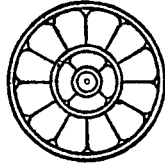


MOTHER INDIA

JUNE, 1959

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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. XI

No. 5

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

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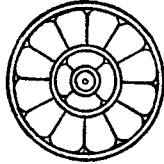
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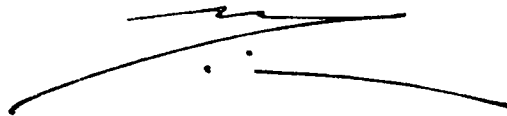


WORDS OF THE MOTHER

To concentrate on a close collaboration of the work would be obviously a more useful attitude than to concentrate on mutual grievances.

The most important point is that the work should be quickly done and well done.

21-12-1957



THE MAN OF SORROWS

(From Nirodbaran's Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo)

19-6-1935

MYSELF : You have often spoken of the Man of Sorrows in connection with me. But I was a cheerful fellow at school and college. So I am afraid he is a contribution, partly at least, of your Yoga.

SRI AUROBINDO : Not of my Yoga, but of the blasted atmosphere that has been created here by the theory that revolt, doubt and resultant shout and struggle and all that rot are the best way to progress. The Ashram has never been able to get out of it, but only some people have escaped. The others have opened themselves to the confounded man of sorrows and got the natural consequence. But why the devil did you do it ? The man of sorrows is a fellow who is always making a row in himself and covering himself with a sevenfold overcoat of tragedy and gloom and he would not feel his existence justified if he couldn't be colossally miserable—when he gets on people's backs he puts the same thing on them. Yoga on the other hand tells you even if you have all sorts of unpleasantnesses to live in the inner sunlight—your own or God's. At least most Yogas do except the Vaishnava—but the Yoga here is not a Vaishnava Yoga.

20-6-1935

MYSELF : I have a headache at times—it is worse after pranam. Is it yogic in origin ? Do you break resistances by giving pains and aches ?

SRI AUROBINDO : No, to make people ill in order to improve or perfect them is not Mother's method. But sometimes things like headache come because the brain either tries too much or does not want to receive or makes difficulties. But the Yogic headaches are of a special kind and after the brain has found out the way to receive or respond they don't come at all.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

1-10-1935

MYSELF : Absolutely in the physical consciousness ! Don't find any trace of the psychic anywhere, Sir ! Are you handling the blessed subconscious physical or what ?

SRI AUROBINDO : I am handling the handle. Sticky ! If you are absolutely in the physical consciousness so much the better. It shows you are on the way. If you were in your uproarious mental or tragic vital then there would be little chance for the psychic to emerge. But now that you are in the physical, there is some prospect of your finishing the circle M.V.Ph. Afterwards possibly there will be a chance for the line Ps. HC. S. Rejoice.

MYSELF : What are the abbreviations—Ps. HC. S. ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Psychic—Higher Consciousness—Supramental.

MYSELF : You are trying to adopt shorthand now.

SRI AUROBINDO : Of course ! what to do ? shorthand lessens the labour of the writer, even if it increases that of the reader. Besides the attempt to find out what the abbs mean should stimulate your intuition and sharpen your intelligence.

MYSELF : I don't know how the psychic is going to emerge from the physical consciousness.

SRI AUROBINDO : Well, it is the bottom of the first curve, so logically the next thing is to make an upward tangent and get into the second curve.

MYSELF : Suppose one finishes the circle M.V.Ph. It can go round again before one is shifted to the starting of the other line.

SRI AUROBINDO : That would be very clever but it is not usually done except by people with big egos. Yours is no doubt a well-developed chubby chap but it is not a giant.

25-12-1935

MYSELF : I don't understand why I came to this world with doubts and co. whereas others did so with self-confidence, why some people go on patiently, honestly etc. and still end their days in misery, why frauds etc. flourish so well ! I would say Kismet. You may say blessed Karma—it is only another name.

SRI AUROBINDO : Well, the frauds are capable and clever in their fraudulency, I suppose. And why should not capacity have its results ? The others are only moral and the reward of morality is not worldly success but

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the satisfaction of a conscience at rest. Virtue is its own reward—it can't ask for success in life also ! What would the poor frauds do if having the torments of a bad conscience (?) they had no success to soothe their tortures ?

Karma is not luck, it is the transmission of past energies into the present with their results.

MYSELF : Do you hope that a "blue moon" will ever rise in my heaven ?

SRI AUROBINDO : I trust that a blue moon will rise in everybody's heaven who has on one side the patience to go through and on the other no fundamental and self-expulsive wickedness in his nature. Even for these others the blue moon will rise one day, though later ; if they have once sought for it.

21-7-1937

MYSELF : There is no uprush of sex or desire and all that. But still a negative blank state !

SRI AUROBINDO : Well, it may be one of two things. (1) The vital has dropped down and says "if I can't have what I want in this damned world of yours, alright I non-cooperate and ask for nothing". Hence the flatness—Result of course tamasic vairagya. This kind of thing often happens at a certain stage of sadhana.

(2) Drop to the physical—first complete acquaintance with the principle of Inertia proper to the physical when it is moved neither by vital, mind, nor spirit. Lies flat waiting for the breath of God or any breath to stir it, but making no move of its own.

Hold on and call upon the Spirit to breathe.

A WORD ABOUT SOCIETY

SRI AUROBINDO

(Translated by Niranjana from the Bengali of "Vividha Rachana")

MAN is not born for the society—but the society is created for him. Those who forget the inner Divinity in man and give a higher place to the society are worshipping the undivine. Meaningless worship of society is a sign of artificiality in human life, a deterioration of the self-law.

Man does not belong to the society but to the Divine. Those who try to weaken the Divine within him by imposing, on his mind and life and soul, slavery to the society and its numerous exterior bonds, have lost sight of the true goal of humanity. The sin of this oppression does not permit the Divine within him to awake, the Power goes to sleep. If you have to serve at all, then serve the Divine, not the society. There is sweetness as well as progress in this service. The highest felicity, liberty in bondage, and unrestricted freedom are its crowning results.

The society cannot be the aim; it is a means, an instrument. Self-inspired knowledge and power emerging from action and shaped by the Divine are the true guides of the life of man. Their progressive growth is the aim of the spiritual evolution of life. This knowledge, this power should use society as an instrument, mould it and, if need be, even modify it. This is the natural condition. An unprogressive and stagnant society becomes the grave of lifeless manhood; the outpouring of life and the radiation of the force of knowledge are bound to bring about a transformation of society. To tie man with a thousand chains to the social machinery and crush him will lead to inevitable immobility and decay.

We have lessened man and extolled society. But a society cannot grow this way, it becomes petty, stagnant and sterile. Instead of utilising society as a means of our progressive development, we have reduced it to an instrument of oppression and bondage; this is the reason for our degeneration, indolence and helpless impotence. Elevate man, open the gateway of the temple where the Divine secretly shines within him. The society will automatically become noble, beautiful in every limb, a successful field for the enterprise of a free and high intention.

ASPECTS OF SRI AUROBINDO'S POLITICAL THOUGHT

I

A SYNOPSIS

SRI AUROBINDO'S political thought takes within its scope the whole range of political speculation so far undertaken in the West and the East; it projects far into the future. To form an adequate estimate of his work in this field would therefore need a treatise. What is attempted in these pages is an *aperçu* of some of the main trends : this might help us in appreciating the details better.

The central theme of Sri Aurobindo's political thought is inseparably connected with the main purpose of his work : to establish on earth on a stable basis the reign of freedom, mutuality, unity, the life divine. This is the goal which he sets before man the individual and man in his collective groupings social, national, international. He examines the past to see where and why it has failed and what promise it holds for the future. He considers the present and elucidates its trends. He chalks out a plan for the lines of further development. He furnishes the main key to the problems with which the world struggles. He offers solutions which the nations might one day accept.

The one problem facing the world is that of harmony. Man the individual is divided within and he cannot find a lasting solution to the discords that face him without. He trusts too much to machinery and system and institution and ignores the soul. He hopes to bring in the millennium by an Act of Parliament and the millennium ever recedes from his grasp. The solution can come only when he avows boldly to himself that all he has done so far is only provisional and a half-measure, and that in order to find the true way he must turn inwards and seek a deeper guidance, he must learn to live in his soul and make the soul the leader of his march. As for the individual so for the nation: it must find its soul and live by it and not by the superficial collective ego which it mistakes for the soul. Then alone will system and institution bear full fruit and the life on earth correspond in some measure to the highest ideals of the race.

In this view of the problem, the individual, and all individuals, no matter what their sex, colour, social and economic status, assume a great importance. Any system of institution which tries to overawe and crush the individual

in the name of law or order or any other dogma is doomed to failure. In the same way, all attempts to crush or belittle the importance of nations and nationalities in the interests of "legitimacy" or any of the shibboleths of diplomatic jargon are so many obstacles to human growth; they will not prevail against the will of the Time Spirit. The nation is immortal and so is the soul of man. The problem of a true political science is to devise ways and means to help them both to grow. Thus alone will man and nations fulfil their destiny.

Given these premisses, Sri Aurobindo's political thought naturally concerns itself with two main questions. First, what should be the ideal relationship between the individual and the group to which he belongs? And second, how best may be secured a more sensible and permanent order in the international field? Many other subsidiary questions arise, but they are examined primarily in relation to these major problems. In connection with the first question, man's past history is scrutinised to furnish the clue to his present; the nature and origin of the state is studied in reference to history and tradition; the main types of relationship between the state and the individual are analysed; an account is given of the logic of evolution from monarchy to socialism; the elements of truth and falsehood in the modern idea of state-supremacy are disentangled; and a clear picture is given of what the state should be and do. Incidental questions, such as the age-old problem of law and liberty, of capital and labour, the conduct of government, are brought in and given a solution in the light of the main premisses.

National self-determination and the establishment of a decent system of international living is the second preoccupation of Sri Aurobindo's thought. Any form of international organisation which does not allow the nations of the world the right to develop freely without fear of annexation or domination by more powerful bodies can neither be called ideal nor has it any chance of durability. A first preliminary is the independence of the vast masses of old civilised peoples in the Asian continent from European domination. India must therefore be free and Asia must rise, for without them no Concert of World Powers can play in harmony. Hence the long tirade against British rule which marks his early writings. Freedom is not only desirable and necessary, the subject nations must also know how to achieve their end: a technique has to be given which can be applied by all subject peoples who aspire to be free. A blueprint of this technique is another feature of these early writings.

Given the existence of free nation-units, the question arises: how best can they form a lasting international union? This necessitates a close survey of all attempts at supranational unity in the past. Is the multi-national empire the destined form of human unity? Should this unity be framed on the

MOTHER INDIA

model of a unitary state like that of Rome in the past or of France of the present day ? Or would the federal model provided by the United States serve the purpose better ? What are the chances of a loose confederacy like that of the British Commonwealth ? What again would keep the international order from dissolving into its component parts ? Where was the weakness and failure of the League of Nations ? Has the UNO any better chances of success ? Other important questions arise. What, for instance, will prevent wars between nations ? or what are the effective conditions for a rule of law in the international field ? And the question of questions : Will man ever develop to a point where he feels the need of unity with his fellows as vitally as for instance his need for food or for survival ? For, until he develops that feeling and fraternity becomes a real and living term, no form of international government will be a lasting solution and every system is bound to break up in chaos and a new cycle of rebuilding.

This leads us back to the point from where we started. In the final analysis, Sri Aurobindo's thought turns round the one pivot of the soul and the necessity of a true self-finding. Get this solved and the other problems will solve themselves.

(To be continued)

“PUBLICUS”

HOW THE MOTHER'S GRACE CAME TO US¹

REMINISCENCES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE IN CONTACT WITH THE MOTHER

(Continued from the previous issue)

(16)

DIRECTOR OF DIVINE DESCENT

ABOUT thirty years back, when I was at the age of thirteen, I had my first conscious awakening to spirituality through the books of Swami Rama Tīratha, entitled *In the Woods of God-Realisation*.

One noon, lying on the cot on the roof of my house, as I was studying one of these volumes, something made me stop reading. I kept the book aside and closed my eyes. I saw before my closed eyes as if the whole horizon, surcharged with peace, power, light and bliss had come down and merged into the earth.

Though awe-stricken I was left in a daze of joy and bliss. Later in my life I always used to remember this vision and pine for having it again, but it would not happen.

