

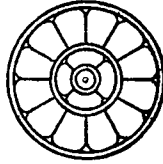
MOTHER INDIA

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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



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MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

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No. 5

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO : Place, Time, Circumstance —Equality and Freedom—The Cosmic Forces and the Transcendent Will— The Divine Work <i>from Rajani Palit</i>	... 5
TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO <i>Nirodbaran</i>	... 7
REMINISCENCES (Translated by S.K.Banerji from the Bengali) <i>Nolini Kanta Gupta</i>	... 14
INTRODUCTION TO THE VEDAS (Translated by Chinmoy from the Bengali) <i>Nolini Kanta Gupta</i>	... 20
WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BALCONY (Poem) <i>Naresh Bahadur</i>	... 23
THE MOTHER (Poem) <i>Prithwi Singh</i>	... 23
NEW ROADS (Poem) <i>Norman Dowsett</i>	... 24
<i>The Life Divine</i> OF SRI AUROBINDO : ITS LEADING PRINCIPLES AND CONCEPTS (Classified Excerpts) <i>Compiled by Nathaniel Pearson</i>	... 25
"SELF-EFFORT" AND "GRACE" IN THE UPANISHADS : Supplement to the Correspondence between Dr. S.K. Maitra and A.B. Purani	... 29
THE SPIRITUAL DAUGHTER OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA <i>Chinmoy</i>	... 30

CONTENTS

		<i>Page</i>
HOW THE MOTHER'S GRACE CAME TO US		
Reminiscences of Various People in		
Contact with the Mother	<i>Reported by Har Krishan Singh</i>	... 33
ODE TO MY POET (Poem)	<i>Srijit</i>	... 34
SEE—ALL THE AIR IS MOVING IN A		
LIMPID WAVE OF LIGHT (Poem)	<i>Anurakta (Tony Scott)</i>	... 35
ALL THOU ART (Translated by Har Krishan		
Singh from the Hindi)	<i>Savitri Agarwal</i>	... 36
THUS SANG MY SOUL (Poems to the		
Mother)	<i>Har Krishan Singh</i>	... 37
SELF-TEACHINGS	<i>Narwani</i>	... 38
THOUGHTS	<i>Girdharlal</i>	... 39

Students' Section

TALKS ON POETRY : Talk Thirty-seven	<i>Amal Kiran (K.D.Sethna)...</i>	40
COMFORTABLE ARMS (A Playlet)	<i>Sunanda</i>	... 51
THE NIGHT OF BLOWS (Poem)	<i>Abhijit Gupta</i>	... 55
POOR DESTINY	<i>Bhumananda</i>	... 55
RETRIBUTION (Poem)	<i>Leena</i>	... 56
SANSKRIT SIMPLIFIED	<i>Pujalal</i>	... 58

THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO*

PLACE, TIME, CIRCUMSTANCE—EQUALITY AND FREEDOM—THE COSMIC FORCES
AND THE TRANSCENDENT WILL—THE DIVINE WORK

WE think it would be a mistake to do anything which would necessitate your leaving Bogra. If you have a place where you are conscious of a good physical basis, it is no use uprooting yourself and having to find another,—unless of course there is a good positive motive for it or unless it comes in the inevitable movement of things. We think therefore that this time you should confine yourself to a ten days visit in August and not risk the results of asking for a longer leave. You need not cherish this fear of attachment to the place; that has no great importance.

I am glad to hear that you have recovered the movement of the sadhana. The depression and vital struggle must have been due to some defect of over-eagerness and straining for a result in your former effort—so that when a pull in the consciousness came, it was a distressed, disappointed and confused vital that came to the surface giving full entry to the suggestions of doubt, despair and inertia from the adverse side of Nature. You have to move towards a firm basis of calm and equality in the vital and physical no less than in the mental consciousness; let there be the full downflow of Power and Ananda, but into a firm adhara capable of containing it—it is a complete equality that gives that capacity and firmness.

10-6-1932

I did not mean when I wrote to you about your stay in Bogra that in no circumstances would you have to leave it—I meant only that you yourself should do nothing to bring about your removal. For you were thinking of removing because you felt or feared that you would get attached to the place,—that was not a sufficient reason; it was only if there was a sufficient reason for moving that you should take such an initiative. On the other hand it was clear that, independently of your will, circumstances could arise which would necessitate your leaving Bogra—that is what I meant by the inevitable movement of things, what I meant also in the telegram to Amiya Shankar in speaking of the play of forces. It is this play of forces that is trying to bring about your removal to Burdwan and, if it succeeds, you have not to be troubled or shaken

* Some portions of the present instalment have appeared in print. — Editor.

or disappointed, but to accept and make use of all that happens for your sadhana and progress. In the play of the cosmic forces, the will in the cosmos—as one might say—does not always work apparently in favour of a smooth and direct line for the work or the sadhana, it often brings in what seem to be upheavals, sudden turns which break or deflect the line, opposing or upsetting circumstances or perplexing departures from what has been temporarily settled and established. The one thing is to preserve equanimity and make an opportunity and means of progress out of all that happens in the course of the life and the sadhana. There is a higher secret Will transcendent behind the play and will of the cosmic forces—a play which is always a mixture of things favourable and things adverse—and it is that Will which one must wait upon and have faith in; but you must not expect to be able always to understand its workings. The mind wants this or that to be done, the line once taken to be maintained, but what the mind wants is not at all always what is intended in a larger purpose. One has to follow indeed a fixed central aim in the sadhana and not deviate from it, but not to build on outward circumstances, conditions etc. as if they were fundamental things. A certain amount of work has been done by you or through you in Bogra. If it is the divine work, not merely personal to you, and if those who have entered the sadhana there can keep to its main truth, the work will last in spite of your departure. For it is not on you—however helpful your stay there might be to them, but on the Divine and on the sincerity of their own aspiration that depends their sadhana.

This does not mean that if there is any fit means by which you could get the Burdwan transfer cancelled, you should not use external effort to do so; but only that if the order is maintained you should accept and go on unperturbed with your sadhana. Your taking leave would not have ensured your remaining in Bogra. Between these two alternatives, joining Burdwan seemed to us to be the more advisable. If the Mother's power has work to do through you, it is not only at one place in Bengal that it can do it, but it will be with you, if you are open and receptive, wherever you go. Do what is given you to do, but keep yourself unattached, free and plastic and let there be no bondage to place or time or circumstance.

December 9, 1932

From RAJANI PALIT

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the letter on Swami Brahmananda of Chandrod in our last issue, the date of Sri Aurobindo's experience of Nirvana at Baroda was printed 1909 : the real date is 1908.

TALKS WITH SRĪ AUROBINDO

(These talks are from the Note-books of Dr. Nirodbaran who used to record most of the conversations which Sri Aurobindo had with his attendants and a few others, after the accident to his leg in November 1938. Besides the recorder, the attendants were : Dr. Manilal, Dr. Becherlal, Purani, Champaklal, Dr. Satyendra and Mulshanker. As the Notes were not seen by Sri Aurobindo himself, the responsibility for the Master's words rests entirely with Nirodbaran. He does not vouch for absolute accuracy, but he has tried his best to reproduce them faithfully. He has made the same attempt for the speeches of the others.

This is the seventeenth talk in the new Series which follows a chronological order and begins at the very beginning. The four earliest talks, after Sri Aurobindo's accident, appeared in Mother India 1952. We are now picking up where we then stopped and shall continue systematically.)

JANUARY 10, 1939

TODAY Sri Aurobindo opened the talk by inquiring from S about X's health. Then the talk proceeded on homeopathy. Then the Mother came and took some part in it. After she had gone, the talk on medicine continued.

SRI AUROBINDO : Once I had a nasty abscess on the knee in Baroda. All treatment failed. Then M. R. Jadhav called in a Mahomedan who pricked the knee at a particular point and brought out a big drop of black blood and the abscess was cured soon afterwards ! He must have known the spot where to prick.

I also remember Jatin Banerji curing many cases of sterility by a Sannyasi's medicine given to him. Cases of 10 or 15 years' sterility have been cured by it and people got children within 10 months. There were some peculiar rules to be observed before taking the medicine : for example, the woman had to take a bath, the hair had to be down, etc., etc.

Many such things known to India are being lost now.

S : I don't think medicines will succeed in curing disease. I believe only the Yogic power can do it.

N : Quite so; but, even there, one has to fulfil certain conditions. (*Laughter*)

SRI AUROBINDO : He expects that the Yogic power will simply say, "Let the disease be cured" or "Let there be no disease for life" and the thing will be done !

S : Not that way, Sir ! but we have seen even cases that have been cured miraculously.

SRI AUROBINDO : That is another matter. But otherwise the Yogi has to

get up every morning and say "Let everybody in the world be all right" and there will no more be disease in the world !

There are many miracles of Christ of that sort : he spat on some earth and put it on a blind man's eyes and the man was made to see.

C : Satyen's Guru also cured a case of leprosy and the man became a painter afterwards !

SRI AUROBINDO : In the Bible there is also the multiplication of fish and the descent of the Holy Ghost and the disciples getting the gift of tongues—speaking many languages perhaps ? I don't understand what they mean by it.

S : What is the significance of the Son, the Father and the Holy Ghost ?

SRI AUROBINDO : The Son, I suppose, could be the individual Divine, the Divine in Man—they speak of the Christ in man ; the Father is the personal Divine, the ruler of the world ; and perhaps the Holy Ghost the Impersonal ?

But I don't understand what they mean by saying, "A sin against Christ and the Father is pardonable but that against the Holy Ghost is unpardonable." It would seem to mean that if you destroy your soul you can't be redeemed.

DR. B : The soul can be destroyed ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes, in the sense that if you go against the essential Divine in you and drive out the Psychic Being, the nature is left without any divine support.

Then Dr. B. and others cited some cases of miracles.

Dr. B : Brahmananda on several occasions supplied many people out of a small quantity of food. Also, when the ghee ran short, he used to take water from the Narmada and have things fried in it. And when the occasion was over and a fresh supply of ghee came along he would throw into the river a quantity equivalent to the water taken.

N : Are such things possible ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Well, they have happened. You can't say Brahmananda played a trick.

DR. B : No, no, it was not magic.

SRI AUROBINDO : Magic is different. There you use a medium to bring or carry things to a distance etc., like the stone-throwing in the Guest House. I heard of a Yogi who used to put his feet in one corner of the room and his hands in another ! —perhaps to give them proper rest ! (*Laughter*)

P : Is there any sign or test—not necessarily outward—by which one can know that a certain element is removed from the subconscious—apart from the fact that it would not repeat itself ?

SRI AUROBINDO : No test; only you can become aware that it has gone. After that, it may come up like a habit. It goes from the mind, the vital and yet it comes up like something physical.

In that case, it comes from what I call environmental nature and you feel it like a concrete suggestion or as pain (if it is physical) or like a sex-impulse. It comes and passes transversely. If it comes like a sex-impulse, there is no question of love in it; it is purely physical. It tries to enter in. If you consent, it creates a disturbance. But as soon as you feel it is coming, you can throw it away like a thought and you can see it melting away in the universal atmosphere : for instance, pain you can see actually passing away like that.

N : Is it very difficult to be conscious of these things ?

SRI AUROBINDO : In some cases, it is very easy. Naik was very conscious, for he was high-strung, with nerves very sensitive. With people whose constitutional make-up is of that sort, people who have a natural power of vision, it is easy.

But for those who have a thick physical layer and are fond of good food and have a hold on matter, it is difficult and takes time. Also people who are mentally active, intellectual, find it difficult. On the other hand, if one had subtle intelligence, instead of external intellectuality, one might be greatly helped. A.E., for example, was very intellectual; but he was very developed in many other things also and had a remarkable power of vision. At one time I had great difficulty myself because of my mind, especially as regards visions.

The faculty can also come if one lives in his inner being. As you can feel these things, you can see them also. But it is very difficult sometimes to get down into oneself the thing which the vision symbolises, because people are so preoccupied with the vision that we find it difficult to make them feel and embody the consciousness.

Sometimes for years and years this faculty stops. Mental people give also mental form by their ideas and thoughts and so the true vision-form does not appear to them. But even if one is not able to see, one can feel or perceive these forces or presences. And feeling is a step towards realisation.

There are, in the inner vision, symbols which are as old as the Vedas.

N : The Cross is a significant one.

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes, it is ancient and very well known. It marks the meeting-point of the Individual, the Universal and the Transcendent. These symbols are seen even when you don't know anything about them. There are some symbols which have not been fixed but which accompany the opening to the Brahman. Thus, I used to hear sounds of crickets and bells. The sounds of crickets were so noisy that I wondered whether there were many crickets outside !

Here a discussion followed about schools of the Yoga of Sound (Nada). At the end someone said, "The Swastika is an old sacred symbol and now it has become Hitler's symbol."

