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Prabuddha Bharata

OR
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By Karma, Jnana, Bhakti, and Yoga, by one or more or
all of these the vision of the Paramatman is obtained.

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PRABUDDHA BHARATA

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INDEPENDENCE HAS ITS PRICE
AND IT IS WE WHO HAVE TO PAY IT

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उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत

Arise ! Awake ! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—:0:—

LETTERS OF SWAMI SHIVANANDA

(133)

Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama
Bull Temple Road
Bangalore
23 September 1924

Dear Daughter —,

I am very happy to receive your letter after a long time. What worry is there, my child? The Master will surely draw your mind towards His lotus feet. Abide by the spiritual practice daily. Pour out all the love of your heart into His lotus feet. Love is there in every heart for this or that, in some form or other. Pour out even that love to Him only. What other special duty can you have when, through His grace and as a result of the accumulated virtues of your many past lives, you have got a life different from ordinary people? Attend to some of the duties of the family and spend the life joyfully in meditation and *japa*, in study and discussion about Him, and in His worship.

You have been initiated into His holy name that redeems the lowly, by one of the direct disciples of the Master. What worry is there for you, my child? Pray to the Master like a child and cry, 'Master, I lack in devotion, so give me devotion; I lack in compassion, give me compassion. You are kindness and love incarnate. It is for our liberation that you have incarnated yourself with your devotees. It is from one of your devotees that I have got your holy name which redeems the lowly and which is full of love. It is you who is my dearest of the dear. Teach me to love you'. Pray to Him much in solitude. You will have compassion in heart and get the peace. I do say that you will surely get.

It is well that you intend to go home during the *pūjā*. My heartfelt love and blessings to you.

Your well-wisher,
Shivananda

(134)

Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama
Basavangudi, Bangalore
23 November 1924

Dear Sriman —,

Always I pray from my heart that you all may have your faith on the Master, the Holy Mother and Swamiji firm and solid like the Himalayas, that you may do their work with indomitable energy, advance much towards Him and that good may come to many by that way. Let the sacred and liberal universal religion of the Master spread all over India and let real peace come upon the earth. At least, let all progress towards equality and let the sense of diversity in religious views die down in them. Let all the activities of the world move towards oneness and let the humanity understand that one and the same God is verily the indwelling Self of all. The peace can come only through this and not through any other way.

— has not written to me anything as yet ; perhaps he will be writing soon. I will be delighted to see the devotees of Bombay and you all and I do feel like going there. But it is a long way off and as I think over it, I get frightened. I have decided to go to Madras soon and after I reach there, I will fix up my programme according as the Master wills.

I am very glad to know that Kanai is doing well there both physically and mentally. Let him remain there with a fixed mind for at least three years. This is what I feel from my heart. I know him to be a very good and efficient boy of pure character.

Jiten's letter, too, reached me yesterday and a reply to him is being given herewith. My heartfelt love and blessings to you all including the devotees there. Physically I am not so unwell but yet it is an aging body after all. Everything goes well here.

Srivasananda is devoting himself much to spiritual practices. He is getting the *Gospel of the Master* translated into Kannada. He has appointed two scholars for this purpose and also he himself is labouring hard.

Your well-wisher,
Shivananda

'DIVIDED WE FALL'

[EDITORIAL]

Decline and fall of Nations and Peoples : The history behind the decline and fall of nations, empires and peoples is varied and complex and the historians have put forward different studies to explain different cases, which hardly seem to suggest any common maxim of universal application. The causes that brought the downfall of Greece before the Romans were never similar to those which invited the disintegration of the Romans before the Goths. The political situations leading to the disintegration of the Mughal empire and the downfall of the Guptas, Mauryas, Marathas and the Sikhs in India were distinct and divergent from one another. But a study of this long history in retrospect no doubt gives us hints on some broad postulates bearing upon the downfall of the nations in general. One such postulate is, 'United we stand, Divided we fall.' It is the spirit of unity which holds the different parts of a country united together and, infused through the mass of people, pervades, feeds, invigorates and vivifies every part of it down to its minutest member. And this united will of the people, born out of their love, their attachment to their government for which they have a sense of deep stake, is the source of all strength and courage to a country. Without unity among the people, the nation is but a disintegrating mass, its government a chain of weak-links, its army a helpless mob, its air force a base rabble and its navy nothing but a heap of rotten timber. But, then, this unity is never a fixed concept depending wholly upon certain given conditions of past history. The past gives us only a nucleus, which finds new tangible forms making themselves perceptible in political, social, economic and spiritual life of each

generation. Therefore, the failures and the successes in the political performances of a particular generation have much to do with the preservation and perpetuation of this national unity for the future. While the virtues of the heroes, legislators and patriots of a particular age always create new occasions for the people to unite, the follies, madness and extravagance of the profane herd of vulgar politicians only sow seeds of new disunity and downfall, which slowly sap the very foundation of a nation. Disunity is the precursor of all disintegration and disintegration is the forerunner of all downfall. Gibbon's observations on the decline and fall of the mighty Roman empire bear considerable significance in this regard. He wrote: 'The introduction or at least the abuse of Christianity had some influence on the fall of the Roman empire. The clergy successfully preached the doctrines of abstinence and pusillanimity and the active virtues of the society were discouraged; the last remnants of the military spirit were buried in the cloister; a large portion of public and private wealth was consecrated to the spacious demands of charity and devotion; the soldiers' pay was lavished on the useless multitudes of both sexes who could only plead the merit of abstinence and chastity. The Church and even the State were distracted by religious factions, the attention of emperors was diverted from camps to synods. The Roman world was oppressed by a new species of tyranny and the persecuted sects became the secret enemies of the country.' As a result of all these, the 'vigour of the military government was relaxed and the Roman world was overwhelmed by a del-

uge of barbarians'. Disintegration precedes every downfall and it happened also to the Romans. The great historian while he presents the profound vignette attempts to high light a universal law of history, which is valid for all the times. Political history of India, when critically examined and carefully studied, will remind one of the same historical law operating behind the causes of India's downfall in the past.

Disintegration of India in the Past: Disunity has been the greatest of all the hurdles which have repeatedly pushed India into the vortex of fateful turmoil and disaster in the past. It has deprived this sub-continent of its national outlook and divided the spirit of the people again and again into endless factions of region, race, caste and creed. Kings and emperors, while fighting for regional and individual supremacies, never thought of any collective defence-preparedness against their common enemies—the aggressive invaders who swarmed round the frontiers of India from time to time with superior strength, strategy and fighting weapons. On occasions when they were able to put up any united front against any foreign aggression, they always lagged behind their adversaries in prudence, courage and diplomacy. Their internal disunity would so often ruin their cause and make their defeat and downfall inevitable. No doubt, the country acquired considerable unity during the paramount rule of the Mauryas, Guptas and the Mughals but as soon as the heavy hands of these central ruling authorities disappeared, the entire country again broke down into pieces giving fresh impetus to the invaders at the frontiers to continue their rampage and aggression with renewed vigour and greed. 'Patriotism is in political life what faith is in religion', observed the late Lord Acton. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because power is ever stealing from the many to the

few. But the rulers of India, ignorant as they always were of the necessities of the time, had neither the urge nor the foresight to live up to these active virtues of stable political life. Disunity and division would so often reduce them to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of dangers, to situations so ignominious that they could neither do wrong without ruin nor right without humiliation. This is how the canker of disunity has destroyed the fabrics of our national foundation, left this vast sub-continent almost defenceless before the enemies and heaped disgrace and misfortune upon the people from age to age and epoch to epoch. Downfall of India, whatever it might have been in the past, never came due to the acts of a few traitors; neither did it come in a single day. It was due to the years of misrule of a host of kings and emperors who had failed to respond to the great responsibility of their high calling and trust which they had held as the lawful representatives of their people in different periods. The illustrations from the Indian history which may be profitably recalled in this context are the following:

(1) India's defence-preparedness against Alexander.

The gallant defenders against Alexander were divided in their strength. The Assakenians who had put up a strong resistance against the invader beyond the Malakand pass in the north had in their garrisons a body of 7000 brave Indian troops but they 'were overpowered by superior numbers' and 'met a glorious death which they would have disdained to exchange for a life with dishonour'. (Vincent Smith: *Early History of India*, 1924, p. 59) The King of Taxila not only surrendered to Alexander but also helped his enemy with a contingent of 5000 men to fight against India. (ibid., p. 66) Perhaps the formidable resistance came from

King Poros who had deployed a fighting force comprising 30,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry 300 chariots and 200 huge elephants. Alexander, on the other hand, attacked Poros with a picked force of only 11,000 or 12,000 men. But Poros's superior number was outdone by Alexander's superior strategy and daring. The third notable resistance was put up by the confederacy of Malloi and Oxydrakai. The forces in command of the confederacy included 8,000 or 9,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry and from 7,000 to 9,000 chariots. Alexander had only a small flying column the number of which did not exceed 7,000. Here too, what the Macedonian army lacked in number was compensated for by its genius of unified command. While the defending confederates were discussing the claims of rival generals to command, Alexander acted with swiftness and strategy and defeated the Indian forces by surprise. Had all the defenders against Alexander acted jointly and simultaneously, the history of India would have been different.

(2) Disintegration of India after the Mauryas and Guptas.

The Maurya empire stretched upto the Hindukush at the close of Aśoka's reign. But, to put the exact words of the historian, 'the unity of the empire did not survive Aśoka and that when the influence of his dominating personality ceased to act, the outlying provinces shook off their allegiance and set up as independent states... The regions of the north-western frontier, when no longer protected by the arm of a strong paramount native power in the interior, offered a tempting field to the ambition of the Hellenistic Princes of Bactria and Parthia as well as to the cupidity of the warlike races on the border, which was freely exploited by a succession of invaders.' (ibid., p. 233) The recent aggressions on India's northern border and the continued attempt of the invaders to

sow the seeds of disunity and uncertainty among the border people there will only remind one of those notorious tricks of the invaders of the post-Maurya days.

It is an evidence of history that successive invasions of the Huns who had poured down into the plains of India from the steppes of Central Asia through the northern mountain passes considerably undermined the strong foundation of the Gupta empire. While a decisive victory of Skandagupta over these barbarous invaders during the beginning of his reign (A.D. 455) restored the unity of the empire for some time, the fresh invasions of these nomads (in A.D. 465) swept the empire into utmost economic break-down (in the form of debasement of the gold coins), anarchy and total destruction. Empire of Harṣa also broke down into pieces as his strong controlling arm disappeared after his death in A.D. 647. The unguarded northern-frontier once again tempted the invaders from Tibet and China. The reigning King of Tibet invaded India with 12,000 picked soldiers supported by a Nepalese contingent of 7,000 horsemen and overpowered Arjuna, the successor of Harṣa. (ibid., 392)

(3) Mohammedan invasions on India.

Disunity among the Hindu States and their defence-backwardness brought disastrous consequences upon India during the days of Mohammedan invasions which, like waves, came one after another and left behind them trails of anarchy, famine, disorder and chaos. Absence of any control of any paramount authority and exemption from foreign invasions upto the end of tenth century made the Indian States once more divided in spirit and their rulers negligent of their defence-preparedness against any external aggression. Not that these invasions came upon India unaware. Even when the Indian rulers had the full knowledge of the designs of the enemies at the border, they continued to

remain callous, easy-going, superstitious and often fatalistic in their readiness and antiquated, cumbrous and traditional in their defence-preparedness. 'The Hindu defenders of their country', writes Vincent Smith, 'although fully equal to their assailants in courage and contempt of death, were distinctly inferior in the art of war and for that reason lost their independence... No Hindu general in any age was willing to profit by experience and learn the lesson taught by Alexander's operations long ago.' (*The Oxford History of India*, 1921, p. 220) The confederate forces of the Hindu States which were often formed to fight the invaders, proved to be loosely organized and insufficiently planned and they failed, because they had no general to lead them to victory. There were few Duke of Wellingtons to match the invading Napoleons. For example, the confederate force of Jaipāl against Sabuktigin and that of Ānandapāl against Sultan Mahmud both appeared to be immobile in action. The fall of Prithvīrāj before Mohamud Ghorī was more due to the folly of the former than due to any superior strength of the latter. And the folly becomes all the more pronounced from the fact that Prithvīrāj who had defeated Ghorī in the first encounter did not pursue him and thus allowed his defeated enemy to gather strength for a fresh attack that would destroy the Hindu power completely. Sultan Mahmud, to follow the authority of Sir Henry Elliot, made seventeen aggressions on India. That Mahmud was able to do so only reveals the appalling defencelessness of the then Hindu States of India. Religious superstition and fatalism also contributed their quota to hasten the fall of the Hindus. The Aztecs of Mexico once believed that they were destined to be conquered by men coming from the east. In India, while the invading Mohammedans were confident of

their strength and sure of their victory, the Hindus often accepted their defeats as the acts of irrevocable fate. To illustrate our point, Lakṣman Sen, King of Bengal (1199) succumbed before only eighteen Mohammedan troopers who had marched into his kingdom. Who knows whether he took his defeat to be a predestined fate or not? For all these perhaps, Lane Poole remarks, 'To the contrast of union and dis-union, north and south, race and climate was added the zeal of the Moslem and the greed of the robber.'

(4) Break-up of India after the fall of Mughals.

While the misrule of the Tuglak dynasties and the political confusions following the period during the fourteenth century tempted Timur to launch his aggression against India in 1398, the secret enmity among the ranks of Sultan Ibrahim of Delhi invited the Mughals to invade India. Indian defence which followed the traditional know-how staggered before Babur's artillery, a new weapon that was still unknown to the rulers of India.

