya; it is Prakriti, Nature or Force made dynamically executive, working out all things under the witnessing eye of the Conscious Being, the Self or Spirit; it is the conscious Power of the Divine Being, Shakti, which is both conceptively creative and dynamically executive of all the divine workings. These three aspects and their powers base and comprise the whole of existence and all Nature and, taken together as a single whole, they reconcile the apparent disparateness and incompatibility of the supracosmic Transcendence, the cosmic universality and the separateness of our individual existence; the Absolute, cosmic Nature and ourselves are linked in oneness by this triune aspect of one Reality. For taken by itself the existence of the Absolute, the Supreme Brahman, would be a contradiction of the relative universe and our own real existence would be incompatible with its sole incommunicable Reality. But the Brahman is at the same time omnipresent in all relativities; it is the Absolute independent of all relatives, the Absolute basing all relatives, the Absolute governing, pervading, constituting all relatives; there is nothing that is not the omnipresent Reality. In observing the triple aspect and the triple power we come to see how this is possible.

If we look at this picture of the Self-Existence and its works as a unitary unlimited whole of vision, it stands together and imposes itself by its convincing totality: but to the analysis of the logical intellect it offers an abundance of difficulties, such as all attempts to erect a logical system out of a perception of an illimitable Existence must necessarily create; for any such endeavour must either affect consistency by an arbitrary sectioning of the complex truth of things or else by its comprehensiveness become logically untenable. For we see that the Indeterminable determines itself as infinite and finite, the Immutable admits a constant mutability and endless differences, the One becomes an innumerable multitude, the Impersonal creates or supports personality, is itself a Person; the Self has a nature and is yet other than its nature; Being turns into becoming and yet it is always itself and other than its becomings; the Universal individualises itself and the Individual universalises himself; Brahman is at once void of qualities and capable of infinite qualities, the Lord and Doer of works, yet a non-doer and a silent witness of the workings of Nature. If we look carefully at these workings of Nature, once we put aside the veil of familiarity and our unthinking acquiescence in the process of things as natural because so they always happen, we discover that all she does in whole or in parts is a miracle, an act of some incomprehensible magic. The being of the Self-existence and the world that has appeared in it are, each of them and both together, a suprarational mystery. . . .

But, in fact, the cause of this impression must necessarily be sought not in anything illusory or fantastic in the Supreme or the universal Self-existence, but in our own inability to seize the supreme clue to its manifold existence or discover the secret plan and pattern of its action. The Self-existent is the Infinite and its way of being and of action must be the way of the Infinite, but our consciousness is limited, our reason built upon things finite: it is irrational to suppose that a finite consciousness and reason can be a measure of the Infinite; this smallness cannot judge that Immensity; this poverty bound to a limited use of its scanty means cannot conceive the opulent management of those riches; an ignorant half-knowledge cannot follow the motions of an All-Knowledge. Our reasoning is based upon our experience of the finite operations of physical nature, on an incomplete observation and uncertain understanding of something that acts within limits; it has organised on that basis certain conceptions which it seeks to make general and universal, and whatever contradicts or departs from these conceptions it regards as irrational, false or inexplorable. . . .

But the being and action of the Infinite must not be . . . regarded as if it were a magic void of all reason; there is, on the contrary, a greater

reason in all the operations of the Infinite, but it is not a mental or intellectual, it is a spiritual and supramental reason: there is a logic in it, because there are relations and connections infallibly seen and executed; what is magic to our finite reason is the logic of the Infinite. It is a greater reason, a greater logic because it is more vast, subtle, complex in its operations; it comprehends all the data which our observation fails to seize, it deduces from them results which neither our deduction nor induction can anticipate, because our conclusions and inferences have a meagre foundation and are fallible and brittle. If we observe a happening, we judge and explain it from the result and from a glimpse of its most external constituents, circumstances or causes; but each happening is the outcome of a complex nexus of forces which we do not and cannot observe, because all forces are to us invisible,—but they are not invisible to the spiritual vision of the Infinite: some of them are actualities working to produce or occasion a new actuality, some are possibles that are near to the pre-existent actuals and in a way included in their aggregate; but there can intervene always new possibilities that suddenly become dynamic potentials and add themselves to the nexus, and behind all are imperatives or an imperative which these possibilities are labouring to actualise. Moreover, out of the same nexus of forces different results are possible; what will come out of them is determined by a sanction which was no doubt waiting and ready all the time but seems to come in rapidly to intervene and alter everything, a decisive divine imperative. All this our reason cannot grasp because it is the instrument of an ignorance with a very limited vision and a small stock of accumulated and not always very certain or reliable knowledge and because too it has no means of direct awareness; for this is the difference between intuition and intellect, that intuition is born of a direct awareness while intellect is an indirect action of a knowledge which constructs itself with difficulty out of the unknown from signs and indications and gathered data. But what is not evident to our reason and senses, is self-evident to the Infinite Consciousness, and, if there is a Will of the Infinite, it must be a Will that acts in this full knowledge and is the perfect spontaneous result of a total self-evidence. It is neither a hampered evolutionary Force bound by what it has evolved nor an imaginative Will acting in the void upon a free caprice; it is the truth of the Infinite affirming itself in the determinations of the finite.

It is evident that such a Consciousness and Will need not act in harmony with the conclusions of our limited reason or according to a procedure familiar to it and approved of by our constructed notions or in subjection to an ethical reason working for a limited and fragmentary good; it might and does admit things deemed by our reason irrational and unethical because that was necessary for the final and total Good and for the working out of a cosmic purpose. What seems to us irrational or reprehensible in relation to a partial set of facts, motives, desiderata might be perfectly rational and approvable in relation to a much vaster motive and totality of data and desiderata. Reason with its partial vision sets up constructed conclusions which it strives to turn into general rules of knowledge and action and it compels into its rule by some mental device or gets rid of what does not suit with it: an infinite Consciousness would have no such rules, it would have instead large intrinsic truths governing automatically conclusion and result, but adapting them differently and spontaneously to a different total of circumstances, so that by this pliability and free adaptation it might seem to the narrower faculty to have no standards whatever. In the same way, we cannot judge of the principle and dynamic operation of infinite being by the standards of finite existence,—what might be impossible for the one would be normal and self-evidently natural states and motives for the greater freer Reality. It is this that makes the difference between our fragmentary mind consciousness constructing integers out of its fractions and an essential and total consciousness, vision and knowledge. It is not indeed possible, so long as we are compelled to use reason as our main support, for it to abdicate altogether in favour of an undeveloped or half-organised intuition; but it is imperative on us in a consideration of the Infinite and its being and action to enforce on our reason an utmost plasticity and open it to an awareness of the larger states and possibilities of that which we are striving to consider. It will not do to apply our limited and limiting conclusions to That which is illimitable. If we concentrate only on one aspect and treat it as the whole, we illustrate the story of the blind men and the elephant; each of the blind inquirers touched a different part and concluded that the whole animal was

Continued on opposite page

THE SPIRITUAL METAPHYSIC Continued from opposite page

some object resembling the part of which he had had the touch. An experience of some one aspect of the Infinite is valid in itself; but we cannot generalise from it that the Infinite is that alone, nor would it be safe to view the rest of the Infinite in the terms of that aspect and exclude all other view-points of spiritual experience. The Infinite is at once an essentiality, a boundless totality and a multitude; all these have to be known in order to know truly the Infinite. To see the parts alone and the totality not at all or only as a sum of the parts is a knowledge, but also at the same time an ignorance, to see the totality alone and ignore the parts is also a knowledge and at the same time an ignorance, for a part may be greater than the whole because it belongs to the transcendence; to see the essence alone because it takes us back straight towards the transcendence and negate the totality and the parts is a penultimate knowledge, but here too there is a capital ignorance. A whole knowledge must be there and the reason must become plastic enough to look at all sides, all aspects and seek through them for that in which they are one.

Thus too, if we see only the aspect of self, we may concentrate on its static silence and miss the dynamic truth of the Infinite; if we see only the Ishwara, we may seize the dynamic truth but miss the eternal status and the infinite silence, become aware of only dynamic being, dynamic consciousness, dynamic delight of being, but miss the pure existence, pure consciousness, pure bliss of being. If we concentrate on Purusha-Prakriti alone, we may see only the dichotomy of soul and Nature, Spirit and Matter, and miss their unity. . . . We must not commit the mistake of emphasising one side of the Truth and concluding from it or acting upon it to the exclusion of all other sides and aspects of the Infinite. The realisation 'I am That' is true, but we cannot safely proceed on it unless we realise also that all is That; our self-existence is a fact, but we must also be aware of other selves, of the same Self in other beings and of That which exceeds both own-self and other-self. The Infinite is one in a multiplicity and its action is only seizable by a supreme Reason which regards all and acts as a one-awareness that observes itself in difference and respects its own differences, so that each thing and each being has its form of essential being and its form of dynamic nature, *svarupa*, *svadharma*, and all are respected in the total working". . .

