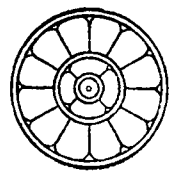
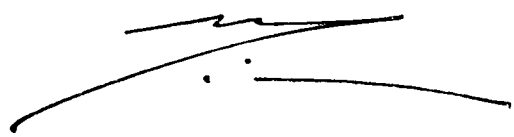
MOTHER INDIA

MAY 1960

Price : Re. 1-0-0



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. XII **No. 4**

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

CONTENTS

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Students' Section

THE MOTHER ON WORLD UNITY

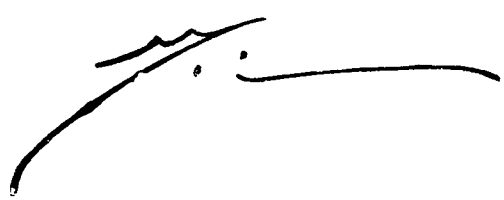
(A Message given to the Organisers of "The World Union")

The world is a unity—it has always been and it is always so, even now it is so—it is not that it has not got the unity and the unity has to be brought in from outside and imposed upon it.

Only the world is not conscious of its unity. It has to be made conscious.

We consider now is the time most propitious for the endeavour.

For, a new Force or Consciousness or Light—whatever you call the new element—has manifested into the world and the world now has the capacity to become conscious of its own unity.



GUIDANCE FROM SRI AUROBINDO

SRI AUROBINDO : To give oneself to an outsider is to go out from the atmosphere of sadhana and give oneself to the outer world forces.

One can have a psychic feeling of love for someone, a universal love for all creatures, but one has to give oneself only to the Divine.

24-5-1934

SELF : In order to arrive at the Divine love, is the universal love indispensable ?

SRI AUROBINDO : There is no strict rule about it.

24-5-1934

SELF : A sadhaka need not give himself to an outsider, but can he express his psychic love to him ? I would also like to know from you if the sadhaka might help him to rise higher.

SRI AUROBINDO : It is safer not to indulge in such activities. One is more likely to be drawn into the other's consciousness than to be able to help him—unless he is himself a truth-seeker.

26-5-1934

* *

SELF : Are periods of no definite movement necessary for the working of the Force ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes, there are sometimes periods of assimilation, sometimes of preparation of some part of the being or nature.

21-8-1934

SELF : During assimilation, why should the consciousness lose silence and receptivity ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Because it is parts of the ordinary consciousness that are assimilating.

23-8-1934

SELF : How does one assimilate when one does not feel one is receiving ?

SRI AUROBINDO : When one is assimilating, one is not receiving.

23-8-1934

SELF : Cannot the consciousness receive as usual along with the assimilation ?

SRI AUROBINDO : No. Even in your good days you have usually periods less good—it is then that the assimilation takes place.

23-8-1934

SELF : After the period of assimilation, the mechanical mind and even the subconscient seem more under control.

SRI AUROBINDO : There is always a gain or progress at some point after these periods of assimilation if one takes them rightly—however dull or troublesome they may be.

24-8-1934

SELF : When, after action during the day, the being feels empty in the evening, is it for rest ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes—the system has to take rest so as to assimilate and renew its receptive power.

21-12-1934

* *

SELF : Today's general condition is of emptiness. My consciousness does not like to concentrate on or aspire for any particular thing. It feels : let the Mother choose the course of the sadhana.

SRI AUROBINDO : It depends on the stage which one has reached. Personal aspiration is necessary until there is the condition in which all comes automatically and only a certain knowledge and assent is necessary for the development.

29-8-1934

SELF : May I leave everything of my sadhana solely to the Mother so long as there is quietness ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes, provided there is no falling into unprogressive inertia.

7-9-1934

SELF : My consciousness is coming down from its usual pitch of intensity. The mind seems to be under the impression that everything is going on well.

SRI AUROBINDO : Perhaps you are becoming too passive and ought to go in for some more dynamic aspiration.

28-9-1934

* *

SELF : It is said about Napoleon that whenever he wanted to think or talk he used to open a particular drawer of his mind. And when he desired to be quiet he just closed it. How did he manage it ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Napoleon had a clear and powerful mind and a strong will—that is how.

25-5-1934

SELF : I don't quite get the point of your phrase : "that is how".

SRI AUROBINDO : It means that there was no device by which Napoleon did it, it was simply because of his superior will and intelligence.

25-5-1934

(From NAGIN DOSHI)

SRI AUROBINDO ON INDIA'S DESTINY

II

(This is the second article in the series we republish here for the first time. It appeared originally in the Karmayogin *of July* 3, 1909.)

A TASK UNACCOMPLISHED

THERE is no question so vital to the future of this nation as the spirit in which we are to set about the regeneration of our national life. Either India is rising again to fulfil the function for which her past national life and development seem to have prepared her, a leader of thought and faith, a defender of spiritual truth and experience destined to correct the conclusions of materialistic Science by the higher Science of which she has the secret and in that power to influence the world's civilisation, or she is rising as a faithful pupil of Europe, a follower of methods and ideas borrowed from the West, a copyist of English politics and society. In the one case her aspiration must be great, her faith unshakeable, her efforts and sacrifices such as to command the admiration of the world, in the other no such greatness of soul is needed or possible, a cautious, slow and gradual progress involving no extraordinary effort and no unusual sacrifices is sufficient for an end so small. In the one case her destiny is to be a great nation remoulding and leading the civilisation of the world, in the other it is to be a subordinate part of the British Empire sharing in the social life, the political privıliges, the intellectual ideals and attainments of the Anglo-Celtic race. These are the two ideals before us and an ideal is not mere breath, it is a thing compelling which determines the spirit of our action and often fixes the method.

No policy can be successful which does not take into view the end to be attained and the amount and nature of the effort needed to effect it. The leader of industry who enters on a commercial enterprise, first looks at the magnitude of his field and intended output and equips himself with capital and plant accordingly, and even if he cannot commence at once on the scale of his ideal he holds it in view himself, puts it before the public in issuing his prospectus and estimating the capital necessary, and all the practical steps he takes are conceived in the light of his original aspiration and ordered towards its achievement. So it is with the political ventures of a nation. To place before himself

a great object and then to shrink in the name of expediency from the expenditure and sacrifice called for in its pursuit is not prudence but ineptitude. If you will be prudent, be prudent from the beginning. Fix your object low and creep towards it. If you fix your object in the skies, it will not do to crawl on the ground and because your eyes are sometimes lifted towards the ideal imagine you are progressing, while you murmur to those behind, "Yes, yes, our ideal is in the skies because that is the place for ideals, but we are on the ground and the ground is our proper place of motion. Let us creep, let us creep." Such inconsistency will only dishearten the nation, unnerve its strength and confuse its intelligence. You must either bring down your ideal to the ground or find wings or aeroplane to lift you to the skies. There is no middle course.

We believe that this nation is one which has developed itself in the past on spiritual lines under the inspiration of a destiny which is now coming to fulfilment. The peculiar seclusion in which it was able to develop its individual temperament, knowledge and ideas—the manner in which the streams of the world poured in upon and were absorbed by the calm ocean of Indian spiritual life, recalling the great image in the Gita, even as the waters flow into the great tranquil and immeasurable ocean, and the ocean is not perturbed—the persistence with which peculiar and original forms of society, religion and philosophical thought were protected from disintegration up till the destined moment—the deferring of that disintegration until the whole world outside had arrived at the point when the great Indian ideal which these forms enshrined could embrace all that it yet needed for its perfect self-expression, and be itself embraced by an age starved by materialism and yearning for a higher knowledge —the sudden return of India upon itself at a time when all that was peculiarly Indian seemed to wear upon it the irrevocable death-sentence passed on all things that in the human evolution are no longer needed—the miraculous uprising and transformation of weakness into strength brought about by that return—all this seems to us to be not fortuitous and accidental but inevitable and preordained in the decrees of an over-ruling Providence.

The rationalist looks on such beliefs and aspirations as mysticism and jargon. When confronted with the truths of Hinduism, the experience of deep thinkers and the choice spirts of the race through thousands of years, he shouts "Mysticism, mysticism!" and thinks he has conquered. To him there is order, development, progress, evolution, enlightenment in the history of Europe, but the past of India is an unsightly mass of superstitions and ignorance best torn out of the book of human life. These thousands of years of our thought and aspiration are a period of the least importance to us and the true history of our progress only begins with the advent of European education ! The rest is a confused nightmare or a mere barren lapse of time preparing nothing and

leading to nothing. This tone is still vocal in the organs of the now declining school of the nineteenth century some of which preserve their influence in the provinces where the balance in the struggle between the past and the future has not inclined decidedly in favour of the latter. In Bengal it is still represented by an under-current of the old weakness and the old want of faith which struggles occasionally to establish itself by a false appearance of philosophical weight and wisdom. It cannot really believe that this is a movement with a divine force within and a mighty future before it. The only force it sees is the resentment against the Partition which in its view is enough to explain everything that has happened, the only future it envisages is reform and the reversal of the Partition.

Recently, however, the gospel of Nationalism has made so much way that the organs of this school in Bengal have accepted many of its conclusions and their writings are coloured by its leading ideas. But the fundamental idea of the movement as a divine manifestation purposing to raise up the nation not only for its own fulfilment in India but for the work and service of the world and therefore sure of its fulfilment, therefore independent of individuals and superior to vicissitudes and difficulties, is one which they cannot yet grasp. It is a sentiment which has been growing upon us as the movements progressed, but it has not yet been sufficiently put forward by the organs of Nationalism itself, partly because the human aspects of the Nationalist faith had to be established before we could rise to the divine. But that divine aspect has to be established if we are to have the faith and greatness of soul which can alone help us in the tremendous developments the signs of the time portend. There is plenty of weakness still lingering in the land and we cannot allow it to take shelter under the cry of expediency and rationality and seek to kill the faith and force that has been born in the hearts of the young.

The Karmayogin has taken its stand on the rock of religion and its first object will be to combat these reactionary tendencies and lead the nation forward into the fuller light for which the Bande Mataram and other organs of the new faith only prepared. The gospel of Nationalism has not yet been fully preached; its most inspiring tenets have yet to be established not only by the eloquence of the orator and the inspiration of the prophet but by the arguments of the logician, the appeal to experience of the statesman and the harmonising generalisations of the scientist.

SRI AUROBINDO

THE TRUE MEANING OF FREEDOM*

SRI AUROBINDO

(Translated by Niranjan from the Bengali essay in "Dharma O Jatiyata".)

FREEDOM is the goal of our political struggle, but there is a difference of opinion regarding the true meaning of freedom. Some say it is full autonomy, some say it is colonial self-government (Dominion Status) and yet others mention that it is "swaraj", full political independence. The Aryan Rishis used to designate the practical and spiritual freedom and its fruit, the inviolable Ananda, as "swarajya", self-empire. Political freedom is but a limb of swarajya, self-empire. It has two aspects—external freedom and internal freedom. Complete liberty from foreign domination is the external freedom, and democracy is the highest expression of the internal freedom. As long as there is an alien government or ruler, no nation can be called a free nation possessing self-empire. As long as democracy is not established, no individual belonging to a nation can be deemed a free man. We want complete independence, free from the servitude to foreigners, complete authority of the individual in his own home. This is our political aim.

I shall describe briefly the cause of this yearning for freedom. For all people, subjection is a messenger and servitor of death. Only freedom can protect life, and make any progress possible. Swadharma (self-law) or work and endeavour fixed by one's own nature is the only path of progress. The foreigner in occupation of the country, even if he is very kind and our well-wisher, will not think twice about putting the load of an alien dharma on our heads. Regardless of whether his intention is noble or wicked, this can never do us anything but harm. We have neither the strength nor the inclination to advance on the path suitable to the nature of an alien people; if we follow it, we may be able to imitate them well enough, ingeniously covering up our own degradation with the symbols and robes of progress of the foreigner, but during an ordeal our weakness and sterility, resulting from the pursuit of a foreign dharma, will become evident. We too shall die out because of that sterility.

* This was written long before India became independent—Editor.

The ancient European nations that were governed by Rome and that adopted her civilisation lived happily for a long time but their eventual plight was dreadful. The abject state to which they were reduced accounted for the loss of their manhood. Such a miserable condition and forfeiture of manhood are the inevitable outcome of a people who adore subjection. Death of the self-law of a people and adoption of an alien law provide the principal basis for the continuation of foreign rule; if even in our bondage we can protect or resurrect the self-law of our being, then the chains of slavery will automatically fall away from us. Therefore, if any nation loses its freedom by its own fault, an untruncated and full independence should be its first aim and political ideal. Colonial self-government is not independence. However, if full power is unconditionally given with it and the nation does not have to abandon its ideal and self-law of being, then it can be a helpful condition prior to full independence.

Now it is being said that to entertain any hope of independence outside the British Empire is a mark of arrogance, an incitement to treason, those who are not satisfied with colonial self-government must be guilty of treason and rebellion against the State and as such must be excluded from all political activity. But a hope or ideal of this nature has nothing to do with treason. From the inception of the British rule, many great English politicians have been saying that an independence of this kind is also the aim of British officials and even now British judges openly proclaim that propagation of the ideal of freedom and lawful endeavour to attain it do not constitute a violation of the law, nor are they a crime. The solution to the question whether we should be independent outside the British Empire or within it does not seem to interest the National Party. We want full independence. If the British were to organise such a united empire that the Indians, while remaining within it, could realise their full independence, why should we have any objection to it ? We are struggling for independence, not out of spite against the British, but in order to save our country. However, we are not prepared to show our countrymen the wrong path of false politics, the wrong way to protect the country by admitting an ideal other than that of full independence.