SRI AUROBINDO : It was a sign of the spiritual consciousness and now it is a danger signal. (*Addressing P*) Have you heard Jean Herbert's opinion of Hitler ?

P : No.

SRI AUROBINDO : Someone told him that the Mother had described Hitler as possessed by a demon. He was greatly shocked and replied that the Mother could not have said so. Of course, the Mother had simply said that he was "possessed".

P : That Russian S also took Hitler to be a great man; he was full of admiration for him. He said that the Germans of today are the most cultured nation.

SRI AUROBINDO : What culture do they have? I should think on the contrary that Germany before Hitler was more cultured than the present Germany. That reported interview with the Kaiser expressed the contrast very well.

P : Yes, he said the Nazis were a gang of ruffians and blackguards, without God, tradition and dynasty.

SRI AUROBINDO : That's the disadvantage for the country. When Hitler and Mussolini go they won't leave any tradition behind. They have no families of cultural distinction such as there used to be in the old times. In India there was also the traditional line of culture handed down from Gurus to disciples.

Then the talk took a sudden turn (or perhaps I don't remember the link). Someone began to speak about Ramatirtha who could recite 'Om' in such a wonderful way in meetings etc. that people were entranced by it. But after staying some months in the plains, he used to run away to the mountains saying that he was losing his consciousness and people were dragging him into active life.

SRI AUROBINDO : I am not surprised to hear that, for they can drag a Yogi down from spiritual heights. But that shows he had the realisation in his mental being only.

S : No, sir, he was a bhakta also.

P : He had two strains : intellectual and emotional.

SRI AUROBINDO : In that case it means that his experience of the Brahmic Consciousness was in the mental and emotional parts and had not been brought down to the vital and physical. One loses the experience in such cases when the vital becomes active.

But it is not necessary that it should be so. In my Nirvana experience the peace I had never left me and that peace remained unbroken even in the midst of crowded meetings. I had not to make any effort to keep it. It was always there.

Even here when I used to go to marriage parties like David's, I used to

feel the people rather tiring but at the same time this consciousness and peace were there overhanging all and enveloping all.

N : Does it mean in Ramatirtha's case that the experience was not worked upon in the vital and physical planes ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Certainly. Usually you find these experiences worked upon in the mental and emotional planes, in the vital less while in the physical almost not at all.

N : Where is the difference ? In the nature of the conquest or the extent ?

SRI AUROBINDO : It is in the extent of the achievement. From the time of the Upanishads the cleavage began.

S : What about the Vedic Rishis ?

SRI AUROBINDO : They accepted life. But the other paths made a sharp cleavage between life and the Brahmic Consciousness. It was more markedly so under the influence of Buddhism and lastly Shankara made a sharp cut between the two.

S : Why should this conquest be necessary ?

SRI AUROBINDO : If you hold that life has no divine purpose then it is not necessary to go beyond the escape into Laya. Then you are perfectly right in leaving life and, from the point of view of the Brahman, life and body are a bother.

The 'why' of life and body has not been satisfactorily answered by those who have advocated the escape. They have either said about their existence, "It is Maya" which means there is no explanation for it, or "It is Lila" which means God has been merely playing about and you can't expect any purpose in play. But I should think that God had a purpose when he created this world.

N : What purpose ?

S : Progressive manifestation of the Divine perhaps. (*To Sri Aurobindo*) But what you call 'Supramental', is it your own idea—something thought out by you—or was it given to you from above ?

SRI AUROBINDO : It is not my thought or idea. I have told you before that after the Nirvana experience I had no 'thoughts' of my own. Thoughts used to come from above. From the beginning I didn't feel Nirvana to be the highest spiritual achievement. Something in me always wanted to go on farther. But even then I didn't ask for this new experience. In fact, in Nirvana, with that peace one does not ask for anything. But the truth of the Supermind was put into me. I had no idea of the Supermind when I started, and for long it was not clear to me.

It was the spirit of Vivekananda who first gave me a clue in the direction of the Supermind. This clue led me to see how the Truth-Consciousness works in everything.

N : Did he know about the Supermind ?

SRI AUROBINDO : He didn't say "Supermind". "Supermind" is my own word. He just said to me, "This is this, this is that" and so on. That was how he proceeded—by pointing and indicating. He visited me for 15 days in Alipore Jail and, until I could grasp the whole thing, he went on teaching me and impressed upon my mind the working of the Higher Consciousness—the Truth-Consciousness in general—which leads towards the Supermind. He would not leave until he had put it all into my head.

N : Do Gurus come in that way and give teachings ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Why not ? That is a traditional experience from ancient times. Any number of Gurus give initiation after their death.

N : You once spoke about Ramakrishna's and Vivekananda's influence in your life. Was it this you meant ?

SRI AUROBINDO : No. I referred to the influence of their words and books when I returned from England to Baroda. Their influence was very strong all over India. But I had another direct experience of Vivekananda's presence when I was practising Hathayoga. I felt this presence standing behind and watching over me. That exerted a great influence afterwards in my life.

In regard to the Sounds, I am reminded of another experience. It was when Annie Besant invited me to see her. I heard, during the whole time of the meeting, the noise of thunder in my ears. I believe she was trying to throw an influence on me and my being was violently throwing it back.

Then came some talk about Haranath. It was said that many people saw him after his death. Someone has seen him even at Madras. His miracles and his initiation were mentioned.

SRI AUROBINDO : There are two kinds of experiences : some people see visions with open eyes, others with closed eyes. Those who see with open eyes can easily mistake their visions for material forms and feel as if there were the physical presence of the individual seen.

N : But is materialisation possible ?

SRI AUROBINDO : There is a well-known case of such materialisation. It relates to the mother or the grandmother of the present Queen of England,—Lady Strathmore or some such name. The husband and wife used always to discuss religious things, the reality of after-life etc. They made a pact that whoever died first would come back and tell the other about the reality of after-life, if anything existed beyond. The husband died first. Several years later, he returned and spoke about the truth of their religion etc. Then the wife said, "Can you give any proof that you physically came here, a proof that would always last with me ?" He said "Yes", and then he took her hand and pressed it very hard. She felt a very acute burning sensation at the place. That burning left a permanent mark on her hand which she had to cover in order to conceal the mark from others.

That was materialisation, if you please !

EDITOR'S NOTE

Nirodbaran's report of Sri Aurobindo's statement about his own discovery of the Supermind after the pointer, given in Alipore Jail by Vivekananda's "spirit", to the Higher Consciousness—the planes of divine dynamism above the mind—provides some body of detail to the general indications found in the published writings of Sri Aurobindo on this subject. Thus we read in *Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on the Mother* :

"It is a fact that I was hearing constantly the voice of Vivekananda speaking to me for a fortnight in the jail in my solitary meditation and felt his presence....The voice spoke only on a special and limited but very important field of spiritual experience and it ceased as soon as it had finished saying all that it had to say on the subject" (p. 115).

"[Before coming to Pondicherry] Sri Aurobindo had already realised in full two of the four great realisations on which his Yoga...is founded. The first he had gained while meditating with the Maharashtrian Yogi Vishnu Bhaskar Lele at Baroda in January 1908; it was the realisation of the silent, spaceless and timeless Brahman...his second realisation which was that of the cosmic consciousness and of the Divine as all beings and all that is,...happened in the Alipore Jail....To the other two realisations, that of the supreme Reality with the static and dynamic Brahman as its two aspects and that of the higher planes of consciousness leading to the Supermind he was already on his way in his meditations in Alipore Jail" (pp. 107-108).

Further light on Vivekananda's coming to Sri Aurobindo is shed by the report found in the Notes kept by Anilbaran of a talk with Sri Aurobindo in July 1926. Like Nirodbaran's report, it also brings us some significant particulars. It runs :

SRI AUROBINDO : ...Then there is the incident of the personality of Vivekananda visiting me in jail. He explained to me in detail the work of the Supramental—not exactly of the Supramental, but of the intuitivised mind, the mind as it is organised by the Supramental. He did not use the word "Supermind", I gave this name afterwards. That experience lasted for about two weeks.

Q : Was that a vision ?

SRI AUROBINDO : No, it was not a vision. I would not have trusted a vision.

Considering the interest that attaches to this "incident", we shall interrupt our normal chronological arrangement of Nirodbaran's *Talks with Sri Aurobindo* and publish in our next issue, together with some other matter, a subsequent talk which touches again on Vivekananda's visit to Sri Aurobindo in jail,

REMINISCENCES

VII

(The experiences of jail, which should follow immediately after the account given in the last issue of "Mother India" of the wholesale arrests, will now appear in "Pathamandir Annual" of August. In this issue we publish some details of the "Karmayogin" phase. Here Sri Aurobindo appears practically throughout the narrative, as editor and teacher, as a student of Tamil, and finally as a medium in strange spiritist experiments. The narrative closes with an account of Sri Aurobindo's departure for Chandernagore and the dispersal of his intimate disciples all of whom were to join him soon at Pondicherry.)

ON coming out of jail, Sri Aurobindo found shelter in the house of his maternal uncle, Krishna Kumar Mitra; the place was known as the *Sanjivani* Office. Bejoy Nag and myself had got our release along with him, but we could not yet make up our minds as to what we should do next; we were still wandering about like floating weeds or moss. But both of us used to go and see him every afternoon.

About this time, he went out on tour for a short while in the Assam area in connection with political work and he took the two of us along. I shall speak about that on another occasion. On return from tour he told me one day that he had decided to bring out two weekly papers, one in English and the other in Bengali. The premises were ready, the arrangements were practically complete and we could both of us come and stay there. He asked me if I had any practice in writing. I said that I had never written anything beyond college essays, but I could try. "Then get hold of an English newspaper tomorrow," he said, "pick out some of the important items of news, write them out in Bengali and bring them to me. I shall see." I did that the next day. He seemed to be pleased on seeing my writing and said that it might do. He gave me the task of editing the news columns of his Bengali paper *Dharma*. Half of it would be articles, etc., and the rest would be news. Needless to say, I accepted the offer. He added that for this work he would give me a stipend of ten rupees per month and that I should not take that amiss. For, he explained, this was for him a matter of principle as he did not consider it fair to exact work without giving its due reward. That was why he offered this token payment and I should accept it as part of my pocket-expenses. This was the first time I was going to earn any money.

So we came to stay at Shyampukur, on the *Dharma* and *Karmayogin* premises. There were two flats or sections. In the front part were set up the press and the office, and at the back, in the inner apartments, so to say,

we set up our household. There were three or four rooms on the first floor and downstairs there were the kitchen and stores and things.

Sri Aurobindo used to come here every afternoon from his uncle's place. He would first look to the work in the office and then come to our rooms. Till about ten in the evening he used to spend his time with us.

It is here that began our true education, and perhaps, nay certainly, our initiation too. Three of us were permanent residents, Bejoy Nag, Suresh Chakravarti and myself. But there turned up practically every day Ramchandra Majumdar, Biren Ghosh and Saurin Bose (a brother-in-law of Sri Aurobindo) who came with us to Pondicherry and stayed here many long years. A frequent visitor was Ganen Tagore of Ramakrishna Mission who acted as the link with Sister Nivedita. There were a few others who came once in a while. Sri Aurobindo had his own novel method of education. It did not proceed by the clock, nor according to a fixed routine or curriculum, that is, there was nothing of the school about it. It went simply and naturally along lines that seemed to do without rules. The student did not realise that he was being educated at all. Is there not something very similar about his *sādhana*? Of fixed rules and processes determined in advance there is none; it moves by different paths and along different lines, depending on the time and circumstances; its form and movement vary according to the individual seeker. Even the seeker hardly seems to realise that he is doing any *sādhana*. Does a fish living in water know that it has learnt to swim?

By giving me that work of editing the news he made me slowly grow into a journalist underwriter. Next there came to me naturally an urge to write articles. Sri Aurobindo was pleased with the first Bengali article I wrote. Only, he made a slight change at one place, I remember. I had written, "In the past, India held to the illusionist view. But in the present age, she cannot afford to reject life and the physical world; these she must accept." He corrected the first phrase to "At a particular stage in our past." This my first article was published in the 11th issue of *Dharma* dated 15th November, 1909. I was twenty then. Some of my other articles came out in *Dharma*¹ afterwards. My writings in English began much later.

Now we started collecting a few books. At the very outset he suggested two titles : Carlyle's *French Revolution* and Green's *History of the English People*, perhaps in consideration of our taste for history and revolution. Arrangements soon came to be made, all of a sudden and it seemed as if by accident, for our coaching in Hindi as well. A Marwari gentleman who used to help Sri Aurobindo in his journalistic work had a Pundit as his protégé to whom he had to pay 70 or 75 rupees per month as an honorarium. So he asked Sri Aurobindo if instead of the Pundit being paid for nothing he could not be

¹ These have been appearing in translation in *Mother India*. — Editor,

made to give some service. It was accordingly agreed that the Pundit would come and teach us Hindi for an hour every day. He was a Brahmin of the rigid orthodox type. But once in the grip of iconoclasts like us, his orthodox habits were soon broken to bits. For instance, he was made to drink of the water from taps in place of holy Ganges water brought from the river by carrier; he even accepted to eat sweets obtained from the market instead of living entirely on his own cooking. Hindi has now embarked on its career of empire and perhaps it was in anticipation of this that Sri Aurobindo wanted to get us ready from that early date. But the Muse of Hindi did not prosper much in our hands.