* * *

It is clear from these extracts and those given in the last essay that the mind, when it approaches the Ultimate Reality, must realise the limitations of its own finite logic and know that its usual mode of acquiring knowledge by division is highly inadequate to understand a Reality that is infinite. Its logic is no doubt extremely useful and definitely indispensable in its own field, for it brings clarity and precision in its dealings with its ideas and word-symbols, and keeps it free from prejudices, exaggerations, and hasty conclusions based on partial truths, which usually vitiate its right working; but it cannot pass judgment on the Infinite, or on its action as manifest in the Universe—an action which can stand justified only in a gnostic vision. The mind must realise that all its statements about the Ultimate are incomplete and do not express the whole truth about it, for the infiniteness of the latter always eludes its finite grasp. Therefore it must try to understand the Infinite comprehensively; it must admit the validity of truths which seem to it at first sight to be contraries, for they are seen to be contrapletes fulfilling each other as soon as the validity of a many-sided statement about the Ultimate is recognised—a statement based upon an integral knowledge attained through the realisation of the Supermind.

Once the mind's incapacity to understand the totality of an illimitable existence is admitted, it is not difficult to see that the One and the Many, the Immutable and the Mutable, Being and Becoming, the Static and the Dynamic, the Impersonal and the Personal, are really not contraries but polar real-statuses of a multi-aspected single Reality, that they are the positive and the negative statements of an Absolute which the mind finds impossible to define completely. As Sri Aurobindo says: "The positives of the Absolute are its various statements of itself to our consciousness; its negatives bring in the rest of its positivity by which its limitation to these first statements is denied. We have, to begin with, its large primary relations such as the infinite and the finite, the conditioned and the unconditioned, the qualified and the unqualified; in each pair the negative conceals the whole power of the corresponding positive which is contained in it and emerges from it: there is no real opposition."

In the following extracts Sri Aurobindo again takes up the question of the knowledge of the Divine Reality, and shows how its positive and negative aspects do not contradict but fulfil each other.

* * *

"We mean by the Absolute something greater than ourselves, greater than the cosmos which we live in, the supreme reality of that transcendent Being which we call God, something without which all that we see or are conscious of as existing, could not have been, could not for a moment remain in existence. Indian thought calls it Brahman, European thought the Absolute because it is a self-existent which is absolved of all bondage to relativities. For all relatives can only exist by something which is the truth of them all and the source and continent of their powers and properties and yet exceeds them all; it is something of which not only each relativity itself,

but also any sum we can make of all relatives that we know, can only be—in all that we know of them—a partial, inferior or practical expression. We see by reason that such an Absolute must exist; we become by spiritual experience aware of its existence; but even when we are most aware of it, we cannot describe it because our language and thought can deal only with the relative. The Absolute is for us the Ineffable.

So far there need be no real difficulty nor confusion. But we readily go on, led by the mind's habit of oppositions, of thinking by distinctions and pairs of contraries, to speak of it as not only bound by the limitations of the relative, but as if it were bound by its freedom from limitations, inexorably empty of all power for relations and in its nature incapable of them, something hostile in its whole being to relativity and its eternal contrary. By this false step of our logic we get into an impasse. Our own existence and the existence of the universe become not only a mystery, but logically inconceivable. For we get by that to an Absolute which is incapable of relativity and exclusive of all relatives and yet the cause or at least the support of relativity and the container, truth and substance of all relatives. We have then only one logical-illogical way of escape out of the impasse; we have to suppose the imposition of the world as a self-effective illusion or an unreal temporal reality, on the eternity of the formless relationless Absolute. This imposition is made by our misleading individual consciousness which falsely sees Brahman in the figure of the cosmos—as a man mistakes a rope for a serpent; but since either our individual consciousness is itself a relative supported by the Brahman and only existent by it, not a real reality, or since in its reality it is itself the Brahman, it is the Brahman after all which imposes on itself in us this delusion and mistakes in some figure of its own consciousness an existent rope for a non-existent snake, imposes on its own indeterminable pure Reality the semblance of a universe, or if it does not impose it on its own consciousness, it is on a consciousness derived from it and dependent on it, a projection of itself into Maya. By this explanation nothing is explained; the original contradiction stands where it was, unreconciled, and we have only stated it over again in other terms. It looks as if, by attempting to arrive at an explanation by means of intellectual reasoning, we have only befogged ourselves by the delusion of our own uncompromising logic; we have imposed on the Absolute the imposition which our too presumptuous reasoning has practised on our own intelligence; we have transformed our mental difficulty in understanding the world-manifestation into an original impossibility for the Absolute to manifest itself in world at all. But the Absolute, obviously, finds no difficulty in world-manifestation and no difficulty either in a simultaneous transcendence of world-manifestation; the difficulty exists only for our mental limitations which prevent us from grasping the supramental rationality of the co-existence of the infinite and the finite or seizing the nodus of the unconditioned with the conditioned. For our intellectual rationality these are opposites; for the absolute reason they are inter-related and not essentially conflicting expressions of one and the same reality. The consciousness of infinite Existence is other than our mind-consciousness and sense-consciousness, greater and more capacious, for it includes them as minor terms of its workings, and the logic of infinite Existence is other than our intellectual logic. It reconciles in its great primal facts of being what to our mental view, concerned as it is with words and ideas derived from secondary facts, are irreconcilable contraries.

Our mistake is that in trying to define the indefinable we think we have succeeded when we have described by an all-exclusive negation this Absolute which we are yet compelled to conceive of as a supreme positive and the cause of all positives. It is not surprising that so many acute thinkers, with their eye on the facts of being and not on verbal distinctions, should be driven to infer that the Absolute is a fiction of the intelligence, an idea born of words and verbal dialectics, a zero, non-existent, and to conclude that an eternal Becoming is the only truth of our existence. The ancient sages spoke indeed of Brahman negatively,—they said of it, *neti, neti*, it is not this, it is not that.—but they took care also to speak of it positively; they said of it too, it is this, it is that, it is all: for they saw that to limit it either by positive or negative definitions was to fall away from its truth. Brahman, they said, is Matter, is Life, is Mind, is Supermind, is cosmic Delight, is Sachchidananda; yet it cannot really be defined by any of these things, not even by our largest conception of Sachchidananda. In the world as we see it, for our mental consciousness however high we carry it, we find that to every positive there is a negative. But the negative is not a zero,—indeed whatever appears to us a zero is packed with force, teeming with power of existence, full of actual or potential contents. Neither does the existence of the negative make its corresponding positive non-existent or an unreality; it only makes the positive an incomplete statement of the truth of things and even, we may say, of the positive's own truth. For the positive and the negative exist not only side by side, but in relation to each other and by each other; they complete and would to the all-view, which a limited mind cannot reach, explain one another. Each by itself is not really known; we only begin to know it in its deeper truth when we can read into it the suggestions of its apparent opposite. It is through such a profounder catholic intuition and not by exclusive logical oppositions that our intelligence ought to approach the Absolute."

To be continued in the next issue

The Upanishadic dictum of enjoyment by renunciation—*tyactena bhunjeetha*—is the basic motor principle of all evolutionary existence. Every step forward in evolution, from the primal outburst of life from the blind darkness of Matter to the luminous infinity and immortality of the superconscious Spirit, is achieved, consciously or unconsciously, by renunciation or surrender. Take, for instance, the first emergence of life. How does it happen? Something in the dumb bosom of Matter wearies of the unrelieved inertia and obscurity in which it lies buried, and pants for light and a free flow of life. The dull sleep in darkness is renounced, so that there may be a leap into some kind of light, movement, change, growth and progress. As a result of this aspiration and surrender, life breaks out of "the mire and the stone", lusty and impetuous, and weaves the marvels of living Nature. But the light in which it acts is a dim, dusky light and the source of its action is not in itself, but in some veiled Intelligence, occult to its nascent consciousness. There is flux, but a fettered and conditioned flux; mutation, but a limited and mechanical, though marvellous, mutation; and there is no witness or enjoyer of the wonder-working *élan vital*. Again, in the mysterious depths something wearies of this ceaseless, sub-conscious flux and yearns to know and to be in the full light of self-consciousness. A drugged obsession with the perpetual flicker-dance of the senses is renounced in favour of a clearer and more steadfast light, a knowledge of one's self and a knowledge of the world. This surrender initiates the development of the Mind. In this way, by continual surrender, the normal and the habitual are exceeded and the consciousness of the embodied being transcends itself.