During the rule of the Mughals for about a century and half, India achieved a certain extent of political unification and also a respite of security against the foreign aggressions. Yet the foundation of this great empire was hollow. It lacked popular support and strength of patriotic spirit, which generally lend vitality to all political rule. So after Akbar, the real builder of the empire, it drifted towards a steady decline and with the death of Aurangzeb it crumbled into ruins. 'Aurangzeb's life', remarks Lane Poole, 'had been a vast failure, indeed... To his great empire his devoted zeal was an unmitigated curse.' (*Aurangzeb*, pp. 204-05) His bigotry was but abuse of religion and his religious persecutions created secret enemies of his empire. Commenting on the religious fanaticism of Aurangzeb

Pringle Kennedy rightly observes, 'What Akbar had gained what Jahangir and Shah Jahan with all their vices had retained, he (Aurangzeb) lost viz. the affection of his Hindu subjects.' (*History of the Great Moghul*, II, pp. 155-56) With Louis XV Aurangzeb too said, 'After me the deluge—*Az-ma-ast hamah fasad baqi.*' Shakespeare wrote :

When great leaves fall, then
winter is at hand ;

When the sun sets, who doth not
look for night ?

(*Richard III*)

The night-fall of the Mughal empire therefore approached fast and the deluge came in its wake. The divisive forces, which the Mughals had so long been controlling with a strong hand, broke out in irrepressible tumult. Lack of control engendered oppression and oppression begot poverty entailing economic ruin intensified by corruption and confusion in every sphere. Luxury had enervated the regime and the military power had already become contemptible. There were the rising Marathas in the south, the increasing chaos in the north and east and these prepared the ground for the two invasions launched by Nadir Shah in 1736 and Ahmad Shah Durrani in 1761 upon the country. 'Nadir Shah', observes Vincent Smith, 'left the Mughal empire bleeding and prostrate' and Durrani, to quote the words of Elphinstone, dealt a 'death-blow' to the national greatness of the Marathas. (*Oxford History of India*, 1921, pp. 458 and 465) The fall of the Marathas, the last remnant of the paramount powers, not only concluded the history of the Mughals but also set the stage ready for the eventual entry of the English into the arena of Indian politics.

Inertia of the Past: The birth of modern Indian Republic from the throes of the centuries of disunity, division and

disintegration is therefore the greatest of all the landmarks of Indian history. The accession of the Indian native states into the national union has been a silent and bloodless revolution, which remained unfulfilled even during the long British rule in this country. With the growth of national spirit, which was conspicuous by its long absence in this country, India's political history is no more the history of the few ruling kings, emperors or dynasties. It is now the history of all the Indian people, ruler as well as the ruled. But yet the inertia of the past dies hard. The notorious inertia of separatism which brought downfall and destruction to many empires and races in the past seems to haunt India still. Even after twenty years of independence the forces of disintegration are once again up in our midst. The total unity of the nation is a far cry today to the leaders who are out to seek unity of party, front, class or community at the cost of anything. The new passion rouses the Hindus to secure the safety of Hinduism, the Muslims to preserve the culture of their community, the backward classes to advance their interests and the Princes to defend their privileges. Battles of regional supremacies of old are still to be found in the small political ambitions and petty jealousies among the leaders of the different States of India. While the Nagas and Mizos want separation from India, Assam Hill people and the people of Kashmir seek separate status and special position within India. Many kingdoms of the past have been replaced only by many political parties and many kings by many leaders. Absence of scruple and triumph of self-interest seem to be the order of politics where rule of law has given place to coercion and violence and the civilized debate of the Parliament and legislatures to ill-mannered noise. Thus instead of having more political and cul-

tural unification of the country we are eager today to have it split into more states, regions and communities and demands of new divisions are multiplying day by day. With all these has been added the issue of language which is about to implant fresh seeds of disunity among the people. It is an unprecedented experience for any nation to see in one generation the full blossoming of its nationhood and also its dismemberment and the ebbing away of the spirit of nationalism.

If this drift towards disunity is an inertia of our past, there are, indeed, reasons that make this drift rapid. National unity, as we have noted at the beginning, is never a sterile concept. It requires cultivation, recreation and also preservation. While new occasions to unite and revitalize the foundation of unity, new frustrations only push it to degeneration and decay, which no blowing of bugles, rallying of the forces, defining of the targets or planning of the assaults can prevent. Frustration of the high hopes of national progress has been the root cause of present divided spirit among the people. The more they compare their country with the other developing nations of the world, the more they burst into passions of disunity and chaos.

To any student of Indian history the present drift towards disunity and separatism can mean only another crisis of alarming impact and another fateful delusion. Internal disunity has spelt many a disaster in the past for India's defence against external aggression. So, while the country is being terrified and intimidated by the hostile neighbouring powers at the border, this present drift, this obstinate and infatuated perseverance in folly can only lead to the repetition of the past. It is a point of concern for all that while India remains divided on the issues of language, region and culture, her menacing neigh-

bours feverishly mass more troops and weapons and evolve more evil designs of subversion, oppression, liberation and infiltration on the borders. According to the recent review entitled 'The Military Balance 1966-67' published by the Institute of Strategic Studies, London, the armed forces of China surpassed 2.7 million men. While India's defence expenditure represents only 3.3 per cent of her gross national income, China's spending represents 10 per cent compared to U.S.A.'s 9.2 per cent and U.S.S.R.'s 8.9 per cent. Pakistan India's another neighbour, is also out to increase her military might. Per capita defence expenditure in Pakistan is 4 dollars and that in India is 3.3 dollars. All these pernicious developments around have considerably disturbed the balance of India's defence-preparedness against her possible enemies to which she has always remained complacent in the past and for which she is now dependent upon the protecting arms of other friendly nations of the world. But nothing can save a nation which stands divided.

History, it has been said, has its warnings and inspirations. These warnings and inspirations give true meaning to the past. 'No study', observes one eminent historian of modern India, 'has so potent an influence in forming a nation's mind and a nation's character as a critical and careful study of its past history. And it is by such study alone that an unreasoning and superstitious worship of the past is replaced by a legitimate and manly admiration.' 'No nation', remarks Sir Jadunath Sarkar, another noted historian of India, 'can exist in the present-day world by merely cultivating its brain, without developing its economic resources and military power to the high pitch attained by its possible enemies.' The remark no doubt bears a meaning for India's long political history with all its turmoils and confusions, which, when

critically studied and carefully analysed, will indicate certain definite inspirations as well as warnings. Perhaps the gist of

all those warnings and inspirations is :
United we stand, Divided we fall.

FREUD, JUNG AND VEDĀNTA

SWAMI NITYABODHANANDA

The science of psycho-analysis is a new answer to the old question 'Is man free?'

Religions have answered this question in various ways. 'Know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free', answered Jesus to Pilate, when he was asked what was Truth. 'Know the Self and self-knowledge will make you free', says Vedānta. Here self is not simply the spirit, but self includes ego, personality and psyche. When we know what we are, what we are actually and what we want to be, with our conflicts, aspirations and hopes, our deep self, our totality, will establish an equilibrium in us. 'Know Thyself', said Socrates and perhaps to indicate that it is not intellectual knowledge that he meant, he added: 'I know onething: that I know nothing!' It is striking to see the same thought anticipated in the Upaniṣads: 'Those who think they know, they know not. Those who think they know not, they know, for the Truth is other than the known; it is also above the unknown'—(*Anyad eva tad veditād atho, aviditāt adhi*).

How do modern thinkers link freedom and the inner man? Freud, for instance, says that man's freedom is every moment threatened by his unconscious, as hostile forces reside in the unconscious, which is inimical to man's wishes and aspirations. All the same, Freud's position that the analysis of the causes of sickness, is done by psycho-analysis, whereas the synthesis

or cure is achieved by the patient himself, for he presupposes that the unconscious has powers of healing and regaining autonomy.

Jung, on the whole, insists more on self-knowledge. Naturally, the self of which he speaks is not the self of Indian thought in the same way as the consciousness of which he speaks is not the consciousness of Indian thinkers. Let us hear Jung: 'the individual wishes to have an answer to the problem of evil, as it is posed today, has needed first and foremost of self-knowledge. [This sounds very Indian.] Psychology as a science is needed. Through self-knowledge we approach this fundamental return at core of human nature, where the instincts dwell. This core is the unconscious and its contents. We cannot set rational limits to it. Deepened self-knowledge requires the science that is psychology.'

According to Jung, archetypes are the archaic heritage of humanity, the legacy of mankind bestowed upon all men like sunlight and air. These archetypes are noumenal and transcendant in character and cannot be made fully conscious but their spiritual power can be utilized for healing neurosis. Conflicts emotional and affectional, unfulfilled desires, resistances created by repression sink down into our minds and come up as psycho-somatic symptoms as neurosis. The patient is unable to know from which source springs

the illness or neurosis as he lacks objectivity. He is helped by psycho-analysis, which brings the causes of malady to the surface of consciousness. When the causes of the illness, which were unknown, are made known to the patient, the divisions and conflicts in the unconscious are healed and the unconscious is restored to its former health and totality. According to Freud, the efficient cause of neurosis lies in the remote past. According to Jung, neurosis is manufactured anew every day with the help of a false attitude that consists in a neurotic thinking. What is important, is to understand that malady and neurosis are provoked when the innate autonomy and the directing intelligence of the unconscious are destroyed. Health and integration of personality are restored when the autonomy is restored. A feeling of error, unpreparedness or resistance to accept responsibility in the mistake committed, inner division provoked by a desire which is forbidden or impossible of realization—these are causes of neurosis. When the error is accepted, then the totality of the inner man is restored.

This is very vividly illustrated in a case of a woman psycho-analysed by Jung and of which he speaks in his autobiography :

A woman loved a man, but could not marry him ; had to marry another and she had two daughters with this man. On vacation alone with the two daughters, one aged four and the other two, she was one day giving bath to the girl of two in a small tub. Pure water being scarce and available only for drinking purposes in the hill-station, she was bathing the child in an undrinkable water. The mother did not notice what the child did. The child took the sponge and sucked it. The water being polluted, the child got typhoid and died a week after. The mother lost her equilibrium and was brought to Jung. Jung consecrated many sessions of analysis ;

but, as the patient did not tell all the details of the case, Dr. Jung, as usual had to guess many things. Finally, he came to the conclusion, that, as the woman did not love the child, which was the result of the marriage with a man she loved less, she had disposed of the child. In fact, the mother's indifference as well as absentmindedness was the cause of the child's death. But to say that she killed the child was not true. Lacking details, Jung ventured to tell the mother 'You have killed the child'. Wonder of it all, the patient began to show signs of recovery within a week and was normal in two weeks.

It is true that the mother lost her balance suddenly because of the death of the child and her sense of responsibility in the affair. But a return to normal was prevented by the impossibility of restoring unity and autonomy to her unconscious which was divided. A return to normal was prevented by her incapacity to accept her burden. As Jung himself says in the context : 'When she was discharged, she departed bearing her heavy burden. She *had* to bear this burden of responsibility.'

Jung made her conscious of the burden and this acceptance restored totality and oneness to her unconscious which was before divided. It is not by regrets or by being sorry, that one can restore this totality. It is by accepting that cure came and—acceptation is the sign of strength—whereas regret is the sign of weakness.

Here precisely Vedānta joins us. Vedānta says that if we have to raise the self from a despair, from an impasse, it is not by depressing thoughts that we can do so, but by the elevating thought of the strength and purity of ourselves. In depression, the self becomes our own enemy and in elevation and optimism the self becomes our friend.

Let a man raise himself by himself, let him not get depressed, for the self alone

is the friend of himself, he alone is his enemy. (*Gītā*, VI. 5 & 6)

We have to discover our positive aspects and not the negative ones and by their help, raise ourselves. Even to a sinner, the positive sides have to be presented. That is what Sri Ramakrishna did to Girish. Girish was a genius and a playwright, but he was victim of wine. He was afraid of meeting the saint, for he knew that he would ask him to stop drinking. But when both met, and Girish confessed that he was too much given to wine, Sri Ramakrishna, to Girish's surprise, said 'Go on, continue to drink. Only think of the Lord while you drink.' And in the long run, Girish was cured.

Let us go into details regarding the specific contributions of these two master-minds: Freud and Jung.

Freud :

(1) Existence of the unconscious and its influence on the conscious.

(2) The fact that the conscious is divided into compartments or layers, because of the conflicts between forces, mainly repression of unfulfilled desires.

(3) Existence and importance of infantile sexuality.

(4) Importance of dreams as the interpreter of the conflicts in the unconscious.

(5) Importance of the Libido as the mine of sexual power that seeks satisfaction.

Jung :

(1) Rejection of Freud's theory of infantile sexuality and stress on analysing of man's immediate conflicts as more useful in understanding neurosis than uncovering conflicts of childhood.

(2) Emphasis on the will to live, will for integration, more than on the sexual desire in defining Libido.

(3) Discovery of the unconscious as the womb of metaphysical statements, of all mythology, of all philosophy, unconscious

as being the meeting place of opposites, as the symbol of totality.

(4) Possibilities of co-operation between the conscious and the unconscious, the unconscious, being for Jung, that part of the mind which includes the individual unconscious and the dispositions inherited from ancestors or collective unconscious.

Notions of the Libido, the conscious and the unconscious in both thinkers are key-notions and it is interesting to study them in relation to Indian thought. Let us take Libido first :

For Freud, libido is essentially the sexual power in man, the great energy that expresses in various ways and in the oedipus-complex. Freud goes as far as to say that it is this energy of man that created great institutions of law, of ethics and religion (*civilization and its discontents*). The root of all evil in this world is sexual repression, according to Freud, and if only the reproductive functions take their natural course everything would be settled in good order.

Jung uses the term Libido in the general sense in which it was understood, by the classical authors and the Stoics. 'They hold that from two kinds of expected good arise desire and delight, in the sense that delight is concerned with present good, and desire with future good... since desire, being tempted and enflamed, is carried away towards what seems good... As soon as anything presents itself that seems good, nature herself impels them to obtain it. If this is done with moderation and prudence, the Stoics called that kind of striving the effort of will. They define: will is rational desire, but when it is divorced from reason and is too violently aroused, that is "libido" or unbridled desire, which is found in all fools.' (Cicero: *Tusculan Disputations*, quoted by Jung in *Symbols of Transformation*, p. 130)

Jung concludes a long discussion about

Libido saying 'The concept of Libido in psychology has functionally the same significance as the concept of energy in physics.'

This declaration from Jung is very important as he puts Libido on a neutral status. Energy in physics is something neutral, like all natural forces, neither good nor bad, but capable of being directed in the way we want.