INTUITION AND INSPIRATION IN ART

As intuition plays the major role in one kind of art, even so inspiration in another. Two kinds of beauty have sprung into existence from these two faculties. Why speak of the artist alone—all powerful creators, in fact all human beings, differ in their individual nature, but they may be broadly classified under these two heads.

Knowledge is quite evidently the principle in one, life-energy in the other. Steadiness is the mark of the one, speed of the other. One has wideness, the other depth. One is comprehensive, the other penetrative. One gives forth light, the other heat. One is illumined, the other dynamic.

Intuition is inner seeing, inspiration inner hearing. Poetry breaks out of the former, music of the latter. We find a considerable influence of inspiration in poetry where music looms large; *e.g.* in lyrics. Likewise a poetic form can often be found to a large extent in music—Wagner is an immortal instance. Inspiration is the fount of the lyric, intuition of the epic.

Forms of beauty and truth come into existence through the creator's intuition, and the rhythm, the gesture of truth and beauty through his inspiration. "The thing in itself," the substance, shines clear and lucid in intuition, while its character or "nature" reveals itself poignant and intimate through inspiration. One is the formative force, the other the kinetic or executive.

The following line of Kalidasa is an embodied figure of truth and beauty :

> The fir trees shiver in the sprays cast by the descending torrents of the Bhagirathi.

While these lines of Shakespeare—

> The shard-bone beetle with his drowsy hum
> Hath rung night's yawning peal...

bring before our mind the sportive dance of truth and beauty.

The rhythmic swinging movement as described by Kalidasa more clearly reveals and fixes a static form; the picture that floats on the horizon of our mind through the lines of Shakespeare seems to fling far the waves of a dynamic movement.

In a way, the creators of the East seem to proceed more by intuition, while the creators of the West by inspiration. And it is here that we get some

explanation for the charge that the East is inert and conservative in contrast to the dynamic and progressive West. The East is after beautiful static forms in her creations and the West is fond of sprightly flow.

One may say that inspiration reigns supreme in the West; and yet currents of intuition are found there side by side with it. The genius of the Latin is replete with intuition and that of the Celtic, the Slav, the Teuton with inspiration. If Shakespeare, Ibsen and Dostoevsky belong to the latter category, Virgil, Petrarch and Racine represent the former.

Intuition and inspiration do not limit themselves, however, to particular countries or races, but the two appear in all ideological schools and even social customs. The Classical and the Romantic can be differentiated by these two principles. The Classical is motivated by intuition, the Romantic by inspiration.

Again the same difference is apparent between the ancient and the modern. Sparks of intuition are scattered all over the ancient arts, and inspiration marks the modern. The Renaissance of Europe failed in its attempt, however sincere, at imitating the intuition of Homer and Virgil of the remote past and unwittingly managed to usher in the epoch of inspiration. Dante was the harbinger of the spirit of this new age, while Shakespeare of the English and Ronsard of the French developed and exampled it in the comity of cultures. Again the glimpses of intuition that we come across in the inspiration of Dante, Shakespeare and Ronsard have further diminished in Shelley, Byron and Hugo. Finally, inspiration has become all in all among the modern and the ultra-modern artists including the Symbolists and the Impressionists of whom Paul Verlaine at one time was a leader.

It may be said that to a great extent in the East the whole of Sanskrit literature was founded on intuition. In the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Ramayana and even in the Mahabharata, very often we find instances where the rein of knowledge has prevented the emotion and the zeal of the heart from running riot. In fact the speciality of Indian art does not lie so much in the play of colours as in the drawing of lines. Colour gives the tinge of the vital urge, while it is the lines that create here the real beauty by circumscribing or delimiting the object in view. Indian sculpture and architecture embody the quintessential spirit and gracefulness of intuition.

Perhaps in India the Vaishnavas or the followers of the path of devotion have replaced intuition by inspiration. It is by their influence and at their hands that literature based on inspiration has become so rich, eloquent and intense. Western scholars say that the Aryans were mostly intellectual, principally guided by reason; it is the non-Aryans, the Dravidians, who have introduced the element of emotion into Indian culture. The Aryans generally followed the path of knowledge and the South Indians were predominantly devotional. Perhaps

there is some truth in this saying. The Buddhists were also to some extent responsible for the exception to the even and tranquil tenor of Aryan culture. In the beginning the Buddhists, like the Vedic Aryans, laid the greatest stress on knowledge. Later on, when Mahayana, the Great Path, came into vogue, there commenced the worship of the Buddha. When the compassion of the Buddha was recognised as the principal trait of Buddhism we moved away from intuition and resorted to inspiration.[1]

Bengal is chiefly the field of inspiration. It is inspiration that dominates the field of action, the art and religion of Bengal. Scholars hold that the Bengalees are three-fourths Buddhists in their culture and education and as a race they are Dravidians to the same degree. No wonder that by the union of these two currents Bengal has become the holy confluence of inspiration like *Prayāg*, the place of pilgrimage, where the Ganges and the Jamuna have met.

Now, in the creation nothing can remain itself and unaltered for good. Difference and polarity are the inviolable laws of nature. Therefore it is not that we do not find glimpses of pure intuition here and there among the Bengalees. Chandidas, the pioneer poet of Bengal, represents an unalloyed, pure inspiration and Vidyapati reflects glimpses of intuition. When a feeling of emotion tingled through the blood of Chandidas he turned deep within and sang to himself with his eyes closed, in trance as it were :

Sister, who has sung first the sweet name of the Lord Krishna ?

On the other hand, the self-poised Vidyapati with his eyes wide open sang :

Childhood and youth fuse together.

Again, if in Rabindranath we get at the fountainhead of some of the deepest, purest inspiration, we see on the other hand an effort and aspiration for intuition in Madhusudan.

Intuition and inspiration do not necessarily mean the same thing always and everywhere. Both differ in kind and degree—ranging from the subtlest to the grossest, from the highest to the lowest. If we want to make a differentiation between them, we have to look to the source from where they originate; otherwise by itself neither can claim superiority.

[1] A similar event seems to have taken place in Europe with the advent of Christianity. The Graeco-Latin culture was predominantly based on reason and knowledge like that of the Indian Aryans. But Christ appeared on the scene with the emotional gift of the psychic being.

Besides, we must not forget that after all—even as the all-gods—intuition and inspiration exist together and overlap each other. At places one takes the lead and comes to the fore and the other is subordinate and remains in the background.

To be sure, there is no such gulf between the two as we may imagine and construct in order to understand and distinguish them clearly and logically by our mind, which cannot grasp anything except by division.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

(Translated by Chinmoy from the original Bengali in "Adhuniki")

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHOLOGY

(Continued from the April issue)

EXPOSITION : INDIVIDUATION, MENTAL, PSYCHIC AND SPIRITUAL *(Contd.)*

"INDIVIDUATION", we have said, is the watchword of the subjective age which started in the West about the time when the Renaissance in India began and we described it as the integration of human personality into one whole. This entire Western Psychology either preconceives it philosophically or understands it vaguely as the result of just this process of integration without being able to characterise or even to define it. Thus individuation does not seem to exist *a priori* but to come into existence *a posteriori*: it has to be created rather than discovered or developed. Somewhat hastily this whole is termed the "self". Jung seems to be rather fond of the Latin conception of "persona", meaning the mask which actors were wearing in ancient Rome, and he uses this term for the continuously changing superficial formation of Nature in man which Sri Aurobindo calls his personality or simply the ego.[1] This persona or mask has to be put off in order that—Jung again—the true personality may appear. But this true personality, from an integral point of view, can hardly be considered to represent more than some idealisation of the human ego. Now, what Psychology aims at and what it conceives as constituting the process of individuation is to raise the entirety of what is called the personal unconscious, and as much of the inexhaustible collective unconscious as may show itself during the procedure or disturb it, to the level of normal consciousness and to integrate the total mass of dark unconscious content completely into the consciousness of the individual. This process of individuation will permit as much light to fall on that dark mass as there may be individually available so that in the end the personal unconscious will be emptied and cease to exist. Every element from "below" will be firmly anchored in the conscious personality and thus prevented from ever falling back into the abyss. The individual, by destroying the connecting link with the collective unconscious, the contents of which used to invade his personal unconscious, will be more or less freed from fierce attacks and subtle invasions out of this black womb of Nature and lead

[1] The term "ego" is to be taken not as a moral but as a purely psychological conception.

a psychologically healthy, safe and, what seems to be of fundamental importance to the West, independent life.

With some knowledge of the forces governing the psychological development of the West one may call this conception of individuation typical. For these forces aim at intensification rather than at expansion, at maturation rather than at growth. They are responsible for the top-heavy structure of modern man, for his lack of inner balance, the monstrous development of his egoic personality, for his superiority-complex and his want of spiritual aspiration. But they are responsible too for the great scientific and artistic achievements of the West, for the efficient economic and social development, for man's physical, vital and mental strength and endurance and for his capacity to accept duties and responsibilities. Nevertheless, a great part, perhaps even the greatest part of western consciousness and energy, is used up in constructing a necessarily limited formation of outer personality in which to live as independently of, and as undisturbed by, the world as possible for the satisfaction of one's own desires and interests. The original purpose of this frail and wry building might have been to unfold the capacities of human nature, to manifest in its fulness all that has become possible at this particular state of evolution in order to create a firm foundation upon which the edifice of future growth and experience might rest safely. This purpose, however, has been betrayed as far as human beings are concerned. It has become the means for enjoying the result of man's growth. Early in life he begins to think of the time when at last he will be able, and permitted by society, to indulge in the pleasures of existence for which he has suffered arduous years of immature growth. He wants to blossom, to show what he has become, and he already longs for the fruits that will be his if he, instead of moving upward, moves along the horizontal line of least resistance.

These tendencies modern Western Psychology serves well. But the question is whether the service is pleasing only or is essentially required. From a psychopathological point of view, Psychology will maintain, it is absolutely necessary. It is the only possibility of restoring the inner equilibrium of man, the abnormal man as well as the normal, for who can be considered to be normal ? Well, supposing it to be necessary we may still ask : Is it at all possible ? This question can be answered best from an integral point of view. Here we see the outer personality of man, the apparent whole into which we are supposed to integrate ourselves, to be nothing stable, fixed or continuing as an independent entity. It rather presents itself as the continuous flux of Nature through individual channels or formations of her physical, vital and mental energies, an up-and-down and a to-and-fro of waves, currents, charges, of sensations, emotions, impulses, thoughts, of stimuli, actions and reactions, an eternal becoming and

re-becoming, a building and destroying, an integration and disintegration, in which nothing seems to last, to overcome the uninterrupted change, and to form a centre, a solid point of rest. This natural movement is in the individual reflected in the ego-idea that dominates the process of personality. As some sort of centralising faculty in the mind this idea creates an illusion of separation, of independence and otherness and maintains the illusion by a clear-cut distinction of I and Not-I in spite of its own drifting in the stream of universal Nature.

Generally, therefore, man is not conscious of his physical energies being nothing but a loan of Nature from her immense reservoir of material force which he spends and receives back at every hour of the day. He is not conscious of the fact that his vital tendencies, his desires, hopes, loves, his pains and sorrows, all his sensations and perceptions are but fugitive guests of Nature in his consciousness and leave him as they entered—a stream of restless vital visitors. And he is not aware that the thoughts he thinks, the intuitions, inspirations and revelations he suddenly finds in his mind, the impulses of his will to live and to act surging up in him are not his own, are not products of his intelligence and motive-power. He believes himself to be their creator and is unable to see from where they come and whither they are going and that in reality he is nothing but a transforming dynamo through which Nature sends her energies to be shaped and changed according to her plans. The truth of man's personality is that it forms a direct and inseparable part of the being and working of universal Nature and only the idea of an ego supported by the deceiving perceptions of the senses creates the illusion of a personal identity in this outer part of his nature, the only thing of which he is directly conscious.

That there can be no integration of whatsoever elements into this flux is obvious. Even if the egoic consciousness is able to receive and perhaps to contain for a short time certain subconscious elements, it is not able to keep them constantly in the focal-point of its attention and once they have left the centre of individual concentration anything may happen to them and it is very likely that they sink back from where they came. But there is another objection to be raised against this method of integration. We know the capacities of the egoic consciousness to be minimal. What ordinary man generally is conscious of does not exceed very much the limit of a small section of physical existence. Thus any integration of subconscious elements would have to be preceded by an enlargement or extension of the egoic consciousness. For in order to be able to include in a definite sphere of man's existence all that formerly was excluded from his consciousness the consciousness itself will have to grow. This is indeed the only possibility to bring the personal unconscious into the light and under the control of the conscious. It is not by raising single elements to the surface of consciousness that, even if this endeavour goes on for ever

the unconscious can be exhausted. For, the nature of the subconscious is not determined by a certain number of elements contained in it but the nature of the elements is determined by being subconscious. Thus the subconscious itself, and not only some or even all of its elements, has to be included in the conscious, for only then the permanent danger of a sinking back of the elements is removed. The danger that cannot be removed in this way is that of a new invasion of the half or fully emptied personal unconscious from the collective unconscious. Though man may now be conscious of this invasion of his being by universal forces he will not yet be able to control them, to admit whatever is helpful to his existence and growth and to refuse what is harmful and therefore undesirable, as the universal will always overpower the individual. To avoid this danger he would have to include the very collective unconscious in his consciousness and that would mean to universalise the latter, at least in one dimension. But it is exactly this that western man dreads most, as he imagines it to mean a dissolution of his cherished personality in the impersonality of Nature, a sinking back into the womb whence he came. Besides this, says Jung, it is impossible. The collective, of which he does not quite know the extension for otherwise he would have called it the universal, cannot be included in the individual. Thus in the very end and despite our efforts to raise as many elements of the nether worlds to the surface or even to include parts of these worlds themselves in our consciousness, little will have been achieved and a perfect integration, a true individuation, will for ever remain a beautiful but far-off ideal.