Recently I came into contact with the Mother. My desire to have that vision was still there. Last year on the Mother's birthday, when I was sleeping in my room in the Golconde, again I had the vision of the horizon surcharged with peace, power and bliss coming down and uniting with the earth. Also with it I had a perception as if the Mother was behind the horizon directing this descent. Thus my long-standing desire was fulfilled and along with it I understood more clearly the significance of the vision.

BREAKER OF BARRIERS

I was staying at a great distance from the premises of the Delhi Branch of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram at Archani near Qutab Minar. I often found it difficult to attend the meetings there. I tried to get a house near the Ashram Branch but all my efforts went in vain.

On 4th December 1958, the relics of Sri Aurobindo were brought from Pondicherry to Delhi to be enshrined in the Branch on the following day,

¹ Readers are invited to send their experiences to the Editor or to the Compiler.

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the day of his Mahasamadhi. On the 4th December I got a memorandum from the office allotting to me new Government quarters just near the Ashram Branch building. This facilitated my regular visits there. And I consider it not a fortuitous coincidence but an act of the Divine Grace.

GRACE FOR DIAGNOSIS

During 1953, the year when I came to the Ashram for the first time, my wife was seriously suffering from a malady whose right diagnosis could not be made. She was X-rayed and treated by a doctor who said that she was suffering from rheumatism. But there was no improvement in her condition.

We got her examined by another more qualified medical practitioner who found in the X-ray plate signs of bone T.B. He started treating my wife. He was paid every day from 20 to 30 rupees—an amount beyond my capacity. The treatment continued for two months during which time the patient was strictly prohibited from moving. My resources were exhausted, yet there were no visible signs of cure. My wife, pinned to her bed, felt unable to bear suffering any more.

I wrote to the Mother through a friend of mine. I was sent her blessings. Now I started depending entirely on the Mother's Grace, yet putting in the right effort. When the malady did not lessen after the doctor's treatment for two months, I again wrote to the Mother and got her blessings.

A Gurubhai advised me to establish inner contact with the Mother so that I might receive her help more easily and more tangibly.

Dropping the treatment by this doctor, I went to another still more qualified doctor who said that if the disease was bone T.B., the patient needed to be kept plastered for 6 months. She was to be X-rayed and examined again and kept in the hospital for 7 days for this purpose. We agreed. After a thorough examination, it was found that the disease was not bone T.B. It was rheumatism. The treatment was given for this so that not only were we saved from the exorbitant expenditure on treatment of bone T.B., but also the patient was spared her bed-pinned plight. The treatment was continued for six months. Now the patient is cured, except that she is weak.

I feel sure that the Mother's blessings put the whole case on the right track so that the just remedy was given, with the resultant cure.

(To be continued)

Compiled and reported by

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

RABINDRANATH THE ARTIST

(Continued from the May issue)

II

THERE is an inner discipline for the attainment of Truth and Good. Truth and Good were the objects of sadhana to Rabindranath from the aspect of their beauty and grace. He did not worship them so much for their own sake as because the real Truth and Good are really and supremely beautiful. And they attracted him only because of their beauty.

Love is a main theme of his poetry and he is a loving personality. In the terms of the Vaishnava sadhaka he is a graceful personality, 'Supurusha'. But his love too is the quintessence of beauty. So his love speaks to him:

You have taken me by the hand to the Elysian garden of bloom,
the abode of immortality—to shine in my eternal youth there, like the Gods.
Limitless is my beauty there.

Rabindranath did not enjoy love for its own sake as did Chandidasa. Beauty has found its highest revelation and acme in love. So he had to become a lover. The ultra-modern experience has separated love from beauty, rather it is trying to bring about a union with ugliness. In that sense Rabindranath is very ancient, treading the Eternal Path.

The beauty depicted by Rabindranath consists in harmony, synthesis, uniformity, contentment, serenity and tranquillity. Wherever there is conflict, roughness, crudity, harshness, there no beauty is found, there a rhythm is broken, the flow is hampered, the tune is disturbed, there is some flaw in the movement. It is why Rabindranath's God is supremely beautiful, loving and graceful. And

The entire abode is flooded with the charm of His face.

Therefore the daily prayer to his Beloved is also :

“Make me pure, bright and beautiful,
O my Lord !

And

Let all things beautiful in life resound to the melody of music.

God is God because He is the golden thread running through all things of the universe.

All are unified in your consciousness wide awake.

Rabindranath's philanthropy or altruism is the outcome of this union; it is brought about by the attraction of the beauty of this union. The whole creation is adorable, a desired prize. "We live and move and have our being in the effulgent delight of the ether." For a supremely sweet harmony pervades the creation. Rabindranath's ideal of the vast human collectivity has also been inspired by this sense of harmony. All the nations, all the countries of the world, keeping still their speciality and distinction, will stand united with one another—the human society will thus attain to a flawless beauty. The rivalry among equals, the tyranny of the superior over the inferior; again, the slave-mentality of the low before the high—all such abject habits must be renounced, because they are harsh, ugly and devoid of beauty. Peace, love, generosity and friendship can make men beautiful individually and collectively.

At the root of Rabindranath's patriotism also there lies the same love for beauty. The lack of beauty in slavery tortured him more than anything else. The ugliness of poverty was more unbearable to him than the actual physical destitution. If he could have viewed the wants of life at their own value like Mahatma Gandhi then he would have at least once plied the spinning wheel. But to him ease or affluence by itself has no importance. Affluence would have its real value if it contributed to the rhythm of life. That is why his patriotism laid a greater stress on construction than on destruction. To settle things amicably, instead of attacking the enemy, instead of wrangling with the foreigners, to put one's own house in order, to repair and beautify was considered by him a real work to be done. To build is to create. To create is to fashion a thing beautifully. The ideal of his patriotic society has to foster all limbs of the collective life of the entire nation, to make it a united organism, to endow it with the beauty of forms and rhythm in action.

So we say that the beautiful poetry and the poetry of beauty written by him are even surpassed by the beauty that he brought down into our life, particularly in the life of Bengal. The whole contribution of Rabindranath is not exhausted by his poetical works. Firstly, his was the inspiration that formed around him a world of fine arts, a new current of poetry, painting, music, dance and theatre. Secondly, his was the life-energy whose vibration created in our country a re-

RABINDRANATH THE ARTIST

finer taste and a capacity for subtle experience. Through his influence a consciousness has awakened towards appreciation of beauty. Thirdly, the thing which is, in a way, of greater value is this that if there has been a gradual manifestation of order and beauty in our ordinary daily life, in dress and decoration, in our conversation and conduct, at home and in assemblies, in articles of beauty and their use, then, at the root of it all, directly or indirectly the personality of Rabindranath was undoubtedly at work.

Among Indians, the Bengalis are supposed to have particularly acquired a capacity for appreciation of beauty. That this acquisition has been largely due to the contribution of the Tagore family can by no means be denied. We do not know how we fared in this respect in the past. Perhaps our sense of beauty was concerned with the movements of the heart or at most with material objects of art. Perhaps, we had never been the worshippers of beauty in the outer life like the Japanese. Yet whatever little we had of that wealth of perfection within or without had died away for some reason or other. The want of vitality, the spirit of renunciation, poverty, despair, sloth, an immensely careless and extreme indiscipline made our life ugly. At length the influence that had especially manifested around Rabindranath came to our rescue and opened a new channel to create beauty.

Why should we speak of our own country alone, why should we try to keep his influence confined to Bengal or India only? I believe Europe, the West, have honoured him so much not primarily for his poetry. The modern world, freed from its life devoid of beauty, due to the unavoidable necessity of technology and machinery of utility and efficiency, was eager at last to follow in the footsteps of Rabindranath to enter into an abode of peace and beauty, a garden of Eden.

(Concluded)

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

(Translated by Chinmoy from the Bengali essay in "Rabindranath")

THREE FAIRY TALES

II

MIRANDA'S WINGS

ONCE there was a little girl called Miranda who was so endearingly humble that everyone loved her. She was not pretty or attractive, but this particular quality lent her a unique charm.

One day while she was sitting under a tree doing her homework (she was in E.I.X.), the King of the Elves came to her. He was a nice old man with a tall red hat and a long white beard down to his knees; he had a bright green waistcoat with big silver buttons which jingled merrily each time he laughed, which was often; and his breeches were made of the best yellow-petal satin. To complete his costume, he wore big black knee-boots which squeaked importantly every time he walked. And this pleased him very much, for after all he was a king. He stood about three feet tall, which is fairly tall for elves, you know, and he wore a pair of blue earrings. They added a gypsy touch, he said.

Under his arm he carried a pair of splendid pink wings made of the very best fairy-floss.

"Miranda," he addressed her, "the people of Fairyland have agreed to grant you free-entry into our realm, and to bestow upon you these wings. And all this because we have long observed your humble ways."

Miranda looked at him with her mouth open, and the king, being a trifle ignorant of human beings, assumed she was smiling. He bowed gallantly and with a practised deftness fitted the wings on to her back.

"But," he continued, "before you can enter Fairyland, there is a small test you have to pass. It will be to test your humility. I cannot tell you what it is, much as I would like to, but it will come suddenly and unexpected. So be on the look-out and if all goes well, I shall come and fetch you to Fairyland."

He bowed politely and was about to stride away in his squeaky boots when he turned again :

"Oh ! I nearly forgot. If you fail to pass the test, your wings will fall off. Goodbye, m'dear."

THREE FAIRY TALES

Miranda couldn't be at all sure whether or not she had been dreaming but when she put her hands behind her she could feel the wings, and when she ran home and looked in the mirror she saw they were really beautiful. She was utterly fascinated and almost wished she had eyes in the back of her head so that she could comfortably admire them. And all this because she was humble. How wonderful !

Miranda's family were also fascinated by the wings and kept asking her the same questions over and over again. And since they were those type of people who cannot believe anything unless they see it, Miranda had a hard job convincing them of her story, especially that bit about the little man in the red hat, the green waistcoat and the black boots who said he was "King of the Elves". But the wings were there just the same, and fixed quite naturally to her back as if they had every right to be there, and not just stuck on.

But it was at school the next day, in the class room, that there was caused the most commotion. All the boys and girls were overcome with excitement about Miranda's wings and chattered away like a troop of monkeys. The noise rose to a tumult.

When the teacher arrived, he at once took in the situation. He decided to pay no attention to Miranda's wings, because he knew from experience that the quickest way to restore peace and quiet was to calmly disregard the centre of disturbance and to proceed in the most *blasé* manner.

Idly he looked at the wings and then casually went on to teach : "C.A.T. is cat, M.A.T. is mat, B.A.T. is bat", all of which pleased Miranda not at all. She had heard all that before anyway. She stood up.

"Look here," she said, "I've got wings."

"Sit down," said the teacher, "and pay attention. R.A.T. is rat, F.A.T. is fat." He was a most interesting teacher.

Miranda, instead of sitting down, turned her back so as to give the teacher a better view of her resplendent wings.

"Look !" she insisted, "aren't they beautiful ?"

With a fine show of long-suffering and patience the teacher let his eyes rest on the wings.

"Well," he said quietly, "angels have wings, fairies have wings, birds have wings, even bats have wings. So why make all this fuss ? Is there anything special about you that you should interrupt this class ?"

Suddenly Miranda remembered her distinguishing quality and a defiant tilt came to her chin.

"Yes," she replied, "I am very, very humble."

At once the wings fell off.

GODFREY

RADHA'S LOVE

(A STORYETTE)

SRI KRISHNA was alone in his chamber. "Radha ! Radha !" he cried in a lovely tone, with half closed eyes, almost entranced with ecstasy.

Narad overheard these words from behind the door and murmured to himself, "But why does he love her more than anybody else ? Am I not his unique disciple ready to sacrifice everything, even my life for him if need be ? Also, are his other queens not as faithful as Radha ? Why then has he given her the biggest room in his heart ?"

With these envious thoughts he entered the chamber and bowed down to Sri Krishna as ever. But what could remain hidden from him who was the incarnation of the omniscient Lord of the universe, the source of all knowledge ? Still, in spite of perceiving the doubt in Narad's heart, he just smiled at him and blessed him with the usual loving intimacy. They talked about many things, but not of Narad's recent particular problem.

Some days later, when Narad again went to see Sri Krishna early in the morning, he was surprised to know that Sri Krishna was still in his bed and had a severe headache.