Here it is interesting to see what the Vedānta has to say, regarding Libido. In the *Gītā*, the Lord declares: 'I am passion (desire) in all beings that is not contrary to spiritual aspiration.' (Chap. VII. 11)

Desire and the energy at its disposal are here seen as neutral powers and not uniquely as sexual desire. The very fact that the *Gītā* specifies that the Lord is desire, which is not in conflict with spirituality shows the possibility of its good canalization by will. The pure will in man is the voice of God, and this pure will promotes spirituality as it converts the primordial energy of desire into aesthetical and spiritual energy and helps a gradual consecration to a spiritual ideal.

We know that the general criticism about Freud is that he emphasizes too much on sexuality and its repression as the cause of neurosis. It may be because most of the cases he dealt with were cases of repression and resulting aberrations. Just see how he expresses in the volume of letters published, an interesting book: 'I do not break my head very much about good and evil, but I have found little that is "good" about human beings on the whole. In my experience, most of the men are trash, no matter whether they publicly subscribe to this or that ethical doctrine or to none at all... If we are to talk of ethics, I subscribe to a high ideal from which most of the human beings I have come across depart most lamentably.' (*Psycho-analysis and Faith*)

This is because as a doctor and psychoanalyst, he was meeting only sick people. But this is not the whole of Freud and to judge him by this would be unjust. In other letters—and these are letters addressed to a Protestant pastor, Freud recognizes the role of love as religion recognizes it as an instrument for sublimation. He also emphasizes that the beauty of religion does not belong to psychoanalysis.

'You Pastors, are in the fortunate position of being able to lead people to God and bringing about what in this one respect, was the happy state of earlier times when religious faith stifled the neuroses. For us psychoanalysts this way of disposing of the matter does not exist. Our public, no matter of what racial origin, is irreligious, we are generally thoroughly irreligious ourselves and, as the other ways of sublimation, which are substitute for religion, are too difficult for most patients. Our treatment generally results in the seeking out of satisfaction. On top of this there is the fact that we are unable to see anything forbidden or sinful in sexual satisfaction, but regard it as a valuable part of human experience. You are aware that for us the term "sex" includes what you in your pastoral work, call love, and is certainly not restricted to the crude pleasure of the senses.' (*ibid*)

That Freud sees in his notion of sex the equivalent of that which the pastoral work calls love is very encouraging. At this stage, it is necessary to go into a comparative study of Freud and Jung as regards to their notions of libido, sexuality and their transformations and, for this, I am obliged to quote extensively from Jung's book *Symbols of Transformation*, (Chap. 'Content of Libido, and Transformation of Libido') :

'Freud introduced his concept of Libido in his *Three Essays on the Theory of*

Sexuality and there he defined it sexually. The libido appears subject to displacement, and in the form of "libidinal affluxes" can communicate itself to various other functions and regions of the body, which in themselves have nothing to do with sex. This fact led Freud to compare the Libido with a stream, which is divisible, can be dammed up, overflows into collaterals and so on. Thus despite his definition of libido as sexuality Freud does not explain "everything" in terms of sex, as is commonly supposed, but recognizes the existence of special instinctual forces whose nature is not clearly known, but to which he was bound to ascribe the faculty of taking up these "libidinal affluxes".

'Later, however, Freud was forced to ponder whether libido might not in the end coincide with *interest* in general.'

In another context, Jung explaining his own notion of Libido says :

'An interpretation of the libido theory in terms of energy, seemed to me better suited to the facts than to the doctrine set forth in Freud's *Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*: it allowed me to identify "psychic energy" with libido. The latter term denotes a desire or impulse which is unchecked by any kind of authority, usual or otherwise. Libido is appetite in its natural state. From the genetic point of view, it is bodily need like hunger, thirst, sleep and sex and emotional states, which contributes the essence of libido.'

Talking of the possibilities of transformation, Jung says :

'...the decreased production of ova and spermatozoa set free considerable quantities of energy which soon sought and found new outlets. Thus we find the first stirrings of the artistic impulse in animals, but subservient to the reproductive instinct and limited to the breeding season.'

Jung speaks of libido in terms of inten-

tionality and then identifies it with Schopenhauer's 'Will as thing-in-itself.' Then he identifies it with the creative force which man knows only by subjective experience and to formulate and visualize which numerous mythological and metaphysical attempts have been made. The orphic significance of Phanes who is akin to the Indian Kāma, the god of love, is like-wise a cosmogonic principle. For him there can be no sexual theory of neurosis, though there may very well be a psychological one which brings him to affirm that libido is not the sexual instinct, but a kind of neutral energy which is responsible for the formation of such symbols as light, fire, sun and the like.

More interesting revelations are found in the chapter on "Transformation of Libido." Jung says: 'whenever an instinct is checked or inhibited, it gets blocked and regresses. Or to be more precise: if there is an inhibition of sexuality, a repression will eventually occur, in which the sexual energy, flowing back from this sphere, activates a function in some other sphere. In this way, the energy changes its form'. Just mark here how Jung insists on the positive aspect of a regression or inhibition. Instead of saying that inhibition leads to repression, he says that it leads to conversion of energy into another form.

Jung cites the case of the fertility-magic rites of the Australians, known as 'wachandi' ceremony. In this ceremony, a hole is dug in the earth and round the hole, are arranged plants and the participants dance round the hole with sticks which are from time to time thrown in the hole. The dancers repeat the formula, 'not a pit, not a pit, but a ...'. We are tempted to interpret the worship of fire or in the fire which forms an important part of any Hindu worship or ritual. Before lighting the fire, pieces of wood are arranged in a triangle. The officiant in setting fire to

the triangle of wood with a stick with its burning end, repeats a formula which is as follows: 'I am introducing the spermatozoa of Śiva in the genitals of Divine Mother.' Repeating this formula, he sets fire by the burning torch, to the triangle of faggots.

Both in the fertility-magic ceremony and in the Hindu ritual the archetype of a collective experience resides. Confronted by this archetype man is gripped, his energy is desexualized. Instead of driving him to the culmination of his desire, the desire becomes polyvalent. Says Jung, 'In the case of the fertility-cult, the hole in the earth acts as a kind of mother-substitute. Thus, by means of ceremonial exercise, the incestuous energy-component becomes as it were desexualized, is led back to an infantile level, where if the operation is successful, it attains another form, which is equivalent to another function... The presexual early infantile stage to which the libido reverts is characterized by numerous possibilities of application, because once the libido has arrived there, it is restored to its original undifferentiated polyvalency... The regression leads to a reactivation of the mother as the goal of desire, this time as a symbol not of sex, but of giver of nourishment.'

In the context of transformation of libido Jung does not mention the Hindu cult of fire offering and its symbolism to support his thesis. But the transformation of the mother image into the mother of nourishment or into the supreme mother and the corresponding conversion of the sex-urge in the officiant into spiritual fervour are landmarks of the Hindu ritual which offer striking parallels to Jung's thesis of transformation.

Jung's idea relating to the transformation of libido finds a parallel in the Hindu idea of *ojas* or spiritual efficiency resulting from continence and the spiritual direc-

tion given to continence. The real *yogin* or spiritually advanced man is an expert at this alchemy, at the art of conversion of energy into *ojas* or spiritual efficacy. Linked with the idea is also the Hindu notion of *amour erotique* (erotic or physical love) and *amour mystique* (mystical love). According to Hindu thought, the house of Love has two stories: physical and mystical. When the energies do not aliment or irrigate the lower storey, they rise up and nourish the higher plane. The Tantra doctrine underlines this conversion. Those who are on the plane of mystical love can uplift and redeem those who are on the physical plane. Jung being an empiricist is not interested in the mystical or the spiritual. All the same he underlines the two typically Hindu ideas of the reversion of the sexual energy into higher channels and of the subsequent canalizing in mystical channels without mentioning them by name. Here it is important to mark the difference between Jung and Freud. The house of love which Freud built has only the ground-floor or not even that, the under-ground cellar! This I say with due respect to Freud and to his eminent scientific contribution. It was not for him to talk of sublimation by reversion. Sublimation for him is simple satisfaction of the sex-urge in the act.

Now let us study the key-notions in Jung and in Vedānta. The quotations I am giving are from Jung's last book, *Memories Dreams and Reflections*.

Consciousness in western thought is consciousness of something and not pure consciousness or contentless consciousness. In Indian thought consciousness is consciousness of something and also pure consciousness.

It has an analytical and a synthetical function. Nay more, it is Being in all its glory and becoming too. This aspect

of consciousness is special to Indian thought and we do not find it in Jung's notion of consciousness. Curiously enough the notion of Jung's unconscious comes near to Indian idea of consciousness. For Jung the conscious springs from the unconscious, the unconscious being the deeper layer of our personality. For Jung there is an eternal co-operation and exchange between the conscious and the unconscious. Vedānta would ask 'how can the conscious spring from the unconscious, how can there be an exchange if the deeper layer is not conscious, is not aware and autonomous, aware of its own right?' That our ego or we are not every moment aware of this awareness, is a question wrongly put. The ego is and this existence is awareness as existence and awareness cannot be separated. A drop of water in the ocean, it may be said, is not aware of the whole expanse of the ocean. But the very fact of its being a drop, the very fact that its essence is the same as the ocean's essence, establishes its awareness. The fact that the unconscious influences the conscious, which is true according to Jung, admits consciousness in the unconscious. The fact that the patient after analysis cures himself also presupposes its autonomy and power.

'When one reflects upon what consciousness really is, one is profoundly impressed by the extreme wonder of the fact that an event which takes place outside in the cosmos simultaneously produces an internal image, that it takes place inside as well, so to speak, which is to say: becomes conscious.'

'For indeed our consciousness does not create itself, it wells up from unknown depths. In childhood it awakens gradually, and all through life it wakes each morning out of the depths of sleep from an unconscious condition. It is like a child that is born daily out of the pri-

mordial womb of the unconscious.' (*Psychology and Religion: West and East*, Vol. II, pp. 569).

Unconscious:

'Theoretically, no limits can be set to the field of consciousness, since it is capable of indefinite expansion. Empirically, however, it always finds its limit when it comes up against the *unknown*. This consists of everything we do not know, which therefore, is not related to the ego as the centre of the field of consciousness. The unknown falls unto two groups of objects: those which are outside and can be experienced by the senses and those which are inside and are experienced immediately. The first group comprises the unknown in the outer world; the second the unknown in the inner world. We call this latter territory the unconscious.'

'Besides these we must include all more or less international repressions of painful thoughts and feelings. I call the sum of all these contents the *personal unconscious*. But over and above that, we also find in the unconscious qualities that are not individually acquired but are inherited, e.g. instincts as impulses to carry out actions from necessity, without conscious motivation. In this deeper structure we also find the archetypes... The instincts and archetypes together form the collective unconscious. I call it "collective" because, unlike the personal unconscious, it is not made up of individual and more or less unique contents but of those which are universal and of regular occurrence.' (Coll. works, pp. 133 ff)

The idea of the inherited instincts, does it not remind us of the *samskāras* or inherited tendencies of which Vedānta speaks, or the accumulated *karma* with which each soul comes on this earth? The collective unconscious reminds us of the collective *karma* of each country or nation.

The notion of self in Jung is also a pointer to Indian influence.

'The self is not only the centre but also the whole circumference which embraces both consciousness and unconscious; it is the centre of this totality just as the ego is the centre of the conscious mind.'

'The Self is our life's goal, for it is the completest expression of that fateful combination we call individuality.'

That Jung was thoroughly influenced by Oriental and specially Indian thought is clear from the notion of *Maṇḍala* as the archetype of a psychic process of centring and integration.

'*Maṇḍala* means a circle, more especially a magic circle and this form of symbol is not only to be found all through the East, but also among us... *Maṇḍalas* usually appear in situations of psychic confusion and disorientation. The archetype thereby constellated represents a pattern of order which like a psychological "view-finger" marked with a cross or circle divided into four, is superimposed on the psychic chaos so that each content falls into place and the weltering confusion is held together by the protective circle.'

'Thus the *maṇḍala* is the archetype of an equilibrium between chaos, and harmony coexisting and hence a picture of totality.'

The idea of totality as the meeting ground of God and demon, purity and impurity, Christ and anti-Christ is an idea dear to Jung. Even Christ lacks totality

as He is pure only. He lacks anti-Christ. God to be complete must be the total of opposites, of *dvandvas*, good and bad, pure and impure, death and life.

In this respect Hindu gods are symbols of totality. These two master-minds, Freud and Jung have brought out for the benefit of man the treasures lying deep in man's unconscious. Spirit, universal spirit knows not any division as East or West and these two savants have acted as messengers of the Universal Spirit in bringing out the wealth hidden in man's deeper layers. I conclude by quoting a few passages from letters that passed between Freud and Pasteur Pfister of Zurich:

Freud to Pfister:

I do see that the beauty of religion certainly does not belong to psycho-analysis.

Incidentally, why was it that none of all the pious ever discovered psycho-analysis? Why did it have to wait for a completely godless Jew?

Pasteur Pfister's reply:

Piety is not the same as genius for discovery. Moreover, in the first place you are no Jew, which to me, in view of my unbounded admiration for Amos, Isaiah and the author of Job is a matter of profound regret. And in the second place you are not godless, for he who lives the truth lives in God, and he who strives for the freeing of love 'dwelleth in God'. (First Epistle of John IV, 16).

Puruṣa is higher than the Unmanifested. There is nothing higher than Puruṣa. He is the culmination, He is the highest goal. He is hidden in all beings; and hence He does not appear as the Self (of all). But by the seers of subtle things, He is seen through a pointed and fine intellect.

—*Katha Upaniṣad*: I. iii. II-12

VIVEKANANDA THE WIT—2

DR. S. P. SEN GUPTA

Even while abroad Swami Vivekananda could not be pontifical. 'You know not', he wrote to a friend, 'that I am a very soft-natured man in spite of the stern Vedāntic views I hold.' He had a feeling heart, which was the source of all his humour, and he was never at pains to hide it. At the death of Balaram Bose [a devotee of Sri Ramakrishna] he was overwhelmed with grief. Somebody wondered that a monk could cry. At once he retorted, 'For God's sake do not talk that way. We are not dry monks. You must not entertain a thought like this that just because we have renounced the world, we have also bid good-bye to all feelings.'