Apart from all these improbabilities and impossibilities, we may ask if this is really the thing that has to be done. Is the only means for realising the human integer a head-down plunge into the mud that threatens to suffocate us ? Is an immediate battle with the dark forces of our nature really inevitable or may it perhaps be put off till a day comes when man's knowledge of himself and of the world-forces, his strength, patience and endurance have increased ? And can we ever hope at all to win this battle ? Jung says yes. But he can hardly be sure of his affirmation. For, how will he, a scientist of the theoretic-practical type and thus bound by the recognised method of objective investigation, ever know for sure that the thing he calls individuation has really taken place ? So long as he is not able to see man from within we cannot rely on his statements regarding this essential point. Would it not, we may ask ourselves, be better first to call down whatever forces of light there might be above us, say, in a region which in contrast to the spheres below we may call the super-conscious, and only then to raise the forces of darkness or not to raise them at all but to allow the light from above to penetrate into the abyss and to transform it ? Of this possibility Jung does not think, for he does not recognise a

superconscious. For him the unconscious alone exists, a strange mixture of light and dark elements—for in it he includes even intuitions, revelations and similar forces that are of greater light and power than the ordinary formations of the human intellect.

This is perhaps one of the greatest shortcomings of his Psychology, for without this distinction, without a clear separation of Light from Darkness, Truth from Falsehood, Knowledge from Ignorance, Bliss from Pleasure and Pain, and a full recognition of the luminous side of Nature towards which we move and which constitutes our future as opposed to Nature in its dark aspect from where we came and which constitutes our past, no real integration can ever be achieved. We have to choose the direction in which we want to move, we have to keep the goal in view that has to be reached. Either we look back and try to order the past or we look forward and try to conquer the future. Growth can only be achieved in one direction and we have to decide if it is growth that we want. The superconscious is as concrete a reality as the unconscious and the forces from above are at least as powerful as the forces from below. Jung fails here because he approaches Psychology from a medical or a psychopathological angle which necessarily results in a one-sided picture. As he does not look sufficiently deep into himself he needs "material" to investigate. Thus he is dependent upon his patients who supply him with the facts from which he draws his conclusions. And as he normally is not consulted by any man psychologically healthy in questions of spiritual, that is, superconscious integration, of the transformation of nature and the perfection of the imperfect he has but little opportunity to observe the luminous forces of Nature at work and to see the tremendous results they achieve in the lives of many aspiring people. He even admits his helplessness in regard to this point by sending a number of his patients to the priest, who, being totally ignorant of spiritual psychology, can, of course, give no valuable advice whatsoever. Thus the individual who wants to look forward, to overcome his limitations, to grow and to change his nature receives no help from Psychology. This is the most serious deficiency of this branch of Western Science and it is, therefore, no wonder that more and more people are seen turning towards the East for truth and inner guidance.

(To be continued)

JOBST MÜHLING

HOW THE MOTHER'S GRACE CAME TO US

Reminiscences of Various People in Contact With the Mother

24

It was a case of prolonged suffering. Doctors had declared it to be beyond recovery and simply 'hopeless'. The last injection was given and the best of the doctors in the State said in a most pessimistic tone that now it was a question of a few minutes and if I survived that night a doctor would have to be called in from Calcutta. As I am a Class I government servant the best medical aid was easily available to me, yet seemed all in vain.

All the members of my family, my wife and children were shocked to hear of the imminent calamity. But even on the pronouncement of the doctor I had not lost heart and was feeling very much 'relief' within and was absolutely calm and composed.

I asked my wife to sprinkle Ganges-water over my body and to put Tulasi leaf and Ganges-water into my mouth. When this was done I asked her to close the door, take the pictures of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo from my Puja-corner and put them on my chest so that I might see them clearly and meditate on them intensely. This also was done. Then all those who were in the room, including my wife and children, were asked by me to leave me alone. This was at 3 a.m. and I asked them to open the door at 6 a.m. to see whether I was still alive or gone.

Silently, in the heart of my heart I started repeating the *mahāmantra*: श्री मीराऽरविन्दाय नम —"obeisance to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother"—with rapt meditation on them within my deepest heart. It was hardly 45 minutes to 4 when I felt the Mother as if physically near my pillow, looking at me with infinite love and compassion and showering on me Her peace and bliss. The Mantra and Meditation went on uninterruptedly and all along I felt the Mother's physical yet luminous Presence near me, very near me. She then put her right palm on my forehead and said, "Worry not." I fell into a happy slumber but the Mantra, Meditation, the Mother's Presence and Her words "Worry not" were all mingled up in it. Every cell of my body was as if bathed in divine intoxication. It was indeed an experience which can better be imagined than described. It lasted for over two hours and when my wife opened the door at exactly 6 a.m. she found me completely recovered.

Compiled by Har Krishan Singh

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
A SYMBOL OF INDIA'S CULTURAL HERITAGE

(Continued from the April issue)

THE PROCESS OF DARSHAN *(contd.)*

CASES are not rare where after Darshan some feel a kind of resistance instead of Peace or Ananda. Dr. Nirodbaran records in his *Correspondance with Sri Aurobindo* (Second Series) one such experience on the August Darshan :

N: During this Darshan, instead of Ananda, Force or delight I felt a great dryness.

SRI AUROBINDO: It depends upon your condition whether the Ananda or Force or Light descends or whether the resistance rises. It is the resistance of the ordinary physical consciousness ignorant and obscure that seems to have risen in you. The period of the 15th is a period of great descents but also of great resistances. This 15th was not an exception.

In the following letter Sri Aurobindo indicates the nature of these descents and what actually took place during the Darshan of 15th August 1936:

"The last Darshan was good on the whole. I am not now trying to bring anything sensational down on these days, but I am watching the progress in the action of the Force and Consciousness that are already there, the infiltration of a greater Light and Power from above, and there was a very satisfactory crossing of a difficult border which promises well for the near future. A thing has been done which had long failed to accomplish itself and which is of great importance. I don't explain now, because it forms part of an arranged whole which is explicable only when it is complete. But it gives a sort of practical assurance that the thing will be done."[1]

A visitor had fifteen or sixteen Darshans in his life-time but the last Darshan of the Master on 24th November 1950 was for him a treasure above all. There was a visible thrill through his body as he spoke of his experience.

[1] *Sri Aurobindo On Himself*, p. 240.

It was a miracle how he came from so far a place as Panna (M.P.) when till the 19th November he had not a single rupee in his pocket. A yet greater miracle was how, with no money again, he was drawn some ten days after when on December 5th the Master left his body. This is one of many such well-known cases. From the large numbers that came from different parts of the country one can fairly say that there were very few devotees who were denied the great Darshan of the Mahasamadhi.

After the Darshan in November '50 there has been a change in the Darshan procedure. The Master has left his material body but he has not left us. Again and again the Mother has assured us that he is with us and will be with us till the work he came for is accomplished. After his withdrawal the Ashram atmosphere was surcharged so much with his Presence that many of us felt he was actually enveloping us. This experience was no speciality of the Ashramites, people outside far and near equally had it; it was as if his hitherto concentrated Presence in his own room had now broken and diffused itself into numerous living forms.

Let us recall what the Mother disclosed to K. M. Munshi, the then Governor of Uttar Pradesh, in March 1952: "Sri Aurobindo is still alive, as living as ever, and will continue to live. We feel it every day. You told me that for many months he seemed to be haunting you. It is not only your experience but of many... We are determined—he and I—to complete what he lived for... India must maintain the spiritual leadership of the World. If she does not, she will collapse, and with her will go the whole world... About yourself, he was very clear. You follow the lines of your own development and, as he said, you will gain your Soul..."

K. M. Munshi was one of the last whom Sri Aurobindo granted the privilege to have a personal talk with him. He wrote thereafter :

"When I visited him after the lapse of more than forty years, I saw before me a being completely transformed, radiant, blissful, enveloped in an atmosphere of Godlike calm. He spoke in a low, clear voice which stirred the depths of my being."

Now let us hear what he says standing before the Samadhi :

"Surrounded by the wings, the main building had a small compound, tastefully laid out. In the middle were a few trees. Under their shade stood the rectangular 'Samadhi' with sides painted grey-green. Flowers of magnificent hue were spread over the top with rare taste—an unconscious tribute to one who thought and wrote profoundly about aesthetics as part of spiritual evolution. A cupola of flowers was in the middle... I was humbled. I felt waves of reve-

rence surging up in me. Enclosed within this stone monument were the remains of a man who, for sixty years had lived and taught the true message of India; who, for forty years, had stormed the fortress of the Unknowable in order that the world's life might be broadened into Divine Consciousness. Conscious, too conscious of my own imperfections, humbly I placed the flowers on the 'Samadhi'."

In spite of all odds the Darshan goes on. The Mother now sits in a chair-throne at the end of a corridor facing the Darshan room. The throne on which the Master and the Mother used to sit during the Darshan days is where it was, now with his luminous portrait engraved on a sea-shell by a devotee named Mr. Abel of Tahiti, an island in the Pacific Ocean.

Sri Aurobindo's room is kept intact. All his furniture—his bed, his sofa, his table—and all the books he used are there. The calender showing the date 5.12.1950 is kept as it was. His time-piece still shows his chosen time of departure 1.26 a.m.

Beside the Master's sleeping couch there is a bronze bust of him which was sculptured by the famous European artist Mrs. Elsa Fraenkel. It was first unveiled by the Mother in the Library Hall on 24th November '58. Afterwards it was installed in the room of Sri Aurobindo. Early this year Mrs. Fraenkel herself visited the Ashram.

A visitor from Africa had been told he would receive the Mother's blessings before his departure. But as the Mother had for a time retired into seclusion he could not have it. So it was suggested to him that he might meditate in Sri Aurobindo's room for five minutes. While meditating, a prayer rose from his heart. To his surprise he saw the bronze bust of the Master moving its neck in acknowledgement and saying, "I have heard your voice, I bless you."

Before 1938 no one could go to Sri Aurobindo's room except when the Master went for bath. After the accident, his personal attendants were allowed to go in. From 1950 all who participate in the Darshan, whether those living in the Ashram or coming from outside for the occasion, are allowed to pass through his room before coming up to the Mother. A spiritual Fire, a living Presence is there which can be felt by anyone entering his room.

In the August Darshan of 1951, just while passing through Sri Aurobindo's room, an old sadhak had the vision of the Master's glorious figure in white light in a sitting posture. For a moment the walls and the surroundings vanished. Instead he saw a number of luminous angels performing *Arati* (a form of loving adoration) of the Master. He appeared seated in the same place where his resting couch lies. This vision was followed for days together by a series of wonderful experiences. It brings to the mind the following words :

"The Master leaves his material frame, but his work continues. He leaves the body, obviously for the reason that only by so doing he could best consummate his work. His vision stands as the unfailing and infallible Light and mankind and earth shall accomplish whatever he aimed at and worked for—the supreme Consciousness he brought down into earth's sphere is there, continuing to guide and shape and achieve."[1]

In the course of a talk with an acquaintance, when I asked him if he had had the opportunity to have the Darshan of the Master, he exclaimed,—

"Oh yes, I have seen him."

"When ?"

"On 2nd October 1956. It was a great day in my life. I cannot forget it."

His whole body beamed with joy when he said so. Then he narrated how he had come first from London to Pondicherry. He had made up his mind to have Darshan of the Master in November 1949 but could not come. He got upset when he heard the news that the Master had left his earthly sheath. He wanted to visit the Ashram but circumstances led him to London for study. The charm and splendour of London could not quench his thirst for a visit to the Ashram. After a year and a half he wanted to return to India *via* Colombo and, instead of going on to his own province, sidetracked to Pondicherry. But being pressed by family troubles he wanted to change his mind and hurry home, when he heard a powerful voice in his heart, "Is this your devotion for the Master ?"

"Come what might, I must visit the Ashram first," he said to himself. In the meantime all his difficulties were over.

Once he came for the momentary Darshan of the Mother by selling his camera of Rs. 600/-, the only property he had which could bring some money.

Formerly no message was given on Darshan days, only silent blessings were given. Just after the Master's passing, the Mother gave his photo to each of us, one of those taken after the samadhi.

The Mother now blesses us with a Message on the Darshan days. The Darshan, from 1951, has taken place at 10 a.m.

Our description of Darshan cannot be complete unless we reproduce the feeling of our Manager, Amrita, after the passing of the Master. He said in 1951 :

"During the period when I had free access to the Master, I had often found him reaching down to my level and becoming one with me. Yet I used to have

[1] The Bulletin of Physical Education, February, 1952, p. 2.

a feeling as though I was standing before a shoreless ocean, before the limitless stretch of space and to have the experience of a sense of the touch of the Infinite, the source and support of all that is and is not.

"Yet another thing. Though he was like us before us, we could see and feel the shadow of our self falling off little by little all through his grace and our feeling flooded with light, strength and joy. I have experienced this clearly and without doubt."

Finally, we may touch on the way the power of the Darshan Day works even beyond the confines of the Ashram. It was the year 1958. Circumstances took X 1400 miles off from Pondicherry. He had hoped to be back before the April Darshan. Whatever he did, wherever he went, his thoughts remained centred in the Ashram. When he found there were only three days left for Darshan he felt miserable, as he would have to miss it. Then his heart became all prayer. He prayed that something might be vouchsafed to him that might be memorable for all time.

On the Darshan morning he walked up and down the lawn in his courtyard. In the course of a few minutes he got lost in concentration and saw the scene of the Darshan in vivid detail—the Samadhi covered over with rose petals, people moving up in a queue to the Mother, he himself kneeling down before her and receiving blessings. This was followed by other visions still more moving in the evening.

