

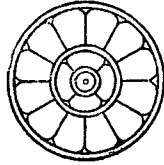
# MOTHER INDIA

MAY 1963

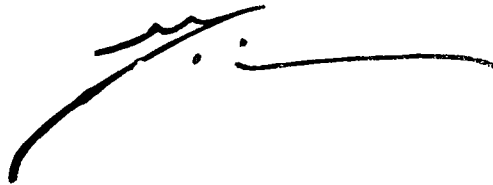
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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.  
A new light breaks upon the earth,  
A new world is born.  
The things that were promised are fulfilled.



# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. XV

No. 4

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*"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"*

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## THE COMING OF OLD AGE

(BASED ON SOME WORDS OF THE MOTHER)

THE coming of old age is due to two suggestions. First, the general collective suggestion—people telling you that you are getting old and can't do one thing or another. There is also the individual suggestion which keeps repeating, "I am getting old, I mustn't attempt this or that."

The truth is quite different. Before thirty, the energy goes out in a spend-thrift way because of the play of impulses. After thirty, there is a settling down and one is expected to have a plenitude of energy. At fifty, blossoming begins. At eighty, one becomes capable of full production.

1947

## THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO

16th April, 1923,  
"Arya" Office,  
Pondicherry.

As regards JM, the most notable thing in his photograph is the strong symmetry between the two sides of his face centred in the dissimilarity of the two eyes. This is always a sign of two sides in the nature which have not been harmonised and unified—one side perhaps of faith and devotion and another of a critical and negative mind or one side drawn to higher things and the other held down by the earth nature. This is likely to create a great disadvantage and difficulties in the earlier part of the Sadhana, for it remains even though the disparity may be suppressed by the mental effort, but once the balance or unification can be created there is a compensating advantage by the combination of two strong elements both necessary to completeness. The Sadhana he has been doing seems to have been mainly of a preliminary mental and vital (psychological) purification and preparation of a very sound character but what is still lacking is a positive spiritual side to the Sadhana. However the clearing of the system seems to have gone far enough for him to have had at least glimpses of psycho-spiritual experiences and a promise even of the supramental awaiting its time for manifestation. I shall, if I can make time, write separately my comments on his experiences and if he understands and follows he may proceed more rapidly in his Sadhana.

\*  
\*\*

16th June, 1923.

I have read the record of JM's experiences. It appears from it that he has made the right start to a certain extent and has been able to establish the beginning of a mental calm and some kind of psychic opening but neither of these has as yet been able to go very far. The reason probably is that he has done everything by a strong mental control and forcible stilling of the mind and emotional and vital movements, but has not yet established the true spiritual calm which can only come by experience of or surrender to the higher being above the mind. It is this that he has to get in order to make a foundation for a more substantial progress.

1. He is right in thinking that an inner calm and silence must be the foundation, not only of external work but of all inner and outer activities. But the quieting of the mind in a mental silence or inactivity, although often useful as a first step, is not sufficient. The mental calm must be changed first into a

deeper spiritual peace, *Shānti*, and then into the supramental calm and silence vull of the higher light and strength and *Ananda*. Moreover, the quieting of the mind only is not enough. The vital and physical consciousness have to be opened up and the same foundation established there. Also the spirit of devotion of which he speaks must be not merely a mental feeling but an aspiration of the deeper heart and will to the truth above, that the being may rise up into it and that it may descend and govern all the activities.

2. The void he feels in the mind is often a necessary condition for the clearing of it from its ordinary movements so that it may open to a higher consciousness and a new experience, but in itself it is merely negative, a mental calm without anything positive in it and, if one stops there, then the dullness and inertia of which he complains must come. What he needs is, in the void and silence of the mind, to open himself to, to wait or to call for, the action of the higher power, light and peace from above the mind.

3. The survival of the evil habits in sleep is easily explained and is a thing of common experience. It is a known psychological law that whatever is suppressed in the conscious mind remains in the subconscious being and recurs either in the waking state when the control is removed or else in sleep. Mental control by itself cannot eradicate anything entirely out of the being. The subconscious in the ordinary man includes the larger part of the vital being and the physical mind and also the secret body-consciousness. In order to make a true and complete change, one has to make all these conscious, to see clearly what is still there and to reject them from one layer after another till they have been entirely thrown out from the personal existence. Even then, they may remain and come back on the being from the surrounding universal forces and it is only when no part of the consciousness makes any response to these forces of the lower plane that the victory and transformation are absolutely complete.

4. His experience that whenever he gains a conquest in the mental plane the forces of past *Karma*—that is to say, really of the old nature,—come back upon him with a double vigour is again a common experience. The psychological explanation is to be found in the preceding paragraph. All attempt at transformation of the being is a fight with universal forces which have long been in possession and it is vain to expect that they will give up the struggle at the first defeat. As long as they can, they seek to retain possession and even when they are cast out they will, as long as there is any chance of response in the conscious or subconscious being, try to recur and regain their hold. It is no use being discouraged by these attacks. What has to be done is to see that they are made more and more external and all assent refused until they weaken and fade away. Not only the *Chitta* and *Buddhi* must refuse consent but also the lower parts of the being, the vital and physico-vital, the physical mind and the body consciousness.

5. The defect of the receiving mind and the discriminating *Buddhi* spoken of are general defects of the intellect and cannot be entirely got rid of so long as the intellectual action is not replaced by a higher supra-intellectual action and finally by the harmonising light of the supramental being.

Next as regards the psychic experiences. The region of glory felt in the

crown of the head is simply the touch or reflection of the supramental sunlight on the higher part of the mind. The whole mind and being must open to this light and it must descend and fill the whole system. The lightning and the electric currents are the (*Vandyuta*) Agni force of the supramental sun touching and trying to pour into the body. The other signs are promises of the future psychic and other experiences. But none of these things can establish themselves until the opening to the higher force has been made. The mental Yoga can only be a preparation for this truer starting point.

What I have said is merely an explanation of these experiences but it seems to me that he has advanced far enough to make a foundation for the beginning of the higher Yoga. If he wishes to do that he must replace his mental control by a belief in and a surrender to the Supreme Presence and Force above the mind, an aspiration in the heart and a will in the higher mind to the supreme truth and the transformation of the whole conscious being by its descent and power. He must, in his meditation, open himself silently to it and call down first a deeper calm and silence, next the strength from above working in the whole system and last the higher glory of which he had a glimpse pouring through his whole being and illuminating it with the divine truth-movement.



## TALKS WITH SRI 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 right 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 twenty-seventh instalment in the new Series which, except on two occasions, has followed a chronological order and begun at the very beginning. The four earliest talks, after Sri Aurobindo's accident, appeared in Mother India 1952.)*

JANUARY 26, 1939

P : Barcelona is going ! The French people are waking up at the eleventh hour.

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes. Democracies are not showing much courage at present at any rate.

S : It seems political ideas are not worth fighting for. Today one fights for democracy, tomorrow for monarchy or dictatorship.

SRI AUROBINDO : Quite so. All human values are half-values. They are relative. They have no permanence or durability in them.

S : Perhaps if men became more mentalised they would understand better.

SRI AUROBINDO : Mentalised ? No ! The difficulty is that they don't follow the principles of life.

S : How is that ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Life compromises between different elements but mind acting on its own doesn't. Mind takes up one thing and makes it absolute, considers it as apart from and opposed to all other things and sets it above all. Hegel boasted that in Europe they had succeeded in separating reason from life—and you see what their philosophy has become. It has nothing to do with life—it is all intellectual gymnastics, without forming a part of living reality. On the contrary, in India philosophy has always been a part of life; it had an aim to realise everything. So in the political philosophy of the West you find that if they accept democracy, it is only democracy; all the rest is set over against it. If they take to monarchy, then monarchy is all in all. The same thing happened in ancient Greece. They fought for democracy, aristocracy, monarchy—and in the end they were conquered by the Romans.

S : Then what is the truth in all these attempts at political organisation ?

SRI AUROBINDO : If you want to arrive at something true and lasting, you have to look at life and learn from it : that is to say, learn the nature of the oppositions and contradictions and then reconcile them. As regards government, life shows that there is a truth in monarchy whether hereditary or elective. In other words, there is a man at the top who governs. Life shows also that there is a truth in aristocracy whether of strong men or rich men or intellectuals. The fiction is that it is the majority that rules, but the fact is that it is the minority, the aristocracy. Life shows again that the rule of the monarch or the aristocrats should be with the consent—silent or vocal—of the people. In addition, life shows that there is a Vaishya class (the merchants, the industrialists). This class too has a play in government.

In ancient India the truth of these things was recognised. That is why India has lasted through millenniums—and China also.

English politics is successful because the English have always found one man or two who had the power to lead the minority that is the ruling class. During the Victorian period, it was either Gladstone or Disraeli. And even when one party changes, the one that comes into power does not follow radically a changed policy. It continues the same policy with a slight modification.

In France no government lasts. Sometimes it changes within a few days. The new government becomes the repetition of the one it replaces. Blum is the only man who wanted to do something radical and he was knocked out.

P : Have you seen X's statement ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes. He seems to have a queer logic. Because the rightists have a majority, he says that the president should be elected from the leftists ! And there is also no sense in his saying, "We will fight the government to the end." When there is a revolution, there can be no compromise. But once you have accepted a compromise, what meaning is there in such a statement ? One has to work out things on the basis of what one has gained. Satyamurti's idea of federation seems all right to me. If the States people are given seats in the Centre and if Government exercises no veto in the provinces, then it is practically Home Rule.

P : The Viceroy's long stay at Bombay seems significant. I think there is something behind. He perhaps wants to make Dr. Kher or Rajagopalachariar head of the Central Assembly in a Federation.

SRI AUROBINDO : Is that so ? Dr. Kher seems to be a very able man. He appears to have escaped the "socialist trap".

P : Vallabhbhai Patel is terribly anti-socialist. He crushed the Socialists at Baroda.

SRI AUROBINDO : These socialists don't know what Socialism is.

P : There were very humorous speeches in the Sind Assembly. The Muslim League has been exposed.

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes. The Sind Premier—I always forget his name—strikes me as a strong man. He stands up for his ideas at the risk of unpopularity. That means some strenght. The Sind Muslims were anxious to join the Congress. The Congress should try to do something to make a coalition there.

The Congress ministry is successful almost everywhere. That shows the capacity to govern if the powers are given.

N : Only Bengal and the Punjab remain now under the Muslim League.

SRI AUROBINDO : The Muslim League is not so strong in Bengal, for there is the Praja Party. And in the Punjab, Sikander Hyat Khan looks like an able man. Only in the United Provinces the Muslim League seems strong. If the Congress could win in Sind, then the Bengal and Punjab Premiers will stand on two sides of India and make faces at each other.

N : I wonder how Fazlul Huq could become a Premier. Nazimuddin appears to be more capable.

SRI AUROBINDO : Nazimuddhin can't make a popular figure.

P : Gandhi has definitely said that any compromise with the Muslim League is impossible now.

SRI AUROBINDO : I don't understand why the Congress opened negotiations with the League. The League has been given undue importance. How is it that the Congress is so weak in the Punjab ?

P : Because of the Socialists and the Old Group.

The Jaipur affair is starting again. Bajaj is going to offer Satyagraha and Gandhi is giving his approval.

SRI AUROBINDO : Since he is a Congressman I suppose the Congress will have to back him. If the states people get power, the Princes will have no work except to sign papers and shoot animals. The Gaekwar will have to stop making buildings.

N : Where will they shoot animals ? The forests are being destroyed nowadays.

SRI AUROBINDO : Forests have to be preserved. Otherwise animals will become extinct. China has lost her forests and there is a flood every year.

N : There are so many Maharajas, Chiefs, Nawabs, rulers dotting India all over.

SRI AUROBINDO : Germany was like that at one time. Napoleon swept away one half and Hitler the other half—not Hitler exactly but the post-war period. Japan also had the same thing, but the princes voluntarily abdicated their powers and titles for the sake of duty—duty to their country.

N : How far back in history do the Japanese rulers go ?

SRI AUROBINDO : The Mikado claims to be a descendant of the Goddess of the sun. The Mikado named Magi used to believe like that and feel the inspiration doing whatever was necessary.

There are two types of men in Japan. One is tall, with a long nose and finely cut aristocratic face. These people were the 'Inau' that came from Australia and Polynesia. It was they who gave the Samurai culture to Japan. I met at Tagore's place one of this type : he had magnificent features. The second type is the usual Mongol type. They haven't a particularly handsome face.

(P now brought in the question of the Dictator and traced Hitler's genealogy, as it were.)

P : The Dictator's psychology is centred in the Authority-complex. And

people feel they are great and Hitler is fighting for them, not they are fighting for Hitler. The Dictators also find a competitor in God and religion.

SRI AUROBINDO : But Mussolini didn't, though Mustapha Kamal did. Mussolini has, on the contrary, given more powers to the Pope and the Vatican. He has recognised the Roman Catholic Church as the State religion.

P : I read somewhere that Kamal in one of his drinking moods slapped an Egyptian because he came to the party with a Fez on.

SRI AUROBINDO : You haven't heard the story of the journalist ?

P : No.

SRI AUROBINDO : Well, a young journalist criticised the government of Turkey, saying that Turkey was governed by a number of drunkards. Kamal came to know about it and sent him an invitation to dinner. After the dinner was over, Kamal said, "Young man, you have written that Turkey is governed by a number of drunkards. It is not a number of drunkards but just one drunkard."

P : Kamal at one time tried to play off Italy against Russia.

SRI AUROBINDO : But Russia has all along helped Turkey.

P : Stalin, in order to enforce collectivisation starved the Ukraine to death because the Ukrainians didn't pay their dues. He said, "Once we submit to the peasants, they will catch hold of us."

SRI AUROBINDO : That is what happens when Socialism comes. Communism—the system of Communes—is quite a different thing. If they had been successful in carrying out the original idea of the Soviet, it would have been a great success. Mussolini at the beginning tried to form a corporate State but he gave it up.

P : In Ahmedabad the socialists didn't succeed in breaking the Trade Unions. The Indian agriculturists won't have them.

SRI AUROBINDO : Socialism has no chance with the Indian peasant. He will side with you so long as you promise him land and want to end the landlord system. But once he has got the land, no more of Socialism. Communism is another thing. In Socialism you have the State which intervenes at every step with its officials who rob you of money.

N : They know the Government machinery and so manipulate it as to keep power in their own hands.

SRI AUROBINDO : Yes, it is the State Bureaucracy that dictates its policy irrespective of the good of the commune ; while in Communism the land is held as the common property of the whole unit and each one in it is entitled to labour and have his share from the produce.

In our country they had a kind of Communism in the villages. The whole country was like a big family and the lowest had his right as a member of the family. The washerman, the carpenter, the blacksmith, all got what they wanted.

Each such commune can be independent and many such communes can be scattered all over the country and combine or coordinate their activities for a common purpose.