Up to the emergence of the Mind, the renunciation or surrender is either unconscious or sub-conscious, taking place behind the veil; but with the emergence of the Mind, it gets a chance of being conscious and voluntary. But at this stage of transition between the automatic surrender and spontaneous self-adaptation of sub-human existence and the conscious, deliberate and joyous self-giving of the fully evolved human being, the ego comes to the front, centralising and consolidating the evolving consciousness and grabbing at everything to enrich and fortify itself. A more or less long spell of egoistic development ensues. All individual initiative pivots upon an entrenched egocentricism till the individuality is well organised, as far as that is possible in the conditions of the ignorance, and the being is ripe for a further advance and expansion. It is then that a new tendency manifests itself in the individual: an incipient but insistent tendency towards self-giving and self-surrender. The old, prevailing tendency to self-aggrandisement and self-satisfaction persists, but along with that, in a firm and steady opposition to it, grows the new one, big with immense possibilities for the future. Even if the old tendency dominates the nature and dictates and directs most of its movements for a long time, the new one cannot be altogether stifled—it keeps up a protest, however, feeble in the beginning, and a struggle and discontent. In the end, the ego awakes to its own distressing limitations and, feeling a prisoner in its own narrow formations, stresses the second tendency and begins to take a genuine delight in self-surrender. In self-expansion by self-giving it seeks its highest satisfaction and fulfilment. This self-expansion is really the self-extinction of the ego. With the gradual disappearance of the ego, the central being of man, the immortal soul or psyche, whose shadow-figure was the ego, comes forward to lead the nature, replacing desire by love.

With the emergence of love, love of the Universal, the infinite and the Eternal, love of God or the Supreme Person, begins what Sir Aurobindo calls the third status of the ascent of life. The consciousness of the individual breaks beyond its normal bounds, surrenders all it had clung to in its constricting ignorance and hungers for self-fulfilment in an illimitable self-expansion. Progress in this third status and the attainment of the fourth are characterised by an increasing self-offering of the being and a glad renunciation of all its sense of separativity.

Self-surrender to the Infinite Reality or the Eternal Being, is, then, the most powerful lever of self-transcendence. It is a renunciation of our smug complacency with the finite and the fleeting, a breaking of all bonds, a sure means of the widening and heightening of our consciousness and a recovery of our own free and immortal existence. Self-surrender cuts asunder the knots of the ego and the toils of desire and, neutralising the seductions of the senses, liberates us into the ineffable Love and Light of the Supreme. It removes the impediments of nature, sweeps away the accretions of ignorance and creates an opening towards the higher values and an orientation towards the great goal of life. Self-surrender brings strength to the weak, light to the blind and faith and certitude to those who despair. It is said of Rulman Merswin that, one evening, when he was walking in his garden, he suddenly saw a Cross before him and was so intensely moved to his depths by the sight that "lifting his eyes to heaven, he solemnly swore that he would utterly surrender his own will, person and goods to the service of God." As soon as the surrender was made, there was, as it were, a sudden release of mighty spiritual springs within him and an electric awakening of faculties which bridged the gulf between the sensory and the supra-sensory world. "The reply (to the surrender) from on high came quickly. A brilliant light shone about him; he heard in his ears a divine voice of adorable sweetness."

Similar instances are recorded in the lives of St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Sienna, which go to prove the stupendous power of conversion and transformation inherent in the act of self-surrender. It is only by self-surrender, that is to say, by surrender of the limited, ignorant and egoistic self, that the infinite and eternal Self can be realised. "Attainment," says Dionysius the Areopagite, "comes only by means of this sincere, spontaneous and entire surrender of yourself and all things."

THE MOTHER ON

By RISHAB

But how to surrender? What is its actual process? Is there such a thing as partial surrender, and also temporary surrender—a surrender which is revoked after a certain spell of experience? What is the difference between active surrender and passive surrender? What is detailed surrender? What is integral surrender? For a conclusive elucidation of all these very important issues—what can be more important than self-surrender, at least in the beginning of one's spiritual career?—we cannot do better than turn to the illuminating words of the Mother; for, in these words alone do we find a most complete and comprehensive exposition of the different aspects and results of self-surrender and an inspiring illustration of its integral perfection.

Regarding the process—or rather the spirit or attitude—of surrender, the Mother says, "Once you have turned to the Divine, saying, 'I want to be yours,' and the Divine has said, 'Yes,' the whole world cannot keep you from it. When the central being has made its surrender, the chief difficulty has disappeared. The outer being is like a crust. In ordinary people the crust is so hard and thick that they are not conscious of the Divine within them. If once, even for a moment only, the inner being has said, 'I am here and I am yours,' then it is as though a bridge has been built and little by little the crust becomes thinner and thinner until the two parts are wholly joined and the inner and the outer become one." (*Words of the Mother—4th edition, p. 14*).

Speaking of the paths of tapasya (discipline) and surrender, the Mother observes, "The path of tapasya is arduous. Here you rely solely upon yourself, you proceed by your own strength, you ascend and achieve according to the measure of your force. There is always the danger of falling down. And once you fall, you lie broken in the abyss and there is hardly a remedy. The other path, the path of surrender, is safe and sure. It is here, however, that the Western people find their difficulty. They have been taught to fear and avoid all that threatens their personal independence. They have imbibed with their mother's milk the sense of individuality. And surrender means giving up all that . . . If you take up this path of surrender fully and sincerely, there is no more any danger or serious difficulty. The question is to be sincere."—(*Words of the Mother—pp. 9 and 10*).

Surrender, as the Mother teaches us, is safety itself; it is, as it were, taking refuge in the loving arms of the Almighty. But in order to be completely immune to all attacks, one has to surrender all one's being, which is hardly possible at the initial stages of the sadhana; for man is a multi-personality and a jumble of divergent aims and appetites, and to forge all his disparate parts and chaotic instincts into a unity and a harmony, he has, first, to be conscious of them all and of their twisted working, and then by a progressive purification of this disorderly mass, achieve an order and concordance which will facilitate his mastery and his subsequent surrender of it to its Creator and Lord. An illustration of the triple movement of self-mastery, self-integration and self-surrender is found in the Mother's Prayer of November 9, 1914 (page 208):

"O Lord, we aspire to perfect consciousness. The whole being is gathered like a closely tied wreath made of flowers, different but all perfectly harmonised together. The will was the hand that gathered the flowers and the string that tied the wreath, and now too it is the will that lifts the wreath towards Thee as a scented offering. It is held up towards Thee unweariedly, unflinchingly."

But it is a long way to this state of integrated and consecrated harmony, and it has to be trodden with a resolute will and an endless patience through a scrupulously detailed surrender. The Mother explains how a general offering can be carried out in detail:

"Live constantly in the Presence of the Divine; live in the feeling that it is this Presence which moves you and is doing every thing you do. Offer all your movements to it, not only every mental action, every thought and feeling, but even the most ordinary and external actions, such as eating; when you eat, you must feel that it is the Divine who is eating through, you. When you can thus gather all your movements into the One Life, then you have in you unity instead of division. No longer is one part of your nature given to the Divine, while the rest remains in its ordinary ways, engrossed in ordinary things. Your entire life is taken up, an integral transformation is gradually realised in you." (*Words of the Mother—p. 39*).

But surrender may be partial and not integral, which means that only one part of our being may be willing to give itself and the other parts may either reserve themselves or oppose the movement of self-offering. But even this partial surrender is not unavailing; it may, if carried out with sincerity, create an opening in the nature for the higher light and initiate a salutary, expansive change in it. But for the divine Grace to descend and do its work fully and freely in the human being, it is essential that the surrender should be unreserved and integral.

There are many pitfalls on the path of surrender. We may start with a sincere surrender, but when the divine Power descends into us and achieves something extraordinary—as it not unoften does—we take all the credit to ourselves and forget the Source from which the Power came. The surrender, though genuine in the beginning, proves transient: the highly

SELF-SURRENDER

HCHAND

gratifying result of the working of the divine power is at once misappropriated by the ego, neutralising the previous self-consecration. A vigilant constancy and a total sincerity in self-surrender alone can save the spiritual seekers from these pitfalls.

A point of capital importance in regard to surrender is that, in a dynamic Yoga, it should be active and not merely passive. The Mother discriminates between the two in the following words:

"What is required of you is not a passive surrender in which you become like a block, but to put your will at the disposal of the Divine Will Take the example of becoming conscious of your nights. If you take the attitude of passive surrender, you would say, 'When it is the divine Will that I should become conscious, then I shall become conscious.' On the other hand, if you offer your will to the Divine, you begin to will; you say, 'I will become conscious of my nights.' You have the will that it should be done; you do not sit down idle and wait. The surrender comes in when you take the attitude that says, 'I will give my will to the Divine. I intensely want to become conscious of my nights. I have not the knowledge, let the divine Will work it out for me.' Your will must continue to act steadily, not in the way of choosing a particular action or demanding a particular object, but as an ardent aspiration concentrated upon the end to be achieved. This is the first step. If you are vigilant, if your attention is alert, you will certainly receive something in the form of an inspiration of what is to be done, and that you must forthwith proceed to do. Only you must remember that to surrender is to accept whatever is the result of your action, though the result may be quite different from what you expect. On the other hand, if your surrender is passive, you will do nothing and try nothing; you will simply go to sleep and wait for a miracle.