NARAYANPRASAD

THE LAST NIGHT

THE barque of my soul was sailing undirected,
Through a soundless night and a soft congealing mist
Of faceless pallid memories swirling and receding,
Lost in the veils of dim dark-shaded scenes
From my transmigrating search
For my source and for my God.

This strange and ill-hued night drew back;
Then all about me leapt the glare,
The lurid tongues of Hell's dismembered flames,
But through this blood-bewildering dawn
There came a calming wind : then waves of peace
Flowed out of timeless space—
A Supramental all-consuming sun
Now filled the hours with bliss-sustaining Grace.

From a distant and diviner shore,
Across the golden, opal foaming sea,
I heard the pure and trembling call
Of the Immortal Lover's fabled flute.
My soul made swift and glad reply,
"To Your gracious feet, O Lord, I come."

TONY SCOTT

THE GOLDEN "SERVICE"

(At Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi under the tree whose flowers are declared by the Mother to signify "Service")

Stars above
And stars below,
Golden to crown thy Sleep,
Golden to serve thy Feet,
To spark and sprinkle everywhere the Gold.

This radiant shower
Heralds the promised world, the perfect hour
Forever here and now to sweep
Away thy children's mortal gloom
And in their earthliness to room
The spring-smile of the Golden Bloom
Crowning the body and purpose of thy Sleep.

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

THE TREE

GOLD upon green, with light to cherish it—
Fabulous, fabled Service tree;
Fold upon fold with Her light to nourish it,
Faithful, majestic feretory !
Shed now thy blossoms of gold on the earth again,
Carpet the ground with thy petals of peace—
Stoop to our longing heart for new birth again
Echo our cry for the soul's release.
Thou too art the Mother who comes to our aid
With outspread arms protectingly;
With golden canopy and gentle shade
Green as the silent woods of Arcady.

NORMAN DOWSETT

FOR EVER, O LORD...

For ever, O Lord, I stand in front of you :
The heart has no more charming scenes to paint
Than this, my sight knows not of happier view.
Before your shape : away impediment !

Be praised my eyes : Your Eyes they can behold.
Be praised my feet : they stand before Your Feet.
O sacred Fate ! My front, a script of gold :
I live the age You live : privilege sweet !

You've raised a staircase with Your godlike might,
With a diamond-glow enriched the earthly hours,
You've married the earth with the azure vast of light,
Upon this soil blossom the Space-born flowers.

For ever, Father, keep me in front of You :
Seeing You, my true Self O let me view !

PRITHWINDRA

(*A rendering of Prajaram's Gujarati poem*)

YOU COME AGAIN

You come again, and sweetness fills my heart,
That thrilling sweetness I so soon forgot;
The lure of lesser things, those transient lusts
I satisfied; the while the soul distraught
Cried stop, and cried in vain.

You come again, e'en though my hands are soiled,
To fill my soul once more with songs sublime,
Answer my wantonness with smiling love
And patient wait my self-appointed time
Of sure, complete surrender.

You come again, such is the mystery.
You do not change, but I, and to my shame,
Must dance to hellish tunes; inconstant lights
Bewitch my eyes and play a devil-game
Of drunken pleasure-whims—and dismal after-pain.

O, bind me now with bonds that naught can sever,
Enter my vacant life and leave me never.

GODFREY

A DIVE INTO DR. RUNES' *A BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION*

(Continued from the April issue)

Now we arrive at a landslide, as it were, in this thoughtful volume of Dr. Runes. The idea expressed by the Doctor on Ahimsa sounds queer and unmeaning. He says jeeringly :

"This, the Hindu principle of non-killing of cows and other animals, has led to the killing of hundreds of thousands of Indian Moslems who ignored it."

Is there a single fact in the long history of India to show that the poor Moslems were mercilessly butchered under this fantastically unpardonable pretext by the Hindus ? No doubt, the Hindu does not kill the cow in particular, perhaps for certain sane reasons. But how could Dr. Runes, with all his scholarship and learning, ignore with ease the naked fact that hundreds of thousands of Hindus eat meat and flesh ? The practice was prevalent—this may surprise the Doctor immensely—even among the Vedic peoples.

On the contrary, it is the Moslems who invaded peace-loving India, adopting whatever means they thought fit in carrying away forcefully the Hindu maidens into their harems, in plundering the country's enormous wealth, destroying her temples of magnificence and beauty built with a holy intention and vibrant with a spiritual significance, and thus enforcing and establishing their rule over a country that was not theirs. (All this I say as an answer to Dr. Runes' ill-mannered pronouncement. I am not unaware of the significance of the Moslem arrival in India, and of the British at a later period, and the contribution their rule has made to the enrichment of Indian culture.)

Now it should be as clear as daylight that the Hindus fought to protect their land and their people when the Moslem came upon them with his sword and the Christian with his bullet. It is a pity that Dr. Runes does not find even a single word to let out on—leave alone against—these ferocious invaders who carried on planned killings and disturbed and introduced chaos into Indian life.

And no Hindu scripture has ever declared : "Thou shalt not protect thyself when the enemy seats himself upon thy breast and grapples fast thy throat." India did not preach the timid doctrine : "If one slaps on thy right cheek, offer thy left." And, most strangely, the nations among whom this teaching has been

prevalent have been those so-called honourable ones which, without a second thought, went forth robbing other nations to whom the very idea of slapping others ever remained a foreign thought. (When I say this I take India as a nation, not the stray killings that an individual or a blind group of people might have committed here and there in a mad fit of excitement, and the spirit that dominates the Indian people as a whole. For a nation is not to be judged by a few bits of failings in its long stretches of history. That would not make a wise and real assessment. For if a nation is to be judged by its shortcomings then there would be only a 'History of Failures' ! A nation is to be judged by its best and its highest, by its ideal. Perhaps this holds good even in the case of the individual too.)

In other words, India as a nation has never even in thought coveted the wealth of another nation, much less raised the sword against a brother country. The Indian people did go to other lands—but always with a spontaneous good-will of amity and friendship and never at all with a consciously planned ill-will of staking out "new territory" and thus grabbing wealth and power on which the mean self feeds greedily. India perhaps is unique in this respect and stands dignified head and shoulders above all other nations of the globe.

Dr. Runes continues in the same statement : "How often a religious tenet so drifts away from the original spirit that it leads to the opposite."[1]

What is the original spirit behind the principle of Ahimsa ? Where is the opposition at all ? If at all there is one, let us see where exactly it lies.

First of all, Ahimsa, in the pure Hindu sense of the term, does not mean mere physical non-killing. Buddha in a sense, though not in the full sense of the Gita,

[1] This, in fact, most aptly applies to the Moslem and Christian For, the Moslem under the spell of his fanaticism and the Christian under his shop-keeper's garb encroached upon India and occupied Indian territory. In so doing, was it not they, first of all, who flagrantly went back upon their sterling religious tenets, respectively the ideal of "Brotherhood of Man" and " Love thy neighbour as thyself ?" Or, does it in any way represent the height of any genuine national ideal worth the name ? These belligerent nations attempted even the colossal but vain dream of proselytising—perhaps found it not so easy as dram-drinking—the whole of India whose civilization is counted not in hundreds but in thousands of years. Is this act or even its idea at all in consonance with the normal conduct of any religion which professes to be true and really soul-saving ? I do not mean to boast that India is perfect. Far from it. But name one nation which can stand up and say unhesitatingly : "We are a perfect one" ? Indeed a blunder of India in the long run has been that some of her powerful master-minds declared to the world that the world is an illusion. For this was not the truly original Indian spirit of the wholesome, all-embracing religion of the Vedas. For even in the concrete life of this world, India, never losing sight of the eternal in view, had her luminous periods during which she rose to peaks of excellence as high as those found anywhere else in the world in Art, Literature, Philosophy, Science, even in Trade and Commerce with nations across her seas. This obviously could not be if illusoriness of the world were the real basis of her life and her thought in essence.

had a spiritual view of the matter. However, this does not in the least set a limit to the spiritual experience and realisation of the Lord. But in the Buddhist and the Jain, and later in Mahatma Gahdhi, it has taken purely a moralistic turn. In the Jain it got even lowered into laughable eccentricities.

It does not seem to find a high place in the Hindu Dharma in the way it is ordinarily understood or rather misunderstood. This does not mean that Hinduism encourages killing or even injuring life. Significantly, the principle finds a happy reference in the celebrated Bhagavad Gita, though it is often misunderstood as moralism or else formal religionism is read into it.

Ahimsa, as a Hindu principle, is an attitude, a spiritual attitude. It is not bound by and does not fall under the rigid tenets of ethico-social religion. It is really unfortunate that it is often and hastily looked at from this point of view with the result of misunderstanding and almost a fixed misconception. Though the principle is not meant for every ordinary roadside Pandu and Hari, its influence pervades the very bones of Hindus and finds expression in their life and thought in general. I wonder if there is any nation on this wide earth which loves peace and amity with all life so inherently and immensely as the Indian nation does. India could never conceive of invading or sacking another country —she felt she was created and destined for a different mission altogether : the mission of unification of all peoples through the cultural and spiritual conquest of the world !

It may be noted here that the principle as we find it in the Gita is meant especially for one like Arjuna, who is a representative man, one who has reached a certain height in the evolutionary process and is face to face with a spiritual crisis and a moral collapse. But at the same time it is always welcome if every individual man aspires for it and endeavours to follow it sincerely.

The Lord in the immortal Gita enjoins : "Fight, remembering Me." Take away the latter part of this injunction, what remains is a stark egoistic act : killing then involves himsa. Even though Arjuna kills, it ceases to be himsa altogether by "Remembering Me" and thus it shines forth as a pure spiritual act of salvation to Arjuna. That is, the action in itself is neither spiritual nor unspiritual. The state of consciousness we put into it makes it a spiritual or unspiritual act.

Again, Ahimsa in the physical sense of the term can never be practised though unnecessary physical killing is not to be indulged in. But it is no use telling : "I sweep the way before I tread it so that beings which are not visible to the naked eye may not die underfoot." For, by the very touch of your broom alone how many tiny beings are not killed ! And not to speak of those that are crushed before you ever took up the broom in hand to clear the way ! Is this type of Ahimsa ever practicable and sound sense ?

What the supreme Lord in the great Scripture means to say is : 'If you fight with a sense of malice or shrinking, you straight away commit an egoistic act resulting in himsa. Simply 'remember Me' alone while you fight for a just cause. Let no malice or hatred or shrinking from war, even with your relatives, should ever enter into you. Then will you have done a purely spiritual act. Sin then touches you not.'

In this all-clear spiritual tenet of the Hindu Dharma, at once strikingly noble and brave, there is no opposition or contradiction of whatsoever kind but that which Dr. Runes himself fondly puts into it. It is obvious that the opposition which the Doctor contends for is not in the principle itself but rather rooted somewhere in his own mind. And it is his turn now to look for it and discover it copiously imbedded therein.

Further, it should be clearly understood that the real issue is not between himsa and Ahimsa but between the gross egoistic act and the pure non-egoistic spiritual act, which is above all spurious duality, with a divine intention of establishing Dharma, truth and righteousness, destroying all that is Adharma, falsehood and untruth, which come to stand in the way of divine fulfilment. It is in this noble sense that sometimes destruction is said to be a necessity. This is an eternal truth and does not merely refer to a particular situation, as some would have it. Again it may be noted well that even the highest sattwic act, which may appear as a towering truth to the man dominated by ethico-social principle, need not be a spiritual act. For spirituality is beyond all gunas. Though it may not exclude them, they must be utilised as an instrument of the Spirit.

This, I believe, is in short the original spirit behind the Hindu principle of Ahimsa.

It is disheartening that Dr. Runes should happen to read a poor sickly notion into this daring spiritual principle. The root cause of misunderstanding what is purely Indian lies chiefly in looking at it from an ordinary ethico-social point of view. Even some of the highly honoured Indian thinkers have fallen victims to this contagion as they have developed the glamorous habit of barrowing the Western mentality, even sometimes loving to be dyed in it, while looking at the truth of the Indian Spirit. The grave consequence of all this has been a giant falsification.

However, except for the half-truths to which Dr. Runes gives expression, his thoughts on the whole, it should be well remembered, are an outcome of ripe contemplation and they carry in them a power that moves the reader to think. To be with him is really interesting. He has, it goes unsaid, an eye of deep observation turned on human life and thought and getting the right measure of them.

But he does not suggest a means, a definite way by which humanity may develop and progress in its onward march. The present degraded state of man's affairs appears to overwhelm him. It is perhaps because of this that he has little or nothing to say about a hopeful future. He does not, at least in the present work, tell us whether man in particular and humanity in general are heading towards a greater fulfilment. Though he gives voice to a flickering hope somewhere—and that with a number of big "ifs"—he does not seem to have sufficient faith in man and a vision to declare that after the passing of the darkest night the day will dawn and that in spite of hovering clouds the sun will rise and shine in all its glory. Indeed a note of despair is heard in many of his utterances in regard to the nature of man as he is.

How man can correct and cure himself of the existing malady seems to find expression in a line when he says that the way to God is through man's love to man. But this appears to be the same ineffective humanism, good in its own way and in its own place, which has always failed and will always fail to bring about any real change in man's nature. It matters little even if it takes the name of God. For, what really matters is how God can be effectively brought into man's life. And how can man's love to man lead to God, unless man makes God the centre and the one supreme aim of his life ? His love remains as dark and impotent as ever unless it is infused, uplifted and divinised by the light of God-love. If a thing has to become all-powerful, harmoniously effective and everlasting, it should be based on and guided by something that is already omnipotent, omniscient and eternal. Otherwise it can never win an enduring victory : it may appear to strike a success but only to meet with eventual collapse.