Narad hurried to the spot and found Sri Krishna with his head buried in his pillows. In spite of all their efforts, the royal physicians were not able to cure him. He whose grace can liberate us even from the greatest suffering was himself suffering. Narad approached him and said, "Is there a way, O Lord, by which we can somehow help in curing you of your malady ?"

"Only one way !"

"What is it, tell us soon, O Lord ?"

"If any of my devoted disciples or of my faithful queens can just give me a little dust of his or her feet to be applied on my forehead, I shall be immediately cured. But..."

"But what ?" asked Narad eagerly.

"But don't you know that one who commits such a sin is sure to go to hell? The scriptures say that if one even touches one's Guru or husband with one's foot one falls into hell. Therefore if anyone of you gives me the dust of his or her feet for my forehead, know it then for certain that he or she will have to suffer the agonies of hell for seven long births. O my pain!" Sri Krishna moaned again while finishing his reply.

RADHA'S LOVE

All stood dumb, proud devotee Narad and faithful queens. Nobody wished to go to hell, even if it was for their beloved Lord. It was only Radha who immediately took a little dust off her feet and offered it to Sri Krishna.

“But what about the sufferings of hell for seven births ? Are you not afraid of them ?” asked Sri Krishna still in a painful tone.

“If it is for you that I have to go to hell, O Love, I am ready to suffer for fourteen births, not seven. For a pain borne for you is not pain. It is a joy” : this was Radha's immediate reply.

“But it is a sin to give the dust of...” Narad began to mutter. But before he could complete his sentence, Radha replied, “I know of no sin and no virtue nor do I care for heaven or hell. I am afraid of nothing if I can thereby comfort my Lord.”

Sri Krishna began to smile, for he had played this drama only to teach Narad a lesson.

And Narad understood why Sri Krishna always thought of Radha more than of anybody else. He realised that verily Radha's love knew only one thing : to give itself.

And he stood motionless, with his head bowed in reverence not only to Sri Krishna but also to Radha.

DEVAKINANDAN

TO BE

To be space only,
 where stars occur;
abstract and absolute,
 and yet receive with warmth
 the frozen arctics of the universe;
indifferent,
 and yet support with loving and adoring hands,
 the steps of all the avatars from age to age;
and empty,
 in plenitude of being,
 shelter for orphan galaxies.

To be so vast,
 that probing thoughts are lost
 like cries of birds on open seas;
and form without barriers,
 for streaming time to come and build and go;
to be without defense,
 when love approaches;
and pure,
 so that no night may hide
 behind the screens of pride;
translucent,
 for all the light, which started in primeval time,
 to come and shine and go its way;
transparent,
 so that all eyes, which search the depth
 of things for God, may find their goal;
and so aflame with joy,
 that pain from far-off hells
 may come and die content.

To be so one with God,
 that even when divided into ultimate atoms,
 each one singing anthems different,
 only a single bell is ringing.

MEDHANANDA

NEW ROADS

BOOK VIII

THE VALLEY OF MEN

THE valley, from which the mind of the Traveller rose,
That sacred 'ground' which held the Light of the World
And the growing Soul of a new humanity,
Lay deep in the shadows of the Dawn of the Day.
Deep was its melancholy, this journeying Soul
Which longed for Light yet knew not how to live
Between new freedoms and the ancient Laws—
The bold illicit licence of the age
And the narrow sattwic pride of rectitude;
Denying life it could not reach to heaven
Until the choice grew more imperative,
Until the urge of evolution's need
Grew more insistent than the self-proud mind
Playing with Pythagorean solids of chance.

Today, new clouds had overcast the skies
With spell-bound secrecy; a mystic change,
Growing from within a new Necessity,
Imposed Its Will upon the unyielding earth.
She, the Goddess-Mother of our days,
Descended into the ancient Womb of Night.
Through that dark impenetrable World She trod,
Deep down to the nethermost abysses of Time,
At the very bottom of the Inconscient's floor
She challenged Death and the guardian of its fear,
The rigid Night of Mind in its dim abode;
Subdued the hostile Power, his spouse Desire,
The Serpent Lust with the jewel upon its head,
Struck there upon the slumbering Rock of Time,
Set free the secret Herds and the River of Light,
The hidden Source, now an almighty spring

MOTHER INDIA

Which cast her up into the Timeless Vast
Vibrating with the seeds of a Sun-Bright World
Where she sat throned in a Timeless ecstasy
Beyond the petty clamourings of our lives.
And we, Her sons and daughters of the Soul,
Wandered the valley floor in this hour of Fate,
Most at a loss to interpret what was felt—
Aimless and restless, alone, seeking to know,
Striving to understand a changing World.
As voyagers, crossing strange uncharted seas,
Seek in their captain's gesture, look or word
Some indication of a threatened doom
Or the hope of reaching the shores of a promised land.
Some felt the fear and doubt of old desires
While others found peace in quiet activity,
And some escaped to an inner world of calm
To await the time and sanction of the Lord,
When He should awake the Mother from her trance
Seated in Bliss above the peaks of the world.

Then from the depths, beneath the soil we trod
Arose a warm rapture like the rippling joy
Of being held in arms of divine Delight,
Of being loved by God and all His world :
The sky and the clouds, the birds and the wind in the trees
Burst in upon the soul's own harmonies,
Filled the heart with high felicities
Of light and sound that mingled in the air
With vibrant and expanding ecstasy
Thronging the spaces in between the stars.

She had returned to earth, her radiant smile
Lifted the soul and the longing heart of man
With the living Mantra of the dawn of the Day :
"My Will and Might prevail, my infinite Love
Cradles the New-Born Infant of the Dawn."

NORMAN DOWSETT

THE MEETING PLACE

THIS is what time has led to,—
A courtyard of sunflowers, zinnias
And a queue of silent people
Moving past a petal-covered tomb.
Dawns, noons, sunsets.
Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to,—
A path that goes to a staircase
And men and women of different countries
Leaving their sandals at its foot.
Dawns, noons, sunsets.
Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to,—
A gallery behind mahogany shutters,
A picture of a man's head, life size.
They pass it and mark its gaze.
Dawns, noons, sunsets.
Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to,—
A chair set before a gold patterned cloth
And a still, frail woman
Who smiles and has the eyes of God.
Dawns, noons, sunsets.
Days, months, lives.

This is what time has led to,—
See each figure before her
Is not what he thought, felt or looked like
But an inner immortal, come through
Dawns, noons, sunsets,
Days, months, lives.

DICK BATSTONE

THUS SANG MY SOUL

(Continued from the previous issue)

(16)

V. SELF-FATHOMING AND SOUL'S STRUGGLE

(Continued)

37. O LOVE OMNIPOTENT !

If Thou hast chosen me to be in life
And if life has a purpose to fulfil,
Then why have I been left a weakened will
Before the labyrinth of ocean-strife—
As if a lightning-powered soul were sealed
In a shell to mill its own high-winging thoughts,
Lest she defying Nature's doom-drawn lots
Come out of crust, those thunderings revealed.

Life liquid, nature dog-tailed, fate forcible,
World's iron laws immollifiable,
Yet Thou who wimpled feedst with love this earth
How seest me spending still my being's worth ?
Come, bless, lest quiet I die in my corner-cove !
What lacks in Thy omnipotence of Love ?

(To be continued)

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

THE NOTION OF OBJECTIVITY

I

“It is true that there is no such thing as an objective reality independent of consciousness; but at the same time, there is a truth in objectivity and it is this, that the reality of things resides in something that is within them and is independent of the interpretation our mind gives to them and of the structures it builds upon its observation. These structures constitute the mind’s subjective image or figure of the universe, but the universe and its objects are not a mere image or figure. They are in essence creations of consciousness, but of a consciousness that is one with being, whose substance is the substance of Being, and whose creations too are of that substance, therefore real. In this view the world cannot be a purely subjective creation of Consciousness; the subjective and the objective truth of things are both real, they are two sides of the same Reality.” (Sri Aurobindo, *The Life Divine*, American Edition, p.576.)

In ancient Greece there were two significant terms in currency for what we call to-day Knowledge : ‘Sophia’ and ‘Scientia’. Sophia meant knowledge of values and Scientia meant knowledge of facts. Sophia is really wisdom, the eternal verities of life and existence, the imperishable truths of being and reality. It is a unique type of knowledge, much higher and much deeper than mere matter-of-fact knowledge. “It manifests itself in the divination of Godhead, the impulse towards perfection, the search after pure Truth and un-mixed Bliss”. (*The Life Divine*, p.1.) This is the very type of knowledge which corresponds to the Para Vidya or higher knowledge of the Upanishads as distinguished from Apara Vidya or lower knowledge. Sophia is therefore knowledge of Self, God, Freedom and Immortality. In the Platonic sense Sophia consists in obtaining a direct and unalloyed vision and experience of the Good. “Now that which imparts truth to the known and the power of knowing to the knower, is what I would have you term the idea of Good and this you will deem to be the cause of Science and of the truth in so far as the latter becomes the subject of knowledge...”(Plato, *The Republic*. 6,509, Jowetts’ translation.) In the Mundaka Upanishad Shaunaka the disciple asks rishi Angirasa, “Lord, by knowing what does all this that is becomes known ?” To him the sage replies, “Two-fold is the knowledge that must be known, of which the knowers of the Brahman tell, the higher and the lower.” Sophia in a sense is the key-

knowledge or the root-knowledge, that which dawns upon the mind with the awakening of the soul to the higher realities. It is knowledge gained in communion, contact and identity. "For the individual to arrive at the divine universality and supreme infinity, live in it, possess it, to be, know, feel and express that alone in all his being, consciousness, energy, delight of being is what the ancient seers of the Veda meant by the Knowledge; that was the Immortality which they set before man as his divine culmination." (*The Life Divine*, p.612.)

But scientia is knowledge of facts. Facts are what in the long run are attested by the senses, by their physical tangibility and concreteness. Scientia is essentially the knowledge of the external world, the not-self. It is, in its essence, a kind of opinion, as Plato would term it. It is something which is concerned with the world of appearance, change and becoming. In the Platonic sense, the world of facts is the world of shadows, the shadows cast by the Ideas. Surprisingly enough Eddington points out that the world with which the present-day scientists deal with is equally a world of shadows. "The external world of physics has thus become a world of shadows. In the world of physics we watch a shadow graph performance of the drama of familiar life. The shadow of my elbow rests on the shadow table as the shadow ink flows over the shadow paper. It is all symbolic and as a symbol, the physicist leaves it.... The frank realisation that physical science is concerned with a world of shadows is one of the most significant of recent advances." (A. S. Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World*, p. 10, Everyman's Library.) Besides, the kingdom of facts is a kingdom of awful neutrality. Here, in the domain of facts, all the facts are put on an equal footing. There is here no discrimination between the supreme product of nature, man, and the meanest worm that crawls on the surface of the earth, or the gigantic solar system and the tiniest particle of dust. All alike are facts and existents and have to be treated as such. The question of greater or lesser, of higher or lower belongs to the domain of values. The domain of values is the domain of distinctions, we are ushered into a graded world where between the lowest and the highest there are intermediate grades.

The distinction which we make here between sophia and scientia is clearly the distinction between philosophy and science. Philosophy is concerned with the truth of Being or 'Ontos' and as such concerns itself with the highest and profoundest values, ideals and aspirations of life. Science is concerned with facts, existents, even with the non-sensory facts of the sub-atomic world. Science is nothing but the study of natural phenomena, "the regularities observed in normal human sense-perception, thereby excluding sub-normal and super-normal experiences as well as judgments of value that imply non-sensual premisses." (J. G. Bennett, *The Dimensional Framework of Natural Sciences*.) If we are to use a Bradleyan phrase, we can say that science deals with the 'what'

THE NOTION OF OBJECTIVITY

of a thing, whereas philosophy deals with the 'that' of a thing. Further, "scientific knowledge is expressible in definite propositions and is communicable," as Prof. K. C. Bhattacharya used to say, "as information." We do not seek information in philosophy and the philosopher need not be a well-informed man. "When we say there is a deep understanding between two friends, we do not mean that one of them can assert a good many propositions about the other in an appropriate way. Similarly a wise man need not claim a high degree of theoretical intelligence, which is the instrument of scientific knowledge, but appears to possess a highly quickened, intuitive and instinctive apprehension of things in general." (Prof. R. Das, Presidential Address, Indian Philosophical Congress 1956.) From this we are inclined to say that philosophy as a knowledge of Being or of values is predominantly subjective, whereas science as a knowledge of facts is predominantly objective.

