The DANGEROUS CRY of “SIKHISTAN”

There is a world of difference between diversity and division as also between provincial egocentricity and communal partition. The human race cannot ever be steam-rollered into draft uniformity: in fact, any attempt at such uniformity will run counter to the soul of progress which needs group variety no less than individual variety for its fulfilment. Nationalism, therefore, is a healthy phenomenon just as regionalism is. But there are limits to both, e.g., as there are to individualism. And neither a nation nor a regional group should base itself on improper principles: apart from important geographical factors, it is the common racial stock and a common historical background that chiefly make a nation and in the case of a gίνη the gίνη is of main moment is the common language and its cultural implications. Of course, even these principles of differentiation are to be judiciously applied; but they have the merit of being judiciously applicable without great difficulty. Any other principle is likely to be a host of undesirable associations and lead to harmful fastidiousness and unnatural vivacity of the sensitive organism of the human race or the collective sub-organism that is a nation.

The above thoughts have been occasioned by the recent pronouncements of Master Tara Singh, the veteran Akali Sikh leader, in the cause of a separate Sikh province on a communal and religious basis. Master Tara Singh’s cry at Batinda is not quite new: he has been raising it off and on for the last year. Many Sikhs have stoutly opposed his slogan of Sikhistan and are desirous of saving their community from the virus of anti-Hinduism, but they have not yet succeeded in dissuading him from exerting himself to achieve on a small scale some analogue of what Mr. Jinnah did on a large one.

Pakistan indeed an accomplished fact as a result of various factors that weighed with the Congress leaders when at the inception of India’s independence the Muslim League under Mr. Jinnah violently agitated for the country’s division. And the Indian Government does not see prudence today in talking of reunion between the divided parts; but the徘徊 or theory on which the Muslim League founded Pakistan has always been condemned by our Prime Minister as “a pernicious doctrine” and Pakistan can never be regarded as a fit precedent for the solution of inter-communal questions. The demand for Sikhistan, therefore, should not be encouraged in the least. Not even religious differences such as in India’s past have at certain times arisen between some Muslims and Hindus have ever figured in the relation between the Hindus and the Sikhs. Not that such differences could be any ground for separation, but their absence in the present case is noteworthy. In fact Sikhism was never a movement against Hinduism: it was an attempt to bring Hindus and Muslims into unity. In the religious field, its formal evolutions were meant to emphasize the basic tenet of the Hindu scriptures which had spoken with unique inspiration about the One whom the sages call by many names and who takes a myriad forms: the emphasis sought to disengage the One from His many names and His myriad forms and to effect a kind of rapprochement between the tenets about Him and the stark singleness of the Koran’s Allah. It is, therefore, an argument for the non-partition of the Indian sub-continent into a Hindustan and a Pakistan, a plea in general that there should be no distinction between Hindus and Muslims: it can never be a plea that there should be a division not only between Hindu and Muslim but also between Hindu and Sikh. Of course, the cult founded by Guru Nanak has its special features and constitutes a denomination of its own, but it is merely an extreme case of the diversity which Hinduism embraces and even encourages in order to give religion as much vitality as possible by being in tune with the multifariousness of the Lift Force and the infinite potentiality of the Supreme Spirit whose emanation is our complex cosmos. No matter how distinct the religious cults that a Sikhism, its fundamental temper and its historical origin turn from setting itself up in opposition to the spiritual culture founded on the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Gita, and its drive has always been towards psychological harmony within India.

On the political side, too, Guru Nanak, as the Amrits Bazar Petrica recalled on his birth-anniversary some months ago, came as an apostle of integration in an age when India was breaking up with internal chaos. The Delhi Sultanate had lost most of its centralizing power and, losing its empire-nature, had shrunk into a local kingdom. Even within its narrow orbit there were disensions and when the blow was struck at it by a freebooter from Central Asia it collapsed. No stability also was there in the Indian society anywhere—moral degeneration, economic confusion, parochial greed and feuds, sectarian animosities were the order of the day. Guru Nanak wanted to halt the falling apart of the nation’s life. In his own sphere he sought to build up a force counteracting the disintegrative tendencies. Cohesion of the heart, the spirit in gίνη, no less than of the inner religious soul was his ideal. No doubt, he lived within a small world, but his push was ever towards political unity and all tendencies that today seek to drive a wedge between communities and weaken the national structure at especially a time of world-crisis and of universal uncertainty are foreign to the cast of mind which was responsible for Sikhism.

All the more reprehensible according to this cast of mind would be the secession of a border area which is of the utmost strategic importance to India. A Sikhistan comprising the Sikh-majority provinces of Ferozepur, Amritsar and Ludhiana and Amritsar would introduce the Sikhs into the British loosely armed armour of India’s defence in the north. The cutting away of West Punjab, the loss of the Ghiber Pass, the occupation of Gilgit in Kashmir by Pakistani forces and of Kashmir’s western regions by the trans-frontier tribesmen are sufficient strategic drawbacks: to add to them an independent or semi-independent state with neither military nor economic resources to enable it to stand on its own legs would be nothing short of suicidal. Master Tara Singh does not, indeed, desire total secession: he would like to have common defence with the rest of India, but even so a distinct weakening of India’s military position will be the consequence. A sovereign state, as Sikhistan is supposed to become, cannot make for the same solidarity and cohesion with the rest of India as do now P.E.P.S.U. and East Punjab and Himachal Pradesh.

Instead of cutting out another province and making it a sovereign state political sense should perhaps move in the direction of amalgamating as much as possible of the areas represented by these provinces and forming a solid unified block at India’s northern border—a block enjoying provincial autonomy yet integral to the Indian republic. Such an amalgamation, it has been pointed out, would also bring together the Punth more than a Sikhistan composed of just three districts. If Master Tara Singh is concerned about the solidarity of the Punth he might work along the lines of greater amalgamation rather than of a narrow insularity which will actually leave one million and a half Sikhs outside his proposed Sikhistan! Of course, there cannot be what he desires—narcissically, exclusive Sikh Raj—in the larger block we have suggested; but the interests of the Punth as a body will surely be better served and the dire additional threat to India’s military security will be avoided. In view of all these considerations, the stress on a diminutive Sikhistan can spell no good either to the Sikhs themselves or to the country at large.

Luckily, not all Sikhs are behind the separatist scheme. Many of them realize its error and feel that even from the purely commercial standpoint they will suffer by it. The Sikhs are one of the most virile and enterprising communities in India and the equal rights and opportunities guaranteed to all Indians irrespective of caste or creed open up an all-India field which will be of particular advantage to them. Those who will be cahined in a separate “honestend”, with no harbour and no big business markets available, will unduly curtail their chances, while those outside may unnecessarily create psychological difficulties for themselves and a new minorities issue to arise both in Sikhistan and the remainder of India—all for absolutely no compelling reason.

That the alleged grievances are really illusory can any detached observer doubt? Minor differences are bound to crop up anywhere, but there are no genuine disabilities borne by the Sikhs under the present regime. There

Continued on page 2
THE DELHI Pact and Its Sanction
By N. G.

The Pact, if it is to be a success, must be implemented at three levels. First of all, at the highest level, at the source itself, that is to say, between the Governments who initiated the move. The ministers and members at the top should themselves maintain an extente cordiale (in the literal and true sense of the phrase) and set an example by their word and deed, and what is more difficult and more important, in their thought and feeling. They that are on either side of the fence should meet and talk and intermix as real friends and comrades, devise ways and means to how best to carry out what they sincerely wish and desire. If they do not believe in the agreement in their heart of hearts, if they accept it simply because forced by compelling circumstances or injudicious, they are bound to consider the whole as a mere form and doitue to outside pressures or injudicious, they shall not pretend to any enthusiasm or pleasure in it. If they entertain doubts and reservations and take it up as a pis-a-better, surely more than half the force of the Pact is already gone. If the pact is not sealed by the truth of our heart, then it becomes a mere scrap of paper and is sure to go the way of all such papers. It will not be stronger than the hundred and one contracts that are made between states only to be broken at the earliest opportunity. We have taken as the motto of our government the flaming motto of the Upanishad, Truth alone leads to victory: we should not forget the continuance of the text, and not falsehood.

The leaders overboard should be actuated by the truth of the soul (indeed for that they should have first a soul). A mainly political deal covers up the façade, an apparent solution or easing of the situation hides a festering sore. We should have understood by now, it has been the bitter lesson of the epoch comprising the last two great wars that mere politics does not save: on the contrary, it leads you into a greater and greater mess. And if governments have still not learnt the lesson, if still they follow the old spirit of old politics, we can only say God save us, we are heading straight over the precipice—a final crash or a terrible revolution.

The pact has to be implemented not only at the top but equally at the bottom. Here the matter seems somewhat easier. For in reality the common people have no interest in quarrels, they would prefer to live peaceful. The burden of daily life is sufficient for them and they are not normally inclined to be busy about things that would disturb their routine work. Difference in religion or caste or creed is not such a serious matter with them. They tolerate and accommodate themselves to any variety easily and if there is a clash on an occasion, they forget it and live amicably together as before. That has been the life in villages for millennia. And if there is a formal pact on the upper levels it is what they are trying to do on the common man.

The difficulty comes from the middle region, from the second element of the triple-party sanction. It is the "middle class", not quite in the economic but in the ideological sense. In other words, in every society there are people who have risen or are attempting to rise above the mass level. They look around and up; they are not satisfied with the lot, they aspire towards higher and wider ideals. They are the material out of which what we call reformers and revolutionaries are made. In the general mass who are contented: they are the devotees of "cells" that move and stir and work for change. Now, all depends on what kind of leader it is, what is the quality of the leader that is called up, the nature of the ideal or idea that is invoked. For it can be either way, for good or for evil. There are elements that belong to the light and there are elements that belong to darkness. There are mixtures in the lot of them, but on the whole there are these two types: one helps humanity's progress, the other retards and sometimes blocks completely. If the mass of mankind is divided, politics is a kind of dynamism that drives towards greater tansas, the Upanishad says, towards disintegration; under the garb of reformation it brings about disruption.

So we have to see the type of cells that grow and blossom consciously active in the body politic. It is entirely—light—that brings in knowledge and harmony. And the movement for reformation and growth among the mass has to be inspired by that quality or mode of consciousness. A sound and healthy structure can be raised effectively upon that basis alone. The man in the mass, I have said and it is well-known, is a perishable, malleable material, but it is ignorant and inert: it can be easily worked upon by any kind of strong force, worked up to any kind of mischief. Shakespeare has made us very graphically familiar with the reaction of a mob and that remains true even today. Even if right direction is there at the top, at the higher governmental level, reflecting the mind of the true intelligentsia, a well-meaning plan is doomed to failure, if it does not touch and move the middle strata that are the real agents of change.