Sometimes a funny situation is created as a result of an excess of devotion. A man fresh from the village came to Dakshineswar to see Sri Ramakrishna. He did not do any obeisance to the Master and sat there. Girish Chandra Ghosh [the reputed dramatist and a devotee of the Master] and Swami Vivekananda were also there. 'If you want to be emancipated', said Girish Chandra, 'you must bow down to the Master'. 'No, no, he must not bow down to me', said Sri Ramakrishna, 'after all he is my maternal uncle-in-law.' Girish Chandra kept silent. Not to be so easily dissuaded, Naren bawled, 'I don't care a tuppence whether he is your maternal uncle-in-law. Even if he were your father, I will force him to do obeisance to you.'

It was the intrepidity of Naren which sometimes had a witty touch. Sri Mahimacharan Chakravarty, a devotee of Sri Ramakrishna, used to frequent Cossipore, where he was then under medical treatment. The Master's room happened to be the forum of long and scholarly discussions. Mahimacharan in course of his

debate would often refer to a number of scholarly works. It appeared as if young Naren was no match for him. 'Sir, have you merely heard of the book', asked Naren, 'or you have read it?' Mahimacharan was startled. 'Have you read the whole of it?', Naren continued, 'or you have just turned over the pages?' 'I have, I assure, read the whole of it.' There was no sting or malice in the question, it was done with a view to shattering the ego of Mahimacharan.

Dr. Nabin Paul, a reputed Botanist sometimes visited the Master. Otherwise a good man, Dr. Paul was a little vain. One day Naren and Gangadhar [Swami Akhandananda] brought some plants and creepers and asked Dr. Paul to name them. He smelt them and after a little while said, 'They are *class Lemonis*'. Naren, though not a professed Botanist, realized that it was a grand hoax, and it simply betrayed Dr. Paul's ignorance. Henceforth whenever anything defied analysis or explanation, Naren jestingly would say that it was *class Lemonis*.

Swami Yogananda had been to Vrindaban, and from there he brought a wreath of basil, a bag for keeping the wreath in and a little soil with which to put on ticks. At about twelve noon after they had their meals Naren said, 'Jogen [for that was his premonastic name] you had been to Vrindaban. You know the ways of a *Vairāgī* [Vaiṣṇava devotee]; let me have the looks of a *Vairāgī*.' In deference to his wish everybody dressed him like a *Vairāgī*. Naren started singing a song, 'Nitāi has brought the holy name'. But just to make a comic situation he replaced the word 'name' by another to everybody's amusement. He made faces, laughed and

caricatured. But suddenly he switched over to a serious vein and started singing the song, 'Take the holy name of Hari'. All were inspired to sing in unison, and tears rolled down their cheeks. It is another illustration of the peaceful co-existence of the playful and the serious veins in the character of Naren.

One evening Naren and Kali [Swami Abhedananda] were without food. They had no clothes on. As a matter of fact they were bare-bodied. The winter was raging. They could not sing like Amiens in *As You Like It*:

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude.

To waive the cold, they began to discuss the problems of the Vedānta and the doctrine of monism. But hunger and cold were almost unbearable. Kali complained, 'Naren, I can't sleep in such cold.' Naren, who was always the master of situations, suggested, 'Let us lie down back to back. Our bodies will impart warmth to each other.' The suggestion, ingenious as it was, did not cope with the situation. Naren out of pity for Kali got up and proposed to prepare some tea. It was a tough job to find out the appliances. More than two hours passed, and Kali was being warmed up at the prospect of having a cup of tea. Whenever a rat passed by, Kali expected the much-coveted tea. In the small hours of the morning Naren came with some tea and enquired, 'Kali, are you awake?' 'When did I sleep', replied Kali, 'that I should be awake?'

We have already said that the world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel. Naren could both think and feel, and yet the world never appeared tragic to him. In fact, he could give a comic twist to an apparently uncomfortable position. All the disciples of the Master were passing through vari-

ous hardships. They were bare-footed and bare-bodied; the marks of chilblains were on the feet; they were emaciated; the hair, tousled and matted, looked brown. 'Bring my horoscope', said Naren to Mahendranath. Naren read out the horoscope and said, 'Look here, Jogen, the horoscope speaks the truth. My hair should have the colour of copper; I should have no shelter; I shall have to beg from door to door; and I shall also be mad.' After a while Naren said again, 'In the second phase of my life things will improve, that is what the horoscope says. Now my hair has the colour of copper. I am a vagabond wandering about; I am having my food here and there, and moreover I am mad.' Naren and his friends could cut jokes even amidst misery and suffering.

Naren went to Mahendranath Gupta, the famous author of the *Gospel*. They went on discussing the abstruse problems of religion and philosophy. Almost as an anticlimax came a request from Naren, 'Sir, could I have some *pantā bhāt* [rice cooked on the previous day and saturated in water]?' Naren had it and told everybody with joy that the rice appeared as delicious as nectar.

Girish Ghosh's *Buddhadev Carit* was staged and had a spectacular success. Naren happened to be at Girish Babu's house. He was a monk, and therefore, his head was shaved. He stretched his legs and read a paper. The man who played the role of Buddha was also there. A munsiff, who was Girish Babu's acquaintance, came there, and to show off his learning said, 'Well, Girish, I think Buddha was an atheist. I have read a lot of books in English, and all of them tell the same story that Buddha was an atheist.' Girish wanted to have some fun. And to that end he pointed out Naren and asked the munsiff, 'You ask that man,

and you will get a satisfactory answer'. 'Who is that man?' The munsiff demanded. 'Oh, he is a beggar', replied Girish, 'he has come here to have some food.' The munsiff thought twice whether he should condescend to speak to a dirty beggar. At last he asked Naren, 'Look here, could you tell me if Buddha was an atheist?' Naren's legs were stretched. The munsiff thought that in his august presence the beggar would shrivel and behave properly. Naren, however, did no such thing. He pointed out the actor and replied jocularly, 'There lies Buddha himself, why don't you ask him?' The actor knew Naren very well. He, therefore, folded his hands and said appealingly, 'I know nothing; I am an ignorant fool; I am only an actor in the theatre.' Girish smiled and watched the comedy. The munsiff flared up and said to Naren, 'Say what you know about it'. 'Yes, I have been told', replied Naren, 'that Buddha was an atheist. At least that is the discovery of the paper *Hāire Majā Sanibār*. [what a joy on Saturday!] As a matter of fact, there was no such paper as *Hāire Majā Sanibār*.

A slogan was then extremely popular with the drunkards:

Hāire Majā Sanibār

Bara Majār Rabibār.

[What a joy on Saturdays! The Sundays are equally enjoyable]

On Saturdays and Sundays the drunkards could drink to their hearts' content and enjoy the hangover. Naren presumably wanted to say that the munsiff was no better than a drunkard. The munsiff was provoked, and he asked, 'What is your occupation? You are out to sponge upon Girish. Look around and you will see that everybody is laughing at you for your stupidity.' 'Nobody is laughing at me', retorted Naren, 'they are all laughing at you for your stupidity and prud-

ery.' The munsiff was at his wit's end. He could not imagine that a beggar had the cheek to counter-riposte and insult him. He felt like teaching him a lesson. His eyes were blood-shot. Girish had a mind to teach the munsiff a lesson, and he had taught it through Naren. He was, therefore, quite pleased. But the comedy must not have an unhappy ending. He must ring down the curtain. 'Stop', said Girish to the munsiff, 'don't misbehave with him. I shall tell you all about him later on.' But the munsiff had not the patience to listen. In an umbrage he quickly left the place.

Swami Advaitananda, the oldest of Sri Ramakrishna's disciples, was an opium-eater. One cannot take opium without milk, and that is why he had to take some milk with opium. Gangadhar consulted with Naren and decided to play a trick on him. The globules of opium were surreptitiously removed, and in their place were kept a few globules made of catechu and quinine, diluted with just a little opium. Advaitananda in good faith was taking the fake globules, but it did him no harm. He in fact, felt as happy as a regular opium-eater. Gangadhar adopted a ruse to drink the milk also. He would take a reed and boring the thick layer on the milk drink the milk and after that he would fill the pan with water through the reed, and the thick layer would remain afloat. Advaitananda was satisfied to find the thick layer of milk, and did not bother about what was below. In this way he went on taking catechu and quinine for opium, and water for milk. On the third day Gangadhar told him the truth, and at once Advaitananda felt dizzy and uncomfortable.

Naren was a versatile scholar. Like Bacon he had taken the whole of knowledge for his province. He could speak competently on almost all subjects under

the sun. Girish knew it, and in order to force him to talk, he would at times instigate him by abusing him. Once he said jocularly, 'Enough of it, you pauper monk'. Naren as if to vye with him became jocular, 'You are a clown; you know only how to make women dance on the stage. You have no brain.' And then started an eristic bout to everybody's satisfaction; not satisfaction alone, instruction as well.

Gopal Kaviraj was a good physician. A devoted disciple of Sri Ramakrishna, Gopal had unfortunately a great passion for playing chess. While engaged in a game of chess, he would forget the whole world, and even if the patient sent for him he invariably used to ignore the call. Naren liked him very much. That is why he would at times send for Gopal. But Gopal declined, for he might be preoccupied with his professional work—making medicines or preparing the medicinal oil. Naren resorted to a subterfuge. He sent a messenger to Gopal intimating that a chess-player was anxious to play with him. Medicine and medicinal oils were gone with the wind. Gopal came there only to find that he was duped. Everybody had a hearty laugh.

Once a half-educated man was showing off his learning. Naren and others who happened to be present there, felt extremely annoyed. His levity and vanity were equally distressing. 'Yes, you are right', said Naren, 'You are right, your father had read *Dātā Karṇa* [an elementary book intended for children] and you have read *Bodhodaya* [a book intended for children].' The man was cringing and realized that he had showed off his learning in the wrong place. Everybody laughed, and the man like a stricken deer was seeking an opportunity to run away.

At Balaram Babu's house Naren was loitering and Jogen was seated near by. 'Do you know', asked Naren, 'Why I am

so talented? We belong to a family that has a proneness to suicide. A number of our relations have committed suicide from time to time. We are all eccentric, and that is why we have such a critical acumen and incisive intellect. What are you? You are all cold and calculating. The calculating people can do nothing great. And what are we? We refuse to calculate. We do a thing, reckless of the consequences. We may succeed or we may fail, but we do not speculate.'

Rakhal [Swami Brahmananda] married and later renounced the world. His brother-in-law, Manomohan Mitra came to Baranagore Math and enquired about Rakhal. 'Your Rakhal is dead', said Naren with a mysterious smile, 'but our Rakhal is living.' What Naren wanted to say was that Rakhal had turned a monk, and was reborn.

The *Mahant* [Abbot] of Tarakeshwar was involved in a dispute with a newspaper called *Baṅgabāsī*. Naren was not at all interested in the case. A man named Dhiren Paul, an old acquaintance of Naren, came to him. They were drawn into a conversation on various subjects, and it now drifted to a discussion of the *Mahant*. Naren had in him the blood of astute lawyers. 'Look here,' he said, 'were I a lawyer of the *Mahant* I would have defended him in this way.' And then he laughed and jocularly played the part of a lawyer. He quoted from the scriptures and valiantly defended the *Mahant*. Those who heard Naren, felt amused. Dhiren Paul took down everything and gave the notes to the *Mahant*. What the lawyers of the *Mahant* failed to do was done by Naren even when he was in a jocular mood. Dhiren Paul was handsomely paid by the *Mahant*. With a grateful heart he saw Naren on the following day, and told him how he had earned some money through his good offices.

Naren never believed in self-mortification. There are monks whose spiritualism consists in fasting. This medieval superstition found no favour with him. Naren used to narrate an interesting story of the greyhound in this connexion. One day he went to a house where he found a boy tying tightly a pariah dog round the belly. Not satisfied with the tightening of the belt, the boy would give the dog only a handful of rice in the course of the day. The dog was at the end of the tether; it was all skin and bone; and it was gasping all the while. 'Why are you so cruel to the dog?' asked Naren. 'I am trying to make it a greyhound' was the solemn reply. Everybody knows that a greyhound is extremely emaciated, and its tummy is shrivelled up. The boy adopted his own ingenious method to make the dog lean and thin like a greyhound. To that end he tightened the belt and reduced its ration to the irreducible minimum. The result was that the dog died. Henceforth whenever Naren found a monk fasting unreasonably, he would at once say, 'Are you making a greyhound?' In this connexion he used to say something that had a deep philosophical import. 'That which is in the bone must come out of the flesh.' The implication is that man can progress spiritually strictly according to the natural path. Anything done unnaturally would invariably end in disaster.

The meeting of Naren with Raj Narain Bose had a humorous touch about it. Since it was their first meeting, Raj Narain did not know that Naren was highly educated. They spoke in Bengali. But Raj Narain, a brilliant product of the Hindu College, found it difficult to speak in Bengali sustainedly. He, therefore, spoke in English first, and for the convenience of Naren, whom he thought to be uneducated, translated the ideas into Bengali. In the course of the conversation Raj Narain

used the word 'plus', and it was quite a job to translate the word into Bengali. He, therefore, used his fingers to explain it. Gangadhar was also in their company, and he could hardly repress his laughter. Naren hinted and asked him not to laugh. Gangadhar and Naren, after they left, laughed to their hearts' content.

While at Triveni, Naren along with others went to visit a monk, known as 'Sindhuk' [iron chest]. The name was derived from the monk's always sitting on an iron chest. He would sleep there also. Naren was not at all impressed by this monk, who, in his opinion, kept everything inside the chest; his heart and mind were vacant, and even the thoughts of God were locked up in the chest; at best the monk was a grocer, and the iron chest was his till.

The love of reputation is the last infirmity of a noble mind. Naren, however, never succumbed to this temptation. He would avoid limelight, and when somebody threw him in the garish light of the day, he would turn his back, and there also he would laugh and make people laugh. Kali [Swami Abhedananda] once told a physician of Allahabad, Gobinda Babu by name, 'Look here Doctor, Sri Ramakrishna used to say that feeding Naren alone would amount to feeding one hundred thousand Brahmins, and the host should invariably have heavenly reward'. Kali made no exaggeration. He simply quoted the Master. Naren, who scrupulously avoided these words of praise sharply retorted, 'Kali, you have started a shop, and you want to make some profits at my expense'. To a superficial observer it might sound a little uncharitable. But it was not. In a humorous vein Naren wanted to teach Kali that praise degraded man.

