

MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

SPECIAL ISSUE

24 APRIL 1986

Price: Rs. 3.75

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

INLAND

Annual: Rs. 36.00

Life Membership: Rs. 504.00

OVERSEAS

Sea Mail:

Annual: \$13.00 or £8.00

Life Membership: \$182.00 or £112.00

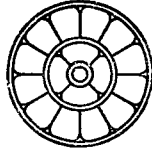
Air Mail:

Annual: \$36.00 for American & Pacific countries

£20.00 for all other countries

Life Membership: \$504.00 for American & Pacific countries

£280.00 for all other countries

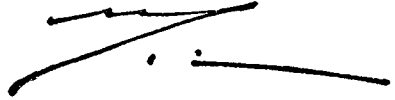


Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute,

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



All Rights Reserved. No matter appearing in this journal or part thereof may be reproduced or translated without written permission from the publishers except for short extracts as quotations.

All correspondence to be addressed to:

MOTHER INDIA, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry - 605 002. India

Editor's Phone: 4782

Publishers: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

Editor: K. D. SETHNA

Published by: P. COUNOUMA

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM TRUST, PONDICHERRY - 605 002

Printed by: AMIYO RANJAN GANGULI

at Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press, Pondicherry - 605 002

PRINTED IN INDIA

Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers under No. R. N. 8667/63

MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. XXXIX

No. 4

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail."

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE MOTHER'S MESSAGE OF 24 APRIL 1961	189
WORDS OF SRI AUROBINDO	190
A TALK BY THE MOTHER: TO THE ASHRAM CHILDREN ON APRIL 6, 1955	191
TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO	<i>Nirodbaran</i> 198
THE STORY OF A SOUL	<i>Huta</i> 202
5000 DAYS TO 2000 B.C.	<i>Basanta Kumar Mukherjee</i> 209
A NEW SHAKESPEARE POEM?	<i>K. D. Sethna</i> 210
THE PERFECTION OF THINGS (Poem)	<i>Shyam. Kumari</i> 221
TWO SHORT POEMS OF SRI AUROBINDO: A COMPARISON	<i>Shyam Kumari</i> 222
QUO VADIS ? (Poem)	<i>Arvind Habbu</i> 226
A TOUCH OF ETERNITY (Poem)	<i>Debanshu</i> 227
THE SONG OF THE LORD: THE GITA WITHOUT A COMMENT	<i>Translated by Dhruva</i> 228
FURTHER STUDIES IN INTEGRAL PSYCHOLOGY: PERSONALITY, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND 'THE INNER VOICE'—A STUDY IN JUNG— WHAT INTEGRAL PSYCHOLOGY CAN CONTRIBUTE	<i>Indra Sen</i> 231
COMMENTARY ON THE ISHA UPANISHAD: SHANKARA AND SRI AUROBINDO	<i>N. Jayashanmukham</i> 237
AN EXPERIENCE OF OM: ॐ	<i>Indubhai</i> 240
CHAMELEON	<i>Aju Mukhopadhyay</i> 241

CONTENTS

MANAGEMENT WITH A DIFFERENCE	<i>G. P. Gupta</i>	244
EUROPE 1974: A TRAVELOGUE	<i>Chaundona S. Banerji</i>	252
BOOKS IN THE BALANCE: THE RHODODENDRON VALLEY by R. Y. Deshpande	<i>Review by P. Raja</i> <i>Editor's Note K. D. Sethna</i>	255 256

THE MOTHER'S MESSAGE OF 24 APRIL 1961

DIVINE IN THE PLAYGROUND

English Translation

My children,

WE are gathered together for one and the same purpose, for one and the same accomplishment, a novel and unique work that the Divine Grace has given us to accomplish. I hope that you will understand more and more the exceptional importance of this work and feel within yourselves a sublime joy that it has been given to you to accomplish it.

The Divine Force is with you. Feel more and more its presence and take good care never to betray it.

Feel, will, act, so that you become new beings for the realisation of a new world. And for that, my blessings will be always with you.

Original French

Mes enfants,

Nous sommes unis dans un même but, pour un même accomplissement, une œuvre unique et nouvelle que la Grâce divine nous a donnée à accomplir. J'espère que de plus en plus vous comprendrez l'importance exceptionnelle de cette œuvre et que vous sentirez en vous une joie sublime qu'il vous ait été donné de l'accomplir.

La force divine est avec vous, sentez de plus en plus sa présence et soyez bien soigneux de ne jamais la trahir.

Sentez, voulez, faites que vous soyez des êtres nouveaux pour la réalisation d'un monde nouveau.

Et pour cela, mes bénédictions seront toujours avec vous.

LA MÈRE

WORDS OF SRI AUROBINDO

WHATEVER the way may be, you must accept it wholly and put your will into it; with a divided and wavering will you cannot hope for success in anything, neither in life nor in Yoga.

*

To know the highest Truth and to be in harmony with it is the condition of right being. To express it in all that we are, experience and do is the condition of right living.

*

There is nothing that can be set down as impossible in the chances of the future, and the urge in Nature always creates its own means.

*

The psychic being in us takes its account even of the most perverse or contrary as well as its more benign experiences and grows by the rejection of them or acceptance; it extracts a divine meaning and use from our most poignant sufferings, difficulties, misfortunes.

A TALK BY THE MOTHER

TO THE ASHRAM CHILDREN ON APRIL 6, 1955

This talk is based upon *Bases of Yoga*,
Chapter 5, "Physical Consciousness, etc."

What is this psychoanalysis of Freud, Sweet Mother?

AH, my child, it is something that was in vogue, very much in vogue at the beginning of the century...no, in the middle of the century!

(Mother turns to Pavitra) Do you know, Pavitra, when it was in fashion?

(Pavitra) At the beginning of the century.

At the beginning of the century, that's it.

This is what Sri Aurobindo says: dangerous, useless, ignorant, superficial; and it was in fashion because people like these things, it corresponds precisely with all that is unhealthy in their nature. You know how children love to waddle in the mud! Well, big people are no better than that. There!

Sweet Mother, what does "the subliminal being" mean, exactly?

Well, it is what he says, you know. It's what is behind. I think it is what could be called the subtle physical, the subtle vital, the subtle mind. It is something that's behind what is manifested. One can imagine that what is manifested is like a layer or like a crust or a bark; it is that which we see and with which we are in touch. And it clothes something, it clothes or expresses something which is more subtle and serves as its support.

When one dreams, one goes very often into his subliminal being, and there things are almost the same and yet not absolutely the same; there is a great resemblance and yet there is a difference; and usually this is greater. One has the impression of entering into something that's vaster; and, for example, one feels that one can do more, that one knows more, one has a power and clear-sightedness which one doesn't have in the ordinary consciousness; one has the impression while dreaming that one knows many more things than when one is awake. No? Doesn't this happen? You don't have dreams like that?...when one dreams and knows a lot, for example, about the secret causes of things, about what a movement expresses...all that, one feels that one knows it. For instance, when one dreams of someone, one knows better what he thinks, what he wants, all these things, better than when one is in waking contact with him. This happens when one has entered the subliminal. Very often one dreams in the subliminal.

Has the subliminal a contact with the psychic?

Not directly, not more directly than the outside being. If externally, in your ordinary consciousness you have a contact with the psychic, that also has a contact with the psychic, or rather one can put it the other way round: if that has a contact with the psychic, it helps you to have a contact with the psychic, but not necessarily, not always; it depends on the degree of development of the being. It is not necessarily more enlightened, more balanced—no. It is more subtle, it is less dull than our outer consciousness. Our external consciousness is so dull, it has no depth; as our outer understanding has no depth, our sensations have no depth; all this is something as though flat. So here it is fuller, but not necessarily more true.

Then why is it the most important?

Because it is internal. This is what supports the outer. The outer is only an appearance of this. As I said, in a dream when one goes there, one knows things which one doesn't know, one can do things, one is in touch with things which one doesn't know in the waking consciousness, because it is too superficial.

It is like the inside of something. The outside is the expression of that, but an altogether surface expression. So naturally it looks the same; in any case more than a resemblance, it has an identity with what we see of it from outside. We see the form, don't we, the expression; well, this expression has necessarily an analogy—more than an analogy—an identity with what is inside. So if, externally, we see that someone is absolutely ignorant of his psychic being, it is impossible that internally he is quite conscious of it; he can be closer, but he cannot be conscious of the psychic without its being reflected outside. Therefore, if it is not reflected outside, it means that it is not truly established within.

Understand, no?

Not very well.

Then what shall we do? Ask another question about the same subject. Perhaps so you will understand.

Is the subliminal self the same thing?

That, my child, if you begin to ask me things like this, you must ask the gentleman who is seated behind you [Nolini], because these things I forget.

Where is the subliminal self mentioned here?

“The subliminal self stands behind and supports the whole superficial man...”

This is what I have just told you. I have just told you this. How can we explain it?

(Long silence)

It is perhaps—perhaps—something like this, like the taste of a fruit. You know, you see a fruit, it has an appearance, it has a certain colour, it seems to you of a certain kind, but you cannot very well know what it tastes like until you taste it, that is, until you have entered inside it. It is something like this, something analogous to this.

Or maybe as in a watch—note that it is just to try to make myself understood, it is not really like that, it is only to try to make myself understood—when you see a watch, you see a dial and the hands moving, but if you want to know the watch you must open it and see the working inside.

It is something like that—you see only the effect, here; there is a cause behind. It is somewhat like that.

The world as we see it and our outer consciousness are the result of something which is behind, which Sri Aurobindo calls the subliminal. And this itself, as he says, is set in motion by impulses which come from the subconscious below and the superconscious above, and so it is as though it were assembled there, and once it is organised there it is expressed in the outer consciousness, the ordinary consciousness.

The best way is to go there; once you go there you understand what it is. And it is not difficult; one goes there constantly in dreams, very easily, without any effort.

How can we understand that we have gone there?

If you remember, you understand. If one remembers the kind of difference of impression one had: one has a certain impression, and when one returns one feels something like a disconnection, the impression is different, even the point of view one had about things is different. Well, if one remembers this, one understands. If one is in the habit, one can even while speaking or doing something, perceive very well—above all when speaking or thinking or reflecting on something—a second layer which is behind, much vaster, in which things are organised much more synthetically (not positively understandable) than in the outer consciousness. If one reflects just a little and looks at oneself thinking, one can see this at the back very well, one can see the two things moving together like this (*gesture*)...like the formulated thought and the source of the thought which is behind. And then when one thinks, you see, one has a feeling of being like this, enclosed in something; whereas, there, immediately one feels that one is in contact with many other things; and it is much greater.

Sweet Mother, what should true psychology be like?

True psychology, what do you mean by true psychology?

Because we said...

Sri Aurobindo says that this is not true psychology, he says that modern psychology has no knowledge. True psychology would be a psychology which has knowledge.

Psychology means... What is the precise meaning of *logos*? It is knowing, science; and *psyche* means soul. So it means the science of the soul or the science of the psychic, you see. This is the original sense. Now one has made of that the knowledge of all the inner movements, of all feelings, all the inner movements which are not purely physical movements, you see, all that concerns the feelings, thoughts, even the sensations in their subtlety. But true psychology is the knowledge of the soul, that is, the knowledge of the psychic being. And if one has the knowledge of the psychic being, one has at the same time the knowledge of all the true movements of the being, the inner laws of the being. This is true psychology but it is the etymological meaning of the word, not as it is used nowadays.

Why is it less easy for oneself to go down into the lower parts of nature than to bring down the light?

Oh! Is it about that? These are theories, you know. Is this what I read this evening?

No, Sweet Mother, last time...“Easier”!...I made a mistake. It is “easier”...

Ah! Good. So, re-read the sentence clearly.

Why is it easier for oneself to go down into the lower parts of nature than to bring down the light...

Is it written like that?

I don't know.

You can't find it?

It is perhaps the other way...

Perhaps the other way!...

It is not written here.

It is not written? Then where did you pick it up?

“If you go down into your lower parts or ranges of nature, you must be always careful to keep a vigilant connection with...”

But there's no question about its being easier or more difficult. What does she want to say?

(Pavitra) There is a paragraph: “If you go down into your lower parts or ranges of nature, you must be always careful to keep a vigilant connection with the higher... levels of the consciousness,” etc. Then later: “The safest way is to remain in the higher part of the consciousness and put a pressure from it on the lower to change.”

Yes, but this has no connection with what you were asking.

The safest way is precisely not to go down, it is to remain above and from there to put a pressure on what is below. But if you go down it is very difficult to keep the contact with what is above; so if one forgets one can do nothing, one becomes like the part into which one has gone down. So, as it is something very difficult to do, on the contrary, it is better to remain in one's higher consciousness and from there act upon the lower movements without going down into them.

For example, it is as when one feels anger rising up from the subconscious; well, if one wants to control it one must be very careful not to be identified with it. One must not go down into it. One must remain in one's consciousness, above, quiet, peaceful, and from there look at this anger and put the light and quietude upon it so that it calms down and vanishes. But if one gets identified with it, one is also in anger, one can't change it.

Anything? Nothing! Nowhere. Nobody has anything to say? Nothing! Up there? No? That's all? You are all convinced? Good, then we'll stop, if everyone is convinced.

(To the child who had asked the question) You had something else to ask? Oh! She had prepared a heap of questions. But not like that one! You must at least understand the text before asking. Now, what is your other question?

It is about what you read last time: “the higher already regenerated levels of the consciousness” which are spoken about.

Yes, and so?

I don't understand.

What don't you understand? You don't know what “regenerated” means?

Yes, to reproduce what was...

Regenerated means transformed, made perfect, and purified, enlightened. And then it is a question, there, of all the levels of consciousness, from the most material to the most subtle. So in these planes of consciousness there are parts which are more enlightened than others.

And so, what is your question? You want to know which parts of your being are more enlightened?

Yes.

Ah! Let us see. We could play a little game like this:

Which part of the being in everyone has a more total faith in the divine Grace?

The psychic.

Ah, no! I am speaking of an experience, I am not speaking of a verbal knowledge. I am speaking... which is the part in everyone of you in which you have the greatest faith in the divine Grace? It can be in the physical, it can be in the vital, it can be in the psychic, and it can be in this part or that, or this activity or that other. There are people, for example, who have absolutely a kind of mental realisation of contact with the Grace, of faith in the Grace; and then, as soon as they are in their vital or physical consciousness, there is nothing any more. There are others, on the contrary, who, even physically, in their body...who perhaps don't have much mental knowledge, but who in their physical consciousness have an absolute faith in the divine Grace, and a total trust, and they live like that in this faith and trust. Others still have it only in their deep feelings; and their thoughts are vagabond. And there are others who have even a vital faith—these are rare but they exist—who have a vital faith in the divine Grace, that all will always go absolutely well—with a considerable sense of power.

But haven't you ever lent yourself to this little exercise, to see? First, have you faith in the divine Grace?

Yes.

Yes! Good, that's already good. And where then, in which part of your being? Is it in your thought, is it in your feelings, is it in your sensations, is it in your physical activity? If it is everywhere at the same time, you are perfect beings, and I congratulate you.

Sensations.

Sensations? You have a sensation of this? Then you are a very rare person!
(*Laughter*)

No, it is in the feeling.

Ah, the feeling, that's different. Usually it is in the feeling, but there are people who have it first in thought, who have a kind of mental knowledge, and then that's all, it stops there. And some people have the feeling and don't have the mental experience, their mind is like that...

Can't it be like this, that sometimes one has a feeling in oneself and another time it is the thought?

This is another phenomenon. It means that this faith, this trust in the divine Grace is in the psychic—behind, there, like that, in the psychic, always there. So sometimes it is the feeling, sometimes it is the thought, sometimes even it is the body which is in contact with the psychic, under the influence of the psychic even without knowing it; and at that moment this kind of trust, of faith comes in front like that and supports. This happens when one has momentary contacts with his psychic. For example, when you find yourself in a very great difficulty or a very great physical danger, and suddenly feel this, this force coming into you, the force of a faith, an absolute trust in the divine Grace which helps you. So it means that there is a conscious contact with one's psychic and it comes to help you—it is a special grace bestowed. This is the condition which ought to be the most frequent here, for this contact is established all the time, consciously, deliberately, in everyone. So this instance ought to be the most frequent, it is the most normal—here. That is, according to the part which is active or according to the necessity of the moment, it is here or there or there that suddenly you feel this trust which takes possession of you and guards you. It is like that.