The government in modern times represents indeed the executive power of the nation, itself is composed of the three social elements we speak of. First of all, the high or top-ranking officials, as they are called, who can thus quite easily next come to determine the cast of the drama, how the characters may move, how the plots may form the dynamic limb of the organism; lastly, there is the rung of the subordinate, services. Here the difficulty is with the intermediate grade. It is there that the "disaffected" are born and bred—disaffected not because they are physically or morally disaffected because they have other aims and interests or some other reasons or unknown motives; but because they are disaffected. They may be the bearers of some new idea or ideas, that at the moment may not suit them; they may be the bearers of ideas of ideals and purposes, poses and designs. The subordinate man—postman, railwayman, clerk, schoolmaster, daily labourer—has no great ambitions, is not tortured by natalistic notions: left to themselves these people accommodate themselves as they see fit. But the point is that they are never left to themselves. It is told to them—not without reason, though—that they do not live, they vegetate: they are dead, otherwise they would be living and kicking. The reason is in a word, a crushing of the whole of humanity and its future is bound up with their destiny.

The whole difficulty centres upon the question: who rouses them and what is the principle that is meant to be roused? There is a slogan that the Red Terror of the French Revolution; there is the other which inspired the Nazis; there is still another one rampant today that has the seal and sanction of Stalin and his Politburo. These have spread their dark wings and covered the saviour light. On the other hand, the voice of the Vedic Rishi that hymnizes the community, the Grhaft and grace and act, the kindly light that Buddha carried to suffering humanity, the love and sacrifice of Christ showing and embodying the way of redemption, the saints and sages in their own epoch who have visualised the ideal of human unity in a divine humanity, even secular leaders who have said, "a world", a "brave new world"—all point to the other line of growth and development that man can follow and must and shall follow. The choice has to be made and the right direction given. In India today there are these two voices put against each other and in their call, one asks for unity and harmony, wideness and truth, the other its contrary working for separateness, disintegration, narrowness and make-believe and falsehood. One must have the courage and the sagacity to fix one's loyalty and adhesion. The covenant there can be no doubt, is the good of the common man.

THE DANGEROUS CRY OF SIKHISTHA

is nothing that cannot be settled by amicable discussion and this is fully recognized by the leaders who do not believe in the dhimmi principle. On what ground can this group talk of Hindu tyranny? There is no such thing as the Hindu-Punjabi language question—some Sikhs were disturbed over the Punjabi language and the Gurumukhi script. But Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel have done their best to put all the people together with the best possible spirit. Even the Shiromani Akali Dal had to admit the failure of the formula, because of the lack of any such thing.
भारत माता

महान कामयाबी भारत माता के प्राण में है।

ये हैं भारत के नए राष्ट्रीय उद्घाटन के समय के प्राणपत्र.

‘महान कामयाबी’ भारत माता के प्राण में है।

ये हैं भारत के नए राष्ट्रीय उद्घाटन के समय के प्राणपत्र।
धी मां की कहानियाँ

[ यह कहानियाँ साहित्यकर्त्ता मोहनचंद्र शर्मा द्वारा लिखी गई हैं।]

साहस

एक भूल के साथ राहत करने का समय नहीं था। रामायण के समय, जब मौजूद थे राम, लक्ष्मण, संभ्रम, अंगुली, तो वे सभी भूल कर सकते थे। इसलिए अपने मनोरंजन के लिए भूल से बिखार पड़ते थे।

एक दिन राम ने अपने भाई संभ्रम के साथ घर में रहकर भूल कर दिखाई दी। संभ्रम ने राम के पास भूल कर दिखाई दी और उन्होंने राम को उसके भूल की आवश्यकता का सारा भाग दिखाया।

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क्या हम शास्ति चाहते हैं?

(लिखने का समय या भाषा न होना)

क्या हम शास्ति चाहते हैं?

(लिखने का समय या भाषा न होना)
समस्या

चौथा अवधि

(बाल घड़ी में हुए स्थायी प्रभावों पर पाठ में कृति भाषा की उपयोगकर्ता के लिए बाल के बाहर चलने वाले घड़ी या घड़ी का नया वितरण से बहुत लाभ मिलता है)

पाठ में उपस्थित मूल संपत्ति में बहुत ही बड़ा बदलाव होता है। क्रमांक परिवर्तन, उद्योग विस्थापन पूर्ण लोकोपरिवर्तन और समाज विस्थापन इत्यादि के तरीके से भी है। बाल के नये वितरण के माध्यम से, आयुष्य और शासन नए लाभकारों के लिए उन्नति के ओर आसानी से सिद्ध होता है। इससे दुनिया का स्वयंभूत दृष्टि में होता है। पाठ में उपस्थित मूल संपत्ति में बहुत ही बड़ा बदलाव होता है। क्रमांक परिवर्तन, उद्योग विस्थापन पूर्ण लोकोपरिवर्तन और समाज विस्थापन इत्यादि के तरीके से भी है। बाल के नये वितरण के माध्यम से, आयुष्य और शासन नए लाभकारों के लिए उन्नति के ओर आसानी से सिद्ध होता है। इससे दुनिया का स्वयंभूत दृष्टि में होता है।
As a result of the Atlantic Council meeting in London the concept of an "Atlantic community" is being translated from the realm of ideas into that of concrete practical realities. This is a historic event of the first magnitude. In the larger perspective May 19, 1950—the day of the Atlantic Council resolution in London—may come to be seen as the date on which the separate histories of the U.S.A. and the nations of Western Europe began to merge into one gigantic stream.

What makes the decisions taken in London of such transcending historic importance is not the setting up of a permanent organ of the Atlantic community in the form of a Council of Europe in London. That is a detail, though an important detail, of external organisation. A fundamental new fact from which immeasurable historical consequences are likely to flow is that the 15 Atlantic Treaty Powers have "resolved by their united efforts to build up a system of defence capable of withstanding any external threat directed against any of them".

Mutual Help

This resolution goes far beyond the original commitments undertaken in the Atlantic Treaty a year ago. The Atlantic Treaty established a defensive alliance on the principle that an attack against any of the signatories would be considered an attack against all. It made sure that a Russian attack against Western Europe would, from the outset, be effectively defended against such attack.

Beyond a mere alliance, the Atlantic Treaty established a system of self-help and mutual help in the field of defence. The signatories undertook to keep their defence in order and to help each other in doing so. In practice that meant something like a limited peacetime revival of U.S. lend-lease to Western Europe and it found expression in the American Military Assistance Act under which a certain amount of American arms was made available to Western European four nations. But the armed forces of the 12 Treaty partners remained organically separate. There was not one system of defence but 12.

Now the revolutionary decision has been taken to build up one system of defence and to base the defence of the North Atlantic area on the progressive "creation of balanced collective forces"—though with the proviso that certain Governments continue to regard their own national forces as necessary. The 12 Treaty partners will contribute to such a balanced framework and will have commitments outside the North Atlantic area. To work out this practice remains the task of the newly created Council of Deputies in London to which the Treaty powers are to appoint persons of the highest standing and calibre which will function as a kind of supra-national Defence Ministry of the Atlantic community.

Joint Responsibility

The principle in any case has been established that the home defence of the Atlantic Treaty nations is in future no longer an individual but a joint responsibility and that the North Atlantic area as a whole is to be defended by a united North Atlantic defence system.

From the point of view of home defence the Atlantic Treaty nations are thereby ceasing to act as separate countries, each relying primarily on its own forces for the defence of its own territory. Instead the whole North Atlantic area is to be regarded for defence purposes as the territory of one State, with an eastern frontier that runs from North Cape via Copenhagen and Trieste to the heel of Italy. This frontier is to be defended by the North Atlantic defence system, in which the "collective forces" of the 12 North Atlantic nations are again to be progressively organised like the forces of one State.

What has made this radical break with history and tradition necessary is obvious. It is a fact that the bulk of the strength of the Atlantic community lies at present in the U.S.A. while external threat to its members lies in the middle of Europe. If national defence systems remained separate in peace time, indeed even if a joint Western European defence system remained separate from the armed forces of America, Western Europe might in case of war be overrun before American power could come to its support.

Hard Reality

The only system which can guarantee the effective defence—as against the ultimate liberation—of Western Europe is one of which America is an organic part from the beginning. The Atlantic Council decision takes account of this hard and inescapable reality. Indeed, the official reason for building a united defence system of the Atlantic nations is the need to withstand any external attack against any of them.

It is, however, equally obvious that this decision is pregnant with far-reaching consequences. Defence cannot be organised in a vacuum. It is closely bound up with economic policy, finance and foreign policy. The Atlantic Council decisions foreshadow that in all these fields the Atlantic Treaty nations will inevitably become increasingly "mixed up together". They have entered upon a road which clearly leads to the final goal of an organic political union for the Atlantic community, the whole Atlantic community, not only its European half.

(Special feature from British Information Services)

Three Poems

Potential Poem

Many a shaking Of friendly palm Has gone to the making Of my right arm.

Hand, be clever In the task assigned, Forgetting never The love behind!

Arm, be steady And strong for your ends, Arm made ready By immortal friends!

Cul-de-sac

Nothing grows in Collus Crescent. The polled lines' emaciated forks are their own crutches; elit privets choke the clogged air, their stomata unable to get the smoke out of their cavities.

O this adhesive hate, stifling all life, smearing the furled green and the fresh world scarring! O these effusive efforts fuddled and made ineffective by the indiscriminate use of spiritual contraceptives.

This is a cul-de-sac. The houses, behind whose blinds are lopped lives, now back without seeing. These being the wrong premises, how can we ever reach the right conclusion?

Negative Capability

("When a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.)—Keats, Letter to his Brothers.

While I was reading underneath the eaves one evening, Suddenly onto the page there dropped a hair Whose queriform adoption could presage I knew not wondered what. Allighting there, It shuddered the golden poetry with doubt. Singing itself. But I did not stretch out And quickly rescue the question by the handle: I quivered with the quivering of the candle.

The snaky thread, finding itself at home Within my charm of contemplation, Fell asleep in a calm vibration, Text-tangled in the tone, And the scales of the adder-doubt and the deepening gloam Balanced the whole creation.

My heart beat with the cricket-throbbing dust, And looking up I saw the luminous husk Stripped off the sky, the tides of light pulled by, And I was saved beside the skirred stars Above vapours (by whose ascendancy The star-light-years are ruffled in a minute) Among the murky matrix, swaying in Doubt-break-dangling, rich and smooth in the rough stuff That mystic serpents slough.