It was here at Shyampukur itself that Suresh Chandra had his first inspiration for poetry.

One day, in the midst of all this, Sri Aurobindo asked me all of a sudden if I had any desire to learn languages—any of the European languages, French for example. I was a little surprised at the question, for I had not observed in me any such ambition or inclination. None the less, I replied that I would like to. That is how I began my French. He said, “At the National College (National Council of Education, now Jadavpur University) they have got the books I loaned to them. You take this note from me. They will give you a volume of Molière’s Works.” I started right away with a play from this volume, *L’Avare*. At several places in the margins he wrote out in his own hand the English equivalents for my convenience. I still possess that volume with the marginal notes in his handwriting.

Sri Aurobindo himself began about this time his study of the Tamil language, with a Tamil gentleman who used to come to the *Karmayogin* office. A rather amusing incident has been narrated in this connection by Suresh Chakravarti. You should read Suresh Chakravarti’s account along with mine in order to get a more complete picture of our life at Shyampukur. His *Reminiscences* (in Bengali) have just been published by the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.¹ While taking up the study of Tamil, Sri Aurobindo did not have the faintest suspicion that he might have to go to Tamil Nad one day and make that his permanent home.

Here in Shyampukur and about the same time, there began for us another kind of education, another type of experience, a rather strange experience I should say. Everybody knows about automatic writing, that is, where the hand of the writer goes on automatically writing without any kind of impulsion, desire or direction on his own part; he remains neutral and lets himself go.

It is said that through this kind of writing are brought down spirits or bodiless entities. The Western savant may say that all this is a play of subconscious mind as the waking mind then abdicates. But that is a matter for argument.

¹ The relevant extracts from this book will appear in translation in subsequent issues of *Mother India*. — Editor.

Let me here describe what actually happened. Sri Aurobindo showed to us, or rather made us hear, not examples of automatic writing but of automatic speech. About eight in the evening, we would take our seats around him. The lights were put out and all was silent. We kept still for a while. Then slowly there came a voice from Sri Aurobindo. It was clearly not his own voice, there were many voices each of a different character and tone. The voice itself would say who it was. Some of them I remember very well. Once someone came and said many fine things about education, about literature, about our country. We got eager to know his name. After putting us off for a while he finally gave out that he was Bankimchandra. The talks were in English. He had used a word, "obfuscated", and as none of us knew the meaning of this unusual word we asked him the meaning. His reply was, "In our days we knew better English than you do." Another day, somebody else appeared and immediately announced himself in a terrible voice, "I am Danton ! Terror ! Red Terror !" He went on discoursing on the need and utility of all that bloodshed of the French Revolution. Another who came introduced himself thus, "I am Theramenes." Theramenes was a political leader of ancient Greece. He spoke in a calm and subdued tone and gave us a lesson in political matters. So many others came like this, day after day, and taught us many things on various subjects. Someone even raised the question of Hindu-Muslim unity and offered us a solution as well.

Who are these beings? Or, what are they? Do supraphysical beings exist in fact? And do they come and disclose their identity before men in this manner? It is a very obscure and complicated affair indeed. Supraphysical beings do exist. But the supraphysical world is not of a single piece. There are worlds upon worlds in a regular series, from the most gross to the most subtle; above the physical is the subtle-physical, above that is life, and above life mind, the series continues above mind also; and in each of these there are several layers or planes. Any of the beings from any of these worlds or planes can manifest himself. But he has to manifest through the instrumentality of the human medium, through the substance of the medium's mind, life and body. Therefore he cannot easily manifest his real nature or true being, he has to gather his materials from the medium's own substance. Very often it is the make-up of the medium that predominates and the being that manifests preserves very little of his own. But it may on the other hand be quite otherwise. All will depend on the capacity of the medium. With an impure or unfit medium there will be a greater possibility of charlatanism and falsehood.

In many cases it is not the true soul of a dead person that comes; what comes is some portion of him, some fragments of his mind, life or subtle body that may have survived in the corresponding worlds or in some other worlds. By animating these parts and using them as vehicles some other being or entity or force may come, as if a representative of the whole man. Or else it might even

happen that an entirely different being presents himself under a false name. There is really no end to the complexities that may arise in these supraphysical worlds. There may also be a medium who knows how to keep under his control the action and modality of such appearances, that is to say, determine in advance the particular beings or types of being that will come or will not come, the kind of things they will say or will not be allowed to say. Or he may, if he chooses, open the gates for anyone to appear, simply in order that he may watch and examine what takes place. Needless to add that when Sri Aurobindo made himself a medium, something like this used to happen.

As a record of one of his experiments on this line, Sri Aurobindo himself has said or rather left in writing something that we all know. The book entitled *Yogic Sadhan* was written entirely in this manner through his hand by somebody else. And judging by the fact that at the time of the writing Sri Aurobindo had seen the subtle presence of Rammohan Roy around, it may be inferred that the book was written or inspired by Rammohan Roy. Sri Aurobindo has likewise told us that the subtle being of Vivekananda came to him in Alipore Jail to give him certain instructions.

Meanwhile there came to us running, one afternoon, a young man—Satish Sarkar—to give Sri Aurobindo the news that Shamsul Alam, the Police Inspector who had been the mainstay of Government in the Alipore bomb case, had just been shot down, on the steps of the High Court, by Biren (Birendranath Dattagupta). He added that he too had been with Biren, but had managed to escape, although he doubted if Biren could have escaped. Biren actually got arrested and was hanged. This lad absconded. Afterwards he came to us in Pondicherry and stayed here for some time, perhaps for a year or so. We christened him “Junior Sinner”—as he was, as it were, a younger brother to us. But he developed into a *māyāvādin* (illusionist) and finally left us as he could not reconcile himself to our viewpoint. Afterwards he became a *sannyāsin*. He has an ashram and receives an allowance from Bengal Government as a political sufferer.

Our life in Shyampukur went on in its regular course, when, one evening as we gathered for our usual séance, our friend Ramchandra suddenly appeared with the news that the Government had decided to arrest Sri Aurobindo again; everything was ready, he said, and it might even be that very evening. Sri Aurobindo listened to him in silence. Then he said, “Come, let us move out just now.” He had received the Divine Command, as he told us later, to leave immediately for Chandernagore. He came out of the house and made straight for the river-side, accompanied by Ramchandra, Biren and Suresh Chakravarti. Suresh has given an accurate and full account of what happened next, and I shall not repeat that here. You should read it in his *Reminiscences*.

The story of this sudden exit or disappearance of Sri Aurobindo has appeared in several versions, with many distortions and not without a touch of

colour. For instance, someone has said that it was on Nivedita's advice and at her insistence or request that Sri Aurobindo took shelter in French territory. Another has given a vivid cinema-like picture of how Sri Aurobindo had to jump a wall, how he lost his way among the narrow lanes and finally landed on somebody's doorsteps and the dramatic dialogue that ensued, and so on. But all this is sheer myth and romance. Sri Aurobindo himself has left his record on the point, and his companions of that evening have also written out the true facts.

Those of us who were left behind continued to run the two papers for some time; Nivedita was of particular help in regard to the English journal. But afterwards, we too found it impossible to carry on and our pleasant home had to be broken up. For news came that the police were after our blood; it became imperative therefore that we too should disperse and go into hiding. I have said that there were three permanent residents in that house. Of these three, Suresh Chakravarti, at Ganen Tagore's instance, disappeared among the Tagore family, in the house of Gaganendranath Tagore. Bejoy removed to a friend's in Calcutta itself. And I decided to leave for an obscure little village in distant Barisal; there I put up with a friend of mine, Satish Chandra Sengupta who afterwards became professor of philosophy at the City College in Calcutta.

That expedition of mine was not less romantic than any Antarctic trip. First I went by train; next came the ferry steamer that carried me across rivers; then I had a country-boat that paddled along the little channels of East Bengal; and finally I had to walk the last lap of my journey before reaching the destination, Kumeru.¹ Perhaps I shall tell you about that romantic episode in more detail later if there is luck. I spent a couple of months there, enjoying all kinds of delicious dishes and a fine hospitality and lorded it over in the football fields out there. Then I got the news that the time had come, for starting on my travels again—this time on a far distant trip, to the verge of Cape Camorin almost.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA.

(Translated by Sanat K. Banerji from the original Bengali)

¹ If "Sumeru" could stand for the North Pole, surely "Kumeru" has a claim on the South.
— Translator,



INTRODUCTION TO THE VEDAS

(6)

THE ancient seers dealt with supraphysical truths. Modern science and philosophy deal with abstract concepts. But these concepts are born of the rational intellect. We may call them theories, well-arranged and systematised; hence nothing extraordinary. But the ancient seers realised and tried to express the transcendental Truth and its Power. There is a play of Power behind the world of phenomena which at once resolves itself into more and more subtle forms and evolves from the deepest level to the grosser manifestations. The seers of yore were wont to study the origin and nature of all the different stages of subtle forms knitting them into a system. By virtue of their spiritual insight they discovered that the world consists of different levels of existence—sphere after sphere ranging from the gross to the subtle, peak after peak in an ascending order. One existence runs through them all. The supreme Being is there in each part. The Power of the self-same Being works in each and every part, differing in form and function in different levels of manifestation. Nevertheless there is a symmetry due to the fact that all becomings and their dynamis proceed from one fundamental Being. Again, the truth in one level is reflected on other levels, for it is the same Power of the Supreme Being that travels from the most subtle to the most gross manifestation. So there reigns a parallelism by virtue of all the levels of existence.

As for instance, when the Vedic seers speak of fire, they mean something of which the gross form is fire and which itself is *teja* (luminous energy) in its subtle form. In the spiritual world, in its subtler form it is called consciousness energising. Likewise serially and simultaneously are light, the power of revelation and knowledge. *Idam śreṣṭham jyotiṣām...* (This is the Light, the highest of all lights; it has come; the Supreme knowledge, beautiful and diverse, vast and all-pervading, has taken birth).

When the Vedic seers say this, they make use of the gross dawn to hint at some subtle dawn. They could visualise the entire creation in its wholeness. That is why their realisations had the stamp of wholeness which can be applied to all the levels and phases of creation. We, the modernists, look upon truth as something entirely comprehensible by the intellect. We put it syllogistically and understand it part by part separately. The ancients used to grasp the truth through the fullness of their heart, the inner being. So they could manifest an indivisible embodiment of mundane forms and supraphysical concepts. To us



the truth has three distinct forms : in the material, vital and mental worlds. Each is different from the other, having a definition of its own. But the angle of vision of the ancient seers was not of such an analytical type. Their synthetic realisation revealed such mantras as comprised the essence of all the levels.

In the process of Nature, in the material world and in its activities they did not see something mundane and material, but found in them a reflection of the supernatural. It may be asked : if the gross forms were mere symbols, then why is the Veda so replete with them and why has so much importance been given to them ? Then we have to enquire into the symbolism of the ancients. Here in this connection we want only to mention that the language of the ancients used to flow from their heart. It was not subject to any intellectual reasoning and was not analytical as that of to-day. The language was simply a symbol of their direct realisation. All languages originate from the perceptions of the senses and the emotions of the heart. The inner urge was kept intact in the language of the ancients. The language and their direct perception were not intercepted by the syllogistic reasoning. So the subtle experiences when expressed in language used to entail the corresponding gross perceptions as well. The ceremonials and the sacrifices are but symbols of inner experiences. According to the Chhandogya Upanishad, *Yāvānu ayamākāśastāvāṇeṣon-tarhṛdaya ākāśaḥ...* (The sky that we see in the outer space is also in our inner heart. Both the Heaven and the earth, Agni as well as Vayu—all are concentrated in our inner heart).

In the Katha Upanishad too we come across the same utterance : “Whatever is there in the inner world is to be found here as well.” In ancient times, not only in India, but in all countries of the world symbolism was in vogue. We cannot read through those symbols. That is why we consider them black magic or rustic customs of the uncivilised. We can partly appreciate the political and artistic genius of Egypt. So at times we consider it equal or superior to ours. But we are unable to grasp her spiritual genius. Hence we do not hesitate to relegate it to the level of barbarism . We have hardly any spiritual realisation. What we understand is at best morality. We highly admire the art and literature of Greece. But in respect of Greek spirituality our knowledge is confined to Socrates. In the earlier period of Greek civilisation there was a current of deep spiritual culture, and what they used to call the Mysteries were only mysteries of spiritual yogic discipline. We fail to understand that the water-worship of Thales and the fire-worship of Heraclitus were not merely different aspects of Nature-worship. We do not like to believe that these terms “water” and “fire” can ever be the symbols of spiritual truths. We study the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato. But we do not delve into the spiritual culture or esoteric aspect of which their philosophies are but outer expressions. Behind the mythologies of China, Japan, old-world America and Australia there lies a

science of spiritual discipline which may not be recognised by the scientists, but those practising spirituality will not find it difficult to discover it.