## ANDAL, THE VAISHNAVA POETESS

*(First published in May, 1915, in Sri Aurobindo's philosophical monthly, "Arya".)*

PREOCCUPIED from the earliest times with divine knowledge and religious aspiration the Indian mind has turned all forms of human life and emotion and all the phenomena of the universe into symbols and means by which the embodied soul may strive after and grasp the Supreme. Indian devotion has especially seized upon the most intimate human relations and made them stepping-stones to the suprahuman. God the Guru, God the Master, God the Friend, God the Mother, God the Child, God the Self, each of these experiences—for to us they are more than merely ideas,—it has carried to its extreme possibilities. But none of them has it pursued, embraced, sung with a more exultant passion of intimate realisation than the yearning for God the Lover, God the Beloved. It would seem as if this passionate human symbol were the natural culminating-point for the mounting flame of the soul's devotion : for it is found wherever that devotion has entered into the most secret shrine of the inner temple. We meet it in Islamic poetry; certain experiences of the Christian mystics repeat the forms and images with which we are familiar in the East, but usually with a certain timorousness foreign to the Eastern temperament. For the devotee who has once had this intense experience it is that which admits to the most profound and hidden mystery of the universe; for him the heart has the key of the last secret.

The work of a great Bengali poet has recently reintroduced this idea to the European mind, which has so much lost the memory of its old religious traditions as to welcome and wonder at it as a novel form of mystic self-expression. On the contrary it is ancient enough, like all things natural and eternal in the human soul. In Bengal a whole period of national poetry has been dominated by this single strain and it has inspired a religion and a philosophy. And in the Vaishnavism of the far South, in the songs of the Tamil Alwars we find it again in another form, giving a powerful and original turn to the images of our old classic poetry; for there it has been sung out by the rapt heart of a woman to the Heart of the Universe.

The Tamil word, Alwar, means one who has drowned, lost himself in the sea of the divine being. Among these canonised saints of Southern Vaishnavism ranks Vishnuchitta, Yogin and poet, of Villipattan in the land of the Pandyas. He is termed Perialwar, the great Alwar. A tradition, which we need not believe, places him in the ninety-eighth year of the Kaliyuga. But these divine singers are ancient enough, since they precede the great saint and philosopher Ramanuja whose personality and teaching were the last flower of the long-growing

Vaishnava tradition. Since his time Southern Vaishnavism has been a fixed creed and a system rather than a creator of new spiritual greatnesses.

The poetess Andal was the foster-daughter of Vishnuchitta, found by him, it is said, a new-born child under the sacred Tulsi-plant. We know little of Andal except what we can gather from a few legends, some of them richly beautiful and symbolic. Most of Vishnuchitta's poems have the infancy and boyhood of Krishna for their subject. Andal, brought up in that atmosphere, cast into the mould of her life what her foster-father had sung in inspired hymns. Her own poetry—we may suppose that she passed early into the Light towards which she yearned, for it is small in bulk,—is entirely occupied with her passion for the divine Being. It is said that she went through a symbolic marriage with Sri Ranganatha, Vishnu in his temple at Srirangam, and disappeared into the image of her Lord. This tradition probably conceals some actual fact, for Andal's marriage with the Lord is still celebrated annually with considerable pomp and ceremony.

We give below a translation of three of Andal's poems.

### TO THE CUCKOO

O Cuckoo that peckest at the blossomed flower of honey-dripping champaka and, inebriate, pipest forth the melodious notes, be seated in thy ease and with thy babblings, which are yet no babblings, call out for the coming of my Lord of the Venkata hill. For He, the pure one, bearing in his left hand the white summoning conch shows me not his form. But He has invaded my heart; and while I pine and sigh for his love, He looks on indifferent as if it were all a play.

I feel as if my bones had melted away and my long javelin eyes have not closed their lids for these many days. I am tossed on the waves of the sea of pain without finding the boat that is named the Lord of highest realm. Even thou must know, O Cuckoo, the pain we feel when we are parted from those whom we love. He whose pennon bears the emblem of the golden eagle, call out for his coming, O bird.

I am a slave of Him whose stride has measured the worlds. And now because He is harsh to me, how strange that this southwind and these moonbeams should tear my flesh, enfeebling me. But thou, O Cuckoo, that ever livest in this garden of mine, it is not meet that thou shouldst pain me also. Indeed I shall drive thee out if He who reposes on the waters of life come not to me by thy songs today.

## I DREAMED A DREAM

I dreamed a dream, O friend.

The wedding was fixed for the morrow. And He, the Lion, Madhava, the young Bull whom they call the master of radiances, He came into the hall of wedding decorated with luxuriant palms.

I dreamed a dream, O friend.

And the throng of the Gods was there with Indra, the Mind Divine, at their head. And in the shrine they declared me bride and clad me in a new robe of affirmation. And Inner Force is the name of the goddess who adorned me with the garland of the wedding.

I dreamed a dream, O friend.

There were beatings of the drum and blowings of the conch; and under the canopy hung heavily with strings of pearls He came, my lover and my lord, the vanquisher of the demon Madhu and grasped me by the hand.

I dreamed a dream, O friend.

Those whose voices are blest, they sang the Vedic songs. The holy grass was laid. The sun was established. And He who was puissant like a war-elephant in its rage, He seized my hand and we paced round the Flame.

## YE OTHERS

Ye others cannot conceive of the love that I bear to Krishna. And your warnings to me are vain like the pleadings of the deaf and mute. The Boy who left his mother's home and was reared by a different mother,—Oh take me forth to his city of Mathura where He won the field without fighting the battle; and leave me there.

Of no further avail is modesty. For all the neighbours have known of this folly. Would ye really heal me of this ailing and restore me to my pristine state? Then know ye this illness will go if I see Him, the maker of illusions, the youthful one who measured the worlds. Should you really wish to save me, then take me forth to his home in the hamlet of cowherds; and leave me there.

The rumour is already spread over the land that I fled with Him and went the lonely way, leaving all of you behind—my parents, relations and friends. The tongue of scandal ye can hardly silence now. And He, the deceiver, is haunting me with his forms. Oh, take me forth at midnight to the door of the Cowherd named Bliss who owns this son, the maker of havoc, this mocker, this pitiless player; and leave me there.

Oh, grieve not ye, my mothers. Others know little of this strange malady of mine. He whose hue is that of the blue sea, a certain youth called Krishna—the gentle caress of his hand can heal me, for his Yoga is sure and proved.

On the bank of the waters he ascended the kadamba tree and he leaped to his dance on the hood of the snake, the dance that killed the snake. Oh take me forth to the bank of that lake; and leave me there.

There is a parrot here in this cage of mine that ever calls out his name, saying, 'Govinda, Govinda.' In anger I chide it and refuse to feed it. 'O Thou,' it then cries, in its highest pitch, 'O Thou who hast measured the worlds.' I tell you, my people, if ye really would avoid the top of scandal in all this wide country, if still ye would guard your weal and your good fame, then take me forth to his city of Dwaraka of high mansions and decorated turrets; and leave me there.



## OLD LONG SINCE

(7)

I DO not quite remember after how many days I next saw Sri Aurobindo. I think it was after ten or fifteen days. The second time also it was Bejoykanta whom I asked as to when I could see Sri Aurobindo. He said he could give a reply only after asking Sri Aurobindo. On the fourth or fifth day, he told me one morning that I could see Sri Aurobindo the same evening. When I requested him to take me to Sri Aurobindo that very evening he thought for a little while and said rather hesitatingly, "All right." The hesitation was natural because he could not readily consent to my request without having asked Sri Aurobindo first. But, as he had a firm belief that Sri Aurobindo would not say "No", he replied, "All right."

That evening as soon as the school was over I hastened to Sri Aurobindo's house like an arrow flying from the bow. It might be five-fifteen. Bejoykanta was waiting for me. He was in uniform ready to go out for football at Odéonsalé. As I reached there he took me up straight to Sri Aurobindo's room and without a moment's delay started for Odéonsalé.

I saw Sri Aurobindo the second time thus :

He was in his room seated in a wooden chair beside a table, writing something in a book, facing west. He moved his book a little, faced south and welcomed us both with a gleam of kindness in his eyes. I looked at him and when after a minute I turned I found Bejoykanta was no longer by my side.

He and I alone ! None else ! Solitude ! Seated he kept on looking at me and I too drowned myself in his sacred look.

In those days I could not speak English well. With Bejoykanta I had to talk in English. He struggled to speak Tamil. His knowledge of Tamil was, however, confined to a few words like "rice, salt, chili, tamarind, pulse," some names of vegetables. A few verbs in addition such as "come, go, take" he had picked up for his purpose. He employed these for all purposes while instructing the cook to make purchases. I saw him manage other needful things by gestures.

I endeavoured to speak in English with Sri Aurobindo as I used to do with Bejoykanta. At that time even one or two English words that I knew well would get stuck in my throat. With an herculean effort I could just say :

"I want come daily see you !"

This I struggled to finish with bated breath. I was able at that time to read and understand short stories written in easy English. But I had no habit of speaking English. I could follow others when they spoke simple sentences in it. This reminds me of a small experience at school. A teacher named Mariat was appointed to teach us History and Geography. He was in charge of giving lessons on these two subjects in the Fifth and Sixth Forms. He made it binding

on his students to speak only English and with this end in view he gave one of us a small wooden block, about 2" thick, with the following order :

"One who holds this block of wood should be alert to pass it on to the student who starts speaking Tamil, and he in his turn should pass it to another student indulging in the same habit."

In this way the habit of speaking some English grew in us. The habit of using English, even if imperfectly, acquired in this way stood me in good stead when I had to express myself to Sri Aurobindo.

He complied with that request of mine for seeing him daily and asked me to come after five in the evening. His compliance filled my heart with joy and I did not know then if I were on earth or in heaven.

From the very next day, I began going straight from school at 5 p.m. to Sri Aurobindo's house to see him. Before I reached there—a little later than five-fifteen—Sri Aurobindo would come out of his room and sit on the west side of the southern terrace. I used to stand before him and go on talking. I would forget then that I knew little English. Day after day I would tell him fluently and unwaveringly my home-story, etc., trying to make the details as vivid and elaborate as possible. I knew no halt. In his presence my heart would flow out like an undammed flood either out of deep love for him or inspired by his supreme grace. It cast aside all human measures of what ought to be said and what ought not to be said. Today I may venture to call it bhakti. At that time I did not know its name. My heart was full to the brim with the *rasa* of sweetness.

Everyday I talked with Sri Aurobindo from five-thirty to six-thirty and returned home.

I played the role of the speaker. I poured out to him everything without exception. He would hardly ever put in more than a word or two. In this way days passed into weeks, weeks into months. The feeling that, because of this intimacy, his unfailing grace would hasten the change that had already been taking place in me cheered me up. Does ego possess any sight? It is indeed blind. I realised afterwards that his grace was equal, impartial, pure, as constant as an eternal truth.

In a month or two, without my noticing the fact it became easy for me to speak English. I acquired also a confidence in myself. I got into the habit of speaking English, right or wrong. As its proof, I had only a very few occasions to get the wooden block in the school.

One day almost in playfulness I asked Sri Aurobindo if I could stay with him. It was probably during November or December, 1914. I had practically prepared myself for the Matriculation examination. It was to take place in March 1915. The day of submitting my name and depositing the examination-fee drew near.

Instead of giving a direct answer to the above question Sri Aurobindo simply said he expected it of me to pass the exam and make arrangements for further studies.

I was at my wits' end. History I had not read attentively. Chemistry seemed to me difficult. Mathematics was quite interesting; I had attained a

proficiency in it. In English, though I was fairly strong, I had not reached a high standard. So a doubt that I might not come out successful pinched my heart.

All this apart, I had an opportunity to observe the lives led by the inmates of Sri Aurobindo's house. I saw no trace of care and worry on anyone's face. This was a matter of surprise to me. I had worries due to poverty, due to the coming exam, etc. nibbling at my heart. The inmates led a care-free life.

What it was I cannot say but a small thought had taken birth in my heart. This thought had an infinite power—I realised this fact much later. A tree out of a seed !

One day I told Sri Aurobindo in passing that I wanted to practise Yoga and I asked him to show me the way to its practice.

He put me a counter-question, "Do you know what is meant by Yoga ?" I replied, "I don't know."

That much only. No further talk about it for a long time.

But whenever I approached Bejoykanta he would without fail raise the subject of Yoga. By Yoga, he would say, one could fly in the air, walk over water, remain free from death, be immune to disease, conquer old age, etc., etc. In addition, he said finally, one could drive away all English "Feringhees" from India.

Mention of these miracles, however, gave rise in me to other thoughts, other hopes. By Yoga my family's poverty would disappear ; we would no more have the pinch of hunger ; I could score high marks in the exam ; I might procure a good job, etc.

At the close of the year 1914 the question came of my going to Madras and of my lodging there. It was decided that I should be put up in M. Srinivasachari's house. His house was a big one and quite near the temple of Parthasarathi at Triplicane.

February, 1915.

A crucial stage arrived in my life. Along with this came a quietude of mind, a constant memory of something which was fundamental.

I had not yet developed the capacity to comprehend what I might achieve by *tapasyā*, that for a while I had come to prepare myself here and such other things. Even the desire to understand them had not been born in me. The Matric exam solely occupied my mind. The thought of it, burdened with the heavy feeling of my family's poverty, did not allow me to stand erect, depressed my spirit and created a struggle, made me live a half-alive and half-dead life, a life beset with hardships. The time then was like this.

The whole of our village had experienced failure of rains for two or three years in succession, resulting in a drying up of its fields and then followed ceaseless rains for ten or fifteen days inundating the village, bringing down and tearing to shreds a number of houses, rendering the villagers homeless and throwing them into utter distress. It was a time when our stored paddy and other grains in the granary had been consumed even before the interminable rains broke out. It was a time when even the cash-crop like groundnut could not be cultivated. It was a time of dryness and barrenness for

us and other villagers without any way out of it. And it was time I should have to go to Madras. I was short of Rs. 9/- for the deposit. I found no way to make up this deficit. A month of the year 1915 had already passed.

On some occasions, when I sought for Sri Aurobindo's advice for deciding whether I should appear in the exam or not, he always exhorted me to do so. His purpose behind this advice and his jokes at such examinations which I heard four or five years later when I finally joined him, I could not for long comprehend. I may cite the case of an Andhra friend of mine to illustrate my point. It was Chandrasekhara, and he had passed creditably the B.A. examination. Sri Aurobindo made him the butt of such a volley of jests for this success in the exam that he all but wept for it.

I was at a loss to know how to procure the amount needed. Once I broached the subject to Sri Aurobindo. I also informed him of the approaching time-limit. The day after this talk, when I went to him, he handed over to me the sum of Rs. 9/- and ordered me to deposit the fee. Astounded and forgetful I stood statue-like in his presence.

In 1915 I went to Madras to sit for the examination. Back to Pondicherry from there, I first met Sri Aurobindo and then Bharati. There being no longer any place here to stay at, I went back home.

One part of my being was given to endearing play and prattle with my mother; another and greater part of it felt all bonds with my parents and relatives loosened. It felt them as strangers only. This major part unknowingly and imperceptibly was captured by Sri Aurobindo. The small part enjoying my mother's caresses and fondlings stood long in my way.