Naren lived at Gazipur for some time. He was then a guest of Shrish Chandra

Bose, a munsiff of the local court. A Brahmin lived at Gazipur who for various reasons was universally called 'grandfather'. A past master in the art of taking hemp and other intoxicants, the 'grandfather' was extremely vain. He knew nothing, and yet he took infinite pains to show off his learning. While Naren was at Shrish Bose's house, the 'grandfather' came there to everybody's merriment. On the 'grandfather's request Naren chanted the Vedas with solemnity. The first verse was '*Kāśmīngścīt Vane Bhāsurako nāma Śiṅha prativasatīsmā*' [in a certain forest lived a lion named Bhāsurako]. Even a school student knows that this line occurs in the *Hitopadeśa* a collection of fables, intended for children. The 'grandfather', who thought that one should cry while listening to a religious scripture, started crying hysterically. Naren then began to comment upon the verse, although one can presume that the commentary had no bearing upon the verse. The 'grandfather' went on crying. Shrish Chandra Bose came there and could not repress his laughter. Naren at once said, 'You go away from here. I am chanting and explaining the Vedas to the "grandfather". Your presence is disturbing.' Shrish left and elsewhere laughed heartily.

Amritalal Bose was a camp follower of Keshab Chandra Sen. One day he was talking with Naren, and incidentally he referred to Sri Ramakrishna. Naren wanted to be convinced that Amritalal's appreciation of the Master was no mere lip-service. So just to test his sincerity, Naren said, 'Sri Ramakrishna was just an ordinary man. He was an idolater. Sometimes he used to faint away. What is the sign of greatness here?' Baburam [Swami Premananda] and Swami Shivananda were there. They knew what Naren was about, and therefore, they smiled and listened. 'Naren, Sri Ramakrishna loved you so

much', flared up Amritalal, 'You are disparaging him. It is a shame.' To worm out more from Amritalal, Naren used more uncharitable expressions about the Master. Naren was highly pleased at the devotion of Amritalal. 'I have had enough of you', said Amritalal. I refuse to speak to a person who disparages Sri Ramakrishna. Naren turned to Baburam and Swami Shivananda and said, 'This man will bear a grudge against me for ever'. Amritalal really nursed ill-feelings against Naren all his life. His nephew, Surendranath Bose later known as Swami Shureshwarananda was Naren's direct disciple. 'Well, Suren,' said his uncle reprovingly, 'You have at last got a spiritual guide of the *Kāyastha* family.' 'You have also got a spiritual guide of the *Vaidya* family', retorted the nephew. He meant Keshab Chandra Sen.

While Naren, Sarat [Swami Saradananda] and a few others of the Ramakrishna Order were wandering about, Naren expressed his desire to smoke. Sarat carried some tobacco and a hubble-bubble for Naren. This bondage of tobacco was too much for Naren. He was a monk, and why should he, then, be a slave to tobacco. He threw away the *kalke* [the earthen vessel on the top of hubble-bubble, in which are kept fire and tobacco] as well as the tobacco. At night Naren had an irresistible desire to smoke. 'Sarat, please let me smoke', said Naren with the impertinence and petulance of a boy. 'Where shall I get tobacco now?' replied Sarat, 'You have thrown away the tobacco. The *kalke* is also broken.' 'I said *then*', replied Naren, 'that I should not smoke any longer. But I don't say it *now*. Please find out some tobacco.' Sarat groped in the dark and chanced upon the broken *kalke*. But where to get tobacco? The problem was easily solved, Sarat had some *doktā* leaf [a kind of

tobacco] for bandaging his swollen feet with. 'Get your *doktā* leaf', said Naren reassuringly, 'that will serve our purpose.' And after that they smoked with the broken *kalke* and felt as happy as the Roman conquerors.

While at Hrishikesh Naren fell ill. Constant meditation and practically no food naturally told upon his health. On his recovery he expressed his desire to have some *khicuri* [a hotch potch of rice and pulses]. The friends collected the ingredients and *khicuri* was being prepared. In order to make it delicious Rakhil [Swami Brahmananda] threw a lump of sugar candy in it. Naren took the first morsel, and at once shrank back, for the *khicuri* left an unsavoury taste in his mouth, because of its cloying sweetness. He detested sweet things; he had a passion for the hot. He found a thread inside the *khicuri*. On enquiry Rakhil said that in order to make the *khicuri* palatable he had put some sugar candy there. In normal circumstances anybody would have been irritated. Naren, however, felt amused and said, 'You have no common sense. Never should one put sugar candy in *khicuri*.'

It was the Christmas night, Naren and his brothers-in-faith were in the house of Baburam at Antpur. They all sat together and decided to read the Bible to pay their homage to Christ. For there was no parochialism in the Ramakrishna Order. After reading the Bible, Naren thought of something amusing. He was reminded of *Don Quixote* by Cervantes. Don Quixote's loyal servant was Sancho Panza, who having failed to foot his bill at an inn was ragged. Four persons placed Sancho on a rag and began to throw him up. Similarly Naren and a few others placed Gangadhar on a rag and threw him up. Sancho did not feel happy at being ragged. Gangadhar did. He

made faces and provoked everybody's laughter.

Swami Vivekananda, for he had by that time renounced his secular name and became successively Swami Vividishananda, Swami Sachchidananda and Swami Vivekananda, was at Khetri, a native state of India. Thoroughly conversant with Todd's *Rajasthan*, Swami Vivekananda gave an account of the princes of Rajasthan, who claimed to have their descent from *Sūrya* [The Sun]. He also traced the genealogy of the princes, who descended from *Candra* [The Moon]. A muslim musician named Khan Shaheb happened to be present there. He was very much devoted to the Swami, and, therefore asked him, 'Well, Swamiji, some claim their descent from the Sun and some claim their descent from the Moon. I am also a Rajput Mohomedan. Which dynasty, do you think, I come from?' 'You belong', replied the Swami, 'to the family of the stars. The Sun and the Moon are old-fashioned now.' Everybody enjoyed the fun. But to Khan Shaheb it was not a fun. As long as he lived, and wherever he went he would never fail to tell people about him that he belonged to the family of the stars.

'Why do you take so many chillies?' asked a man. 'I take so many chillies', replied the Swami jestingly, 'because I have been all along a wanderer. There was no certainty of food. Sometimes I got only a handful of rice, and nothing more. And then I had to fall back upon a chilli or two.' Swami Vivekananda could have a joke even at his own expense.

The Maharaja of Mysore was very much devoted to the Swami and entertained him in a fitting manner. The Maharaja liked to offer something to the Swami as a token of his love and allegiance. An officer was directed to escort him to all the shops, so that he might purchase a

thing of his choice. They went to all the fashionable shops; the best and choicest things were shown to him; and yet he did not have any of them. 'Swamiji,' said the officer, 'if you do not take anything, the Maharaja will be cross with me.' 'Oh, yes', replied the Swami, 'I must have something.' Then they called at a tobacconist's shop and the Swami picked a cheroot worth only four pice. He lighted it and with extreme satisfaction asked the officer to pay the tobacconist.

Once Girish Chandra and Swami Vivekananda were dining together at Balaram Babu's house. They were having mangoes for desserts. By chance all the sweet mangoes were catered to Girish, and only the sour ones to the Swami. 'Why is it', said the Swami, 'that all the sweet mangoes are for you, while the sour ones are for me. I am quite sure, you rogue, you must have made arrangements with the caterers inside.' 'We are men of the world', replied Girish, 'It is only natural that we should enjoy life to the lees. You are a monk, no better than a beggar. You are destined to have only the ills and sufferings.' Girish and Swami Vivekananda had often exchanges of repartees, but there was no malice in them. It was the steel-bond of love which bound all the disciples of the Master.

While in America, Swami Vivekananda was walking along the way with the turban on. An American wanted to have some fun, and therefore, pulled him by the turban. Swami Vivekananda turned back and spoke in elegant English. That was, however, unexpected. 'You know English', he said, 'then you must be a gentleman.'

Swami Vivekananda often used to tell a story of a drunkard. The drunkard was inordinately fond of wine and used to visit all the bars of London, from each of which he would take one glass of whisky. Somebody convinced the drunk-

ard that at every bar, whisky was diluted with castor oil. The idea was so deep-rooted in his mind that he smelt castor oil whenever he had a glass of whisky. He went from bar to bar, but with the same result, and ultimately gave up whisky for ever.

As strong as a lion, Swami Vivekananda was at the same time as tender as a lamb. Once an American couple wanted to paint a portrait of the Swami. They came with their painting appurtenances. Swami Vivekananda, the model was sitting like a bust. The husband and the wife vied with each other as to who could better reproduce the features of the Swami. Yet the Swami did not move. Swami Vivekananda in later life told this story with gusto, and laughed heartily.

At the Thousand Island Park Swami Vivekananda was often highly amused at the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of his American disciples. At the dining table he would recall some of them and raise a storm of laughter. The Swami in many of his discourses said that everybody was Brahman and the Absolute. Doctor Wight of Cambridge, a very cultured man, attended the Swami's classes on the Vedānta. He felt a little inflated and said like an unsophisticated child, 'Well, Swamiji, then it is certain that I am Brahman, I am the Absolute'. Swami Vivekananda smiled and replied, 'Yes, you are Brahman, you are the Absolute in the real essence of your being.' Doctor Wight once came to the dining table a little late. At once the Swami said gravely with a merry twinkle in his eyes, 'Here now comes Brahman. We have now in our midst the Absolute.' At once a storm of laughter was raised.

It was a hectic time for the Swami. He had not a moment's rest. He had to deliver two or three fairly long lectures almost everyday. He was almost at the

end of his tether. One day he happened to be in a small city where he was to have addressed a meeting. He arrived worn and exhausted. The secretary of the Reception Committee directed him to a room where he might rest for a while before the commencement of the meeting. He sat on an arm-chair, but as ill luck would have it, the middle of the chair gave in, and he got struck up. The more he tried to extricate himself, the more he got struck up, and there was every possibility of his being bruised, and his clothes being torn. He remained in that extremely uncomfortable position for a long period. The secretary made all necessary arrangements for the meeting and then entered into the room, where the Swami's condition was hardly enviable. 'Come along, Swami, your audience are anxiously waiting for you.' Swami Vivekananda, whose fund of humour was inexhaustible, replied, 'I think, if you do not get me out of this quandary, the audience will have to wait for ever.' A truly religious man, said Shakespeare, finds sermons in stones and lessons in brooks. Swami Vivekananda found amusement even amidst the most embarrassing situations.

Swami Vivekananda often told humorous anecdotes to his friends and disciples. He listened to such stories with equal gusto. One such story is about a Chinaman in America. He was charged with the theft of pork. While he was hauled up in the court, the American judge said, 'Well, I never thought that a Chinaman was fond of pork.' The Chinaman to get himself exonerated, replied, 'Now I am a Milican ['American', for that is how an uneducated Chinaman pronounces the word]. Like the Milicans I steal and eat pork.' It is, no doubt, an amusing story, but at the cost of the Americans.

Another story Swami Vivekananda liked

immensely was about the aboriginals of Canada. Once an aboriginal went to a priest for some nails for the coffin of his dead wife. The priest was inside his house, and his female cook was answering the call. The aboriginal on that very occasion asked her if she would kindly agree to marry him. The cook flatly refused. For, the proposal coming from a man whose wife was not yet buried, appeared preposterous to her. The aboriginal could not, however, appreciate this. He came to the cook on the following Sunday. He was gorgeously dressed. On his helmet were flaunted the plumes. He had besmeared himself with so much oil that it was trickling down his cheeks. He naturally thought he had irresistible beauty. It so happened that Swami Vivekananda's American admirers were having his portrait painted in a studio. On their importunity the Swami also accompanied them to have a look at the portrait. It was oil-painting, and therefore, a little oil was rather pronounced on the cheek of the Swami's portrait. At once the Swami said, 'That man must be going to marry the cook.'

Another story also amused him very much. And whenever he would recall it he had side-splitting laughter. A Christian Missionary happened to be in an island, inhabited only by the cannibals—a fact he did not know. He paid a courtesy visit to the chief of the villagers and anxiously enquired, 'Well, how did you like my predecessor—the clergyman who came before me?' 'Delicious', was his reply. Another story also amused Swami Vivekananda. A deaf missionary was once preaching on the theory of creation to the Africans. He went on with his mannerisms: 'Look here, God created Adam out of the earth; and then he left Adam on the fence to be aired, for the earth was not dry.' One of the listeners blurted

out in a stentorian voice, 'You stop, you are speaking of fence, and who has built it?' The missionary was disconcerted and said, 'You Sam Jones, you must not put such embarrassing questions.'

While Mahendra Nath Dutta met Swami Vivekananda in London, he was astounded to see the sea-change that the Swami had undergone. He seemed to be a dynamo of energy. He was a man of towering personality, a man who inspired awe by his commanding presence. And yet Mahendra Nath was delighted to note the wit and humour of the Swami.

Swami Vivekananda asked Swami Saradananda to read out the report of his visit to America and England. Saradananda went on reading, but the pronouncement was not irreproachable. 'Why are you reading in that drawling manner? You are in the habit of chanting the *Caṇḍī*, and you are thinking that even now you are reading *Caṇḍī*, and not a report.'

Once Swami Vivekananda wanted to have a little cycling. He was then a guest of Henrietta Muller. Arthur, the young gardener of the house, brought a bicycle from the green-house. Saradananda caught hold of the bicycle, and the Swami sat with the help of his younger brother. After that Saradananda at the Swami's request sat on the cycle. He was obese, and therefore, the Swami and Mahendra Nath were buttressing him on either side. Arthur was having a hearty laugh. Swami Vivekananda knew that the situation did excite laughter. And yet he said jestingly, 'What is the laughter about?'