Terence Haywood
An absolute, eternal and infinite Self-existence, Self-awareness, Self-delight of being that secretly supports and pervades the universe even while it is also beyond it, is, then, the first truth of spiritual experience. But this truth of being has at once an impersonal and a personal aspect; it is not only Existence, it is the One Being absolute, eternal and infinite. As there are three fundamental aspects in which we meet this Reality,—Self, Conscious Being or Spirit and God, the Divine Being, or to use the Indian terms, the absolute and omnipresent Reality, Brahman, manifest to us as Atman, Purusha, Ishwara,—so too its power of Consciousness appears to us in three aspects: it is the self-force of that consciousness conscious everywhere of all things, Maya; it is Prakriti, Nature or Force made dynamically executive, working out all things under the witnessing eye of the Conscious Being, the Self or Spirit; it is the conscious Power of the Divine Being, Shakti which is both subjectively creative and dynamically executive of all the divine workings. These three aspects and their powers base and comprise the whole of existence and all Nature and, taken together as a single whole, they reconcile the apparent disunitedness and incomparability of the supraconceivable transcendence, the cosmic universality and infinity of the whole of our existence and our own real consciousness, forever incomparable with its sole incomparable Reality. But the Brahman is at the same time omnipresent in all relativities; it is the Absolute independent of all relatives, the Absolute basing all relatives, the Absolute governing, pervading, controlling, the Absolute manifesting, the Absolute Realizing, the Absolute Representing Reality. In observing the triple aspect and the triple power we come to see how this is possible. 

If we look at this picture of the Self-Existence and its works as a unitary unlimited whole of vision, it stands together and imposes itself by its convincing totality: but to the analysis of the logical intellect it offers an abundance of difficulties, such as all attempts to erect a logical system out of a perception of an illimitable Existence must necessarily create; for any such endeavour must either affect consistency by an arbitrary sectioning of the complex truth of things or else by its comprehensiveness become logically untenable. For we see that the Indeterminable determines itself as infinite and finite, the Immutable admires the transitory, the Unconditional adores the Relative, the Uncomprehended comprehends the Present Real, the Unexplicit is the Only whole, the Unexpressible is the Only real, the Unutterable is the Only true, and this is why the Unanimous Multitude, the Unparticularized self, is the individual self of infinite consciousness, the Unqualified existence expresses, is the Self as a subjective Being and as an objective Reality. The One becomes an innumerable multitude, the Universal creates or supports personality, is itself a Person, the Self has a nature and is yet other than its nature; Being turns into becoming and yet it is always the same other than its becoming, the Universal individualizes itself and the Individual universalizes himself. Brahman is at once void of qualities and capable of infinite qualities, the Lord and Doer of works, yet a non-doer and a silent witness of the workings of Nature. If we look carefully at these workings of Nature, one cannot but feel the void of familiarity and our unthinking acuteness in the process of things as natural because so they always happen, we discover that all she does in whole or in parts is a miracle, an act of some incomprehensible magic. The being of the Self-existence and the world that has appeared in it are, each of them and both together, a suprastructural mystery. 

But, in fact, the cause of this impression must necessarily be sought not in anything illusory or fantastic in the Supreme or the universal Self-existence, but in our own inability to seize the supreme clue to its manifold existence or discover the secret plan and pattern of its actions. The Self-existence is the Infinite and its way of being and of action must be the way of the Infinite, but our consciousness is limited, our reason built upon things finite: it is irrational to suppose that a finite consciousness and reason can be a measure of the Infinite; this smallness cannot judge that Immensity; this poverty bound to a limited use of its scanty means cannot conceive the opulent management of those riches; an ignorant half-knowledge cannot follow the motions of an All-Knowledge. Our reasoning is based upon our experience of the finite operations of physical nature, on an incomplete observation and imperfect understanding of the phenomena that acts within limits; it has organized on that basis certain conceptions which it seeks to make general and universal, and whatever contradicts or departs from these conceptions it regards as irrational, false or inexplicable.

But the being and action of the Infinite must not be regarded as if it were a magic void of all reason; there is, on the contrary, a greater reason in all the operations of the Infinite, but it is not a mental or intellectual, it is a spiritual and supramental reason: there is a logic in it, because there are relations and connections infully seen and executed; what is magic to our finite reason is the logic of the Infinite. It is a greater reason, a reason that is itself incomprehensible to us, incomprehensible to the spiritual vision of the Infinite: some of them are actualities working to produce or occasion a new actuality, some are possibles that are near to the pre-existent actuals and in a way included in their aggregate; but there are others which always open new possibilities that suddenly become dynamic potentials and add themselves to the nexus, and behind all are imperatives or an imperative which these possibilities are labouring to actualize. Moreover, out of the same nexus of forces different results are possible; what grows out of them is determined by a sanction which was no doubt setting and ready all the time but seems to come in rapidly to intervene and alter everything, a decisive divine imperative. All this our reason cannot grasp because it is the instrument of an ignorance with a very limited vision and a small stock of accumulated and not always reliable data, and because it is a reason of direct awareness: for this is the difference between intuition and intellect, that intuition is born of a direct awareness while intellect is an indirect action of a knowledge which constructs itself with difficulty out of the unknown signs and indications gathered data. But vast, it is not evident to our reason and senses, is self-evident to the Infinite Consciousness, and, if there is a Will of the Infinite, it must be a Will that acts in this full knowledge and is the perfect spontaneous result of a total self-evidence. It is neither a hampered evolutionary Force bound in the veil of familiarities nor an imaginative Will acting in the void upon a free caprice: it is the truth of the Infinite affirming itself in the determinations of the finite.

It is evident that such a Consciousness and Will need not act in harmony with the conclusions of our limited reason or according to a process familiar to it and approved by the accepted notions or in subjection to an ethical reason working for a limited and fragmentary good; it might and does admit things deemed by our reason irrational and unethical because that was necessary for the final and total Good and for the working out of a cosmic purpose. What seems to us irrational or reprehensible in relation to a partial set of facts, motives, desiderata might be perfectly rational and acceptable in relation to a much, vaster, mote and totality of data and desiderata. Reason with its partial vision sets up constructed conclusions which it strives to turn into general rules of knowledge and action, and it compels its rule by some mental device or gets rid of what does not suit with: an infinite Consciousness would have no such rules, it would have instead large intrinsic truths governing by an automatic conclusion and result, but adapting them differently and spontaneously to a different total of circumstances, so that by this pliability and freedom adaptation it might seem to the narrower faculty to have no standards whatever. In the same way, we cannot judge of the principle and the condition of its working as being by a finite reason: the standard of finite existence, what might be impossible for the one would be normal and self-evidently natural states and motives for the greater freer Reality. It is this that makes the difference between our fragmentary mind consciousness committing itself out of its frictions and an essential and total consciousness, vision and knowledge. But it is not indeed possible, so long as we are compelled to use reason as our main support, for it to abide altogether in favour of an undeveloped or half-organised intuition; but it is imperative on us in a consideration of the Infinite and its being and action to enforce on our reason an utmost pliability and open it to an awareness of the larger states and possibilities of that which we are striving to consider. It will not do to apply our limited and limiting conclusions to That which is illuminable. If we concentrate only on one aspect and treat it as the whole, we illustrate the story of the blind men and the elephant; each one of them inquirers touched a different part and concluded that the whole animal was

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some object resembling the part of which he had had the touch. An experience of some one aspect of the Infinite is valid in itself; but we cannot generalize from it that the Infinite is that alone, nor would it be safe to view all the rest of experience as a mere awareness of the transcendental. But if all we had is a knowledge of the Absolute it would not be of any other viewpoint of spiritual experience. The Infinite is at once an essential, a boundless totality and a multitude; all these have to be known in order to know truly the Infinite. To see the parts alone and the totality not at the same time is to know it as a knowledge, but not as an awareness of an ignorance, to see the totality alone and ignore the parts is also a knowledge and at the same time an ignorance, to a part may be greater than the whole because it belongs to the transcendent; to see the essence alone because it is the totality cannot be seen because the whole and the totality are a penultimate knowledge, but here too there is a capital ignorance. A whole knowledge must be there and the reason must become plastic enough to look at all sides, all aspects and seek through them for that in which they are one.

Thus too, if we see only the aspect of self, we may concentrate on its static silence and miss the dynamic truth of the Infinite; if we see only the I-ab, we may seize the dynamic truth but miss the eternal status and the infinite silence, become aware of only dynamic being, dynamic consciousness, dynamic delight of being, but miss the pure existence, pure consciousness, pure bliss of being. If we concentrate on Purusha-Praakriti alone, we may see only the dichotomy of soul and Nature, Spirit and Matter, and miss their unity. . . . We must not commit the mistake of emphasizing one side of the Truth and concluding from it or acting upon it to the exclusion of the other aspects of the Infinite. The realization 'I am That' is true, but we cannot safely proceed on it unless we realise also that all is That; our self-existence is a fact, but we must also be aware of other selves, of the same Self in other beings and of That which exists beyond both. The Infinite action is only seizable by a supreme Reason which guards all and acts as a one-awareness that observes itself in difference and respects its own differences, so that each thing and each being has its form of essential being and its form of dynamic nature, outset, source, and all are respected in the total working'.

It is clear from these extracts and those given in the last essay that the mind, when it approaches the Ultimate Reality, must realise the limitations of its own finite logic and know that its usual mode of acquiring knowledge by divination is only basis for an intuition into the reality of the Infinite. Its logic is no doubt extremely useful and definitely indispensable in its own field, for it brings clarity and precision in its dealings with its ideas and word symbols, and keeps it free from prejudice, exaggeration, and hasty conclusions based on partial truths, which usually vitiate its right working; but it cannot pass judgment on the Infinite, or on its action as manifest in the Universe—an action which can stand justified only in a gnostic vision. The mind must realise that all its statements about the Ultimate are inconclusive and not the exceptions to the whole truth. The Infinite action, but also at the latter always eludes its finite grasp. Therefore it must try to understand the Infinite comprehensively; it must admit the validity of truths which seem to it at first sight to be contraries, for they are seen to be consistent with each other as secondaries, the validity of a many-sided axial statement about the Ultimate is recognized—a statement based upon an integral knowledge attained through the realisation of the Supermind.

Once the mind's incapacity to understand the totality of an illimitable existence is admitted, it is not difficult to see that the One and the Many, the Immutable and the Mutable, Being and Becoming, the Static and the Dynamic, the Imperial and the Personal, are really not contraries but polar real-statutes of a multi-aspected single Reality, that they are the positive and the negative statements of an Absolute which the mind finds impossible to comprehend. As Sri Aurobindo says: 'The positives of the Absolute are its various statements of itself to our consciousness; its negatives bring in the rest of its positivity by which its limitation to these first statements is denied. We have, to begin with, its large primary relations and limitations, such as the Transcendent, the Infinite, the Absolute, the qualified, and the unequalized; in each pair the negative conceals the whole power of the corresponding positive which is contained in it and emerges from it: there is no real opposition.'