We find more objectivity than mere abstraction in the language and thoughts of the ancients. So they seem to be prone to materialism. But as a matter of fact, their abstract ideas were not merely based on syllogistic reasoning. Those ideas were to them as living, true, clear and manifest as a material object. They did not consider the subtle world visionary, rather they took the subtle world for the *raison d'être* of the material world. So they found no difficulty in expressing the subtle concepts of their experiences through gross symbols. Even we, the modernists, at times do the same. For instance, in poetry the poet has to resort to images and allegories in order to express the deep and intense inspiration of his own heart. Has not the Vaishnava literature tried to give expressions to supraphysical realisations through the symbols of earthly experiences ?

“A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.”—Solomon

The Christians do not hesitate in the least to give some abstract meaning to these words of Solomon. What mystery of Transubstantiation do they now ascribe to the ceremony of the Eucharist ! Then why should ritual expressions in the Veda be looked upon as signs of gross practices of rustics ?

Anecdotes, stories, and analogies have been used in all times and climes for the expression of subtle truths. In modern times we have managed to banish this practice from the spiritual field, but have not as yet completely succeeded in the realm of poetry.

The Vedas have a spiritual mystery of their own. We do not say that it is we who have discovered that spiritual mystery for the first time. As regards this we have already referred to Sayana and the *Nirukta*. Even in this modern age there are some who have endeavoured to present a spiritual interpretation of the Vedas. Perhaps Dayananda Saraswati is the pioneer among them. Pundit Durgadas Lahiri and Dwijadas Dutt have paid much attention to this aspect of the Vedas. But our spiritual interpretation widely differs from theirs. In fact, we would rather call our interpretation philosophical and not spiritual. Dayananda's spiritual interpretation was based on the doctrine of Ishwara, Dwijadas's on that of the Brahman, and Durgadas's on the devotional religious feeling. No doubt, the Vedas have all these. But these scholars have shown only in brief the general form of spirituality in the Vedas. The mysteries of the Vedas are far more deep and subtle. The Veda is a Yogic science, a system of science and knowledge acquired through Yoga.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

(Translated by Chinmoy from the original Bengali)

WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BALCONY

THE hearts full-open chalices to the Smile,
The minds that were all eyes upon the Trance,
The souls that flushed to the touch of the dipping Glance—
Sharers of the beatific spell of a while

Disperse. Dimly emerge new balconies
Into the inner skies of consciousness,
With the myriad-bodied Mother's sole caress :
The personal tie each can for ever seize.

For ever, yet disease, decay and doom—
In-dwellers of common clay—would wreck the tie !
Now, duelling with her bright clay they blasted lie,
Choked by the very cells' divine perfume !

Salutation to that in-drawn Victory !
O gracious Love, death-stung, aching to give
Thy all, that all in bliss immortal live—
Vessels and vestures of Eternity.

NARESH BAHADUR

THE MOTHER

ALL beauty bows to Thee and loveliness,
All Nature strives to find Thy charm and grace
And all perfection yearns for Thy embrace,
Each World is a fold of Thy eternal dress.

From Thee has come the splendour of the Sun,
The Stars that shine in the darkness of the Night,
The fairies' dance that thrills the ethereal sight;
To glimpse Thy Feet in vain the gods ever run.

From Thee has sprung the timeless Two-in-One
Whose rapture fills the spaces with delight,
But veiled Thou standest in Thy own self-Light,
For Thou art all, Thy influence nought can shun.

When stands the Light of lights on earth unveiled,
Then man shall change by Beauty's force assailed.

PRITHWI SINGH

NEW ROADS

BOOK XII

(iii)

THE DAWN descended into anguished Night,
Into the deeps of Nature's disregard
Into unfathomed corridors where Light
Came now to awake the sleeping cells to Life.
The Golden Radiance annexed the fields of pain;
Slowly the blood-tide, in its ebb and flow,
Pulled on the ego like an anchor-chain,
Made fast to the drifting vessel which is Man
The ocean bed of a comminuted All :

The Fourth dimension shifted Time and Space
And cheated Nature of the expected Fall;
The fragmentation of the Inconscient rose
Into a radiance of the transforming gleam—
The quickened blood, now purified with Light,
Flowed through the body like a golden stream
Reaching a higher Truth and Beauty's home.

There was no cause to whimper or to weep,
This was the mighty Destiny of the Dawn
When Eos uprose from her inconscient Sleep.
New Light was born out of her Night of pain,
New possibilities—to earth immense—
Became the certainties of future days—
Born of the body's brave enduring sense
From the threatening labour of an ignorant world.

And now who doubts Her governance of earth ?
Her body new created and divine
Strides on beyond the sculptured form of birth
That set the seal of our mortality.
Now She, and She alone embodies Truth
For which the true-in-heart will always seek—
She points the Way to an eternal Youth
That marks the Yuga of the Sons of God.

NORMAN DOWSETT

THE LIFE DIVINE OF SRI AUROBINDO : *ITS LEADING PRINCIPLES AND CONCEPTS*

(Classified Excerpts)

(*Continued*)

SECTION V : THE UNIVERSE AND THE DIVINE POWER

(vi) FORCE

...that which has thrown itself out into forms is a triune Existence-Consciousness-Bliss, Sachchidananda, whose consciousness is in its nature a creative or rather a self-expressive Force capable of infinite variation in phenomenon and form of its self-conscious being and endlessly enjoying the delight of that variation.¹

The world of which we are a part is in its most obvious view a movement of Force ; but that Force, when we penetrate its appearances, proves to be a constant and yet always mutable rhythm of creative consciousness casting up, projecting in itself phenomenal truths of its own infinite and eternal being ; and this rhythm is in its essence, cause and purpose a play of the infinite delight of being ever busy with its own innumerable self-representations.²

When we perceive that Force is a self-expression of Existence, we are bound to perceive also that this line which Force has taken, corresponds to some self-truth of that Existence which governs and determines its constant curve and destination. And since consciousness is the nature of the original Existence and the essence of its Force, this truth must be a self-perception in Conscious-Being and this determination of the line taken by Force must result from a power of self-directive knowledge inherent in Consciousness which enables it to guide its own Force inevitably along the logical line of the original self-perception. It is then a self-determining power in universal consciousness, a capacity in self-awareness of infinite existence to perceive a certain Truth in itself and direct its force of creation along the line of that Truth, which has presided over the cosmic manifestation.³

The first of these four positions, the source of all this progressive relation between Consciousness and Force, is their poise in the being of Sachchidananda where they are one ; for there the Force is consciousness of being working itself

out without ever ceasing to be consciousness and the Consciousness is similarly luminous Force of being eternally aware of itself and of its own Delight and never ceasing to be this power of utter light and self-possession. The second relation is that of material Nature ; it is the poise of being in the material universe which is the great denial of Sachchidananda by Himself : for here there is the utter apparent separation of Force from Consciousness, the specious miracle of the all-governing and infallible Inconscient which is only the mask but which modern knowledge has mistaken for the real face of the cosmic Deity. The third relation is the poise of being in Mind and in the Life which we see emerging out of this denial, bewildered by it, struggling—without any possibility of cessation by submission, but also without any clear knowledge or instinct of a victorious solution—against the thousand and one problems involved in this perplexing apparition of man the half-potent conscient being out of the omnipotent Inconscience of the material universe. The fourth relation is the poise of being in Supermind : it is the fulfilled existence which will eventually solve all this complex problem created by the partial affirmation emerging out of the total denial ; and it must needs solve it in the only possible way, by the complete affirmation fulfilling all that was secretly there contained in potentiality and intended in fact of evolution behind the mask of the great denial.⁴

Moreover we see that this cosmic action or any cosmic action is impossible without the play of an infinite Force of Existence which produces and regulates all these forms and movements ; and that Force equally presupposes or is the action of an infinite Consciousness, because it is in its nature a cosmic Will determining all relations and apprehending them by its own mode of awareness, and it could not so determine and apprehend them if there were no comprehensive Consciousness behind that mode of cosmic awareness to originate as well as to hold, fix and reflect through it the relations of Being in the developing formation or becoming of itself which we call a universe.⁵

As there is a Cosmic Self and Spirit pervading and upholding the universe and its beings, so too there is a cosmic Force that moves all things, and on this original cosmic Force depend and act many cosmic Forces that are its powers or arise as forms of its universal action. Whatever is formulated in the universe has a Force or Forces that support it, seek to fulfil or further it, find their foundation in its functioning, their account of success in its success and growth and domination, their self-fulfilment or their prolongation of being in its victory or survival. As there are Powers of Knowledge or Forces of the Light, so there are Powers of Ignorance and tenebrous Forces of the Darkness whose work is to prolong the reign of Ignorance and Inconscience. As there are Forces of Truth, so there are Forces that live by the Falsehood and support it and work for its victory ; as there are powers whose life is intimately bound up

with the existence, the idea and the impulse of Good, so there are Forces whose life is bound up with the existence and the idea and the impulse of Evil.⁶

(vii) POWER

Each thing in Nature, therefore, whether animate or inanimate, mentally self-conscious or not self-conscious, is governed in its being and in its operations by an indwelling Vision and Power, to us subconscient or inconscient because we are not conscious of it but not inconscient to itself, rather profoundly and universally conscient.⁷

As there are three fundamental aspects in which we meet this Reality,—Self, Conscious Being or Spirit and God, the Divine Being, or to use the Indian terms, the absolute and omnipresent Reality, Brahman, manifests to us as Atman, Purusha, Ishwara,—so too its power of Consciousness appears to us in three aspects : it is the self-force of that consciousness conceptively creative of all things, Maya ; it is Prakriti, Nature or Force made dynamically executive, working out all things under the witnessing eye of the Conscious Being, the Self or Spirit ; it is the conscious Power of the Divine Being, Shakti, which is both conceptively creative and dynamically executive of all the divine workings. These three aspects and their powers base and comprise the whole of existence and all Nature and, taken together as a single whole, they reconcile the apparent disparateness and incompatibility of the supracosmic Transcendence, the cosmic universality and the separateness of our individual existence ; the Absolute, cosmic Nature and ourselves are linked in oneness by this triune aspect of the one Reality.⁸

The unity of God and Nature cannot fail to manifest itself to him (man) : for he finds in the end that it is the Absolute who is all these relativities; he sees that it is the Spirit of whom every other principle is a manifestation ; he discovers that it is the Self who has become all these becomings; he feels that it is the Shakti or Power of being and consciousness of the Lord of all beings which is Nature and is acting in the cosmos. Thus in the progress of our self-knowledge we arrive at that by the discovery of which all is known as one with our self and by the possession of which all is possessed and enjoyed in our own self-existence.⁹

This (limitation) is a sign that neither Mind nor Life is the original creative Power; they, like Matter, are intermediaries, successive and seried instruments of the evolutionary process. If a material energy is not that original Power, then we must seek for it in something above Mind or Life ; there must be a deeper occult Reality which has yet to disclose itself in Nature.¹⁰

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“SELF-EFFORT” AND “GRACE” IN THE UPANISHADS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN
DR. S.K. MAITRA AND A B. PURANI

A.B. Purani, who is now in the United States to speak on the spiritual Vision and Work of Sri Aurobindo, has sent the Editor this supplementary note.

Crescent Moon Ranch,
Sidona.

I DID not know when I wrote those letters to Dr. S.K.Maitra that Sri Aurobindo's own interpretation of that passage in the Upanishad about the Self revealing its own body supported me. I consider myself fortunate that I by my own effort (or was it really by the hidden hand of Grace ?) arrived at the Master's standpoint without knowing it. I believe the following quotation, from *On Yoga II*, Tome One, pp. 584-585, decides the question of the meaning of the Upanishadic verse concerned :

“...as to this ‘Grace’ we describe it in that way because we feel in the infinite Spirit or Self or Existence a Presence or a Being, a Consciousness that determines,—that is what we speak of as the Divine,—not a separate person, but the one Being of whom our individual self is a portion or a vessel. But it is not necessary for everybody to regard it in that way. Supposing it is the impersonal Self of all only, yet the Upanishad says of this Self and its realisation : ‘This understanding is not to be gained by reasoning nor by tapasya nor by much learning, but whom this Self chooses, to him it reveals its own body.’ Well, that is the same thing as what we call the Divine Grace ; it is an action from above or from within independent of mental causes which decides its own movement. We can call it the Divine Grace ; we can call it the Self within choosing its own hour and way to manifest to the mental instrument on the surface ; we can call it the flowering of the inner being or inner nature into self-realisation and self-knowledge. As something in us approaches it or as it presents itself to us, so the mind sees it. But in reality it is the same thing and the same process of the being in Nature.”