Swami Vivekananda was seated in the parlour with Miss Muller and Mahendra Nath. On seeing a book *How I found Livingstone* by Stanley, Mahendra Nath expressed his desire to read it. 'No, I shall not lend my books to anybody,' said Miss Muller. 'No body cares to return the books'. Swami Vivekananda intervened,

'Mahendra will surely return the book.' Most reluctantly she lent the book but went on nagging, 'Books should not be lent to men, for they never return them. And as for women, they are also thievish. But they have no interest in books. They are after needle-boxes, thimbles and scissors.' Swami Vivekananda laughed and enquired, 'Why should women steal these things? They have enough of such stuff at home.' 'Yes, they have', replied Miss Muller, 'but they are all kleptomaniac as far as these things are concerned.' The Swami laughed heartily.

Swami Vivekananda once narrated the story of Virchand Gandhi, who had represented Jainism at the Parliament of Religions. Virchand was a strict vegetarian. At the hotel while taking coffee he was shocked to find the shell of an egg in the coffee pot. The servant, not to be beaten, said that an egg was regarded as vegetable. Swami Vivekananda hated all sorts of orthodoxy and, therefore, enjoyed the discomfiture of Virchand.

Miss Muller was recounting her days in India. She complained that in India all animals were lean. The dogs and cows were no exception to the rule. The diseased and lean animals have no point in eking out an existence. All the while Miss Muller was repeating the expression—'We, English, are very kind people', like the refrain of a song. Swami Saradananda butted in, 'What applies to the old animals must apply as much to the old parents. When they are old, they must be miserable, and why don't you kill them?' Miss Muller's mother was still alive. She was very much offended and left the room. For three days Miss Muller did not speak to Swami Saradananda. Swami Vivekananda noticed it and enquired, 'What has happened to the eccentric woman?' Mahendra Nath narrated the whole story. The Swami was very much amused and

recorded his own impressions about the women of England. 'The old maids' he said, 'are of two types. Some grow obese, and they are very good and reasonable. The others are shrivelled and attenuated, and they are extremely peevish. Miss Muller belongs to the second category. You must be courteous to her. Don't take your seat until she is seated, stand up whenever she enters into the room. Don't keep your hands within the pockets of your trousers.'

Swami Vivekananda was invited to have his dinner elsewhere. And hence he came rather late. Naturally he got up a little late and was breakfasting alone. Sturdy, Goodwin, Swami Saradananda and Mahendra Nath were also seated in the dining hall. Goodwin who normally had a clean shave of his moustache and beard, allowed his moustache to grow uninterrupted for two weeks. A little proud of the moustache of two weeks' growth, Goodwin trimmed it and said joyously, 'A painter will give me ten pounds to make this [moustache] a model.' Swami Vivekananda, who had warm love for Goodwin, at once said, 'Yes, it would be a pair of very nice broom.'

The atmosphere was very congenial. Sturdy recalled his childhood and said, 'When I was at school, a teacher was flogging a boy. Never to be cowed down, the boy asked the teacher to beat him more and more. The boy was bleeding and yet he was unmoved. Since then I become angry when I see a man beating a boy.' Goodwin had an itching for saying something original. And hence he said, 'Yes, Mr. Sturdy, I too become awfully angry when I see a man beating a donkey.' Goodwin walked into a trap. Swami Vivekananda did not miss the opportunity and said, 'Yes, because it rouses your fellow-feeling.' Everybody laughed and only Goodwin pulled a long face.

It was ten o'clock. Swami Vivekananda and his companions were seated in the dining hall. The Swami looked at the interminable procession of men and women in the street. The eternal boy that the Swami was, he at once improvised a Bengali poem the meaning of which could be the following:

'The young girls are moving about with umbrellas in their hands and caps on their heads. Their faces are laden with basketfuls of flour.'

Mahendra Nath could not repress his laughter. The Swami then said to Swami Saradananda, 'Look here, the women have daubed themselves with so much of talcum powder that one can scrape the layer with a spade.'

Swami Vivekananda and Swami Saradananda were proceeding to the lecture hall, and even there they were behaving like the wags. They nudged each other and indulged in frivolities. But as soon as the Swami entered into the lecture hall, he looked a completely different man. A lion among men, he radiated energy. His face, eyes and voice were changed, and one could not even dream of taking liberties with him.

The lecture hall was packed up to its utmost capacity. Swami Vivekananda gave an eloquent discourse, and everybody was charmed. Swami Saradananda listened with rapt attention. And as soon as the lecture was over, Swami Saradananda entered into the dining hall and drank a glass of water. Swami Vivekananda looked at Sturdy and Miss Muller and said, 'See the fun of it. I lectured and he became thirsty.' 'Have you lectured, Sarat', asked Swami Vivekananda, 'that you are thirsty?' 'Your lecture was so good', replied Swami Saradananda 'that I feel like taking three glasses of water.' Everybody laughed.

Swami Vivekananda would often entertain his friends and disciples with hu-

morous stories. America was the home of heterogeneous elements. The half-educated Chinese also flocked in large numbers there. Swami Vivekananda had the occasion to hear their pidgin English. When he was in a cheerful mood he mimicked the ways the Chinaman talked. 'Me Melican Chinaman, Me eat polk, me eat blandly, me eat evelything.' The Chinese normally use the letter 'l' for 'r', and hence this outlandish pronunciation. What amused the Swami was not merely the mispronunciation and grammatical inaccuracy of the Chinaman. The Chinaman claimed to be Americanized, and that amused him.

The story of the Irish farmer, told by Swami Vivekananda, is equally interesting. The Irish farmer had never been to the Church, nor did he ever hear of Jesus Christ. When he was pretty old, he thought, he should visit the Church. On one Sunday he went to the Church and was told by the clergyman that Jesus, the saviour of mankind, was crucified by the Jews. In a fit of anger he left the Church and found a Jew. Most unceremoniously he began to beat the Jew, who did not know what the rumpus was about. After the Irish farmer had beaten the Jew to his heart's content, the latter asked, 'Why have you beaten me?' 'You have killed my saviour', he replied, 'and hence I am beating you.' 'But that happened nineteen hundred years ago', said the perplexed Jew, 'and I had no hand in the matter.' 'I don't know that', said the Irish farmer, 'this is the first time I heard it, and I have, therefore, decided to fight with the Jews.' It is more than fanaticism. Fanaticism is shocking, but the Irish farmer was absurdly fantastic.

Goodwin was an excellent man, who had dedicated himself to Swami Vivekananda. He had, however, one weakness. He was incredibly fond of gambling. Once Goodwin lost nearly forty pounds in gambling.

He had not even a penny left. He had, therefore, to borrow some money from a friend to have his passage fare. Swami Vivekananda seized the opportunity and said, 'You are wrongly named Goodwin, you can never win, you should better be called Badwin.' 'No no I am not Bad-win', replied Goodwin, 'but I am Good-win.'

An excellent cook, the Swami would often cook for his disciples. Himself very fond of rich dishes, he made the food delicious no doubt, but it was too hot for the Western tastes. As soon as the cooking was over, he would stand at the door with a white napkin spread over his arm. He imitated the Negro waiters in the dining car in his ways and tone, 'Last call fo' [for] the dining cah [car]. Dinner served.' The students and disciples burst out into laughter.

Swami Vivekananda had no faith in the 'original sin'. 'Be not deluded by your religious teaching of original sin, for the same religion teaches original purity. When Adam fell, he fell from Purity.' The Christian reaction was terrible. The author of *Swami Vivekananda and his Guru*, published by the Christian Literature Society for India, fell foul of Swami Vivekananda, 'The Swami by his denial of sin shows that he knows nothing of true religion, and that he is a teacher of deadly error. Woe! Woe! Woe! to those who follow a blind guide to their destruction.'

Swami Vivekananda never failed to attack the sham and hypocrisy, but there was no malice in his attack. Edward VII was the Prince of Wales. He had a horse called Persimmon that had won in the race. The English people are passionately fond of horse race. Moreover it was the horse of the Prince of Wales, who had won. That is why Persimmon's name was on everybody's lips. The Swami did not like this sort of misdirected enthusiasm.

While loitering he made faces and uttered the name 'Persimmon' in order to hit the Englishman. Goodwin, despite his radical views, at once knelt down before the Swami and said, 'I am your poor disciple and servant. Abuse me by all means. But it is my appeal to you not to pass any stricture upon the members of the royal family.'

Gangadhar, known as Swami Akhandananda, had a remarkably long nose. Swami Vivekananda told Sturdy that for his long nose Gangadhar was held in high esteem in Tibet. To give Sturdy an impression about the length of his nose, Swami Vivekananda placed a finger on his own nose. Everybody enjoyed the fun.

It was a habit with Swami Vivekananda to read *Punch* or other comic papers. He would laugh and laugh even when he was left alone, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He was a man of varying moods. Sometimes he was deeply absorbed in thought, and nobody would ever venture to speak to him. But very soon his face was aglint, and he became frolicsome. Sometimes when he was amidst his close associates, he would dance in joy. It baffled people's imagination to find that Swami Vivekananda could retain his gravity and light-heartedness at the same time.

A man with a quick inventive brain, Swami Vivekananda was very quick in repartees. After a religious discourse, he invited questions from the audience. A facetious Scotsman perhaps to show off his smartness asked, 'Well, Swamiji, how do you explain the difference between a baboo and a baboon?' Obviously the man of Scotland wanted to have a fling at the Indians. With perfect aplomb the Swami hit back, 'There is not much difference, it is like the difference between a sot and a Scot. It is the difference of one letter only.' One may recall how Dr. Johnson while explaining the word 'Oats' said that it was a thing taken by horses and the Scotsmen.

The Hale sisters teased the Swami and were assured of great fun. The Swami was then at Swampscott and wrote to the sisters from there: 'Now are you gasping for breath like a huge fish stranded? I am glad that you are sizzling. Oh! how nice and cool it is here, and it is increased a hundred fold when I think about the gasping, sizzling, boiling, frying four old maids, and how cool and nice I am here. Whoooooo!'

Often did Swami Vivekananda give a serious thought to a thing which, to common people, was not worthy of serious consideration at all. One day Miss MacLeod found the Swami absorbed in thought. Like Archimedes of ancient Greece he carried out, 'I have found it out.' 'What have you found out?' Miss MacLeod anxiously enquired. 'I have found out how they prepare it.' It was too much for her. Again with curiosity she asked, 'How they prepare what?' In fact, she was expecting something very big. The Swami blandly replied, 'I have now found out how they prepare Mulligatawny soup'. And then he had a hearty laugh.

An organization, known as the Home of Truth, invited Swami Vivekananda to have his dinner with the members. Smoking there was strictly prohibited, and the Swami did not know it. The hostess was absent for a while. The Swami tugged at his pipe, and the other guests were aghast. The hostess appeared on the scene and seeing the Swami smoking, flew into a rage, 'Well, Swamiji, do you think God has intended man to smoke? If so, God would have furnished the human head with a chimney for letting out the smoke.' 'But', replied the Swami with a smile of complacency, 'God has given man the brain to invent a pipe.' The hostess was disarmed, and the frightened guests heaved a sigh of relief.

Swami Vivekananda while in England

requested Baikuntha Sanyal [a devotee of Sri Ramakrishna] to send him some kinds of pulses and mango pickles with mustard oil. His joy knew no bounds. He cooked various courses of food. He relished them and gave some food to Goodwin. Not used to Indian dishes, Goodwin could stand neither the taste nor the smell. He felt nausea. 'Well, Goodwin', the Swami reacted jocularly. 'You find a bad smell in these foods. What about your cheese? The meat, cooked seven days ago is relished by you.'

An orthodox man once was speaking well of the caste, into which he was born. Swami Vivekananda heard his fallacious discourse for a while. And then impatiently he said, 'Well, your caste is raw, whenever anybody touches you, you are at once an outcast. Our caste is on a firmer basis. Even if people of all castes touch us, we do not become outcasts. We are monks. If we touch even the outcasts, they are socially rehabilitated.'

We have it on the authority of Swami Turiyananda that Swami Vivekananda's humour and wit would excite laughter and stimulate thought at the same time. A monk of Hardwar told Swami Turiyananda, 'I have seen a large number of monks in my life, but none like the Swami. His talks would invariably excite my laughter, and my tummy literally ached in laughing, but at the same time each syllable he uttered inspired one to a life of meditation and renunciation.' A bitter enemy of cant, fake and sham, Swami Vivekananda could not stand any religious mumbo jumbo.

Swami Vivekananda, whose fund of interesting stories would never be exhausted, once told a story of a young engineer, whose mother was dead. The engineer was told that one Mrs. Williams could invoke the spirit of the dead, and therefore, he went to her. Mrs. Williams who

was a spiv, appeared from behind the curtain. The engineer was easily taken in. He only exclaimed, 'Oh mother, in the earth you were so lean and thin, but in the world beyond you have grown enormously fat.'

An educated engineer believed in this hocus pocus. The Swami could not accept it with complacency. He, therefore, sent for him and said, 'Look here, youngman, I shall tell you a story. A Russian painter was once commissioned to paint the portrait of the dead father of a farmer. "I shall be glad", said the painter, "to paint your father's portrait. But I have never seen your father. What did he look like?" "Oh yes", replied the farmer, "my father had a wart upon his nose." The farmer thought that he had put the painter along the right track by giving him sufficient clue. The painter did not like to argue with the unsophisticated farmer. He painted a portrait, and the wart was well-pronounced on the nose. The farmer stood before the portrait and exclaimed feelingly, "Oh, Father, since I saw you last you have undergone a great change." The young engineer heard the story and had no difficulty in seeing his self-portrait in the story. Since then he was no longer on talking terms with the Swami.

Another story Swami Vivekananda was fond of, is about the marriage of a young man and a woman, who were deeply in love with each other. The father of the girl was determined to give his daughter in marriage only with a millionaire. The young man and the woman did not know how to get out of the quandary. The match-maker appeared on the scene and said to the youngman, 'Look here, I shall offer you million dollars, provided you allow me to cut off your nose. Do you agree?' Naturally the youngman could not agree. At once the match-maker went to the girl's father and said assuringly, 'The

youngman who intends to marry your daughter is not poor. In fact, he is a millionaire.' The match-maker perhaps did not explain to the father that the property was but a nose.