There we are!

(Questions and Answers 1955, pp. 108-16)

TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

(Continued from the issue of March 1986)

(These talks are from the notebooks 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. Becharlal, Puram, Champaklal, Dr. Satyendra and Mulshankar. 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.)

October 23, 1940

P: Gandhi hasn't appointed any successor to Vinoba. He says this time there won't be a continuous stream of resisters.

SRI AUROBINDO: If he appoints one every month so that they may be spread over the whole period of the war it will be all right.

S: He wants to proceed very carefully this time as he doesn't want to precipitate any mass movement and thus give the Government cause for provocation.

SRI AUROBINDO: Especially as now is the best chance! (*Laughter*) But surely by a few arrests he doesn't expect to change the hearts of people like Churchill and Amery.

P: He says any number of people are volunteering. But he will select only those who believe in complete non-violence and in khadi, etc. Even these may not all be expected to be called. He has evidently some plan or is waiting for inspiration!

S: He may wait indefinitely but I fear the Working Committee won't.

SRI AUROBINDO (*laughing*): No! They will be wild.

P: Churchill's speech is again magnificent. He has a wonderful quality of rising to the occasion. He has made a very stirring appeal to the French not to succumb to Hitler's perfidious cunning. It is mostly due to his personality that America has turned her sympathies towards Britain.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, but also helped by the misdeeds of Japan and Hitler (*Laughter*). Churchill is the second great man given by his family to England at times of crises.

P: Some American correspondent has said that though destruction is going on in London by bombs, people are as firm as before and taking all coolly.

SRI AUROBINDO: It seems for the first few days they were very perturbed. That's what Mona's mother has written to her. Then they accustomed themselves to bombing.

S: In such circumstances, people become fatalists.

SRI AUROBINDO: It is like the Japanese. In Japan there is a fire every week;

a typhoon each fortnight and an earthquake every month. Mother said that they go to bed quite dressed and as soon as any of these break out, they jump from their beds and rush out. (*Laughter*)

(*Continuing after some time*) Laval is at his game trying to make a pact with Hitler. I hope people know him and won't believe in him. Those who know Hitler ought to know that Hitler will agree to anything that suits him at the moment and afterwards swallow everything...

P (*handing Sri Aurobindo Dean Inge's book on Plotinus*): It seems Krishnaprem has said that Plotinus's *Nous* is the same as Supermind. Somebody has asked from outside if that is true.

SRĪ AUROBINDO (*after looking at a few pages*): Inge takes *Nous* as Spirit. As far as I can make out, *Nous* is spiritual consciousness, not Supermind, but I will see about it again.

October 24, 1940

SRĪ AUROBINDO (*addressing P*): Laval is involved in a great labour!

(*Laval is trying to bring about peace in France by some agreement with Hitler. Proposals seem to be to give Nice to Italy, put Tunis under France and Italy, cede Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, Morocco to Spain, Indo-China to Japan, surrender Air and Navy to the Axis and make France declare war against England.*)

S: Will the French fight?

P: If they had wanted to fight they could as well have gone on fighting against Germany in the first place.

SRĪ AUROBINDO: Quite so!

N: But Hitler may hold out the threat that if they don't agree, the whole of France will be occupied.

SRĪ AUROBINDO: If they do agree, they will lose their colonies. This seems to be Hitler's game. It is quite clear now what happened at the Brenner Pass. They must have decided to spread out to the Balkans and then to the East, Egypt, and on this line bring France and Spain into the war. Sumer's visit and Hitler's visit to Franco must be to induce Spain. There must be an Italian brain behind this scheme. Hitler moves to the front with one objective at a time. This sort of combination is not usual with him. It must be Mussolini's calculating brain. It is a large scheme this time, not like Hitler's previous moves.

N: Britain and America are proceeding with their evacuation. Do they think an attack is imminent?

SRĪ AUROBINDO: They must have got some private information. Even if there was a chance, Japan won't say anything. They will simply make arrests. But the old Japan during the Magi regime would have said something.

October 28, 1940

Evening

(Radio news that Italy has invaded Greece.)

SRI AUROBINDO: It is the result of their Brenner Pass meeting.

P: England will now have a chance of bombarding Italy from close quarters.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, if they know how to use this opportunity they can occupy the islands there.

P: If Turkey wants to fight, she should join now.

SRI AUROBINDO: If she has any sense she ought to. The British can't send any army. Unfortunately the Greeks are not good fighters. If the Turks come in, then they can put up a fight. They have their army in Thrace.

P: Turkey spoke some time ago about giving help to Greece, an alliance probably.

SRI AUROBINDO: Alliance or understanding?

P: Maybe understanding.

SRI AUROBINDO: Turks usually keep their undertakings.

N: Unless Russia beguiles them.

SRI AUROBINDO: But will Russia protect Turkey if she is invaded?...*(After a while)* Gandhi has been forestalled in non-violence by Poland. They adopted non-violence against the Nazis and do you know the results? The Polish lady who wants to come here and is Ravindra's friend wrote to Gandhi an account of the German oppression against the non-violence...She has given a report in a Telugu paper which came accidentally into Satyakarma's hands. He was very upset and spoke to Mother. Mother has asked Krishnayya to translate it. The Polish lady cites a few horrible instances of atrocity on men and women, young and old.

October 29-30, 1940

(Very little talk these days)

P: Hyderabad wants to be an independent sovereign state after the war, asking the British to withdraw their forces and treat it as an equal. It says that if India gets dominion status, Hyderabad will be an independent sovereign state.

SRI AUROBINDO: An independent dominion within a dominion?

P: No, an independent state altogether.

SRI AUROBINDO: Why does Hyderabad wait for the war? It can do it now.

P: Yar Jung Bahadur with his assembly is the leader.

SRI AUROBINDO: Oh that? It's an assembly of idiots! But what will happen is that the Nizam will be the first to be kicked out. He knows it very well.

P: He claims that Hyderabad has always been independent. But in fact in five battles with the Mahrattas, it was utterly defeated, not a single one was in its favour. Yar Jung says, the Nizam is contributing so much to the war fund, so he

must be treated as an ally, equal in status.

SRI AUROBINDO: It is not the Nizam who is contributing but Sir Akbar who is forcing him to contribute. Otherwise Government knows very well what the Nizam's views are.

P: Sir Akbar will be coming here now.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes.

N: Nripen Sarcar is coming too. So they will meet.

P: It seems Sarcar has suddenly turned religious. He has employed Sanskrit pundits and is learning Sanskrit.

SRI AUROBINDO: I see! Preparing himself for the other world. Whatever he has to achieve he has done in this and is now doing things for the next? (*Laughter*)

N: Charu Dutt seems to have persuaded him to come here and also buy a house to stay for some time.

SRI AUROBINDO: Buy a house? Queer idea! Wants to do Yoga?

N: Probably.

P: He has spoken somewhere in the South against Hitler and the Nazis and, quoting from *Mein Kampf*, says that Hitler considers us "chattels and slaves". In a Nazi victory our lot will be like that.

SRI AUROBINDO: Quite so. That is the well-known Nazi position against the coloured races. Pétain is now taking it up in France.

P: Yes, he has already started against the Jews.

SRI AUROBINDO: He is also depriving coloured people of Government service.

(*To be continued*)

NIRODBARAN

THE STORY OF A SOUL

BY HUTA

(Continued from the issue of March 1986)

The Mother's Message

This is the
interesting story of
how a being discovered
the Divine Life



Volume Two: 1958

II

I REMAINED totally remote. Under my mask of gaiety and nonchalance, my heart was filled with grief.

I avoided parties, sundowners, bouffets and many social gatherings. However, a few were unavoidable. There I felt as if I had been in the middle of Timbuctoo.

Sometimes in my dreams I saw the parties galore in technicolour. I floated away from glaring light and disturbing sound, from the suffocation which made me swoon. Then unconsciously my hands clenched the shawl in a nameless yearning for the Divine who would end all the problems—but it was a sea of struggle without a horizon.

Parties are inevitable—a craving for sensation all over the world. Usually in parties people stand in groups—talking, drinking, smoking, laughing. The meaningless phrases are used with an artificial drawl—superficial nothings. Cigarettes, exotic perfumes permeate a hall, mingle with the smell of liquor and spicy food. In addition, nerve-shaking music is played in full blast.

Women bear an air of moneyed sophistication. Their fashionable dresses speak absolute originality. Their hair is elegantly coiffured, their make-up superb. The women outwit the men's talk. They chatter about pickles, children, travels, purchases, servants and endless feminine fripperies. Their ceaseless talks remind me of this joke:

“One day some time ago a burglar was arrested in the home of a Washington matron, and the next evening at dinner she told the Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes all about it: ‘I went right down to the jail and talked to that burglar,’ she said earnestly, ‘I told him how evil his way of life was, and how much happier he would be if he reformed. I talked to him for two hours.’ ‘Poor man,’ murmured Holmes, ‘poor man!’”

But the worst of all are Casinos, Night Clubs and what not. These are nothing but play-acting of Pishachas through their victims—poor human beings. The world has gone dizzily, crazily awry. People have to throw their money somewhere to satisfy their lust for everything.

A passage from *Savitri* steals into my mind—the perfect description of the lower vital beings, their functions in the world and the results they produce:

“Beings were there who wore a human form;
 Absorbed they lived in the passion of the scene,
 But knew not who they were or why they lived...
 A thinking puppet is the mind of life:
 Its choice is the work of elemental strengths
 That know not their own birth and end and cause...
 Into the actions mortals think their own
 They bring the incoherences of Fate,
 Or make a doom of Time's slipshod caprice
 And toss the lives of men from hand to hand
 In an insequent and devious game.”

When everything was hushed, I tried to capture the sound of a gurgling stream which was not far from our houses. Sometimes I went there alone and sat on one of the small rocks which were splashed by wavelets. I slipped off my sandals and dabbled my feet in cool clear water which gave a pleasant feeling.

I fell into a dreamy contemplative mood. The whole set-up of Nature was superlatively calm. The tall trees of Eucalyptus added to the charm of the scene. Parrots screeched out of them. Wild flowers grew near the banks, swayed in the errant breeze. The whole atmosphere filled my heart with delight. I banished the thoughts of my responsibility, my weariness and my future. I felt lifted on a wave of happiness—the panorama offered far different surroundings from the one in which I had been living.

Now I became aware of the small, soft, sleepy twitter of birds which dipped from one bank to the other, disappearing with a swift flutter of their wings into the dark abundant growth of swamps.

Daylight was devoured by darkness. Crickets and numerous other insects perturbed the quietude of the late evening.

I got up and headed for my apartment. I entered my room, switched on the lights and drew curtains across the windows. Then I burnt incense sticks and prayed to the Supreme.

The grandeur of Nature in that silent hour recalls these lines from *Savitri*:

“There was a strange spiritual scenery,
A loveliness of lakes and streams and hills,
A flow, a fixity in a soul-space,
And plains and valleys, stretches of soul-joy,
And gardens that were flower-tracts of the spirit,
Its meditations of tinged reverie.
Air was the breath of a pure infinite.”

*

The doctor who treated me came sometimes in the evening to chat. He liked talking with me and wanted to know all about my life in the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

Here too I was not spared by some interested people who connected my name with the doctor. I was appalled.

If a woman talked, joked and laughed with men, did it mean she had fallen irresistibly in love with all of them? What was this logic? I thought.

In my innermost being I knew all too well that I was not the person who would fall head over ears in love with any man. For love is too sacred, too great, too divine to play with.

Time and time again I reminded myself that to have a goal in life and to set out to attain it against all odds took courage. It was one of the worthwhile things,

which gave life a new meaning—a new vista—a new vision.

I went out of my room and took a stroll in the garden to clear my mind. The tranquillity of the twilight restored my confidence and belief in maintaining my own individuality. I was so entranced that I forgot the time. I returned to my terrace. Sitting in my chair I put my hands behind my head, fingers locked, and looked at the starry expanse above and wished people had the vastness of the sky in their minds and hearts and not a narrow-minded puritanism.

I shook off the mood of melancholy which had settled in me. I straightened up in the chair and heaved myself out of it. I entered my room and shortly came out again on the terrace with a tray. I filled a glass with Stout (Guinness). An English doctor who too was treating me and was the Head of the Kisumu Hospital (10 miles or so from our Estate) had recommended it to me, because it was an appetiser and stimulant.

I sipped it slowly. It was very bitter but pleasant. That day I told myself: "Oh, I am all in. I need two glasses." Ordinarily I never took more than what had been prescribed.

From the darkness of the garden drifted a heady scent of "Queen of the Night". The flowers opened pale, waxen petals at night and closed up again in the day-time; the whole atmosphere became saturated with sweetness. I closed my eyes. I was drowsily contented. Meanwhile our native boy came to call me for dinner. I told him in Swahili that I wouldn't be long. Having been away from Africa, it had taken some time for me to get back into the Swahili language.

I disliked budging from my chair. I wished to sit there hours on end. But I got up, went downstairs and had my dinner. Then I played with Nilesh, my younger sister's son. It was a joy to hear him squeal with delight. He was very much attached to my parents who had a special bond, a deeply woven tie, of love with him.

My parents did not take any dinner except a cup of milk or some fruit juice according to the need of their systems.

The clock chimed nine. I sat on a sofa doing nothing, not thinking, only watching the hands of the clock creep round its face. My father, as always, was engrossed in reading newspapers and books. My mother said her rosary and Nilesh lay on her lap with his teddy bear—half asleep. I envied this carefree child.

I said good night to my parents and went to my apartment. I felt constantly thrown like a shuttlecock between many different environments. My father's home was now no more mine—it was alien to me. I could not feel free. I cast my mind back to my mad teenage days which I could not bring back. They were now a mere dream. I sat for a while—hands clasped in my lap defying the tears to fall. My state was too full of riddles for their easy solace. I got up from my sofa and thought: "Now I must lie down on my bed to sleep my trouble away."

I awoke to a Sunday morning full of bright sunshine and the thrill of bird-song. The next day too the sun was blazing down. As usual the doctor came to check

my health. I told myself humorously: "He is just the guy I needed to make my trouble complete!" Then I smiled vaguely and said to him: "Doctor, the course of injections and medicines will soon be over and I will be back to where I belong. I am really grateful to you for your excellent treatment. You must come to the Ashram and meet the Mother who is so sweet and lovable." He smiled and agreed. I kept mum about the rumour and talked with him freely and frankly. For, my conscience was clear.

I did not believe in any *affaire de cœur*. I was not ruled by the logic which took all friendship to be a prelude to romance and marriage. I knew that the Supreme Lord was the one love of my life; always had been and always would be. His powerful Force was directing my actions. The doctor had a shrewd and analytic mind and understood my life, work and goal.

*

Laljibhai came back from Pondicherry after about a month. He remarked: "Ah Huta, when I saw you from far I thought you were Usha. You have become really fat!" My younger sister Usha is hefty in structure.

Indeed, now physically there was nothing wrong with me. I had a wonderful convalescence. But mentally I lacked confidence in myself.

I had learnt a lesson from the special life in the Ashram. Without the circumstances that had brought me to Africa, perhaps those lessons could not have been learnt. I had come face to face with myself, I had come in touch with my own loneliness, my own uncertainty, my own imperfections. I had never known the kind of despair I felt during those months of solitude. There was no escape for me. I had to find a way to confront myself, learn to live with myself and begin to be patient with myself. Patience is the occult weapon of survival.

Life had been very cruel at times—but it had also given me much understanding.

The days passed, piling themselves into weeks. At last I waved adieu to East Africa and came back to the Ashram in the middle of September 1958.