A letter from my friend Krishnamachari apprised me of my having passed the Matriculation examination. That I had passed, even if not very creditably, gave me satisfaction. I immediately started from home for Pondicherry to convey this news to Sri Aurobindo. I put up in Bharati's house. In Pondicherry I stayed only for a day or two. At the time when I informed Sri Aurobindo of the result, he encouraged me in a way for further studies. But I felt perplexed. If I went on studying like this, when should I join Sri Aurobindo? This apprehension, partly perceptible to my heart and partly imperceptible, evoked a struggle in me.

On coming back to my village, I set myself to collect all that was necessary for higher studies—money, books, clothes, etc., etc. I had to find also a lodging at Madras.

*(To be continued)*

AMRITA

## A COMMENTARY ON THE SIXTH SUKTA OF RIGVEDA

THE theme of this sukta is to awaken the power of Indra with the help of his followers, the Maruts. Who are the Maruts? We find in the Puranas that Vayu (the Wind-God) in the womb of *Diti* (the consciousness of duality) had been divided into forty-nine parts by the Lord Indra. As a result, the Maruts, sub-divisions or various forms of Wind, came into existence. We also know that Vayu is the life-energy and Indra is the divine mental being. *Diti* is the divided consciousness, the source of multiplicity. *Aditi* means the undivided, indivisible and infinite consciousness. When the wave of life-energy rises into the mind and expresses itself as multiple thoughts, it turns into Maruts. In the Rigveda the God Marut has always been invoked and worshipped along with Indra. That is to say, without Indra, the mental being, the Maruts, the mental faculties, have no separate existence.

1. The seat of pure mind is a chariot. The Chariot signifies movement and it is the emblem of the spiritual journey. The spiritual adventure of the purified mind gradually rises up. The movement of the purified mind is at once free and vast. Division and littleness are not to be found there. It is fully illumined by the light of knowledge. The purified mind is replete with thought-powers, in other words, the Maruts. And it is the Maruts who help the mind in its march towards the Goal.

2. Spiritual evolution takes place by the conjoint force of two powers. They are nothing but the twin horses—life energies—that carry farther and farther the power of Indra. Of the two horses one is the symbol of knowledge, the other is that of power. The more the knowledge and the power of the aspirant increase, the more awakes in him the spiritual mental being in all its virtues. And the pure thought powers or the Maruts turn the flow of knowledge and power towards an inner spiritual discipline.

3. It is the power of pure thoughts that manifests the light of knowledge in the darkness of ignorance. With the gradual development of such thoughts the true mental being takes birth in the aspirant, *i.e.*, it becomes vivid and real to the aspirant.

4. The true nature of the pure thought-power is to reveal the mental being by degrees. It is in the true mental being that the real existence and nature of a creature abide. The mental being comes more and more to the fore with the gradual development of the perennial surge of original thoughts. The pure thought-power when manifested presses forth a particular form of the mental being. Then it merges into the heart of the aspirant and comes out from there with a new form and truth. Thus the thought-power reveals the presiding divine Deity of sacrificial fire and spiritual evolution. A 'name' is the manifest power of truth, called 'numen' in Latin. The process of sadhana does not always follow a straight line. At times it goes into the deeper regions of con-

sciousness and emerges from there with a new truth. Hence we notice a play of dissolution and manifestation. The Vedic seers used to express thus the idea: dawn follows night and night follows dawn, dawn then moves forward in a never-ending succession revealing the infinite truth.

5. In the innermost recesses of consciousness, in the depth of the night, in inert matter lie hidden the rays of knowledge. The divinised mental being penetrates those secret recesses in search of the rays of knowledge imbedded, stolen and stored there and drives the darkness away to rescue the knowledge-rays symbolised by a pair of cows. It is the mental being that turns the twilight of consciousness into the state of full awakening.

6. What does actually happen when Indra reveals the knowledge-rays after purging out ignorance and darkness? There echoes in the occult hearing the concrete messages of the vast truth. And of what type are those divine messages? They are the divine existences, they follow the divine nature. They infuse the aspirant with a clear and pointed intellect which can discern the quintessence of truth.

7. The true mental being and his pure thought-powers, Indra and Maruts, are reflected in that pure divine intellect.

8. Indra is the being of delight and knowledge and Marut is his power manifested in his divine play. On one side is the pure mental existence, on the other there rise and spread the pure thoughts from that mental existence. With their united help the spiritual sacrifice of the aspirant becomes a receptacle of luminous fulfilment.

9. Then the truth and plenitude of all the worlds in all levels make their appearances in the aspirant, starting from the fourth plane which is known in the Upanishad as the *asau loka* (That world) down to the mental world.

10. The process does not end here. The truth contained in the material earth which is illumined by the mental light as well as the truth of the vital world filled with pure enjoyment and inspiration are concretely apprehended by the aspirant. Earth, air, sky, that is to say, the vast truths of the body, life and mind that are captured by the mental being manifest their divine essence in the aspirant. Indra is the divine mental being and Indra is the power that is capable of revealing the truth.

(Concluded)

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

(Translated by Chinmoy from the original Bengali in  
"Madhuchhandar Mantramala".)

#### NOTE

The remaining suktas of *Madhuchhandar Mantramala* also deal with Indra. So there is hardly any necessity of commentaries. The commentaries given from the fourth sukta to the present one will serve as an aid to make the subsequent suktas comprehensible.

## CHINK IN THE ARMOUR

IT is a matter of common experience that we are braver in dreams than in life. We do things there which are beyond us in our waking state. We fly, we fight, we do somersaults which amaze us on recollection. All that is possible because in the dreams it is our vital being that is active : we function largely in the vital body whose resources and power are far greater than those of our physical body. But the dreams also reveal chinks in our armour. Things which lie concealed in our waking consciousness come up to the surface and are exposed in all their nakedness.

Once in a dream I saw a huge tiger coming in my direction. I had nothing in my hands to defend myself with and even if I had anything I doubt if I could make use of it, for I am a born physical coward. Spontaneously I remembered the Mother and called Her. The beast drew back. Again it advanced; again I called the Mother and it went back. A third time, a fourth time, it came, I called, and the tiger withdrew. For the fifth time it started coming. Surprisingly a doubt arose in my mind : 'Supposing my call does not work this time !' That very moment the tiger came upon me and struck on my arm.

The next day when I narrated this to the Mother, She heard it intently and asked : 'Any marks left on the arm ? At times they leave a mark.' Luckily no physical marks were left. Only my state of faith was exposed as vulnerable, to enable me to perfect it.

PRABUDDHA

## THE URGE FOR WHOLENESS

(PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE 33RD INDIAN SCIENCE CONGRESS :  
SECTION OF PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATIONAL SCIENCE)

*(Continued from April)*

2

AN appreciation of yogic experience and its conditions is today, after our experience of psycho-analytical practice, relatively easy. The standards and the tests of validity of psycho-analytical principles and facts are different from the ordinary laboratory methods of verification. The psycho-analyst has no use for needle pricks, artificial shocks and surprise-lights of the ordinary laboratory. He deals with life, which in its ordinary course of contacts with the world has come to some sort of crisis. The facts of psycho-analysis are discovered in a situation of relation between the analyst and analysand, where the analyst is a person previously psycho-analysed and well conscious of his own conflicts and fixations, so that he is capable of a dispassionate observation and interpretation of the patient's facts of subconscious life. Obviously it is the intimate knowledge of the human psyche gained by the analyst through his own analysis which becomes the basis for the interpretation of the working of the other person's psyche. And Jung is evidently right when he says: "Even the most experienced judge of human psychology cannot possibly know the psyche of another individual; and so he must depend upon good-will, i.e., the good rapport with the patient, who has to inform the analyst when something goes astray."<sup>1</sup> Thus ultimately it depends upon the individual's own deep introspection and the science of psychology has, so far as the fundamental truths are concerned, to rely upon corroborative introspective reports of the experts. Yogic experience is pre-eminently an individual fact. But it admits of corroboration and that is the test of its validity. The occurrence of this experience, undoubtedly, demands more exacting conditions than any other psychological experience. But for that reason we cannot discard it. Corroboration and verification by others is a condition of scientific truth, which is obviously more determined by social considerations than regard for truth. To be able to verify the findings of Freud, for example, it is necessary to relatively develop the depth of his insight into the working of human nature, besides satisfying the objective considerations of observation. Thus a true judgment possesses possibility of corroboration, but it may not have been already corroborated.

While there is no doubt that direct experience must constitute the best evidence of the fact of psychic consciousness, yet there are other kinds of evidence of an interesting kind which we should also consider here.



But before we consider these other lines of evidence supporting the fact of psychic consciousness we must even at this stage consider the relation and value of the fact to the main thesis of this paper. Our thesis is that an 'evolving wholeness', a tendency to a progressive perfection of organisation, is the principal feature not only of human nature but of organic evolution as a whole. This progressive perfection of organisation of life is more easily noticeable in the sub-human species, from the amoeba to the ape, in an increasing adaptation to and mastery of an ever more complex environment on the whole. In man, however, the situation becomes changed. Through his power of thought he rises to an immensely greater capacity of dealing with his environment. But through development of self-consciousness, which makes thinking possible, he becomes conscious of deep inner discords, whose harmonisation becomes the direction of evolution, as adjustment with and mastery of external reality is now found to be dependent upon seeing through the working of projection and achieving the best economic balance of forces operative within the personality. Now the yogic fact of psychic consciousness, experienced and enjoyed by special individuals everywhere, to which the yogic, mystic and religious literature bears wide evidence and which is to-day equally well experienceable by pursuing an intensive inner discipline of life, comes closely in line with the fact of general human consciousness. The fact, no doubt, occurs under rather exacting conditions of life, but when once its character is definitely ascertained its indirect effects in general consciousness will become easier to determine. But the quality of the fact, so distinct and unique, representing as it does a form of consciousness in which the so-called fundamental polarities of the general human consciousness are made good, must irresistibly compel our attention. The fact by itself, coming as it does in the wake of the divided general human consciousness, obviously becomes the most powerful single consideration in support of the hypothesis that human nature as also organic evolution generally presents a picture of a self-evolving wholeness. In other words, what is basic to human nature and towards which it is tending is a form and status of fully organised consciousness in which its present polarities are harmonised and reconciled. But this tendency to wholeness appears to be marked by the experimental procedure, so that within the framework of general progression it becomes possible for individual men or species in the sub-human level to show signs of fixation, regression or any other form of deviation from normal behaviour.

We will soon have to consider this hypothesis in comparison with other ones in the field and determine its value. But immediately we shall resume the consideration of further evidence in support of psychic consciousness to establish its validity as best we can at the moment.

Among other evidences of the fact of psychic consciousness, besides direct experience through an intensive inner discipline, is the vast literature of yoga and of mystic and religious life. This literature has been as yet very little worked out by psychologists and what the present writer emphasised in his presidential address of the Psychology Section of the Indian Philosophical Congress in 1937 he would repeat now, namely, that India offers a rich field of varied forms of religious and cultural life and their mutual impacts

and that a study of them is a unique opportunity for Indian psychologists. Such study besides contributing some original facts to general psychology will also make a contribution to the general life of the country in promoting mutual understanding. Now this literature widely bears out that a fulfilled consciousness is a reality beyond doubt. While to modern European life the fact of an aggressive struggling consciousness working by a strained activity is an intimate fact, to the traditional Indian mind a fulfilled and spontaneously operative consciousness is a familiar phenomenon. A proper characterisation of this consciousness is really our task. But as to the fact of such consciousness the writer must contend that there is wide evidence.

Among modern western psychologists practically all the credit goes to Professor C. G. Jung for the perception that this vast religious and mystic literature contains invaluable psychological facts and for having conducted and organised studies of the same. The *Eranos Jahrbucher*, published regularly since 1933, contains beautiful studies by him and others on the subjects of meditation, contemplation, symbolism, growth of psychic life or the process of individuation, etc., etc. The exact subjects to which the discussions of the first three volumes are devoted are : Yoga and Meditation in East and West, Symbolism and Spiritual Training in East and West, and Spiritual Training in East and West. The aim and the purpose of this serial publication is well indicated by a sentence from the preface of the first volume. The editor, referring to the subject of yoga and meditation in east and west discussed in the book, says, "It appears to me important that this field of experience which had so far been considered and treated by individuals or in the form of exercises in rather small groups, is now being made available to a larger circle."<sup>2</sup>

Jung's own studies of human personality constitute most daring adventures in the field of psychology. His methods are empirical. Word-association tests, which is his creation, constitute a new method in psychology for the study of personality-difficulties. Further he has collected dreams and interpreted them and studied folk-lore and mythologies and sought to determine the general trends of the human psyche. But these methods are rather later developments; to start with, he was a medical man interested in psychiatry.

Freud's psycho-analysis has, indeed, lent depth to modern psychology. But Jung's analytical psychology is surely a deeper strand of psycho-analysis. Jung has not only had the courage and the vision to explore the realm of spiritual experience of the east and the west, he has also had a width and depth in his outlook, which have enabled him to perceive the structure of human personality in a unique way. He shares the feeling with many other psychologists that we do not yet possess sufficient data to be able to attempt a consistent theory of personality, yet he is amongst modern psychologists the one most anxious to explore personality to its profoundest levels and offer an explanation of the total phenomena of personality. Now personality is to him not the psychophysical unity as the Gestaltists consider it. Personality is primarily the unique organisation of experience. The study of personality, therefore, is the study of the psyche, which is "the totality of all psychological processes, conscious as well as unconscious".<sup>3</sup> The Psyche is a dynamic system and the totality of force

activating its movements is the psychic energy or Libido. Thus Jung's Libido is different from Freud's, in the latter case it being essentially sexual in character. The importance of sex was exactly the matter over which Jung at one stage felt that he could not accept Freud. He recognises sex as a powerful factor in personality, he also recognises Adler's 'will to power' as a force in personality, but he insists that 'the spiritual' appears in the psyche likewise as a drive, indeed as a true passion. "It is no derivative of another drive but a principle *sui generis*, namely, the indispensable formative power in the world of drives."<sup>4</sup> Another sentence is further illuminating. Says he, "The polymorphism of primitive instinctive nature and the way of formation of personality confront each other as a pair of opposites called nature and spirit. This pair of opposites is not merely the external expression but perhaps also the very basis of that tension which we call psychic energy."<sup>5</sup> 'The spiritual' according to Jung is the tendency to synthesis, a unique whole organisation and expression. We shall soon hear more of it from himself.