Now to know whether your will or desire is in agreement with the Divine Will or not, you must look and see whether you have an answer or have no answer, whether you feel supported or contradicted, not by the mind or the vital or the body, but by that something which is always there deep in the inner being, in your heart." (*Words of the Mother—pp. 32-33*).

In short, the Mother says, that our will must always endeavour to attune itself to and put itself at the disposal of the divine Will and help its realisation. The combined working of the two wills is the best condition and the most speedily effective means of spiritual progress and divine manifestation.

We shall now try to understand what the Mother means by integral surrender. Its key-note is struck in the very first Prayer of her book, *The Prayers and Meditations of the Mother*, and it rises in pitch and power as the Prayers advance. In the Prayer of Aug. 15, 1913, the Mother says to the Divine,

"O Divine Master, for Thee is our life, our thought, our love, all our being. Take possession of Thy own; for, Thou art ourselves in our real being."

A great experience is followed by a fuller outburst of self-surrender: "Thou hast passed over my life, O Lord, like a great wave of love, and when I was immersed in it, I knew in a way, integral and intense, that I had offered to Thee—when? I do not know, at no precise moment and, doubtless, always—my thoughts, my heart and my flesh in a living holocaust." (P. 42).

Outdistancing all previous records comes a most generous gesture of self-surrender:

"It seems to me that I am being born into a new life and that all the methods and habits of the past can no longer be of any use. It seems to me that what was once a result is now only a preparation. I feel as if I had done nothing yet, as if I had not lived the spiritual life, as if I was only entering upon the way which leads to it; it seems to me that I know nothing, that I am incapable of formulating anything, that all experience is yet to commence. It is as if I was stripped of all my past, of my errors as well as my conquests, as if all that had disappeared to give place to one newborn whose existence has yet to take shape, who has no Karma, no experience it can profit by, but no error either which it must repair. My head is empty of all knowledge and all certitude, but also of all vain thought. I feel that if I can surrender without any resistance to this state, if I do not strive to know or understand, if I consent to be completely like a child, ignorant and candid, some new possibility will open before me. I know that I must now definitely give myself up and be like a page absolutely blank on which Thy thought, Thy will, O Lord, will be able to inscribe themselves freely, secure against any deformation.

"An immense gratitude rises from my heart; I seem to have at last arrived at the threshold which I have so long sought.

"Grant, O Lord, that I may be pure enough, impersonal enough, animated enough with Thy divine Love, to be able to cross it definitively.

"O to belong to Thee, without any darkness or restriction!"

But even this does not seem to satisfy the exacting Lover. He insists on more, for, he has ordained more—an unprecedented perfection by an exhaustive and exemplary self-surrender. In the rapt silence of the Mother's heart, His voice rings out: "Never hast thou been able to die integrally. Always something in thee has wished to know, to see to under-

stand. Surrender completely, learn to disappear, break the last dam which separates thee from me; accomplish without reserve thy act of surrender."

(*Prayers and Meditations—p. 93*).

This last surrender is at last accomplished: "Suddenly the veil was rent, the horizon was disclosed. Before the clear vision my whole being threw itself at Thy feet in a great outburst of gratitude. Yet in spite of this deep and integral joy, all was calm, all was peaceful with the peace of eternity.

"I seem to have no more any limits; there is no longer the perception of the body, no sensations, no feelings, no thoughts. A clear, pure, tranquil immensity, penetrated with love and light, filled with an unspeakable beatitude, is all that is there, and that alone seems now to be myself, and this myself is so little the former I, selfish and limited, that I cannot tell if it is I or Thou, O Lord, sublime Master of our destinies.

"It is as though all were energy, courage, force, will, infinite sweetness, incomparable compassion.

"Even more forcibly than during these last days the past is dead and as though buried under the rays of a new life. The last glance that I have just thrown backward, as I read a few pages of this book, definitely convinced me of this death, and lightened of a great weight, I present myself before Thee, O my divine Master, with all the simplicity, all the nudity of a child. . . . And still the only thing I perceive is that calm and pure immensity. . . . Lord, Thou hast answered my prayer, Thou hast granted me what I have asked from Thee; the I has disappeared, there is only a docile instrument put at Thy service, a centre of concentration and manifestation of Thy infinite and eternal rays; Thou hast taken my life and made it Thine; Thou hast taken my love and identified it with Thine; Thou hast taken my thought and replaced it by Thy absolute consciousness.

"The body, marvellous, bows its forehead in the dust in mute and submissive adoration. And nothing else exists but Thou alone in the splendour of Thy immutable peace."

Indicating the various efficiency of surrender, the Mother says that surrender at once relieves the strain and tension of the struggling will and brings peace and a calm confidence to the individual being. It is a safeguard against all anxiety and fear and a guarantee of all fulfilment.

Surrender heals all physical ailments and restores health and harmony to our life-energies:

"As soon as physical conditions are a little difficult and there results from them some unease, if we know how to surrender completely before Thy Will, holding cheap life or death or illness, our integral being enters immediately into harmony with Thy law of love and life, and all physical indisposition ceases, to give place to a well-being calm, deep and peaceful."

Surrender removes all obstacles and difficulties, changes the environments and circumstances and makes for a thorough purification and perfection of the seeker of the Divine.

"He who, in all sincerity of his being, has given himself to Thee with all his conscious will, he who has resolved to make every effort to help in the manifestation and triumph of Thy divine law of Love in him and in the whole zone of his influence, sees everything change in his life and all circumstances begin to express Thy law and facilitate his consecration; for him it is always the best that happens; and if there is still in his intelligence some obscurity, some ignorant desire which sometimes prevents him from perceiving it immediately, he recognises sooner or later that a beneficent power seemed to protect him even against himself, so as to secure for him the conditions most favourable to his blossoming and transfiguration, his integral conversion and utilisation."

Such is the result of self-surrender. Human reason cannot understand the mysterious action of the dynamic of a higher dimension of consciousness, and what it does not understand it readily dubs superstition or hallucination. Self-surrender by bridging the gulf between the finite and the infinite, immeasurably widens the range of human possibilities and effects miraculous changes in human life. But it presupposes an implicit faith in the existence of a living, omnipresent Reality, nay, a Supreme Being or Person of whom the essential human individuality is an abiding manifesting centre in the material world and the mutable human personality a phenomenal front and figure of self-representation. It is His Will that is splintered into the myriad wills and desires of the swarming mass of living forms and His purpose that is being inevitably, but through mysterious, incalculable ways, fulfilled. Each individual is That in his eternal essence, but alienated in consciousness by his sevenfold ignorance. Surrender is the means to the rediscovery of That—a dispelling of ignorance, a transcendence of the ego and an attainment and fulfilment of the highest truth of our being.

One word more before we conclude. The self-surrender that the Mother has illustrated by her aspiration and experiences has two aspects—one which is the general and universal aspect of it and needs to be fully grasped and integrally accomplished by every follower of the synthetic Yoga of the dynamic divine realisation, the other which is special to the Mother's life and mission on earth. Over and above the general and detailed surrender of her integral being to the Divine, the Mother, identified with the entire earth, made a representative and symbolic surrender of her whole being, so that through it the Divine might accept the self-offering of the earth and humanity and work upon them to bring about the much-needed transformation. It was a sacrifice of which she speaks:

"Lord, eternal Master!

"Men, pushed by the conflict of forces, are making a sublime sacrifice,

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A DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE

THE POETRY OF LILIAN BOWES LYON

By MORWENNA DONNELLY

This specially written article is valuable both for its closely perceptive sympathetic approach and for the passages quoted at some length from a poet whose work is now out of print.

When those who have suffered speak of joy, we listen to them. No one, we feel, who has endured great conflict dares to talk of joy unless it has become a reality. Then the spirit speaks with certainty out of the ruins of its human condition, the cynic and the sceptic are silenced, for the impact of a work of art born from this suffering experience is different to any other. *The Tempest* was built on foundations that had shaken to the terror and madness of *King Lear*. Beethoven came as a deaf, tortured man to distil the serenity of the late *Quartets*. And the *Songs of Farewell*, those tumultuous climaxes of music in which it seems possible to catch the light-shot splendours of another world, were dictated by Delius when he was blind and paralysed and near death. These joys are not the first-born, untested joys of springtime. They are the fruits of an experience that has gathered suffering into joy, and their manifestation is amongst the most compelling of all the spirit's utterances.