II

Science means objectivity or in other words, objectivity is the hallmark of science. Here there is an extremely rigorous attempt at eliminating or rejecting the personal factor and to take truth as pure fact without being distorted or coloured by feelings, sentiments, or impressions of the subject. A scientist swears by facts, he is a positivist, a realist, and he points out that things exist whether you perceive them or not; perception is possible because things exist, not the other way round. It is the very opposite of the standpoint of the philosopher who says that a thing exists because and so long as it is perceived. The scientist studies reality independent of his own subjective preoccupations and personal appreciations. His judgments regarding reality are purely descriptive and not appreciative or evaluative. The scientific investigator investigates or observes reality as a witness, impartial, detached and aloof, a sort of passive mirror, reflecting accurately and faithfully what is presented to it. "The subject which is concerned in scientific knowledge is a ghostly spectator, who is not visible at all and does not count. The subject in philosophy is a dominant partner in the game. And so while science is the same for all, philosophy is different for different individuals and not one is any the worse for it." (Prof. R. Das, Presidential Address, Indian Philosophical Congress 1956.) Thus the first principle of objectivity in science is the sharp division between the subject and the object, so as to eliminate the intrusion of the personal idiosyncrasies into observation. So it is said that science was born the day the subject cut himself aloof from the object. This is indeed the great revolution brought about by science in the world of human enquiry and human consciousness, namely the bifurcation or complete isolation between the subject and the object.

Furthermore, modern science means not so much the scientist narrating the story of the object but the object telling its own story. Not only an absolute detachment is insisted on between the subject and the object and not only the subject is to stand aside, and outside the field of observation, and be a bare recorder, but he must leave the object to record itself, that is, be its own subject. When Galileo, that prince of experimenters, took two different weights, went up the tower of Pisa and let them drop and astounded people by showing how two different weights can travel with equal speed and fall to the ground at the same time, he amply demonstrated this principle of science: the object should tell its own story. Again in recent times, J. C. Bose made the plant itself tell its own life-history. In other words, he could make the plant speak for itself its own tale of growth and decay, of suffering and spasm, of swoon and suffocation under given conditions. Thus the object of knowledge in science not only predates and post-dates the subject, but also can reveal itself independently of the subject if conditions are arranged for such an act. This is the second step science took in the direction of impersonal objectivity.

Thirdly, another and by far the most important characteristic of scientific objectivity is the criterion of verifiability. An object or existent or a fact in science is universally verifiable, observable. Science proclaims that it is not the observation of one person however qualified that determines the truth or otherwise of a fact but the observation of many persons, and the possibility of observation of all persons, converging, coinciding, corroborating. It is only when observation has been tested, checked and verified that one can be sure that the personal element has been eliminated. For example, in a scientific investigation I observe and record a series of facts and when I have found a sufficient number of them I generalise and reach a conclusion. Now the conclusion which I reach is nothing peculiar to me, but everybody else can do the same thing and arrive at the same series of facts leading to the same conclusion. It is here that scientific knowledge primarily differs from philosophical valuation. Philosophy is not and cannot be impersonal in origin and hence the criterion of verifiability is inapplicable to it. It is for this reason science often represents the cooperative work of many scientists. As for cooperation among philosophers, it is hardly to be thought of at all. A philosopher may learn from others, but what he gives to the world as his philosophy is his own vision or experience of reality. Philosophy in this respect seems akin to religion and poetry.

Now the sense and substance of the ideal objectivity, as we have mentioned above, in science is this that in the long run the object must be attested by our senses: that is to say, the object must be a physical fact. The only thing that matters here, and needs to be answered, is whether a thing is or is not physical, whether it can be verified by sense experience; other things are irrelevant and

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misleading. Objectivity in science, therefore, means physical objectivity, that which can be verified by the physical mind and intelligence. This 'objectivistic' attitude of the scientific mind has so much influenced our age that we believe that anything to be objectively real must be physically real. But we shall see presently how science in its latest phase has made a great departure from this ideal of objectivity and has landed in a kind of subjectivism.

(To be continued)

K. C. PATI

TOWARDS UNITY

IV

To appreciate better the role of the monarch in the task of nation-building, it might be well to have an idea of the problems he had to face at the start. The problems were more or less the same in every country, but we shall take as typical the conditions in medieval France. Here the task of national unification was among the most complex; nowhere did it succeed so well in the end.

The work of unification was begun in France almost from the date when the Franks invaded the Roman province of Gaul in the fifth century; it was carried to perfection by Napoleon in the early years of the nineteenth when he assumed the title of Emperor. In the intervening period, France was governed in name and in varied degrees of actual fact by a number of royal dynasties, the Merovingians, the Carolingians, the Capets, the Valois and the Bourbons, each of whom did their share in preparing the final harmony. The kings who came after Napoleon had little of importance to do in the matter of national growth. France might as well have been declared a republic after the battle of Waterloo instead of waiting till the disgrace of Sedan.

Why, it might be asked, should it have taken so long to build a united France when there was an almost unbroken succession of kings who were intent on retaining power and ruling the country as absolute despots whose word was to be law? The answer might be found partly in the character of the kings and their fortunes, and partly in the conditions under which they had to work. In the early days, the French kings were betrayed by their family affections: even successful conquerors like Clovis and Charlemagne who seemed at their death to have united the whole of France under their crown hastened the ruin of their work by dividing the patrimony among their sons who they should have known could never agree to unite. By the time of the Capets when the principle of primogeniture had come to be recognised, the kings undermined the position of their successors by giving large fiefs as gifts to members of the royal family; these fiefs remained a constant menace to the authority of the first-born in the royal line. Another peculiar habit of the French monarchs was that they seemed to be almost constitutionally incapable of living within their means. Few seemed to realise that finance was one of the main props of authority. Some, like the great Bourbons, were lucky in having as their finance ministers

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men of exceptional ability. But even a Colbert or a Richelieu could not prevent extravagant foreign wars. When the crash came with Louis XVI, it was questions of finance that finally compelled the king to abdicate his rights.

But the prime cause of the delay in achieving unity lay in the very circumstances of the problem. The king of the Franks who had been originally a mere tribal chief and leader of the host in war had to contend with powerful rivals to the throne in France. First, there was the bellicose aristocracy who were his main supporters in the work of conquest and administration; secondly, there was the Roman Catholic Church with its head in Rome who acknowledged the supremacy of none other than Christ; and last, the growing body of bourgeois citizens who were slowly ousting the aristocracy by virtue of their wealth and talents. The vast majority of the people who did not belong to any of these groups and formed the servile proletariat loomed ominously in the background, ready to take up arms on behalf of any group or individual who could promise them relief from their burdens : it was with the support of this dangerous mass that the Jacobins of the Revolution ended the monarchy and Napoleon became the master of Europe and France. The problem which the king had to solve was how best to use these divergent elements to further his own ends. It would be idle to expect that they would easily give up their position to humour the king. He had to fight every inch of the way and sometimes make them fight against one another. He had to wait long, for opportunities did not come every day.

The Franks had come as conquerors ; to win booty was one of their main objectives and the feudal aristocracy was the final result. This aristocracy was formed of two main groups. In the first place, there were the close associates and supporters of the king in his attempt to conquer and govern ; to them was added the old Roman aristocracy of landed proprietors who readily sided with the new regime and became assimilated to the barbarian nobility in their habits and tastes. The aristocracy derived its power from the possession of land, in some instances enormous tracts of land, which gave them the powers of independent sovereigns. It seemed inevitable that they should come in possession of this form of power. The king had to pay for the services rendered by his supporters. He had very little money or specie out of which to reimburse them. But the entire territory of France was in his gift. It did not cost him much to distribute parts of this territory among his nobles. This he did freely and hence arose the new aristocracy of landed proprietors.

In strict theory they were no proprietors, for the land ultimately belonged to the king. But the king was happy to let it remain in their possession so long as they acknowledged his suzerainty and performed the functions attached to the gifts. Among the most important of these functions was the obligation to help the king with soldiers and equipment for his battles. Another duty

was to assist the king in his deliberations, help him in meting out justice, and, the least important of all, pay him certain dues on stated occasions, as for instance, when he was to give his daughter in marriage or was held captive and needed a ransom. In return, the nobles enjoyed full rights over their lands and all that went with them, including the men who depended on those lands in any way. There were many such dependants. There were the men who actually tilled the soil or worked on it : they were regarded as forming as much part of the land as the trees or houses that stood on it ; they became the lords' serfs bound to them for good. Then there were the lesser nobles to whom the great lords assigned a part of their land more or less on the same terms on which they themselves held it from the king : these vassals were to help their lords in their battles, pay them the feudal dues, owe allegiance to them. The vassals were of different grades, depending on the size of their holdings and the extent of their obligations. There were the viscounts and barons who were like miniature dukes and counts ; there were the sires and knights who were more modest in their pretensions ; lowest in the scale were squires who served as personal attendants and might not even possess any land. But all these widely varying grades of nobility had one thing in common : they did not work with their own hands and considered it beneath their dignity to work ; they were parasites one and all ; these were the "gentils-hommes".

The landed aristocracy was made up of another group : the old senatorial proprietors of Roman Gaul. In their case, there was this difference that instead of holding their lands as beneficiaries, they held them by "infeodation" ; that is to say, they offered their possessions to the king and thereby became his "men". The king allowed them to keep their lands on condition that they performed the same services as the foreign aristocracy. In the final result there was no appreciable difference between the old nobility and the new. The old Roman families even gave up their town villas and took up residence in fortified country houses like the more unsophisticated barbarians. They forgot their cultured habits and took to the pursuit of game.

What gave the aristocracy its power was that the king left the big landlords almost full discretion in the management of their domains so long as they fulfilled their obligations to the king. They could distribute their lands as they liked in return for military service from their own vassals. They could threaten with extinction any freeholder who would not "infeodate" his possessions to the bigger lords and accept their vassalage. They exercised the judicial function within their territory as if they were sovereigns. Some even enjoyed the rights to coin money. And all had the right of private warfare among themselves. Some, like the dukes of Normandy, could even engage

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in foreign wars and acquire territory beyond the frontiers of France without consulting the French king. He might not like it, but he had no legal power to intervene so long as the feudal bond was not broken. Many of the counts and dukes possessed territories far greater in extent than the king's. Some could even rightfully claim royal descent.

To tackle this aristocracy was no easy job.

(To be continued.)

SANAT K. BANERJI

THE NEW WORLD UNION

(Continued from the last issue)

IN the divine Providence for this age of crisis, the New World Union has begun to bring together individuals and societies of spiritual outlook, that they may grow into an effective force for peace and progress. The Union seeks the replacement of the old comparatively superficial approaches to world peace—political, economic, moral, humanitarian—by the only sure foundation for the human unity on which peace and progress depend, the light and dynamic of the Spirit. Sri Aurobindo has stressed this great truth and the Divine Mother has been using Her Force to awaken us to it.

It is only in the Spirit's light that we can see clearly the way to the summit of humanity's evolutionary ascent. It is only in the Spirit's power that we shall reach that goal of our aspiring, the Kingdom of God on earth. This is not pious talk but hard practical fact. The present superficial and makeshift paths have led us—and can only lead—to a precarious co-existence on the volcano's brink, with the *Inferno* only a question of time.

Everest can be conquered neither by a solitary climber nor by the masses. So, in this first phase of the New World Union's growth our task is one of discovering and drawing together into small groups—into fellowships of aspiration and prayer and service—those who believe in spiritual realities. Hitherto scattered, they are being banded together in fulfilment of Sri Aurobindo's declaration of 15th August 1947 over All India Radio : "A new spirit of unity will take hold of the human race." A mighty integrating Force is at work around the world today, even as we have found it moving across the face of this land during our two all-India tours for the New World Union.

Visiting more than a score of cities and towns, we have prayed to be led to those who are spiritually prepared for this adventure in unity, and time and again we have been profoundly grateful to discover and bring together a nucleus of prepared spiritual workers, of various affiliations. The individuals responding have pledged to cooperate in the following :

(1) The pursuit of self-knowledge, the exploration and integration of one's inner being, with whatever help one may derive from those who have pioneered in the inner world of man, not only his "subconscious" but specially the "super-conscious" potentialities of his being. This will be not an academic

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study but a searching inquiry in the interest of self-discovery, an integral self-development and an effective dedication to the Supreme and to the New World cause.