The above quotation also presents another basic idea of Jungian psychology: the law of inevitable complementarity. Jung discovers that the dynamics of the human psyche involve a few fundamental pairs of opposites. These are the conscious and the unconscious, the ego and the shadow, and lastly the sex and the contra-sexual, which is anima in the case of man and the animus in the case of woman. The various members of these opposites are no deduction from any principle, they are discovered through an analytical investigation of normal and abnormal experience. The conscious and the unconscious are essentially related, according to Jung, by way of compensation or complementarity. Repression is an extreme form of the same relation and is no fundamental relation determining the two to each other as Freud would affirm. The ego is the organised selfhood of an individual, adjusted to carry out its reactions to the external world. Jung discovers that to the ego there is an opposite polarity of an alter-ego, an unconscious counter-formation. Similarly a man has an unconscious feminine anima and a woman a masculine animus. It is neither possible nor necessary for us to consider the evidence, of normal and abnormal personality or of dreams or of mythology and folklore, establishing these polarities. What is particularly interesting to us is his discovery of a fact above these polarities, which constitutes the centre in the entire dynamics of personality. To this centre belongs the essential quality of totality and wholeness. To activate this centre and thus re-synthesize the entire material of personality is to realise the wholeness of personality. This unique centre, which is free from a counter-polarity, is ascertained by him through an elaborate dream investigation, reported originally in an *Erano*s volume. The study involved four hundred dreams of a normal person. Of these four hundred dreams those which he calls the Mandala dreams are really relevant to our purpose here. The Mandala symbolism is a common fact of Tantra yoga and Lamaism. It consists of a variety of forms or pictures, but it always "contains at the centre a figure of the highest religious significance". Now regarding the Mandala dreams he affirms, "Indeed they represent—unless I am wholly deceived—a psychic centre of the personality that is not identical with the 'I'<sup>6</sup>, which is the ego-personality.

This inference seems to him reinforced otherwise too. For he affirms: "All the usual little remedies and medicaments of psychology fall somewhat short (to explain personality) just as they do with the man of genius or the creative human being. Derivation from ancestral heredity or from the milieu does not quite succeed; inventing fictions about childhood, which is so popular today, end—to put it mildly—in the inappropriate; the explanation from necessity—'he had no money, was ill', and so forth—remains caught in mere externalities."<sup>7</sup>

The evidence from dreams of the existence of a centre of personality is indeed not very large. Jung, in fact, recognises that the Mandala symbolism is represented distinctly in a few cases. But he is inclined to accept the Mandala as an archetype and affirms that in the rest of the cases it must yet "play the part of a concealed whole around which everything turns in the last analysis"<sup>8</sup> "Every life is," he affirms, "at bottom the realisation of the whole."<sup>9</sup> However there is another line of evidence which is highly corroborative. Says he, "As regards the comparative evidence from history, we are in a more fortunate position—at least as to the general aspects of the subject. First, we have at our disposal the Mandala symbolism of the three continents; secondly, the special time symbolism of the Mandala, as it developed, particularly in the west, under the influence of astrology."<sup>10</sup> This evidence from history is a unique discovery of Jung and it is most interesting to see identical motives expressed in a variety of symbolisms employed in religious life and even otherwise. These symbolisms are, according to Jung, the expression of a distinct archetypal trend of human consciousness, which is marked by wholeness, harmony and totality. The centre or the self of personality, expressed in the Mandala symbolism and in certain dreams and visions, is endowed with the power of creative transformation; it "acts like a magnet upon the disparate materials and processes of the unconscious and, like a crystal grating, catches them one by one."<sup>11</sup>

The evidence adduced above on behalf of Jung is rather inadequate. But he believes himself to be 'in a position to offer detailed evidence for his opinions'. And he concludes thus: "If we survey the situation as a whole, we come to the inevitable conclusion—at least in my opinion—that a psychic element is present that expresses itself through the tetrad. This conclusion demands neither daring speculation nor extravagant phantasy. If I have called the centre the 'self', I did so after ripe reflection and a careful assessment of the data of experience as well as of history."<sup>12</sup> The tetrad refers to four fundamental functions of the psyche according to Jung. Jung claims to have devoted twenty years to the subject and is, for himself, entirely convinced of the existence of a centre in personality, which when activated would give the quality of wholeness to personality.

Indeed, the investigations of Jung are most interesting. They offer a valuable corroboration of the fact of psychic consciousness in yogic experience. His approach is different from that of yoga and yet the conclusion is the same. Of course the evidence of this conclusion has only a secondary and a corroborative force, inferential as it is in character, compared to the direct evidence of yogic experience. But it is a very happy idea of Jung to investigate the dreams of normal men of superior mentality. Freud drew upon pathological data for

his dream theory as for the rest of his psycho-analytical ideas. An investigation of the dreams of persons devoted to yoga should yield an interesting testimony, throwing further light on the deeper workings of personality.

## 3

While Jung's is the best evidence for our purpose in the whole field of psychology, there is yet some further evidence which has its own contributory value.

Freud's preoccupation was the neurotic person; and in exploring and investigating the structure of the pathological psyche he discovered certain basic truths of the life of the psyche, which have shown their wide applicability to human life and civilisation. In his researches Freud landed upon many highly original ideas and he will undoubtedly stand a pioneer in many fields of investigation. But when we consider his thought as a whole, we cannot escape the impression that his outlook was much limited by his preoccupation with the neurotic and the abnormal. Very naturally we should learn from him more of the conflicts and repressions of the human psyche than positively of any tendency to wholeness, fullness and a total living. There are, however, a few sentences in his *New Lectures*, which are of interest. While talking of the interrelations among the ego, the super-ego and the id, he says, "It can easily be imagined, too, that certain practices of mystics may succeed in upsetting the normal relation between the different regions of the mind, so that, for example, the perceptual system becomes able to grasp relations in the deeper layers of the ego and in the id which would otherwise be inaccessible to it. Whether such a procedure can put one in possession of the ultimate truths, from which all good will flow, may be safely doubted. All the same, we must admit that the therapeutic efforts of psycho-analysis have chosen much the same method of approach. For their object is to strengthen the ego, to make it more independent of the super-ego, to widen its field of vision and so to extend its organisation that it can take over new portions of the id. Where id was, there shall ego be."<sup>13</sup>

Freud does contemplate that certain mystic practices may afford a greater penetration into the id. However, he is sure that that is what psycho-analytic treatment aims at. But a final resolution of the polarities of mind, even as a concrete possibility, was out of his conception. A normal average adjustment between the opposing forces was all that was intended. But do his polarities not suggest, even necessitate, a possibility of their reconciliation? In fact that seems to be implied. Psycho-analysis, which has engaged itself so far in raising the subnormal to the normal, has evidently the responsibility to consider the question of helping the average normal to rise to higher degrees of inner adjustment and harmony. Freud devoted all his time to the study of repression. Sublimation came in only incidentally, as a subconscious process of growth. It is definitely a future responsibility of psycho-analysis to find out whether conscious sublimation or transformation is possible or not and, if possible, what are the conditions of its working. The writer has distinctly felt during the last few years of his occupation with yoga that whereas Freud had devoted himself to the study

of repression, Sri Aurobindo's principal undertaking has been the development of the technique of transformation, as a conscious activity, which, however, the science of psychology has yet to appraise and assimilate.

It is hardly necessary to say here that Jung's perception of human personality is much profounder than Freud's. For Freud the strengthening of the ego is the objective. Jung finds ego one member of two correlatives and the growth of wholeness in personality would require a reconciliation of the ego and the alter-ego, the shadow as he calls it, through mutual interpenetration. Jung's idea of pairs of opposites and their reconciliation by the activation of the 'Centre' of personality is a parallel idea to the conception of the '*Dwandwas*', the dualities of mental nature, and of the '*Dwandwatita*', beyond the *Dwandwas*—the spontaneous soul activity of Indian psychology.

(To be continued)

INDRA SEN

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4. Jung, *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, p. 66.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 57.
6. Jung, *Integration of Personality*, p. 128.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 299.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 200.
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Ibid.*, pp. 191, 192.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 197.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 198.
13. Freud, *New Lectures*. p. 106.

## GOD'S ROCKET

(FOR THE LOVERS OF GREAT ADVENTURE)

WHEN on thy mad way  
Through the grinning void,  
O lonely rocket-man,  
Truth looks on thee at last,  
Stop then and pray,  
O erring asteroid,  
That lifted be the ban  
Thy Fate on thee has cast.

And on thy lips the golden flute,  
Without an atom's fear,  
Spread wide thy white love's parachute—  
Or press the magic gear,  
And let the divine missile  
Free down-glide  
Across the Night's magnetic smile  
Into the arms of thy Secret Guide.

JANINA

## THE HEART-STEALER

O, AS I thought-blank wander in the wood,  
He by His heart-bewitching melodies  
Breaks suddenly into my solitude.  
O what intrusion on my dusk-drawn peace.

I from world's bustle broke to escape the wealth  
Much-prized of life's intriguing links to save  
My heart, my last-left property, from stealth  
Of world to whom I lost my all or gave.

Ah me, this cruel world, there is no place  
Where one can tarry in security  
And breathe : even in wastes, as on highways,  
Shades of His soul haunt for heart's robbery.

This heart, in world my sole companion  
With whom I could have a word of consolation,  
By the notorious Flute-Player is won,  
And led a captive of His fascination.

How this Magician tosses it about  
On pleasure, pain, delight, revolt, despair,  
Attraction, charm, repulsion, sweetness, doubt,  
Hurls it a lifeless ball, without one care !

Come someone, counsel this vagabond Heart-Stealer  
To leave this underhand sneaking job, or else  
World's vengeance shall be loud, a risk-revealer  
Of His much-glorified aeonic spells.

O lift this spell, release me once for all,  
Away from bonds I hanker to be free,  
Where steals no link, no love, no life, no call ;  
Forsake me or ever make me one with Thee!

HAR KRISHAN SINGH



## HOW, MOTHER...?

How shall I serve Thee, Mother, and how please ?  
Our body with leaden sloth is dull and slow.  
With blank inertia as the only trees  
How can I make my garden of hope grow ?

No thunder-storm of moving words have I  
Nor is my heart a rich pearl-treasury.  
Unreined life-force is all licentious, free.  
Mother, how should I hold it back to me?

A fire is burning in my heart throughout,  
Which even the stamp of an elephant fails to dout.  
Even in wild winds it keeps its sovereign glow.  
How may I tear my heart, its truth to show ?

Thou comest with the speed of flashing light  
And vanishest in moments out of sight.  
As in the ocean-shell doth pearl abide,  
How can I make Thee in my heart reside ?

NARAYAN PRASAD

*(Translated by Har Krishan Singh from the Hindi)*

## POET TO PUZZLED READER

THE water is at the edge of the world and it is the colour of tangerine. A strange music lingers on the last hill top. There will be no more horizons.

The conquest of the mind through our love for that which we do not know. A face in a vision—two grey eyes shining like washed silver through a sea of compassion. To stand in worship before a tapestry of flowers and only know that I am—that your are.

I write of myself. I open my mind and dissolve myself into the words that are there. They may have little outward meaning even as a half remembered dream has no meaning but the impact of beauty—or terror.

And the torments of the mind, the bewilderment of the way out of our past, the assault on the sovereignty of the subconscious—how am I to record and communicate a meaningful expression of this ? For me this must be expressed—it is the categorical imperative...the response to an up-welling pressure to map the depths and shallows of my being. It is essential for me to write as I explore and my writing is in the form of poetry. The meanings are often necessarily elusive and evade analysis and the readers may feel as if they are entering a world of new dimensions and no horizons.

No object is as we see it with the physical eye, no truth presents all the facets of its reality to us. In our relationship to truth and to all objects we are as seeds in an apple. How can the seed comprehend the reality which is the apple ? We have to move into new dimensions of expression and perception—we have to write, or paint, with no hindrance of reactionary mental formation. Yet nothing is ultimately obscure, for all imagination, however strange in its figures and its flow of thought, is actual and positive truth in a different dimension of existence. And if we are unable to comprehend precisely what a poet has said to us then let us have joy, even if imprecisely, in the beauty of his work and in the music that will surely pervade his words regardless of the meanings that they may possess at first reading.

For we are children in a new dawn of a new timelessness. We know that the image of time is not as it once was. We are told and we believe that quite common material objects are not as they seem to be, that they are a flowing, moving mass of atomic and molecular beauty. This applies to the whole of nature—to the whole of life. What a revolutionary effect this must have on poetic self-expression ! The full range of mind in spirit is more complex than ever it was once assumed to be—it has veils that we have never even seen, let alone ripped aside. And it is into this new world that the artist-seeker is entering—albeit very cautiously, for he is indeed on the rim of the world and is leaning against the very face of time.

I look at my moist hand and, as I look, I have an image of the hand moving through a leaf of cabbage...I have erected no barriers before my imagination,

I am learning to watch the vagaries of my mind and to know by the magic of identity.

You may not understand me—it is of no matter if you will but attempt to understand me. Writing must be honest and to be valuable it must rise from inner experience. This is my vision, this is my experience. It is possible that my poetry will have different meanings for different readers—as the elephant to the four blind men so is each poem that I write. Only he who knows me can fully understand my poetry and I do not yet know myself...

ANURAKTA  
(TONY SCOTT)

## BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

**White Roses** (Letters written to Huta by the Divine Mother), Published by Huta, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry-2. Price Rs. 5/- pp. 52.

HUTA deserves the warmest gratitude of all for sharing with them the ineffable inspiration she has received from the divine words of the Mother originally written to her. The fortunate disciple has chosen not to keep for herself alone the Light she has drawn in answer to her heart's prayer and pang while treading the Path of the Spirit. Each excerpt has its own deep thrill. Here is *manna* for those very few who have devoted themselves to the probing of the Ultimate Mysteries of this world and the world beyond, while millions bustle about in pursuit of fleeting and the ephemeral.

The Mother herself introduces the book. Her *Introduction* runs :

"O ye souls yearning for calm and quietness, let these 'White Roses' drop upon your heart their petals of peaceful fragrance."

The liberty and liberality and the philosophical outlook with which the Mother treats each of her children are radiant in the words :

"No child of mine can be a zero; in fact, each one of my children has his or her place and special mission to fulfil. I love them all equally and do for each one what is truly needed for his or her welfare and progress, without any preference or partiality..."

However, these words throw upon each of the Mother's children the responsibility of finding out their particular Mission and place in Her unique spiritual set-up. This done, they have to transform themselves into being Her worthy agents, at least Her worth-while instruments.

The ego-sense is the root of all evil; the highest good can come only by withdrawing the attention from one's limited being and concentrating on the Divine Consciousness. The harm of dwelling on one's ordinary nature-parts has been so lucidly described by the Mother :

"...Human nature is such that when you concentrate on your body you fall ill, when you concentrate on your heart and feelings you become unhappy, when you concentrate on the mind you get bewildered."

The Mother reveals a supreme secret to those who sink in an abyss of despair when they get no reply to their letters from Her at the earliest time possible :

"Do not take my silence for lack of interest or of love. It is in silence that my action is most powerful."

If there be any divine quality which has no equal on earth, it is humility. The supreme Seer in Sri Aurobindo sings :

"...Therefore we know by that humility  
That thou art God."

How the Divine Mother in her humility wipes herself off completely peeps through these soul-awakening words :

“There is something important that you must understand.

“This body with the bit of Consciousness in it which you call the Mother, has no power of its own, no will of its own. The Lord alone has the power. The Lord alone has the will—all is willed by the Lord, all is done by the Lord, and it is He alone who can save you from your predicament.”

Could divine discrimination combined with divine compassion be better exemplified than in the following words of the Mother?—

“I give orders to those who are *perfectly* and totally surrendered, as these orders cannot be discussed or disobeyed.

“To the others I show the Light and the Truth and give them advice when they ask for it, and they are always free to do what they think best for themselves.