In general Dr. Runes seems to have adopted a negative approach by unveiling the defective side of man. Indeed that which he points out does refer to a matter of truth worth considering and taking as an aid to rectify human nature and the existing circumstances. But he could as well have taken up a more positively constructive attitude showing directly how humanity could become better and advance into higher heights. For already we have a vexed humanity. It is athirst for and needs a voice that sings of hope, enlightens and helps to release life from its dark moorings.

We may draw to a close by noting in a passing reference that the truths Dr. Runes unveils are, with certain exceptions, temporal. But unless the temporal truths are seen more and more in the light of the eternal, how can man be helped to move out of the present miserable temporal fringe into the yonder blissful life divine ? All efforts man makes will come to nothing if he has not, by whatever means, learned to live in and for the eternal Truth. For, those who have touched the Lotus Feet of the Eternal have throughout the ages declared in

one unequivocal voice that in Him alone rests the ultimate fulfilment of man's whole life and being.

Let us hope with Dr. Runes' wise aphorism that always "a good thought, even when poorly presented, will finally emerge right-side up" and that "the last thought is always wiser than the first." May this come true in man's life ! And may humanity out of its present travail find the true side of its nature, its divine portion that is the soul, and grow wiser by recognising a Light that is greater than what is merely human !

(Concluded)

POORNA

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

Highways of God by *M. P. Pandit.* Price : stiff board, Rs. 5/- ; cloth, Rs. 6/-. Publishers : Sri Aurobindo Study Circle, Madras 5.

The book is a collection of the author's articles and reviews contributed to different journals and some of his answers to the questions from readers of these articles. The book, as is evident from the title, deals with the different paths leading to the Truth explored by seekers and blazed by spiritual luminaries down the millenniums, in different countries. The spiritual truth is one but has many aspects and reveals itself in infinite ways adapted to the psychic temperament of the seeker and hence all bigotry springs from the blind rigidity of the fanatics.

The book comprises four sections. The first is "A Peep into the Beyond." Here the author seeks to establish the truth that Matter is not the only reality and that there are many other planes of existence which though not necessarily spiritual are essentially supraphysical and which always act on and interpenetrate the beings of the earth. In the author's own words, "Once we recognise that Matter is not the sole truth of existence nor the physical senses the sole testimony of reality, and that there are several planes of Existence of which the physical state normal to us is only a part, a projected segment, and the worlds constituting these orders form a gradation with a constant interchange subtly going on among them, all supraphysical or occult phenomenon stands explained." The first essay is a very methodical and cogent adumbration of the cosmogony propounded by Sri Aurobindo. The author has also in the light of this cosmogony answered questions about the state of the soul after Death, that Theban monster whose stare always freezes our blood. He gives lucid and simple answers on the nature and significance of Rebirth, Memory of Past Lives, Hypnotism and Ghosts.

A most interesting article is the reveiw of the book, *The Great Mystery of Life Hereafter*, which is a symposium of articles contributed by notable personalities like Dorothy Sayers, the famous translator of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Basil Henriques, Bertrand Russell, C. Andrade, etc. The author presents the substance of each article and even the views of the different founders of religions about the Hereafter in a simple, succinct and clear manner. The catholicity of his outlook is very refreshing; for he tries to probe into the truth of

every religious practice, such as Japa and Vrata, and tries to show how if done sincerely and in the right spirit it can be the vehicle of spiritual progress. The articles on work, student-life and sadhana and child growth are of a very practical import, or rather they leaven even the secular activities with the spiritual philosophy of the author. He is a disciple of Sri Aurobindo and most of the articles are side-lights on his Master's gospel of the Life Divine.

Perhaps in one article the author lends himself to some misunderstanding —the article on a book about the Javanese mystic Muhammad Subuh, whose system is known as Subud. Describing his life as given by the book, the author writes : "...one night in 1925, while walking alone on a road a bright ball of light like a sun floated towards him and touched his head; he began to shiver." Then the author quotes the passage apropos of the subtle experiences Subuh is said to have had for a thousand nights. The passage runs : "His soul visited various planets, and he records that when he reached the sun he saw that its light was in reality reflected from beyond our solar system. This ascent took place on the thousandth night, the final culmination, during which his body remained in a cataleptic trance. In the centre of the sun yawned a great hole through which he was preparing to pass when a voice warned him that if he went further it would be impossible for his soul to return to his body. He was required to perform a task decreed by God for the benefit of humanity." On this Mr. Pandit comments in parenthesis : "We are strongly reminded here of a verse in the Upanishad which says that those who cross the gates of the sun cannot retain their body."

Now, the sun in the Upanishad, as in the Veda, is a symbol of the world of the Supreme Truth-Consciousness, what Sri Aurobindo calls the Supermind, where the truth of multiplicity is seen one with the truth of unity. Mr. Pandit's comment catches—understandably—at a surface suggestion due to a similarity in the language and the imagery. But we would wish he had remarked that the sun could stand for a large variety of occult realities and what is here is, to all appearance, something to do with the "subtle-physical" or "vital" counterpart of our solar system and certainly not anything related to the reality touched on in that Upanishadic verse. In the system of Subuh, is there any description, such as in the Vedas or in Sri Aurobindo's writings, of the True, the Right, the Vast (*Satyam, Ritam, Brihat*) that is the supramental world ? There seems no question of Subuh having access to the Supermind or even to the Overmind which most of the highest post-Vedic spirituality of India took for that sovereign Divine Dynamism. Nor, to be fair, can Mr. Pandit be charged with implying such access just because he was reminded of that verse of the Upanishad. He is too sound a mind to be taken in. But the unwary reader of his comment may fall into a mistake.

We may permit ourselves another general observation on the subject-matter of the article. All those who have led the spiritual life even under such powerful guidance as that of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother can immediately see that no one can make it a smooth gliding through as Subud seems to make it out. Spiritual life is not an affair of miraculous touches and there an end; every inch of ground has to be fought for with relentless tenacity and sincerity. The present reviewer has received from a friend first-hand information of the way some of the Subud centres work and he is inclined to think that the spiritual and the vitalistic are not sufficiently distinguished. But, of course, Mr. Pandit cannot be blamed here : he has gone by the book he has reviewed and presented to the reader its own points and claims. Perhaps some readers may have been more satisfied with a critical intervention here and there.

Highways of God as a whole is very interesting, the essays are short and thus suitable to the modern age of supersonic speeds and they combine a wide erudition with perceptive insight.

RAVINDRA KHANNA

A Seminar on Saints. Editor *T. M. P. Mahadevan.* Distributors : Ganesh & Co. Madras 17. Pp. 456, Price Rs. 12.50

'Do you love God ?' so was asked Rabia, the Sufi saint.

'Yes,' was the instant reply.

'Do you hate Satan ?' was the next question.

'No, my love for God leaves no room for hating Satan. My love for God has so possessed me that no place remains for loving or hating anyone save Him.'

Recalling this reply of Rabia, in the course of his introduction to the collected Papers contributed to a Seminar on Saints[1], Dr. Mahadevan stresses this fundamental characteristic of brotherhood in God among all saints belonging to whatever country or age. For the truth of God that they realise within themselves and perforce radiate around them is the same always, *Divine Love*, even as the aspect realised by sages all over the world is the same— *Divine Knowledge*. The learned Editor draws attention to the distinction usually made between sages and saints and points out that such discussion is more academic than practical, for every sage has something of the saint in him and *vice versa*. The

[1] Under the auspices of the *Union for the Study of the Great Religions (India)*.

fact is that in the case of the saint his essential way of approach to God is through the heart and emotions while for the sage or seer it is through the enlightened and spiritualised mind, though it is to be noted that in the course of the spiritual progression of the soul other lines of entry into the kingdom of the Spirit may and do open by themselves and draw upon and equally support the main course of sadhana. A study of the accounts of saints given in the pages of this valuable compilation would show how in many instances Knowledge came as a crowning movement of Love and Love as a natural outflowering of Knowledge.

We have here, within the covers of a single volume, a variety of papers written by competent persons on more than fifty saints, some emphasising the biographical element and some the philosophies embodied and expounded by them. Beginning with Narada, there is a happy series of brief studies of the Saiva, Vaishnava and other saints of India—ancient, mediaeval and modern—followed by some of the Sufis and important Christian Mystics down the ages, providing rich material for students of Religion and Mysticism. In keeping with the nature of the subject there is a fine spirit of catholicity running through the writings of all the contributors, making the publication a very desirable addition to every Library.

Neatly got up, the book has a durable binding and is priced reasonably.

M.P.PANDIT

Students' Section

RÉPONSES—ANSWERS

Q. Douce Mère, qu'est-ce que tu nous donnes le matin, au balcon; et qu'est-ce que nous devons essayer de faire pour recevoir ce que tu nous donnes ?

Q. Sweet Mother, what is it that you give us in the morning, at the balcony; and what should we try to do in order to receive what you are giving ?

R. Tous les matins, au balcon, après avoir établi un contact conscient avec chacun de ceux qui sont présents, je m'identifie au Seigneur Suprême et me fonds complètement en Lui. Alors mon corps, complètement passif, n'est plus qu'un canal à travers lequel le Seigneur fait passer librement Ses forces et déverse sur tous Sa Lumière, Sa Conscience et Sa Joie, selon la réceptivité de chacun.

La meilleure façon de recevoir ce qu'Il donne est de venir au balcon avec confiance et aspiration et de se tenir là *aussi calme et tranquille* que l'on peut dans une *attente silencieuse et passive*. Si l'on a quelque chose de précis à demander, il vaut mieux le faire *avant*, pas au moment où je suis là; parce que toute activité diminue la réceptivité.

A. Every morning, at the balcony, after establishing a conscious contact with each of those who are present, I identify myself with the Supreme Lord and merge myself completely in Him. Then my body, completely passive, is nothing but a channel through which the Lord passes freely His forces and pours on all His Light, His Consciousness and His Joy, according to each one's receptivity.

The best way of receiving what He gives is to come to the balcony with trust and aspiration and to keep oneself *as calm and tranquil* as one can in *a silent and passive waiting*. If one has something precise to ask, it is better to ask *before*, not at the moment when I am there; because all activity lessens the receptivity.

12-10-1959 THE MOTHER

Q. Douce Mère, que veut dire "le silence de la conscience physique" (La Vie Divine, p.89), et comment se tenir dans ce silence ?

Q. What is meant by "the silence of the physical consciousness" (The Life Divine, p.89), and how is one to keep oneself in that silence ?

R. La conscience physique est non seulement la conscience de notre corps, mais aussi de tout ce qui nous entoure, de tout ce que nous percevons avec nos sens. C'est une sorte d'appareil d'enregistrement et d'émission, ouvert à tous les contacts et tous les chocs venant du dehors et répondant à ces contacts par des réactions de plaisir et de peine qui accueillent ou qui repoussent. Cela fait une activité et un bruit constants dans notre être extérieur dont nous ne sommes que partiellement conscients tant nous y sommes habitués.

Mais si par la méditation ou la concentration nous nous tournons vers le dedans ou vers le haut, nous pouvons faire descendre en nous ou faire surgir des profondeurs, le calme, la tranquillité, la paix et finalement le silence. C'est un silence concret, positif (pas le silence négatif de l'absence de bruit), immuable tant qu'il est présent, un silence que l'on peut éprouver même dans le tumulte extérieur d'un ouragan ou d'un champ de bataille. Ce silence est synonyme de paix et il est tout puissant; c'est le remède parfaitement efficace de la fatigue, la tension, l'épuisement provenant de cette suractivité et de ce bruit intérieurs qui généralement échappent à notre contrôle et ne cessent ni jour, ni nuit.

C'est pourquoi la première chose requise quand on veut faire le Yoga est de faire descendre et d'établir en soi le calme, la paix, le silence.

A. The physical consciousness is the consciousness not only of our body, but also of all that surrounds us, all that we perceive with our senses. It is a sort of apparatus for registration and emission, open to all the contacts and all the shocks coming from outside, and responsive to these contacts by reactions of pleasure and pain which welcome or repulse. That makes a constant activity and noise in our being, of which we are only partially conscious, so accustomed are we to them.

But if by meditation or concentration we turn ourselves inward or upward, we can draw down into ourselves or raise up from the depths the calm, the tranquillity, the peace and finally the silence. It is a silence concrete, positive (not the negative silence of the absence of noise), immutable as long as it is present, a silence which one can experience even in the outer tumult of a hurricane or a battle-field. This silence is synonymous with peace and it is all-powerful; it is the perfect remedy for the fatigue, the tension, the exhaustion arising from

this inner over-activity and noise which generally escape our control and cease neither by day nor by night.

That is why the first requirement when one wants to do Yoga is to bring down and establish in oneself the calm, the peace, the silence.

15-10-1959 THE MOTHER

Q. Douce Mère, comment peut-on entrer dans les sentiments d'une musique jouée par quelqu'un d'autre ?

Q. *Sweet Mother, how can one enter into the feelings of a music played by someone else ?*

R. De la même façon que l'on peut partager les émotions d'une autre personne, par sympathie, spontanément, par une affinité plus ou moins profonde, ou bien par un effort de concentration qui aboutit à l'identification. C'est ce dernier procédé que l'on adopte quand on écoute la musique avec une attention intense et concentrée, au point d'arrêter tout autre bruit dans la tête et d'obtenir un silence complet, dans lequel tombent goutte à goutte les notes de la musique dont seul le son demeure; et avec le son, tous les sentiments, tous les mouvements d'émotion peuvent être perçus, éprouvés, ressentis comme s'ils se produisaient en nous-mêmes.

A. In the same way as one can share the emotions of another person by sympathy, spontaneously, by an affinity more or less deep, or else by an effort of concentration which ends in identification. It is this last process that one adopts when one listens to music with an intense and concentrated attention, to the point of checking all other noise in the head and obtaining a complete silence, into which fall, drop by drop, the notes of the music whose sound alone remains; and with the sound all the feelings, all the movements of emotion can be perceived, experienced, refelt as if they were produced in ourselves.