(2) A deeper study of the evidence regarding the basic unity of all life and especially of human nature, with due regard for the principle of diversity as well, and an earnest exploration of the far-reaching implications of these facts for peace and progress.

(3) The providing of opportunities for the spread of this all-important knowledge to people everywhere.

(4) The endeavour to cultivate in oneself and to encourage in others the fine art of mutual understanding, and to work for reconciliation, with creative justice for all, between all races, nations, classes and conditions of our fellow-men. The emphasis in the New World Union on the inner foundations of peace should not lessen our appreciation of the fact that peace must have, secondarily, its socio-economic bases as well.

(5) The promotion of the ideal of a full-rounded, integral life for oneself, for one's nation and for the world, and the endeavour to realise this ideal in every practical way.

While the members of this Union belong to it as individuals, it is expected that their new life will progressively influence all of their relationships, ultimately their nations and the world. However, other societies with a sufficiently kindred outlook are invited to become affiliated with the Union, not as members in the first instance, but in order to commend to their own members, as individuals, their co-operation in the Union and to have the benefit of the new life it may inspire in those members.

(6) The steadfast will to live up to these convictions and principles in all the attitudes and relationships of life.

(7) Such other steps as may be deemed wise from time to time to realise the objectives of this movement.

In the interest of implementing these objectives, our consultation with the twenty-odd local units of NWU has produced a body of "Suggestions for Individuals and Local Groups", of which we give here a few examples :

Seek for oneself and others a fresh *spiritual awakening* in the light of the divine Call to the work of the New World Union. Individual and group *meditation*. Aspiration and earnest effort for maximum spiritual growth. *Prayer* for one's fellow-members, for the New World Union, for human unity and world peace, etc.

Practise the *awareness* of our oneness with all men and all life. Practise the avoidance of prejudice, sectarianism, dogmatism, gossip, which violate the spirit of unity and prevent spiritual growth. Positively, respect all life and

faiths and *practise* understanding, tolerance, active goodwill towards all, from one's family circle to the local community, the state, the nation, the world.

In *meetings*, readings (informational and inspirational) on human unity, specially its spiritual foundations, gleaned from the world's inspired literature. (Let the references, or the passages themselves, be passed on to us for our compilation of a "Treasury" of such writings.) Readings also on spiritual development, self-realisation. Readings on inspiring instances of creative brotherly love or altruism ; also of reconciliation between individuals, classes, races, nations, etc.

Seek Guidance for, and be alert to embrace, opportunities for such experiences ourselves, in our own situation and by our local groups.

Pray and work towards the first World Conference of the New World Union in Pondicherry in February 1961, and beyond it.

There are certain types of activity which may naturally evolve for further implementation of these objectives and suggestions, for example, groups for study and action, study booklets and other study materials (some of them, no doubt, to be prepared by NWU), libraries of inspiration and information, drawn from any quarter, on the lines of the Union's interest ; meetings, tours (not only further India tours but a world tour by the conveners, as well) journalistic or radio or television opportunities to acquaint people with the movement—all of this free from "promotionism". Later, training courses, training centres, seminars, conferences, etc. Ultimately, whatever action projects may be undertaken, under a sense of inner Guidance, by local groups or by the movement as a whole.

But all these means are only suggestive, and always we shall seek fresh inner Guidance from step to step as we enjoy organic and integral growth in the New World adventure.

We are feeling our way along in the Spirit so far as the government of the New World Union is concerned. We believe that the vast experience of spiritual societies around the world shows that it is possible not only at an early stage when the current of the Divine Life is usually running strong in such a spiritual fellowship, but also in its maturity, to live and work together with no formal constitution, with a minimum of rules and a maximum of freedom in the Spirit. It is when the stream of spiritual life has grown sluggish, and cross-currents of rivalry have been allowed to develop, and bureaucratic hardening of the arteries has set in, that the demand for formal "safeguards" usually arises. NWU is trying to profit by the lessons of the history of spiritual movements by endeavouring to maintain the unity and harmony of the Spirit, responsive, creative, mobile. We prefer to operate by a spirit-motivated common consent, not by arguments leading to a vote, however preferable that may be to still

THE NEW WORLD UNION

cruder methods in the world at large. The Conveners and the Working Committee may offer recommendations and suggestions, but local groups are autonomous. Let this movement develop *organically*, as is the way of genuine spiritual evolution, by the inner growth and guidance of its members and local groups, not by bureaucratic promotion "from the top down".

Determined not to be a party to "a new edition of the old fiasco", we are trying to avoid the foibles of ordinary organisational practice. Nobody is being sought after for his "name". The conveners, the members of the India Council, the Working Committee, the Honorary Treasurer, have been enlisted as spiritual workers. The Union is greatly blessed by the growing number of spiritually eminent persons who have confirmed its timeliness, assured us of its success and offered their support.

The members of the non-governmental or citizen organisations of the world constitute a vast (some 450,000,000 members), largely dormant, peace-making potential. In this crisis every resource must be mobilised. In an age of "total wars", which bring whole populations into the battle line, we must wake up to the fact that peace is no longer the monopoly of governments and politicians. *Peace is the people's business!* The New World Union seeks to foster a world-wide awakening to this fact, and to combine these two vast neglected resources, the dynamic of the Spirit and the potentialities of the people. Although the basic membership is for individuals, societies which are non-political and sufficiently kindred in outlook are invited to affiliate with the New World Union.

From an extensive acquaintance with movements for world peace, we see NWU as having a distinctive function in its attempt to foster peace on a definitely *spiritual* (not to be confused with religious or moral or intellectual) foundation, and not only through the spiritual development of its individual members and their creative action but also through the affiliation and united action of non-governmental, non-political societies and movements of liberal, creative outlook and cooperative spirit. Together they constitute the mightiest force for world-changing action. True, this Task will not be done in a day. But, by divine Grace and our adequate response, may it not be done in *our* day?

In the concluding instalment we shall consider the great Spiritual Awakening in India as foreseen by the Master and energised by the Mother's Force, the coming consummation of India's Renaissance.

(To be concluded)

JAY SMITH

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

Sri Aurobindo Circle : Fifteenth Number 1959. Journal of Sri Aurobindo Society, Bombay; published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, Pages 96; price Rs. 4.

This neatly-printed Annual of papers on the thought and poetry of Sri Aurobindo came out, as usual, on the 24th April, the day of the Mother's final arrival in Pondicherry. The two excellent pictures—the Mother on the Mahakali Puja Day and the bronze bust of Sri Aurobindo by Elsa Fraenkel—add to the worth of the Annual.

The Annual begins with a few unpublished letters of Sri Aurobindo, which, as is to be expected, are extremely illuminating. The first set is on himself and on the Mother. In one letter—in reply to the query, “Is there any difference in the force and effectivity in your working and the Mother's?”—his earlier assertions are again summed up : “No, it is a single Power.”

The second set of letters, on the “Transformation of the Vital” and the “Higher Consciousness—Descent and Ascent”, deals with various important topics : the inadequacy of the pure reason to dominate or rationalise the vital force, the place of talk about politics in sadhana, egoism, egoistic feeling of inferiority and superiority, ambition, power to influence others, desire of praise, jealousy, anger etc., the meaning of the higher consciousness, the way and effect of its descent, its vision of persons, things and events, the feeling of emptiness, heaviness, tiredness etc.

“An Interview with the Mother” gives Sri Aurobindo's clarification of certain philosophical points about the psychic being, Nirvana, the cosmic and transcendent consciousness, the universe—points dealt with in a professor's interview with the Mother.

“The Object and Plan of the *Arya*” written by Sri Aurobindo at the close of the fourth year (July 1917) of the publication of his philosophical journal, *Arya*, has been reproduced. It reviews the purpose of his various series of articles under the titles “The Life Divine”, “The Psychology of Social Development”, “The Ideal of Human Unity” and “Essays on the Gita”.

“Social Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo” by Kishor Gandhi, continued from the last issue of the Annual, ably enunciates, with apt quotations, Sri Aurobindo's

view of the identical nature of the structure of the individual and the human society.

Jugal Kishore Mukherjee's "Sri Aurobindo and the Crisis of Modern Man", Kireet Joshi's "Causality, Change and Time", and H. P. Sullivan's "The Nature of the Individual Self in Shankara, Ramanuja and Sri Aurobindo"—these articles treat their respective subjects with a clear chain of reasoning and interpretation cogently connecting with Sri Aurobindo's views and solutions.

"The Future Poetry" by an eminent literary critic from England, Kathleen Raine, appreciates Sri Aurobindo's vision of the future poetry and reviews his reading of the evolution of English poetry in terms of the highest purpose of Art set for it by the Seer-Poet. The essay is penetratingly thoughtful as well as finely sensitive. Miss Raine has got into the subtle depths of Sri Aurobindo's literary thinking and set them in the context of a richly stored English mind in touch with current trends in literary criticism. The only point one does not quite understand is her statement that she finds, to a greater or less extent, a failure of communication in all spiritual poetry written in English by Indians. If the poetry concerned is written with mastery over both the vision and the language, why should the communication fail? Least of all should it fail in a many-tempered many-aspected tongue like English. And especially to an authority like Miss Raine on Blake and Yeats, a mind steeped in the symbolic (and even Symbolist) matter and manner of their occult or spiritual intuitions, and herself a poet of delicate inner perceptions, no more than a tuning-in to an intenser wave-length should be necessary.

The article by M. V. Seetaraman on Sri Aurobindo's *Rodogune* as a Tragedy gives us beautifully, in brief, the story, characterisation and atmosphere of this poetic drama.

"Glimpses of Mallarmé" continues K. D. Sethna's translations of the great French Symbolist's poems into English verse. A feat performed with deftness, these almost line-to-line translations are remarkably near to the spirit, wording, rhythm, construction and even at times French rhymes.

In "The Metaphysical Poets: a Revaluation", continued from the last issue, Shreekrishna Prasad takes up for extensive consideration Donne's "Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness" and with commendable insight views it as "by far his most distinguished achievement in religious poetry", although not "as popular with his anthologists as his 'Holy Sonnets'."

The closing note struck by Kamalakanta's poem "The Twenty-Fourth November" leaves a happy tingling in the reader's heart.

"SHANKH"

Students' Section

TALKS ON POETRY

(These Talks were given to a group of students starting their University life. They have been prepared for publication from notes and memory, except in the few places where they have been expanded a little. Here and there the material is slightly rearranged in the interests of unity of theme. As far as possible the actual turns of phrase used in the Class have been recovered and, at the request of the students, even the digressions have been preserved. The Talks make, in this form, somewhat unconventional pieces, but the aim has been to retain not only their touch of literature and serious thought but also their touch of life and laughter.)

TALK FIVE

We have now completed, with the help of Sri Aurobindo's lines, our summing up of the psychology and metaphysics of the poetic mood and process. Now I may sound a note of warning to budding poets. Our lines speak of the Eternal, the Infinite. These are terms that would spring easily to one's lips when one essays poetry in an Ashram of Yoga, but we have to be careful about them so long as we do not constantly live in the eternal and infinite Consciousness. Even if we do live in that Consciousness we must see that the poet in us speaks out of the man who has realised the presence of the Supreme and is not merely an outer person who wants to put to the uses of art the inner person's experience. In Sri Aurobindo the great words occur organically, as a living self-expression charged with truth. But we, who are not Sri Aurobindo nor sufficiently Aurobindonians even, have to be on guard against a facile indulgence in them. We cannot avoid them, we have to bring them in at times in the context of our aspirations or intuitions, but let us bring them in when we really are compelled to do so by the necessities of the inspiration. Let us do our utmost to resist their outleap and yield to them only when they overwhelm us. When the Inspiration just says "Hullo" to us at a distance, let us not immediately respond by crying out, "Infinite ! Eternal !" The Inspiration must take us by

the throat and press out of us such ejaculations. They must come churned up from our depths at a sort of life-or-death moment and not fall tripping from our tongues every now and then.

Merely their occurrence in the midst of high thoughts and lofty phrases does not prove them to be inevitable there. For it is possible to have high thoughts and lofty phrases without creating anything except resonant rhetoric. The rhetorical element is not in itself an enemy to poetry—Milton is often rhetorical in the best sense, Byron is frequently rhetorical in a fairly good sense, but theirs is a rhetoric natural to a certain genuine mood and springs from within. False rhetoric is what attempts to swell out something which is not intrinsically great or something which though great has yet come forth not in its original form but in an imitation by the outer mind.