Lilian Bowes Lyon ended the last poem in her volume of *Collected Poems* with the lines

*Light me a candle, fan the whole
Black world to joy, my generous God.*

To this point, in which faith proclaims its note in face of the paradox of existence which so transfixed her, it had been, in the words of the preceding poem, "a rough walk home." She had seen evil and suffering close at hand and felt them on her own pulses. An inner need to identify herself with suffering humanity led her to spend the war in the East End of London, where the blitz struck in all its fury. When she died last year she had endured physical suffering herself of an extreme kind. Yet she continued to write poetry, as C. Day Lewis says in his Introduction to the *Collected Poems*, "under conditions which would have silenced most poets." She knew indeed what it is to "have died too much."

Day Lewis defines what he calls the note of passion in her poetry—which gives her kinship with Christina Rossetti and Emily Brontë—as "the capacity for passionate suffering." Yet it seems to have been a quality even rarer, that of creative suffering, which she herself described in a poem called *Earth*:

*Obscure is suffering's sequel;
Love thorny and equal
From eyes picked out by crows
Still breeds the touch-star rose.*

Existence for her is essentially tragic; beauty and joy are wrung from it at the cost of death and immolation, and this stress of experience produces in her poetry much of its poignant contradictions: "I bring you good tidings of great sorrow," she writes in *Dedication*, sealing her sense of the inextricable relationship of joy and sorrow; and again:

*Most beauty is signed with sorrow; the iron share
Though it strike fire from flint, bites deep:*

But though she knows "Grass-mowings we are, the groundsel of suffering," she knows also that

*... grief conceives; predestinate rack that rends
Heart's fibre tough, itself is rent by throes
Shall let man through, a Satan quenched and sighing.*

It may be true to say that this preoccupation with suffering springs from the Christian subsoil of Western civilization with its pattern of ordeal and redemption, and that it was confirmed by the impact of the war; it would also seem to have its roots in something even more simple and implicit. In all countries which have the four seasons, and particularly the northern countries, the poet is continually presented with the parable of death and rebirth. If he is a countryman the whole of his life, both practical and spiritual, revolves with that mysterious, ineluctable procession of decay, death, resurrection and fruition. In the autumn he watches Nature settle into profound repose, the wind and rain stripping the last vestiges of summer from the trees and countryside. With the advent of winter the light fades; he closes his door against the weather; the snow shuts him in. Through the short, dark, bitter days he makes the descent with Nature into the grave and feels his own life congeal with hers. He shares with the bare tree lashed by winter gales or chiselled out by frost, with the ploughed field and stark hedgerow, with starveling birds that come to him for crumbs and shelter, with his cattle stranded by flood and snowdrift, that desolation and entombment of life preparatory to its renewal, until the spring spells again for him the miracle of rebirth. His entire life is emotionally conditioned, perhaps unconsciously, by the allegory of this natural ritual; it moves within the framework of the seasons, to the rhythmic simplicity of ploughing and harrowing, sowing and harvesting. Lilian Bowes Lyon's country was Northumbria, in the very north of England, where the emphasis of winter is most extreme, and where the spring brings the dweller the sense that he is issuing out of a dark well into the light. The texture of this

country with its stone walls, fells, and winter blizzards—"winter's unearthly charity is death and snow"—colours all her poetry and gives it a quality at once resilient and tenacious, delicate and steely, submissive and courageous. She draws continually on its beauty, its harsh climatic changes for the images with which to reflect her awareness of the human issues of life and death, of man's rebellion in the face of an envying mystery expressive of harmony, wholeness and obedience. In *Stone Pity* she tells of "Sheep, under a wall shagged with snow," of the "storm-sturdy stones Holding the soft surges back," and the crow which shall soon feed on the sheep and "harvest their flesh piece-meal." And she concludes

*I think of men, that crawl
The length of a blocked gallery or back to wall
Stand fury-folded; aye, while shepherds grope
A frail white universe and with hoarse night lose hope.
We too, lose hurricane-proof hope.
Inwardly groan then, stones, beneath your wool-white cope!
Not for these sheep, this carrion, terrible Wall,
You stuff of me, stone pity; grieve rather for all
Creation, for love latent, summer breath
Of trapped souls under the turf, hearing the huge fall
Of coal-dust Death.*

And in *The Hedgerow Story* she thinks

*... of the innumerable slow lives whose history
differs a hairsbreadth from the hedgerow story:
thorns in black competition, the roped glory
of gossamer, soon gone
with berries dipped in blood.*

*When fields here lose the light, I fear the mystery
of men like trees, that tower but touch the sky
they cannot and are felled one by one,
I think of saint and scarecrow schooled to die;
their leafless victory stands, where nothing stood.*

Watching starlings, this evanescence of life, the painful dialectic of experience, "thorns in black competition," crystallises itself in the image of the flocking birds:

*A fiery while we wrangle
Then, sparkling thousands, are distilled in flight.*

But if the natural world provided her with those symbols of the human struggle, it was also the ordered, uncorrupted background which reflected man's impotence and against which he gestures so futilely:

*Beautiful is the ebb tide, the evening,
When Earth forgives
Her sons of blood and iron their skin-deep mastery,
And breathes and lives.*

The stress and conflict of spirit stretched on the cross of matter invades her poetry continually. "Rolls through a star-splendid sieve Our dust inglorious, doomed to live," she writes in *March Wind*, and in *Two Trees* she speaks of the symbolic tree being

*Finelier compelled
To sift the difficult splendour from despair;
And fire, oh fire the world.*

She understood, in this conflict what it is to endure the shock of the desperate contraries in which man's awareness is plighted, that conditioning "quake of heart's quick earth by infinite tremors torn." Even heaven's rumour lies "Locked in the flux of deafening adversity." Hope and faith are wrested from chaos and slenderly defended. "Men build at the circumference of gloom," she says in one of her Sonnets:

*So toiled our rainbow towers to bruise the storm,
Our born-of-April breath foredoomed to fail....
As shorn lambs to the sun divinelier stand
Our hopes unpartnered, humble to abide
The shock of peace, the mercy of punishment.*

In face of this tension, never wholly resolved, it is natural that Lilian Bowes Lyon's certitudes were simple and spare and sometimes diffident. In *A Gleam Ahead* she expresses something of the elusiveness with which the mystery of the soul filled her:

*A gleam ahead life goes.
Fickle is death, a falling short
Of change the inviolate event;
Serene bird crashes, but a birth-pang late;
Wings radiant,
Whose are adoring spanned the sombre light,
Wings crumble and lie broken;*

A DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE

Continued from previous page

After the shot

I see love's shell but never that recluse.

And at the end of *The Blind Tramp* she has the profoundly moving comment, "Some covet life to lose it; some agree with Christ at last, like dew the sun draws up."

Her compassion looks out on suffering with an emotion the more moving because it is so perfectly disciplined:

The half-shot-away hare

(Mark, Gentlemen of England now abed!)

Stitches a precious thread

Of blood into the upland turf—oh learning to be dead.

"Learning to be dead," "schooled to die"—these are the poet's own confession of inner and difficult obedience to the chastisement of suffering, "that more than courage The obedience of the heart." "Heart and spirit are roving, hiveless bees," she says, and in another poem she speaks of the mind "that longs to yield To a flower's definition, Yet knows no inland field."

Her curbed, gentle, brooding pity and her skill with words reveal themselves consummately in *The Grave* where the impact of the opening line: "It hurt me, the efficient, spade-proud hole," drops quietly to: "Your wistful bones are best then where they are; Too deeply wintered out to wound the sun," the preparatory *wistful*—how aptly chosen!—allowing us to fall without shock to the thrust of *wound*. Yet her compassion is without self-righteousness, even when it reflects on terror and injustice. Well she recognised "Crime's worm is in ourselves Who crumble and are the destroyer." "May dawn forebear to judge between my blood-guilt and the bomber gleaming," she cries. She knew, as another war poet, Antoine de Saint-Exupery, knew, that "each man bears the sin of all men." Pondering on the war dead she writes

So heavy a wrong.

How may this black world right who trod them into slime.

Still must our milder suns,

Splintering the stained-glass window of a wood,

Be darkly seen through these men's blood

And midnight mütter in her sleep with guns.

Her visual sensitivity, her economy of word and control of emotion; the compression and subtlety of her verse, the continual evocation behind appearance and event, however slight, of whorled and intricate meanings and significances, give to Lilian Bowes Lyon's poetry a remarkable depth and range. Her use of words has the freshness, sometimes the suddenness, of a mind using language with an unusual flexibility. They stab past all our associations. The influence of Hopkins, though it is unmistakable, has been so carefully assimilated that it seldom obtrudes, and even where it is deliberately courted, as in her occasional use of triple hyphens, it strikes home in its own right. She can, even in the smallest lyric, produce a poem complete and delicately-balanced as a miniature, as in *A Dizzily-hung Field*, or *Ploughing*:

Early and pregnant hour;

Hazily sunbeams lacquer

The flanks of horses ploughing the Fourteen Acre.