In the following extracts Sri Aurobindo again takes up the question of the knowledge of the Living Reality, and shows how its positive and negative aspects do not contradict but fulfill each other.

"We mean by the Absolute something greater than ourselves, greater than the cosmos which we live in, the supreme reality of that transcendent Being which we call God, something without which all that we see or are conscious of would not have been and would not remain for a moment remain in existence. Indian thought calls it Brahman, European thoughtthought it the Absolute because it is a self-existent which is absolute of all bondage and yet exceeds them all; it is something of which not only each reality itself, but also any sum we can make of all relatives that we can know, can only be— in all that we know of them—a partial, inferior or practical expression. We see by reason that such an Absolute must exist; we become by spiritual intuitions aware of it. To the scientist and expert and even to the theist of other religious interpretations we cannot describe it because our language and thought can deal only with the relative. The Absolute is for us the Ineffable.

So far there need be no real difficulty or confusion. But we readily go on, led by the mind's habit of oppositions, of thinking by distinctions and pairings of contrary or contrasting powers and of speaking of it as not only bound by the limitations of the relative, but as it were bound by freedom from limitations, inexorably empty of all power for relations and in its nature incapable of them, something hostile in its whole being to relativity and its eternal conceptions. By this false step into logical errors we get into an impasse. Our own existence and the existence of the universe become not only paradoxical but logically inconceivable. For we get by to that an Absolute which is incapable of relativity and exclusive of all relatives and yet the cause or at least the support of relativity and the container, truth and substance of all relatives. We have then only one logical-illlogical way of escape out of the impasse; we have to suppose the imposition of the world as a self-effectual illusion or an unreal temporal reality, on the eternity of the formless relationless Absolute. This imposition is made by our misleading individual consciousness which falsely sees Brahman in the figure of the cosmos—as a man mistakes a rope for a serpent; but since either our individual consciousness is itself a relative supported by the Brahman and only existent by it, it is eternal reality, or since it is a relative in the cosmos, it is Brahman after all which imposes on itself in us this delusion and mistakes in some figure of its own consciousness an existent rope for a non-existent snake, imposes on its own indeterminable pure Reality the semblance of a relative, and if it does not impose it on itself it is a delusion of the consciousness derived from it and dependent on it, a projection of itself into Maya. By this explanation nothing is explained; the original contradiction stands where it was, unreconciled, and we have only stated it over again in other terms. It looks as if, by accepting the absolute in the form of means of intellectual reasoning, we have only befogged ourselves by the delusion of our own uncompromising logic; we have imposed on the Absolute the imposition which our too presumptuous reasoning has practised on our own consciousness. We have transformed our means of understanding the world-manifestation into an original impossibility for the Absolute to manifest itself in world at all. But the Absolute, obviously, finds no difficulty in world-manifestation and no difficulty either in a simultaneous transcendent of world-manifestation; the difficulty exists only for our mental limitations which prevent us from grasping the supramental rationality of the co-existence of the infinite and the finite or seeing the nodus of the unconditioned with the conditioned. For our intellectual consciousness these are opposites; for the absolute reason they are inter-related and not essentially conflicting expressions of one and the same reality. The consciousness of infinite Existence is other than our mind-consciousness and sense-consciousness, greater and more capacious, for it includes them as minor terms of its workings, and the logic of Infinite Existence is other than our intellectual logic. It reconciles in its great primal facts of being what to our mental view, concerned as it is with words and ideas derived from secondary facts, are irreconcilable contraries.

Our mistake is that in trying to define the indefinable we think we have succeeded when we have described by an all-exclusive negation this Absolute which we are yet compelled to conceive as universal and the cause of all positives. It is not surprising that so many acute thinkers, with their eye on the facts of being and not on verbal distinctions, would be driven to infer that the Absolute is a fiction of the intelligence, an idea born of words and verbal dialectics, a zero, non-existent, and to conclude that an eternal Becoming is the only truth of our existence. The ancient sages spoke instead of Brahman negatively,—they said of it, nari, neti, it is not this, it is not that—but they took care also to speak of it positively; they said of it too, it is this, it is that, it is all; for they saw that to limit it either by positive or negative definitions was to fall away from its truth. Brahman, they said, is Matter, is Life, is Mind, is Supermind, is Bliss; and yet it cannot really be defined by any of these things, not even by our largest concepts of Sattva and Shadicra. In the world as we see it, for our mental consciousness however high we carry it we find that to every positive there is a negative. But the negative is not a zero,—indeed whatever appears to us a zero is packed with force, teeming with power of existence, full of actual or potential contents. Neither does the existence of the negative make its corresponding positive non-existent or an unreality; it only makes the positive an incomplete statement of the truth. We cannot say, may say, of the positive's own truth. For the positive and the negative exist not only side by side, but in relation to each other and by each other; they complete and would to the all-view, which a limited mind cannot reach, explain one another by itself but not by other. It is not known to us to know it in its deeper truth than we can read into it the suggestions of its mere superficial aspects. It is through such a profounder catholic intuition and not by exclusive logical oppositions that our intelligence ought to approach the Absolute."
The Upanishadic dictum of enjoyment by renunciation—tattvajnana—is the basic motor principle of all evolutionary existence. Every step forward in evolution, from the primal outburst of life from the blind darkness of Matter to the luminous infinity and immortality of the Supreme Being, is a leap from one to another of these two opposite states, from partial or unconditionally, by renunciation or surrender. Take, for instance, the first emergence of life. How does it happen? Something in the dumb bosom of Matter wearies of the unredeemed inertia and obscurity in which it lies buried, and pants for light. A leaf is born, a bud appears in darkness. There may be a leap, a sudden thrust into some kind of light, movement, change, growth, and progress. As a result of this aspiration and surrender, life breaks out of “the mire and the stone,” dusty and impetuous, and weaves the web of consciousness through which its light action and the source of its action is not in itself, but in some veiled Intelligence, occult to its nascent consciousness. There is flux, but a fettered and conditioned flux; mutation, but a limited and mechanical, though marvellous, means of progression. Again, in the mysterious depths something wearies of this ceasless, subconscious flux and yearns to know and to be in the full light of self-consciousness. A drugged obsession with the perpetual flicker-flack of the senses is renounced in favour of a clearer and more steadfast light, a knowledge of one’s self and a knowledge of the world. This surrender initiates the development of the Mind. In this way, by continual surrender, the normal and the habitual are exceeded and the consciousness of the embodied being transcends itself.

Up to the emergence of the Mind, the renunciation or surrender is either unconscious or sub-conscious, taking place behind the veil, but with the emergence of the Mind, it gets a chance of being conscious and voluntary. But before the Mind can make the transition from surrender and spontaneous self-adaptation of sub-human existence and the conscious, deliberate and joyous self-giving of the fully evolved human being, the ego comes to the front, centralizing and consolidating the evolving consciousness into a great individual, which assimilates all into its being. A more or less long spell of egoistic development ensues. All individual initiative pivots upon an entrenched egocentricism till the individuality is organized, as far as that is possible in the conditions of the ignorance, and the being is ripe for a further advance and expansion. It is then that a new tendency manifests itself in the individual: an incipient but insistent tendency towards self-giving and surrender. The old, prevailing tendency to self-aggrandisement and self-satisfaction persists, but along with that, in a firm and insistent way, grows the new one, big with immense possibilities for the future. Even if the old tendency dominates the nature and dictates most of its movements for a long time, the new one cannot be altogether stifled—it keeps up a protest, and, despite the beginning, and a struggle and discontent. In the end, the ego awakes to its own distressing limitations and, feeling a prisoner in its own narrow formations, stresses the second tendency and begins to take a genuine delight in self-surrender. In self-exploration by self-giving, it seeks its highest satisfaction and fulfillment. This self-expansion is really the self-extinction of the ego. With the gradual disappearance of the ego, the central being of man, the immortal soul or psyche, whose shadow-figure was the ego, comes forward to lead the life, representing happiness by love.

The Mother, as the Mother teaches us, is safety itself; it is, as it were, taking refuge in the loving arms of the Almighty. But in order to be completely immune to all attacks, one has to surrender all one’s being, without any hesitation and without the slightest stage of resistance, in the most pristine and unadulterated form, in its finest and purest, in its most perfect, in its most sublime, in its most divine. As the power of the absolute, the Mother is the expression of the absolute, the expression of the supreme self, and the only one. The difference between active surrender and passive surrender is what is it that is surrendering. It is all, it is everything, it is the whole of creation. The Mother is the whole of creation. The Mother is the absolute, the supreme, the only one. The Mother is the source of all. The Mother is the whole of creation. The Mother is the supreme, the only one. The Mother is the absolute. The Mother is the supreme. The Mother is the only one.

But how to surrender? What is its actual process? Is there such a thing as partial surrender, and also temporary surrender—a surrender which is a very equivocal spell of experience, and is only a kind of incipient experience between active surrender and passive surrender? What is it that is surrendered? What is integral surrender? For a conclusive elucidation of all these very important issues—what can be more important than self-surrender, at least in the beginning of one’s spiritual career?—we cannot do better than turn to the illuminating words of the Mother: for, in these words alone do we find a most complete and comprehensive exposition of the different aspects and results of self-surrender and an inspiring illustration of what integral perfection is:—

"Regarding the process—or rather the spirit or attitude—of surrender, the Mother says, "Once you have turned to the Divine, saying, 'I want to be yours,' and the Divine has said, 'Yes, the whole world cannot keep you from it. When the central being has made its surrender, the chief difficulty has disappeared. The outer being is like a crust. In ordinary people the crust is so hard and thick that they are not conscious of the Divine within them. If one, even for a moment, feels the inner being has said, 'I am here and I am yours,' then it is as though a bridge has been built and little by little the crust becomes thinner and thinner until the two parts are wholly joined and the inner and the outer become one." (Words of the Mother—4th edition, p. 14).