Both the manifestations we find in the French poet Victor Hugo. Hugo had a remarkable capacity for powerful expression in which the imagination could soar high without having sufficiently gone deep. Hugo did not properly fathom his subjects, he caught hold of some large surface-impressions and tried to carry them up into heavenly air, but the higher they went the more vacuous they became, for it is only when you have seen and felt things profoundly that you can discover divine meanings in them and attune them to the illimitable empyrean. Hugo seems to have believed that a constant scattering of words like "éternité, infinité, divinité" were enough to ensure profundity. This was a mistake in artistic method. But behind it was also a psychological flaw in the poet. Hugo had a lot of self-conceit. To a youth who said to him that he had been reading Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe, Hugo said sharply: "Mais à quoi bon? Je les résume tous."¹ The colossal confidence with which he thought he summed up all the poetic giants of the past and with which he went on pronouncing like Lord God Himself on cosmic themes was his own undoing. He remains a great poet in spite of his faults, but the status he reached was quite disproportionate to his promise. More self-criticism, more resistance to his own gifts would have intensified and enriched his utterance.

We may make the same observation about another European poet, the modern Italian Gabriele D'Annunzio. His work is perhaps the most wealth-burdened so far as the use of words is concerned. But he has not enough wealth of substance to go with the verbal luxuriance and incandescence. The Italian language lends itself easily to musical polysyllabism, the poet has almost his poetry half made for him in the sound and texture of the language. Restraint, the shaping stroke, the selective capacity are therefore all the more required. D'Annunzio appears deficient in them. Not that he has mere word-prolificity

¹ "But what is the good? I sum them all up."

everywhere : at times he brings wonderful imagination-shot ideas and then his poetry is pure glory. But, like Hugo, he overwrites and is not self-critical, not patient to match depth with height, subtlety with splendour. He too had a mighty notion of himself. All great poets are perfectly aware of the divine afflatus blowing through them and know very well that they are great. Yet all are not carried off their feet by the afflatus nor do they allow its passage through their minds to give them a swelled head. I recollect an anecdote about D'Annunzio which shows the extent of its swelling in him. It concerns a most enjoyable incident. Once he was introduced to the celebrated actress Sarah Bernhardt. He stood at a little distance with enraptured eyes and, with a broad sweep of his right arm, exclaimed : "Belle ! Magnifique ! D'Annunzienne !"—and then came closer and said, "Bon jour, Madame." He had such a personality that he made his hearers accept his identification of the beautiful and the magnificent with the D'Annunzian, and many a woman, especially if she was a susceptible artiste, fell a victim to his charm and verve. But his belief that whenever he was D'Annunzian he was achieving beautiful and magnificent poetry played the deuce with him on numberless occasions. A poet can surely be conscious of his own greatness and let himself go in poetic creation without a critical back-look, when he happens to be what I may term an avatar of poetry rather than a vibhuti of poetry. Shakespeare is reported to have blotted not a single word of what he wrote; but he could afford to do that without serious damage to his own quality because he happened to be a poetic superman, a poetic avatar. Neither Hugo nor D'Annunzio was anything more than a big-size vibhuti in the poetic world. Hugo, I believe, was the bigger of the two and with a little more sense of Hugo being not so much of a Victor as his name suggested, he would have qualified for the company that Sri Aurobindo has noted as the sheer first class.

Sri Aurobindo sets up five criteria : imaginative originality, expressive power, creative genius, scope of interests, scale of work. Poets stand higher or lower according as they satisfy these criteria in a greater or smaller measure. Sri Aurobindo chooses eleven poets for the sheer first class, but even these he distributes into three rows. In the top row he puts Valmiki, Vyasa, Homer and Shakespeare as equals. In the middle row come Dante, Kalidasa, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Virgil and Milton. In the third stands in solitary grandeur Goethe.¹ Those in the first row have supreme imaginative originality and expressive power and creative genius, the widest scope and the largest amount of work. Those in the second are a little wanting in one or other of the required qualifica-

¹ Firdausi, author of the Persian epic *Shah-nameh*, is omitted altogether because Sri Aurobindo did not read Persian and was judging by his own direct knowledge of poetic works in the original.

tions. Dante and Kalidasa would go into the first row if they had the elemental creativity as of a demigod that characterised its occupants. They have instead built their worlds and peopled them by an energetic constructiveness of the poetic intelligence. Aeschylus is a seer and creator but his scale of creation is much smaller : the same may be said of Sophocles. Virgil and Milton command a still less spontaneous breath of creative genius, though their expressive power is immense. Where in their works do we meet a teeming world like that of the Shakespearean plays ? Milton has his fallen archangel Satan coming alive, and Virgil his heroic Aeneas and his tragic Dido—but most of the other characters are a little wooden. Among those who have just missed entering the third row are the Roman Lucretius, the Greek Euripides, the Spanish Calderon, the French Corneille and Hugo, the English Spenser.

While mentioning the various names I noticed one of you trying to anticipate the roll by whispering "Wordsworth". Well, Sri Aurobindo has said that Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats have been left out of consideration not because their best poetry falls short of the finest ever written but because they have failed to write anything on a larger scale which would place them among the greatest singers. Apart from their deficiency in creating a living world of their own, what was wanting in them was sustained volume. None of them gave us as much of supreme poetry as even those who have just missed stepping into the third row. They have not lacked in quality : their defect was in quantity of quality. A poet who pens a few supreme lines cannot be put on a par with one who pours out hundreds. There is, for instance, the poet who has become unforgettable for just one line about the ancient city of Petra discovered by archaeologists :

A rose-red city half as old as time.

Surely he cannot be made a peer of Gerard Manley Hopkins who has not only the highly original evocation of Oxford —

Towery city and branchy between towers —

but scores of other verses capturing with crowded yet precise imagery and with strong yet nervous rhythm a diversity of what he called "inscape" and "instress".

Diversity—this in itself is also a desideratum : the poet's scope has to be wide if he hopes to claim the sheer first class. He must take as his province multitudinous Nature and multifoliate Life and multifarious Mind. His interests should not be such as might find complete cover under a title like the one intended of a book of verses published some years ago: *A Country Muse*. I say

“intended” because actually, thanks to a printer’s devil which by a master-stroke of unconscious insight exposed the smallness of the poet’s scope, the book came out under a different caption : *A Country Mouse*. (The printer’s devil has tried his tricks with me also in the course of editing *Mother India*. In an article on the Integral Yoga and the Yogas of the past, the phrase “Buddhism can never be our resting place” was just saved from getting printed as “Buddhism can never be our restaurant” ! Perhaps here too some unconscious insight had worked the bathos, for a restaurant is etymologically a place of restoration, of life-replenishment by food and drink, and therefore symbolises what Buddhism with its supracosmic life-renouncing emphasis cannot provide to us.)

If even Hugo with his wide scope and large scale has to be left with one foot across and one foot outside the threshold of the sheer first class, how can we admit Wordsworth or Shelley or Keats ? A Frenchman, of course, would not easily accept the non-inclusion of any French poet at all when England gets two in and even Germany one. Perhaps what keeps France out in poetry of the supreme order is just the fact that France is supreme in prose : the prose-mind has reached in France such pervasive perfection that the visionary mind of poetry is interfered with by the logicity and lucidity that are the gods of prose-literature. I do not think Frenchmen will quite agree. However, they are not likely to wrangle over Hugo so much as over another poet who is their darling. They will jump up and protest : “What about Racine, the divine Racine?” And if there were a Frenchman here to see me look at Racine with unworshipping eyes, I might be in danger of *savate*. Do you know of *savate* ? It is French boxing, in which feet and head are used as well as fists. It is a most fascinating game—provided you are not involved in it. Do not ever get into a brawl with a Frenchman without keeping his *savate* in mind. Before you can put your fists up for attack or defence you may find a terrific kick landed in your stomach or you may get a broken nose under the impact of your opponent’s skull. The famous English king of the ring, John Sullivan—in the good old days when gloves were regarded as effeminate—went through a hell of a time in France when a Gallic champion challenged him to a boxing bout. Sullivan was surprised at receiving furious yet most skillfully placed kicks all over his body—not only into his tummy but also into his ears and his mouth. Ultimately he managed to drive a solid punch home to his challenger’s chin and brought the non-stop flurry of flying feet to undignified rest flat on the floor. I do not know if Sullivan provoked the fight by sneezing at the name of Racine. It is not likely, for Sullivan may not have been aware that a dramatic poet named Racine existed or perhaps even that a dramatic poet like Shakespeare existed. But Frenchmen are more conscious of their own literature than Englishmen—and it would be risky to be lacking in sovereign respect for Racine in

front of any son of *la belle France*. Since I cannot suspect any of you to be a Frenchman in disguise I may make bold to construct a brief dialogue between a Frenchman and myself.

Frenchman : "Mais vous avez oublié notre cher Racine ! C'est insupportable.

Myself : "Excusez-moi, Monsieur — je n'ai pas oublié votre Racine, je l'ai ignoré."

Frenchman : "Ignoré ? Sacré nom de Dieu ! Ma foi ! Zut alors !"

Myself : "Mais permettez-moi, mon bonhomme, d'expliquer un peu ma petite insolence. Vous parlez de Racine. Oui, il y a beaucoup de racines, mais une plante doit avoir non seulement des racines souterraines mais aussi des fleurs au-dessus de la terre. Où est la floraison de Monsieur Racine comparable à celle de Mr. Shakespeare ?

Frenchman : "Bah ! ce gros barbare de poésie, Meester Shakespeare ! Vous êtes impossible, une âme insensible. Allez vous-en !" ¹

I should thank my stars that I got only a verbal kick. But even otherwise I could console my *âme insensible* with the thought that Sri Aurobindo is on my side and rates Corneille above Racine, and Hugo above Corneille, but keeps even Hugo out of the sheer first class. In ranking Hugo as tops in French poetry but not tops enough in world-poetry, Sri Aurobindo is supported by one of the acutest minds of France herself, the Nobel-Prizeman André Gide. When Gide was asked by an interviewer, "Qui est le poète suprême en Français ?", Gide said, "Victor Hugo, hélas !"

AMAL KIRAN
(K. D. SETHNA)

¹ An English version of the dialogue :

Frenchman : "But you have forgotten our dear Racine ! That's intolerable."

Myself . "Excuse me, Monsieur—I haven't forgotten your Racine, I have ignored him."

Frenchman . "Ignored ? Confound it ! To be sure ! Be blown !"

Myself : "But allow me, my good fellow, just to explain my wee bit of insolence. You speak of Racine Well, "Racine" means "root". Yes, there may be a lot of roots, but a plant ought to have not only roots underground but also flowers rising above the earth. Where is the efflorescence of Monsieur Racine like that of Mr Shakespeare ?"

Frenchman . "Pooh ! That gross barbarian of poetry, Meester Shakespeare ! You are impossible, an insensitive soul. Off with you !"

SRI AUROBINDO'S *PERSEUS THE DELIVERER*

A COMMENTARY

(Continued from the May issue)

IV

ANDROMEDA is the aspiring human soul which has already a glimpse of a new and better and higher consciousness and therefore has a profound discontent with the present organisation of life and society and religion and a burning zeal for bringing about a radical reversal of the established order by a revolutionary effort. When her father tells her,

The mighty gods
Dwell far above the laws that govern men
And are not to be mapped by mortal judgments.
It is Poseidon's will these men should die
Upon his altar. 'Tis not to be questioned !

she replies :

It shall be questioned. Let your God go hungry.

So she will not marry the wolf of a prince, Phineus, though it may be dictated by the high policy of princes, and asks her father :

Why, father, if you gave me a toy, you'd ask
What toy I like ! If you gave me a robe
Or vase, you would consult my taste in these !
Must I marry any cold-eyed crafty husband
I do not like ?

This aspiration is essentially psychic in its nature, for it is characterised by the complete absence of the egoistic separative consciousness. It has given her the profound and secret knowledge that all human beings live, move and

have their being in one homogeneous consciousness and their individual personalities are not separate units but the self-deployings of that single consciousness. All for each and each for all and every other is the true truth of life. The perfection of this knowledge leads to the great realisation of the Upanishads : *atmani sarva bhūtān, sarvabhūteṣu atmānam*. So when Athene asks her :

Stand up, O daughter of Cassiope.
Wilt thou help these men of Babylonia,
My mortals whom I love ?

she could say :

I help myself,
When I help these.

The celestial virgin gave this knowledge to the human virgin :

To thee alone I gave
This knowledge. O virgin, O Andromeda,
It reached thee through that large and noble heart
Of woman beating in a little child.