They move in a cocoon of golden steam,

The logical furrow following furled and spare.

I saw the countryman tough behind his team,

And paused to stare

At his long shadow in Time, his tangent power.

She can pass from the lucid definitions of *Early Light*

When morning is early, is early,

the land lies cool

as the delicate floor

of a limpid pool,

to the sinewy, difficult verse of *Death and Snow*, and to the beautiful yet complex last stanza of *A Panther Teach Men Patience*:

Courage be identified here with the intuitive crocus,
involved in the new rose, our resurrection.

A panther teach men patience till we bring

the spirit regal as lightning,

the southwesterly future

wakening all snows, till suffering melt us home

who have made peace with Spring.

Nevertheless it would be a mistake to think that she wrote only of the "tension of humanity." She could make simple, explicit statement of the beauty of animals and the countryside as in *Allendale Dog*

A lean dog, supple

As the long winds that ripple

Counties cool as ivory . . .

He skims gay light

From mountains gaunt with cold;

Certain as love brings home

The blundering ewe, the lamb

By snows in March confounded . . .

Fells under heaven are his;

The poet he is

Of dawns that wring new gold

Like dew from danger's fleece . . .

and in *Duchess*, the trace-horse

watch her move

She takes the hill as a ship

Figurehead noble . . .

Might sleeked with sweat,

A shoulder firm as marble;

Watch her, the great feet grip

Our ground-swell earth, all's set

For home now, tackle taut;

She leans to the work soberly, with love . . .

Wind-bitten Duchess, breast

Frost-laced she glows august,

Knows winter's storm-shock hazard . . .

Scored flank December-fleeced

She conjures the snow softly into bloom.

Her emotional range can pass from the bitter indignation of *Industrial City by Moonlight*, "This kiln of shames, this Carcase with our crimes hidden under his belt," to the tender humour of *A Hand*, "This hand, that in a moonbeam lies, Explaining quietness to my eyes," to the controlled grief of *Death in Summer*, where she imagines the young soldier:

Lovely with sleep he turned the lock of Nature;

Strange was the land—oh too profound that sea!

When morning broke he seemed to have gained in stature

Like other turbulent boys, fulfilled as he.

She can make us feel the touch of her sadness, the delicacy of her regret, as in *Portrait of a Sick Man*, "In Desert Father furs, a contrite heart Thread-feeble, he sat breakably erect," and as she watches a greenfinch, "volatile, lovely, vernal old" in a hedge,

Hedge you are sad! Yet glad as I

That something dared explore,

While tanks went brutally by,

Your quiet, your constant core.

She can sweep us away with the sheer sensuous delight of her visual images, "wind like water Streaming invisible through banners, Trophies of tense silk": "Here stretched the oat-field's water-silver sail": "twilight's comforting lamp-lit honeycomb": "the white stroke of the wind": the pool "which the wind's dark breath flushes"; "Time's curve implicit in a coastline soft with rain": "those liquid cools, that lawny mirror night": the woman at the window "wearing the faint sun like a silver shawl": "snow bees following sweetness." She can, as in the inexplicable beauty of the justly celebrated *A Shepherd's Coat* plunge the reader into the wringing world of pure poetry. The poem begins with the lines "I woke from death and dreaming. His absence be the child I carry, All days, and all years," and comes to rest with

I shall not want, I wake renewed by death,

A shepherd's coat drawn over me.

In the last two sections of the *Collected Poems*, the stress of the war gives to many of the poems a sombre sadness or thrusting anguish, as in *Remembering the Adored*:

The truth returns, to nail new hands and feet

To the vitally mortal cross.

Oh hard rebirth!

The vision at sunrise and at noon the bomb!

Again the random child by robot thumb

Of war rubbed out: next door the half-wit battering

With only a fist a wall, his futile rage

The indictment of a universe.

I knelt in blood, remembering the Adored.

In *Oxford in November* she ponders man's exile from wholeness and peace and sadly concludes: "Not yet the unwavering permit won, to flow into peace for ever." But perhaps the most arresting poem in these final sections, though not so absolute in its sure diction as some of the more compact lyrics, is her long poem *Evening in Stepney* in which she meditates the issues of war. "The destruction of a city is not caused by fire," she reflects,

The destruction is in the rejection of a common weal:

Agony's open abyss or the fate of an orphanage,

Mass-festering, mass-freezing or mass-burial.

She looks round her at "the mean tenements My deeds condone, my dutiful lips deplore"; at the bombed city, "Across and across it move The searchlights, reckoning hate on a hidden clock," and she sees

. . . through a dark lens your hamlet burned;

The sawdust child, the seven-year-old toy

That tore in half too easily;

Drowned men who have haunted

History's archipelago, England's rock.

She pleads for the acceptance of the common weal: "Home to the singular hearth all flesh may come, When the two or three have agreed to agree together." The final stanza, beginning "Learn to give praise, not grieve; Again to the dire altar We are woven alive, Innumerable yet a whole thank-offering," moves quietly to its culmination:

Our destiny to endure the rebuke of love,

One with another, pardonable, in ruins.

We look for the gift ungiven but in-graven,

A wound of light in the forehead of the blind.

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HIS GURUDEVA

A SHORT STORY

BY RAJANIKANT MODY

It was a cold and chilly night that descended on the lonely bush of *Saru-trees* on the outskirts of the country-town of Chandrapur. In the midst of the bush Swami Asimananda had got his solitary hut constructed with bamboo and palm-leaves. It was raining heavily that night. Enraged, perhaps, by the sins of the world, Indra, the Rain-God, was fiercely attacking the earth with his shaft-like downpour of torrential waters. On the only pathway that led to the Sannyasin's hermitage from the town, there could be seen the tall slim figure of the Swami returning late, as the occasional flashes of lightning pierced the otherwise dark bosom of night. He seemed to be quite accustomed to the darkness and was slowly proceeding towards his hut along the rain-drenched path, when suddenly a flash of lightning revealed to him something lying prostrate under a *Saru-tree*. Another flash was enough to convince him that what he saw was a human form. He went near and touched it with his hand. He found it to be cold and wet and a little stiff. He uncovered its bosom and felt the heart beat feebly.

'Om!' he uttered, 'it is not a dead body'. He took out something like a herb or root from under his ochre robe and held it near the nostrils of the prostrate figure. After a few moments the beating of the heart became more clear. And the Sannyasin asked in a tranquil voice:

'Who are you, lying here in this cold, damp, lightless night?'

But there was no answer. Again he asked and a third time, bringing his ear closer to the mouth of the other. A voice hardly audible, as if that of a ghost from a grave, whispered a feeble reply:

'A suffering soul.'

And all was silent again except for the pouring of the rain and the whistling of the wind through the tall *Saru-trees*. A few moments more and the Sannyasin lifted the prostrate form and proceeded to complete his interrupted journey towards the hermitage.

It was a gentle rose of a dawn that bloomed next day over the bower of the east, dispelling the overnight gloom. Clouds having rolled away, an azure sky tinged with delicate hues paternally caressed the child earth with its rose-ray-fingers.

In the inside of his hermitage Asimananda was seated in the Padmasana-posture, lost in meditation. Besides him, on a leaf-bed was lying the newly-arrived, with his eyes wide open. He yet appeared too weak to sit up. He watched the tranquil stillness that glowed on the face of his meditating companion. Tears gushed forth from his eyes as he went on gazing at the serene moveless calm of the other.

A few moments later the meditation came to an end and his consciousness returned to the earth. He smiled as his eyes greeted his tearful companion.

'Jaya Sach-chid-ananda,' he said, 'how do you feel?'

'Better than before. But who are you, my unknown benefactor?'

And the other smiled again and said, 'Thy own self', and he paused just a little and then completed the sentence, 'but only in a different physical vesture, named Asimananda.'

The other gently rose from his leaf-bed and sat up supporting himself on the bamboo and palm-leaf wall of the hut. Tears again gushed forth from his eyes.

'Do you know, Gurudeva, what you have done to me?' he uttered feebly, his voice chocking with rising emotions. And without waiting for the answer, he rose and put his head on the feet of the Swami.

'Gurudeva, you have saved my life. I had taken poison. You have saved my soul' he muttered with great effort.

'Dear brother, you are still too weak to speak. So please calm yourself. When I felt your heart-beats and pulse last night, I felt sure you were under the effect of some virulent poison. But now by the grace of the Almighty and the effectiveness of the herb I used, you are saved from its fatal effect. So please calm yourself awhile. Your tale of woe—and I believe it is a tale of woe—can wait till them.'