“As for my Grace, Love and Blessing, they are always over all, but each one avails himself of them according to his capacity, receptivity and surrender.”

These words will provoke a world of thought and heart-searching in any sadhaka.

Then there is the categorical affirmation and assurance of the Mother :

“I can tell you that there is in the world only one place where you can fulfil your aspiration and realise the Divine, *it is here*.

“It is well understood that there are difficulties, everybody has difficulties, but nowhere else, as much as here, you can find the help to surmount these difficulties.”

The paper and the get-up of the book is just what one could desire—in a word, lovely. Everything considered, it is no wonder that within a few days of its publication the book has commanded a large sale.

C. K. G.

## THE NOSE

THE most vulnerable part in a man is his nose.

You may tell him that he has a nasty squint, and he will only squint beamingly back at you. You may pass critical remarks on the protrusion of his chin, and he will take the reflection as a compliment to his dogged nature. You may deplore audibly the absence of his front teeth and he will just demonstrate the absence by grinning at you. You may call him a "shorty", and he will suspect you of covert sentimentality as if you meant "an overgrown baby". You may make faces at his awkward gait owing to a permanent pet corn, and he will do nothing more than preach you the theory of Reincarnation which warns that those who scoff at "lame 'uns" will be themselves born as such. But dare to utter a bad word, however unintentional, on the shape and size of his nose, and he will forget all obligations of friendship or even morality and punch your own olfactory organ.

Physically, there is no doubt that a hit upon the nose is as painful as a kick in the solar plexus. The nose is indeed the solar plexus of the face, the centre round which the other significant features are situated, and being the most prominent of all features it is most likely to come to harm. Not only that; it is also the most harmable item, for Nature has fashioned it so delicate that the slightest impact on it sends convulsions to the entire frame.

An upper cut on the chin sends one reeling to the ropes; a box on the optic gives one the additional embellishment of a black eye—that is to say, a chromatic exhibition of the fact that the eye has come to grief, a funereal sign that the eye has died as a thing of beauty. But there is nothing so humiliating no less than excruciating as a straight left upon the nose; for then it is that a man loses his manhood and seems to himself a creature of an inferior species—namely, a woman: for it involuntarily brings water to his eyes, and to all appearances he is crying even when he may be the toughest of guys.

Thus a catastrophe to the nose in the physical sense is extremely regrettable. But it is not so easy to understand why a miscompliment to it should bring up the beast in a man. Yet the fact is there, sticking out as clearly as one's nose. Everybody can observe that a man cannot brook an insult to his proboscis. It may be crooked like a skeleton key or grooved like a corkscrew. It may monstrously swoop earthward like that of Mr. Punch or ogreishly jump skyward like that of Monsieur Cyrano de Bergerac. It may be anything, however odd or obnoxious, but it must be allowed to rest in silence. No impertinences should be uttered. Else the person who, up to then, looks a civilised being, trained in the courtesies of social life, educated as a gentleman to stand every rebuff of adverse circumstance with composure, loses every quality we attach to his breeding or status, and dissolves in an inexplicable fit of animal anger. The civilised man becomes a barbarian.

Now, there is only one thing for which a man will forget himself. There is only one thing for which a man will even forgive himself for forgetting himself; and that is his Religion. An insult to his religion will nerve him to commit any atrocity, if by so doing he succeeds in imagining that he is making a defence

of it. Religion is to him so intimately interwoven with his being, so spontaneous a response of his nature to its own questioning cry, that a jibe at it is tantamount to a slur upon the most immortal part in him. He will readily cast aside all laws of decorum, all codes of restrained behaviour and gentle conduct, all principles of persuasion and humanity, if he discovers that somebody is mocking at that which he holds in the highest respect. He will convert his walking-stick of daily routine into an instrument of savage aggression. The lamb will become a lion, the civilian a soldier, the coward a desperado and the cultured man a vandal. For the best in him he will evoke the worst in him. For the sacred he will behave profanely. For the superhuman he will become inhuman. For God he will play the devil.

Could it not, then, be laid down as a general maxim that whenever we find a fellow-being manifest the greatest anger and the most unseemly gestures, we must conclude that he has been touched on his tenderest and most cherished spot, that his holiest instincts have been transgressed? Now, a man, when insulted about his nose, displays unmistakably the signs of an irascible orthodox treating an impudent heretic. It needs an anthropologist like Fraser to pierce to the suppressed "Folk-consciousness" of the race to bring up to light the lurking motive for this sort of indignation.

Although deploring the absence of deep research in this line, we can still point to a certain fact as explaining a portion of the strange emotional phenomenon referred to. In all ancient languages, the word for "soul" is the same as that for "breath". The Hebrew "ruach", the Greek "psyche", the Latin "spiritus"—everywhere the term for "breath" stands for the living self in man. Even the Sanskrit "atman" is affined to the Greek "atmos", meaning "vapour", which turns into the first component of the English "atmosphere". In modern languages too we speak of the breath of life. This is due to the immemorial association of vitality with respiration. To live is to respire; to live more ardently is to aspire; to make others live better is to inspire; and to die is to expire. (We may add, on the side, that to live energetically and strenuously is to perspire and to live in active collaboration is to conspire.) The whole life-process, its metabolism as well as catabolism, is connected with the act of breathing. What is more, in Indian philosophical disciplines, knowledge of the true laws of breathing is often the first equipment of the earnest seeker of wisdom. The Raja Yoga system commences with the art of breath, *prāṇāyāma*. And in the Rigveda the *Dāsa* or *Dasyu*, the enemy of the Aryan God-worshipper, is branded not only as *krishna-tvak*, "black-skinned", but also as *anāsa*, "noseless"—that is, lacking in the breath-power to make the *mantra*, the Divine Word of Inspiration.

So we see how important respiration is. The eye is frequently apostrophised as the window of the soul; but it is more the aperture through which life is radiated than that through which it is collected. The eye is the door through which the mind's working is discerned. The nose is the window through which the mind draws in strength to work. The one manifests life, the other causes it. The nose is, therefore, the most valuable, the most sacred organ of the body. If we interpret Biblical tradition literally, it is the way by which life first entered man

when God made Adam in his image and breathed upon him His breath. An insult to it is consequently sacrilege. To sneer at Jones's nose is to sneer at Jones's soul. The resentment of a nasal joke is strictly religious and therefore violent. Only an atheist can bear his nose being joked about.

The nose is really the chief constituent of the facial expression. It is the one mark by which a man is distinguished from his brother. It is even the dividing line between one race and another. Thus there is a Grecian nose and a Roman nose, a Spanish nose and a Saxon nose, a Mongol and an Arab and a Negro nose. Nobody ever speaks of a Teuton ear or an American mouth. But the nose—ah! it is the sign of nationality—it even serves to mark out the nationality of a people's speech, as when we refer to that mystifying music, the nasal twang of the Yankee's English. The nose is also the symbol of class—witness the thin nose of aristocracy, the flat nose of peasantry—and the emblem of physical quality.

A well-formed nose is a gift of the gods (never bestowed); it is just on account of its high character that it is so rare. Fine eyes are found on every hand; I knew a bulldog which had the most poetic eyes going, but nobody wrote a poem to it, as it had the most atrocious of noses. Lips like Cupid's bow are discovered in persons whom Cupid often passes by because they are sadly defective in their noses: the bow remains, as it were, helpless for not having a proper arrow to shoot forth from the face. One often sees the finest of peaches-and-cream complexions with a red blotch of a nose; one oftener perceives rose-petal ears like Burne-Jones's Aurora's, but of what earthly use if the bearers of them cannot present a bold nose to the artist without being portrayed as satyrs?

It is quite likely our exceptional wrath at a nasal affront is due to all of us having irremediably awkward noses and our inability to bear the plain truth being spoken about ourselves. A perfect woman nobly planned is not a bird visible in any aviary of flaunting females, for Nature always seems to forget to give her a finely chiselled nose. Somehow the Great Sculptor leaves that part imperfect. Some inscrutable thought in the Cosmic Mind leads to a flaw being put in the breathing organ. Some divine irony is practised in the moulding of the nasal protuberance. For, why should everyone's nose be so imperfect and prove a target for ridicule?

Perhaps the only proper answer is "God knows!" Or perhaps this organ is left faulty and vulnerable because it is the most important part of the face, and there is a decree that the most important should not also be the most lovely. Perhaps it is intended to carry home the conviction that, aesthetically, the highest and the best is not necessarily showy; that, philosophically, the good is not bound to be the beautiful; that, ethically, the most adorning feature being past cure we must learn humility; that, psychologically, the bad nose stands for man's unexpurgated nature, so as to say, "Lo! here a lowly creature whose best elements are subverted." It is the lasting reminder of the Fall of Man. For, when man fell, he broke his nose.



# Students' Section

## THE DESCENT OF THE BLUE

### ACT 8

#### SCENE I

*(Aurobindo, and the other released, in the dock along with those sentenced. Sudhir Sarkar, one of the latter, moves to Sri Aurobindo.)*

SUDHIR : Government are holding out temptations before us. They promise to take us to Europe or America for our education, with the prospects of high posts afterwards. All this to have our secrets. What must we do ?

AURO : Think of the Mother. Think of me. We will be always with you.

*(The police take away the sentenced ones. C. R. Das takes Aurobindo and his released companions to his house. His carriages move slowly through surging crowds on both sides of the streets amidst deafening cheers of joy and cries of 'Bande Mataram.')'*

*The whole family of C. R. Das along with a body of nationalist leaders receive Aurobindo and his party with loud cries of 'Bande Mataram' and repeated blowing of conch shells. Garlands, bouquets and flowers are showered upon the party from all sides.*

*After lunch and rest, while Aurobindo is sitting among others in a room, the younger ones of C. R. Das's house are peeping in. They retire after having a long look at Aurobindo from their unseen positions. One of them is accosted by a group of young men coming towards C. R. Das's house.)*

YOUNG MEN : Sudhi, we are coming to see Aurobindo Babu. Certainly you have seen him ?

SUDHI : Oh, yes, I have.

YOUNG MEN : Sudhi, Sudhi, tell us, how he looks ?

SUDHI : Go in and see for yourselves, with your own eyes. His looks have to be seen and not described.

YOUNG MEN : We will. But you give us your own impression, Sudhi.

SUDHI : I found him sitting quiet and unperturbed amidst exuberant scenes of joy and happiness. He seems to be in his own atmosphere, among all yet isolated, in-drawn with a distant look, silence incarnate.

YOUNG MEN *(silenced into surprise, in reverential tone)* : We will simply see him and give him our pranams and withdraw without any demonstration.

## SCENE 2

*(Aurobindo's residence. Sarojini and Aurobindo.)*

SAROJINI : Sejda, Oh that you were here to see how your countrymen, even of the lowest ranks, showed their heart's love for you by coming to me, singly or in groups, to make their offerings to your defence fund. Their love flowed in tears and in sacrifice of their day's earnings. The amounts were mostly poor, but immeasurably rich in their good will.

AUROBINDO : Saro, I was, no doubt, not here to see the touching sight. But I could somehow sense it from the impact of their love upon me. Look at the heaps of telegrams and letters on my release. I repeat to you the concluding lines of what I have written to the Editor of the *Bengalee* : "If it is the love of my country which led me into danger, it is also the love of my countrymen which has brought me safe through it."

SAROJINI *(taking the letter from her Sejda's hand and reading aloud)* :

"To the Editor of the 'Bengalee'.

Sir,

Will you kindly allow me to express through your columns my deep sense of gratitude to all who have helped me in my hour of trial ? Of the innumerable friends known and unknown, who have contributed each his mite to swell my defence fund, it is impossible for me now even to learn the names, and I must ask them to accept this public expression of my feeling in place of private gratitude. Since my acquittal many telegrams and letters have reached me and the love which my countrymen have heaped upon me in return for the little I have been able to do for them amply repays any apparent trouble or misfortune my public activity may have brought upon me. I attribute my escape to no human agency, but first of all to the protection of the Mother of us all who has never been absent from me but always held me in Her arms and shielded me from grief and disaster, and secondarily to the prayers of thousands which have been going up to Her on my behalf ever since I was arrested. If it is the love of my country which led me into danger, it is also the love of my countrymen which has brought me safe through it.

AUROBINDO GHOSH  
6, College Square, May 14, 1909"

## SCENE 3

*(May 30, 1909. The memorable Uttarpara speech. A gathering of about ten thousand people. Aurobindo is profusely garlanded. Michhari Babu, son of Raja Priyari Mohan of Uttarpara, has specially got a garland prepared for Aurobindo, which reaches to the feet. The meeting is held under the auspices of the Dharma Rakshini Sabha, just after his acquittal from the Alipore Bomb Case.)*

AUROBINDO *(after triumphant cheers from the audience)* : "When I was asked to speak to you at the annual meeting of your Sabha, it was my intention

to say a few words about the subject chosen for today, the subject of the Hindu religion. I do not know whether I shall fulfil that intention; for as I sat here, there came into my mind a word that I have to speak to you, a word that I have to speak to the whole of the Indian Nation. It was spoken first to myself in jail and I have to speak it to my people. . . I walked under the branches of the tree in front of my cell but it was not the tree, I knew it was Vasudeva, it was Sri Krishna whom I saw standing there and holding over me his shade. I looked at the bars of my cell, the very grating that did duty for a door and again I saw Vasudeva. It was Narayana who was guarding and standing sentry over me. Or I lay on the coarse blankets that were given me for a couch and felt the arms of Sri Krishna around me, the arms of my Friend and Lover. This was the first use of the deeper vision He gave me. I looked at the prisoners in the jail, the thieves, the murderers, the swindlers, and as I looked at them I saw Vasudeva, it was Narayana whom I found in these darkened souls and misused bodies. . . Afterwards when the trial opened in the Sessions Court, I began to write many instructions for my Counsel as to what was false in the evidence against me and on what points the witnesses might be cross-examined. Then something happened which I had not expected. The arrangements which had been made for my defence were suddenly changed and another Counsel stood there to defend me. He came unexpectedly,—a friend of mine, but I did not know he was coming. You have all heard the name of the man who put away from him all other thoughts and abandoned all his practice, who sat up half the night day after day for months and broke his health to save me,—Srijut Chittaranjan Das. When I saw him, I was satisfied, but I still thought it necessary to write instructions. Then all was put away from me and I had the message from within, ‘This is the man who will save you from the snares put around your feet. Put aside those papers. It is not you who will instruct him. I will instruct him.’ From that time I did not of myself speak a word to my Counsel about the case. . . I had left it to him and he took it entirely into his hands, with what result you know. . . Always I listened to the voice within: ‘I am guiding, therefore fear not. Turn to your own work for which I have brought you to jail and when you come out, remember never to fear, never to hesitate. Remember that it is I who am doing this, not you nor any other. Therefore whatever clouds may come, whatever dangers and sufferings, whatever difficulties, whatever impossibilities, there is nothing impossible, nothing difficult. I am in the nation and its uprising and I am Vasudeva, I am Narayana, and what I will, shall be, not what others will. What I choose to bring about, no human power can stay.’ . . I said, ‘Give me Thy Adesh. I do not know what work to do or how to do it. Give me a message.’ In the communion of Yoga two messages came. The first message said, ‘I have given you a work and it is to help to uplift this nation. Before long the time will come when you will have to go out of jail; for it is not my will that this time either you should be convicted or that you should pass the time, as others have to do, in suffering for their country. I have called you to work, and that is the Adesh for which you have asked. I give you the Adesh to go forth and do my work.’ The second message came and it said, ‘Something has been shown to you in this year of seclusion, something about which you had your doubts and it is

the truth of the Hindu religion. It is this religion that I am raising up before the world, it is this that I have perfected and developed through the Rishis, saints and Avatars, and now it is going forth to do my work among the nations. I am raising up this nation to send forth my word. This is the Sanatan Dharma, this is the eternal religion which you did not really know before, but which I have now revealed to you. . . When you go forth, speak to your nation always this word, that it is for the Sanatan Dharma that they arise, it is for the world and not for themselves that they arise. I am giving them freedom for the service of the world. When therefore it is said that India shall rise, it is the Sanatan Dharma that shall rise. When it is said that India shall be great, it is the Sanatan Dharma that shall be great. When it is said that India shall expand and extend herself, it is the Sanatan Dharma that shall expand and extend itself over the world. It is for the Dharma and by the Dharma that India exists' . . . I say that it is the Sanatan Dharma which for us is nationalism. This Hindu Nation was born with the Sanatan Dharma, with it it moves and with it it grows. When the Sanatan Dharma declines, then the nation declines, and if the Sanatan Dharma were capable of perishing, with the Sanatan Dharma it would perish. The Sanatan Dharma, that is the Nationalism. This is the message that I have to speak to you."