Aspiration is planted by the Divine and the Higher Knowledge is given by the Grace and received and manifested by the heart and the vital being of the human individual. Andromeda's heart is large and noble, wide enough to harbour this wisdom and her vital being is that of a child spontaneously open to the depths of her personality and ready to manifest what it has thus received. A child lives from within unlike the adult who has a consciousness completely externalised and hesitating to act upon basic intuitions of the deeper parts of his being. A dream is often more real than the most tangible of sense-objects and influences the sense-life of the child completely. Not rarely does it get subliminal visions of deeper realities and would-be realities in dreams. It is precisely a dream of this kind that gives Andromeda a contact with Perseus, her sun-god and deliverer. This dream contact seems to be the communion of the deeper personalities of the hero and the heroine and she declares to her father defiantly that she would marry only this sun-god.

"True aspiration is something full of courage" and we see this quality in Andromeda's heroic flouting of the dread god Poseidon and his stern priest and disobedience to her father and final readiness to face the worst ordeal to save the unfortunate merchants. When Athene asks her :

MOTHER INDIA

But dost thou know that thy reward shall be
Betrayal and fierce hatred ? God and man
Shall league in wrath to kill and torture thee
Mid dire revellings,

she replies :

My reward shall be
To cool this anguish of pity in my heart
And be at peace : if dead, O still at peace !

All those who had known her as a child do not understand this change
in her and Praxilla tries to dismiss her resolutions, saying :

Such wild caprices
Are always darting through her brain

and even advises Iolaus :

Forget it
As she will too. Her strange imaginations
Flutter awhile among her golden curls,
But soon wing off with careless flight to Lethe.

But she is anxious indeed on her behalf because the priest is dangerous and Poseidon may be angry and so she must guard the child from peril of this shock. They had seen only the beautiful child with all grace and charm, innocence and ignorance and full of innocuous imaginative dreams. So they cannot believe their eyes when they see her rescuing the merchants from the temple and not afraid at all of declaring herself as the rescuer. Iolaus has to confess :

This was Andromeda and not Andromeda,
I never saw her woman till this hour,

and,

Sometimes we know them least
Whom most we love and constantly consort with.

That this is not a childish act of rashness or impulse but something motivated by the deepest sincerity becomes clear to us when we see that every-one of her actions after this new birth is consistently related to the new know-ledge she has received and is trying to assimilate and live out. Sincerity is complete transparency. It is the attempt to live always according to the light of the highest reach of one's consciousness and will manifest itself in the per-severing labour of yoking the lowest in one with the highest. Thus marriage without the heart's love loses all its meaning for her and a religion which involves human sacrifice becomes despicable and she is prepared to endure all suffering for the realisation of the value of Love. Her tender body cannot stand being bound by the violent cord and she sheds tears but her spirit can endure all. She would prefer dying for her people to becoming the wife of Phineus. She does not repent even when left alone on the rock. This is possible because of her Faith and trust and devotion and gratitude to Pallas Athene, who has blessed her with her Darshan. These qualities of "psychological perfection" are developing in her with increasing acceleration as we advance in the action. There is only one moment of human weakness when she seems to feel her loneliness and contrasts her present state of unpitied life to her dream of other powers and ways :

And all is stony, all is cold and cruel.
Yet I had dreamed of other powers. Where art thou,
O beautiful still face amid the lightnings,
Athene ? Does a mother leave her child ?
And thou, bright stranger, wert thou only a dream ?
Wilt thou not come down glorious from thy sun,
And cleave my chains, and lift me in thy arms
To safety ? I will not die ! I am too young,
And life was recently so beautiful.
It is too hard, too hard a fate to bear.

But this is just a moment, for we see her soon in a mood of prayer and de-votion calling the supreme grace to descend and help her Perseus in his terrible struggle with the Dragon :

I will pray rather. Virgin, beautiful
Athene, virgin-mother of my soul !
I cannot lift my hands to thee, they are chained
To the wild cliff, but lift my heart instead,
Virgin, assist thy hero in the fight.

MOTHER INDIA

Descend, armipotent maiden, child of Zeus,
Shoot from his god-like brain the strength of will
That conquers evil : in one victorious stroke
Collecting hurl it on the grisly foe.
Thou, thou art sword and shield, and thou the force
That uses shield and sword, virgin Athene.

Her aspiration is not for herself alone but for all her people and so she asks :

Let the dire cult
For ever cease and victims bleed no more
On its dark altar. Instead Athene's name
Spread over all the land and in men's hearts.
Then shall a calm and mighty Will prevail
And broader minds and kindlier manners reign
And men grow human, mild and merciful.

Her very physical tenement seems to express these qualities and its most characteristic feature is her sunny smile to which almost every character feels an attraction and pays a tribute and the memory of which he would not let willingly die:

And our Andromeda's delightful smile
Persuade thee of a world more full of beauty
Than thou hadst dreamed of.

This is indeed the smile of innocence and inwardness and spontaneous openness to hidden worlds of Beauty and Delight. But it acquires a deeper psychic quality and psychological perfection by her new birth and vision of Athene. Even the meanest character of self-centred love of wealth, Smerdas, cannot but recognise it .

'Tis not a dream,
The horror was the dream. She smiles on me
A wonderful glad smile of joy and kindness,
Making a sunshine.

She is Andromeda with the sunny smile. And the Sun is the symbol of Spiritual Love, Light and Beauty.

(To be continued)

M. V. SEETARAMAN

THE VALUE OF ART

ART enriches the inner man. For it is the artist's expression of the beauty, joy and vastitude of life, as it has struck him. And it carries in itself always a spark of the flame of Truth.

Art is wrongly considered by some as a mere pastime. Art does give pleasure, both to the creator and the looker-on. But this is not the main purpose of art. Art has deeper functions to fulfil. When we see a flower, is it only pleasure that we receive, physical or vital? No, in the tender unfolding of the petals we find a response to a more profound need. It is the same with art too. It is a blessing to mankind, and is to be treasured.

Art does man good, in every plane of life. In the mental plane, art develops the powers of observation and discrimination and clear-cut expression. It also develops the ethical instinct of man; for at the base of the contempt for evil is the contempt for ugliness, which is nothing but the manifestation of the aesthetic sense. And art originates from the aesthetic sense.

More often art purifies by "Katharsis", that is, by picturing the sorrowful aspect of life,—“the touch of tears in mortal things”. The shock that one receives from a painting, sculpture or a poem depicting a tragedy is naturally followed by a purification of one's thoughts and sentiments.

Art gives us a joy which is not to be compared with the temporary worldly kind of joys, associated with selfishness, greed and jealousy. It widens our narrow self and brings a divine satisfaction which is to be found nowhere else. At the same time, it creates in us an awakening and a calm urge to indulge more and more in it, to identify ourselves with it, to realise the One through it.

True art is original, new, and has the spirit of a new-blown blossom about it. In fact, it is both the imagination and the skill which blend together in the creation of a true work of art. The methods have to be mastered, and then they have to be handled in one's own way; no convention is to be copied; no imitation is to be found in the kingdom of Art. “Photography is an art when the photographer is an artist,” says the Mother. In the same way, all things can be transformed into art by an artist who knows how to listen to the inner voice and carry out its directions faithfully, in the expression that is Art.

An artist brings home to us our pettinesses, not with a cold critic's cruelty but with a benevolent friend's love.

And Art brings to us an understanding of the artist's soul and thus makes us conscious of the hidden link between man and man.

YAMUNA

(An essay written in a one-hour class-test of the First Year (Science) Course)

THE SEA

WHEN the obscuring veil of familiarity is raised and we are permitted, even for a space, to see things in their pristine light, with what an impact of wonderment appears the spectacle of the sea.

We see it then as must the uninitiated land-reared child: a restless mass of living waters energetically swaying and heaving and casting themselves tumultuously upon the shore; we recapture the thrill of excitement evoked by the huge movement and the stir, and the endless play of the changing tides, and sometimes we may involuntarily participate in some secret rapture we can never name.

The sea, the glorious sea, the living laughing sea that seems to revel in a capricious freedom mocking the tameness of the law-bound land; that sports in wanton abandon and seduces us with its happy inconsequence.

What is the charm, the fascination, the captivating call of the sea? What is the claim it holds upon the heart of the voyager and makes the land-weary sailor long for the salt-spray against his cheek and the bracing winds across this surging wilderness? Does it lie in the wonder of its many moods, as blithely unpredictable as some proud and wilful girl, when slumbrous sun-sparked waters change into the heaving fury of the gale, or playful dolphin-billows rear and churn into the green, baleful mountains of the tempest and the storm... a Cleopatra-sea that charms and dominates, woos and terrifies, smiles and smites, is kind and cruel, is beautiful and fierce; that can be as cheering as a sailor's shanty or as melancholy as a dirge at midnight. Is this the mystery of the sea?

Or is it something deeper, the feeling so satisfying to the soul of wide unhampered vastnesses when our ship is far from shore and all around is spread, under an azure sky, the unbounded blue of a changing yet changeless expanse.

And at night, when the ship's lanterns are lit, revealing our tiny human isle afloat upon the deep, when the silent stars bear witness to an infinity of universe, when the rhythmic lap of water at our sides and the muted tinkle of our shipboard life make music fitting to the scene, then perhaps it is we might perceive what means the 'call of the sea.'

This is the call which every sailor knows, and often never knows he knows because he cannot shape it into words. For no matter how coarse or unrefined, how unsophisticated or unlearned he may be, there is this longing in him that can only be appeased by his forsaking the land in favour of the older element. He may try to suppress it, to cast from him all that reminds him of his love, to lose himself in other occupations, but in the end to find it all in vain. Because it is the secret call of his own soul yearning for its own infinity and finding something of satisfaction in the boundless vistas of the glorious sea.

GODFREY

TO HIM

A QUESTION I will lift to Him
 Who knows the immense and knows the small,
 Takes birth amid us in earth's thrall
And plays in the Inconscience dim.
It is He the delight in the widening light,
 In the thunderbolt it's He the strong.
 He'll flash to me the right or wrong.
I know Him as life in birds, beasts, men—
O that I kept Him in my heart's ken !
 His steps are quiet in the flower,
 It's He the dawn and the terrible hour,
The fearful Death who holds our breath—
Even in the dark He's a golden spark—
 When shall I know the Eternal One
 Who muses among all, yet Anon ?

SUHASH

THE MOTHER*

II

SHAKTI, Shakti — fount of the One alone
That issues forth into the teeming vast,
Behind which heavens the unseized Light of worlds
Weaving the girdle of His Mystery.
Around His fire-pure Self He spins the web
Of an endless Nature and He holds the reins
Of the ego in each human form to drive
Into a boundless whirl of blinded deeds.

Who is the climber to the pinnacle ?
And whose the fiery toil ardent and bare ?
Alone She is the unique, triumphant Force —
The high invincible presence—one, supreme.
Shakti with her offspring Light and Power and Lore,
The sense of an intrinsic ecstasy,
Acts on the Adhara, and when open it stands
To Shakti She pours down Her eldoradoes
To make possible this sadhana of the world.
The dauntless quest of the seeker pure of guile
Must last until the lower nature dies.

Our taut, tremendous effort ever must own
An aspiration that is straight and true,
A surrender knowing neither sleep nor rest,
The mind's high will, the seeking depths of the heart
And a spotless wideness of the vital love.
A bold implacable resolve to be
A loyal instrument plastic for all good
To mould on high the consciousness of earth.
Eschew we must the movements shadowy, wild,
Of the abysmal nature invertebrate.
All whims and fancies and likings of the mind

¹ A versification of the substance of Chapter 2 of *The Mother* by Sri Aurobindo.

THE MOTHER

Must suffer the strength of our ruthless thunder-feet.
Then only finds the hyaline lore a room
Immune in the boundless main of tranquil mind.
At the Feet of the Truth august we needs must place
The vital nature's low desire, demand,
Craving, sensation, passion, selfishness,
Pride, arrogance and lust and puny faith,
The green-eyed monster, the sense of hostile will
And in a twinkling the power and joy sublime
Out of the zenith down will plunge to hug
The calm, stupendous, vital sacrifice.
Our nature's doubt no more must dog our heart.
Obstinacy, pettiness and eyeless sloth,
And all our vain and gloomy acts must die.
So, true stability of Light and Power
And Bliss may found itself in a body grown
Immune from fetteres and the outer sheath
Turn ever spotless and live more divine.