THE SPIRITUAL DAUGHTER OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

EAST represents the Soul-power. West represents the power of Matter. The absolute surrender of Miss Margaret Noble at the feet of an Indian Sannyasin stands as a glorious proof of the submission of the West before the spiritual Light of India. This truth finds its significant corroboration in the very name Nivedita given by her Master. Truly, Nivedita was an emblem of true offering. She successfully utilised the power that she received from her Master in the cause of the upliftment of Indian womanhood and to free the Indian Nation from foreign yoke. This again proves that as the East is endowed with the power of imparting spirituality, even so the West possesses the power of receiving it. The sincerity of her devotion to her Master expressed itself more in her life than in anything else. She lived the truths which she heard from the Swami's soul-awakening lips. And in this connection, it will be quite apposite on our part to remember the fiery and intoxicating words that she received from Vivekananda on the eve of her departure to India. "*I will stand by you unto death, whether you work for India or not, whether you give up Vedanta or remain in it. The tusks of the elephant come out, but they never go back. Even so are the words of a man.*" Needless to say that her Master's words echoed and re-echoed in the innermost recesses of her heart during her historic voyage, nay, to the end of her life.

Margaret's father was quite aware of her bright future even in her childhood. He found that his daughter was not of the common run. Therefore Samuel, who was a parson, before breathing his last spoke to his wife in a low tone, almost a whisper about Margaret :

"When God calls her, let her go. She will spread her wings... She will do great things."

On January 28, 1898, Margaret landed in India. She was one of the most precious jewels that the West could offer to India. On the other hand, it may be said that an unknown school-teacher has now stood in the glare of wide publicity.

"The Mother's heart, the hero's will,
The sweetness of the southern breeze,
The sacred charm and strength that dwell
On Aryan altars, flaming free
All these be yours and many more,
No ancient soul could dream before,—
Be thou to India's future son,
The mistress, servant, friend in one."—

The chief disciple received from her Master this unique benediction while she was being initiated into the vow of Brahmacharya (celibacy) and the name Nivedita was given to her. A man treading the path of spirituality must

never forget that as opportunity never knocks at one's door twice, even so benediction, a true benediction, rarely repeats itself. But the power of that benediction can easily fight out the stupendous odds of centuries that eclipse the Knowledge-Sun of the disciple. It will be 'worth while to pay more attention to the word 'benediction', the touchstone in the life of Nivedita. It happened that during their stay at Almora Vivekananda for some time assumed altogether a different aspect in his relation to Nivedita. He was unbelievably severe to her. He neglected her much more than he possibly could. "My relation," says the disciple, "to our Master at this time can only be described as one of clash and conflict." But the red-letter day at last dawned to save her life from the deepest pangs. To cite her once again : "And then a time came when one of the older ladies of our party, thinking perhaps that such intensity of pain inflicted might easily go too far, interceded kindly and gravely with the Swami. He listened silently and went away. At evening, however, he returned and finding us together in the verandah, he turned to her and said with the simplicity of a child, 'You are right. There must be a change. I am going into the forests to be alone and when I come back I shall bring peace.' Then he turned and saw that above us the moon was new and a sudden exaltation came into his voice as he said, 'See ! the Mohammedans think much of the new moon. Let us also with the new moon begin a new life !' As the words ended, he lifted his hands and blessed with silent depths of blessing his most rebellious disciple, by this time kneeling before him.... It was assuredly a moment of wonderful sweetness of reconciliation. ...Long, long ago Sri Ramakrishna had told his disciples that the day would come when his beloved 'Noren' would manifest his own great gift of bestowing knowledge with a touch. That evening at Almora I proved the truth of his prophecy."

A rare combination of sweet devotion and lofty intellect was Nivedita. No Indian will ever deny the important role that she played after entering into the Indian political fray. With a fearless heart she associated herself with the activities of Sri Aurobindo, Tilak and other political leaders of the front rank. In those days she was surcharged within and without with her Master's indomitable spirit. She had fully learnt the meaning of suffering. To our joy her mighty sacrifice was crowned with success.

"Nivedita," says Tagore, "was the universal mother. We have seldom come across such motherly love which can embrace the whole of a country outside the bounds of its family circle.... When Nivedita used to say 'our people', one could easily detect the tone of intense familiarity in that ; it was so sincere and yet so spontaneous !... Nivedita had the natural power to endear herself to the people of India, irrespective of caste, creed and religion. She could mix with them intimately and freely. She looked at them with respect and not with compassion."

In this connection let us cite here an incident that actually took place in

her life. The milk-man who would daily supply her with milk asked her one day to give him some advice on religion. On hearing it her eyes were flushed with surprise. "You ! you are an Indian. You need to have a piece of advice from me? Is there anything that you people do not know ? You are the descendant of Sri Krishna. Accept my salutation."

The following lines appeared in the *Karmayogin* edited by Nivedita in the absence of Sri Aurobindo who had then retired to Chandernagore on receiving a divine Command from above. We shall observe here how Nivedita identified herself with India and expressed her high hopes that India would occupy the highest rank of leadership in the domain of intellectual activities :

"The whole history of the world shows that the Indian intellect is second to none. This must be proved by the performance of a task beyond the power of others, the seizing of the first place in the intellectual advance of the world. Is there any inherent weakness that would make it impossible for us to do this ? Are the countrymen of Bhaskaracharya and Shankaracharya inferior to the countrymen of Newton and Darwin ? We trust not. It is for us, by the power of our thought, to break down the iron walls of opposition that confront us, and to seize and enjoy the intellectual sovereignty of the world."

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." (Bacon)

The Master as I saw him by Nivedita has inevitably its place with those books that are to be 'chewed and digested.' According to Sri Aurobindo this book was written with the blood of her heart. Also it was Sri Aurobindo who, many years ago, addressed her as the flame-spirit.

The life and teaching of Sister Nivedita can easily claim to form an imperishable part of the recent history of Indian womanhood. Her wonderful sacrifice lives in spirit in spite of her departure from human existence, through the ever-expanding activities of the followers and admirers of Ramakrishna Vivekananda. Nivedita's was a heart of supreme selflessness. Her devotion pinned to dive into the sea of Hindu Religion to discover 'full many a gem of purest ray serene'. And she got them. She with her superb intellect ceaselessly helped Indian education, art, science and politics. Her multifarious activities transcend human understanding, culminating in direct contact with the Olympian spirit of her *Guru*. Her humility remained throughout as an innate characteristic, notwithstanding the ceaseless outpouring of respect and veneration she received from the hearts of those who knew her and closely studied her life.

Napoleon's dictionary did not house the word 'impossibility', and hers had no room for 'despair'. Even the last words she uttered under her breath amply show that her life which was a true replica of her Master's heroic spirit would not give way to despair :

"The boat is sinking, but I shall see the sunrise,"

HOW THE MOTHER'S GRACE CAME TO US

(REMINISCENCES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE IN CONTACT WITH THE MOTHER)

THE SUPPORT OF THE STRICKEN

A FRIEND of mine was feeling deeply stricken because all his children were dying. At last there were two who lived for a few years and there was always the fear that perhaps they also might be snatched away by Death.

I suggested that if he and his family could truly turn to the Divine and seek their sole refuge in Him, the picture of their life might well be different.

So they accompanied us to Pondicherry when we visited there next.

During our stay in Pondicherry, I had a dream in which I saw a hostile being approaching me. As it came near me, it said, "See, these people who have come with you belong to me. You are interfering in my work. If you do not drive them away from you, you will be in danger. So the best way is to tell them that you cannot do anything for them."

"Oh, so you are following them here also," I replied, for I had understood the entire situation, and started praying to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. I replied boldly, "Do you know where you have come ? You cannot have your say here ! It is the abode of the Divine ! You cannot stay here long. Now let me myself see your strength and see what you can do." As soon as I said this I do not know what power suddenly surged up in me ! I leapt upon that being, caught it by the hair, whirled it round and round and then threw it far out of the window.

The family stayed for some time and left, but never after did they lose any of their children.

(To be continued)

Compiled and reported by HAR KRISHAN SINGH

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

ODE TO MY POET

THIS pleasant evening I am beyond the human state,
Alone I sit with nature's solitary loveliness
And watch the mighty and ethereal gate
To thy love ever-young, thy music measureless.
Though thou art one and hast one single soul
Thou dwellest in each winging, floating, running creature
Of this strange universe; no finite goal
Thou hast, nor any exhaustible dream in nature.

O loving poet, universal mind !
Reveal thy hidden face in human air,
Thy power mysterious that Fate has signed
Leads thy eternal journey like a burning fire.
Thou hast an eye unique in thy cosmic soul
For ever fixed upon a cleansing flame
Through love; ecstasy, calm, despair and dole
Equally bloom it in each secret plane.

Sweetly, thy fingers conquer or create—
Paint consequences of every human dream.
O Seer, seated on the unknown throne of Fate
Thou art unveiled behind Love's delicate screen.
Limitless beauty and undying love of thy eyes,
Unfathomably lured to our disastrous scene,
Change all earth's mortal voices to immortal cries,
All unfulfilled demands vanish unseen.

When thou art in the midst of starry daisies,
In the perfume of dawn's luminous living rose,
Or with a nightingale's leaf-covered tuneful phrases,
Thy heart in tranquil rhythm flows
To the boundless sea of Supernature's light
And when thy seerhood's flaming eyes uncloze
In enormous inner agony of human sight—
Then from heaven's gate thou bring'st a deathless force.

In all ministers of love, in each elysian soul
 Thy nature grows in movement of the whole.
 My heart, unkindled, pathless, blind to its goal,
 Unpractised to decipher thy imperial scroll—
 My heart, indeed dark sanctuary of my Fate
 Surrounded by the dreaming phantoms of Time,
 With thy eternal light, O minstrel ! illuminate.
 Exult my tragic spirit with thy endless rhyme.

SRIJIT

SEE—ALL THE AIR IS MOVING IN A LIMPID
 WAVE OF LIGHT

By blowing fronds of sable-silver palms,
 On soaring cliffs where seagulls call an eager litany
 And far above the green-red roots of bamboo groves,
 The pastel air was fresh and beautiful,
 With limpid depth and clear form
 And warm, warm life and new warm laughter;
 There, when mangoes fell around my arms,
 I knew a passion, cool and golden.

The dream and the caress;
 The stroking fingers of your love
 Moving along my slender lips,
 The flowing music in my mind,
 The clouds of pearl that span my eyes,
 The chains of opal at my breast...

Reclining in the petals at your feet.

ANURAKTA (TONY SCOTT)

ALL THOU ART

WHAT wonder world is Thine !
All things we see together
Crowded and spread, O Mother,
Thy living Presence enshrine.

All men of meditation
Or knowers of the Truth,
Demons or gods of ruth,
By Thee have held their station.

Love's rivers, streams of blood,
Battles and fights that flood
The world, split 'mine' and 'thine'—
At end in Thee combine !

Mid all, Skill-Perfect Thou
Watchest the wide world-show.
Good-giving Thou dost know,
Whether through joy or throe.

Unfathomable Thy arms,
Stretched in a myriad forms!
Who bows to Thy god-limbs
Grows joyful with Thy glimpse.

By Thy Love lured and caught
I sing Thy greatnesses,
But cannot give meet Praise
However skilful-wrought.

I lie in front of Thee,
My forehead at Thy Feet,
All life reflect and be
Thy Love's own form, O Sweet !

SAVITRI AGARWAL

(Translated by Har Krishan Singh from the author's Hindi prayer)

THUS SANG MY SOUL

(46)

VIII. THE HOUR OF GRACE AND FULFILMENT

78. ALL GROW GREATER

AN unspanned vastitude spreads over my crown,
A peace divine enfolds me in its soothing grip.
I have disrobed myself of the skin of the past,
I stand on the stumblings of life, unmoved and free.
My present is a boundless joy, an ineffable calm,
An illumined future smiles above my head.
I care a knuckle for what I have done,
I fetter not myself with what I do,
I worry not for what is yet to be done,
To the Will of God I leave to move my steps.
I am effortless for all that comes not from the top,
I struggle not for that to which I am uncalled,
I let the mighty Guidance lead and through me act.
Or keep myself within self-held in tortoise mood.
A spiralling path is the chequered journey of my soul.
I am consecrated to a superior rule.
I am surrendered to a secret Will,
I drift, I shift but never do I fall,
A final dust-flat failure is not my fate.
The point-vision breaks upon the expanse of my brow,
The drop-love extends within my flowering heart,
The dot-power vibrates vast in my limbs of clay,
The pin-light spreads within my being of drowse :
And all grow greater with the passage of time.
When a fuller sun descends into my spirit,
Its rays shall illumine the obscurity of life,
Its heat shall straighten the curve of doom,
Its brilliance shall brighten lands near and far.