*

Upon my arrival, Maniben informed me that the Mother would come to my apartment at 4 p.m. My heart leaped with joy. I had to do so many things. First of all I saw that everything was in perfect order in my rooms. I took great care to arrange, in the big brass vase supported by three brass elephants, the small bright pink lantern-shaped flowers in long trailing sprays which complete the décor in the sitting room. The Mother was extremely fond of flowers to which she had given various meanings. To these particular flowers—*Antigonon leptopus*—she gave the significance: "Harmony in the vital—To harmonise the vital is a psychological masterpiece. Happy is he who accomplishes it."

Now I was ready to receive the Mother at the gate of Huta House. Every nerve in my body sang a song when her car approached. She alighted from it with her heart-warming smile.

After we entered my apartment she gave me a bouquet of white roses which she had brought with her. She kissed me lightly on my brow and said:

“Child, I have come to greet you.”

I was extremely grateful to her. Then she held out her arms to me, smiling broadly, her eyes filled with brilliance. The softness of her arms encircled me. I took a deep breath of the perfume “Divine”, which she wore. Her blue-grey eyes swept over me when she remarked:

“Oh, now you have become plumpy! What did they do to you?”

I said: “Mother, I took a number of injections.”

She asked:

“Were they painful?”

I replied: “No, Mother.” I added: “I also swallowed various medicines both sweet and bitter along with Stout which increased my appetite and made me drowsy.” Her eyes darkened into a deep gravity. She inquired:

“Do you like Stout? Child, never take that stuff again.”

I was perplexed. Then suddenly she said:

“I heard that you wanted to get married.”

I smiled and answered: “Oh, really? To whom, Mother? Well, if I had wanted it, I would not be with you now. It was all rumours.” Her hand rested on my shoulder. She said with a nod:

“I know.”

An immense relief suffused me.

Now I could very well piece together the whole picture. I said to the Mother: “Will you please come into my bedroom? I have brought for you some offerings.”

She sat on one corner of my bed stretching her feet on it and leaned against the pillows. I showed her all the things. She liked them. What she most admired was a musical powder-box. She played it there and then, and was much amused.

I said to her that I would ask Dyuman to take those things to her apartment. She nodded and said:

“Thank you, my child.”

I marvelled at her super-humility and appreciation.

I said: “Mother, it is a pleasure. I am happy you are pleased with them.”

After that we went into my Meditation Room. She made herself comfortable on her special chair which is always there, ready. I sat near it. We meditated about half an hour. During the meditation she opened her eyes wide. They were full of lustre and power. She looked intently at the photographs of Sri Aurobindo and herself. I felt as if they were surcharged with her Force.

Then we got up. She looked at me and reassured me:

“Sri Aurobindo’s and my Presence are here for all twenty-four hours.”

Then we climbed down the long red staircase holding hands and with a smile of happiness.

I will never forget this last visit of the Mother to my apartment. I will cherish it for ever in my heart.

Later Dyuman carried away all the gifts. When he met me again, he told me: “The Mother liked the musical powder-box so much that she went on playing it even at night. That is what she told me.”

I said to him that I was very happy. In fact they were trifles but she must have felt the true love of my soul behind them. This was her noble greatness.

In my sombre thoughts I remembered those months I had spent among my people whom I had understood fairly well when I had been frequently surrounded by them. Now it was like standing back and regarding an oil painting. Everything fell into focus. What I had been scarcely aware of at that time became very clear to me now. My attachment to them started losing its grip over me and the Mother became the breath of my life, the root of my very existence. I was convinced of this truth. Some part in me was not satisfied with only physical fitness or with what I had been doing or had achieved. Drawing and painting were not my final aim. I wanted to get rid of the inferiority complex, I wanted to gain self-confidence, I wanted to be self-reliant and free. Above all, I wished to express myself in the New Creation. Prototype living simply bored me. My mind kept harping on these notions.

As always I went to the Mother in the evenings. We usually meditated together.

Cards bearing her constant love and Grace, white roses and Prasad were perpetual presents from her.

I worked a little in the Mother’s private stores. But that was not enough. I showed the Mother the paintings I had done in Africa, which I felt were not up to

much. Nevertheless, the Mother liked two of them. I could not set my mind to any precise work.

During that period I failed to discern why the Mother invariably gave me a flower—*Hibiscus Miniatus*—“Eternal youth, it is a gift the Divine gives us when we unite ourselves with Him.”

And that was the end of the month September 1958.

(To be continued)

Copyright © Huta D. Hindocha

5000 DAYS TO 2000 A.D.

MR. N. PALKHIVALLA has remarked as a generality that 2000 A.D. is 5000 days away. Actually the number of days is precise only if we count from April 24 this year.

1986. 24 April to 30 April	7 days
May, July, August, October, December (5 months)	155 days
June, September, November (3 months)	90 days
	Total 252 days
From 1987 to 1999=13 years	
Leap years 1988, 1992, 1996	
So, 10 years × 365	= 3650 days
3 years × 366	= 1098 days
	Total 4748 days
Now, 252 + 4748	= 5000 days

BASANTA KUMAR MUKHERJEE

A NEW SHAKESPEARE POEM?

I

ACADEME has been set all astir by the announcement that an unknown poem by Shakespeare has been discovered. The Amerigo Vespucci of this new world is Mr. Gary Taylor, 32, joint General Editor of the Oxford University Press's *New Complete Shakespeare*, which has taken eight years and cost £1,000,000 to compile. If this edition is able to include these verses, it will justify the first component of its title in the most literal sense. But there is a big question-mark to be met. Can we be sure that the Bard penned the "find"?

Taylor was checking the index of poems attributed to Shakespeare in the Bodleian Library. The index surprised him by quoting the first line of a poem which he had never come across and which it referred to a volume kept in storage. When brought out, the volume proved to be a handwritten anthology of English Renaissance poetry, probably compiled about a couple of decades after Shakespeare's death in 1616. The leather-bound book, tied with pink ribbon and written in black ink, had been on the shelf since 1756, but nobody had spotted anything unusual in it. It was the work of a professional scribe for somebody who had desired a personal verse-collection. One Richard Rawlinson, a graduate of St. John's, who died in 1755 had made a bequest of hundreds of books and manuscripts to the Bodleian, and one of the gifts was this collection, now marked as Rawlinson Poetry Manuscript 160. Most of its contents are anonymous but some are ascribed to Ben Jonson, Francis Beaumont, Sir Walter Raleigh and Robert Herrick and all of them are authentic, being poems already known as theirs. This creates the presumption that the piece under which the scribe has written "William Shakespeare" is genuinely ascribable to the Bard.

Taylor consulted Sotheby's manuscript expert Dr. Peter Beal to ensure that the whole anthology was not a forgery or that the poem had not been added at some later date to the original copy. Then he inquired of libraries in Britain and the United States whether they knew anything about the verses in question. On receiving a "No", he made bold to turn the early English version, which had little punctuation, into modern English and to correct the scribe's obvious mistakes.

The next step was to take the help of a computerised dictionary in order to scan the poem and analyse how the poet had used words. Taylor found nearly 100 phrases resembling terms in other works of Shakespeare. Even if there had been some utterly alien to the canon he would not have felt stumped. Shakespeare with his prolific vocabulary of about 23,000 words had put in almost every play or poem a few never used elsewhere.

The scholarly world has received the "find" in different moods. Among those who assent to the claim, Professor Samuel Schoenbaum, Maryland University's consultant for the Oxford University Shakespeare and himself an authority on the

playwright's life, has given the most enthusiastic response: "It shows a great creative imagination at work. I'm being very rash in saying this, but it doesn't seem at all a wild surmise that this is an early Shakespeare." Dr. Stanley Wells, an English scholar who is Taylor's co-editor on the OUP Shakespeare, opines: "I cannot see any grounds on which to deny it to be Shakespeare. It is in my view an ingenious, witty and clever poem." Taylor and Wells reckon that it was written between 1593 and 1595 when Shakespeare was about 30 and, according to them, writing *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. They draw attention to some similarity between a portion of Romeo's famous balcony speech and the poem's line

Star-like eyes win love's prize
when they twinkle.

In the sceptical camp the note of dissent is struck in many strains. The mildest is that of John Varey, Professor of English Literature at Oxford: "Gary is an extremely good scholar, but this is such a feeble poem that I am not convinced. But it should certainly lead to a debate." Drastic condemnation has come from two quarters. Dr. John Wilders, consultant to the B.B.C. Shakespeare series and fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, declares: "It was so dreadful that at first I just read the early stanzas and then gave up. It is so utterly conventional, the rhythm is so clumsy, the rhymes so forced. It is so typical of any number of minor Elizabethan lyric writers of the 1580's or thereabouts that I shouldn't be at all surprised if some Elizabethan specialist pops up and says, 'Oh yes, we know that poem but it's by somebody else.'" Anthony Burgess is nearly as severe though very brief: "It's the thing that a hack of some ability would write." The Shakespearean scholar Andrew Rissik of the Oxford University wrote in the *London Times*: "The poem might, I suppose, be some form of song-burlesque. But its tone is really one of awful sincerity. It has the opaque, moist-eyed earnestness of the shockingly bad poet who is horribly serious." The temperamental and dogmatic Dr. A. L. Rowse, Emeritus Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, who had triggered the hottest Shakespearean debate before the present when he had claimed he knew the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, made the sweeping statement: "Those who would like to think it is Shakespeare's are quite good, conventional scholars, but academic. One needs to be a practising poet, and these scholars have no ear for poetry. A computer is no judge of what is poetry. The new poem is utterly unlike *A Lover's Complaint* and *Venus and Adonis*, two of Shakespeare's early poems. As such it is impossible that this ordinary poem is his."

Perhaps the most delightful voice in the critical group was Peter Simple, writer of "Way of the World" columns in the *Daily Telegraph* of London. In the issue of November 25, 1985 he had the parodying notice under the caption "Find":

Experts in the English Literature Department at Soup Hales University,

headed by Dr. J. S. Goodpen, claim to have discovered a hitherto unknown poem by Shakespeare. Found behind an abandoned gas fire of the type known to have been used by Elizabethan writers in their tavern, the mouldering parchment reads "Two for tea and tea for two..." with other, more conjectural passages in a similar style which still await final decipherment by palaeographers and experts in early printed material.

"The internal evidence is conclusive and is supported by computer analysis," says Dr. Goodpen. "The words 'two', 'for' and 'and' appear frequently in Shakespeare's works, far too frequently in fact for this to be a mere coincidence.

"I believe the use of alliteration shows that Shakespeare, contrary to what is generally supposed, sometimes harked back to Middle and Early English styles. I suppose you could call it chauvinism of a sort," he said laughingly. "Shakespeare probably wanted to remind his patrons of England's national poetic legacy by using ancient metrical patterns. Queen Elizabeth, worried by the threat from Spain and the looming influence of Gongora, must obviously have been delighted.

"Incidentally," Dr. Goodpen said, "this may be one of the first references to tea in English Literature. There may be an implied rebuke to the English tea-planters Shakespeare would have foreseen as exploiting the workers of Sri Lanka and Assam, further proof of his social conscience and deep concern for the Third World."

II

Here is the poem itself:

I

Shall I die? Shall I fly
 Lover's baits and deceits,
 sorrow breeding?
 Shall I fend? Shall I send?
 Shall I shew, and not rue
 my proceeding?
 In all duty her beauty
 Binds me her servant for ever.
 If she scorn, I mourn,
 I retire to despair, joying never.

2

Yet I must vent my lust
 And explain inward pain
 by my love breeding.

If she smiles, she exiles
 All my moan; if she frown,
 all my hopes deceiving.
 Suspicious doubt, O keep out,
 For thou art my tormentor.
 Fly away, pack away;
 I will love, for hope bids me venter.

3

'Twere abuse to accuse
 My fair love, ere I prove
 her affection.
 Therefore try! Her reply
 Gives thee joy—or annoy,
 or affliction.
 Yet howe'er, I will bear
 Her pleasure with patience, for beauty
 Sure will not seem to blot
 Her deserts, wronging whom doth her duty.

4

In a dream it did seem—
 But alas, dreams do pass
 as do shadows—
 I did walk, I did talk
 With my love, with my dove,
 through the meadows.
 Still we passed till at last
 We sat to repose us for our pleasure.
 Being set, lips met,
 Arms twined, and did bind my heart's treasure.

5

Gentle wind sport did find
 Wantonly to make fly
 her gold tresses.
 As they shook I did look,
 But her fair did impair
 all my senses.

As amazed, I gazed
 On more than a mortal complexion.
 Them that I love can prove
 Such force in beauty's inflection.

6

Next her hair, forehead fair,
 Smooth and high; next doth lie,
 without wrinkle,
 Her fair brows; under those,
 Star-like eyes win love's prize
 when they twinkle.
 In her cheeks who seeks
 Shall find there displayed
 beauty's banner;
 Oh admiring desiring
 Breeds, as I look still 'upon her.

7

Thin lips red, fancy's fed
 With all sweets when he meets,
 and is granted
 There to trade, and is made
 Happy, sure, to endure
 still undaunted.
 Pretty chin doth win
 Of all the world's commendations;
 Fairest neck, no speck;
 All her parts merit high admirations.

8

A pretty bare, past compare,
 Parts those plots which besots
 still asunder.
 It is meet naught but sweet
 Should come near that so rare
 'tis a wonder.
 No mishap, no scape
 Inferior to nature's perfection;

No blot, no spot:
 She's beauty's queen in election.

9

Whilst I dreamt, I exempt
 From all care, seemed to share
 pleasures in plenty;
 But awake, care take—
 For I find to my mind
 pleasures scanty.
 Therefore I will try
 To compass my heart's chief contenting.
 To delay, some say,
 In such a case causeth repenting.

III

Is it possible to say the last word on the poem? Not yet, but one can indeed make certain evaluations. My first reaction was akin to that of Dr. Wilders: I could not go beyond the first stanza. The impression was of an artificial exercise. A little later I forced myself to read on. The second stanza brought a bit of pleasure with the words:

If she smiles, she exiles
 All my moan...

But the repetition of the word "breeding" in line two from the second line of the opening stanza was hardly pleasant, and when, unlike the earlier match of "proceeding" with "breeding", here "breeding" was echoed by "deceiving", I was once more put off. How could Dr. Wells call the author "clever"?

Going further, I saw something of the "ingenious" and "witty" which this commentator had found. But surely Professor Schoenbaum's verdict of "a great creative imagination at work" was exaggerative? The utmost one can say is that in part the composition bore the stamp of the Elizabethan virtuoso in verse. If it is early Shakespeare, it has in a number of places his talent, not his genius, and only by his genius can we be positive that the Bard's hand is present. Possibly Dr. Wilders overshoots the mark in asserting that a lot of minor Elizabethan poets could have penned the piece. I should think that whatever talent is displayed could most easily have been equalled by Chapman or Ben Jonson.

If any particular poetic element points towards Shakespeare, I would not make much, as Taylor and Dr. Wells do, of the line

Star-like eyes win love's prize
when they twinkle.

No doubt, it can recall the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* where Romeo soliloquises:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

But where is any touch of the masterly piquancy of the situation invented or the skill with which the common word "business" is woven beautifully into the poetic fancy? I should say that the figure of twinkling star-eyes is in itself an obvious poeticism any versifier can press into service. If a true poetic turn somewhat *à la* Shakespeare is to be noted, I would draw attention to another phrase in the new poem:

In her cheeks who seeks
Shall find there displayed beauty's banner.

This sends me to Romeo's last soliloquy:

beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

There is no direct resemblance here, but a subtle similarity of original poetic movement seems discernible, no matter how faintly.