In every region of thy consciousness
Surrender fully what thou art and ownst
To the high Shakti, the Sole matchless Power.
Given to her immensities of Light,
The pursuer of the vast and hidden path
Drives into inner fields and splendent skies.
He sees his sadhana by the Shakti done.
Anon she pours into him more and more
Herself and finds in him the Freedom high
And perfection spotless of the Nature divine.
The more this conscious process captures all
His effort the faster, truer will be his growth.
A thrill of pure surrender and complete
Life-consecration must run from the height to the deep;
Then dies the ache of effort, not before.
A half surrender is nothing save a ruse.
Its call on God to meet its desires and free
A man from pang and struggle eats empty air —
Perfection, freedom will be a cry remote.

“MADAL”

HOW TO TALK TO A BEE

MORE than 20 years ago, Austrian-born Dr. Karl von Frisch discovered that bees communicate by dancing on the honey-comb. Last week his pupil Dr. Wolfgang Steche, 38, of Bonn's Institute for Bee Science, explained that he had learned to speak a little of the bees' language.

By patient observation over the years, Dr. Steche learned the particular dance (really a wiggling walk) that a worker bee does when she wants to steer her worker hivemates to flowers that she has found. As she dances on the vertical comb, the divergence of her dance right or left from the vertical indicates the direction of the flowers in relation to the sun. Its duration tells how far away they are—4. sec. for 200 yds., 1.3 sec. for 1,000. The rate of wiggling is important, too. Dr. Steche attached tiny magnets to bees' bottoms and found that a rich food-find produces faster wiggling.

Dr. Steche's next step was to make an artificial bee of wood, mount it on the end of a 5-in. spiral of wire attached to an oscillator. He sticks the model, faintly perfumed with lavender, through a hole in a glass-walled hive and lets the oscillator wiggle it. The bees crowd around and observe. As soon as they get the message, they swarm out and unerringly fly to the lavender-flavoured sugar water that has been placed to reward them.

Dr. Steche has succeeded in directing his bees to sugar water at various angles from the hive and as far as 1,000 yds. away. In an average half-hour experiment, as many as 150 bees understand his wiggled words and take advantage of them.

(With acknowledgements to "Time", February 9, 1959)

STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

STUDY No. 2: *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*

(Continued from the May Issue)

(F) CHARACTERS

THE major characters of this play are Antony, Cleopatra, Caesar and Octavia, the minor characters Enobarbus, Iras and Charmian.

(a) ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Antony and Cleopatra are interdependent characters. Cleopatra is implicitly present in Rome, in Misenum, and Athens. The image of Antony is never absent from Alexandria. The sea divides but hearts unite. Marriages with the scolding Fulvia and the still Octavia do not destroy but cement their love. Their union is by disassociation as Romeo's and Juliet's is by association. Antony repels Cleopatra, Cleopatra rebuffs Antony. Their love proceeds by contraries as that of Romeo and Juliet proceeds by harmonies. The one is subject to and the other free from tension. The first is the crisis of age; the second the crisis of youth. Antony and Cleopatra are ambivalent lovers. Antony seeks a release from the chains of Cleopatra.

The climax of Actium inspires manliness in Antony; the desolation of Cleopatra dissipates the idleness of Egypt. The charms of both break in the whispered words of Maecenas and Agrippa over Antony:

Maecenas : "...His taints and honours
 Wage equal with him."
AGRI : ..."A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men"

Cleopatra, pursuing "conclusions infinite of easy ways to die", lies "marble-constant" in her death :

Caesar : ...“She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace”.

Pleasure-besotted, wine-bibbing, night-marauding, Antony does not lack the vigour of arms, the pride of purpose and the pomp of war. In the crisis of Pompey in Rome, a keen intellect watches the conference of Caesar and Lepidus and not without judgement accepts the hand of Octavia. In Misenum, his eyes steer clear of the “rare Egyptian”. In Athens, his prudence yields to the charm of modest Octavia. In the land of the crocodile, he doffs the Roman plume and breast-plate. He is idle by the reeds of the Nile. Yet, not forgetful of his Roman origin, in the feasts of Alexandria he strives to rend the subtle and sinuous threads which bind him. At Actium returns the martial fire—a swift severance from the lips of Cleopatra. He leaves Cleopatra a “man of steel” with a soldier’s kiss. Thus in him cohere the incongruous and the congruous.

In his relationship with Fulvia, Octavia and Cleopatra, he is indifferent, inconsistent and consistent. Upon Fulvia’s death he cries :

Ant : “There’s a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it.
She’s good being gone.
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch.”

Freed of the marriage of Fulvia he would be free of Cleopatra. On the council-table of Caesar, he openly disavows the Egyptian:

Ant : “I am not married, Caesar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak,”

Antony is moved by wisdom. In the face of Enobarbus, he takes the lips of Octavia “to join our kingdoms and our hearts ; and never fly off our loves again”. He appraises fully the balanced qualities of tranquil-eyed Octavia :

Ant : “Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan’s down feather
That stands upon the swell at the full tide
Neither way inclines”.

Policy, not love, severs Antony from Cleopatra.

STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

Antony is aware of the glamour of Cleopatra. Her treachery he expects, her desertion he awaits. Her witchcraft he knows. His disillusionment, unlike that of Lear or Othello, is spiritual rather than mental. Events bring the long awaited release. The road to Rome, the marriage with Octavia, constant disapproval of his lassitude in war, are steps of spiritual emancipation rather than the process of mental disillusionment. The vital blows of Cleopatra restore the Roman Antony.

The Pseudo-Vital Love of Antony and Cleopatra passes through three phases—the Play of Love or Praxis, Dissilusionment and Discovery of Love or Anagorisis, Transcendence of Love or Katharsis. It is the movement of Lila, Maya, and Mukti. In the first, Cleopatra is the polar opposite of Antony ; each destroys the defect of each. In the second, Antony is released of the glamour of Love and Cleopatra of its idleness. In the third, both rise out of the mists and miasmas of life as Spirit and Spirit, pure and lucent, in immortal clasp and transcendental union.

Cleopatra is the Circe of the mystic East, weaving silken chains of dalliance on the ripples of the Nile :

Eno : “For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature.”

She is ageless in her infinite variety :

Eno : “Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety ; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies ; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.”

She is the Dolores of the seven sorrows. Her kisses are adders. She stings Antony with the thoughts of Fulvia. She pries into his every movement. Can Fulvia die ? She scolds, she bites, she decoys till his sails have left the harbour of Alexandria. She follows him in thought to Rome. She cannot measure the extent of her spell. She is mentally but not spiritually awake. The death of Fulvia brings to her a complication and not a solution. She is jealous of Octavia of the still and modest eyes. Her close questionings as to her age, stature,

MOTHER INDIA

gait, and voice show a keen but uncontrolled mind. She never meets Octavia. Octavia makes no inquiry of her. There are no vital links between the two. She rails, Octavia is silent. In distant Egypt in her declining hours, she fears her cold quiet gaze. She will not be the ornament of triumph in the streets of Rome. Antony teases her with the name of Octavia as she teases him with the name of Fulvia.

Her last disillusionment is when, in the arming of Antony for the battle of Actium, the Roman slips from her grip. In the critical days of the last engagement, her artifice enmeshes her. Antony openly denounces her charm and her faithlessness in her turning to Caesar. Upon the death of Antony Love and Glory are gone. There is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon :

Cleo : ...“All’s but naught ;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that’s mad.”

She distrusts the imperial mercy and knows the imperial triumph. In her utter desolation begins the new and better life. She comprehends the ideal and the real stature of the man whom she has ruined :

Cleo : ...“His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in’t ; an autumn ’twas
That grew the more by reaping ; his delights
Were dolphinlike ; they showed his back above
The element they lived in : in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.”

Arrayed in royal robes and crown, rising in Egyptian majesty to meet the “curled Antony”, leaving the last crimson and warmth of her lips upon Iras and Charmian, fooling Caesar, she takes the wriggling asp to her trembling bosom :

Cleo : “With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of Life at once untie : poor venomous fool
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,

STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied !”

Char : ... “O eastern star !”

Cleo : ... “Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?”

Char : “O break ! O, break !”

Cleo : “As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.
O Antony ! Nay, I will take thee, too.”

Cleopatra is Love's fateful Flower of Idleness, a waft of whispered breath upon the stirless stream, a perfume of masked content upon the waters, a dream of easeful lips in perilous embrace, a delight and a terror of the night and the day, the sap of the warrior and the stain of the man.

She is the disguised Demon of Beauty, harsh, intemperate, perfidious at the commencement of her climactic career. Devastated by Antony, ruined by Caesar, nude of crown and kingdom, despoiled of glamour and glow, stung by the kisses of the asp ; from her wreckage she rises stately in her strength and majestic in her mien, a Queen from many Kings descended, unveiling at the last the hooded glory of her divinity refined in the sevenfold heat of the fires of Love and Death.

(b) CAESAR

Caesar is the symbol of moderation, liberal but not generous, sensitive to dignity and insensitive to splendour, clement but wise, affectionate and without amour, a judge of men but not an excuser of action, idealistic but not imaginative, imperious of will but without bursts of rancour. At the conference-table with Antony he is frank to the point of tactlessness. He taxes him with a failure to keep his oath but is checked by Lepidus. He gives free consent to the marriage of Octavia as the means of a settlement between the triumvirs. In Alexandria, he is dedicated to the task of joining the province of Egypt with the Empire of Rome. No personal consideration weighs with him. He is merciful towards Cleopatra with a motive. His inner nature is cold, ruled by imperial policies and not love. His affection for Octavia, though true and deep, is subject to the claims of Rome. Forgiving the ways of Antony, tactful towards Lepidus and Maecenas, affable to Pompey, he holds a high reserve of political wisdom.

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(c) OCTAVIA

Octavia, the holy, the still, the fair, the wise, is the symbol of balance. She appears in the main thrice, in Rome at her departure with Antony, at Athens, and at Rome on Antony's desertion. She is equable in all three situations. On the first occasion, her eyes are April; her words are few. She looks rather than speaks. What she whispers to Octavius at her farewell is not heard. In Athens she is quiet. She promises her intervention with Caesar to readjust the affairs of Antony with the briefest syllables. Antony respects rather than loves her. She ignores Cleopatra. On her return to Rome when informed of Antony's indulgence in Egypt, she is without reaction. She pleads for peace and eliminates occasions of difference. She is the terror of Cleopatra. Cleopatra speaks of her; she never speaks of Cleopatra. Cleopatra loves rather than acts, she acts rather than loves.

(d) ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS

Of the minor characters, Enobarbus is an Egyptian, a watcher of action. He is the symbol of observation. In Rome he remembers the Nile. He foresees the failure of the treaties of Caesar. He is wary of the spells of Cleopatra. He notes the holy and still Octavia. He is more impressed with the pageant of Egypt than with the hills and gardens of the Palatine. He knows Antony but Antony does not know him. Once only he misunderstands him when Antony is arming. He does not believe that Antony could shake off the witchery of Cleopatra. Here he makes the central mistake. He deserts to Caesar. He is hit by the generosity of Antony who sends him his treasures. Antony's bounty rebounds upon him and in his suicide is shown the inner loyalty of his nature.

Charmian is the acutest of Cleopatra's maids. She warns Cleopatra not to cross Antony in any matter lest she forfeit her influence. She is wiser than her mistress. The "kind Charmian" tells Dolabella that Cleopatra's death is well and fitting for a princess descended from so many royal kings, and dies with the wound of her mistress's asp.

Irás is quieter but no less shrewd. She whispers the words of escape to Cleopatra :

"Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark."

STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

(G) DEDUCTION OF PRINCIPLES OF SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

From the perusal of the tragedies of Shakespeare, three general principles of tragic drama emerge—the principle of Play (Lila), of Disillusionment (Maya) and Release (Mukti). The various tragedies give varying emphasis on these points. In the *Tempest*, is the Play of Light, the disillusionment with the occult, and the liberation of Prospero. In *Hamlet*, is the play of the introspective intellect, disillusionment, and release. In *Macbeth*, is the play of the Dark, its dissipation, and a transcendence. In *Lear*, is the play of the dualities of gratitude and ingratitude, a disillusionment and a release. In *Othello*, is the play of deception, its dissolution and a transcendence into Truth.

(Concluded)

SYED MEHDI IMAM