20-10-1959 THE MOTHER

Q. Douce Mère, qu'est-ce qu'on doit essayer de faire quand on médite avec ta musique au terrain de jeu ?

Q. What should one try to do when one meditates with your music on the Playground ?

R. Cette musique a pour but d'éveiller certains sentiments profonds.

Pour l'écouter il faut donc se rendre aussi silencieux et passif que possible. Et si, dans le silence mental une partie de l'être peut prendre l'attitude du

témoin qui observe sans réagir ni participer, alors on peut se rendre compte de l'effet que la musique produit sur les sentiments et les emotions; et si elle produit un état de calme profond et de semi-trance, alors c'est tout à fait bien.

A. This music aims at awakening certain profound feelings.

To hear it one should make oneself as silent and passive as possible. And if, in the mental silence, a part of the being can take the attitude of the witness who observes without reacting or participating, then one can take account of the effect which the music produces on the feelings and emotions; and if it produces a state of deep calm and of semi-trance, then that is quite good.

15-11-1959 THE MOTHER

Q. Douce Mère, quel est le travail du 'Surmental' ?

Q. Sweet Mother, what is the work of the 'Overmind' ?

R. Le surmental est la région des dieux, des êtres d'origine divine qui ont été chargés de surveiller, de diriger et d'organiser l'évolution de l'univers; et plus spécialement après la formation de la terre, ils ont servi de messagers et d'intermédiaires pour apporter à la terre l'aide des régions supérieures et pour présider à la formation du mental et à son ascension progressive. C'est généralement aux dieux du surmental que s'addressent les prières des diverses religions qui le plus souvent choisissent pour des raisons diverses l'un de ces dieux et le transforment pour leur usage personnel en Dieu suprême.

Dans l'évolution individuelle, il faut développer en soi-même une zone correspondant au surmental et une conscience surmentale, avant de pouvoir s'élever au-dessus, vers le Supramental, ou de s'ouvrir à lui.

La presque totalité des systèmes et des disciplines occultes visent au développement et à la maîtrise du surmental.

A. The overmind is the domain of the gods, the beings of divine origin who have been charged to supervise, direct and organise the evolution of the universe; and more specially after the formation of the earth, they have served as messengers and intermediaries to bring to the earth the help the higher regions and to preside over the formation of the mind and its progressive ascension. It is generally to the gods of the overmind that are addressed the prayers of the various religions which most often choose for varied reasons one of these gods and transform him for their personal use into the supreme God.

In the individual evolution, one has to develop in oneself a corresponding

zone of the overmind and an overmind consciousness, before being able to raise oneself beyond, towards the Supermind, or opening oneself to it.

Almost all occult systems and disciplines aim at the development and the mastery of the overmind.

27-11-1959 THE MOTHER

Q. Douce Mère, que veut dire 'une zone correspondant au surmental' et comment le développer en soi ?

Que veut dire 'la maîtrise du surmental' ?

Q What is the meaning of 'a zone corresponding to the overmind' and how shall we develop it in us ?

What is meant by 'the mastery of the overmind' ?

R. L'être individuel est constitué d'états d'être correspondant aux zones ou plans cosmiques. Et c'est à mesure que ces états d'être intérieurs se développent que l'on devient conscient de ces domaines. Cette conscience est double, d'abord psychologique et subjective, en soi-même, se traduisant par des pensées, des sentiments, des émotions, des sensations; puis objective et concrète, quand on devient capable de s'extraire des limites du corps pour se mouvoir dans les diverses régions cosmiques, en prendre conscience et y agir librement—c'est cela que l'on appelle 'la maîtrise'; c'est cela dont je parle quand je mentionne la maîtrise du surmental.

Il va sans dire que tout cela ne se fait pas en un jour, ni même en une année. Cette maîtrise, dans quelque domaine que ce soit, vital, mental, surmental, demande des efforts assidus et une grande concentration. Ces maîtrises-là ne sont pas plus faciles que la maîtrise du monde physique; et tout le monde sait combien de temps et d'efforts il faut pour apprendre seulement les choses indispensables à la bonne conduite de sa vie, sans même parler ici de 'maîtrise' qui est vraiment sur terre une chose exceptionnelle.

A. The individual being is made up of states of being corresponding to cosmic zones or planes. And it is according as these inner states of being develop that we become conscious of those domains. This consciousness is double, at first psychological and subjective, within us, translating itself by thoughts, feelings, emotions, sensations; then objective and concrete, when we become capable of pulling ourselves out of the body's limits in order to move in the diverse cosmic regions, getting the consciousness of them and freely acting there —it is this that one calls 'mastery'; it is of this that I spoke when I mentioned the mastery of the overmind.

It goes without saying that all this is not done in a day, nor even in a year. That mastery, in whatever domain, vital, mental, overmental, demands assiduous efforts and a great concentration. These masteries are not more easy than the mastery of the physical world; and everybody knows how much time and labour is required for learning only the things indispensable to the proper conduct of one's life, not to speak here of 'mastery' which is truly something exceptional on earth.

28-11-1959 THE MOTHER

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 SIXTEEN

EARLY this morning I ran across one of our students, who had been absent last time. I naturally said, "How are you keeping ?" It was a minute later that I thought I should have put the question in the typical South-Indian way. In South India many English-fancying people fuse several phrases into one and ask : "How are you, I hope ?" And the general answer is : "Somewhat, I am afraid." Don't ask me to explain these compact sentences. But surely I can appreciate their piquancy. I'll tell you some other things also, equally worth remembering.

Once at a railway station a chap was trying to enter a crowded third-class carriage. He had all sorts of bundles under his arms and an umbrella slung over his shoulder and there dangled from one hand a cage with a parrot in it. Somebody who had secured a place near the carriage-entrance tried to dissuade him from inflicting such an assortment of luggage plus himself on the already bursting compartment. The man with the parrot-cage got indignant and exclaimed : "You think you are a who ?" Immediately the other fellow retorted : "Well, if I am a who, then you are a no doubt !" I am sure the squabblers understood each other and we can also intuit the drift of their squabble. Perhaps some day these delicious Indianisms will get into the English language.

And why not ? English has several oddities of its own already and Americanisms are fast making headway. At least many Indian words have become current coin in England. There is, chief of all, the great word "Avatar". In

English it has come to connote not only an incarnation of God but also, in a general sense, a manifestation or display as well as a phase. I can speak of somebody's business-avatar, meaning that personality of his which tackles business. One can also speak of Yeats's two avatars as a poet—his early phase and his later. There is then the Indian word "bobbery", meaning "disturbance, row, fuss", from the Hindi "Bap re" --"O father !" (an interjection of dismay). The word "bungalow", meaning a lightly built one-storeyed or temporary house, comes from the Indian "bangla" meaning "belonging to Bengal". "Cot", a light bedstead, is the Indian "khat". "Cushy", standing for "easy, pleasant, comfortable", is the Indian "khush" ("pleasant"). Occasionally an Indian word entering English retains its exact original form but undergoes a change in pronunciation or accent. Thus when an Englishman of Oxford says "Parsee" he makes an actual Parsee sit up and take notice, because the name falls a little oddly on his ear with the Englishman's accent on the second syllable. Similarly, Buddha becomes "Booda", accented on the first syllable and with the double *o* pronounced short as in "rook".

I have wondered whether "veranda" is an Indian word. My dictionary gives it a Portuguese origin. But it is common across the length and breadth of India. Mentioning it, I am reminded of some provincial peculiarities here in pronuncing English. In Gujarat *sh* seems difficult : it lapses into *s*. English is called Inglis and "ocean" becomes "osun". Bengalis get all twisted up in differentiating between *b* and *v*. I had a Bengali friend who used to take lessons in English from me. He could not for the life of him pronounce "above". It became either "abub" or else "avuv". The Bengali language has, in fact, no *v*-sound. And that brings me to my "veranda". You know that at one time I was in charge of the Ashram furniture. Once I had to get a cot removed from the house of an Ashramite called Barinda. I met an inmate of the house and asked where the cot exactly was. He said : "The cot is on Barinda." I was rather shocked. Barinda was a fairly old man and the idea of the cot lying on him was disquieting. I protested : "Surely, Barinda must be on the cot ?" I got the reply : "No, the cot is on Barinda." I made haste to the house—only to find the cot on the veranda !

Enough of digression. Last time we closed with a digression and this time we have opened with one. Let's to our task. We have divided, *à la* Patmore, the poetic phrase into the piquant, the felicitous, the magnificent. Now I shall make another kind of division—three classes, each of which can hold all the three types of poetic phrase. I shall borrow it, with a slight modification, from the Anglo-American modernist poet Ezra Pound. I believe Pound is at present in a mental home—but not because he is a poet. Poets are already mad in a special way—they cannot go mad in the ordinary manner ;

it must be the non-poetic avatar of Pound that has qualified for the mental home. Anyway, his classification of poetry which I am about to adapt and adopt hails from his early days when his was only the poetic madness which is well known from ancient times—the *furor poeticus*, as the Romans characterised it.

Pound offers us the three heads : Melopoeia, Phanopoeia, Logopoeia. The first term is easily seen as the Greek for "Song-making", the third as the Greek for "Word-making". The second looks somewhat obscure, but we may remember the last half of the word "epiphany" : this half connotes "appearing, showing, manifestating." So Phanopoeia means vision-making. It is concerned with imagery. I should suggest a Greek term with a more familiar ring. "Image" in Greek is *Eikon* : hence in English we have "iconoclasm" or "image-breaking", "iconolatry" or "image-worship", "iconography" or "illustration of a subject by drawing or figures". The term we need will be Iconopoeia, the Greek for "Image-making". But we should not identify "Image-making" with what is called Imagism. Imagism is the work of a particular movement or school of poetry which arose round about 1915 as a reaction against the vague emotional poeticism of the late-Victorian age and insisted on poetry with a clear outline and a hard core, generally one image set forth in objective language. Pound himself was among the leaders of this school and took it to be the best practitioner of image-making. We should not restrict our notion by his early penchant.

Broadly speaking, all poetry is image-making, since the poet is primarily the seer, the artistic visualiser. But, while all poetry is based on sight and insight, not all of it has the image-aspect in prominence. The two other aspects that can stand out are Melopoeia and Logopoeia. In the former we are impressed overwhelmingly by the music of the verse : often the very structure invites being set to music. Iconopoeia resembles not music so much as painting and sculpture. Logopoeia is a poetic play essentially of ideas : as Pound puts it, "it is the dance of the intellect among words"—it is the conceptive word as distinguished from the musical or the pictorial-sculpturesque.

We have already quoted lines that were markedly musical—melopoeic lines. Long passages, even whole poems, can be melopoeic—for example, the song which Milton has put into his Masque called *Comus*. I have selected this song because it has nothing momentous to say, no great theme is here, no high thought or sentiment is turned into verse-music : a mere picture with some feeling behind it is presented, the picture of a Lake-Goddess to whom an appeal has been made to come to the help of a maiden lost in a wood and exposed to a satyr's lust. By having nothing momentous said, the song yields pure melopoeia :

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

This is word-music of the most beautiful order, made not only by the sound-texture within each line but also by the varying pattern of short and long line-units and by the skill in disposing the rhymes, some of which are close to each other and some distanced. Two pairs of rhyme-lines have actually three lines intervening in one instance and even four in the other. Between "fair" and "hair" we have "sitting", "wave" and "knitting". Between "wave" and "save" there are "knitting", "hair", "sake" and "lake". But even here no dissatisfaction of the ear is felt and, when the delayed rhyme comes, it is not as if a fault were set right at last but as if a new delight beyond the ordinary were created. This is so because the intervening words "knitting" and "hair" are themselves rhymes to previous words and fall on the ear with accomplished pleasure, and "lake" and "sake" by their immediate rhyming fill very markedly whatever gap may be dug by the delay in rhyming "wave" to "save". The distance between "fair" and "hair" is shortened by the word "where" in line 2, occurring without stress and hence getting somewhat subdued yet contributing to the rhyme-effect in a subtle fashion. The subdual itself is artistic because otherwise a slightly cheap impression would be produced—a clear rhyme sticking out in the middle of a line to the end-word of the line preceding. As regards "wave" and "save", note how many times the long *a* occurs in the lines between those that have these end-words. I shall string all of them together : braids, train, sake, lake. Out of these, "sake" and "lake" are themselves end-words and constitute assonantal or vowel rhymes directly to "wave" and "save". The running of the long *a* through the second half of the poem is a very musical element weaving it into one piece. The short *i* is also a cohesive force—perhaps "force" is hardly the right word, so let us say : the short *i* is also a cohesive charm ; it is present in every line, and almost in the middle of the peom—line 4—it is gathered up in a striking profusion :

In twisted braids of Lillies knitting,

as if to wake the ear to the *leit motif*, the dominant note.

Another cohesive charm is the way the two halves of the lyric are formed,

The first half is from the line ending with "fair" to the one ending with "hair: the second from the line ending with "wave" to that ending with "save". Now, certain rhymes—"fair-hair", "sitting-knitting", "wave-save"—are so placed that one partner of each pair comes in either half. This makes the halves overlap. Further, the only line in the first half that remains unrhymed—namely, the "wave"-line—rhymes with the closing line of the second half : conversely, the sole line remaining unrhymed in the second half—namely, the "hair"-line—rhymes with the opening line of the first half. This binds together the very beginning and end of the lyric, beginning and end which are also linked musically by both of them being not only the same metrical length (a dimeter of two syllables to a foot) but also the only two lines in the poem that have this length. Set over against all these connective factors is the sheer variety of the distances at which the rhymes are put. There are four rhyme-pairs, all formed at different intervals. We have already noted how "fair-hair" gets formed with three lines separating the partners and "wave-save" with four, while "sake-lake" is immediate: we may add that "sitting-knitting" takes a single line between. Thus on the one hand we have extreme diversity and, on the other, a many-moded integration : the poem is tightly twined in the midst of its multiple liquidity. If we may borrow some suggestions of the poem itself, we may say that the technique has the soft slipping quality of Sabrina's "amber-dropping hair", but still holds together the "loose train" of this loveliness in "twisted braids of Lillies".