The story of the Mollah is no less amusing. The Muslims look down upon jackals as the orthodox Hindus hate the dogs. They discard the food touched by these animals. Once a Muslim prepared some dainty food. But unfortunately for him a jackal came and touched it. He went to a Mollah to seek his counsel. 'Bring a dog', said the Mollah, 'Let it touch the food, and you can take the food with a clean conscience. For the leavings of the jackal and the dog will fight each other inside, and that will purify the food.'

The story of the nephews is very much amusing. Two nephews were dead drunk. They were, however, conscious that their raving would disturb their uncle. And so

they shouted at the top of their voice, 'Don't make any noise,' the result was that the uncle woke up.

A man had a picture. His friend coveted it and said, 'I have dreamt a dream that God wants me to have the picture.' The man, who refused to be outwitted, replied, 'I have also dreamt a dream. God wants me to have a cheque from you for the picture.'

The story of the aristocratic Moghul makes us laugh. Someone came to the Moghul, who was proceeding homewards in a leisurely fashion. 'Sir, your house is on fire. Please go home at once.' The Moghul went neither faster nor slower than before. As a matter of fact, he remained unperturbed. 'Sir, you should walk faster', said the man. 'Wretch, do you think, I shall abandon the gait of my ancestors only because a few pieces of wood are burning?'

'DISPARITY BETWEEN THE SCIENCE OF THE SELF AND THE NON-SELF SHOULD GO'

SRI S. M. PAREKH

With all the speed and facilities that science has conferred upon man, few confess that 'each tomorrow finds them farther than today'. Rapid means of travel and industrialization have not succeeded in making man happy but on the other hand have deprived him of his balance of mind; and contentment has yielded place to blank outlook.

Overriding everything else in the people's mind is the threat of atomic warfare and consequent sense of insecurity. These are facts universally admitted and discussed not only by experienced statesmen and politicians but also by 'material scientists'

who have now begun to think in terms of 'spirit' or something above physics.

Although it is recognized that not one but many are the factors that are responsible for the present day chaos and confusion, the unbridled and rapid advance of materialistic science is considered by many as an all-powerful agency that has enslaved humanity and destroyed the spirit in man. There are many who deplore the encroachment of science upon human affairs.

Scientists are, therefore, often reminded of their social responsibilities in face of the pernicious uses to which the scientific

discoveries and inventions are often put. Modern science has built new barriers between itself and the public.

Very few have a correct conception of what science is. Orthodox philosophers and theologians are suspicious about science. Laymen identify science with inventions and discoveries of machines and instruments. Many are of the opinion that science and materialism go hand in hand.

Science is not something alien to men or society or to his other kinds of knowledge. But how, then, does science the aim of which is to provide knowledge and information for the welfare of man, become a menace to society? The answer is that modern science discounts the subjective aspect or the spirit in man and fails to see life in full and see it whole. As long as we do not know the relationships between a physico-chemical phenomenon and phenomena pertaining to life and psychology which may accompany it, we shall not be able to say that we know its whole significance. In its feverish attempts to make discoveries and specialize, science forgets its limitations and ideals and does not wait for the guidance which the values from other forms of knowledge can give.

Science must work on the subjective plans or in other words must take into account the human spirit and social destiny. Science to be ideal must serve the society and for this it should work in co-ordination with the other branches of knowledge. The inter-relation between science and the other forms of knowledge can be best explained by saying that the aim of science is to provide knowledge and information for the welfare of humanity and the world. And the aim of Ethics is to provide the philosophy of the good life and warn man against the abuse of scientific inventions and discoveries. It is the aim of morals to enable men, in a materialistic age such

as the one in which we are living at present, to look to the needs of the spirit of love respecting the rights and liberties of others, imposing restraints on themselves. At no other time in the history of humanity is felt the necessity of subjective science so keenly as it is today. While social changes born of man's amazing achievements in the relation of science descend upon him with supersonic speed, his social conscience and institutions move at a snail's pace. To enable sociology to control the sciences of inanimate matter we want a science that can furnish us a true conception of life, man's relations with nature and a doctrine containing explanation of the world and human destiny. Such a science can be termed subjective science. Science, to be of any service, should develop on both the planes, subjective and objective.

The subjective side is concerned with man's psychical potentialities, his place in nature and his relations with the outer world. The height and depth of man's nature and the grander generalities on life, destiny and the universe—all find an eminent place in the subjective science.

The objective or physical sciences, on the other hand are chiefly concerned with the objective world, that is to say, with the forces of nature and properties of matter, techniques and technologies, inventions and experiments.

If there is one factor more outstanding than any other that has been responsible for the collapse of human values and the growth of a corrupt and vicious social environment of today, it is the great disparity in the progress made by the subjective and objective sciences.

During the last seventy years, civilization has been greatly moulded and influenced by the stupendous advance made by the objective sciences. It would be untrue to deny a deep sense of pride in man's

accomplishments and the vaulting progress of sciences. Some regard this as the triumph while others watch it with growing alarm, because it is turning upon its own creator and threatening him with annihilation. On the contrary, it ought to have made us beyond everywhere in science, the handiwork of a Supreme Architect of the universe.

Is there a man of sanity who will not revolt at the idea of stopping short at materialism, however rational, for situations to arise where reason fails and an appeal to the Essence of Intelligence alone can make one survive? As the goal of life, the Frankenstein's monster of scientific materialism is not worth a moment's purchase.

Ours is a paradoxical world. The nations with the highest standard of living, the greatest capacity to take care of their people economically, the broadest education and the most enlightened morality and religion exhibit the least capacity to avoid mutual destruction in war. It would seem, therefore, that the more civilized we become, the more incapable of maintaining the civilization we are. The tragedy is that a so-called civilized man who is also a scientific man has found no way to guide his own discoveries to a constructive end. It is not wrong, then, if a profound doubt is entertained that science as practised at present by the human race will ever do anything to make the world a better and a happier place to live in or will ever stop contributing to our general misery. Its cause is a preponderating science-mindedness, science-orientedness, science-saturatedness. It has failed and failed horribly but not beyond hope still.

The state exists for the well-being of man and not for the increase of national wealth. Knowledge and powers should be made use of for the freedom of mankind and not for the progress of machines.

The citizen should not be reduced to the position of a mere tool. He must find a new human order where the individual does not become a mere object of scientific investigation but is recognized as a subject of freedom. We might have obtained phenomenal scientific and technical progress but we should see that it does not kill the individuality of man. The evil effects of excessive large scale industrialization and mass production deplete man of his individuality and freedom. Industrialization is good only so far as it satisfies the social wants and does not encroach upon the social health and individual liberty.

How industrialization regardless of the sense of human values creates a climate, injurious or at least disagreeable, to the progress of society will be clear from the above. *It is therefore necessary for the leaders of the nations to be particularly cautious in granting licenses and permits to manufacturers for the unnecessary expansion of their trades and industries.* In trying to develop industry, big and small, we should not forget the human factor. We should not be merely out to get more money and more production. We ultimately want better human beings. We want our people to have greater opportunities, not merely from an economic or material point of view but at other levels also.

How to create a better environment so that conditions conducive to the progress of man can be obtained? Man has become so much science-minded that it is almost impossible to set back the clock now. The only way out of the tangle seems to be in man's understanding more of himself. Modern trends in the world today are definitely in the direction of more and more for the ego and less and less for a broad outlook based on universal love and permanent values. It is therefore the duty of each one of us to

change the complexion of this civilization based on materialism, the by-product of science so that it responds to the call of the Spirit. It is argued that the combination of science with spirituality as the modern ideal for human life is not practicable. The two are as fundamentally different as fire and water. Proof is the obsession of science, physical comfort and luxury are its aim, complexity and competition, power and pride are its distinguishing features and outward movement is its normal behaviour. While spirituality is nothing if its foundation is not exalted faith, meekness, self-denial, plain living and high thinking and inward research. A way of life based on spirituality can never reconcile itself to purely material phenomena and physical experiments of science. A saint as a past master in spiritual values cannot be anything but a saint. This objection though solid, is so, only apparently, because we have both Einstein and Bose who were both scientists and spiritual savants. The content of spirituality has always finally adapted itself to science and *vice versa*. As this is so, we should not worry about their conflict. The science and spirituality (I am using a big name for morality) are guided each by its own principles in its own sphere, no doubt, still the two orders are not so distinct and alien that the former in no way depends upon the latter.

If there is an avenue of escape, it lies in the direction of more of subjective science than as at present. To provide fulfilment on this earth for humanity, science alone is not enough. Man's yearning reaches past more comfort or knowledge or power to seek dignity, beauty, truth and purpose in life. Since the natural conditions of existence have been destroyed by the modern civilization, the development of subjective science has become the most necessary of all sciences. If the role of science is to pave a path of progress

for mankind, the role of religion is to guide it along true lines of morality and principle. Humanity's attention must turn from machines and the world of inanimate matter to the body and the soul of man, to the organic and the mental processes which have created the machines and the universe of Newton and Einstein. The necessity of developing the subjective sciences will be obvious from these and unless we know more of ourselves—our physiological, psychological and spiritual potentialities—there can be no escape from the existing atmosphere of annihilation and extinction.

Modern civilization for which science and technology mainly are responsible has not fulfilled its promise. It has not given rise to a drive that saves the man from the thralldom. The most that it has done is that it has pushed the man towards dissatisfaction and this detracts it from its value, use and efficacy. The cause is not far to seek. Technological advances and science-mindedness have dehumanized the man. Man wanted to be civilized but he has become barbaric instead. At the same time, it is foolish to abdicate the advantages flowing from the scientific progress. The wisdom and the cure lie, therefore, in cultivating and enthroning the subjective sciences so that they can effectively retard the onward deleterious proceeds of materialistic civilization.

Today, science and religion should meet on common ground, in a common effort to achieve a common need of world understanding, peace and harmony. Never before were science and religion more compatibly needed than today. Only thus would we be able, I think, to accomplish a big task of national integration based on ethical and spiritual values and only thus, I repeat, would we be able to usher an age of universal understanding and peace, taming at the same time the fears, the hungers and the weapons.

THE BLESSED MOTHER AND HER WONDERFUL SON

BRAHMACHARI JNANA CHAITANYA

It is quite common her child that the mother who gives birth to reveals the light of knowledge to the latter. But the story of the Sage Kapila's instructions to his mother was otherwise. Knowledge knows no frontier; nor does it depend upon the age. Truly did Kālidāsa, the great poet of India, remark: '*na hi dharmavriddhesu vayah samikṣate* i.e. advancement of righteousness does not depend upon age.'

In every Age, some divine incarnations come to this world to revitalize the religions and to bestow peace and bliss on the suffering humanity. Born with uncovered divine knowledge and burning renunciation, they are the true teachers of the world. The Sage Kapila of ancient India was one such born teacher of the humanity.

The name of the Sage Kapila has been mentioned in the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* (5.2). In the *Bhagavad Gītā*, Śrī Kṛṣṇa mentioned him as thus: 'Of the great sages, I am Kapila'. (X. 26) The *Bhāgavata Purāṇa* described him as the partial incarnation of Lord Viṣṇu. It is difficult to determine the exact date of the advent of Kapila, but one can safely affirm that he came before Buddha. Kapila is the founder of the first systematic Philosophy in the world. The name of his system is Sāṁkhya (*Samyak khyāyate jñāpyate jñānam* i.e. the system which determines knowledge fully). Richard Garbe, the noted Western scholar, writes in his book *Philosophy of Ancient India*: 'In Kapila's doctrine, for the first time in the history of the world, the complete independence and freedom of the human mind, its full confidence in its own powers, was exhibited.'

The life of Kapila, has been described in the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*. Here we find

that the sage imparted supreme knowledge to his mother. Brahmā, the Creator of the universe, advised Sage Kardama to perpetuate the creation. The great Sage then went to the bank of the river Sarasvatī and practised *tapasyā* for many years. The Supreme Lord Viṣṇu appeared before him and offered His boon. The all-knowing God advised the Sage to marry Devahūti, the daughter of the first king, Manu, and promised: 'O Great Sage, I shall appear by means of a part of Mine along with thy energy through thy wife Devahūti, and write a treatise on the Ultimate Reality.'

Manu heard about the Sage Kardama and one day he came to him with his wife Śatarūpā and their daughter Devahūti, the paragon of beauty. The Divine Providence came into fruition. After paying due homage to the Sage, the King handed over his daughter to him. On the departure of her parents, Devahūti, the virtuous wife, began to serve her beloved husband with delight, as Pārvatī did for Śiva. In course of time, they had nine daughters. Kardama was a *yogin* as well as a *jñānin*. When he found that the Divine Providence had been fulfilled, he resolved to move towards *tapasyā*, for that was the ancient Indian tradition. Kardama had no attachment. But when Devahūti heard the intention of her husband, she got a deep shock. She asked the Sage as to who would look after her daughters and herself. She then told him in a weeping voice: 'I am an ignorant woman. I get frightened. Who will save me? I pray, let me have one (a son) to bring me relief when you depart. O Lord, that person is really dead, though breathing, whose activity in this world does not tend towards *dharma* and thereby to renunciation and to the worship

of the hallowed feet of Hari. My Love, I am completely deluded by Māyā. Save me. After a vast accumulation of righteousness, one can have a husband like you, who is a free soul and has the power to liberate others. But it is the irony of fate that I never tried for liberation.'

Hearing that lamentation, the merciful Sage tried to pacify his devoted wife. He said, 'Don't get frightened, My Love. O Princess, you are a faultless one. Don't be overwhelmed with grief. The Supreme Lord will soon come into your womb. Be always vigilant and prayerful. Try to control the senses and worship the Lord. He will destroy your fear and ignorance by giving you the knowledge of Brahman.'

In due time, the divine child touched the earth. Brahmā, the Creator, came to pay his homage to the Supreme Lord and thanked the fortunate couple. He also arranged the marriage of their daughters with nine Sages : Kalā to Marīci, Anasūyā to Atri, Śraddhā to Angirā, Havirbhu to Pulastya, Gati to Pulaha, Kriyā to Kratu, Khyāti to Bhṛgu, Arundhatī to Vaśiṣṭha, and Śānti to Atharvaṇ. Brahmā said, 'O worthy Kardama, my child, these beautiful daughters of thine will swell this creation in several ways with their descendants.'