*(Exit Aurobindo)*

*(Some members of the Dharma Rakshim Sabha speak to one other.)*

1st MEMBER : I have attended big political meetings addressed by veteran leaders. But this meeting, could I or anybody else preconceive it ? A set subject had been placed before him to speak on with sufficient time given him to think over it. But you see, how he soared unexpectedly higher over it to another subject of far-reaching scope and of deep significance.

2nd MEMBER : Yes, he soared not only above the fixed subject but above the environment. He made us forget that we were at Uttarpara listening to one of our invited guests.

3rd MEMBER : He spoke not in a human voice and I doubt whether it was he who spoke.

CHIEF ORGANISER : I agree with each of you. I feel strongly that Uttarpara will go down in history as an obscure point on India's map from which the whole of India and then the whole of the world will listen to India's godman, speaking to all humanity. The cadence of his sentences raised waves of power in my heart. What power is this ? It looks as if he will leave the political field. But I feel assured that what India will lose in him as a political leader she will gain infinitely in having him as a dynamic force to create a superior India and a superior world.

## SCENE 4

(*Patriot Krishna Kumar Mitra's residence.*)

(*Enter a friend of Mrs. Mitra.*)

FRIEND (*addressing Mrs. Mitra*): Sister, a thought has just occurred to me and I have come to tell it to you.

MRS. MITRA: Yes, I am all ears.

FRIEND: Aurobindo Babu is in your house. The Intelligence Department knows it. Krishna-da is in detention in Agra Jail. The I. B.'s report, that you are harbouring the terror of the British Government in your own house, will spell disaster. Who knows that your house will not be a centre of the watch-dogs? For your friends and relations to visit your house will certainly be to risk themselves. You can never want that your neighbours, friends and relations should be the objects of the I.B.'s attentions. Harassment of innocents, I am sure, is the last thing you could think of. Over and above all this, there is the case of Krishna-da. If he is detained simply on suspicion, Aurobindo Babu's stay in your house will confirm it. All this will surely mean his indefinite detention.

MRS. MITRA (*smiling*): Now...

FRIEND: Now for your safety and for the safety of all else concerned as well as for an early release of Krishna-da I should like you to request Aurobindo Babu to remove to some other place apart from his relations.

MRS. MITRA: I appreciate your good will and your concern for our well-being. But, dear sister, to be on God's earth and at the same time to be in constant fear of danger to personal safety and personal interest, without believing in His Protection, is it not sacrilege? (*In a choking voice*) Auro is more than my Auro. He is Mother India's chosen child. If my friends and relations dare not visit my house, I shall be sorry for them. Mother India needs her children to be of sterner stuff. If they cannot rise to the occasion, I repeat, I shall be sorry for them. But I cannot do otherwise. My heart revolts against the very idea of seeing Auro off from his beloved uncle's house. And what would your Dada think of me? I know him, perhaps, more intimately than anybody else. His love of truth, his love of country are the same in substance and in spirit as his love for Auro. So, my sister...

FRIEND: A true consort of a true leader. I feel ennobled by your lofty stand. I leave you and your darling Auro in the hands of Divine Providence in whom you have such flaming faith.

(*To be continued*)

CHINMOY

## THE POET AND THE YOGI

It is at times said that a critic, even a successful critic, is a poet who has failed. Likewise the poet himself is a Yogi who has failed. That is to say, to be a good and genuine poet one has first to be a Yogi. Is it really so? Just to prove it a French priest has even gone to the length of writing a book.<sup>1</sup> Of course, Abbé Brémond has not used the term 'Yogi' but 'mystic', and prayer he adds as the inherent virtue of a mystic. We can then hold that a Yogi and a spiritual aspirant who is often called a mere aspirant—on the whole they mean the same.

According to Brémond, a poet is he who has either fallen from the status of a mystic or has deviated from the path of inner discipline. He is of the opinion that the fount of a poet's inspiration, insight and feeling is either a spiritual experience or an experience inclined towards spirituality. But the poet has not marched forward in a straight line to the original Goal; nor has he even attempted to give it a shape. After covering half the distance he halts for a time and then moves on through by-lanes, putting forward the secret experience of his inner soul in the decorative dress of flowery words. He simply looks upon the experience as something imaginary, dream-like and an object of fancy produced by the intellect. At last it comes to this that he grows into a poet to the same extent as he has kept aloof from the path of a mystic. For to proceed on straight along the path of spirituality is to avoid the by-lanes of poetry, *i.e.*, to extinguish inevitably all poetry and poetic inspiration.

Let us pin our attention on the first thing first : whether the poet is at all a Yogi or a Sadhaka and, if so, in what sense. It is not quite uncommon that in the creation of almost every poet we observe more or less the indication of something beyond the grasp of the senses, something divine and infinite. The aspiration of every poet flies to an immaculate realm of Beauty and Truth, to a world beyond. Milton, Wordsworth and Dante need no introduction in this field, for they are undoubtedly spiritual. They seriously resorted to spirituality. But it is strange enough how Shakespeare, whose creation is replete with nature's scenes and the experiences of man's day-to-day life, says :

With thoughts above the reaches of our souls,

or,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them how we will.

<sup>1</sup> *Prière et Poésie*, par l'Abbé H. Brémond (de l'Académie Française).

Do we not then feel that Shakespeare's inner soul is in the closest touch with the Consciousness beyond, far surpassing the earth, and his poetic vision has been surcharged with some intense superhuman delight ? Even the poets who are most materialistic, who are averse to any Ideal, who are anti-divine, whatever may be their outer utterance—are they not the descendants of Lucifer or Prometheus ? Let us recollect what Baudelaire wrote about them, about the pangs of their hearts :

Une Idée, une Forme, un Etre  
Partie de l'azur et tombé  
Dans un Styx bourbeux et plombé  
Où nul œil Ciel ne pénètre.

(An Idea, a Form, a Being  
That sprang from the blue and fell  
In the muddy grey river of Hell  
Unpierced by Heaven's seeing.)

In our country also Rabindranath Tagore's name needs no mention. A spiritual aspiration pervades his poetic inspiration. It is evident that this spiritual aspiration is the source of his poetic creation. But let us listen to Madhusudan, the so-called atheist :

Where is the world of the Brahman ?  
Where am I, a worthless creature of evil ?  
How can I, a mere human,  
Enmeshed in the world's illusion,  
Like a bird in a cage,  
Attain that world of Freedom whose vision  
Draws the Adept of the highest Yoga from age to age ?

Even at the very commencement of his immortal epic, *Meghnadbadh* he invokes Saraswati the white-armed Mother of knowledge. The feeling or firm conviction is that the Mother of Knowledge is also the giver of liberation. That is why the poetry that is a help and a means to attain liberation has a special appeal to our heart.

Of course, there are poets whose creations totally lack spirituality or even something akin to it. For example, Catullus, of whom Sri Aurobindo says : "He has as much philosophy in him as a red ant."

A poet like Catullus can easily be put forward to contradict Brémond's conclusion. Granted, such poets are very few in number, nevertheless they appear to prove Brémond's conclusion quite baseless. But, as a matter of fact,

it is not so. The aim of a poet is to create a living thing, a thing of considerable worth, a thing of beauty and delight with the help of words. Is not this very act of his something supernal aspiring for the world beyond ?

The very same truth has been uttered by Vishwanath Kaviraj. The real form or soul of poetry consists of delight. The delight one gets in the realisation of the Brahman and the delight one derives from one's poetic creation spring from the same source. Both have an indivisible consciousness of self-expressive delight. Indeed it is a serious matter that demands our special attention. Both of them have no relation with outer objects, nor do their self-supporting delight of consciousness reckon on things of the material world. I have already said that the theme of the poet may not be spiritual; even then he derives from a subtle consciousness all his poetic inspiration.

The author of *Sahitya Darpan (The Mirror of Literature)* tells us something profound and significant as regards the spiritual nature or form in poetic creation. The delight of poetry can be grasped neither by impure, lifeless and rigid qualities nor by restless vitalistic movements ; it is reflected in *Sattwic* virtues alone. Hence the poet creates something only after he has been surcharged with *Sattwic* qualities. Further, the purpose of reading poetry is to arouse the qualities of *Sattwa* in oneself and to move towards our nature's purification and emancipation, free from the evil contact of *Rajas* and *Tamas*. We may as well recollect here the similar conclusion the Greek thinker, Aristotle, arrived at, that a tragedy has *katharsis*, a power to purge the heart. However, it is doubtful if anybody has raised the greatness of poetry to such a pitch as Vishwanath Kaviraj has done.

Fundamentally there is no difference between Vishwanath Kaviraj and Abbé Brémond. The difference that does exist is not about the source of poetry but about its culmination. According to Brémond, the inner inspiration of the poet or the source of it is a spiritual experience. He also adds to it that the poet descends into a lower level of nature the moment he endeavours to mould his experience into words and tries to give it a metrical shape without following the straight yogic process, without assimilating the inner divinity into his entire being ; he has spread it out and lost it in the display of words. So he has to give himself up to falsehood and play tricks. The thing that has to be manifested at the cost of his life has been totally exhausted in easy trifles and meaningless words. He has grown into an artist displaying false and baseless words instead of becoming an artist of life. In the place of having a genuine full realisation he becomes enamoured of the visionary illusive creation of a nine-day wonder. He has been fascinated, as it were, by the dance of the nymphs and has deviated from the real path. It is not that at times the poet does not feel that his creation is simply a jugglery of words. Strangely enough, with the help of fruitless words a modern poet proves the worthlessness of words :

Je suis las des gestes intérieurs,  
Je suis las des départs intérieurs !



Et de l'héroïsme a coups de plume  
Et d'une beauté toute en formules !

Charles Vildrac—"Livres d'amour"

(I am sick of imaginary gestures,  
I am sick of mental expeditions !  
And of the bravery of the pen-stroke  
And of a beauty all formulated.)

Aristotle's preceptor, Plato, draws our attention to this side of poetry—the illusory charming power of poetry. No doubt, the world of the poet is charming. But it is equally the world of falsehood. Plato was a religionist to the marrow. The main cause of his looking upon the poets with considerable displeasure is that in their creations —*e.g.* Homer—the gods have an inferior nature even to that of a human being. It is an absurdity on the face of it. Having turned falsehood and an evil ideal into a thing of grace and delight the poets place it before man and thus they keep him away from truth, beauty and bliss.

However, it cannot be said that in the poetic creation there must be no illusory power of Ignorance. No doubt, there are poets who have either blurred their spirituality or eclipsed their inner soul by resorting to poetry. But in that case we must know that it is the poet and not his poetic creation that is in fault. It is absolutely a personal affair. If things are to be judged in this light, then there is not even a single object which does not stand as an obstacle to one's inner spiritual discipline.

So we cannot at once jump to the conclusion that a poet is he who has either fallen from the status of a Yogi or who has slipped down from the path of yogic discipline. Just an example will dispel all doubts. The poets of the Upanishads were at once seers and yogis in the fullest measure. As the Upanishads are wonderful in their poetic values, even so are they highly inspiring and soul-stirring in their mantric powers. Here the poet and the seer have become one and with their mutual help they reveal each other. It is not that *vāk* (speech) must needs be a covering of or an illusory substitute for truth. It can as well be the most beautiful and benevolent image of the Brahman as Sound.

Be that as it may, it can never be said that a poet and a yogi are one and the same, or that there is no difference between the poetic creation and the spiritual discipline. To say that they are one is nothing short of an hyperbole. The consciousness of the poet dwells in the world of speech and this world belongs to the mental world. The light of the poet's inner soul illumines this mental world of speech and turns it into a seeker of spirituality. But the field of a Yogi is more spacious and more objective. He endeavours to illumine the body and the vital nature with the light of spirituality. The poet can start doing this work. He may even be an aid to it ; still more, at the end he may

reveal or announce the Victory. But the poet cannot sit on the throne of a Yogi by dethroning him. Moreover, it is not obligatory that in order to be a Yogi one must be a poet first. Even if the Poetic Being is a brother to the Brahman, yet it is not the Brahman in its own form.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

*(Translated by Madal from the original Bengali)*

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## THE BALLOON

A LITTLE Negro boy stood watching the balloon man at the Country fair. There were all shapes of balloons in all colors.

Suddenly a red balloon broke loose, and soared high into the air until it could scarcely be seen. So many people were attracted by the sight that the vendor thought it might be good business to let another go. He let a bright yellow one slip free. Then he released a white one.

The little Negro stood looking for a long time. Then he asked, "Mister, if you sent the black one up, would it go just as high as the other?"

The balloon man, with an understanding smile, slipped the black one from its place and said, "Sonny, it isn't the color—it's the stuff inside that makes it rise."

*Catholic Digest*

## THE NOTE OF AFFIRMATIVE REJECTION IN EMILY DICKINSON

'UNPUBLISHED in her lifetime and unknown at her death in 1886,' Emily Dickinson stands today in the front rank of American poets. Miss Dickinson wrote seventeen hundred and seventy-five poems in all, of which only seven were published in her lifetime, each anonymously. The poems were undated and, with the exception of twenty-four, untitled. All but one hundred and twenty-three of the published poems still exist in her own handwriting. Emily Dickinson was born on December 10, 1830, in a New England where Puritanism was dying and literature was just coming to life. Her birthplace was Amherst, a quiet village in the Connecticut Valley of Massachusetts, nearly a hundred miles from Concord. Here she lived a life outwardly uneventful, inwardly dedicated to a secret and self-imposed assignment—the mission of writing a "letter to the world" that would express, in poems of absolute truth and of the utmost economy, her concepts of life and death, of love and nature, and of what Henry James called "the landscape of the soul". After two years at Amherst Academy and one at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, Emily Dickinson settled down to the customary life of a New England village. Many years later a school friend remembered that she was 'not very beautiful, yet she had great beauties... She was exquisitely neat and careful in her dress, and always had flowers about her. She was one of the wits of the school, and there were no signs in her life and character of the future recluse'.