The infatuation—both love and lust—in the nine stanzas before us might tempt us to catch a reflection of the *mamorata* of the Bard's Sonnets, but would the fifth stanza's "golden tresses" be compatible with the Dark Lady so graphically portrayed in the Sonnets? The word "fair" employed five times in the poem appears to signify "beauty" or "beautiful" rather than anything to do with light colour. "Golden tresses", however, admits of no alternative significance: the phrase straightaway characterises the seductive one as a pure blonde. We have "golden tresses" also in line 5 of Sonnet 68. But, in addition to the expression being stock, it is there a generality referring to the fashion among some Elizabethans to go in for light-haired wigs made from the heads of dead people and the sonnet is part of the series on the "fair friend", not the Dark Lady. What we have in the new poem is a direct pointer to the siren. If this is any clue, the unknown besotted lover could not be the famous fascinated sonneteer.

Already in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare's obsession, as in Sonnets 127 and 132, with black eyes and brows intrudes upon the story. E. K. Chambers¹ connects

¹ *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* (Oxford University Press, London, 1930), Vol. I, p. 335.

the Sonnets to this play through the latter's "black-browed and black-eyed Rosaline". Even in *Romeo and Juliet*, the name "Rosaline" occurs, referring to whom Mercutio exclaims in Act II, Scene 4: "Alas! poor Romeo, he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye..." But the girl's presence is merely verbal: she is never on the boards and is no organic part of the plot. The situation is different in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Its Rosaline is an actual *dramatis persona* and once in a strange manner directs us to some living force in the dramatist's own life. In Act III, Scene 1, the character Berowne, mentioning for the first time her black eyes, breaks into a calumnious complaint which does not arise from any strand of the themes worked out in the play in relation to her but seems as if with irrelevant intensity it welled up from Shakespeare's helpless personal experience of the Dark Lady off the stage. Berowne suddenly gives, as Ivor Brown¹ puts it, "that vivid, almost livid description which links her, beyond any possibility of doubt, with the other Rosaline and with Her of the Sonnets":

A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,²
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and by heaven one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Passages from several Sonnets are in poignant epitome here, but perhaps the mood and attitude and self-conflict of Sonnet 137 comes closest.

Obviously, *Love's Labour's Lost* belongs to the period (whatever that may be) of the Sonnets and not to the time of the "find" as Taylor and Wells suppose. Nor will *Romeo and Juliet* consort happily with the new poem. About it Chambers³ has correctly remarked: "There is a general resemblance of phrase and imagery to much in the Sonnets." We may add that the play is most conscious of the Sonnet-convention. Mercutio (II.4) alludes to the fashion "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in". The Prologue to each of the first two Acts is a sonnet built on the Shakespearean model. The first sentimental exchange between the lovers (1.5.95-108) is in the form of a Shakespearean sonnet. The play closes with such a sonnet's sestet. Even *Love's Labour's Lost* is sonnet-haunted. M. M. Reese⁴ comments on it: "The proportion of rhyme... was as high as 62 per cent, chiefly because [Shakespeare] had used this play for a series of experiments in the sonnet form." Armado, a charac-

¹ *Shakespeare* (Comet Books, Collins, London, 1957), p. 221.

² wightly=numble. In some versions the epithet is "whitely".

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 346.

⁴ *Shakespeare: His World and His Work* (E. Arnold, London, 1953), p. 418.

ter in love, cries out: "Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure to turn sonnet" (1.2.186). We may expect Shakespeare himself ready to "turn sonnet" with his own heart around the time of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

With the Dark-Lady motif more developed in this play than in *Romeo and Juliet*, this composition should be later than the other. Taylor and Wells have the opposite order and their date is between 1593 and 1595 which, according to them, is also the date for the new poem with its alleged phraseological affinity with them, especially with *Romeo and Juliet*. But they overlook two facts. *Romeo and Juliet*, as C. J. Campbell¹ points out, was first acted by "Lord Hunsdon's men", a name by which the Company presenting the play was called for only the 9 months between July 1596 and March 1597. Hence it could have been written as early as the middle of 1596 or as late as the beginning of 1597. "*Love's Labour's Lost*," writes Brown,² "is generally supposed to have been an early play redrafted for publication in 1598." The latest limit of the redrafting is indicated by the language of the Cuckoo and Owl songs at the end, which borrow phrases from Gerard's *Herbal*, a book entered, as J. Dover Wilson³ informs us, in the Stationer's Register on 6 June 1597. Thus the final form of the play must have been ready only in the second half of 1597: that is, definitely subsequent to the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*. Both the plays, as we have them, pass beyond Taylor and Wells's 1593-1595, and just precede the earliest mention we know of Shakespeare's Sonnets: *Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury* by Francis Meres registered at the Stationer's Hall on September 7, 1598. This chronology knits together the Dark-Lady motif and the linguistic-cum-formal features of these three works in the right progressive sequence, and all of them must be posterior to the poem whose lady-love is clearly not a brunette and whose language here and there may be considered a couple of *Romeo and Juliet's* tropes in embryo. However, the embryonic form even at its best is scarcely such as to join it to those tropes in such a truly telling mode as to suggest the same authorship.

In an all-round view, the poem with its unmistakable blonde sweetheart is not by the Shakespeare whose association with his dark *femme fatale* is initially hinted at by *Romeo and Juliet*, strikingly conjured up by *Love's Labour's Lost* and depicted by the Sonnets in unforgettable fullness. If the poem is at all from Shakespeare's pen, it shows the Bard as a spirited yet amateurish hand at a complex pattern of jingling rhymes. It must date back to a very early and rather immature phase of his career in London. It has no *scintilla* of the piercing wit of a Mercutio or a Berowne. And certainly the young Shakespeare of *Venus and Adonis* (1593) with his brilliant sensuous style and expert verse-construction at the age of 29 is nowhere to be seen in these 90 lines he is said to have juggled out at about 30.

As to the nearly 100 phrases the computerised dictionary declared analogous to terms in other works of Shakespeare, our comment should run: "A lot of identical

¹ *The Living Shakespeare* (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1949), p. 314.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 219.

³ *Love's Labour's Lost*, edited by J. Dover Wilson (Cambridge, 1962), p. xxii.

word-combinations were current in Elizabethan poetry and prose. We may recall a famous incident in the story of the notion that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Mrs. Henry Pott, who edited that philosopher and statesman's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, demonstrated the parallelism of expression in Bacon's commonplace book and in the works of Shakespeare. Many converts to the "Baconian Heresy" were made on the strength of it until a scholarly scrutiny revealed this phraseology to be common to all the Elizabethan and Jacobean writers, and, as F. E. Halliday¹ says, "it became necessary to assume that Bacon had also written most of the Elizabethan drama, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*." Analogous terms in the "find" and in Shakespeare cannot prove it to be his if they are such as may be found even outside him. A wider net has to be cast. The language here is hardly of the kind to yield unique signs. Only through some crucial Shakespeareanisms can the computerised dictionary be admitted as evidence.

All in all, the balance seems to tilt against the claim set forth. At least the case stands unproven and is most probably unprovable.

K. D. SETHNA

POSTSCRIPT

Recently Gary Taylor has sought to answer his critics.² First he deals with Dr. Steven Parks of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University, U.S.A. Parks found a copy of the poem not listed in the Beinecke's first-line card-index. The manuscript miscellany (Osborn b. 197, pp. 135-6) which includes the poem was compiled by Tobias Akston in c. 1639, that is, in the same decade as the copy that came into Taylor's hands. The American version is untitled and unattributed as well as differing in certain verbal particulars.

The anonymity of this version cannot be said to contradict the Bodleian ascription to Shakespeare. Taylor rightly rebuts Parks's case for contradiction: "Another manuscript attributing the poem to Shakespeare might strengthen Shakespeare's claim; another manuscript attributing it to someone else might weaken it; but a manuscript without any ascription simply leaves the issue of authorship in abeyance." Parks's argument is further undermined by the fact pointed out by Taylor: "Of the ninety-six poems of known authorship in the Yale miscellany, thirty-five are unattributed." However, since the piece in question is itself under debate and therefore unlike those thirty-five items, the remark, though entirely nullifying Parks, does not quite leave Taylor where he was. The Yale manuscript takes away the *prima-facie* force of the Rawlinson, the single suggestion once standing in the field. A clear gap is balanced against it. So now all the more the manuscript in the Bodleian faces a challenge, and the character of the poem demands a sharper scrutiny.

¹ *A Shakespeare Companion* (Penguin Books Ltd., Harmondsworth, 1964), p. 48, col. 2.

² *The Times Literary Supplement* (London), January 31, 1986, pp. 123-4.

The ascription on its own falls into the background.

Taylor has come to admit four dubious attributions in this very manuscript. But he is right in saying that even if there were four unequivocal errors, they would be a small proportion of the fifty-four correct ones. As regards a critic's argument that no poems in the manuscript were composed earlier than the 1600s, Taylor replies that the one numbered 113, namely, Donne's elegy "Here, take my picture though I bid farewell", has been assigned by Helen Gardner in company with other scholars to 1596. Taylor's conclusion runs: "If the manuscript can contain one poem from the mid-1590s, it can contain two." The mere possibility is surely there, yet the plea for Shakespeare's authorship of "Shall I die?" hangs partly on the possibility of his composing it in the period concerned. If its quality is too poor in comparison with even the earliest of his *juvenilia*—*Venus and Adonis* dating to 1594—the invocation of the mid-1590s is questionable in the extreme. There can be no denying the general poverty of the poem side by side with such a sustainedly consummate work. What can still be urged is the occurrence of typical Shakespearean turns of speech. Ultimately the problem centres upon them.

Taylor shows by consulting concordances that genuine parallels can hardly be traced in Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, Donne, Marvell, Marlowe, Herbert, Herrick and Crashaw. But all these are notable names: much of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry from lesser hands remains, as Taylor grants, unsearched—and it is to this poetry that "Shall I die?" with its lack of the touch of Shakespeare's genius should be referred. Of the twenty-two phrases or images the poem shares with the Shakespeare canon better than with the works of the authors mentioned above, several are superficially significant. Thus the opening words themselves, "Shall I die?" are likened to some in line 1074 in the following couplet of *Venus and Adonis*:

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eye's red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

The needed expression is here akin to the starting-point of the poem by sheer inversion of the natural order "I shall die"—an accidental feature. We expect a question but none is posed. A more genuine parallel, which in addition responds to the word "despair" in the last line of the first stanza of "Shall I die?", is in the starting-point of "Lover's Resolution" by George Wither (1588-1667). Nobody so far appears to have noticed it:

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

Accidental, too, though seemingly in a more impressive way, is the triple collocation Taylor demonstrates of "sport", "wanton(ly)" and "fly" in the fifth stanza of his discovery (lines 41-2) and in *King Lear*, Act Four, Scene 1, lines 36-7:

As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods:
They kill us for their sport.

Two of the three words are used at variance—one of them completely so—with the poem's

Gentle wind sport did find
Wantonly to make fly
her gold tresses.

The attempt to pass off the infinitive "fly" as a cognate of the common term in *King Lear* for tiny bothersome two-winged insects is ridiculous.

The gaucherie to which we have drawn attention in stanza 2—the matching of "by my love breeding" with "all my hopes deceiving"—is avoided by the Yale manuscript which reads "by my love bred" and "all my hopes dead". Taylor does not regard either of the two manuscripts as convincing here—and after comparing both in all respects conjectures that both are partly corrupt derivatives from a lost copy which itself had errors in lines 68 and 82 which he has emended.

On the whole he feels that "Shall I die?" deserves to be included "in any edition of Shakespeare's works which calls itself 'Complete' ". In view of the comments we have made we should hesitate to concur with him—especially since the Yale copy remains anonymous and nothing qualitatively cries out for the master's pen. If the inclusion is made, readers should be warned: "Very conjecturally."

K. D. S.

THE PERFECTION OF THINGS

Is it just a make-believe, a mirage,
The bliss that flows in my heart
A a fleeting remembrance of Thy Face?
This nectar prisoned in the mysterious bud,
The beauty of a full-blown lotus,
The glory of dazzling dawns,
The enchantment of dim nights—
Are they a farce to beguile my sight?
When I find Thee in the majesty of seas,
Is my soul just bewitched?
This world cannot be a cruel joke;
The perfection of butterflies proves
Thou art earnest.

SHYAM KUMARI

TWO SHORT POEMS OF SRI AUROBINDO

A COMPARISON

AMONGST the collected poems of Sri Aurobindo we come across two poems addressed by him to his two cousins, Basanti and Kumudini—daughters of his maternal uncle Krishna Kumar Mitra, editor of *Sanjivani*, with whose family he was on very intimate terms and with whom he resided whenever he went to Calcutta.

These poems testify to the warmth of his heart. Here we glimpse a Divine Avatar as human as it is possible for him to be.

The first poem “The Spring Child” was addressed to Basanti on her birthday—Jyestha 1900.¹ Happily Basanti had come in close contact with Sri Aurobindo in the days when both had passed their vacations at the house of their maternal grandfather Rishi Raj Narayan Bose in the health-resort town of Deoghar.² Later on Sri Aurobindo lived with Krishna Kumar Mitra’s family at 6, College Square, Calcutta and from there edited *Dharma* and *Karmayogin*. Basanti had the pleasant duty of serving her dear and revered Auro-da his meals.³

In 1900 while still residing with them Sri Aurobindo invoked blessings on this beloved head, in whom he saw an incarnation of all the beauty and sweetness of Spring, true to her name Basanti (after Sanskrit for “Spring Child”). Here let me quote two of the stanzas of this poem:

Of Spring is her name for whose bud and blooming
We praise today the Giver,—
Of Spring, and its sweetness clings about her
For her face is Spring and Spring is without her,
As loth to leave her.

But now though summer must come and autumn
In God’s high governing
Yet I deem that her soul with soft insistence
Shall guard through all change the sweet existence
And charm of Spring.⁴

The whole poem has the hue of youth’s tender bud blooming in perfect beauty. One almost senses a glad goldening where, free from all cares, the bud is turning into a flower, the girl into an enchanting maiden. While nature’s spring turns to summer and then autumn, this pure maid Sri Aurobindo sees:

¹ *Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library*, Vol. 5, p. 29.

² *Shrinwantu*, Nov. 84, pp. 84 and 86.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *SABCL*, Vol. 5, p. 29.

Like some tender flower on some gray stone portal
 To sweeten and flush with childhood immortal
 The aging earth.¹

All this is humanly warm and reassuringly familiar. The heights here are not too rarefied for our souls.

In this poem we see the Divine play at being time-bound. Like a human being he seems to yearn to arrest time at a given moment of felicity and to make the beautiful spring of a particularly dear life eternal and would like the sweetness incarnate in one being to remain etched eternally on the pages of life and make immortal an actor on the stage of transient time.

Could the Divine ever become human? Yes, for we hear that Rama wept for Sita, and Krishna supplicated one word from Radha. The Supramental Avatar dallied for an elevated moment on the human emotional plane. In his poems it is the closest he comes personally to the clasp of our human hearts.

It is as if the Supreme Artist entranced by the beauty of one amongst His own many creations wanted it to remain for ever, knowing very well that these rainbow hues will not last. Here the elevation of feelings, however high, is still attainable for human beings. Here Sri Aurobindo condescends to linger on an emotional level which is so dear and precious to our human hearts. To an Indian nothing is more sacred and sweet than the ties between brother and sister. In India these terms cover first-cousins too.

*

The second poem "To R"² is addressed to Kumudini, the other daughter of Krishna Kumar Mitra, on her birthday July 19, 1909.³ In the intervening period of nine years (1900-1909) Sri Aurobindo had taken a great leap, he had attained a new poise—as if he had "climbed hill after hill and beheld the last tremendous brow" and now for him all was "sky and God". He had taken his station at some Sun-Height. Probably, nay, certainly, "all the unborn had begun". It is hard to understand on which plateau the poet in his endless ascension stood then, and even harder for us mere mortals to glimpse or specify it. But clearly some divine poise had been established, many great poems like "Who" and "Invitation" had been written and in Alipore Jail the experience of the universal Krishna had flooded him with Divinity. His Consciousness then encompassed the Infinite. To him each individual manifestation though having its special place and value in the scheme of things had to realise its relativity—

¹ *SABCL*, Vol. 5, p. 30.

² *Ibid.*, p. 75.