HAR KRISHAN SINGH

(To be continued)

SELF-TEACHINGS

I. AN ASHRAM

THE first thing to understand is that an ashram is nothing but a spiritual institution where ordinary human imperfections have to be conquered and transformed into perfections for a search into the Truth of the Supreme through the spiritual aid imparted by the spiritual head called Guru. So why should we be surprised and disgusted with the surrounding defects and shortcomings in it ? Let us understand our own filth and defects which we have come to reform, just as all others have come for reforming theirs. Let us mind our own imperfections. If we expected only perfect souls coming to an ashram to rest, how and why have *we* come ? Where is then the necessity ? For every problem there is a reply within one's own self. Silently search within.

2. ROSE FLOWER

Why not be like a rose ? From the mud and filth at its roots it comes out, by-passing indifferently its surrounding thorns; from a closed bud of dark consciousness, with perseverance, patience and courage it finally opens out and profusely emits its intoxicating fragrance and entices its admirers with its colour and form. Cannot we do the same ?

3. HEAVEN

To some, material comforts consisting of enough earning, enough eating, sleeping and enjoying the pleasures of life appear to be heaven. To a poet—inspiration from nature; to an artist—a model of beauty for adoration; to a lover—communion with his beloved in isolation; to a philosopher—search for Truth and God. Some believe that good actions lead to a “specially built” heaven of happiness after death. But *Real* Heaven means : the achievement of the Divine Original of our nature, completely perfected consciousness of our Soul—the freedom from all impurities, resulting in that Eternal Bliss, our Supreme Source.

NARWANI

THOUGHTS

GONE are the earthen lamps and wicks. Electric lamps are in vogue. Lost is the interest in the pilgrimage to Benares. We are dreaming of flying to Mars and the Moon.

Gone are the earthen lamps and wicks. Soon buggies too would go their way. In such circumstances would it be surprising if the slow-trudging mules of our vital being and the earthen lamps of our mind make room for more subtle, more luminous and more blissful emanations in tune with the new Era !

It appears, one by one all shall disappear. The wise foreseeing shall make himself secure by winning ever-during things.

If, in the bright future that is approaching, you do not want to pale into insignificance then bestir yourself instantly.

*

*

I tried to hold in balance a mountain on the palm of my hand. But the palm gave way and I got crushed.

The palm stands for the intellect and the mountain for Sachchidananda.

GIRDHARLAL

(Translated from the author's Gujarati book "Uparāma")

Students' Section

TALKS ON POETRY

(These Talks were given to a group of students starting their University life. They have been prepared for publication from notes and memory, except in the few places where they have been expanded a little. Here and there the material is slightly rearranged in the interests of unity of theme. As far as possible the actual turns of phrase used in the Class have been recovered and, at the request of the students, even 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 THIRTY-SEVEN

THE Verlainian "pure poetry" about which we have talked should satisfy the definition offered by the Abbé Bremond. Have you heard of the Abbé Bremond? It seems very few in India know that he existed. The only Abbé known here are the Abbé Faria whom Dumas made unforgettable by his *Count of Monte Cristo* and the contemporary Abbé Breuil who has made his name as an anthropologist. Bremond is not easy to come by in even our libraries and bookshops. I remember inquiring about him at a bookseller's in Bombay. The chap had a fondness for both French literature and Persian—possibly because the Persian language is considered the French of Asia. I asked him, "Have you heard of the Abbé Bremond?" He at once replied, "Oh, I haven't heard of such a river being in Persia. None of the poets have sung of it—as, for instance, they have sung of Rooknabad. You must be knowing your Hafiz." And he began chanting :

Kinār è āb è Rooknābād, goolguztè Moosullārā.

I was a little puzzled, then I realised that *āb* in Persian means "water" and "Abbé Bremond" sounded similar to "*Āb è Rooknābād*"—"the waters of Rooknabad" figuring in that line which signifies :

The banks of the river Rooknabad and the rose-bowers of Moosulla.

Years later, I discovered that even residents in French India were not familiar with his name. I looked up an old Indian Christian in Pondicherry whom I had known to be a book-lover. When I mentioned the Abbé Bremond to him he simply stood and gaped. I felt most self-conscious and began wondering whether I had committed some mistake in pronunciation. I remembered an incident mentioned by Bernard Shaw in the preface to his *Back to Methuselah*. Shaw was a small boy at the time it occurred. He was with his nurse who was buying something at a local bookstall. A fat elderly man entered, advanced to the counter and said pompously, "Have you the works of the celebrated Buffoon?" Shaw comments in his preface that his own works were at that time unwritten, or it is possible that the shop assistant might have misunderstood him so far as to produce a copy of his plays. What, of course, the solemn and weighty gentleman had wanted was the books not of any humourist but of the famous French scientific writer Buffon. When my friend stood staring I thought I had made some sort of Buffoon out of Bremond. But my fears were set at rest when the old fellow put a hand to his ear, bent that organ a little towards me and squeaked with irritation: "Vraiment? Mais quoi vraiment?" I knew he had turned half-deaf since I had last met him. But his conversion of Bremond into "Vraiment" and his firing at me that adverb in question-form were not quite uninspired. For, many a Frenchman must have disbelieved his ears and exploded into that one-word query when first the Abbé put forward his surprising propositions on poetry.

I have not been able to get at the original of Bremond's thesis. But I remember its central idea. Long ago I gathered it from an essay by Middleton Murry on the Abbé's two little books: *La Poésie pure* and *Poésie et prière*. With Ravindra Khanna's help I traced this essay in our library, but I feel that, excellent in his own way though Murry is, there are shades in Bremond which he strikes me as overlooking. So I shall present Bremond to you—briefly, of course, since I am cut off from the original sources—with a mixture of Murry and my own sense of the Frenchman's drift.

By the bye, I may tell you that in France he has a title to fame which is more special in one sense than even the Abbé Breuil. Whatever Breuil may be, Bremond is one of those whom the French people call "Immortals". In France an Immortal is he who is elected a member of the French Academy, that august institution which lays down the law on language and literature. There are only forty Academicians at any time and one cannot be an Academician, no matter how deserving, unless somebody who is already an Immortal obliges one by dying. Well, Fate was kind to Bremond before he himself took his *congé*. But the speech with which he made his *début* in the Academy was considered rather inconsiderate to the older members. He propounded a mystical theory of poetry

that quite upset their rationalistic livers, and he paralysed their none-too-active brains by bringing to the aid of his mystical heresies a genuine knowledge of English poets and English art-critics. I don't know how many of the octogenarian Immortals got dangerously ill, but, as far as I remember, several French writers got a chance soon after Bremond's *début* to enter the Academy.

Bremond discerns in poetry "Magie recueillante...qui nous invite à une quiétude, où nous n'avons plus qu'à nous laisser faire, mais activement, par un plus grand et meilleur que nous. La prose, une phosphorescence vive et voltigeante, qui nous attire loin de nous-mêmes. La poésie, un rappel de l'intérieur..." ("In-drawing magic...which calls us to a quietude, where we have nothing more to do than be carried, but actively, by one greater and better than we are. Prose, a lively and leaping phosphorescence which pulls us away from ourselves. Poetry, a reminder of the inward...") Bremond quotes the phrase of Keats about poems yet to come: "There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality." Then he comments: "Ce poids, où veut-il nous précipiter, sinon vers ces augustes retraites où nous attend, où nous appelle une présence plus qu'humaine? S'il en faut croire Walter Pater, 'tous les arts aspirent à rejoindre la musique'. Non, ils aspirent tous, mais chacun par les magiques intermédiaires qui lui sont propres,—les mots; les notes; les couleurs; les lignes;—ils aspirent tous à rejoindre la prière." ("This load, where would it plunge us if not towards those august recesses where awaits us, where beckons us, a presence more than human? If one is to believe Walter Pater, 'all art aspires to the condition of music'. No, all the arts aspire, but each by the magic medium proper to it—words, notes, colours, lines—they all aspire to the condition of prayer.")

Bremond regards the poet as one in whom something that is bent towards mysticism has at the crucial moment taken the wrong turning. Instead of surrendering to the silent spiritual contemplation which is the supreme form of prayer, the poet's soul is lured by the demon of expression to attempt utterance of what can never be uttered. The poet in a man is a mystic *manqué*, a spiritual seeker who on the very threshold of the Holy of Holies goes astray because he bursts into speech: poetry, being a way of speech, blocks the path to the Ineffable. But the poet's communication still seeks always to be mystical. Whether he intellectually admits it or no, all poetry tends to convey a mystical state of being. "Pure poetry" is the rhythmic language which allows or enforces this communication. A mystic *manqué*, the poet as poet need be neither moral nor pious and he may not even strive to express anything directly spiritual; but the more perfect the poetry in its own right the nearer it comes by its own inevitable nature to a spell which produces a sense of prayer in the reader.

And how does it grow "prayerful", how does it approach the mystic's silent ecstasy? Bremond says that it cannot do so by its thought-content. The highest spiritual contemplation is a suspension of thought. So the notional or

reflective or logopoeic part of poetry is not the true spellbinder, the pure poetic essence. Bremond tells us that Keats originally started his *Endymion* with the line :

A thing of beauty is a constant joy—

but later changed it to :

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

I shall postpone at the moment my own opinion on the nature of the change. According to Bremond, the thought-content in both the versions is hardly distinguishable, but through the second "the current passes" while through the first there is no transmission. What has happened ? Bremond opines that the mystical state which, known or unknown to Keats, was hiding behind Keats's poetic movement has communicated its prayerfulness by means of the rhythmic word-pattern constituting the music of poetry. Thus, though poetry does not aspire primarily to the condition of music but to the condition of prayer, it achieves its prayerfulness through a condition of verbal music. Of course, since, for Bremond, silence no less than thought-absence is the stuff of the authentic mystical rapture, the mysticism accomplished is indirect, yet it is mysticism all the same because its means is the inspired rhythmic quality of the verse acting independently of the thought-content. So, poetry may be defined *à la* Bremond as mystical music that does not depend for its absolute effect on the presence of any idea, the presence of even any recognisable mystical idea. What idea worth mentioning, at least what markable mystical idea, is in that line of Racine which we have already cited as a favourite of Proust's and which is also dear to Bremond:

La fille de Minos et de Pasiphaë.

And yet, according to Bremond, it casts a spell by its rhythm and turns us mysteriously inward to the soul. If—prosody permitting—we changed the position of the words and wrote :

La fille de Pasiphaë et de Minos,

we would have an ugly coughing phrase because of two separately sounded *e*'s being jammed together—the one ending the fourth foot, the other starting the fifth. There would also be a lack of finality at the line's close because of the four-syllabled name coming before the two-syllabled. Rhythmical reasons would stop the "current" from passing although not only the idea but the words as well remained identical.

Bremond would not go to the extreme of saying that "pure poetry" is devoid of even the perceptive content found in the Racine phrase—the mental observation of a certain legendary child-parent relation. What he does urge is that the idea-factor can be reduced almost to the vanishing point without the poetry suffering in the least and that this is possible because poetry principally conveys an indirect mystical experience and conveys it essentially through verbal music.

Bremond seems in general the nearest to the principles which Edgar Allan Poe enunciated in 1850 and which led Baudelaire seven years later in his *Notes nouvelles sur Edgar Poe* to use for the first time in literary history the words "pure poetry". Poe's principles may be set forth under five heads :

1) Poetry is an elevating excitement of the soul—quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the heart, or of that truth which is the satisfaction of the reason.

2) Indefiniteness is an essential element of the true poetic expression, a suggestive indefiniteness answering by means of words to the mysteriousness of the soul's excitement.

3) The words of poetry, on the one hand, bring perceptible images to render vivid the mysterious and, on the other, they approximate to a musical effect not in the sense of cadence or lilt but in the sense of sounds that without intelligible words convey a meaning.

4) Both the imagery and the music must create a whole that is ordered despite being vague.

5) The degree of soul-excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any length—a long poem being merely a number of short ones linked up by non-poetic matter camouflaged as poetry.

We may note that Poe, although emphasising mystery, does not extol crypticism : he does not make it a *sine qua non* that poetry should be like Mallarmé's or even like Valéry's. Also, he does not set expression loose from meaning or from achievement of a significant pattern : all that he wants the music of words to do is rhythmically to articulate vague soul-sensations to the understanding. Further, when he asks for perceptible images he does not exclude either connective transitions among them or the holding of them together in a picture whose wholeness can be seized : what he desires is that the poem should be short enough for the brief intensities possible to us of the soul, and that consequently it should be exclusive of non-poetic transitions and capable of a kind of poetic logic welding the parts subtly together by imaginative or rhythmic associations. There is a kind of rapture merged with sobriety in the poetry that Poe idealises and this is due to his moving away from intellectual discourse not to sheer emotion, much less to subconscious irrationality, but to the soul—something other than the truth-arguing reason or the

feeling-intoxicated heart but not devoid of its own special luminosity or its own special excitement. The soul is other than the reason yet not blind or chaotic, other than emotion yet not cold or regimented. It is "elevating" and therefore a higher or deeper power than either the intellect or the heart, a power which does not suffer by being "independent" of them but escapes their limitations while possessing the essence of their virtues, their utilities, in a form beyond them and possessed of what they lack.