If one may think of the first decade of Emily Dickinson's adult life as a period of expansion to the creative climax of 1862, then the remaining years marked a gradual retreat. Year by year the area of her interests narrowed; year by year her indifference to the outer world grew more arctic. Now she dressed only in white; ventured less and less, and finally not at all, from her home; saw fewer friends, and, at last, none. The only curious exception was Judge Otis P. Lord, of Salem, a widower in his late sixties for whom she developed a passionate love, and whom she even hoped to marry. In these last years Emily Dickinson tended her garden, baked the family's bread, and watched from her window the passing show of village life. To her friends she sent gifts of flowers with gnomic notes and poems which vastly puzzled them. She grew obsessed with death, and as her friends departed to 'that bare-headed life under the grass' she consoled with the bereaved in letters that are morbidly curious. Long before her death she had become an Amherst legend: the woman in white, the eccentric recluse; the half-cracked daughter of Squire Dickinson.

"As is inevitable for a poet who worked in solitude and without criticism, her writing is uneven, sometimes baffling in its concision, sometimes provoking in its disregard of rhymes and rules. But at her best she writes as Thoreau wished

to live—close to the bone, concentrating the very essence of what she saw and felt in phrases that strike and penetrate like bullets, and with an originality of thought unsurpassed in American poetry.” (Robert N. Linscott)

“Emily Dickinson without leaving her sheltered garden had drifted on a vaster stream than Huckleberry Finn ever knew, and her watchword was like his : ‘Trust in the Unexpected.’ Sophocles long ago, facing the perplexities of the human lot, had found no better solution.” (Whicher).

“With the exception of Poe there is no other American poet whose work so steadily emerges, under pressure of certain disintegrating obsessions, from the framework of moral character. There is none of whom it is truer to say that the poet is the poetry... The problem to be kept in mind is the meaning of Emily Dickinson’s ‘deliberate and conscious’ decision to withdraw from life to her upstairs room. This simple fact is not very important. But that it must have been her sole way of acting out her part in the history of her culture, which made, with the variations of circumstance, a single demand upon all its representatives—this is of the greatest consequence. All pity for Miss Dickinson’s ‘starved life’ is misdirected. Her life was one of the richest and deepest ever lived on this continent. When she went upstairs and closed the door, she mastered life by rejecting it. Others in their way had done it before; still others did it later. If we suppose—which is to suppose the improbable—that the love affair precipitated the seclusion, it was only a pretext; she would have found another. Mastery of the world by rejecting the world was the doctrine, even if it was not always the practice, of Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather. It is the meaning of fate in Hawthorne : his people are fated to withdraw from the world and to be destroyed. And it is one of the great themes of Henry James.” (Allen Tate).

One of her most popular poems which throws light on her ‘deliberate and conscious’ choice to withdraw from life is called *The Soul Selects Her Own Society* :

The soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved she notes the chariot’s pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

I’ve known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

Here is the poem in all its simplicity revealing to us her rejection of the

world and her preference to live in seclusion. She has a divine majority in her solitude ; though she does not have a social or secular majority. The rejection of the world is conveyed with a coldness in the last line. 'Valves' is mechanical ; 'like stone' conveys a sense of finality. 'The chariot's pausing at her low gate' has a reference to a small incident in Emily Dickinson's life. Emerson came to Amherst to lecture at the request of a half dozen young men "determined upon varying the monotony of the hard times by something that should remind us that we have minds and tastes too as well as pockets". He was entertained by the Austin Dickinsons. Mrs. Austin Dickinson was all praise for the sage and she remarked : "in conversation the sage was not at all frightening : he turned his gentle, philosophic face toward me, waiting upon my common-places with such expectant, quiet gravity, that I became painfully conscious that I was I, and he was he, the great Emerson." In her elation and consciousness that she was she, the young lady forgot to record the fact whether Emily Dickinson attended the lecture and sat before the fire with Emerson afterwards.

Though Emily rarely appeared in public, she had not entirely renounced the world. In the autumn of that year, she had been named one of the judges of 'rye and Indian bread' at the annual Cattle Show. Could she have watched Emerson come and go, only a house away, and contented herself with what her family could report of him ?

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate ;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

After he had gone she wrote : "It must have been as if he had come from where dreams are born !" which sounds as though she had not shared her sister-in-law's privileges. But we cannot be certain.

In speaking of country walks Emerson had said : "Good neighbours have the manners of trees and animals, and if they add words, 'tis only when words are better than silence. But a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog." Five years later Emily paraphrased Emerson's saying when she told Higginson (her friend) that she avoided the company of men and women because 'they talk of hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my dog'. So we are left in "tantalizing uncertainty" (Whicher). Still it is relevant to the point that she was aware of the fact that Emerson had the social and secular majority ; and she was satisfied with her divine majority, and closed her attention to the outer world.

*(To be continued)*

C. SUBBIAN

## THE MOTHER WITH A CHILD :

### SRI KRISHNA AND STAMP-COLLECTION

I WAS then only six years old. Being fond of music, I used to attend all the music performances in the Ashram.

Quite a few people used to say that they had seen Sri Krishna's figure during these performances. Childish curiosity got the better of me. I became anxious, almost crazy, to see Sri Krishna.

So one day I got a chance to tell the Mother about it. I told her, "I want to see Sri Krishna. People say that they can see his figure. When they can see him, why can't I? I also must see Sri Krishna."

"You have to do a lot of meditation to see Sri Krishna," replied the Mother.

That night, after my dinner I went to bed very early. It was just after 7-30 p.m. I sat cross-legged on my bed for more than two hours, quietly meditating and trying to think of Sri Krishna and see him. It was near about 10 o'clock when my mother came and told me to sleep.

Next morning, as I went to the Mother, I told her that I had meditated for over two hours the previous night but had not seen Sri Krishna. "You told me that I could see Sri Krishna if I meditated, but I did not see him."

The Mother laughed. "Suppose Sri Krishna comes," she asked, "what will you do?"

"I will exchange stamps with him," I replied.

"But Sri Krishna does not know how to collect stamps."

"I will teach him," I answered in my sincere innocence.

And how the Mother laughed !

*Reported by HAR KRISHAN SINGH*

## ON PERSONALITY AND PEACE

A LITTLE of meditative introspection reveals that a pure and profound love with its harmonising will is constantly at work in the marrow of existence. And this power is responsible for keeping the world-play intact. But for it the world would have perhaps been shattered into fragments under the disintegrating shocks and destructive blows which have been inflicted on it ever since the beginning of history. In fact, dispute and discord are in the very texture of terrestrial nature. It is as if the whole earth and air were vibrant with the pulsation of this force. We see that the domain of its action is not restricted to the sphere of subhuman type only, it has extended its sway even up to the level of the civilised man of to-day. So scholars, prophets, statesmen and leaders are no less affected by its influence than wild animals, barbarous tribes, innocent children and aimless vagabonds. But, indeed, there is variation, at least in appearance, in the nature of its germination. The quarrel between two hawkers in the street can in no way be compared with the difference of attitude and action between two or more disputing persons of position. In the former case it is perhaps a question of interests among the insignificances of life and in the latter it is the problem of duty and dignity, if not the conflict for power and domination. But at times eruption takes place and molten lava comes up from the cavern of the disputants' heart, with a dark, destructive and poisonous vapour, and covers the sky with a frightful sight. The nature of all is exposed and the same picture is found within the small and great, the learned and illiterate.

Now the question is : since war is no longer perhaps a biological necessity in man as in animal, is such a turn of events with the growth of such a picture inevitable ? Cannot the circumstances be changed into a happy and delightful life on a durable basis ? Seen from a particular angle of vision it appears that probably this cannot be. But in order to be definitively proved with positive reasoning the assumption demands a lengthy study and research specially in the fact of struggle for existence, which is beyond the scope of the present observation. What can be pointed out here is a negative evidence of facts. If the circumstances could have been changed, why then is the history of humanity strewn with the records of warfare through and through ? Not only that, mythology speaks to us of war even amongst the gods. So the natural tendency is to conclude that struggle and conflict are an inseparable adjunct of life, and a permanent state of living without them is perhaps impossible. But the question crops up : What then of the long cherished ideal of a golden age or *satya-yuga* and the ultimate purpose of Love which secretly works within each object and in all beings ? What of that spark of soul which burns deep within and shows with its unfailing light the way towards sympathy, synthesis, rhythm and harmony—that eternal and original delight of being which emerged by

breaking the walls of separation set up by ego and ignorance, preference and partiality, and which gives full recognition and response to the prophetic words, "The realisation of human unity through the awakening in all and manifestation by all of the inner divinity which is one."<sup>1</sup>

No doubt the possibility of this emergence depends on a great deal of spiritual effort, practice and perseverance. To come in contact with one's real 'I' one has to penetrate, as it were, the crude region of one's nature which spreads out wrath and fury, jealousy and hatred and, above all, the motives of falsehood, hypocrisy and selfishness. Still it is also an undeniable fact that the urge towards this penetration and perfection is an immensely powerful and eternally active phenomenon in human nature. And once this realisation is attained one no longer remains a puppet in the hands of wayward forces but becomes what one essentially is. So it appears that we are not only what we apparently are, but what we ought to be, and that is our true personality. But to describe what this personality is like is a very difficult job. The following lines from Rabīranath Tagore may help us have an idea of its true character :

"What it is in man that asserts its immortality in spite of the obvious fact of death ? It is not his physical body or his mental organisation. It is that deeper unity, that ultimate mystery in him, which from the centre of his world radiates towards its circumference ; which is in his body, yet transcends his body ; which is in his mind, yet grows beyond his mind ; which, through the things belonging to him, expresses something that is not in them ; which, occupying his present, overflows its banks of the past and the future. It is the personality of man conscious of its inexhaustible abundance."<sup>2</sup> The Upanishads speak the truth thus :

“बृहश्च तद् दिव्यमचिन्त्यरूपं सूत्रमाश्च तत् सूक्ष्मतर विभाति ।  
दूरात् सुदूरे तदिहान्तिके च पश्यत्स्वहैव निहित गुहायाम् ॥”

"Vast is That, divine, its form unthinkable ; it shines out subtler than the subtle : very far and farther than farness, it is here also in us, for those who have vision it is here, even here in this world ; it is here, hidden in the secret heart."<sup>3</sup>

But to have an idea of the truth and the actual attainment of it are two different affairs. While we can get the former with the help of our mind, the latter requires an altogether different means of approach. Let us listen to the voice of aspiration towards this approach from the lips of Sri Aurobindo in the following lines. "...when you break my earth and release the energies ; when you turn my pride into power in your hands and my ignorance into light, my narrowness into wideness, my selfishness into a true gathering together of forces in one centre, my greed into a capacity of untiring search after the truth for the attainment of its substances, my egoism into the true and conscious instrumental

<sup>1</sup> The Mother

<sup>2</sup> Personality

<sup>3</sup> Mundaka Upanishad.



centre, my mind into a channel for you to descend, my heart into your hearth of pure fire and flame, my life into a pure and translucent substance for your handling, my body into a conscious vessel for holding what of you is meant for me ; then, O Mother of Radiances, my aim in life now and hereafter will be fulfilled in the true and right and vast way. Aspiration wakes in me. Achieve in me all that I flame for.”<sup>1</sup> Let us not fail to appreciate that this aspiration is not confined to any individual being. It is pronounced on behalf of the whole manifested nature which strives to return towards its goal, to achieve its fulfilment. It is the call of the flute of the divine flute-player and a tongue of flame of the mystic fire.

We have seen by now the two sides of existence: one, division, hatred, competition, conflict, death; and the other, co-operation; love, peace, harmony, life. But no definite reply has yet been received as to whether war will remain as a permanent factor and, if so, which of the two powers in the long run will hold a dominating influence: light and creation, or darkness and destruction ? At the present juncture of human history the question is of immense importance and deserves a deep-sighted treatment. It seems that the entire issue rests on the goodwill and efficient handling of the world situation by the guardians of the world's peace, security and liberty. As for ourselves, we are not competent enough to say anything on the matter except in the form of some quotations from prophetic and mystic minds. In connection with the disharmonious condition of the world Sri Aurobindo says, “War and violent revolution can be eliminated, if we will, though not without immense difficulty, but on the condition that we get rid of the inner causes of war and the constantly accumulating Karma of successful injustice of which violent revolutions are the natural reactions. Otherwise there can be only at best a fallacious period of artificial peace. What was in the past will be shown still in the present and continue to return on us in the future.”<sup>2</sup> Again, “So long as war does not become psychologically impossible, it will remain or, if banished for a while, return.”<sup>3</sup>

But let us not be disappointed at that. The means of remedy and the words of hope are also there in his sayings, “A cosmos or universe is always a harmony, otherwise it could not exist, it would fly to pieces. But as there are musical harmonies which are built out of discords partly or even predominantly, so this universe is disharmonious in its separate elements—the individual elements are at discord with each other to a large extent; it is only owing to the sustaining Divine Will behind that the whole is still a harmony to those who look at it with a cosmic vision. But it is a harmony in evolution in progress—that is, all is combined to strive towards a goal which is not yet reached, and the object of our Yoga is to hasten the arrival to this goal. When it is reached, there will be a harmony of harmonies substituted for the present harmony built up on discords.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Hour of God

<sup>2</sup> & <sup>3</sup> *War and Self-determination*

<sup>3</sup> *Letters of Sri Aurobindo*, Second Series.

But so long as that condition remains unattained what should be the attitude towards the upheavals of sudden upsetting circumstances ? Here is Sri Aurobindo's answer to that—"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 working."<sup>1</sup>

CHUNILAL CHOWDHURY

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<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Sri Aurobindo*

## SANSKRIT SIMPLIFIED

### LESSON X

I.

विसर्गसन्धिः

*Visarga Sandhi* takes place when, under certain circumstances, a *visarga* is followed by a vowel or a consonant.

Rule 1. *Visarga* followed by च् or छ् is changed to श् by ट् or ठ् to ष्, by त् or थ् to स्.

यथा—(१) रामः च लक्ष्मणः च=रामश्च लक्ष्मणश्च, शिवः छत्रपतिः=शिवश्छत्रपतिः,

(२) रामः टीकते=रामष्टीकते, धनुः टङ्कारः=धनुष्टङ्कारः, स्त्रियः ठालिनी=स्त्रियष्ठालिनी (rare).

(३) नमः ते=नमस्ते, लाभः तेषाम्=लाभस्तेषाम्, गतिः त्वम्=गतिस्त्वम् ।

Rule 2. *Visarga* followed by श्, ष्, स्, is optionally changed to श्, ष्, स् respectively.

नमः शिवाय or नमश्शिवाय, बालाः षट् or बालाष्वट्, रुद्रः संहरति or रुद्रस्संहरति.