Of course it is not merely the general or detailed music and the structural artistry that immortalises the poem. The language itself is sensitively, delicately, picturesquely chosen. Can, for example,the stuff of lake-water be better conveyed than by the words no less than the sounds—

> Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave?

"Glassy" gives the water's shining and mirroring smoothness, "cool" its freshness and soothingness, "translucent" its deepness at the same time gleaming and mysterious. The *l* sound is in each of the adjectives, making the water-stuff glide through all and run them together. The third adjective "translucent" —possessing the length of the other two combined—carries also sounds related to the *a* of "glassy" and the *oo* of "cool", so that the sense of connection tends to get cumulative and clinched.

This line, no less than the fifth—

> The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair—

is a full pentameter and joins up with the bulk of Milton's poetic creation which is in *Paradise Lost* and both of them by being somewhat far from their rhyme-partners bear just a touch of the blank-verse constituting that epic. They suggest to us a transition from the kind of melopoeia here practised to another which we may find there. Milton has not only song-music, he has also symphony-music and we should do injustice to the total connotation of "melopoeia" if we failed to put under this term the symphonic splendour of *Paradise Lost*. In that epic, Milton hears in remarkable rhythm the grand events he visualises as happening in Heaven and Hell and Earth. Sound bearing out the sense, not with an obvious echo but with a power of stirring the mind to the magnitude of the events related, meets us in a passage like :

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

As in the Sabrina-lyric we have various phrase-lengths concealed within the pentametrical uniformity of appearance—a changing artistry of pauses lends both diversity and aptness to the musical motives. Written out according to this artistry, the passage would read :

Him
The Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion,
Down
To bottomless perdition,
There to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Even in the lines that demand to be set forth as full pentameters we have a difference of movement. The penultimate line—

In adamantine chains and penal fire—

makes a faint division into three feet and two feet because of the conjunction "and" , while stretched out inexorably to a length which is the total of those divisions is the second line—

Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky—

as well as the last—

Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

And the inexorableness of utter pentrametrical length is most apposite just in these two verses—the initial suggestion of the absolute doom of downfall when the hurling from Heaven is done and the final suggestion of it when the plunging into Hell is accomplished. The two verses are also subtly affined by the "sky" of the one getting its rhyme in the "defy" of the other.

In a different but equally significant way the last line links up with the very first word of the passage. This line is, grammatically, the relative clause going with that word, but between "Him" and "Who" there are four and a half lines. Both the connection and the separation are meaningful. Mark first how by putting "Him" at the very start of the passage Milton not only emphasises the being who falls ever downward through the lines but also indicates the sheer top from which the prolonged falling takes place. Mark then how by suspending the connection of "Who" with "Him" Milton suggests forcibly not only the prolongation of the fall through depth and depth of space but also the abysmal end of the very same being who was at the ethereal top. Syntax was never manipulated in the whole world's poetry to such an expressive effect. I may further point out how the phonetic note struck at the beginning in common to the superhuman antagonists—the labial consonant of *m* accompanied by *p*—rings all through the passage (here and there the *p* replaced by its fellow-explosive *b*) sustaining the sense of the fierce duel and repeats in the last line the exact occurrence in the first of *m* twice and *p* once, thus again vivifying the two extremes of the downfall-drama as well as rounding off the passionate yet controlled grandeur of the music let loose. Do not forget, finally, that, just as "Him" is recalled once more in the last line by "Who", the "Almighty Power" is recalled there—and there alone in the entire passage—by the synonym "the Omnipotent"—a further touch of coordination and completion.

All these, of course, are details of the sound-art wedded to the structure. What envelops us most unforgettably is the *ensemble* of the melopoetic symphony, the superb sonority of the polysyllabism punctuated at suitable places by the dynamic directness of monosyllables especially at the end of each line and with its acme in that emphatic "down" after both a trisyllable and a pause. But here too, as in the Sabrina-lyric, it would not be correct to aver that the masterly effect is due to the sound-art alone and not to the word-craft. Sri Aurobindo has well remarked with reference to the epic melopoeia of the passage : "the

sound, the rhythmic resonance, the rhythmic significance is undoubtedly the predominant factor; it makes us hear and feel the crash and clamour and clangour of the downfall of the rebel angel : but that is not all, we do not merely hear as if one were listening to the roar of ruin of a collapsing bomb-shattered house, but saw nothing, we have the vision and the full psychological commotion of the hideous and flaming ruin of the downfall and it is the tremendous force of the words that makes us see as well as hear."

We have now hardly any time to proceed in our general treatment of poetry as melopoeia. I have some other quotations to give, illustrating what I may call Intonation or Incantation. But with Milton's symphonically suspended melopoeic sentence we shall suspend our discussion for the present.

AMAL KIRAN
(K. D. SETHNA)

THE MOTHER*

AND if thy spirit pines to serve the One,
Never let loose desire-hounds on thy path.
Thy puny eyeless 'I' must sleep for good.
Be nothing thou except an offering wide,
And slowly bloom thyself perfect, complete
Within her consciousness immaculate.
No gulf must gloom between thy will and Hers,
No brooding scheme in thee shall grow apart,
Fill now thy heart's cave with Her lightning-thoughts.

A stupendous smile of pure delight shall flow
From her eyes to see thy selfless acts divine.
Service alone thrives quick thy inner growth.
Though 'union' is still a cry remote,
A day shall dawn with victory willed to thee—
Thou and the Mother one in a golden mesh.
This truth shall shine out on thy climbing cry.
Truly, her Will awakes thy march of life,
Hers is the Will for the fruits of all thy deeds.

Oneness with her, reliance on her might,
By far exceed all raptures born on earth.
This vast advance unique carries thy heart
Beyond life's futile mazes of desire,
Beyond the hurtful clasp of earthly Night,
Beyond the measureless main of Ignorance,
To the golden skies of everlasting bliss.

"MADAL"

* A versification of the substance of Chapter 5 of *The Mother* by Sri Aurobindo.

Q. E. D.

To live quite successfully,—
In any community,
One must always be
Deaf, blind and stilly,
Willy-nilly !
If you are not, you'll come a cropper,
And get it, where the chicken got the chopper !
You really must without a doubt,
See, hear, and say NOWT,
Hoping, of course, that if you do,
Others will do the same for you.

LEENA

NOTE

In the article *Yoga in the Material Field*, which appeared in last month's *Mother India*, the name "The Sacrur Sugar Factory" should be replaced by "The New Horizon Sugar Factory." "Sacrur" is the name of the village where the Factory is being built.

THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL BIENNIEL OF POETRY, KNOKKE LE ZOUT, BELGIUM

(Extracts from a Report)

SARVASHRI MITRA, Bachchan, Siddqui and myself left Bombay for Brussels at 11 p.m. on 2nd September 1959. We reached Brussels at about 10 p.m. on 3rd September 1959. We were received by the Representative of the Indian Embassy at Brussels. Arrangements had been made at Palace Hotel, Brussels, for the night. We spent some minutes at the Indian Embassy in getting oriented towards the Conference and we left by the morning train at 10 a.m. for Knokke Le Zout. We were there by 12 Noon and were ushered straight into the Conference Hall by the volunteer, who had come to receive us.

320 Delegates from 42 countries participated in the Conference. Iran, Pakistan, Turkey and Viet Nam were the other Asian countries represented at the Conference. There were 4 Delegates from U.S.A., 3 from U.S.S.R., 5 from Italy, 6 from West Germany, 9 from Holland, 2 from Great Britain, 4 from Bulgaria and so on. Canada, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Greece, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Mexico, Portugal, Brazil and Argentina were some of the other countries represented at the Conference. There were 54 Delegates from France and 134 from Belgium.

It can be said that, during the 4 days of the Conference, all four of us made a significant contribution to the Conference and established several valuable contacts. Sri Mitra met a French writer who had translated one of his lyrics into French. He could follow up this contact by making a few more lyrics of his available for translation. Sri Mitra and Sri Siddiqui also recorded readings of their poems. Sri Bachchan and myself took part in the proceedings as detailed below.

A leading feature of the programme was the symposium on Poetry. There was a lively controversy on the three mornings on which this Symposium proceeded. One of the Russian Delegates spoke of the poetry that could be written on Nature—clouds and stars. Emmanuel, a French Poet, contradicted this and said that a poet should be free to speak about his own time and to speak out his heart. Poets were the men of their time and they should speak about the present world. He even spoke of Algerian poets who had been put into prison by the French Government and suggested that the Conference

should say the Word of Grace for them. The listeners were deeply moved and several of them stood up to say the Word of Grace accordingly. The antithesis between Nature and Man became, in a way, the pivotal point of discussion and many of the participants had something or other to say about this. We had agreed that Sri Bachchan should participate in this discussion on our behalf. He spoke of poetry as an expression of joy and of the power of poetry to support, in its place, the leaning tower of modern civilization. Sri Bachchan's speech was summarised in French by the Chairman.

The homage to Maeterlinck came off on the evening of 5th September 1959. Monsieur Haulot, the Secretary General, had planned it with great enthusiasm. The programme, as originally planned, included only the recitation of some of Maeterlinck's poems and the staging of one or two of his plays. No one had been scheduled for a speech on this occasion. But Monsieur Haulot accepted my suggestion and the President announced, when the staging of the plays was over, that the Indian Delegation was desirous of associating itself with this homage to Maeterlinck. Consequently the Indian Delegation was the only one to be represented at this function. We had agreed that I should speak on this occasion. Monsieur Haulot wanted me to write down my speech, so that it could be translated, sentence by sentence, by him. He had a typed copy of my speech in his hand while translating it. There was also a little drama in this function. At the suggestion of Monsieur Haulot, all four of us went up the stage after the announcement and folded our palms to the audience. Monsieur Haulot followed us. I then read out my speech and he translated it. I reproduce the speech below. While paying my homage to Maeterlinck, it was also my idea to bring out the Indian point of view on the question of poetry and its place in modern society.

"I have great pleasure in associating myself with the homage to Maeterlinck, one of the world's great writers, on behalf of the writers of India.

"Maeterlinck has been one of the seminal influences on the Indian Renaissance, with Mallarmé, T.S. Eliot, Kahlil Gibran and Yeats.

"In the Biennial pamphlet on Belgian Literature, his work has been described as falling into four departments, *viz.* Poetry, Drama, Philosophy and Science. But to divide is to falsify. It is the same integral seership that is in evidence in all these four fields. It is the whole man speaking. The infinite curiosity seen in the Life of the Bee; the infinitely delicate ear for the utterance and movement of the soul in his poetry and drama; and the surpassing wisdom of his meditations on friendship and on the destiny of the individual: all these are facets of one and the same personality.

"There has been so much discussion on whether poets are of yesterday, today or tomorrow. Poets are, no doubt, children of time. But they are also

children of eternity. We should not forget the father and remember only the mother. Instead of classifying them on the basis of divisions of time, it would be more helpful to group them on the basis of their essential function.

"Firstly, there are the kings of passion, the Shakespeares, the Victor Hugos. They take the common man, who is fond of passion, into the very whirlpool of passions. They take them through this tumult to the still centre of the soul —to enduring peace.

"Then there are the Columbuses of the soul, those who explore the deeper and higher layers of the human consciousness—the Blakes, the Tagores and the Maeterlincks. Their appeal is to those who have found peace and who wish to explore the infinite variety of light and delight. They extend the limits of the empire of the human consciousness, they lift its frontiers.

"The Gita speaks of the Universe as an ancient fig tree inverted—its roots up in the air and its branches and leaves down below. We are the leaves and the nations are its branches.

"The roots of this ancient tree are five—beauty, wisdom, goodness, love and power. The last root, power, has been misappropriated by politicians. But poets are using this too today. They are sustaining the universe by feeding it with sap from above, from the heaven of infinite power of existence, consciousness and bliss. Maeterlinck is great because he enriched the life of humanity by drawing *sustenance* through all these roots.

"In conclusion, I should refer to *Ratnapakshi* (the jewelled bird of paradise), a lyrical one-act play which I wrote, influenced by Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird.* Here is the song of the Bird with which the play ends—its call to humanity. I give it in English translation:

Scatter worn-out creeds to the winds,
Plunge headlong into the flames of suffering
And reap from them the harvest of endless light.
You have set your heart on the bird of paradise.
A dream is on your brows, transfiguring your life.

Why not pursue it for ever and ever and ever ?

Attune yourself to the world around you,
Forget the pomp and pride that lie writhing in the dust.
Put your trust in the beauty that is to come,
And pursue it for ever and ever and ever !"

I then presented a copy of my collection of lyrics in English, called *The Song of Life*, containing the song that was read out, to Monsieur Haulot as

a token of deep appreciation from India to Belgium for a Maeterlinck. I believe that the function went off very nicely, for it brought me quite a few precious contacts the next day.

I have another interesting participation to record. This was on the morning of 6th September 1959. It was announced that there would be two Seminars on that morning, one on Tradition in Poetry and another on the Teaching of Poetry. I was interested in the teaching of poetry and so I proceeded to attend the second seminar. There were ten or twelve delegates assembled in the room meant for the seminar. As it happened, they all got interested in India and in me and all their questions were directed towards me. Instead of being just one of the participants, it happened that I became the exponent of a point of view with reference to a number of questons asked of me. One of these participants knew English well and it was therefore easy to translate these questions and answers back and forth.