The only criticism we may offer of Poe's principles is that they make indefiniteness the general attribute of a whole poem in all its parts. Is there any such need in poetry ? No doubt, the soul is the real poet, but is mysteriousness its only property ? The mysteriousness denotes the soul's transcendence of our ordinary faculties : these faculties cannot cope with the soul's experience. But to believe that the soul cannot communicate anything clearly to us is a gratuitous assumption and contradicts the soul's possession of the essence of all our powers. What is required is simply that the core of every poem must have the soul's mystery in it—the quality by which a poem exceeds whatever the understanding intellect can limit by its formulations. This need not exclude many things possible for the intellect to understand. Poetry wholly pervaded by the quality of indefiniteness is just one kind of soul-expression.

Poe himself, in some of his best work, did not adhere to his own principles in the narrow sense. Louis Untermeyer speaks of his having written "a few of the purest lyrics in the language", and continues : "I use 'pure' in Poe's limited sense; poetry, as opposed to science, being to him the communication of 'perceptible images with indefinite sensations to which music is an essential'. The deservedly famous and magical lyric 'To Helen', written in his early teens, is a proof." Here are the three stanzas making up the piece :

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicèan barks of yore
 That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand,

Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land !

The poem is particularly interesting by being "eclectic"—that is, by combining qualities which often fall apart. In the first stanza the theme—"Helen, thy beauty"—comes redolent of the legendary Helen of Troy over whom a nine-years' war was fought as we learn from Homer. It comes also with an echo of Marlowe's great lines on that Helen :

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?

The "thousand ships" join up with the "Nicéan barks" here. But the barks of Nicaea, unlike those ships, are moving towards the "native shore", not towards a foreign land : happy rest is their destination after long labour. And the barks by their Trojan-War association recall to us the warrior who took the longest to return : not only the labour of war at Ilium but also the labour of an ill-starred voyage over unknown waters lay behind him. This was Odysseus who after the fall of Ilium was carried off his course and had to plough the seas for eleven years before reaching his native Ithaca. An Odyssean travail of the poet's being is what Poe's Helen puts an end to by her beauty. Poe's Helen is evidently not Helen of Troy, who was no cause of ultimate rest to Odysseus, yet the new Helen carries an aura of her, as it were, and becomes an ideal woman in whom legends of perfect loveliness are alive and by whom the trouble and the fatigue felt by man from the beginnings of history are relieved. Her ideal-real womanhood is conjured up in this stanza as an exquisite presence—the noun "beauty" of the opening line, the adverb "gently" of the second and the adjective "perfumed" of the third are the key-note to chords resolving the pressure of the phrase "weary way-worn wanderer".

In the second stanza another key-note is given to the theme. The remembrance of Helen, of the Greek warriors who besieged Troy for her sake, and of Odysseus who was one of them—this remembrance becomes the gateway to a sense of the temper, both in life and art, of the ancient world. The woman addressed is seen as the embodiment of that temper which was behind the culture of not only Greece but also Rome. The poet is felt to be a stormy nature who, after inner dangers and difficulties, has now arrived—through the vision of her shapely mass of curling hair, her finely chiselled nobility of face and feature, her well-built yet supple and fluent body—at a calm assured elevated condition of mind as if at some safe and splendid port after a chequered voyage. The second stanza associates with the exquisite presence conjured up in the first an air of serene majesty—the key-note here to chords resolving the pressure of the motif "desperate seas" is in the adjective "classic" in the second line and the nouns "glory" and "grandeur" in the fourth and fifth respectively.

In the last stanza the Helen-suggestion brings about another change of key-note. Now too the days "of yore" mix their light with the poet's life, but what shines out is not anything adequately expressible. The lovely woman is beheld against a bright open window that is as if a niche, a recess, to hold a statue, and she looks like a statue moulded by some Greek or Roman sculptor. Poised she still is, but there is a lamp in her hand, a lamp made of a precious stone, a lamp which may be fancied as catching for human guidance the brilliance beyond the window. And for this semi-enigmatic figure the one word that breaks on the poet's mind from the antiquity to which he has referred in the two earlier stanzas is : Psyche. The word means "Soul" and by itself designates the inmost essence of human existence, a spark of the Divine. But in Greek mythology it spells also the name of the girl who married Eros the God of Love, lost him by attempting to look directly into his face and won him back after undergoing various trials imposed on her by his mother Aphrodite. So there may be a hint that the woman who is "Soul" to the poet's longings and searchings has herself also suffered before becoming to him a joy from the depths of the being. But the immediate impact of his apostrophe brings less a mythological memory than a religious rapture. For, the ancient world from which the name "Psyche" is echoed he calls "holy land" and by that phrase he blends Biblical associations with a Greco-Roman context.

The blending seems to have been facilitated by the influence of some lines from Keats's *Ode to Psyche*. Keats tells us that the story of Psyche was developed too late for her to be worshipped as a goddess and he promises to erect her a temple within him and be her priest :

O brightness ! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire...
 Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind...
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win,
 A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
 To let the warm Love in !

In spite of differences of idea we have here most of the basic imaginative effects found in Poe's last stanza. The open casement of a fane in which Psyche might be thought of as installed in statue-form, the bright torch in her hand, herself drawing from the beholder the expression "O brightest !" and carrying into the

regions of the poet's mind the holiness that is truly hers though unrecognised in ancient cults of the holy—all these elements assume a new yet recognisable shape when Poe writes :

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are holy land !

Poe, however, has quite another temper of presentation than Keats. Keats here is earthy-concrete despite his reference to some "untrodden region" of his mind and to "shadowy thought". Poe brings that very region and that very thought into play without yet losing the vivid visual touch : as against Keats's earthy-concrete he is ethereal-concrete. And, by being so, he strikes a key-note varying from those of the first and the second stanzas. Just as the second associates an air of serene majesty with the exquisite presence conjured up in the first, the third penetrates this air with the intensity of a mysterious light—we get the key-note in the first line's adjective "brilliant", the fourth's noun "Psyche" and the fifth's adjective "holy"—the key-note to chords resolving the pressure of the motif concentrating sorrow and entreaty in just that interjection "Ah !"

The three diverse key-notes which throw into relief the eclecticism, the combination of qualities usually falling apart, may also be summed up in the several place-words in the poem : "Niccèan"—"Greece" and "Rome"—"holy land". Each voices a distinct poetic mood. And if the whole piece is "pure poetry", "pure poetry" is shown to be many-mooded, capable of manifesting itself through either the enchantingly lovely, the tranquilly noble or the radiant-ly elusive. If we may take our cue from a word in the middle verse, we may distinguish the three moods and modes as Romantic, Classic, Symbolic. And each of the three verses can be a poem by itself : they vary even in the rhyme-scheme—*ababb*, *ababa*, *abbab*. The first verse has a rich particularity of speech wedded to a vague yearning whose fulfilment comes from a distant delight. The second carries an apt generality of language infused with an adventurous ardour reaching its rest in a magnificent security. The third breathes a strange suggestiveness of phrase that turns one inward or upward in a subtle seeking to be self-lost and self-found in a sacred or awesome secrecy.

Poe was by nature inclined to write the last type of poetry and it is through his work of this type that he most influenced the French poets who prepared or founded the school of Symbolism—Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Valéry. But in the three-stanza'd composition before us we have a complexity of consciousness poised in a catholic inspiration with no special bias towards

the Symbolic or Symbolist except in so far as that the end of the composition strikes a strange and sacred note. In this piece Poesque "pure poetry" is impartial and discloses more than one way of being : what is common to all the ways is a certain musical movement bearing a certain fineness of conception and perception and arising from what may be termed a thrilled intuition which appeals—as Poe would have put it—from the soul in the poet to the soul in us. This quality common to the three ways is the inner substance and form—the specifically poetic core which stands out from prose-expression. Around this core there is a changing colourfulness in the Romantic stanza, a controlled yet cogent lucidity in the Classic, a figured and gestured mystery in the Symbolic : the difference in the environing expression makes no odds to the poetic purity.

Personally I would not rank this poem of Poe's extremely high, but there is no doubt of its inspired character and, as I have already said, its eclecticism makes it a good choice in a discussion that usually leans overmuch to one side or another. And we may observe that Baudelaire who apropos of Poe's work first wrote of "pure poetry" betrays also no narrow cult. He too distinguishes the essence of poetry from both truth and sentiment, from "*la pâture de la raison*" ("the nourishment of the reason") as well as from "*l'ivresse du cœur*" ("the drunkenness of the heart"), so that didacticism and discourse on the one hand and heated effusiveness on the other are disqualified. And he stresses for "pure poetry" not any particular purity of language but the unimpeded play of the faculty we know as Imagination. Like Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, he considers Imagination as constituting poetry and as the queen of all the faculties. Imagination to him is no wild instinctive force : it is a conscious power in which all the powers of the being fuse and come to a focus : it is the seeing and organising power of the spirit (*l'esprit*) by which the subtle patterns of life and Nature are discovered. Baudelaire in his own poetry expresses a special kind of mind—colourfully semi-morbid, darkly semi-mystical, magically obsessed with modern motifs, heaven-haunted by the lights and shadows of sophisticated and decadent Paris—but he does not lay it down that poetry should be always Baudelairean, always curiously scented with "*les fleurs du mal*". To possess the specific quality that marksoff poetry from prose he demands nothing more than the insight of Imagination rhythmically revealing hidden concords in things.

If this is "pure poetry," as Baudelaire understood it from Poe's "principles", it resolves itself into whatever is felt to be untranslatable into prose. We get a formula covering every sort of poetic phenomenon and asking only for a penetrating harmonious vision as the life of it. The formula emerges into a frankly and soberly universal air in A.C.Bradley's discussion, *Poetry for Poetry's Sake*. Bradley writes : "When poetry answers to its idea and is purely or almost purely poetic, we find the identity of form and content ; and the degree of purity attained may be tested by the degree in which we feel it hope-

less to convey the effect of a poem or passage in any form but its own. Where the notion of doing so is simply ludicrous, you have quintessential poetry.” Bradley also remarks that in poetry “meaning cannot be expressed in any but its own words, nor can the words be changed without changing the meaning”. This statement would contradict Bremond’s contention that Keats’s first version—

A thing of beauty is a constant joy

and his final one—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever

are hardly distinguishable in idea. Bradley would see not only in the verbal music but also in the meaning musicalised just a difference which is crucial and renders the latter version, unlike the former, electric with inspiration. I agree with Bradley and, before we go further, I shall try to mark all the differences.

AMAL KIRAN (K.D. SETHNA)

COMFORTABLE ARMS

SCENE ONE

(A bedroom. A young boy is tossing about in his bed. He is unable to sleep. His mother enters.)

MOTHER : What's the matter, Anil ? Why aren't you sleeping ?

ANIL : It's nothing, mummy.

MOTHER : But I see you tossing about in bed for the last two days. Come, tell me what's troubling you ?

ANIL : Mother, on Wednesday our history teacher was absent and a new teacher came to our class. We requested him to tell us a story. He told us about the prisoners of war and how they are treated. You know, Mother, they are made to sleep on thorns, and cold iron beds.

MOTHER : It is cruel, isn't it ?

ANIL : Yes, and ever since I heard of it, I have felt the same torture when I lie down, and it hurts.

MOTHER : Now, try to forget it. You are sleeping in this soft comfortable bed, aren't you ?

ANIL : But I don't feel the softness any more. I....

MOTHER : Listen, tomorrow I shall call the doctor and he will give you some nice medicine which will help you to sleep. Now I am sitting by you. Try to sleep.

SCENE TWO

(Anil is lying in bed. He looks very sick. His mother moves about the room looking very sad and as if expecting somebody. The doctor enters.)

MOTHER : Good morning, Doctor !

DOCTOR : Good morning ! Did he not sleep even after the medicine last night ?

MOTHER : No....

(The doctor goes and examines Anil. Then he shakes his head.)

DOCTOR : My medicine will not help. Tell him a nice soothing story which can remove the sad impression from his mind. That's the only way I can suggest,

MOTHER : I will try.

DOCTOR : Good-bye.

(The mother goes and sits near Anil and tries to comfort him. Another doctor enters and greets them.)

SEC. DOC. : I received your message and have hurried up. *(He goes and examines Anil and shakes his head.)* Madam ! I cannot do anything for him. I am sorry.

(He goes out.)

MOTHER : *(almost weeping)* O ! what shall I do ? Even the doctors can't do anything. Now let me try to tell him a nice story. Listen, Anil : There was once a beautiful land. The birds sang sweetly throughout the day. The wind whistled softly among the leaves. The rivers murmured and the brooks danced. In such a place there lived....