³ The title of the poem 'To R' should be 'To K'. Kumudini became the first woman graduate of Presidency College and later on edited a Bengali monthly *Suprabhat*. (Information received from Peter Hhees of 'Archives'.)

Amid the hundreds thronging Ocean's floor
 A wave upon the crowded sea
 With regular rhythm pushing towards the shore
 Our life must be.¹

In the first poem there was a sense of the importance of the individual. In the second the stress is on making the individual harmonious with the cosmic consciousness. The sense of the personal vanishes in the Impersonal. Here the soul is seen as being only an instrument moved by an "Invincible, eternal and free power." And by that Power's impulse it inevitably pursues its course towards the God-ordained depths. The desire for an individual flowering is replaced by the realisation—

We, too, by the Eternal Might are led
 To whatsoever goal He wills,
 Our helm He grasps, our generous sail outspread
 His strong breath fills.²

Sri Aurobindo asks the soul for complete surrender to the Lord's will and His ever-present truth-guidance—

Exulting in the grace and strength of youth
 Pursue the Ocean's distant bound,
 Trusting the Pilot's voice, the Master's ruth
 That rings us round.³

The individual's sense of separateness is lost in the ocean of oneness. And Sri Aurobindo places a great importance on the omnipotence of the 'Captain'—

Rejoice and fear not for the waves that swell,
 The storms that thunder, winds that sweep;
 Always our Captain holds the rudder well,
 He does not sleep.

If in the trough of the enormous sea
 Thou canst not find the sky for spray,
 Fear never, for our Sun is there with thee
 By night and day.⁴

¹ *SABCL*, Vol. 5, p. 15.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, Vol., 5, p. 15.

The sweet wish for Basanti was—

Long be thy days in rain and sunshine,
Often thy spring relume,¹

For Kumudini it greatens into a cosmic reverberation where a universal and transcendental consciousness surveys victory and defeat as equal fulfilments of God's delight of existence—

Even those who sink in the victorious flood,
Where do they sink? Into His breast.
He who to some gives victory, joy and good,
To some gives rest.²

And then Sri Aurobindo the Avatar comes forward and himself as the Lord grants her a radiant future—

But then, look to the radiant days and wait
Beyond the driving rain and storm.
I have seen the vision of a happier fate
Brightening thy form.³

Here the last two lines emphasize Sri Aurobindo's seer-vision which penetrated the farthest reach of Time. The human poet had attained such divine equanimity that from the pinnacles of his Knowledge and Power he says—

Confident of His grace, expect His will;
Let Him lead; though hidden be the bourne.⁴

He the poet knows everything, nothing is truly hidden from him. And he is confident of 'His grace'. For it is his own.

SHYAM KUMARI

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 30.

² *Ibid.*, p. 76.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

QUO VADIS ?

WHERE the winds blow cool under emerald shades,
The myriad sounds of Nature's happy things
Touched by sun-fingers probing sheltered glades
Weave their chant of daily happenings.

I knew a look that thins with magical ease
The material universe's resilient web,
And overstepped a boundary whose unseen crease
Marks a subtler Energy's tide and ebb.

The vision that shone through my star-pure eyes
Was a wide translucence's golden background
Limning in unguessed silence an argent paradise
Of truth and beauty in wild flowers found.

The Future kindled held in unwavering gaze,
Rising like a pyre of world-delight,
A vast real Mirage beckoning beyond our futile daze,
Shimmering in a lucency of Spirit's sight.

Human time had led to templed Space
Roseate like a morn encircling Godhead's peak:
I clasped the Ever-living in sudden rapt embrace,
And heard in my heart a wondering sweetness speak.

The vistas of a large Knowledge were mine,
They opened out like roads among distant dreams,
Athwart great farnesses the hurtling hyaline
Of a thousand heavenward star-brimming streams.

I walked a secret ether's invisible trail,
Past the pregnant gloom, past Death's domain,
Where blazes in wordless air untouched the grail,
And drank its deep draught of all-searing pain.

A lightning flashed through every nerve and breath,
It tore at Night where darkness into the Chasm fled;
And like an incandescent crystal wreath
Uncoiled into a timeless morrow arrowing sped.

A Promethean sun-storm seething poured
Its unchained substance of prodigious fire,
In a swift ravishment all pain devoured
And flung me bodily into an eagle-gyre.

Winging motionless in an air of whispering psalm
 Thrilled with dawn's tremulous golden glow,
 I sailed past massed visages of titanic calm
 Lit by unhorizoned sunlight's rippleless flow.

Their look widened and moved as an oceanic crest
 Over vast wisdom-waters fathomlessly deep,
 Luring a conscious vigour into Nature's sleeping breast
 From an unmiraged Eden's ancient keep.

Above wind-caressed lands where muted splendour runs,
 I caught flash-hints of quick irradiant feet
 Or of unveiled faces the truth-laughing suns,
 As I saw you with yourself in full fusion meet.

ARVIND HABBU

A TOUCH OF ETERNITY

THE mother tree is blocked from my view
 By a girthy wall of cement and concrete.
 Only a wayward branch all clad with leaves
 Peeps through the barred rectangle of my window
 Repeating all the dance movements
 Wind—the carefree teacher—had taught it.
 My blood-stream rushes with extending arms
 To waltz it out with my green-gowned partner.
 Bigger birds shun that precarious perching.
 Small whistlers whisk in and sit for a time
 Trilling a flood of joyous notes
 Or just twitter a soft melody
 Which only a bird's throat can render.
 This transient optical tie with the little thing
 Transforms me to a dreamy bird-hood.
 The feathered free-rover is not even aware
 That it has thrown a spark of fire in me
 To blaze out into the endless skies
 In search of the source of bliss that is music.

DEBANSHU

THE SONG OF THE LORD

THE GITA WITHOUT COMMENT

(Continued from the issue of March 1986)

Chapter VI

1. The Lord said:
“One who does what is necessary without depending on the fruit of action, he is the Sanyasi, the Yogi, not those with no fire who are actionless.
2. “Know what is called ‘renunciation’ to be Yoga, O Pandava. No one becomes a Yogi who has not renounced the desire-soul.
3. “For the Sage seeking to climb to Yoga, action is said to be the cause. For him who has arrived, calm is said to be the cause.
4. “When he is not at all attached to sense objects or to actions, renouncing all thought of desire, he is then said to have arrived in Yoga.
5. “Let the self be raised by the Self; let not the Self be lowered. For the Self is the only friend of the self and indeed the enemy of the self.
6. “The Self is a friend of the self in whom the self is conquered by the Self. But for one not Self-possessed, the Self acts aggressively, like an enemy.
7. “For the Self-conquered, for the peaceful, the Supreme Self is poised in heat and cold, pleasure and pain, and also in honour and infamy.
8. “With knowledge and the highest knowing, content in the Self, unshaken, senses conquered, united, he is said to be a Yogi for whom a clod, a stone and gold are the same.
9. “Who is equal-minded to the good-hearted, the friend, the enemy, neutrals, arbiters, adversaries, relatives, the righteous and the wicked, he excels.
10. “Let the Yogi be constantly united in the Self, remaining in solitude, alone, with controlled mind and body, free of avarice, without possessiveness.
11. “Establishing his own firm seat in a clean place, neither too high nor too low, which is covered with a cloth, a skin and sacred grass,
12. “sitting there in his position, concentrating the mind, controlling the movements of mind and sense, let him practise Yoga for self-purification.
13. “Holding the body, head and neck erect, steady, without moving, gazing at the tip of his nose, without looking around,
14. “Serene in the Self, fearless, firm in brahmacharya, controlling the mind, thinking on the Highest, united, let him sit absorbed in the Supreme.
15. “Always thus united in the Self, the Yogi with controlled mind knows the supreme peace of the nirvana which abides in Me.
16. “But this Yoga, Arjuna, is not for the greedy or the abstemious, nor for the somnolent or the sleepless.

17. "For him who is centred while eating and playing, centred in the effort of work, centred in sleep and wakefulness, Yoga becomes the end of all sorrow.
18. "When the consciousness is perfectly controlled and rests only in the Self free from longing and desire, then one is said to be whole.
19. " 'As a lamp in a windless place flickers not' is the image which comes to mind for the Yogi with contained consciousness united in the Yoga of the Self.
20. "When his mind, restrained by the practice of Yoga, is quiet, when he is only satisfied by seeing the Self through the self,
21. "when he knows the supreme happiness possessed by the Buddhi beyond the senses, wherein established he moves not from Truth,
22. "obtaining which he thinks there is no gain greater: established in that, he is not shaken even by severe sorrow.
23. "Let this breaking of the link with pain be known as Yoga. This Yoga should be resolutely practised with a tireless mind.
24. "Abandoning all the desires born of formative thought, without reserve, utterly restraining by the mind the senses on all sides,
25. "gradually let him become quiet. With the Buddhi held firmly, the mind fixed on the Self, let him think of nothing.
26. "For whatever reason the restless mind rambles, from that restrain it. Let him have control only in the Self.
27. "This Yogi of peaceful mind truly comes to the supreme happiness. Of quiet force, he becomes the Brahman, without blemish.
28. "Thus with the self always united, the Yogi, freed from stain by the happy touch of the Brahman, enjoys felicity forever.
29. "He sees himself in the Self of all beings. Joined by Yoga to the Self, he sees everywhere equally.
30. "One who sees Me everywhere and sees all in Me, to him I am not lost, nor is he lost to Me.
31. "Who adores Me as placed in all beings, who is established and in all ways remains in oneness, that Yogi dwells in Me.
32. "Who sees through the Self the same everywhere, Arjuna, whether in happiness or sorrow, he is thought to be the highest Yogi."
33. Arjuna said:
"This Yoga through equanimity which is taught through You, O Madhusudana, because of restlessness I don't see how it can be firmly established.
34. "Truly, Krishna, the mind is restless, turbulent, strong and obstinate. I should think it would be as hard to control as the wind."
35. The Lord said:
"No doubt, Mahabahu, the mind is hard to control, and moves, but by practice and disinterestedness it *is* controlled.
36. "For him who does not control himself my Yoga is hard to realise, such is my opinion. But through self-control and directed effort it is possible to attain."

37. Arjuna said:
 "One who is uncontrolled, but possessed of faith, whose mind moves from Yoga and who cannot reach perfection in it, what happens to him, Krishna?"
38. "Does he not fall, O Mighty-armed, does he not perish like a torn cloud, without support, confused on the path to Brahman?"
39. "You ought to remove my uncertainty completely, Krishna, for other than You no one is fit to destroy doubt."
40. The Lord said:
 "Partha, neither in this world nor the next is he destroyed. No one who acts for the good, dear one, reaches a bad end.
41. "Attaining the worlds of the righteous and dwelling there for years innumerable, he who fell from Yoga is born in the home of the pure and blessed.
42. "Or even he is born into a family of knowing Yogis. Truly, such a birth is hard to obtain in this world.
43. "There he obtains the understanding of union formed in the previous body and strives harder than before for perfection, O Son of the Kurus.
44. "By that past practice he is helplessly carried. The seeker after Yoga even goes beyond the Brahman of the Word.
45. "And the persistently striving Yogi, purified of evil, perfected through many births, reaches the highest goal.
46. "The Yogi is thought to be greater than men of askesis, greater than men of Knowledge, greater than men of action. Be therefore a Yogi, O Arjuna.
47. "And of all the Yogis, whose inmost Self is merged in Me, who, filled with trust adores Me, He is seen by Me as the most whole."

OM TAT SAT

Here ends the sixth chapter called 'The Yoga of Meditation' in the dialogues of Sri Krishna and Arjuna, in Brahman-Knowledge, in Yoga-Discipline, in the Divine Song of the Upanishads.

(To be continued)

Translated by DHRUVA

FURTHER STUDIES IN INTEGRAL PSYCHOLOGY

PERSONALITY, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND 'THE INNER VOICE' A STUDY IN JUNG WHAT INTEGRAL PSYCHOLOGY CAN CONTRIBUTE

(Continued from the issue of March 1986)

As we have stated before, personality does not admit of foreign impositions, it being in fact the realisation of the fullness of one's own being. Therefore personality must first unfold itself before it can be subjected to education. We do not know how and in what direction a budding personality will shape itself, and our hasty good will to mend the child early enough will easily reduce the natural growth of personality to an 'individualism', *i.e.*, a partial tilted sort of growth of personality.

Is one then to give no direction to the unfolding life of a child? That is not the intention of Jung. We have been trying to understand certain principles of the growth of personality. And we will do well to recapitulate them here. First, the parents or teachers have to make sure that they do not themselves suffer from the defect that they want to remove from a child. In doing so, it is necessary to suspect in oneself all kinds of subtle self-deceptions which one must seek to get over. In a word, one has to become oneself a truly growing personality. That is the first condition favourable to the growth of personality in the child. Secondly, personality, in each is something unique, which must first be identified in him, before he can be helped to grow along that line.

'Fidelity to the law of one's being' is the mystic principle which governs the development of personality. 'A loyal perseverance and trustful hope' or 'the attitude which a religious man should have to God,' is exactly the meaning of the term 'fidelity' here. In clearer terms the above principle means that 'personality can never develop itself unless the individual chooses his own way with conscious moral decision. Not only the causal motive, the need, but a conscious, moral decision must lend its strength to the process of the development of personality. If the first, that is, the need is lacking, then the so-called development would be mere acrobatics of the will; if the latter is missing, that is, the conscious decision, then the development would come to a rest in a stupefying, unconscious automatism. But a man can make a moral choice of his own way only when he holds it to be the best. If any other way were held to be better, then he would live and develop that other personality instead of his own. The other ways are the conventions of a moral, social, political, philosophic, or religious nature. The fact that conventions always flourish in one form or another proves that the overwhelming majority of mankind chooses not its own way, but the conventions, and so does not develop itself, but a method and a collectivity at the cost of its own fullness.'¹

¹ Jung, *The Integration of the Personality*, p. 289.

We are likely to forget that imitation is inimical to the growth of personality. But this does not mean that a growing individual will not learn from others. He will selectively and through assimilation make others' qualities his own. He will not seek formally to reproduce the incidents of a great man's life in his own and merely wish to become like him. The youth will, however, always read biographies with benefit primarily to stimulate the aspiration of the will to become great in life or rather to rise to one's own true and whole status of life and being.

Further, if 'fidelity to one's being,' is the supreme law and no objective standard of conduct given by social convention is to guide, then how is one to distinguish the passing fancy of the sense-impulses from it? Jung does not entertain this difficulty. To him evidently fidelity to one's being though apparently a subjective principle, is, in fact, for the individual an objective one in the highest degree. As later, in connection with the inner voice which reveals the law of one's true being, he clearly states that it is inexorable and absolute and unconditional. And when this law of one's being is once discovered it tends to take up the whole of life and govern it. It introduces a single purpose which will, if nourished, tend to grow all-powerful.

Jung next expounds more fully the meaning of convention and its place in society. Primitive life was 'exclusively a group life with a high degree of unconsciousness in the individual'; so too has the later historical development remained a collective matter. That is why 'convention is a collective necessity'. 'It is a makeshift, not an ideal, whether in respect to morals or religion, for subjection to it always means repudiation of wholeness and a flight from the final consequences of one's own being.'¹

Further 'to undertake to develop personality is in fact an unpopular venture, an uncongenial deviation from the "high way," an idiosyncrasy smacking of the recluse—or so it seems to those who stand outside.' But what is then that enables a man to choose his own way against the heavy weight of convention? 'It cannot be necessity,' says Jung, 'for necessity comes to many and they all save themselves in convention. It cannot be moral choice, for as a rule man decides for convention.' What is it then that determines the decision?

'It is,' according to him, 'what is called vocation: an irrational factor that fatefully forces a man to emancipate himself from the herd and the trodden path. True personality always has vocation and believes in it, has fidelity to it as to God, in spite of the fact that, as the ordinary man would say, it is only a feeling of individual vocation. But this vocation acts like a law of God from which there is no escape.'