'Pray let me speak. I have recovered some strength and I will be able to narrate my life's tale of sin and woe and repentance. If only you will be kind enough to listen to such a tale of mundane affairs.'

Asimananda turned his face away from him. At this the other felt disappointed and said, 'What a fool I was not to have understood that you are a Sannyasin and not interested in the affairs of the world!'

To this Asimananda hurriedly replied, ill attempting to conceal his emotions, 'No, no. Your self is also our self and hence your affairs are our affairs too. The Self is one. So please narrate your tale.'

Thus encouraged he commenced:

'I was born in a poor family and was not able to complete my college education on account of lack of money. I had lost my father quite early in life and had no other relative to support my mother and myself. And hence, as it often happens in such a case, I had turned a socialist and hated the rich class. But, as fate would have it, at college I had gained the friendship of a rich man's son. His father was doing business on the Stock Exchange and he was his only son. He was very noble and had a highly idealistic nature. He was very intelligent, but his intellect belonged to that type which is more at home in abstract subjects like metaphysics

and Yoga than in practical day-to-day affairs of the world. He was very kind and affectionate but at the same time extremely sensitive. He had often done many a good turn to me but I was convinced at that time that it was simply because of his father's money that he was able to become so kind and helpful. It was a stupid notion altogether. I realise that now, but in those days when I was spoon-fed on the socialist ideology I had become so thoroughly imbued with it that I was never able to see any good qualities in the rich. Rich people were real culprits, I believed, who caused all the miseries to the poor. I decided that at the first opportunity that would present itself to me I would try to wipe out the difference between the rich and the poor. To attain that end, it was easier, I thought, to make the rich poor, than the poor rich. So although apparently I was on quite intimate relations with him, inwardly I always entertained a deep hatred towards him. I wanted to make him poor.'

'And what was his name, may I ask?' interrupted the Swami, who was listening to him with rapt attention.

'Well, his name was Makarand.'

And a dark cloud passed across the face of the Sannyasin, but his companion was too weak or unobservant to notice it. He went on with his narrative.

'In the second year of my college career I had to give up my studies and through the good offices of Makarand, I was taken up by his father in his Stock Exchange Office. In a few months' time I was able to learn up most of the business matters and very soon, by my diligence and hard work, I gained the confidence of his father. He was getting old and as he thought his idealist son to be unfit to take to his business, he gradually transferred all the responsibility of the business on to me. During all those days, I was still maintaining my apparently intimate relations with Makarand. You can understand how easy it was for me to work up the ruin of that happy family, if I so wished. And would you believe, without the slightest compunction in my heart, I did work up their ruin. I made his business suffer a most terrible blow, as a consequence of which they lost all their property and belongings. The shock was too great for the old man to bear and he collapsed and on the very next day he died. How cruel and callous I was then! But at that time I did not think that way. I was simply making the rich poor. Gratitude, kindness and such other qualities were only the privileges of the rich, I thought. What had I to do with them? Makarand was my friend. Granted. He and his father helped me by taking me into the latter's business and thereby I was able to support my poor mother. Granted. His father handed over all his business to me. That, too, granted. But after all they were rich. What right had they to be rich? Makarand's mother did not survive long after that. Within a month she also followed her husband to the world of Manes.'

Here the narrator paused for a while to take breath. He was still too weak to continue without break. The Sannyasin tried to conceal a sigh that had involuntarily escaped from his mouth. But the other was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to notice it. He continued:

'The next day I received a letter from Makarand. It was a very short one. It read: My dear friend, I know that it was you who have deliberately brought this ruin upon me and also caused the death of my parents. But then you were simply an instrument in the hands of God. Hence, I do not bear any ill-will towards you. I am renouncing the world. I had intimations from my early childhood that this was my ultimate destiny. Sooner or later, I had to obey my inner call. I did not want to embarrass you by coming to see you personally. Yours sincerely, Makarand.'

'The letter proved an eyeopener to me. Makarand was, at the time of writing the letter, not rich. I had killed his father and mother. And still how kind, how forgiving, how noble! How heartless I had been to him! And that for no reason. For the first time I realised the utter silliness of my whole attitude. My conscience began to bite me with a million terrible stings. I hurried up to see if I could stop him from renouncing the world and ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had left the city and no one knew where he had gone.'

'All this happened many a year ago. But since then I have been unable to have any peace or happiness. I, too, left the world and became a wanderer like him—though not like him. I have wandered throughout the length and breadth of India in search of him. But I have failed in my search. Finally, last night I came to Chandrapur and there I decided to put an end to my life rather than carry on this vain, endless search. And I took poison. I took it in the heat of the moment, but then immediately I saw that it was wrong, it was a weakness to escape from life; my repentance was not over; my heart was not burdenless, what right had I to die, to run away from the terrible guilt and misery eating my heart away? But, once again, it was too late. I had taken poison. I asked some townfolk in Chandrapur if there was any expert medicine-man handy. They said that there was one Sannyasin, Asimananda by name, who was residing in a hut in the wood on the outskirts of the town; often he was giving medicine to the ill people of the town and invariably they were cured. So I left the town to see if I could find him. But it was raining heavily and it was dark,

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HIS GURUDEVA —Contd. from page 10

I collapsed and fell down under the *Saru*-tree. From there you have brought me here and back to life. I have seen a peculiar lustre in your eyes this morning that resembles very much that of Makarand. I do not know why, but feel that you will be my Gurudeva. You have saved my life and also my soul from an ignoble death. And now I hope you will save me spiritually.

And he wept. Asimananda was silent, gazing fixedly into the eyes of the other for a long time. At last he said:

'Girish.'

The other started and woke up from his reverie.

'How do you know my name, Gurudeva? Do you know me?' he asked in utter amazement.

'Do I not know my own self, Girish, however hidden it may be in a different physical vesture?' And he smiled and said again, 'Look closely at my face and see if you can recognise me'.

And he gazed.

'Are you, are you, my long-lost friend Makarand, my Gurudeva?'

Asimananda smiled. And a golden beam of the morning sun came peeping into the hut through some crevice of its palm-leaf wall.

A DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE

Continued from page 9

As we read these poems we cannot escape the sense that we are following a difficult pilgrimage, "a painful, overcast, wintry pilgrimage," as C. Day Lewis describes it, warmed "by the breath of her compassion, the glow of her courage." Lilian Bowes Lyon would not have denied that description of her journey, for she knew "Pilgrimages are rare. To cross a ditch may prove the tragic Step beyond despair." Few poets of our generation have so faithfully sought the implications of experience within the bitter context of our times, and in so close a personal identity with suffering and disaster. She despised "the caption-value of sorrow." When she says "A dagger through the heart is good," and "havoc shall be an angel that passed over," it is not as the easy spectator who sees only suffering's sequel," but as flesh and spirit that have flinched under the ordeal and known

the abyss

*In which men suffer till their souls forget
Even to breathe 'I shall be, who am not.'*

She could, indeed, invoke the soul without deceit to "bear out the solemn Winter's tale I have understood."

When she touched the fringe of the mystery, it was to perceive that revelation is always the unveiling of a truth already possessed, "Far I have come, to you I loved long since, Forgotten, yet the core of my remembering," and she adds, "I can't say where or when I learnt To bear in mind what no man knows Yet always knew." The fidelity of her vision, the strength of her integrity shine through the soberness, the unpretentiousness of that humble truth. The most moving poetry is the poetry of conflict; of a beatitude glimpsed but guarded as the Holy Grail. In Lilian Bowes Lyon imagination was the servant of experience, and experience struck its share deep to produce those sparks that are her poems: reading them we can guess something of the travail by which she learnt "to sift the difficult splendour from despair."

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THE MOTHER ON SELF-SURRENDER

Continued from page 6

they are offering their lives in a sanguinary holocaust.

"Lord, eternal Master, grant that it may not be in vain; that the inexhaustible torrents of Thy divine force may spread over the earth penetrating into the troubled atmosphere, the struggling energies, all the violent chaos of the battling elements; and that the pure Light of Thy Knowledge and the inexhaustible love of Thy Benediction may fill the hearts of men, penetrate into their souls, illumine their consciousness and make to pour forth out of this obscurity, this sombre, terrible and powerful darkness, the splendour of Thy majestic Presence!

"My being is before Thee in an integral holocaust so that it may make their unconscious holocaust effective.

"Accept this offering, reply to our call: come!" (*Prayers and Meditations—pp. 167-168*).

Again: "Grant that we may be Thy vivifying breath, Thy sweet peace, Thy luminous love upon the earth amongst our ignorant and sorrowful human brothers.

"O divine Master, accept the offering of my integral holocaust, so that Thy work may be done and the time may not pass in vain. . . .

"The whole being is transformed into the ardent flame of a sacrifice of pure love.