ANIL : Mother, stop. This is no story. It's a fairy-tale for babies. I don't like it.

MOTHER : Oh ! I wish someone could help him. We have advertised in the newspapers a big reward for anyone who can cure Anil's sleeplessness. I hope somebody comes soon.

(A knock at the door and an old lady comes in.)

OLD LADY : Can't your son sleep ?

MOTHER : No. I am so worried. Have you any suggestion ?

OLD LADY : Yes, I have come to help you. If you spread yards and yards of soft silk over his bed then he won't feel the bed at all.

MOTHER : Let us try.

(She brings a lot of silk and both of them spread it over the bed.)

OLD LADY : Now he will sink into a sound comfortable sleep.

(They help Anil into the bed.)

ANIL : *(immediately)* Mummy, it hurts.... Take it away, please.

*(They remove the silk and the old lady walks away.
A young man enters and he greets the mother.)*

YOUNG MAN : I read your advertisement in the papers. I suggest that you play sweet comforting music to him. Music has the power to quieten the nerves and it will lull him to sleep.

(The mother goes and plays a record.)

ANIL : Mummy, stop all this nonsense. I can't bear it.

(The young man goes away and a young lady with a basket enters.)

MOTHER : Please come and do something for him.

YOUNG LADY : Flower-petals are the most delicate things on this earth. See, I have brought some here. Let us spread them on the bed and let your son lie on them.

(They help Anil out of the bed and make him sit in a chair. Then they start spreading the petals.)

YOUNG LADY : The enchanting fragrance and the delicate touch will soon carry him into the land of dreams.

(They then take Anil to the bed. But as soon as Anil comes near the bed he stops and cries.)

ANIL : No, mother ! Why should these beautiful petals be crushed for my sleep? I can't get sleep by hurting them. Please take them away.

YOUNG LADY : I am sorry. This hasn't helped.

(She goes out.

An artist enters with pictures under his arms.)

ARTIST : See, I have brought some pictures for your son. The charming colours are sure to please him. And before long you will see him fast asleep.

(He shows one picture at a time to Anil who looks at some of them as if not interested, and then drops them. The artist collects his pictures, thumps his feet on the ground and walks away angrily. The mother unhappily sits down on the floor with her head in her hands.)

MOTHER : O God, nothing has helped ! What shall I do now ?

(A beggar-boy enters. He walks straight to Anil's bed.)

BEGGAR-BOY : Can't you sleep, my friend ?

ANIL : No, the bed, the flowers, the silk, the music, oh ! everything hurts. ...But tell me, where do you stay ?

BEGGAR-BOY : I stay everywhere.

ANIL : But where do you stay at night ?

BEGGAR-BOY : Sometimes on the river-bank sometimes on the footpath, sometimes on a bench in a garden.

ANIL : But how do you sleep there ? Doesn't it hurt ?

BEGGAR-BOY : It used to hurt when I was small. People used to throw rubbish over us early in the morning when we were still sleeping. I used to cry when a strong wind blew dust over us, and rain poured down. But one day my mother told me to think, before sleeping every night, as if I were not lying on a footpath but in God's arms. I tried once, I tried twice and, from that day onward, wherever I sleep I always feel God's comfortable arms around me.

ANIL : Can I also sleep if I imagine God's arms around me ?

BEGGAR BOY : Yes. That's just what I have come to tell you. Let us sleep together and try to feel His warm arms around us.

(They both lie down in the same bed and sleep. The mother goes near the bed, touches Anil and finds him fast asleep. She comes to the front of the stage with folded hands.)

MOTHER : O God ! Thy Comfortable Arms are more powerful and soothing than all the riches of the world.

Curtain.

SUNANDA

THE NIGHT OF BLOWS

My feeble prayer by gloom is caught,
In me now raves a violent thought.
Unknown to me, O King Supreme !
Wilt Thou remain a deathless dream ?
My heart is lost in a fog of fear,
And none to call my own, my dear.
To thy magic Call my ears are shut;
Blind is my body—a helpless hut.
O sleeping Dawn of my weeping hope !
In the Night of blows am I to grope ?

ABHIJIT GUPTA

POOR DESTINY

ONCE Shiva and Parvati were on a tour over the world. Parvati noticed that an old man with tottering limbs was begging from door to door with great difficulty. So She told Shiva, "My Lord, why don't you mitigate the misery of this infirm Brahmin weighed down by old age ?" Shiva said, "They are perfectly right who call you a four-faced goddess, every little thing will draw your attention." "My Lord," prayed Parvati "do relieve him of his poverty." Shiva replied, "My darling, his destiny is such, even if I give him help he will not be able to receive it." Parvati answered, "Let me see how he misses your gift." "Then see, here I present him with a purse of money, I just put it in front of him on the ground." Saying so, Lord Shiva acted up to his words.

Meanwhile the old Brahmin began to think within himself : "All my life I have been a beggar. When I was young it was no difficult job. Now that I have attained to a good old age it has become so difficult for me. Who knows what is in store for me in future ? What would happen if I should become blind ? Let me see if I can walk with my eyes closed." So he began to walk with closed eyes and passed by the purse of money without the least idea of the Divine Mother's solicitude for him and Lord Shiva's present. Parvati felt abashed and regretted her remonstrance with her Lord.

BEĪUMANANDA

RETRIBUTION

He was a painter of world fame.
And people to him often came,
For something new, bizarre, or mystic !
As this was he...pure surrealistic.
He'd paint with great enthusiasm;
What might be called an ectoplasm !
Where we would place the subject's ear,
He'd put a horrid thing—most queer.
A humble portrait straight and true,
Was something he would *never* do.
He said he'd passed the 'carapace'
And painted but the inner face !
He thought that portraits as of yore
Were mediocre and a bore;
And simple people were affronted,
When he refused just what they wanted.
Now once upon a Walpurgis,
He met the lady Nemesis !
(For on this night the witches play,
And egocentric humans pay.)
While in the arms of Morpheus ;
They charmed him first, with Orpheus !
Then bade him rise to paint a face
Only seen in outer space.
At this his ego leapt and grew,
To do this thing entirely new—
While all the witches danced around,
And laughed till tears fell on the ground.
In his sleeping state he rose;
Then all the witches struck a pose !
And from his brush, upon the wall,
Emerged a great Edwardian hall,

And in the foreground, in great state...
Sat Mum, and Dad, and little Kate !
Then and there, with wicked glee,

The witches made him clearly see,
This cloying sentimental scene,
Was something he could never clean !
For they had with tricks infernal,
Set that picture fast...eternal.

(Came the Dawn)

There sits he, upon his bed,
Clasping with both hands his head.
His eyes in anguish roll around,
His heels are drumming on the ground.
He faces an abysmal fate...
Of living one long tête-à-tête
With Mum, and Dad, and little Kate !

MORAL

The moral ? Well, it's clear enough,
The time has come for no more bluff.

LEENA

SANSKRIT SIMPLIFIED

BOOK I

LESSON I

SANSKRIT ALPHABET

1. All human tongues are based on vowel and consonantal sounds. The Sanskrit alphabet consists of 13 vowels and 33 consonants with 2 more consonantal sounds known as *Anusvāra* and *Visarga*.

The 13 vowels are :— *a, ā, ī, ī, u, ū, ṛ, ṛī, ḷ, e, ai, o, and au.*

अ आ इ ई उ ऊ ऋ ॠ ऌ ए ऐ ओ औ

Anusvāra is a nasalised sound and *visarga* an aspiration following a vowel, and they are represented by ($\dot{\text{m}}$) and (: h) respectively—the first placed over the topline of the letter and the other immediately after it.

The 33 consonants are in order as follows :— *k, kh, g, gh, ṅ, c, ch, j, jh, ñ, t, th, d, dh, n, p, ph, b, bh, m, y, r, l, v, ś, ṣ, s, h.*

क ख ग घ ङ च छ ज झ ञ ट ठ ड ढ ण
त थ द ध न प फ ब भ म य र ल व
श ष स ह

2. A consonant without any vowel in it has to be shown as such by a nether stroke as in the consonants given above. But a consonant cannot be uttered without the help of a vowel mixed with it, and when we mix a vowel with a consonant, it is not written separately as in English, but indicated by a particular sign. Thus

क_॑अ = क, क_॑आ = का, क_॑इ = कि, क_॑ई = की, क_॑उ = कु, क_॑ऊ = कू,
क_॑ऋ = कृ, क_॑ॠ = कृ, क_॑ऌ = कृ or कल, क_॑ए = के, क_॑ऐ = कै, क_॑ओ = को,
क_॑औ = कौ, क_॑([॑]) = कं, क_॑आ([॑]) = कां, क_॑इ([॑]) = किं, क_॑उ([॑]) = कुं, क_॑औ([॑]) = कौं etc.
क_॑(:) = कः, क_॑आ(:) = काः, क_॑इ(:) = किः, क_॑उ(:) = कुः, क_॑औ(:) = कौः etc.

3. Two or more consonants coming one after the other form a conjunct consonant. One vowel by itself or associated with one or more consonants forms a syllable. One or more syllables form a word, and words used in their proper form and place form a sentence which is the unit of expression in all languages.

4. Numbers : 1 to 10 :— १, २, ३, ४, ५, ६, ७, ८, ९, १०. All other numerical figures can be expressed with these as usual. There are no Roman figures.

5. We now start with some sentences, giving the meaning of each word separately and also of each full sentence. Wherever a conjunct consonant occurs, we shall show its components separately.

१. सत्यम् (त्य=त्य) truth वद speak, tell. Tell the truth.
२. श्लोकम् (श् or श्लो=श्लो) verse लिख write. Write a verse.
३. ईश्वरम् (श्व=श्व) God भज worship. Worship God.
४. पापम् sin त्यज (त्य=त्य) give up. Give up sin.
५. गुरुदेवम् divine master नम bow to Bow to the divine master.
६. अन्नम् (न्=न्न) food खाद eat. Eat (take) food.
७. जलम् water पिब drink. Drink water.
८. विद्यालयम् (द्या=द्या) school गच्छ (च्छ=च्छ) go to. Go to school.
९. पर्वतम् (र्व=र्व) mountain पश्य (श्य=श्य) see. See (look at) the mountain.
१०. पुस्तकम् (स्त=स्त) book हर take, carry (away). Take the book.
११. पण्डितः (ण्डि=ण्डि) learned भव be. Be learned.
१२. संस्कृतम् (स्कृ=स्कृ) Sanskrit पठ study. Study Sanskrit.

6. The verbs in the sentences given above serve as bases for the Present Tense.

१. अहम् I वदामि speak, पठामि read, लिखामि write, etc.
२. त्वम् (त्व=त्व) you (singular) पठसि read, लिखसि write etc.
३. सः he वदति speaks, पठति reads, लिखति writes, etc.
४. बालः the boy वदति speaks, पठति reads, लिखति writes, etc.

7. Some adverbs : १. न not, २. ना do'nt, ३. किम् what, why ?
 ४. सदा=सर्वदा=सदैव always, ५. अधुना now, ६. प्रातः (प्रातर=प्रातर) in the morning, ७. सायम् in the evening, ८. यदा when, ९. कदा when ?
 १०. तदा then, ११. अत्र (त्र=त्र) here, १२. तत्र there, १३. कुत्र where ?
 १४. सर्वत्र everywhere, १५. आम् yes, १६. नहि no, १७. अपि also.

8. Now it is possible to form and use over a hundred sentences with the help of the subjects, objects, verbs and adverbs already given and learnt. The student may try himself. We only give a few examples of such sentences.

१. अहम् सदैव सत्यम् वदामि । I always tell the truth.
२. त्वम् संस्कृतम् कुत्र पठसि ? Where do you study Sanskrit ?
३. सः अधुना काव्यम् लिखति । He now writes a poem.
४. बालः प्रातर् ईश्वरम् भजति । The boy worships God in the morning.
५. छात्रः सायम् न पठति । The student does not read in the evening.

We shall learn a *śloka* श्लोक

गङ्गा पापं शशी तापं दैन्यं कल्पतरुस्तथा ।

पापं तापं च दैन्यं च हरति श्रीहरेः कृपा ॥१॥

पदच्छेदः or words used given separately without सन्धि coalescence.

गङ्गा (ङगा=ङ्गा) Ganga river पापम् sin, शशी the moon तापम् heat, suffering, दैन्यम् (न्य=न्य) poverty कल्पतरुः (ल्प=ल्प) the wish-yielding heavenly tree तथा and.

पापम् तापम् च and दैन्यम् च हरति takes away श्रीहरेः of God कृपा grace.

१. गङ्गा पापम् हरति । २. शशी तापम् हरति । ३. तथा कल्पतरुः दैन्यम् हरति ।
४. (किन्तु but) श्रीहरेः कृपा पापम् तापम् च दैन्यम् च हरति ।

PUJALAL