Vocation is here obviously used in its true and proper sense of the word. It is not anything that one undertakes to do as an occupation in life for his livelihood. It is, in fact, something to which, in spite of what the convention and standards of one's society might have demanded, one feels called by an inexorable inner voice' The vocation is further mentioned as an 'irrational factor' determining life. It is irrational because no known or knowable psychological condition of personality can

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 290.

explain its nature and character. Vocation is obviously, as here visualised, the call of one's truest being, which is non-empirical or metaphysical; it is the soul's own impulsion.

'Now, vocation, or the feeling of vocation'—he continues—'is not perchance the prerogative of great personalities, but also belongs to small ones.' 'The smaller the personality is, so much the more unclear and unconscious it becomes, till in place of the inner voice appears the voice of the social group and its conventions, and in the place of vocation the collective necessities.'¹ A man of genius too need not have personality. And 'in so far as every individual has his own inborn law of life' he can develop personality and achieve wholeness by seeking it out and living according to it.

The value of personality to society is tremendous. Society lives by conventions which keeps it in a routine, but when new conditions unprovided for by the old conventions arise, a sense of danger and fear seizes the people. It is then that personality, which has all conventions and fears behind it, plays its part of emancipating the people from that fear. 'The group,' Jung maintains, 'because of its unconsciousness, has no freedom of choice, so that within it psychic life works itself out like an uncontrolled law of nature.' A personality, which possesses true freedom within it is, therefore, able to rise above the mechanism of convention and lead the people out of its inadequacy for a particular situation.

'The deification of great personalities exactly shows the valuation that humanity puts upon the ideal of personality. And though at present a collectivism seems to be more popular, the ideal of personality is an indestructible need of the human soul.'

Most interestingly in Jung, who is an empirical psychologist, we find a metaphysics too. 'Psychic life,' he affirms, 'is a world power that exceeds by many times all the powers of the earth...when this objective psychic fact, hard as granite and heavy as lead, confronts the individual as an inner experience and says to him in an audible voice, "This is what will and must happen," then he feels himself called, just as do the social groups when a war is on, or a revolution, or any other madness.' Incidentally, wars and revolutions are conceived as psychic epidemics and 'the gigantic catastrophes that threaten us are not elemental happenings of a physical or biological kind, but are psychic events.'²

There is a further interesting sentence that gives the reason for the existence of an objective universal mind, as it were. 'Certainly,' declares Jung, 'all human beings resemble one another, for otherwise they could not succumb to the same delusions; and the foundation of the psyche upon which individual consciousness rests, is universally the same, beyond a doubt, for otherwise people could never reach a common understanding. But since life can only exist in the form of individuals, the law of life in the last analysis always tends towards a life that is individually lived.'³ However, there can be one exception to this mode of expression

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 292. ² *Ibid.*, p. 293.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 296.

of the universal psyche. That is 'when it seizes upon the group; but in that case it leads by rules of nature to a catastrophe, and for the simple reason that it acts only through unconscious channels and is not assimilated by any consciousness so as to be assigned its place among all other conditions of life.'¹ 'It is only the man who is able consciously to affirm the power of the vocation confronting him from within him that becomes a personality.'²

The above two paragraphs give in the ample words of the psychologists a most unexpected statement of the reality of an objective psyche and an individual consciousness. However, the character of the objective psyche is not discussed and, judging from his previous discussions it would be identical with his unconscious. But this unconscious evidently seems to contain within itself a double character. In nature it works unconsciously and when it seizes the group it produces catastrophes, but when a man is able consciously to affirm it in the inner voice of his vocation, it raises him to the supreme status of wholeness and personality. Does this not seem to lend support to our suggestion, made earlier in the essay, that Jung's unconscious appears to involve both the unconscious working as in nature and the superconscious as in the possible higher ranges of experience to which man may attain.

We will next turn briefly to what Jung calls the 'problem of the inner voice.' The inner voice, we have already observed, is for him the call of the vocation. It is the demand for an 'absolute and unconditional' realisation of a man's own particular law. It also presupposes an objective psyche, whose subjective manifestations in each man are unique.

Now in connection with the psychic experiences involved in the inner voice, we have, says Jung, 'the eternal doubt whether what appears to be the objective psyche is really objective or whether it is imagination after all.' He explains the phenomenon, which is of such great importance to students of personality by reference to facts of psycho-therapy. Let us say a man suffers from a delusion. He sees a persistent figure. He asks the doctor: 'Is it really there or do I merely imagine it?' And even when told that it is just his imagination, he still must ask: 'But why do I then imagine it?' Now the fact is, explains Jung, that 'a psychic' growth is taking place in the man's unconscious without his being able to make it conscious. And before this inner activity he has a sense of fear. 'Neurosis is thus,' concludes Jung, 'a protection against the objective, inner activity of the psyche, or rather it is an attempt dearly paid for, to escape from the inner voice and so from vocation.'³

The fear or delusion is, therefore, genuinely objective. It is extra-conscious, not accessible to the individual's understanding and will. It is, of course, not objective in the sense of a socially verifiable phenomenon.

The neurotic has evidently failed in the full realisation of the will of his being,

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 296.

² *Ibid.*, p. 296.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 300.

the fear that he suffers from is a restriction of his consciousness. And 'in so far as a man is untrue to his own law and does not rise to personality, he has failed of the meaning of his life.'¹

The exact character of the inner voice is rather complex and varied. 'There inn voice is the voice of the fuller life, of a wide, more comprehensive consciousness.' 'The development of personality is synonymous with an increase of awareness.' But the fear that the majority of men have before the inner voice is justifiable. The contents of the inner voice that come to a limited consciousness 'as a rule, spell the very danger that is specific to the individual.' 'The inner voice brings to us whatever the whole suffers from.'² Further, 'the inner voice brings forward what is evil in a temptingly convincing way, so as to make us succumb to it.'³ But the last word that Jung has to say about the character of the inner voice is disappointing though utterly frank and honest. 'In a most unaccountable way,' he says, 'the lowest and the highest, the best and the most atrocious, the truest and the falsest are mingled together in the inner voice, which thus opens up an abyss of confusion, deception and despair.'⁴

His last word too about personality as such, though not so confusing, is still very unsure. 'Personality is a great and mysterious question.' 'All that can be said about it is curiously unsatisfactory and inadequate.'

'All the usual little remedies and medicaments of psychology,' he frankly confesses as a psychologist, 'fall short in this connection, just as they do with the man of genius or the creative human being. Derivation from ancestral heredity and from the milieu does not quite succeed, inventing fictions about childhood, which is so popular today ends, to put it mildly, in the inappropriate; the explanation from necessity—"he has no money, was ill" and so forth—remains caught in mere externalities. Something irrational, that cannot be rationalised, must always supervene, a *deus ex machina* or *asulum ignorantiate*—that well-known superscription standing for God. Here the problem seems to extend into an extra-human realm, and this, from the beginning, has been covered by some of the names of God.'⁵

This is how a most searching investigation of human personality by the profoundest of contemporary psychologists ends. It is really revealing how an avowedly empirical standpoint in its analysis of personality finds itself pressed on beyond all terms of observable experience to posit, nay, definitely affirm, the working of an ulterior and a basic fact, which our author can only call an 'irrational' factor. This mystic note uttered by an empirical psychologist regarding the truth of personality accords so well with the similar 'mysticism' of the modern physicist regarding the nature of the physical universe outside us. As here in psychology it is something

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 301.

² *Ibid.*, p. 303.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 299.

beyond the empirical terms which is the basic reality, so there in physics it is not the observed phenomenon of hard and extended matter, which is real, but something beyond it, an indeterministic energy in a whirl of movement or perhaps 'consciousness under a mask.'

Jung and Integral Psychology

The irrational factor felt by Jung in the scheme of personality is clarified in another passage of the same book. Says he, '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 (the four primary functions of the psyche). 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.'¹ Further, 'The centre acts like a magnet upon the disparate materials and processes of the unconscious and, like a crystal grating, catches them one by one.'²

The mixed-up position, regarding 'the inner voice' and overall make-up of personality, is really due to Jung's inability at this stage to distinguish between the unconscious and the superconscious and their opposite kinds of contributions to personality. His identification of the different elements of personality is beautiful, but their sources are not identified and hence the perplexity of the paradoxical statements. The later work of Jung clarified things, and his followers, the Jungian Analysts, carry on the process further.

However, Integral Psychology, through its steady and detailed inner explorations, has achieved clarities on personality, its various domains and their workings. This could be a useful contribution to Jungian thought and practice. Integral Psychology appreciates the general findings of Jungian psychology. But it asks: 'How are these findings going to be put into practice?' Integral Psychology has an Integral Yoga for its actualisation. Does Jungian psychology not need a Jungian Yoga?

(To be continued)

INDRA SEN

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 198.

² *Ibid.*, p. 197.

COMMENTARY ON THE ISHA UPANISHAD: SHANKARA AND SRI AUROBINDO

(Continued from the issue of March, 1986)

The Teaching of the Isha

THE Upanishad as rendered by Sri Aurobindo develops logically from verse to verse, from passage to passage till it reaches the end, because its structure is logical and the development of its thought orderly. He finds that a "plain rendering of the words of the Upanishad in their received and ordinary sense gives a simple and clear meaning which is both highly appropriate in itself and develops naturally from what has gone before."¹

To be brief, we shall choose one verse and illustrate how Sri Aurobindo's rendering is based on the integral harmony of the work. We shall refer to verse 14 on which we have already dwelt at some length. Sri Aurobindo renders it as follows:

He who knows That as both in one, the Birth (*sambhūti*) and the dissolution of Birth (*vināśa*), by the dissolution crosses beyond death (*mṛtyu*) and by the Birth enjoys Immortality (*amṛtam*).

That this rendering is based on the plain and accepted sense of the words, especially those within brackets, will become obvious from our comments on these words in the preceding section. Sri Aurobindo's reading of the verse is vindicated by the fact that it not only develops out of the idea of life and works mentioned in verse 2 but prepares for a statement to be made in the subsequent verses, the statement about the world of immortal Purusha (see below).

Sri Aurobindo's commentary on the whole Upanishad is based on a similar attempt to understand each verse and each passage as a part of the larger whole. We shall now summarise the teachings of the Isha from Sri Aurobindo's point of view so that we may have a glimpse into its integral unity.

The Upanishad falls naturally into four successive divisions: verses 1 to 3 form the first division; verses 4 to 7 the second division; verses 8 to 14 the third division; verses 15 to 18 the fourth and last division. Having stated the essentials in the first division, the Upanishad proceeds to unfold their significance in each of the succeeding divisions.

First Division: The Upanishad opens with a clear statement that all this is for habitation by the Lord. It calls upon man to rise to the level of the Lord by a total renunciation of desire and enjoy the world (verse 1). Not only the desire for egoistic possessions but the desire for both inaction and action must be renounced. He must do the works without recoiling from them and with a consciousness totally liberated

¹ Sri Aurobindo: *Archives and Research*. No. 2, 1977, pp. 77-78.

from attachment to action. He who turns away from this aim either by a misuse of physical life or by ending it unnaturally, goes to the worlds of darkness after death (verses 2 and 3).

Second Division: The ideas of the first verse are now taken up for further elaboration. The implied identity between the soul and the Lord who inhabits every object in the world, is made explicit in terms of the Brahman which exceeds, contains and supports the world and all its objects (verses 4 and 5). The perception that forms the basis of renunciation is explained in reference to self-knowledge: he who sees the Self in all existences and all existences in the Self, he who sees all existences as the becomings of Self, does not shrink from anything; nor is he subject to delusion and grief (verses 6 and 7).

Third Division: The idea of life and works, which is the subject of verse 2, is worked out in greater detail in this division. The Upanishad goes back to the idea of the Lord and explains His law of becoming which is the world (verse 8). It is by this becoming that Vidya and Asambhuti as aspects of His being develop their polarities. Having prepared the ground the Upanishad says that it is not desirable to exclusively seek one of the terms of polarity (verses 9, 10, 12 and 13). Referring to Vidya and Avidya, it says that one must see them as both in one *i.e.* as the inseparable truths of the Lord in order to conquer death by Avidya and attain immortality by Vidya (verse 11). Regarding Sambhuti and Asambhuti, it says again that one must see them as both in one *i.e.* as the inseparable truths of the Lord in order to conquer death by Asambhuti or Vinasha and attain immortality by Sambhuti (verse 14). The teaching that death must be conquered not only by Asambhuti or Vinasha (verse 14) but by Avidya (verse 11), that immortality must be attained not only by Vidya (verse 11) but by Sambhuti (verse 14) makes life and works the means of highest achievement as well as the basis of supreme enjoyment.

Fourth Division: The third verse speaks of how by an improper use of physical life or by an unnatural termination of it one enters the worlds of darkness at the time of death. In continuation of this idea the Upanishad now refers to the results that follow after the death of a person who has made the best use of his physical life and works. By surrendering his will in works to Agni, the divine Will, his sins are removed and he becomes eligible for reaching the worlds of light and felicity when he passes out of the body. This is reflected in his prayer to Agni (verses 17 and 18). On reaching the world of Surya or Purusha by the good path he is blessed with the vision of Truth and becomes one with the immortal Person, *sah aham asmi*. This is the significance of his prayer to Surya (verses 15 and 16). To him death is no longer a passage to dark worlds; on the contrary, it has become a means to enter the luminous worlds of immortal felicity. It may be noted that the present division deals with an aspect which is really complementary to what has been stated in the previous division: while the previous division talks about the attainment of immortality as an inner state of consciousness, the present division concentrates on the actual entry into the world of the immortal Purusha after death.

Thus we find that in this Upanishad a single subject has been discussed with completeness and precision, with no incoherent thoughts or loose transitions from one set of ideas to another.

So far we were mainly concerned with the harmony of the thought of the Upanishad. Now we shall turn to the basic question, what is the central idea of the Upanishad? Sri Aurobindo answers, "the uncompromising reconciliation of uncompromising extremes."¹ For it reconciles God and the world, renunciation and enjoyment (verse 1), action and freedom (verse 2), change and unchangeableness, being and becoming, the active and inactive Brahman (verse 4, 5 and 8), knowledge and ignorance (verse 11), birth and non-birth (verse 14), works and knowledge (verse 16 and 18). In this respect the Isha occupies a unique position among the Upanishads. Perhaps this is the reason why it stands first in the order of the Upanishads.

(Concluded)

N. JAYASHANMUKHAM

¹ *The Upanishads*, p. 134.

AN EXPERIENCE OF OM: ॐ

A GREAT experience of OM was my good fortune during the Seminar on National Reconstruction on 20th February 1975. It was the last day of the session, which was held at the Ashram Theatre from 4.00 to 5.00 p.m.

Mr. M. P. Pandit had requested me to participate in the 3-day seminar. I chose to participate under the head "Spiritual" on the 18th, 3.30 to 6.00 p.m. I read some papers, one of which—"Thought for Action"—was later published in *The Advent*. But I had not the least idea of what was in store for me on the last day.

The session had just started when I reached the theatre. I went to a corner of the flat area at the further end of the entrance. There was no one near me. As I sat down, I felt something going on in my heart and around it. At the same time I heard the various speeches. When it developed I found it to be a movement of the symbol OM in Sanskrit. The symbol became bigger and bigger, clearer and clearer. It was moving steadily around a mid-point. I was perceiving it as well as hearing the speeches delivered by Messrs Pandit, Kishorilal, A. B. Patel, Maheshwari, Prapatti and Udar, the last named giving a reading from *Savitri*.

The symbol became so big as to envelope and extend over the whole of my body—from the initial dot. It continued to widen systematically. It grew beyond me. Then it began to spread out to the whole hall. All this it did in a gradual way—until it expanded outside the hall. I was completely engrossed watching this. Then the speeches stopped and the meeting ended.

Slowly people began to scatter: I kept sitting for a few minutes and then walked out—full of the New OM, perhaps a New Man. For almost an hour I had the experience, and the symbol was still spreading. Outside I met Hiralal of "Sri Aurobindo's Action," and talked about a similar vision by Vallabhvidyanagar in the past.