Speaking of the paths of tapasya (discipline) and surrender, the Mother observes, "The path of tapasya is arduous. Here you rely solely upon yourself, you proceed by your own strength, you ascend and achieve according to the measure of your force. There is always the danger of falling. And one who has tasted it knows that a path which is hardly a remedy. The other path, the path of surrender, is safe and sure. It is here, however, that the Western people find their difficulty. They have been taught to fear and avoid all that threatens their personal independence. They have never felt the strength of their mother’s spiritual presence. They have never felt the strength of the unity, of multi-personality and a jumble of divergent aims and appetites, and to forge all their disparate parts and chaotic instincts into a unity and a harmony. He has, first, to be conscious of all them and of their twisted movement, and then by a progressive purification of this disorderly mass, achieve an order and concordance which will facilitate his mastery and his subsequent surrender of it to its Creator and Lord. An illustration of the triple movement of self-mastery, self-integration and self-surrender is found in the Mother’s Prayer of November 29, 1948, in which she speaks of the ‘past and love of the Universal, the infinite and the Eternal, love of God or the Supreme Person, begins what Sir Aurobindo calls the third status of the ascent of life. The consciousness of the individual being beyond its normal bound, surrendering all and it had clung to in the past, development becomes a conscious act of self-liberation, and creates an opening towards the higher values and an orientation towards the great goal of life. Self-surrender brings strength to the weak, light to the blind and faith and certainty to those who despair. It is said of Rulman Mers was that the ancient Egyptian, who was walking in his garden, he suddenly Cross before him and was so intensely moved to his depths by the sight that "lifting his eyes to heaven, he solemnly swore that he would utterly surrender to his own will, person and goods to the service of God." As soon as the surrender was made, there was sudden release of mighty natural springs within him and an electric awakening of faculties which bridged the gulf between the sensory and the supra-sensory world. "The reply (to the surrender) from on high came quickly. A brilliant light shone about him, meaning the transformation of the divine voice outside himself."

Similar instances are recorded in the lives of St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Sienna, which go to prove the stupendous power of conversion and transformation inherent in the act of self-surrender. It is only by self-surrender that the instance of the supreme surrender-er of yourself and all things."

"O Lord, we aspire to perfect consciousness. The whole being is gathered like a closely tied wreath made of flowers, different but all perfectly harmonized together. The will was the hand that gathered the flowers and strung that tied the wreath. The ego that held that wreath towards Thee as a scented offering. It is held up towards Thee unwaveringly, unalteringly."
SELF-SURRENDER
HCHAND

gratifying result of the working of the divine power is at once misapprehended and misinterpreted. The vigilant conscience and a total sincerity in self-surrender alone can save the spiritual seeker from these pitfalls.

A point of capital importance in regard to surrender is that, in a dynamic sense, there is no surrender at all. The Mother discriminates between the two in the following words:

"What is required of you is not a passive surrender in which you become like a block, but to put your will at the disposal of the Divine Will and thus becoming a receptacle of your nights. If you take the attitude of passive surrender, you would say, 'When it is the divine Will that I should be conscious, then shall I become conscious.' On the other hand, if you offer your will to the Divine, you begin to will; you say, 'I will become conscious of my nights.' You have the will that it should be done; you do not sit down idle and wait. The surrender comes in when you take the attitude that says, 'I will give my will to the Divine. I intensely want to become conscious of my nights. I have not the knowledge, let the divine Will work it out for me.' Your will must continue to act steadily, not in the way of choosing a particular action or demanding a particular object, but as an ardent aspiration concentrated upon the end to be achieved. This is the first step. If you are vigilant, if your attention is alert, you will certainly receive something in the form of an inspiration of what is to be done, and that you must forthwith proceed to do. Only you must remember that to surrender is to accept whatever is the result of your action, though the result may be quite different from what you expect. On the other hand, if your surrender is passive, you will do nothing and try nothing: you will simply go to sleep and wait for a miracle.

Now to know whether your will or desire is in agreement with the Divine Will or not, you must look and see whether you have an answer or have no answer, whether you feel supported or contradicted, not by the mind, but by the body, which is always deep in the inner being, in your heart." (Words of the Mother—pp. 32-33)

In short, the Mother says, that our will must always endeavour to attune itself to and put itself at the disposal of the divine Will and help its realisation. The combined working of the two wills is the best condition and the most speedily effective means of spiritual progress and divine manifestation.

We shall now try to understand what the Mother means by integral surrender. Its keynote is struck in the very first prayer of her book, The Prayers and Meditations of the Mother, and it rises in pitch and power as the Prayers advance. In the Prayer of Aug. 15, 1913, the Mother says to the Divine,

'O Divine Master, for Thee is our life, our thought, our love, all our being. Take possession of Thy own; for, Thou art ourselves in our real being.'

A great experience is followed by a fuller outburst of self-surrender:

"Thou hast passed over my life, O Lord, like a great wave of love, and washed away all the petty, mean, lowly, baseless and invisible things that I had offered to Thee when? Do I not know, at no precise moment and, doubtless, always—my thoughts, my heart and my flesh in a living holocaust?" (P. 42).

By out-standing all previous records comes a most generous gesture of self-surrender:

"It seems to me that I am being born into a new life and that all the methods and habits of the past can never be of any use. It seems to me that what was once a result is now only a preparation. I feel as if I had done nothing yet, as if I had not lived the spiritual life, as if I was only entering upon the way which leads to it; it seems to me that I know nothing, that I am incapable of formulating anything, that all experience is yet to commence. It is as if I was stripped of all my past, of my errors as well as my conquests, as if all that had disappeared to give place to one newborn whose existence has yet to take shape, who has no Karma, no experience it can profit by, but no error either which it must repair. My head is empty of all knowledge and all certitude, but also of all vain thought. I feel that if I can surrender without any resistance to this state, if I do not strive to know or understand, if I consent to be completely like a child, ignorant and confused, some new possibility will open before me. I know that I must now definitively give myself up and be like a page; absolutely blank on which Thy thought, Thy will, O Lord, will be able to inscribe themselves freely, secure against any deformation."

"An immense gratitude rises from my heart; I seem to have at last arrived at that state which I have so long sought."

"Grant, O Lord, that I may be pure enough, impersonal enough, animated enough with Thy divine Love, to be able to cross it definitively."

"O to belong to Thee, without any darkness or restriction!"

But even this does not seem to satisfy the exacting Lover. He insists on more, for he has ordained more—an unprecedented perfection, by an exhaustive and exemplary self-surrender. In the rapt silence of the Mother's heart, His voice rings out: "Never hast thou been able to die integrally. Always something in thee has wished to know, to see under to stand. Surrender completely, learn to disappear, break the last dam which separates thee from me; accomplish without reserve thy act of surrender." (Prayers and Meditations, April 28, 1913).

This last surrender is at last accomplished: "Suddenly the veil was rent, the horizon was disclosed. Before the clear vision my whole being threw itself at Thy feet in a great outburst of gratitude. Yet in spite of this deep and integral joy, all was calm, all was peaceful with the peace of eternity, a neutralising force and not a supreme power."

"I seem to have no more any limits; there is no longer the perception of the body, no sensations, no feelings, no thoughts. . . . A clear, pure, tranquil immensity, penetrated with love and light, fills me as an undarkened field." (Prayers and Meditations, February 19, 1913).

"Even more forcibly than during these last days the past is dead and as though buried under the rays of a new life. The last glance that I have just thrown backward, as I read a few pages of this book, definitively convinced me of this death, and lightened of a great weight, I present myself before Thee, O my divine Master, with all the simplicity, all the nudity of a child. . . . And still the only thing I perceive is that calm and pure immensity. . . . Lord, Thou hast answered my prayer, Thou hast granted me what I have asked from Thee; the I has disappeared, there is only a docile immediacy at Thy service, a centre of concentration and manifestation of Thy infinite and eternal rays; Thou hast taken my life and made it Thine; Thou hast taken my love and identified it with Thine; Thou hast taken my thought and made it Thine; and all this with an absolute abandon.

"The body, marvellous, bow's its forehead in the dust in mute and submissive adoration. And nothing else exists but Thou alone in the splendour of Thy immutable peace."

Indicating the variability of surrender, the Mother says that surrender at once relieves the strain and tension of the struggling will and brings peace and a calm confidence to the individual being. It is a safeguard against all anxiety and fear and a guarantee of all fulfillment.

Surrender heals all physical ailments and restores health and harmony to our life-energies:

"As soon as physical conditions are a little difficult and there results from them some unease, if we know how to surrender completely before Thy Will, holding cheaply little or nothing, our integral being more immediately into harmony with Thy law of love and life, and all physical indisposition ceases, to give place to a well-being, calm and peaceful."

Surrender removes all obstacles and difficulties, changes the environment and circumstances and makes for a thorough purification and perfection of the seeker of the Divine.

"He who, in all sincerity of his being, has given himself to Thee with all his conscious will, he who has resolved to make every effort to help in manifestation and triumph of Thy divine law of Love in him and in the whole zone of his influence, sees everything change in his life and all circumstances begin to express Thy law and facilitate his consecration; for him it is always the best that happens; and if there is still in his intelligence a feeling of insecurity, some ignorance; and if he is only beginning to perceive it, immediately, he recognises sooner or later that a beneficial power seemed to protect him even against himself, so as to secure for him the conditions most favourable to his blossoming and transfiguration, his inner conversion and utilisation.

Such is the result of self-surrender. Human reason cannot understand the mysterious action of the dynamic of a higher dimension of consciousness, and what it does not understand it readily deems superstitious or hallucination. Self-surrender by bridging the gulf between the finite and the infinite, immeasurably widens the range of human possibilities and effects miraculous changes in human life. But it presupposes an implicit faith in the existence of a living, omnipresent Reality, a Supreme Being or Person of whom the essential human individuality is an abiding manifesting centre in the material world and the mutable human personality a phenomenal front and figure of self-representation. It is His Will that is splintered into the myriad wills and desires of the swarming mass of living forms and thus the world is being and at the same time mysterious, inmutable ways, fulfilled. Each individual is that in his eternal essence, but alienated in consciousness by his sevenfold ignorance. Surrender is the means to the rediscovery of That—a dispelling of ignorance, a transformation of the ego and an attainment and fulfillment of the highest truth of our being.

One word more before we conclude. The self-surrender that the Mother has illustrated by her aspiration and experiments has two aspects—one, which is the general and fundamental aspect of it, which needs to be fully grasped and integrally accomplished by every follower of the spiritual Yoga of the dynamic divine realisation, the other which is special to the Mother's life and mission on earth. Over and above the general and detailed surrender of all integral being to the Divine, the Mother, identified with the entire earth, made a representative and symbolic surrender of her own human being, so that through it the Divine might accept the self-offering of the earth and humanity and work upon them to bring about the much-needed transformation. It was a sacrifice in which she speaks:

"Lord, eternal Master!"

"Men, pushed by the conflict of forces, are making a sublime sacrifice, Consequence on page 11"
A DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE
THE POETRY OF LILIAN BOWES LYON
By MORWENNA DONNELLY

This specially written article is valuable both for its closely perceptive sympathetic approach and for the passages quoted at some length from a poem whose work is now out of print.