"Bcome again the king of Thy kingdom, deliver the earth from the heavy weight which crushes her, the weight of her inert, ignorant and obscure ill-will." (*Prayers and Meditations Pp. 168-169*).

The holocaust was accepted by the Divine and we have a most ecstatic expression of the Mother's gratitude as well as another most revealing picture of an absolute surrender:

"O My beloved Lord, what a sweetness to think that it is for Thee and Thee alone that I act! At Thy service I am; it is Thou who decidest, ordainest and putttest in motion, directest and accomplishest the action. What peace, what tranquillity, what supreme felicity are given me when I sense and perceive it! For, it is enough to be docile, plastic, surrendered and attentive, so as to let Thee act freely; then there can be no longer errors or faults or any lack or insufficiency, since it is what Thou hast willed that Thou doest and it is so done as Thou hast willed it.

"Accept the ardent flame of my gratitude and of my joyous and fully confident adherence.

"My father has smiled at me and taken me in His powerful arms. What is there that I could fear? I have melted into Him and it is He who acts and lives in this body which He has Himself formed for His manifestation." (*Prayers and Meditations—P. 291*).

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LIGHTS ON LIFE-PROBLEMS

(31)

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

Q. 1: Much of the recent work in art, literature and poetry has been condemned by some critics as decadent. What is meant by decadence in literature and art and how does it come about?

A. Literature and art become decadent "when the race decays, when life and soul go out and only the dry intellect and tired senses remain". "Decadence arrives when in the decline of a culture there is nothing more to be lived or seen or said, or when the creative mind settles irretrievably into a clumsy and artificial repetition of past forms and conventions or can only escape from them into scholastic or aesthetic pettinesses or extravagance".

Q. 2: Is the charge of decadence levelled against modern art and poetry valid?

A. "That a certain decline, not of the activity of the poetic mind, but of its natural vigour, importance and effective power has been felt, if not quite clearly appreciated in its causes, we can see from various significant indications. Throughout the later nineteenth century one observes a constant apprehension of approaching aesthetic decadence, a tendency to be on the look-out for it and to find the signs of it in innovations and new turns in art and poetry. The attempt to break the whole mould of poetry and make a new thing of it so that it may be easier to handle and may shape itself to all the turns, the high and low, noble and common, fair or unseemly movements of the modern mind and its varied interest in life, is itself due to a sense of some difficulty, limitation, unease, some want of equation between the fine but severely self-limiting character of this kind of creative power and the spirit of the age. At one time indeed it was hardly predicted that since the modern mind is increasingly scientific and less and less poetically and aesthetically imaginative, poetry must necessarily decline and give place to science, for much the same reason, in fact, for which philosophy replaced poetry in Greece. On the opposite side it was sometimes suggested that the poetic mind might become more positive and make use of the materials of science or might undertake a more intellectual though always poetic criticism of life and might fill the place of philosophy and religion which were supposed for a time to be dead or dying powers in human nature; but this came to the same thing, for it meant a deviation from the true law of aesthetic creation and only a more protracted decadence".

Q. 3: What was the chief reason of this decadence?

A. "An age of reason dominated by the critical, scientific or philosophical intelligence is ordinarily unfavourable and, even when it is most catholic and ample, cannot be quite favourable to great poetic creation". Intellectualism, "if it leads to nothing beyond itself, must end, however brilliant its work, in a poetic decadence, and that must come nearer, the more intellect dominates the other powers of our being". "The turn of poetry in the age which we have now left behind, was, as was inevitable in a reign of dominant intellectuality, a preoccupation with reflective thought and therefore with truth, but it was not at its core and in its essence poetic thought and truth and its expression, however, artistically dressed with image and turn or enforced by strong or dexterous phrase, however frequently searching, apt or picturesque, had not often, except in one or two exceptional voices, the most moving and intimate tones of poetry. The poets of the middle nineteenth century in England and America philosophised, moralised or criticised life in energetic and telling or beautiful and attractive or competent and cultured verse; but they did not represent life with success or interpret it with high poetic power or inspired insight and were not stirred and uplifted by any deeply great vision of truth. The reasoning and observing intellect is a most necessary and serviceable instrument, but an excess of reason and intellectuality does not create an atmosphere favourable to moved vision and the uplifting breath of life, and for all its great stir of progress and discovery that age, the carnival of industry and science, gives us who are in search of more living, inner and potent things the impression of a brazen flavour, a heavy air, an inhibition of the greater creative movements, a level spirit of utility and prose. The few poets who strained towards a nearer hold upon life, had to struggle against this atmosphere which weighed upon their mind and clogged their breath. Whitman, striving by stress of thought towards a greater truth of the soul and life, found refuge in a revolutionary breaking out into new anarchic forms, a vindication of freedom of movement which unfortunately at its ordinary levels brings us nearer to the earth and not higher up towards a more illumined air; Swinburne, excited by the lyric fire within him, had too often to lash himself into a strained violence of passion in order to make a way through the clogging thickness for its rush of sound; Meredith's strains, hyming life in a

word burdened and packed with thought, are strong and intimate, but difficult and few. And therefore in this epoch of a bursting into new fields and seeking for new finer and bolder impulses of creation, one of the most insistent demands and needs of the human mind, not only in poetry, but in thought itself and in spirit, has been to lessen the tyranny of the reasoning and critical intellect, to return to the power and sincerity of life and come by a greater deepness of the intuition of its soul of meaning. That is the most striking turn of all recent writing of any importance".

Q. 4: But though the urge behind this turn was in itself sound can it be said that it proceeded in the right direction and succeeded in laying hold on a greater truth of life and thereby bridging the gulf between thought and life created by the over-intellectuality of the modern age? The earlier poetry of the pre-intellectual period even though it moved in the sphere of external life and its passions and emotions had fullness of vitality and natural wholeness, but much of the recent poetry is perverse, morbid or unsound. What is the reason of this?

A. In the intellectual age "passion, direct feeling, ardent emotion, sincerity of sensuous joy are chilled by the observing eye of the reason and give place to a play of sentiment,—sentiment which is an indulgence of the intelligent observing mind in the aesthesis, the *rasa* of feeling, passion, emotion, sense thinning them away into a subtle, at the end almost unreal fineness. There is then an attempt to get back to the natural fullness of the vital and physical life, but the endeavour fails in sincerity and success because it is impossible; the mind of man having got so far cannot return upon its course, undo what it has made of itself and recover the glad childhood of its early vigorous nature. There is instead of the simplicity of spontaneous life a search after things striking, exaggerated, abnormal, violent, new, in the end a morbid fastening on perversities, on all that is ugly, glaring and coarse on the plea of their greater reality, on exaggerations of vital instinct and sensation, on physical wrynesses and crudities and things unhealthily strange. The thought-mind, losing the natural full-blooded power of the vital being, pores on these things, stimulates the failing blood with them and gives itself an illusion of some forceful sensation of living. This is not the real issue, but the way to exhaustion and decadence".

Q. 5: How can poetry avoid this exhaustion and decadence? What is the new direction in which it must turn to find the true way out of this false deviation?

A. "The truth which poetry expresses takes two forms, the truth of life and the truth of that which works in life, the truth of the inner spirit. It may take its stand on the outer life and work in an intimate identity, relation or close dwelling upon it, and then what it does is to bring some light of intuitive things, some power of revelation of the beauty that is truth and the truth that is beauty into the outer things of life, even into those that are most common, obvious, of daily occurrence. But also it may get back into the truth of the inner spirit and work in an intimate identity, relation or close dwelling upon it, and then what it will do is to give a new revelation of our being and life and thought and Nature and the material and the psychical and spiritual words. That is the effort to which it seems to be turning now in its most characteristic, effective and beautiful manifestations. But it cannot fully develop in this sense unless the general mind of the age takes that turn. There are signs that this will indeed be the outcome of the new direction taken by the modern mind, not an intellectual petrification or a long spinning in the grooves of a critical intellectualism, but a higher and more authentic thinking and living. The human intelligence seems to be on the verge of an attempt to rise through the intellectual into an intuitive mentality; it is no longer content to regard the intellect and the world of positive fact as all or the intellectual reason as a sufficient mediation between life and the spirit, but is beginning to perceive that there is a spiritual mind which can admit us to a greater and more comprehensive vision. This does not mean any sacrifice of the gains of the past, but a raising and extending of them not only by a seeking of the inner as well as the outer truth of things, but also of all that binds them together and a bringing of them into true relation and oneness. An age which brings in large and new vital and spiritual truths, truths of our being, truths of the self of man and the inner self of Nature and opens vast untrod ranges to sight and imagination, is not likely to be an age of decadence, and a poetry which voices these things,—unless its creative power has been fatally atrophied by long conventionalism, and that is not at present our case,—is not likely to be a poetry of decadence."

K. G.