I had never deliberately tried to understand and study OM. But this experience coming in such an unexpected manner led me to ponder its message. Perhaps it is a call to me to get out of my small self and attempt to enter the Universal Consciousness by a widening devotional movement from the heart.

INDUBHAI

CHAMELEON

SOMETIMES a mild sometimes a little wild air was blowing all around, unseen. Night jasmines were dropping as every morning. A beautiful sense of aspiration was flowing through his veins as he was enjoying the fragrance, alone. He remembered how the tree of sadness had been growing over the years in his garden. The flowers that in the evening stick firmly at the end of the branch with their orange corolla, spreading a light intoxicating smell in the neighbourhood, get loosened towards the morning and start falling with the breeze, one after another, up to the noon but some at the upper end stick to their places and get dried up with the heat of the sun. He plucked one flower still sticking to the branch, with a little force. As it came off between his two fingers, a small thread got stretched almost to the ground. He looked at it, a small white spider climbed up to his finger holding its own thread. The spider started moving on his hand. It was a tiny creature, whiter than milk or sea-shell, beautiful in its structure. This was different from other varieties of its species which are generally ugly. It started crawling over his shoulder. He caught it with his left hand and threw on the ground. The creature then moved quickly in another direction under some bushes. He looked at it for sometime and felt sure that it had never been there till this tree had started flowering, giving shelter to such small insects. He was also sure that there had been no mealie bug anywhere in the garden till various hibiscuses had grown. And all rats that were there in this land, with growing weeds everywhere, vanished as his family settled with its pets in the house after due repairs and amendments. He was not a scientist but felt sure in his heart that this nice white spider would be nowhere around, were there not this night-jasmine tree. How many times he had cleared the branches of the mealie bugs with insecticide and yet they never fully disappeared. They hide, somewhere, live secretly to thrive at the opportune time, he thought, and weaken the plants as they live on their sap. But then, again, he felt sure that all insects, birds and squirrels that were then living in the garden were not to be seen when his family was not living here. Creatures come, are born, thrive in the right surroundings. Who organises their growth or decay? Who effects all these innumerable changes? He was wondering at the changes that took place continuously all around.

He was moving in a pensive mood with almost silent footfalls. He wondered as he beheld the small and big houses, nice bungalows here and there with nice small gardens, kitchen smokes and flowers. He remembered how only a few years earlier the area had been full of debris, old dilapidated houses, virgin bushes and unauthorised dwellings of drunkards and petty smugglers. As the area developed with its affluent neighbours, the huts vanished under some pressure. The other day the Municipal authorities had visited the area and arrangements were being made for laying metalled roads.

When he kills insects or a cat brings a mouse in its mouth with oozing blood he remains indifferent, taking that to be a part of the total activities that are undertaken

by nature, himself being a part and parcel of it. He feels joyous at the sight of flowering plants or trees bearing fruit and he feels it would not have been so if weeds or insects had been there. Yet he is aware that each thing has its own place, its relative existence. The weeds, lizards, insects, hut-dwellers and drunkards all are perhaps needed to make the whole. As he gets the walls cleaned so many spiders' webs get torn. Small insects, cockroaches get extremely disturbed with their dwelling-places shattered, so many other inhabitants get killed and scattered in the process. Yet all niceties are born in a clean place. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, he remembered. It is a part of the game, the business of life; this destruction and creation, uprooting and planting, killing and giving birth. All these are natural.

He was strolling on the roof, meditating when a sudden and quick footstep made him alert. He saw his only son, looking smart with stretchlon trousers, necktie and shoes, coming quickly followed by his mother and his youngest sister to take leave of him for his voyage to America for studies. His mother and the youngest sister were also to accompany him. The son bent down to touch his father's feet, his mother and sister also repeated the act with wet eyes. He silently touched their heads with good wishes and muttered some prayers. It was a short farewell. They left by car. He gazed after them till the car vanished out of sight.

He looked at the sky. The sun went quite high up in its routine travel. He looked back, looked inside to find an unknown happiness. He felt happy in spite of his separation from his wife and daughter who had left him almost alone with only the first daughter in the house. He delved deeper into the sea of his memories to find that he had been happy on another occasion of bereavement. He had felt happy in some unknown corner of his heart despite his father having passed away when he was just a budding young man. He was in love with a very gentle girl whose love was blossoming day by day. When his father had expired, he felt relieved, almost guardianless, master of himself. His father had been kind and dutiful. When in his old age he had left his family they wept and remained forlorn for long. But as for him he was not so wounded at heart; happiness and freedom were lurking behind. He had confessed this many times so far only to himself. That was the time when he was growing with the most tender emotions, growing towards fulfilment in a newer world, a world of love. "Love! Love! Love!" he almost whispered to himself. He rejoiced again in his memories, as often he had done unmindful of the world outside. Moments of his life trickled into eternity, yet he loved to remember: remember the lost moments. And the tragic part of it was that she also had left the world quite young without enjoying the mature movements of life. She was delicate, innocent, pure and all love for him. But alas! the golden hours vanished too quickly or perhaps never came into his life. Though nostalgic, his sorrow had undergone a transformation. It was getting milder as he realised the inconstancy and impermanency of all worldly things, all human feelings and their respective values. Batches of men and women go, others come. He was perhaps happy that he had been relieved of all worries, with the departure of his clamorous and highly ambitious

son along with his all-caring mother and too soft daughter with a lollipop in her hand. With this new feeling his sight now fell on a place next to his house, where an old building had been demolished. Its debris was being cleared to pave the way for a new construction. Lizards and old inhabitants had to leave one after another. He saw a chameleon gliding through the rubble and then climbing up the last part of the remaining boundary wall that was to be broken shortly. As his eyes were fixed on it, the chameleon slowly came down the boundary wall into his garden and quickly disappeared inside the thick creepers.

He was again strolling without any particular look or thought. A fount of joy was there, deep inside. Perhaps no particular reason could be found for that. It was there, he felt, always: sometimes at a low ebb sometimes at full tide. It renews, ever renews as a tree after being cut, lopped off, ever tries to raise its head towards the sky and spread itself. The search for light, for the sky which is ever high to a tree even if it reaches its utmost limit. So life renews in all circumstances, he felt confidently, in spite of all vicissitudes.

A swish of a sari and he looked at his only remaining daughter, advancing with a cup of tea in her hand. He saw her two moist sad eyes and felt their meaning. Then he took the cup and sipped silently. As he exclaimed, "Ah, nice!" there was a quick change in his daughter. She was beaming. She was all laughter with a sense of pride. Her eyes were glowing. So long only her mother had been preparing tea for her father and she was accustomed to hear that none would be able to satisfy him. And now she was there, doing it! What a fulfilment!

AJU MUKHOPADHYAY

MANAGEMENT WITH A DIFFERENCE

CHARITY begins at home. Likewise, management begins from Man. On being asked what he actually produced, built or manufactured, the President of a giant multi-national corporation replied quietly: "I do not manufacture automobiles nor do I prepare shoe-strings; I build only men because my men build these things."

This frank admission by the corporation President speaks volumes on the role and significance of MAN in a scheme of management programme. Into any work-system, whether home, hotel, hospital, business, industry or State, management enters through its various ramifications: management of time and jobs, means and methods, money and material, men and machinery, plans and priorities, policies and performance.

Harmony

Management is thus an orderly conduct of activities in any field of human endeavour. Management is to strike harmony in working—a balance and equilibrium in thoughts and actions, goals and achievements, plans, procedures and performance, products and markets. To put it differently, management means computation of the gone-by, care of the current and caution for the future. It casts an all-pervading effect. In real terms, the agency of management seeks to resolve situations of scarcities. Maximisation of results with minimisation of resources through better allocation and utilization process is perhaps the test of a better management system.

Notice a herd of cattle moving homeward at the end of the day: all in a group returning leisurely with perfect faithful following—but in what a disorder and disarray blocking the way to fast-moving motorists, ministers and managers, calling them to a halt and causing them detention and delay in catching their flight-schedules or making them miss their public meetings. The cattle reach home but with no regulation, no discipline and perhaps no demands. Time means nothing to them. In contrast, imagine an infantry column of an army-unit: ranks and files in order of size/seniority, well-formed rows, harmony in movement and speed, command and discipline and no waste of time or energy either of themselves or of the motorists, ministers or pedestrians. The difference is obvious. Here enters the role of discipline and consciousness. Automaticity is the essence of the matter. In management, that manager is the best who manages the least.

The negation of management is disorder, confusion, wastage, detention, delay, decadence and death. Why? Just recall a dinner-programme you are invited to with your family and friends. The number of invitees is not very large—all friends and familiar faces. The stocks are there in plenty, the tables are well-set and the menu is also well-arranged. But alas! the mode of replenishment on the serving tables is poor and flimsy. Obviously, quite a few invitees have to return disappointed and unsatiated. Spontaneously, one calls the situation 'poor organisation'. The stocks were there but the mode was faulty—the system was lacking—and, all told, there

was mis-management. Some would brand it as 'utter confusion'. See what Sri Aurobindo, in one of his letters, advises:

Orderly harmony and organisation in physical things is a necessary part of efficiency and perfection and makes the instrument fit for whatever work is given to it....In the most physical things you have to fix a programme in order to deal with them, otherwise all becomes a sea of confusion and haphazard. Fixed rules have also to be made for the management of material things so long as people are not sufficiently developed to deal with them in the right way without rules. Rules are indispensable for the orderly management of work, for without order and arrangement nothing can be properly done, all becomes clash, confusion and disorder."

Consciousness

Management presupposes the existence of man. No man, no management. Man is the first syllable in MAN-agement. Management has been in vogue with the appearance of man on this planet. Even when man was in a wild state of uncivilised living—an aboriginal—he must have felt the need of managing for himself a hunt for his hunger and safety for his living. It was due to his needs and urges that he had to set out in search of food and shelter. That was the beginning of managing for the self. He must have felt, thought, planned, moved, exerted himself and finally procured something for his survival and development. And by the process of trial and error he could manage far more and better. And this process has been a continuous and ceaseless human endeavour towards discovering more and more, becoming better and still better by planning and perseverance till we have now arrived at the most sophisticated means and tools of management, the discovery of robots and a systematic philosophy of management science. However, the basic element behind this life-pattern remains MAN. Management must, therefore, be taken to be an effort of man, for man and for humanity.

Now, as it obtains today, management has become a need of an orderly and progressive life. With growth and development of science and technology, economic activities and programmes have multiplied beyond size and imagination. Trade has expanded beyond limits, industry grown many-dimensional. Was it not an achievement of management technology to have planned for pitching base-camps in the Himalayas, regularising supplies and forging human unity and team-work and to have reached the highest top of the earth—to have scaled Everest? Was it not again a feat of management to have set foot—not just once—on the surface of the erstwhile mythological Moon? A wonderful feat of managing men, methods and resources. And will it not be another feat of management (not in the distant future) to exploit and extract wealth from the fathomless ocean and the deep bosom of the Earth?

As a sequel to modern management, the world has become too small to satisfy us. We have already entered the age of robots and computers when, perhaps, the

human mind and hands are sought to be done away with. Production has become automatic and in plenty. As of today, man does not grow and produce to satisfy the existing demands—he goes on producing in anticipation of demand. Also, he does not produce or manufacture for himself, his family, his neighbours, his countrymen—he produces for a humanity he does not know, does not converse with and perhaps can hardly imagine. Production goes on incessantly irrespective of demand, and demand is created in anticipation of products. Production and distribution have become independent feats of modern industrialism. Management which was once a personal and direct action has now become an indirect feat and phenomenon. Produce or perish is the call of modern industrialism.

The Western Approach

This change in management thought has brought in its train a lure to materialism—more and more goods, still better goods, a variety of goods and also cheaper goods irrespective of cost, quality and service. And this race for production and distribution has brought forth a lust for profit all-round. Ends rule supreme, means are discounted. Management has therefore been reduced to being the handmaid of materialism and profiteering. This phenomenon is found in abundance in the West—especially the U.S.A. which has become the leader of the world both in materialism and in management. Management by materialism has won the fancy of the poor and developing countries of the world. India makes no exception to this. Although India has entered upon modern industrialism only recently she has relied for management technology and philosophy essentially on the West. And this pattern of management naturally rests upon giant-like industries, massive and round-the-clock production and productivity of the worker.

The Western approach to management has placed the utmost reliance on man, the worker. The core of Western thought is the worker—an efficient workman, a skilful worker and a productive member of the work-force. All the plans and efforts of the managers turn round the development of a productive worker—an efficient working man. They pay more so that the worker may work more and better, they reward and reimburse him so that he remains locked up with them as a lever of contributing profits. All higher salaries and heavy pay-packets, rewards and remunerations, housing facilities, recreation devices, participative programmes and other welfare schemes are directed either to meet the requirements of industrial enactments or merely to aim at enhancing for the time-being the proficiency of the work-force so that more and better work may be extracted from the worker. This has given rise to an indirect form of management. Management and workers have become different entities—their approaches are different, their interests are diverse and their claims are conflicting. The management wants to pay as little as possible for more and more work and output. In contrast, the work-force aims at working as little as possible for as much as may be extracted in terms of wages and benefits. There has

remained no more common approach and understanding between workers and managers. Their slogan is joint-venture but their interests and actions are at opposite poles. A queer sense of distrust prevails. There remains no faith on either side.

Soul-less Management

To the Western management the worker is all, Man stands nowhere. He is treated like a hired commodity which is paid for and rewarded as long as it is serviceable. The moment he ceases to be such he stands discarded and is promptly replaced. The work-force, too, resorts to underhand pressures just to extract as much as possible to dupe the management. Conflicts are common, violence is rampant, absenteeism is the rule and strikes and lock-outs are daily occurrences. Naturally production is lost, unemployment emerges and society suffers. The materialist management has, therefore, done more harm than good. The capitalist has grown richer, man has been reduced to a hired wage-earner and society has been placed, for quantity, quality and price of goods, at the mercy of the materialist management. The management, not infrequently, complains against the non-co-operative outlook and attitude of the workers, despite fat salaries, heavy pay-packets and sundry real benefits. On the other hand, workers, quite often than not, feel aggrieved against their pay-masters for having used them as their puppets. Both blame each other. There is no sense of belonging, no co-operative organisation, no fellow-feeling and the least common approach and design.

One obvious result of this pernicious form of the Western management system has been the disregard of the human approach, loss of human values and the erosion of the human touch in the organisational hierarchy. The crisis of confidence prevails in both camps. To cut it short, Western management, although it has brought prosperity to some for some time, has absolutely failed in its aim to ensure individual betterment and social welfare. The society has suffered and deteriorated, the worker has remained demoralised, the consumer has been bypassed and man has suffered loss of dignity and his due. The manager, too, is not a nett gainer. He has earned millions but only at the cost of his sound sleep. He suffers from insomnia, gastric complaints, high blood-pressure, heart-ailments and mental discomforts. He fattens his coffers but suffers from mental unrest. Labour troubles, production losses, erosion of markets, tax measures and reduction of profits (not enhancement of loss) haunt his mind yielding only sleeplessness and then a resort to sleeping pills. Wealth is gained but the soul is lost. Let us quote here the warning by Sri Aurobindo:

Do not dream that when thou hast got rid of material poverty, men will ever be happy or satisfied or society freed from ills, troubles and problems. This is only the first and lowest necessity. While the soul within remains defectively organised there will always be outward unrest, disorder and revolution.

No wonder, therefore, that the materialist management of the Western style has remained only a 'soul-less management'.