When those who have suffered speak of joy, we listen to them. No one, we feel, who has endured great conflict down to talk of joy unless it has been because a spirit speaks with certainty out of the ruins of its human condition, the cynic and the sceptic are silenced, for the impact of a work of art born from this suffering experience is different to any other. The Tempest was built on foundations that had shaken to the terror and madness of King Lear. Beethoven came as a deaf, tortured man to distil the serenity of the late Quartets. And the Songs of Farewell, those tumultuous climaxes of music in which it seems possible to catch the light-shot splendours of another world, were dictated by Delius when he was blinded and paralysed and near death. These joys are not the first-born, untasted joys of springtime. They are the fruits of an experience that has gathered suffering into joy, and their manifestation is amongst the most compelling of all the spirit's utterances.

Lilian Bowes Lyon ended the last poem in her volume of Collected Poems with the lines

Light me a candle, fan the whole
Black world to joy, stop there my God.

To this point, in which faith proclaims its sole in face of the paradox of existence which so transfixed her, it had been, in the words of the preceding poem, "a rough walk home." She had seen evil and suffering close at hand and felt them on her own pulse. She need to identify herself with suffering humanity led her to spend the war in the East End of London, where the blitz struck in all its fury. When she died last year she had endured physical suffering herself of an extreme kind. Yet she continued to write poetry, as Day Lewis puts it in his introduction to the Collected Poems, "under conditions which would have silenced most poets." She knew indeed what it is to "have died too much."

Day Lewis defines what he calls the note of passion in her poetry—"which gives her kinship with Christina Rossetti and Emily Bronte"—"as the capacity for passionate suffering." Yet it seems to have been a quality even rarer, that of creative suffering, which she herself described in a poem called Earth:

O knows suffering’s sequel;
Love theory and equal
From eyes picked out by crowd
Still breeds the touch-star rose.

Existence for her is essentially tragic; beauty and joy are wrung from it at the cost of death and immolation, and this stress of experience produces in her poetry much of its poignant contradictions: "I bring you good tidings of great sorrow," she writes in Dedication, sealing her sense of the inextricable relationship of joy and sorrow, and again:

Most beauty is signed with sorrow: the iron shore
Though it strike fire from flint, bitter deep:

But though she knows that "Grass-mowings we are, the groundsel of suffering," she knows also that:

...grief conceives; predestinate rock that rends
Heart’s fibre tough, itself is rent by threes
Let shall man through, a Satan quenched and sighing.

It may be true to say that this preoccupation with suffering springs from the Christian subsoil of Western civilization with its pattern of ordeal and redemption, and that it was confirmed by the impact of the war; it would also seem to have its roots in something even more simple and implit. In all countrysides which have the four seasons, and particularly the northern countries, the poet is continually presented with the paradox of death and rebirth. If he is a countryman the whole of his life, both practical and spiritual, revolves with that mysterious, ineradicable procession of decay, death, resurrection and fruition. In the autumn he watches Nature settle into profound repose, the wind and rain stripping the last vestiges of summer from the trees and countryside. With the advent of winter the light fades; he closes his door against the weather; the snow shuts him in. Through the short, dark, bitter days he makes the descent with Nature into the grave and feels his own life congeal with him. He shares with the bare tree lashed by winter gales or chiselled out by frost, with the ploughed field and stark hedgerow, with starveling birds that come to him for crumbs and shelter, with his cattle straddled by flood and snowdrift, that desolation and entombment of life preparatory to its renewal, until the spring spells again for him the miracle of rebirth. His entire life is emotionally conditioned, perhaps unconsciously, by the agony of this natural ritual; it moves within the framework of the season to the rhythm of ploughing and harrowing, sowing and harvesting. Lilian Bowes Lyon's country was Northumbria, in the very north of England, where the emphasis of winter is most extreme, and where the spring brings the dweller the sense that he is issuing out of a dark well into the light. The texture of this country with its stone walls, lollis, and winter blizzards—"winter's unearthly charity in death and snow"—colours all her poetry and gives it a quality at once resilient and tenacious, delicate and sturdy, submissive and courageous. She draws continually on its beauty, its harsh climatic changes for the images with which to reflect her awareness of the human tides of life and death, of man's rebellion in the face of an environs mystery expressive of harmonious, wholeness and obedience. In Stone Pity she tells of "Sheep, under a wall shagged with snow," of the "storm-sturdly stones Holding the soft surges back," and the crow which shall soon feed on the sheep and "harvest their flock's piece-meal." And she concludes:

I think of men, that cruel
The length of a blocked gallery or back to wall
Stand jury-folded; aye, while shepherds grope
A frail white universe, and with hoarse night look hope.
We too, lose hurricane-proof hope.

Inwardly grow then, stones, beneath your wool-white cope!
Not for these sheep, this cow, terrible Wall,
You staff of me, stone pity; grove rather for all
Creation, for love latent, summer breath
Of trapped souls under the turf, hearing the huge fall
Of cool-dust Death.

And in The Hedgerow Story she thinks:

...of the innumerable slumber lives whose history
differs a hairbreadth from the hedgerow story:
thorns in black competition, the roped glory of
gresser, once gone, the
with berries dipped in blood.

When fields here lose the light, I fear the mystery
of men like trees, that toer but touch the sky
they cannot and are failed one by one,
I think of saint and acrecorn schooled to die;
their leafless victory stands, where nothing stood.

Watching starlings, this evanescence of life, the painful dialectic of experience, "thorns in black competition," crystallises itself in the image of the flocking birds:

A fairy while we wrangle
Then, sparkling thousands, are distilled in flight.
But if the natural world provided her with these symbols of the human struggle, it was also the ordered, uncoupled background which reflected man's impotence and against which he comes so futilely:
Beautiful is the ebb tide, the evening,
When Earth forgives
Her son of blood and iron their skin-deep mystery,
And breathes and lives.

The stress and conflict of spirit stretched on the cross of matter invades her poetry continually. "Rolls through a star-splendid sieve Our dust implored, doomed to live," she writes in March Wind, and in Two Trees she speaks of the symbolic tree being
Finelier compelled
To sift the difficult splendour from despair;
And fire, oh fire the world.

She understood, in this conflict what it is to endure the shock of the desperate contraries in which man's awareness is plighted, that conditioning "quake of heart's quick earth by infinite storms torn."

Even heaven's rumour lies "Locked in the flux of deafening adversity." Hope and faith are wrenched from chaos and slenderly defended. "Men build at the circumference of gloom," she says in one of her Sonnets:

So toiled our rainbow towers to bruise the storm,
Our born-of-April breath foredoomed to fail....
As saron lamba to the sun discintell stand
Our hopes unperturbed, humble to abide
The shock of peace, the mercy of punishment.

In face of this tension, never wholly resolved, it is natural that Lilian Bowes Lyon's cement was simple and spare and sometimes dissident. In A Gleam Ahead she expresses something of the elusive with which the mystery of the soul filled her:

A gleam ahead life goes.
Fiddle is death, a falling short
Of change the insipid event;
Serene bird crashes, but a birth-pang late;
Wings radiant, Which are adoring spanned the sombre light,
Wings crumble and lie broken.
After the shot
I see love's phleg but never that redress.
And at the end of The Blind Trump she has the profoundly moving comment, "Some covet life to lose it; some agree with Christ at last, like the sun draws up." Her compassion looks out on suffering with an emotion the more moving because it is so perfectly disciplined; The half-shot-away hare (Mark, Gentlemen of England now abed!
Stitches a precious thread
Of horror into the upland turf—oh learning to be dead.
"Learning to be dead," "schooled to die"—these are the poet's own confession of inner and difficult obedience to the chastisement of suffering, that more than courage The obedience of the heart." Heart and spirit are roving, her mind is blest," she says, and in another poem she speaks of the mind "that longs to yield To a flower's definition, Yet knows no inland field."
Her cure, gentle, brooding pity and her skill with words reveal themselves consummately in The Grave where the impact of the opening line: "It hurt me, the efficient, spade-prude hole," drops quietly to "Your wishful bones are best where they are: Too deeply wiltered out to wound the sun," the preparatory vanguard—how softly chosen!—allowing us to fall without shock to the thrust of woe. Yet her compassion is without self-righteousness, even when it reflects on terror and injustice. Well she recognised "Crime's worm is in ourselves Who crumble and are the destroyer." "May dawn forebear to judge his own blood-guilt and the horizon gleaming," she cries. She knew, as another war poet, Antoine de Saint-Exupery, knew, that "each man bears the sin of all men." Pondering on the war dead she writes
So having a wrong
How may this black world right who trod them into slime.
Still must our miller run,
Splintering the stained-glass window of a wood.
Be darkly seen through these men's blood
And midnight witter in her sleep with guns.
Her visual sensitivity, her economy of word and control of emotion; the compression and subtlety of her verse, the continual evasion behind appearance and even, in the sight of light, of everything under it and intricate meanings and significances, give to Lilian Bowes Lyon's poetry a remarkable depth and range. Her use of words has the freshness, sometimes the suddenness, of a mind using language with an unusual flexibility. They stab past all our associations. The influence of Hopkins, though it is unmistakable, has been so carefully assimilated that it seldom obtrudes, and even where it is deliberately courted, as in her occasional use of triple hyphen, it strikes home in her own right. She can, even in the smallest lyric, produce a poem complete and delicately-balanced as a miniature, as in A Dimly-hung Field, or Ploughing:

Early and pregnant hour;
Hazily sunbeams lacquer
The flanks of horses ploughing the Fourteen Acre.
They move in a cocon of golden steam,
The logical furrow following furled and spared.
I saw the countryside tough behind his team,
And that was the star.
At his long shadow in Time, his tangent power.
She can pass from the lucid definitions of Early Light
When morning is early, is early;
The land lies cool
as the delicate floor
of a limpied pool,
to the sinewy, difficult verse of Death and Snow, and to the beautiful yet complex last stanza of A Panther Teach Men Patience:
Courage be identified here with the intuitive crocus,
involved in the new rose, our resurrection.
A panther teach men patience till we bring the spirit royal as lightning, the southwesterly future
weakening all snows, till suffering melt us too
who have made peace with Spring.
Nevertheless it would be a mistake to think that she wrote only of the "tension of humanity." She could make simple, explicit statement of the beauty of animals and the countryside as in Allendale Dog
A lean dog, ample
As the long winds that ripple
Counties cool as ivory...
He skims gay light
From mountains paint with gold;
Certain as bees bring honey:
The blundering ewe, the lamb
By snows in March confounded...
Fells under heaven are his;
The poet he is
Of daunt that springs new gold
Like dew from danger's fleece...and in Duchess, the trace-horse

watch her move
She takes the hill as a ship
Figurehead noble...
Night sleeked with sweat,
A shoulder firm as marble;
Watch her, the great feet grip
Our groundless earth, all's set
For home now, tackle test;
She leans to the work soberly, with love...Wind-bites Duchess, breast
Frown-faced she gloriously,
Kneels winter's storm-shock hazard...
Scorned flank December-bleed
She conquers the snow softly into bloom.