Rule 3. विसर्ग, preceded by अ and followed by अ or a soft consonant (घोष व्यञ्जन), is changed to उ which with the preceding अ becomes ओ.

thus अः + अ = ओ + अ = ओऽ, अः + घोष = ओ + घोष . . . .

Examples: सः अहम्=सो अहम्=सोऽहम् । (by स्वरसन्धि rule exception in Lesson IX),

कः अपि=को अपि=कोऽपि । कः अयम् = को अयम् = कोऽयम् ।

बालः गच्छति = बालो गच्छति । देवः महेश्वरः=देवो महेश्वरः । हरः हिमालये = हरो हिमालये ।

Rule 4. विसर्ग, preceded by अ and followed by any vowel except अ, is dropped.

Examples : कः इन्द्रः = क इन्द्रः । पुत्रः एतयोः = पुत्र एतयोः । कः आगच्छति = क आगच्छति ।

N.B. Vowels, brought together by the dropping of विसर्ग or any consonant, do not coalesce, i.e., undergo सन्धि.

Rule 5. विसर्ग, preceded by आ and followed by any vowel or any soft consonant, is dropped.

Examples : बालाः आकुलाः = बाला आकुलाः । दिव्याः ओषधयः = दिव्या ओषधयः ।  
पर्वताः उत्तुङ्गाः = पर्वता उत्तुङ्गाः । मालाः ग्रथ्नामि = माला ग्रथ्नामि । केयूराः न =  
केयूरा न ।

Rule 6. विसर्ग, preceded by any vowel except अ or आ, and followed by any vowel or soft consonant, is changed to र्.

यथा—मुनेः आश्रमः = मुनेर् आश्रमः = मुनेराश्रमः । गुरोः आज्ञा = गुरोर् आज्ञा = गुरो-  
राज्ञा । लक्ष्मीः विराजते = लक्ष्मीर्विराजते । हरिः वैकुण्ठः = हरिर्वैकुण्ठः ।

N.B. र् followed by र् is dropped and the preceding अ, इ or उ short is lengthened, other vowels remaining unchanged.

e.g. पुनर् रचना = पुना रचना । हरिः रमते = हरिर् रमते = हरी रमते । रघुः रुष्टः  
= रघुर् रुष्टः = रघू रुष्टः अम्बुधेः रत्नानि = अम्बुधेर् रत्नानि = अम्बुधे रत्नानि ।

### EXERCISE

(a) Effect सन्धि in the following :

१. गुरुः देवः महेश्वरः । २. धर्मः माता । ३. चन्द्रमाः मनोहरः । ४. हाराः न चन्द्रो-  
ज्ज्वलाः । ५. साधवः नहि । ६. हृदयस्थः जनार्दनः । ७. जयः तेषाम् । ८. मयूराः  
घनगर्जितैः । ९. कन्याः आनन्दिताः । १०. प्रसन्नः परमेश्वरः । ११. विष्णुः त्रिविक्रमः ।  
१२. पुरुषः चतुरः । १३. मूर्खः छागः । १४. विष्णुः रमापतिः । १५. सौम्यः इन्दुः ।  
१६. तुङ्गः अद्रिः । १७. यः वा कः वा । १८. कार्तिकेयः षडाननः । १९. आशुतोषः  
शङ्करः । २०. इन्दुः इन्दुः इव श्रीमान् । २१. मारुतिः महावीरः । २२. वधूः गूहराज्ञी ।  
२३. गिरिः इव गजराजः अयम् । २४. मधुराः बालाः ।

(b) Undo the सन्धि in the following :

१. य ईश्वरो भक्तेषु । २. धन्या इमे । ३. व्याघ्रो मारितः । ४. बालयोर्मित्राणि ।  
५. नागो निःसरति । ६. वट इति । ७. मुनी रुद्रः । ७८. गावश्चरन्ति । ८. इतस्ततः  
१०. कृत्तिकाषट् । ११. कालो गच्छति । १२. अश्मानोऽपि । १३. पुत्रो नमति ।  
१४. शं न इन्द्रः । १५. विष्णुरुक्रमः । १६. गतास्ताः । १७. धनुर्धरेन्द्रस्य । १८.  
अतोऽहम् । १९. गत एव । २०. सत्याश्शापः । २१. कोऽहम् । २२. मोहश्छेद्यः ।  
२३. प्राज्ञश्छात्रः । २४. भगवतोऽयं प्रसादः ।

२ इदम्—पुं. न. स्त्री. this, he, she, it, in all numbers.

	इदम्—पुं.			इदम्—न.		
प्र.	अयम्	इमौ	इमे	इदम्	इमे	इमानि
द्वि.	इमम्	इमौ	इमान्	इदम्	इमे	इमानि
तृ.	अनेन	आभ्याम्	एभिः	अनुन	आभ्याम्	एभिः
च.	अस्मै	आभ्याम्	एभ्यः	अस्मै	आभ्याम्	एभ्यः
पं.	अस्मात्	आभ्याम्	एभ्यः	अस्मात्	आभ्याम्	एभ्यः

ष.	अस्य	अनयोः	एषाम्	अस्य	अनयोः	एषाम्
स.	अस्मिन्	अनयोः	एषु	अस्मिन्	अनयोः	एषु

## इदम्—स्त्री.

प्र.	इयम्	इमे	इमाः
द्वि.	इमाम्	इमे	इमाः
तृ.	अनया	आभ्याम्	आभिः
च.	अस्यै	आभ्याम्	आभ्यः
पं.	अस्याः	आभ्याम्	आभ्यः
ष.	अस्याः	अनयोः	आसाम्
स.	अस्याम्	अनयोः	आसु

**N.B.** In the masculine and the neuter, from तृतीया to सप्तमी, अ, आ and ए serve as the base in the singular, dual and plural respectively. In the feminine अ, आ and आ are the base in the three numbers respectively.

It may be noted that the neuter forms from तृतीया to सप्तमी are not different from the corresponding masculine ones. The dual forms of the neuter and the feminine, too, are the same.

Study :

- This river is Ganga.  
इयम् नदी गङ्गा इति ।
- We study in this school.  
अस्यां पाठशालायां वयं पठामः ।
- We lived in this city.  
वयम् अस्मिन् नगरे न्यवसाम । (नि-अवसाम) ।
- Birds sit and sing on these creepers.  
आसु लातासु खगाः उपविशन्ति कूजन्ति च ।
- He gave these books to these girls.  
सः आभ्यः कन्याभ्यः इमानि पुस्तकानि अयच्छत् ।
- From where did this man bring these fruits ?  
अयम् पुरुषः इमानि फलानि कुतः आनयत् ? (आ-अनयत्)
- Rama fought with these demons.  
एभिः राक्षसैः रामः अयुध्यत । (युध्—४. आ. to fight)
- By these means, this person got money.  
एभिः उपायैः अयं जनः धनम् अलभत । (लभ्—१. आ. to get, acquire etc.)
- I work with these two hands.  
आभ्यां कराभ्याम् अहं कार्यं करोमि ।

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10. I went to that garden for these flowers.

एभ्यः पुष्पेभ्यः अहम् तद् उद्यानम् अगच्छम् ।

For more practice, see Lesson IX, Article 4. Study. There you will find the pronoun एतद्. You can replace it by the pronoun इदम् and do the same exercises.

श्लोकः २७

पृथिव्यां त्रीणि रत्नानि जलमन्नं सुभाषितम् ।

मूढैः पाषाणखण्डेषु रत्नसंज्ञा विधीयते ॥

सार्थपदच्छेदः=पृथिव्याम् on earth (पृथिवी=पृथ्वी=earth), त्रीणि three, रत्नानि gems, जलम्, water, अन्नम्, food, सुभाषितम् a beautiful and enlightening poetic stanza complete in itself; मूढैः by fools or ignorant persons, पाषाणखण्डेषु on pieces of stone (पाषाण—पुं. stone—खण्ड—पुं. न. piece, fragment), रत्न-संज्ञा the name 'gem' (रत्न—न., gem, संज्ञा—स्त्री. name, consciousness). विधीयते is bestowed, given.

पृथिव्यां त्रीणि रत्नानि (सन्ति) । जलम्, अन्नम्, सुभाषितम् (च इति तेषाम् नामानि) पाषाणखण्डेषु मूढैः (एव) रत्नसंज्ञा (रत्ननाम) विधीयते (दीयते) ।

Translation :

There are three (real) gems on earth :t hey are 'water', 'food', and a 'beautiful poetic verse'. It is (only) by fools that the name 'gem' is given to (mere) fragments of stone.

श्लोकः २८

न द्विषन्ति न याचन्ते परनिन्दां न कुर्वन्ते ।

अनाहूता न चायान्ति तेनाश्मानोऽपि देवताः ॥

सार्थपदच्छेदः—न (do) not, द्विषन्ति hate, have ill-will and enmity, न not याचन्ते beg (याच्—१. प. आ. to beg. c.b. याच, F.b. याचिष्य), पर-निन्दाम् censuring of others (पर-other—निन्दा—स्त्री. censure, blame, defamation), न not, कुर्वन्ते= कुर्वन्ति do (कृ—to do, make, F.b. करिष्य), अनाहूताः uninvited (अन्-आहूत, uncalled, uninvited), न not, च and, आ-यान्ति—आगच्छन्ति come (आ-या—2.P. to come); तेन by that, on account of that, for that reason, अश्मानः stones (अश्मन्—पुं. stone) अपि even, देवताः deities, gods.

(अश्मानः) न द्विषन्ति, न याचन्ते, परनिन्दां न कुर्वन्ते, अनाहूताः च न आयान्ति; तेन (तस्मात् therefore ते) अश्मानः देवताः (भवन्ति) ।

Translation :-

Stones hate not, nor beg, nor speak ill of others, and do not come (to our place) without being called (invited). It is for this reason that they are installed and worshipped as deities (in our temples).

श्लोकः २९

(मालिनी)

असितगिरिसमं स्यात् कज्जलं सिन्धुपात्रे  
 सुरतरुवरशाखा लेखिनी पत्रमुर्वी ।  
 लिखति यदि गृहीत्वा शारदा सर्वकालं  
 तदपि तव गुणानामीश पारं न याति ॥

सार्थपदच्छेदः—असित-गिरि-समम् equal to the black mountain (असित black—गिरि—पुं. mountain—सम equal to), स्यात् be, may be, कज्जलम् न. ink, soot, सिन्धु-पात्रे in the ink-pot in the form of the sea (सिन्धु—पुं. sea—पात्र—न. pot, vessel), सुर-तरु-वर-शाखा the branch of the wonderful tree of gods (सुर—पुं. god—तरु—पुं. tree—वर excellent—शाखा स्त्री. branch), लेखिनी=लेखनी—स्त्री. pen, पत्रम् —न. a sheet of paper, leaf, letter, उर्वी—स्त्री. earth; लिखति writes, यदि if, गृहीत्वा having taken up, taking up, शारदा Goddess सरस्वती, सर्वकालम् all the time, for eternity, तदपि even then, तव thy, गुणानाम् of (divine) qualities, ईश O Lord ! पारम् the furthestmost limit, न याति does not reach.

यदि सिन्धुपात्रे असितगिरिसमं कज्जलं स्यात्, सुरतरुवरशाखा लेखिनी (स्यात्), उर्वी (च) पत्रं (स्यात्); यदि (च) शारदा (तत् सर्वम्) गृहीत्वा सर्वकालम् लिखति, तदपि (हे) ईश ! (सा) तव गुणानां पारं न याति ।

Translation :-

Even if the (whole) sea is converted into an ink-pot by dissolving the black mountain in its water, even if a (wearless) pen is made out of the heavenly tree of the immortals, the whole surface of the earth is used as a sheet of paper and even if Goddess Saraswati with all this material goes on writing for all eternity, still O Lord ! she can not exhaust thy glory. (lit. reach the other side of the ocean of Thy glorious qualities).

श्लोकः ३०

(शार्दूलविक्रीडितम्)

कस्तूरीतिलकं ललाटफलके वक्षःस्थले कौस्तुभं  
 नासाग्रे नवमौक्तिकं करतले वेणुं करे कङ्कणम् ।  
 सर्वाङ्गे हरिचन्दनं सुविमलं कण्ठे च मुक्तावलिं  
 बिभ्रद् गोपवधूप्रियो विजयते गोपालचूडामणिः ॥

सार्थपदच्छेदः—कस्तूरी-तिलकम् mark on the forehead made with musk (कस्तूरी—स्त्री. musk—तिलक—पुं. न. mark on the forehead made with some fragrant paste) ललाट-फलके on the expanse of the forehead (ललाट—न. forehead फलक—न. expanse, plank), वक्षःस्थले on the bosom (वक्षस्—न. chest, breast—स्थल—न. place), कौस्तुभम् the diamond or gem obtained when the Ocean of Milk was churned. (कौस्तुभ—पुं.), नासा-अग्रे on the tip of the nose (नासा—स्त्री. nose—अग्र—न. tip), नव-मौक्तिकम् a fresh pearl (नव—new—मौक्तिक—न. pearl), कर-तले in the palm of the hand (कर—पुं. hand तल—न. surface, bottom), वेणुम् flute वेणु—पुं. flute, bamboo), करे on (the wrist of) the hand, कङ्कणम् —bracelet (कङ्कण—पुं. न. bracelet), सर्व-अङ्गे all over the body अङ्ग—न. body, limb), हरिचन्दनम् sandalwood paste (हरिचन्दन—न. पुं. a kind of yellowish sandal-wood), सु-विमलम् very pure, कण्ठे on the neck (कण्ठ—पुं. neck), च and, मुक्ता-आवलिम् pearl-necklace (मुक्ता—स्त्री. pearl आवलि—स्त्री. necklace, string), बिभ्रत् having, putting on, wearing, holding, गोपवधू-प्रियः beloved of cowherd maidens (गोप—cowherd—वधू—स्त्री. young lady—प्रियः beloved) विजयते is victorious (वि-जि-१. आ. to be victorious—c.b. विजय, F.b. विजेष्य), गोपाल-चूडामणिः the crest-jewel of the cowherds. (गोपाल—पुं. cowherd, चूडा—स्त्री. crest, मणि—पुं. jewel).

ललाटफलके कस्तूरीतिलकं बिभ्रत्, वक्षःस्थले कौस्तुभं बिभ्रत्, नासाग्रे नवमौक्तिकं बिभ्रत्, करतले वेणुं बिभ्रत्, करे कङ्कणम् बिभ्रत्, सर्वाङ्गे सुविमलं हरिचन्दनं बिभ्रत्, कण्ठे च मुक्ता-वर्लि बिभ्रत् गोपवधूप्रियः गोपालचूडामणिः (श्रीकृष्णः) विजयते ।

Translation :-

Victorious is (Lord Krishna), the beloved of cowherd damsels, the crest-jewel of the cowherds, having on his expansive forehead a *tilaka* mark of musk, with the diamond *Kaustubha* (dangling) on his breast, with a new pearl (ring, on the tip of his nose; holding a bamboo flute in his hand, wearing bracelets on his wrist, with his whole body besmeared with purest sandal-paste, and with a pearl-necklace bedecking his neck.

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