Fresh Thinking

It becomes imperative to do fresh thinking on objectives, scope and contents of the management discipline. In the changed context of individual claims for self-development and social responsibility, management thought needs to be rewritten and re-defined so as to underline the development of Man in contrast to the mere development of a wage-earner. Any worker, whatever category he may belong to, is first a MAN and then a WORKER. His needs and demands, as a human being, are more important than his claims as a wage-earner. His needs as a man are not merely his physical needs of food and shelter or even his needs and aspirations as a member of a group or a family. A man is not simply a mass of flesh, blood and bones, not even a precarious amalgam of hands and feet. A worker, as a man, is a bundle of feelings, emotions, sentiments, likes and dislikes, priorities and preferences. He has his physique, his vital being, his mind, heart, spirit and soul. To quote Sri Aurobindo:

...But in addition there is this deeper truth which individualism has discovered, that the individual is not merely a social unit; his existence, his right and claim to live and grow are not founded solely on his social work and function. He is not merely a member of a human pack, hive or ant-hill; he is something in himself, a soul, a being, who has to fulfil his own individual truth and law as well as his natural or his assigned work in the truth and law of the collective existence.... He demands freedom, space, initiative for his soul, for his nature, for that puissant and tremendous thing which society so much distrusts and has laboured in the past either to suppress altogether or to relegate to the purely spiritual field, an individual thought, will and conscience. If he is to merge eventually, it cannot be into the dominating thought, will and conscience of others, but into something beyond into which he and all must be both allowed and helped freely to grow.... This is the idea which has a larger part to play in the moulding of the future.

A worker is thus an individual with consciousness. His conscience speaks, his soul guides. He undoubtedly lives on the satisfaction of his bodily needs but he grows and survives on food for his soul. He has to be granted his physical needs, given his mental demands and fulfilled in the needs and demands of his soul. To quote further:

Man has not been seen by the thought of India as a living body developed by physical nature which has evolved certain vital propensities, an ego, a mind and a reason, an animal of the *genus homo* and in our case of the species *homo indicus*, whose life and education must be turned towards a satisfaction of these propen-

sities under the government of a trained mind and reason and for the best advantage of the personal and the national ego... nor to regard man preeminently as a reasoning animal—a thinking, feeling and willing natural existence, a mental son of physical nature... or as a political, social and economic being.... All these are no doubt aspects of a human being but they are outward things, parts of the instrumentation of his mind, life and action, not the whole or the real man.

“India has seen always in man the individual a soul, a portion of the Divinity enwrapped in mind and body, a conscious manifestation in Nature of the universal self and spirit. Always she has distinguished and cultivated in him a mental, an intellectual, an ethical, dynamic and practical, aesthetic and hedonistic, a vital and physical being, but all these have been seen as powers of the soul that manifests through them and grows with their growth.

Man is thus an integrated creation of the Divine Craftsman. Man is more important as His worker—not as a hired wage-earner. There is nothing like an ‘hierarchy of needs’ as claimed by Western Thought—all needs go together and simultaneously—all needs are parallelly and equally important.

Incentives are important for motivating people towards better work. But a worker has also to be satisfied in his soul. Managers must ponder over such steps as justice and fairness in thoughts and actions, sincerity of purpose and words, awakening of consciousness, feelings of patriotism and nationalism, spontaneity of actions, aesthetic values, creation and satisfaction of higher aspirations, promotion of goodwill and oneness, behavioural decencies, satisfaction of religious and moral aspirations, human touch, sense of spirituality through instructional and behavioural programmes and organisational adjustments. Even though the worker’s psychology is strongly affected and limited by his physical being and environment, it is not at its roots determined by them, but constantly reacts, subtly reacts and determines their action, effects even their new-shaping by the force of his psychological demand on life. His economic state and social institutions are themselves governed by his psychological demand on the possibilities, circumstances, tendencies created by the relation between the mind and soul of humanity and its life and body.

Developmental Process

In the changed social order management ceases to be a career-discipline; it is for all practical purposes a developmental process. Man has to be dressed up and developed in an integrated form and size. A good man, a satisfied man, a noble man, and a cooperative man with a national outlook, cultural contents and leadership qualities develops into a good and responsible worker, and it is not that a good worker and an efficient workman make a good man. The management approach has to be focused upon the development of man and not aim merely to train and retrain a worker. A worker has to be made soul-conscious—aware that he is guided by his soul

to serve the Divine through his work and behaviour. Is it not true that work through the human body is the best prayer to the Divine? The management should do all that helps the worker to develop his physique, broaden his outlook, energise his mental faculties, enrich his consciousness and his soul. Human development in an organisation should be the aim of management programmes. Man, as such, is an imperfect being—his mind is only an instrument of thought and not a fountain of knowledge. Knowledge emerges from conscience and soul. Hence soul should be suitably developed in order to make man responsive. Sincerity should be his principal tool of action. Management can do so not by mere words but by actions. Man, by nature, is imitative—he begins doing what he actually sees and observes. Seeing is believing. Management should therefore be action-oriented. The workers should do what they want to be done. One must not treat a human being like a machine to be handled according to rigid mental rules—a great plasticity is needed in dealing with its complex motives. The most important step, now universally accepted, is the democratic conception of the right of all individuals as members of the society to the full life and the full development of which they are individually capable.

Let us heed the warning contained hereunder:

It is no longer possible that we should accept as an ideal any arrangement by which certain classes of society should arrogate development and full social fruition to themselves while assigning a bare and barren function of service alone to others. It is now fixed that social development and well-being mean the development of all the individuals in the society and not merely a flourishing of the community in the mass which resolves itself really into the splendour and power of one or two classes.

Instances are not lacking when with all the high wages, real benefits, training and re-training programmes, welfare schemes, educational instructions, management concepts of efficiency and productivity, workers, as soon as they mix with a group of hostiles, turn against all principles and ideals of work and decency and indulge in all kinds of baser activities against management and throw the whole social fabric in jeopardy. Why? Because their soul was not touched and tended; their conscience was not positively developed and nurtured and because their aspect of MANHOOD was not suitably developed and enriched. The substance is: a good man with a noble heart and soul will make a good and responsible worker, although the opposite may not be true.

Observe what Sri Aurobindo lays down on this aspect of Man and Management:

For man intellectually developed, mighty in scientific knowledge and mastery of gross and subtle nature, using the elements as his servants and the world as his footstool, but undeveloped in heart and spirit, becomes only an inferior kind of *asura* using the powers of a demigod to satisfy the nature of an animal.

He goes on to say:

A cultivated eye without a cultivated spirit makes by no means the highest type of man.

Tennyson had also described man as 'an eye well practised in Nature, a spirit bounded and poor.'

Management has thus to rely on the development of heart and soul. It should be 'management by soul', 'management by consciousness'. The consciousness of the worker and also of the management has to be transformed towards social commitment and a new social order. Management will last when it succeeds in creating self-discipline among all those working in an organisation. The West has amply tried 'management by objectives', 'management by results' and 'management by performance'. But the hub of all these is the MAN—he should be developed, his soul must be enriched and activated. This alone will make a universal Truth that will never fail. But before adopting it, one will have first to unlearn a lot. It is only on a clean slate that one can write anything of his choice.

G. P. GUPTA

EUROPE 1974

A TRAVELOGUE

WE have all read "The Miller of the Dee". This Dee that the poet has immortalised is a river in Scotland. On the Grampian Mountain a northern height known as the Cairngorms is the starting-point of this tiny river that has beautiful scenery on both its banks all along till it reaches the North Sea on the southern fringes of the town Aberdeen. It is fed by the snow on the heights and also by the rain. But very few of us know that there is another Dee in the British Isles—on the border of Wales and England. This Dee emerges from the Lake Bala near the Welsh Mountain of Snowdonia. At the beginning it is a mere stream, later it broadens into a full river, as it meets the plain and finally winds lazily northwards and gets lost in the sea at Wirral Peninsula near the Roman town of Chester. It has a dual nationality, for it flows through Wales as well as England.

During the feudal times when bloody encounters were the routine of the day, people living upon the Dee or in the town of Chester or Bangor would wake up every morning and could legitimately ask: "Whose side are we on, today?" For they could not guess the result of the feud of yesterday. The Druids, the Saxons, the Romans and the Danes have all left their mark on the Dee-site. The Romans built the city of Chester 2,000 years ago. History is there in every inch of the Dee-site and Chester. Your shoes will tread on stone-paths built by the Roman legions. Poets and writers too were attracted by the beauty of the Dee-site scenery. In Milton's *Lycidas* there is a line "The old Bard and ancient Druids lie"—and again "Deva spreads her wizard stream".

Leaving middle England, as we speed towards latitude 56 the most spectacular countryside is the Lake District and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Both I have described elsewhere, so I will not bring them in here. We now come to Hadrian's Wall and there is another wall built by another Roman Emperor. We arrive at a place where on the East is the city of Edinburgh and on the West is a place called Dumbarton. This name was taken by the early settlers to the New World. So there is a place in the U.S.A. called Dumbarton Oaks. There are so many place-names in the U.S.A. that were taken from the old country. It was in this new town in the U.S.A., Dumbarton Oaks, that President Roosevelt and the English Prime Minister Winston Churchill met to discuss the creation of the United Nations. Now we arrive at the Grampian Mountain of Scotland popularly known as the Highlands of Scotland. This is the area where the Highland Clans lived each with a leader with an interesting name such as Macbeth, Macpherson, Macdonald, Malcolm, Macullum Macmillan, etc. The prefix is a sure sign that the man is a clan leader. From here comes the famous Highlanders' Band famous even in India. We all remember the Band with their checked tunic and white spats and pouch and beret and bagpipe. When we were young we saw them every now and then. For no noble-

man went to his wedding without the Scottish Highlanders' Band.

The Grampians are called a mighty mass of mountains and this area includes all the seven greatest (4,000 ft) peaks in the British Isles. It is described as Sub-Arctic and not sub-Alpine. The Grampians were there long before there was life on earth. They are called Metamorphic: although the rocks are very very old a new-look or cosmetic touch-up was created by the Ice Age. This area can be well seen, for there are fine roads almost everywhere. From Edinburgh runs a railway to Inverness. The highest point of the railroad is Drumochter which is situated at 1484 ft. The Highest Restaurant can be found at Plarmigan. Every now and then a motorist has to halt for surveying the most enchanting scenes of mountain or valley or silver river line. At one point it seemed Queen Victoria stopped and later opined that this was the most beautiful scene she had ever seen on the Grampians. Since then the place is known as the Queen's View. Odd as it may sound, the highest peak Ben Nevis (the highest point in the British Isles, 4,406 ft) is not found on the high Grampians. If we look at the map we find the counties of Sutherland, Ross, Gromary and half of even Inverness are cut off from the High Grampians by a narrow waterway which starts at a south-western side named the Firth of Lorn and ends in a north-eastern point called the Moray Firth. On the eastern side of this waterway at about latitude 67 is a height which has the peak Ben Nevis. This area is known as the Monadhliath Mountain. Ben Nevis is unlike any peak in the world. The rock rises gradually from the south to the north. The highest point is Ben Nevis. The whole scene gives the impression that a giant whale is lying down there with a huge straw hat on its head. It is very peculiar. It is naturally snow-covered in winter and witnesses great and dangerous thunderstorms. In summer it is peaceful, and parts of it could be seen even from the plain.

Some fifty miles from Ben Nevis is the famous Loch Ness. Scientists are of the opinion that under the placid waters of the Loch may dwell some primordial monsters. For the last two or three centuries individuals have claimed to have caught sight of a grisly head rise above the waters. Their evidence has been studied in detail. The scientists gather together each year and carry on their experiments to see if the hearsay is true or not. They drop cameras into the deep, but so far nothing positive has revealed itself. They have found no definite sign and it is still a hypothesis whether the monsters are truly present. There is now a monster centre where souvenirs and other objects are sold. Those interested can collect information about the results.

Describing the Highlands one must remember the eagles. Huge birds they are and can be found in the northernmost points of Scotland and in the Hebrides. One of the most magnificent bird-species in the world, they are fast dying out everywhere—so much so that some say the only eagle the world will see soon is the metal effigy on the portals of the U.S.A. embassy on Grosvenor Square in London. Eagles are not amenable to field training as the kites, the hawks and the falcons are. Apart from being the most glamorous bird, the symbolic prestige of an eagle springs from the fact that

it was the *vahana* of Jupiter. The Romans adopted the symbolism and even thought their Emperors were embodied Jupiter. The Roman legions took up their winter quarters where there was an eagle's nest. In Mongolia, however, the eagles are trained to hunt wolves and they can fly at a speed of 150 miles an hour. The Scottish Society for the Preservation of Wild Life has a busy time in summer to protect wild life from children and wanton killers. A large bird has a wing-span of over 7 ft. It looks every inch a king bird. One can see some of these birds if one is lucky walking on high Cairngorms, Spey valley and Aviemore and Loch Morlich, Glenmore and Queen's forest. North-west Scotland is eagle country. The Island of Handa is an excellent bird-sanctuary. As for water, the West Ross and Loch Marce have the deepest water in the whole of Europe.

Outer Hebrides too can show you the royal birds in some quantity. One can now fly from Glasgow to Barra. But Sanat had gone there by ferry-boat from Oban to Castlebay. "A lovelier spot you never espied."

(To be continued)

CHAUNDONA S. BANERJI

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

The Rhododendron Valley—*R. Y. Deshpande*. Published by Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Pondicherry. 1985. Pages: 96; Price Rs. 35/-

READERS are advised not to waste their time in trying to trace the whereabouts of Rhododendron Valley. No gazetteer of the world will be able to supply any information about it. Perhaps at a later date an Encyclopaedia of Indian Writing in English may provide enough information, for this valley is the brainchild of R. Y. Deshpande.

R. Y. Deshpande needs no introduction to readers of *Mother India*, for when he was still an undergraduate student its editor published his maiden attempt 'The Student' and encouraged the budding poet in him to bloom, as he has done to many including this reviewer. Presently Professor of Physics at the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education R.Y. Deshpande has for his wings poetry and physics to fly in the Aurobindonian sky which always keeps earth in sight. And this book of poems is a selection from the large number that have appeared from time to time in some of the Ashram periodicals during the past several years.

I am the hippie of the High,
A dreamer of the haloed land,
Ecstasy's pilgrim without an eye
Charmed by the wondrous and the grand,

declares the poet in a poem titled 'A Mystic Hippie'. No better words can be employed to describe the aim of the author in this collection of 80 poems broadly grouped in three major sections depending upon their general kinship and affiliation. Taking for granted that the poet is 'Ecstasy's pilgrim', if you ask him who directs him, he answers at the end of the poem—

A deep and marvellous silence
Is the guide of my thoughts and acts.

Would you like to hear the prayer of the poet? ...Yes! Then listen now:

Give me the goal
For the strange path of the unknown;
Give me the height
Where the thinker and the thought are one.

If you readers are quite conversant with the Aurobindonian school of poetry then this collection is certainly your cup of nectar.

Deshpande's little world is a vast widening sea of bliss. It is a world full of 'mystery flame', 'inward rapture', 'castles of blue wind hedged by the hymeneal song', for he is a "student of Thy Infinity/With a heart simple like a blossoming flower". In his world we find little difference between the singer and the song, the thinker and the thought.

The poet-physicist knows the road to Phoenix Park where

cool waters rush variedly in that calm
of garden filled with pearls and onyxes of song.

He not only informs us where these gods and goddesses come from but also escorts us to their 'chandelier world.'

To Deshpande the 'moon' is the high charmer of the sea, 'Time' a wild horse of unspoken blue, 'clouds' horses of rain and the 'God of light' king and poet of the supramental word. He gratefully remembers the Mother for saving him from a motor-accident in 'Man, the Immortal' and photographs in noble words the passing away of Nolini Kanta Gupta. While the poem 'These Birds in Oil' makes us remember Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn', the poem titled 'On Ignorance' haunts our memory for its lovely diction.

"Lone words travel deep," writes the poet. But his words travel deeper. A trip into the Rhododendron Valley will make your "eyes shed no tears but tinctures of joy".

P. RAJA

Editor's Note

I may add to Mr. Raja's appreciation my pleasure at what may be called "scattered special-felicities" in Deshpande's work. Suddenly in the midst of an adequate poem one lights upon alluring mysteries: a charming little insight—

Give me the love
To look in the heart for the bird—

a paradoxical evocation—

Rapturous like a stream of sleep
Unto God up the mountain steep—

the poet suggesting the mystic—

And the kiss of the secret All
Is silence embosoming sound—