In the first place, they wanted to know about Indian Poetry and its modern phase. I spoke to them briefly about the Indian renaissance, the Western impact and the growth of middle-class literary forms like the Novel, the Essay etc. They wanted to know whether audio-visual aids were used in the teaching of poetry. I told them that this was done scientifically at a few well-established centres and that the teacher used such aids as he could devise himself, where he thought they were necessary. One of the questions was whether children at school had copies of textbooks, or only the teacher read out the poems from his copy. This question had been asked in view of the comparative poverty of the Indian people. I replied to say that each child had its own copy and that if a child was too poor to buy one, the school frequently subsidised the child. They wanted to know at what level poetry was taught in India. I informed them that regional poetry was taught at the primary level, poetry in the regional language and Hindi and English at the secondary level, and also in any classical or modern European Language that the student chose to study, at the University level. The next question was whether there was any poetry specially written for children in the Indian Languages. I told them that such poetry was readily available but that my own view was that there should be no such arbitrary divisions in poetry. It was necessary to teach children good poetry, which was within the range of their experience, whether it was written specially for them or not. They generally agreed with me in this view. Another participant asked me whether story poems were used in our schools, just as they used the fables of La Fontaine in French schools. I told them that there was considerable ancient as well as modern narrative poetry in the Indian languages and that a good many narrative poems were taught in schools. But I said that my own view was that, in studying narrative poems, children tend to leave out the poetry

and take only the story. This would amount to teaching them fiction rather than poetry, and therefore I said that if at all narrative poems were to be taught in schools, only such narrative poems as were integrally lyrical should be selected for study. Many of them agreed with me in this point of view also. The next question was whether we had any courses in our schools and Colleges in the art of creative expression. I told them that this was a lacuna in our scheme and that such work was done only infrequently and outside the classroom by sensitive teachers with responsive students. I was then asked what methods of teaching poetry were followed in our classes. I replied that my own view was that the teacher should concentrate on the vision in a given poem, rhythm, style, imagery, thought and structure being only subordinate aspects of poetry which fulfil themselves to the extent to which they convey the vision in the poem. The next question was more subtle. One of them asked, "How do you communicate poetry to your pupils ?" My reply briefly amounted to this. I said that, if I was moved by the poem, I would somehow succeed in quickening the hearts of the pupils also. I said that, in a poetry class, I usually found that there were four groups : (i) Pupils who responded immediately to my exposition of a poem and who were prepared to surrender themselves completely to its magic. (ii) Those whose interests were partially aroused and who could be led to experience the innermost charm of poetry gradually. (iii) Those who were moved by the poem and the exposition, but thought and felt that this was a dangerous path,—highly irrational and illogical. They would then start avoiding the teacher as well as the poem. (iv) Those who were utterly insensitive to poetry and could not be initiated into it, do what you would.

They all seemed to like this analytical description of the audience for poetry in our schools. One of them then asked me to recite a poem such as taught in our schools. I paused for a moment, tried to choose and remember. I happened to remember a snatch from one of Bendre's Kanadda poems and I recited it :

Life in play and days in a daze
Are moving, moving, moving.
They are going the way of the deep, unknowable sea.
Like a drowning man clinging to a bundle of sticks,
I cling to you, O my fiddle !
I finger the string that is nearest my soul.

I crooned these lines and they appreciated the rhythm of the lines. I was asked why I crooned these lines. I said that unless a poem is in free verse or in some modernist measure, the usual practice was to croon a poem. Some

of the participants called their friends to listen in, and they wanted me to recite those lines again.

The discussion came to an end because a film strip on the life of William Blake was to be shown immediately. But the pleasant experience to me was a resolution passed and signed by all of those present at the discussion, a copy of which was given to me the next morning. I reproduce the resolution herewith in English translation :

> "The Education Committee of the Fourth International Biennial Poetry Conference takes note of the interesting contribution of the Indian Poet Gokak, Director of the Central Institute of English, Hyderabad, explaining how, in Indian education, poetry is a subject of specialist teaching at all levels; and points out that in the West the opposite is true : almost nothing has been accomplished in this important field. The Committee endorses the Resolution of previous Conferences, that syllabi be lightened so that poetry may be taught, by qualified teachers, to pupils and students of all ages, in the same way as are music, art, and gymnastics, such teaching not being confined to mechanical recitation or dry textual commentary.
>
> "Those responsible for the tender minds of children, the minds, so threatened, of tomorrow's men, express the wish that, in a world which is becoming more mechanised day by day, Poetry may retain its status, by right the highest."

BERNARD JORDON (France).	LUCIENNE VIANCE (Belgium).
HENRI CORNELUS (Belgium).	CLAIRE' ANDRE'-LEJEUNE (Belgium).
FLORETTE MORAND (Antiller).	JANE GUEGAN (France).
JACQUES CHARIEC (France).	ARLETTE LAFONT (France).
PIERRE-ALBERT BIROT (France).	ANDRE' GUIMBRETIERE (France).

It will be seen that the Resolution assumes that Poetry is a subject of specialised teaching at all levels in India. This is not quite the state of things in our country. As we know from the discussion narrated above, I did not also say anything to create such an impression. The fact that they enjoyed the discussion has probably affected the wording of the Resolution, as also the anxiety of the participants that Poetry should have a more paramount place in their curricula. In any case, the discussion was, for me, a pleasant experience.

I should perhaps mention in this connection some of the valuable contacts possible to me at the Conference. Madam Sophia Dupray, a French Poet, spoke to me of her visit to Frankfurt at the time of the P.E.N. Conference there. She had written a short lyric about Sir S.Radhakrishnan, saying that folded

palms are the best weapon against War. She had great admiration for him and for India. I have sent a copy of the poem to Sir S. Radhakrishnan. The young Belgian poet named Louis Musin and another young writer named Alex Jacoby from Luxumberg were also interested in Indian thought. They were critical of the dominance of Money and Business in Europe and very much appreciative of the respect for higher values in India. A Belgian poet, R.A.Joostens, thought of translating my Song of the Bird of Paradise into Flemish and I gave him a copy of the poem. Mr. Peter Aigers, Secretary of the London P.E.N., wanted a copy of my speech on Maeterlinck. I gave him a copy of the same.

There was abundant good will and all political considerations were set aside, if not forgotten, in an atmosphere of sympathy and appreciation. On the last morning of the session, a Russian delegate said that a street in Moscow had been named after Maeterlinck. He said that the masterpieces of a number of European writers had been translated into Russian and he presented a set of these books to the Secretary General. A wine horn used for drinking the best wine to the best friends was also presented to the President by the Russian Poet for drinking to the health of Poetry. Monsieur Haulot invited all the Asian Delegates to lunch and he told us how he concieved the idea of this Conference while suffering in one of Hitler's concentration camps. He is the Director of Tourism in Belgium. He had visited the Ajanta Caves in India and realised there the great message of India that the One is spoken of as Many by seers. It was his firm feeling that all points of view should be respected, for Truth is many-faceted.

V.K.Gokak.
Director,
Central Institute of English,
Hyderabad—7.

STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

STUDY NO. 6: *AS YOU LIKE IT*—THE FOREST OF ARDEN

(Continued from the March Issue)

CHARACTERS

The major characters of *As You Like It* are Orlando, Rosalind, Celia, Jaques and Touchstone; the minor Silvius, Phebe, Oliver, Frederick and the exiled Duke. The primary characters are lovers; Touchstone and Jaques are humorists. Their field of action is either in the Ducal Court or the Forest of Arden.

ORLANDO

Orlando, born of noble blood, concealing not displaying his lineage, recalcitrant but submissive to his father's will, has muscle of body and mettle of spirit suitably conjoined to a tenderness of the heart. In the wrestle with the flesh, he wins; in the wrestle with the eyes, he is defeated. He is essentially a lover. In the Ducal court he is storm and fury; in the Forest of Arden his ruffled spirits are tranquillised by the warming breath of the senior Duke. The breezes of Arden stir his soul to singing, to inditing on barks of trees lyrics of love, to heaving in vacant air sighs for Rosalind, to playing with Ganymede for stakes for Cupid. He is the mock of Celia, Jaques and Touchstone. Faithful to Adam, angry but loyal to Oliver, he is daring and dangerous in life and death.

ROSALIND

Rosalind is the prisoner of the palace and the child of the woods. In the Court of Frederick her heart is a fountain of tears; her natural self is stifled in the city. She is touched quickly by love; the sight of Orlando strikes the tinder. The imperious order of Frederick for her banishment is her release. The change of name, dress and sex fits her mind and manners. As Ganymede she draws Orlando into the game of Love in her native wilds. There she sways as the flowers of the fields and sings as the birds of air; she is one with nature and life. There a colour returns to her lips; for she is the chief charm of the Forest of Arden. Celia shines in the Court but Rosalind in the woods. She gambols with Orlando, Silvius and Phebe with the freedom of the winds and streams of Arden's glades. She teaches Orlando to respond to the light notes of the Arcadian lute, to reply equally to sparkling eyes, frowning brows or fleeing lips. There she commands all the strings of Love. She holds Orlando with the charm of a boy and the laugh of a maid.

Rosalind loves Celia as a sister, Orlando as a lover, and Phebe as a Romancer.

CELIA

The primary characteristic of Celia is devotion and self-effacement. Her gaiety is the support of Rosalind's distress in the Court. Her sisterly constancy is tried and tested. Immediate heir to the throne of the Dukedom which upon succession she is prepared to share with her cousin, just and equitable in her desire to compensate the senior Duke, she leaves the patrimony of her parents without demur, following Rosalind into the Forests of Arden. She has the head and hand, if not the heart, of Portia. She plans the exit from the Court; she discovers Orlando in Arden; she sustains the love of Rosalind. Celia's name is the symbol of self-sacrifice and sisterhood. Of herself she is forgetful; she throws to none the glances of love. Her affections are reserved for Rosalind. Oliver steps into her heart with sudden and unlooked-for precipitancy. Celia's lips are sealed with Rosalind; Rosalind's lips are sealed with Orlando. Oliver is a fresh shaft from Cupid's bow.

JAQUES

Jaques' character is like the fallen leaf of Autumn which presages Winter and Spring. His melancholy is tinted with the mellowness of life, reflections and morals. A smile lurks behind his sadness, love behind his cynicism, humanity behind his misanthropy. He leaves the world to covet it. Comedy, not Tragedy, is the stuff of his disposition. All that Jaques thinks, speaks or does is upon the surface. He has never touched the depths of anguish or tears. His highest climb to Philosophy is sans teeth, sans eyes, sans all.

His folly is a kind of wisdom; his wisdom a kind of folly.

TOUCHSTONE

Touchstone is the merry Fool of the Court with bells, rings and caps. His function is to cheer, not moralise. Sullenness does not sit upon his smile. He is susceptible to a laugh, a leer, a sneer; to him sadness is a sin. He sniffs the air of Arden reluctantly; leaf, stream and breeze are not his delight. He is accustomed to the din of cities. Love in the wilderness with the pale-faced Audery is an awkward moment for him. He meets his rival William with a puff of angry words. Audery and church-bells do not synchronise in him; marriage is a gambol. Touchstone is ill-at-ease in the Forest of Arden.

SILVIUS, PHEBE, OLIVER, FREDERICK, THE EXILED DUKE

SILVIUS : PHEBE

Silvius, Phebe and Rosalind as Ganymede are the triple characters of the Pastoral Comedy in the framework of *As You Like It*. Silvius is the tame-snake

of the country-fallows who pipes unsuccessful ditties to the frowns of Phebe. The unmanly Silvius is the contrast of the manly Rosalind who quickens the pulse of Phebe. The poetical Phebe is coldly rejected by Rosalind. Rosalind tyrannises over Phebe as Phebe tyrannises over Silvius. The discovered Rosalind reconciles Silvius and Phebe. This triangular love-affair is a skit of Elizabethan Pastoral Comedy.

OLIVER : FREDERICK

Oliver and Frederick are swayed by emotional stresses. The tyrannous Oliver, shaken by the angry Frederick, abandons his fury in the Woods, embraces Orlando, and marries Celia ! Frederick, having obtained wrongfully the kingdom from his brother, has a sudden conversion and returns it to the elder Duke. Their temper is short-lived. A common cruelty, ungovernable wrath, suspicion, distrust and abuse of position, mark the temperament of Oliver and Frederick. Oliver seizes his brother's inheritance, Frederick his brother's throne. Oliver ejects Orlando as Frederick expels Rosalind. In both, true virtue sleeps. Love eradicates the weaknesses of Oliver and religion the ambition of Frederick. In neither character has vice sapped the foundations of moral strength.

THE EXILED DUKE

The senior Duke has known the glamour of power, the flattery of Court, and the ingratitude of men. Reverses of Fortune have tempered his spirit. He brings into the sylvan solitudes a dignity of manners and a gentleness of disposition. Charity, forbearance and patience are the signature of his royal soul. Before him the violence of Orlando retires in shame. His generosity is as liberal as the air. There is a poetry in his heart of running brooks, talking trees, and speaking stones. To him winter's blast, summer's warmth and spring's resurgence are one; he has found the secret bliss which lies hid in every process of unfolding life. Sighing gales and purling streams have schooled him in the uses of adversity; dripping dews on furze and fern have awakened his eyes to beauty; night's train of stars and morning's thousand shafts of gold on the Vales of Arden have lit his mind. The peace of the boundless heavens has settled in his soul. The air of Arden has not dulled his sense of regal responsibilities; he reverts to his dominions to exercise the sovereignty of which he had been untimely divested.

(Concluded)

SYED MEHDI IMAM