Then one day, Kardama met with the Divine Boy in solitude. He said, 'O Lord, at last you have kept your word. I know who Thou art. I have finished my worldly life. My desires are fulfilled. I am now at your mercy. Hereafter, I shall follow the path of *sannyāsa* and meditate only on Thee and Thee alone. Please allow me to depart.'

The Divine Child replied, 'Yes, thou art permitted by Me. Go thou as it pleases thee. And performing duties dedicated unto Me, do thou conquer the invincible death, and worship Me for the sake of immortality. I shall impart to My mother the knowledge relating to Ātman, which

eradicates all *karma*, and thereby she will get over the fear of *samsāra*.'

Thus Kapila, the propounder of the *Tattvas*, is the glorious unborn Supreme Being born in the world through His own Māyā so that He may directly teach men the truth of Ātman. Father Kardama went away as a wandering anchorite. Mother Devahūti embraced her son as her only resort in life. That sweet child was her only consolation and she lived only for him.

As the days went by, a conversation between the mother and the son was started. What a beautiful and interesting dialogue it was! At the beginning of that dialogue, Śaunaka (the questioner) asked Sūta, 'My senses are insatiate to hear the glory of the Supreme Lord. I am full of faith and I long to hear all those praiseworthy deeds which the Lord does, assuming bodies through His Māyā in response to the prayers of His devotees. Do thou sing those to me.' Sūta began to depict the pen-picture of that memorable conversation :

Devahūti : 'O Perfect One, I am indeed tired of gratifying the wicked senses ; for by seeking to gratify them, O Lord, I have come to be in blinding darkness. I did a lot of *tapasyā* for you, my son. I know you are the first born One and glorious Supreme Being and like the sun you can destroy the darkness i.e. ignorance of the world. O Effulgent One, you have instituted the idea of 'I' and 'Mine' in this body ; so you should dispel my delusion. I am your mother, but I solicit refuge in Thee as a disciple.'

Lord Kapila : 'O my beloved mother, don't be frightened. I will tell you the *yoga* by which one can transcend the pairs of opposites and that is powerful enough to secure perfect concentration. This mind is the cause of bondage and liberation. When the mind is purified by knowledge

and devotion, it can differentiate between the real and the unreal, Puruṣa and Prakṛti. Those who love Me, speak about Me, they never come into grief. They are all righteous people. Mother, you should always have this type of holy company.'

Devahūti: 'What type of *bhakti* should be developed towards Thee and what is possible for me to do, by which I may surely and immediately attain to Thyself, which is *mokṣa* (liberation)? O Hari, I am a dull-witted woman. Explain everything to me in a clear and simple way.'

Lord Kapila: 'Devotion to God is greater than liberation. As stomach-fire digests food, *bhakti* also can destroy the subtle body (consisting of seventeen limbs: five sense organs, five organs of action, five *prānas*, mind and intellect) which is the cause of *samsāra* i.e. the circle of life and death. Now I will tell you clearly the characteristics of the *Tattvas* (elements), knowing which man can obtain liberation. O mother, this *Sāṃkhya-Yoga* will cut asunder the knot of your heart, i.e. *Māyā*. There are twenty-four elements and Puruṣa is separate from them. This Puruṣa is the *Ātman*, who is eternal, self-luminous, free from the three *guṇas* (*sattva*, *rajas*, and *tamas*) and beyond Prakṛti. The twenty-four elements are: Five *mahā-bhūtas*, viz. earth, water, fire, air, and ether; Five subtle-objects, viz. smell, taste, colour, touch, and sound; Five organs of action, speech, hands, feet, and the organs of evacuation and generation; Five organs of perception, viz. ears, skin, eyes, tongue, and nose; Four internal organs, viz. mind, intellect, egoism, and mind-stuff (*citta*).'

[According to tradition, the *Sāṃkhya* System of Kapila does not accept the existence of God; as the *Sāṃkhya-Sūtra* goes: '*Īśvarāsiddheḥ*'. But in the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa* (III. xxvi. 17), we find that Kapila has mentioned another element, i.e. *Kāla*

(Time), and he has concluded: '*Sa Bhagavān Kālah*'. Moreover, in the twenty-eighth chapter (Book Three) of the *Bhāgavata*, Kapila elucidates the form of Lord Viṣṇu and advises his mother to meditate on the Lord. It is the view of some scholars that Kapila of the *Bhāgavata* is the original founder of the *Sāṃkhya* System. He is mentioned in the *Padma Purāṇa* and the *Śvetāśvatara Upaniṣad* indicates that Kapila is the incarnation of Viṣṇu. So Kapila, the non-believer of God, was different one and he perhaps came from the Agni dynasty in the later period.]

Devahūti: 'O Perfected One, you have advised me that the seeker of liberation should have the knowledge of Puruṣa, who is unassociated with Prakṛti. But I see Puruṣa and Prakṛti as part and parcel, and they are eternal and interdependent. Prakṛti can never be dissociated from Puruṣa. So, how will the liberation come?'

Lord Kapila: 'Mother, you are right. It is very difficult to dissociate the Puruṣa from the Prakṛti. But it is not impossible. Here is an example. As you see, fire originates from wood and the next moment destroys its source. Like that the *jīva* (who is nothing but Puruṣa) comes from Prakṛti and he has the power to destroy his bondage or *Māyā* by practising unattached work, *bhakti*, knowledge of the *Tattvas*, burning renunciation, austerity and *yoga*. One should always try for *samādhi*. Mother, through repetition of practice, one can destroy the idea of ignorance, i.e. Prakṛti. Then Prakṛti cannot control the Puruṣa, who is free by nature.'

Kapila then elaborately described the *Astāṅga-Yoga* (Eight-fold *yoga*: *yama*, *niyama*, *āsana*, *prāṇāyāma*, *pratyāhāra*, *dhāraṇa*, *dhyāna* and *samādhi*), which should be practised and developed by one seeking after liberation. He also elucidated *Bhakti-Yoga* and the nature of *Kāla* or Time which is another form of

God. Kapila mentioned four kinds of *bhakti*: *tamas*, *rajas*, *sattva*, and *nirguṇa*, i.e. devotion to Puruṣottama. In order to produce *vairāgya* or renunciation in the mind of Devahūti, Kapila vividly described the sufferings in hell and other experiences of those who seek after worldly enjoyments. He then explained the causes of transmigration of the soul and advised his mother to worship the Lord. Knowledge, devotion, renunciation, etc. are the means of attaining the Lord. After presenting the mystery of life to his mother, Kapila concluded: 'O venerable mother, I have thus expounded to you that knowledge by which Brahman is realized, and also the true character of Prakṛti and Puruṣa is distinctly understood.'

Having received the light of wisdom through the precepts of Kapila, Devahūti praised Him with devotion: 'O Venerable One I bow to Thee who art so great, who art the perfect Brahman and Supreme Lord, who could only be perceived in the mind withdrawn from external objects, who by His own essential force remained above the influence of the stream of *guṇas*, who is Viṣṇu and Kapila and the repository of the Vedas.'

Lord Kapila: 'O my beloved mother, the path which I have described to you is easy to perform. Follow it. Before long you shall attain the acme of realization, i.e. the stage of *jīvanmukta*. Mother, you are my own. So I repeat again, have faith in Me. You will surely attain the stage of

fearlessness. You will never fall into the jaws of death like an ignorant one.'

Devahūti started her spiritual practices on the bank of the river Sarasvatī. She underwent many severe austerities. Thus by means of the practices taught by her son, Kapila, she before long attained liberation. The great Sage Kapila then took permission from his mother and went to the north, i.e. the Himalayas.

The story goes that once Kapila went to his house-holder disciple, Āsuri, who was very pious and happy with his family. On being asked by Kapila about his welfare, he replied that he was all right. After some years, Kapila again came to him and got the same answer. Later he came to Āsuri for the third time. This time the disciple solicited refuge in his *guru*, for he was disgusted with family life. Kapila was waiting for that. He imparted knowledge to him. Āsuri also traditionally passed that knowledge to his disciple, Pañcaśikha. And thus the Sāṃkhya System came to be introduced. Kapila first composed twenty-two aphorisms and then elaborated those into many. These are called *Sāṃkhya-Pravacana-Sūtras*. Āsuri also wrote many books on Sāṃkhya. Pañcaśikhācārya was the writer of *Ṣaṣṭhitantra*, where Sāṃkhya System was further elaborated. Thus the tradition went on. And the quintessence of the tradition is: Knowledge comes through renunciation and renunciation alone is fearless.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN THIS NUMBER

Swami Nityabodhananda is the Head of the Ramakrishna Vedanta Centre, Geneva, Switzerland. He was previously the Editor of the *Vedanta Kesari*. The Swami in his

illuminating article entitled 'Freud, Jung and Vedānta' examines the specific contributions of the modern science of Psychoanalysis in the light of the conclusions of Vedānta.

S. P. Sen Gupta, M.A., Ph.D. (London), is the Head of the Department of English in the University of North Bengal. 'Swami Vivekananda the Wit-2' is the second section of his article on the wits and humour of Swami Vivekananda.

Sri S. M. Parekh, M.Sc., is the Principal of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Hazarimal Somani College of Arts and Science, Bombay. In the article entitled 'Disparity

between the Science of the Self and the Non-Self should go' Sri Parekh looks to the question of Self and Non-Self from a new angle of vision.

In 'The Blessed Mother and Her Wonderful Son' Brahmachari Jnana Chaitanya of the Ramakrishna Order describes the immortal instructions of Self-knowledge which the Sage Kapila imparted to his mother.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

VIVEKANANDA COMMEMORATION VOLUME (1965). The University of Burdwan. 1966. Pages 127+47. Price Rs. 5.

The above commemoration volume is the grand outcome of the co-operative efforts of eminent scholars of India. It is a rare addition to the vast literature on the Great Swami. The book opens with a beautiful Sanskrit poem on Swami Vivekananda by Sri Jiva Nyayatirtha, a Sanskrit scholar of repute. A lecture on Swami Vivekananda by Dr. Radhakrishnan has also been incorporated into the volume. Dr. Radhakrishnan, while assessing the greatness of the patriot prophet, puts, 'He inculcated a religion of patriotism, not patriotism in the narrow sense of the word—patriotism as the religion of humanity. His was a religion which called upon us to look upon all human beings as kindred, as belonging to one family. This is the kind of religion which he taught us and which he adopted. He called it a "man making religion". It is a humanistic religion. There is no divorce between contemplative life and social service. The two things are expressions of one and the same phenomenon.' Sri Dilip Kumar Roy finds much in common between Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo, the two master minds of India through the ages. Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mazumdar, the noted historian, places the great Swami as the master architect of synthesis. 'In a spirit of synthesis he suggested that the worldly life must be spiritualized ... Vivekananda suggested a synthesis between the different faculties of a man.' Swami Ranganathananda of the Ramakrishna Order establishes, 'The teachings of Swami Vivekananda and

of his great Master, Sri Ramakrishna are the most dynamic spiritual forces in modern India helping her people, both lay and monastic, to evolve a new form of spiritual life adequate to the aspirations and purposes of the modern world.' Dr. Jitendranath Mohanty, Head of the University's Department of Philosophy, executes a fine analysis into the nature of man in Indian and Western philosophy. Dr. Mohanty draws a comparison between two outlooks Indian and Western. 'Indian thought has stated the moral ideal not in terms of the person but in terms of the detached subject. As a person one has to act, but as a subject one has to be its passive witness and not get stuck in it. A just reverse attitude is found in Western thought. The moral ideal remains that of the person in community. But the person is surreptitiously made to replace the subject in the pursuit of knowledge. As a consequence. Knowledge too has come to be interpreted as an activity of construction, as a response to stimulus, as a social endeavour and so on. In Indian thought, on the contrary, knowing remains a passive reception and a consequent manifestation of the object as it is.' According to Sri Hiranmoya Banerjee, another noted thinker, the greatest achievement of the Swami is to free Hinduism from the assailing doubts about religion and to re-establish it in its own faith. There are also other articles very good in their own way, bearing upon the different aspects of Swami Vivekananda and Indian culture. The volume is a publication of great value and significance.

DR. DEVAPRASAD BHATTACHARYA

NEWS AND REPORTS

VEDANTA SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA U.S.A. HOLLYWOOD

DEDICATION OF THE RAMAKRISHNA MONASTERY

On August 4, 1967, the occasion of the birthday of Swami Ramakrishnananda, the Vedanta Society of Southern California formally dedicated a new monastery, to be known as the Ramakrishna Monastery, at 2027 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

A special worship was performed in the Hollywood Temple in honour of the event. The monastic members of the new monastery prepared a delicious dinner as a special offering to the Lord. A *homa* fire ceremony, which preceded the dinner, was held in the living room of the monastery. The monks from the Ramakrishna Monastery at Trabuco and the nuns from the Santa Barbara convent gathered with the Hollywood monks and nuns for both the ceremony and dinner.

Swami Pavitrananda of the Vedanta Society of New York also joined the function. Swami Vandanananda performed a beautiful worship, offering oblations to Sri Ramakrishna, Holy Mother,

Swamiji, Maharaj and all the direct disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. As the name of the Lord resounded through the large room, a wonderful mood was created. It was indeed an uplifting occasion.

The Swamis thereafter performed the *Virajā homa*. Swamis Vandanananda and Asaktananda chanted in unison the *virajā mantras*. Afterwards *prasāda* from the Temple was served to the Swamis and *Pravrājikās* in the main dining room. The living room was filled with *brahmacārins* and novices and the entire atmosphere was one of festivity and joy.

The monks have laboured hard to convert this large, spanish-style house into a livable and functional monastery. During the renovation, many unseen talents developed. Each of the monks contributed his own skill in plumbing, electrical wiring, tiling, carpentry, and so on. They look proudly to the fact that no professional help was needed. Although the house is basically well-constructed, it is old and in need of much repair. Work still needs to be done to prepare accommodations for all the Hollywood monks, but this work is being accomplished with perseverance and dedicated effort.

THE HOLY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

The one hundred and fifteenth birthday of Sri Sri Sarada Devi, the Holy Mother, fall on Saturday, the 23rd December, 1967.