Her emotional range can pass from the bitter indignation of Industrial City by Moonlight,"This kilm of sham, this Carcasse with our cries hidden under his belt," to the tender humour of A Hand, "This hand, that in a mazeless lies, Explaining quietness to my eyes," to the controlled grief of Death in Summer, where she imagines the young soldier:
Loverly with sleep he turned the look of Nature; Strange was the land—oh too profound that seal!
When morning broke he seemed to have gained in stature
Like other turbulent boys, fulfilled as he.
She can make us feel the touch of her sadness, the delicacy of her regret, as in Portrait of a Sick Man,"In Desert Father zen, a contrite heart Throbbeth, feel, he sat breathlessly erect," and as she watches a green finch, "volatile, lovely, vernally old" in a hedge,
Hedge you are so! Yet glad as I
That something dared explore,
While tasks went brutally by,
Your quiet, your constant care.
She can sweep us away with the sheer sensuous delight of her visual images, "wind like water Streaming invisible through banners, Trophies of tense silk..." "Here stretched the east-facing sail!"; "twilight's comforting lamp-light honeycomb"; "the white stroke of the wind;" the pool "which the wind's dark breath flashes;" "Time's curve implicit in a coast-line soft with rain;" "those liquid cools, that laundry mirror night;" the woman at the window "wearing the faint sun like a silver shawl;" "snow bees following sweetness." She can, as in the inexplicable beauty of the justly celebrated A Shepherd's Coat the reader into the wringing world of pure poetry. Poem the poem begins with the lines "I woke from death and dreaming life..." and her absence be the child I carry, All days, and all years," and comes to rest with
I shall not want, I voice renewed by death,
A shepherd's coat drawn over me.
In the last two sections of the Collected Poems, the stress of the war gives to many of the poems a sombre sadness or thrusting anguish, as in Remembering the Adored:
The truth returns, to nail new hands and feet
To the vitally mortal cross.
Oh hard rebirth!
The vision at sunrise and at noon the bomb!
Again the random child by robot thumb
Of war rubbed out next door the half-sat battering
With only a fat a wall, his futile rage
The indiction of a universe.
I knelt in blood, remembering the Adored.
In Oxford in November she ponders man's exile from wholeness and peace and sadly concludes: "Not yet the unwavering permit won, to fly into peace for ever." But perhaps the most arresting poem in these final sections, though not so absolute in its sure direction as some of the more compact lyrics, is her long poem Poems in Stepney in which she meditates the issues of war. "The destruction of a city is not caused by fire," she reflects,
The destruction is in the rejection of a common word:
Agony's open abyss or the fate of an orphanage,
Mass-festering, mass-freezing or mass-burial.
She looks round her at "the mean tenements My deeds condone, my dutiful lips deplore;" at the bombéd city, "Across and across it move The searchlights, reclining hate on a hidden clock," and she sees
...through a dark lms your hamlet burned;
The sexiest child, the seven-year-old toy
That tore in half too early;
Drowned men who went haunted
History's archipelago, England's rock;
She pleads for the acceptance of the common word: "Home to the singular hearth all flesh may come. When the two or three have agreed to agrab together."
The final stanza, beginning "Learn to give praise, not grieve; Again to the dire altar We are woven alive, Innumerable yet a whole thank-offering," moves quietly to its culmination:
Our destined to endure the rebuke of love, One with another, immemorial, in ruins.
We look for the gift ungiven but in-graced,
A wound of light in the forehead of the blind.
It was a cold and chilly night that descended on the lonely bush of Sars-trees on the outskirts of the country-town of Chandrapur. In the midst of the bush Swami Asimananda had got his solitary hut constructed with bamboo and palm-leaves. It was raining heavily that night. Enraged, perhaps, by the news of the world, India, the Rain-God, was fiercely attacking the earth with his shaft-like downpour of torrential waters. On the only pathway that led to the Sannyasin's hermitage from the town, there could be seen the tall slim figure of the Swami returning late, as the occasional flashes of lightning revealed the otherwise dark bosom of night. He seemed to be quite accustomed to the darkness and was slowly proceeding towards his hut along the rain-drenched path, when suddenly a flash of lightning revealed to him something lying prostate under a Sars-tree. Another flash was enough to convince him that what he saw was a human form. He went near and touched it with his hand. He found it to be cold and wet and a little stiff. He uncovered its bosom and felt the heart beat feebly.

"Omn!" he uttered, 'it is not a dead body." He took out something like a herb or root from under his ochre robe and held it near the nostrils of the prostrate figure. After a few moments the beating of the heart became more clear. And the Sannyasin asked in a tranquil voice:

"Who are you, lying here in this cold, damp, lightless night?"

But there was no answer. Again he asked and a third time, bringing his ear closer to the mouth of the other. A voice hardly audible, as if that "even from a grave, whispered a feeble reply:" "A suffering soul." And all was silent again except for the pouring of the rain and the whistling of the wind through the tall Sars-trees. A few moments more and the swaying of the tree formed a path and proceeded to complete his interrupted journey towards the hermitage.

It was a gentle rose of a dawn that bloomed next day over the bower of the east, dispelling the night gloom. Clouds having rolled away, an azure sky tinged with delicate hues patiently cared the child earth with its rose-ray-fingers.

In the inside of his hermitage Asimananda was seated in the Padmasana posture, lost in meditation. Besides him, on a leaf-bed was lying the newly-arrived, with his eyes wide open, who appeared to sit up. He watched the tranquill stillness that glowed on the face of his meditating companion. Tears gushed forth from his eyes as he went on gazing at the serene moveless calm of the other.

A few moments later the meditation came to an end and his consciousness returned to the earth. He smiled as his eyes greeted his tearful companion.

"Jaya Sach-chid-ananda," he said, "how do you feel?"

"Better, sir, who are you? You appeared to be unknown benefactor."

And the other smiled again and said, "Thy own self," and he paused just a little and then completed the sentence, "but only in a different physical posture, named Asimananda." And rubbing his eyes, he started from his leaf-bed and sat up supporting himself on the bamboo and palm-leaf wall of the hut. Tears again gushed forth from his eyes.

"Do you know, Gurudeva, what you have done to me?" he uttered feebly. "The life of a sick man with rising fever without waiting for the answer, he rose and put his head on the feet of the Swami.

"Gurudeva, you have saved my life. I had taken poison. I have saved my soul" he muttered with great effort.

"Dear brother, you are still too weak to speak. So please calm yourself. When I felt your heat-beats and pulse last night, I felt sure you were under the effect of some virulent poison. But now by the grace of the Almighty and the effectiveness of the herb I used, you are saved from its fatal effect. So please calm yourself. Your tale of woe—and I believe it is a tale of woe—can wait till then.

"Pray let me speak. I have recovered some strength and I will be able to narrate my life's tale of sin and woe and repentence. If only you will be kind enough to listen to such a tale of mundane affairs." Asimananda turned his face away from him. At this the other felt disappointed and said, "What a fool I was not to have understood that you are a Sannyasin and not interested in the affairs of the world?"

To this Asimananda hurriedly replied, ill attempting to conceal his emotions, "No, no. Your self is also our self and hence your affairs are our affairs too. The Self is one. So please narrate your tale."

Thus encouraged he commenced.

"I was abandoned in childhood as a child of Rain-God, was fiercely attacked by the friendship of a rich man's son. His father was doing business on the Stock Exchange and he was his only son. He was very noble and had a highly idealistic nature. He was very intelligent, but his intelligence belonged to that type which is more in home at abstract subjects like metaphysics and Yoga than in practical day-to-day affairs of the world. He was very kind and affectionate but at the same time extremely sensitive. He had often done many a good turn to me but I was convinced at that time that it was simply because of his father's money that he was able to become so kind and helpful. I realised that now, but in those days when I was spoon-fed on the socialist ideology I had become so thoroughly imbued with it that I never was able to see any good qualities in the rich. People were real culprits, I believed, who coveted others' wealth. I decided that the first opportunity which would present itself to me I would try to wipe out the difference between the rich and the poor. To attain that end, it was easier, I thought, to make the rich poor, than the poor rich. So although apparently I was on quite intimate relations with him, inwardly I always entertained a deep hatred towards him. I wanted to make him poor."

"And what was his name, may I ask?" interrupted the Swami, who was listening to him with rapt attention.

"Well, his name was Makarand."

"And a dark cloud passed across the face of the Sannyasin, but his companion was too weak to understand what it meant. He went on with his narrative."

"In the second year of my college career I had to give up my studies and through the good offices of Makarand, I was taken up by his father in his Stock Exchange Office. In a few months' time I was able to learn very much about the business matters and very soon, by my diligence and hard work, I gained the confidence of the father. He was getting old and of late his idealistic son to be unfit to take to his business, he gradually transferred all the responsibility of the business on to me. During all those days, I was still maintaining my apparently intimate relations with Makarand. You can understand how easy it was for me to work up the ruin of that happy family, if I so wished. And would you believe, without the slightest compunction in my heart, I did work up their ruin. I made his business suffer a most terrible blow, as a consequence of which they lost all their property and belongings. The shock was too great for the old man. He died, and he collapsed and on the very next day he died. How cruel and callous I was then! But at that time I did not think that way. I was simply making use of the opportune time, and I am removing such other qualities were only the privileges of the rich, I thought. What had I to do with them? Makarand was my friend. Granted. He and his father helped me by making me into the latter's business and thereby I was able to support my poor mother. Granted. His father handed over all his business to me. That, too, granted. But after all they were rich. What right had they to be rich? Makarand's mother did not survive long after that. Within a month she also followed her husband to the world of Manas."

"Here the narrator paused for a while to take breath. He was still too weak to continue without break. The Sannyasin tried to conceal a smile that had involuntarily escaped from his mouth. But the other was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to notice it. He continued."

"The next day I received the news from Makarand. It was a very short one. It read: My dear friend, I know that it was you who were deliberately brought this ruin upon me and also caused the death of my parents. But then you were simply an instrument in the hands of God. Hence, I do not blame you."

"This happened many a year ago. But since then I have been unable to have any peace or happiness. I, too, left the world and became a wanderer like him—not too like him. I have wandered throughout the length and breath of India in search of him. But I have failed in my search. Finally, last night I decided to do to him what had I to do, to run away from the terrible guilt and misery eating my heart away? But, once again, it was too late. I had taken poison. I asked some townfolk in Chandrapur if there was any expert medicine-man handy. They said that there was one Sannyasin named Chandrapur. He was staying in a hut in the wood on the outskirts of the town; often he was giving medicine to the ill people of the town and invariably they were cured. So I left the town to see if I could find him. But it was raining heavily and it was dark,
A DIFFICULT PILGRIMAGE
Continued from page 9

As we read these poems we cannot escape the sense that we are following a difficult pilgrimage, "a painful, overcast, wintry pilgrimage," as C. Day Lewis describes it, warmed "by the breath of her compassion, the glow of her courage." Lilian Bowes Lyon would not have denied that description of her journey, for she knew "Pilgrimages are rare. To cross a ditch easy prove the tragic Step beyond despair." Few poets of our generation have so faithfully sought the implications of experience within the bitter context of our times, and in so close a personal identity with suffering and disaster. She despised "the caption-value of sorrow." When she says "A dagger through the heart is good," and "havoc be an angel that passed over," it is not as the easy spectator who sees only suffering's sequel, but as flesh and spirit that have flinched under the ordeal and known the abyss.

In which men suffer till their souls forget
Even to breathe 'I shall be, who am not.'

She could, indeed, invoke the soul without deceit to "bear out the solemn Winter's tale I have understood." When she touched the fringes of the mystery, it was to perceive that revelation is always the unveiling of a truth already possessed, "If I have come, to you I loved long since, Forgotten, yet the core of my remembering," and she adds, "I can't say where or when I learnt To bear in mind what no man knows Yet always knew." The fidelity of her vision, the strength of her integrity shine through the soberness, the unpretentiousness of that humble truth. The most moving poetry is the poetry of conflict; of a multitude glimpsed but guarded as the Holy Grail. In Lilian Bowes Lyon imagination was the servant of experience, and experience struck its share deep to produce those sparks that are her poems: reading them we can guess something of the travel by which she learnt "to sift the difficult splendour from despair."

A NEW FEATURE

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THE MOTHER ON SELF-SURRENDER
Continued from page 6

they are offering their lives in a sanguinary holocaust. "Lord, eternal Master, grant that it may not be in vain; that the inexhaustible torrents of Thy divine force may spread over the earth penetrating into the troubled atmosphere, the struggling energies, all the violent chaos of the battling elements; and that the pure Light of Thy Knowledge and the inexhaustible love of Thy Benediction may fill the hearts of men, penetrate into their souls, illuminate their consciousness and make to pour forth out of this obscurity, this sombre, terrible and powerful darkness, the splendour of Thy majestic Presence!"

"My being is before Thee in an integral holocaust so that it may make their unconscious holocaust effective."

"Accept this offering, reply to our call: come!" (Prayers and Meditations—pp. 167-168).

Again: "...Grant that we may be Thy vivifying breath, Thy sweet peace, Thy luminous love upon the earth amongst our ignorant and sorrowful human brothers.

"O divine Master, accept the offering of my integral holocaust, so that Thy work may be done and the time may not pass in vain.

"The whole being is transformed into the ardent flame of a sacrifice of pure love.

"Borne again the king of Thy kingdom, deliver the earth from the heavy weight which crushes her, the weight of her inert, ignorant and obscure ill-will." (Prayers and Meditations, Pp. 168-169).

The holocaust was accepted by the Divine and we have a most ecstatic expression of the Mother's gratitude as well as another most revealing picture of an absolute surrender:

"O My beloved Lord, what a sweetness to think that it is for Thee and Thee alone that I act! At Thy service I am; it is Thou who decidest, ordainest and puttest in motion, directest and accomplishest the action. What peace, what tranquillity, what supreme felicity are given me when I sense and perceive it! For, it is enough to be docile, plastic, surrendered and attentive, so as to let Thee act freely; then there can be no longer errors or faults or any lack or insufficiency, since it is what Thou hast willed that Thou dost and it is so done as Thou hast willed it.

"Accept the ardent flame of my gratitude and of my joys and fully confident adherence.

"My father has smiled at me and taken me in His powerful arms. What is there that I could fear? I have melted into Him and it is He who acts and lives in this body which He has Himself formed for His manifestation." (Prayers and Meditations—p. 291).

LATEST PUBLICATION OF SRI AURBINDO CIRCLE, BOMBAY
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LIGHTS ON LIFE-PROBLEMS

One of our chief aims will be to provide authentic guidance in regard to the many important questions which arise in the minds of thoughtful persons all over the world. This cannot be better done than by coming to the aid of Sri Aurobindo's questions in the light of his own work and his interpretation of man's nature and evolution. Aurobindo's writings will regularly appear in these columns.

Q. 1: Much of the recent work in art, literature and poetry has been condemned as decadent. What do you mean by decadence in literature and art and how does it come about?

A. Literature and art become decadent "when the race decays, when life and soul go out and only the dry intellect and tired senses remain". This occurs when there is nothing more to be lived or seen or said, or when the creative mind, "irrevocably" to a clumsy and artificial repetition of past forms and conveniences or can only escape from them into scholastic or aesthetically petrified or extravagant forms.

Q. 2: Is the charge of decadence levelled against modern art and poetry valid?

A. "That a certain decline, not of the activity of the poetic mind, but of its natural vigour, importance and effective power has been felt, if not quite clearly appreciated in its causes, we can see from various significant indications. Throughout the later nineteenth century one observes a constant apprehension of approaching aesthetic decadence, a tendency to be on the watch for it and to find the signs of it in innovations and new turns in art and poetry. The attempt to break the whole mould of poetry and make a new thing of it so that it may be easier to handle and may adapt itself to the tastes and fancies of the hour, noble and common, fair or unseemly movements of the modern mind and its varied interest in life, is itself due to a sense of some difficulty, limitation, unease, some want of equation between the fine but severely self-life-affirming character of this kind of creative power and the spirit of the age. At one time indeed it was hardly predictable that since the modern mind is increasingly scientific and less and less poetical and aesthetically imaginative, poetry must necessarily decline and give place to science, for much the same reason, in fact, for which philosophy replaced poetry in Greece. On the opposite side it was sometimes suggested that the poetic mind might become more positive and make use of the materials of science or might undertake a more intellectual though always poetic criticism and might fill the place of philosophy and religion which were supposed for a time to be dead or dying powers in human nature: but this came to the same thing, for it meant a deviation from the true law of aesthetic creation and only a more protracted decadence".

Q. 3: What was the chief reason of this decadence?

A. "An age of reason dominated by the critical, scientific or philosophical intelligence is ordinarily unfavourable and, even when it is most catholic, not quite favourable to the great poetic creation. Intellectualism, "if it leads to nothing beyond itself, must end, however brilliant its work, in a poetic decadence, and that must come nearer, the more intellect dominates the other powers of our being". The twilight of the cold, wet age which was as inevitable in a reign of dominant intellectualism, a preoccupation with reflective thought and therefore with truth, but it was not at its core and in its essence poetic thought and truth and its expression, however, artistically dressed with image and turn or enforced by strong and dexterous phrase, however frequently searching, apt or picturesque, had not often, except in one or two exceptional voices, the most moving and intimate tones of poetry. The poets of the middle of the nineteenth century in England and America philosophised, moralised or criticised life in energetic and telling or beautiful and attractive or competent and cultural verse; but they did not represent life with success or interpret it with high poetic power or inspired insight and were not stripped and uplifted by any deep glistening of truth. The reasoning and observing intellect is a necessary and serviceable instrument, but an excess of reason and intellectualism does not create an atmosphere favourable to moved vision and the uplifting breath of life and for all its great and progress and discovery that age, the carnival of industry and science, gives us who are in search of more living, inner and potent things the impression of a barren flavour, a heavy air, an inhibition of the greater creative movements, a less spirit of utility and prose. The few poets who strained towards a nearer hold upon life, had to struggle against this atmosphere which weighed upon their mind and clogged their breath. Whitman, more insistent of truth and words a greater truth of the soul and life, found refuge in a revolution and speaking out in anarchical forms, a vindication of freedom of movement which unfortunately at its ordinary levels brings us nearer to the earth and not higher, a more humanized life, the more illuminated life. Swinburne, excited by the lyric fire within him, had too often to lash him until the internal strangeness of the violence of passion in order to make a way through the clogging thickness for its rush of sound; Meredith's strains, hymning life in a word bordered and packed with thought, are strong and intimate, but difficult and few. And therefore in this epoch of a bursting into new fields and seeking for new finer and bolder impulses of creation, one of the most insistent demands and needs of the human mind, not only in poetry, but in thought itself and in spirit, has been to break the tyranny of the intellect as a critical intellect, to return to the power and sincerity of life and come by a greater depthness of the intuition of its soul of meaning. That is the most striking turn of all recent thinking of any importance.".

Q. 4: But though the urge behind this turn was in itself sound can it be said that it proceeded in the right direction and succeeded in laying hold on a greater truth of life and thereby bridging the gulf between thought and life created by the over-intellectualism of the modern age? The earlier poetry of the pre-intellectual period even though it moved in the sphere of external life and its passions and emotions had fullness of vitality and natural wholeness, but much of the recent poetry is perverse, morbid or un继续保持。What is the reason of this? In the intellectual age "passion, direct feeling, ardent emotion, sincerity of sensuous joy are chilled by the observing eye of reason and give place to a play of sentiment,—sentiment which is an indulgence of the intellect in the turns, the higher noble and common, fair or unseemly movements of the modern mind and its varied interest in life, is itself due to a sense of some difficulty, limitation, unease, some want of equation between the fine but severely self-life-affirming character of this kind of creative power and the spirit of the age. At one time indeed it was hardly predictable that since the modern mind is increasingly scientific and less and less poetical and aesthetically imaginative, poetry must necessarily decline and give place to science, for much the same reason, in fact, for which philosophy replaced poetry in Greece. On the opposite side it was sometimes suggested that the poetic mind might become more positive and make use of the materials of science or might undertake a more intellectual though always poetic criticism and might fill the place of philosophy and religion which were supposed for a time to be dead or dying powers in human nature: but this came to the same thing, for it meant a deviation from the true law of aesthetic creation and only a more protracted decadence".

Q. 5: How can poetry avoid this exhaustion and decadence? What is the new direction in which it must turn to find the true way out of this false deviation?

A. "The truth which poetry expresses takes two forms, the truth of life and the truth of that which works in life, the truth of the inner spirit. It may take its stand on the outer life and work in an intimate identity, relation or close dwelling upon it, and then what it does is to bring things together, sensory value, new, in the end a morbid fastening on perversities, on all that is ugly, glaring and coarse on the plea of their greater reality, on exaggerations of vital instinct and sensation, on physical wryness and crudities and things unhealthy in all the critical criticism and amused laughter at the blooded power of the vital being, poeses on these things, stimulates the falling blood with them and gives itself an illusion of some forceful sensation of living. This is not the real issue, but the way to exhaustion and decadence."