

IQBAL REVIEW

Journal of the Iqbal Academy, Pakistan

April 1966

Editor

Bashir Ahmad Dar

IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN

Title : Iqbal Review (April 1966)
Editor : Bashir Ahmad Dar
Publisher : Iqbal Academy Pakistan
City : Karachi
Year : 1966
DDC : 105
DDC (Iqbal Academy) : 8U1.66V12
Pages : 198
Size : 14.5 x 24.5 cm
ISSN : 0021-0773
Subjects : Iqbal Studies
: Philosophy
: Research



IQBAL CYBER LIBRARY

(www.iqbalcyberlibrary.net)

Iqbal Academy Pakistan

(www.iap.gov.pk)

6th Floor Aiwan-e-Iqbal Complex, Egerton Road, Lahore.

Table of Contents

Volume: 7

Iqbal Review: April 1966

Number: 1

1. THE PERIOD OF DECADENCE	4
2. IQBAL AS A SEER	88
3. IQBAL'S PANENTHEISM	124
4. SOME STYLES OF PRACTICE-WRITING BY GREAT CALLIGRAPHISTS.....	153
5. THE BOOK OF SERVITUDE	160
6. THE IQBAL ACADEMY, PAKISTAN.....	183
7. THE SONG OF TIME.....	196

THE PERIOD OF DECADENCE

NATIONS, like individuals, have to endure periods of sterility, during which everything goes wrong. Such an epoch arrived for the disintegrated world of India after the death of Aurangzeb, so that it became hardly possible to recognize this country which had formerly abounded in men of first-class talent. Indian poetry for a long time to come volatilized almost exclusively in unctuous flatteries of the ephemeral personalities who appeared on the slippery stage of Indian politics. The depraved tastes of the *rois faineant* of Delhi and Lucknow created a saturnalia of poetic immorality and hastened the departure of the muses. Added to this was the horror of mutual strife and struggle which completed the destruction of the noble and high-minded men of this storm-tossed country. With moral degeneracy came also intellectual paralysis and henceforth we find India plunged in deep slumber. Everyone who breathed this atmosphere became infected with drowsiness. In an age affected with these morbid inanities, it was inevitable that imaginative literature should run wild. Nobility of form was replaced by an affected, pretentious and yet essentially corrupt style; a crude and lifeless scurrility usurped the throne of art. Everything sacred to Indian hearts was de-filed by the literary pedants of the day. An incredible wealth of common-places and trivialities was brought to the market in the shape of erotic verse which displayed the mental poverty characteristic of decadence. True poetry no longer maintained its dominance in the realm of the spirit, and verse-

writing became an elegant method of killing time. It is pleasant, however, to record that the land of poesy was not entirely submerged. A few peaks were still visible above the surface of the flood tide. The poets Mir and Ghalib, though they sang of the witcheries of en-trancing maidens, yet displayed an originality and freshness which even in these days of revolutionized taste appeal to the connoisseurs. The almost exhausted themes of the love-stricken souls, the blushing roses and the doting nightingales are treated with creative energy and possess a beauty which captivates the reader. Ghalib infused into poetry something new in tone, in feeling, in emotional expression. He was undoubtedly an artist whose brain and heart were both great. Urdu literature is enriched by the magic of his touch, and amid numberless noisy mediocrities he is the only one who has produced poetry of permanent value. But this was an occasional gleam and, apart from this solitary instance, it was sad to reflect that no longer was poesy to illuminate life by its ideals, but life, with its finite aim and ephemeral caprices, was to dominate poesy. Consequently, the writings of this period passed into utter oblivion as soon as the society of a new age came into being.

After the establishment of British rule in India there began a period of dull repose, poor in great events, but rich in work and tranquil prosperity, a period in which the entire political life of the nation for nearly a century sank into profound slumber not to be disturbed without severe shocks. This serenity of political weather was utilised by the wisdom of the Royal officialdom in the work of organising the administration which gave promise of weighty

consequences. Never in recent history has a great power had such difficult administrative problems to solve, but a crowd of officials of exceptional ability achieved wonderful results. By inaugurating a system of education on Western lines they thoroughly pre-pared the soil for a mighty transformation. It opened a new era of political opinion in India. It set the people yearning for a new heaven and a new earth. The nation arose phoenix-like from its ashes to reclaim its rights. The liberal tendencies of Western literature manifested them-selves in the emancipation of the spirit overlaid with the dust of centuries. These were the tributary fountains that, as time went on, swelled into the broad confluence of our own times. The benumbed East was awakened to new life and its eyes were turned towards different ideals. How great is the debt of India to the thinkers and writers of the West I need not here dwell upon at great length, though its interest is not negligible. It is circumstance that inspires and moulds the thought. This glowing life, this world in resurrection received its impetus from the force of character of men who lighted their votive candles at the shrine of learning at different centres in India. (I will deal with one only in a brief manner.) Sir Syed Ahmad Khan was one of those solitary geniuses who are capable of awakening and elevating their nation by means of creative ideas. He, with a band of devoted friends who possessed the fire of joyful enthusiasm, started a small school at Aligarh for the education of Moslem boys. This was a veritable sanctuary of peace and faith from which radiated light in all directions. He himself occupied a simple hospitable home where a lively, at times too lively, society

would assemble round the festive board. His happiest moments were those wherein, intoxicating and intoxicated, he could in inspired language give free issue to the flow of his thoughts and his feelings. The bewitching conservationist at the close of a laborious day would entertain the company with brilliant observations, anecdotes of early days and mischievous jokes far into the night. Nazir Ahmad, the eminent Oriental scholar and orator, Mohsanul Mulk, the talented and accomplished nobleman, Zakaullah, the famous mathematician, and Altaf Husain Hali, the national poet, and others were some of the representatives of a fast vanishing literary epoch who formed the circle round the magnetic figure of the old Syed. These lifelong friends gathered in the modest rose-garlanded house, and in animated conversation would institute comparisons between the glorious past and the forlorn present. They matured plans for the regeneration of their fallen people. They travelled in various provinces addressing monster meetings and moving audiences to tears by the fire of their eloquence. The old Syed, unable to control his emotion, would sob like a child when he drew the sad picture of the lamentable condition of his people. The contrast between what is and what might have been is itself, as Dante teaches in a certain immortal verse, the greatest of all sorrows. The grief of the people on such occasions knew no bounds when they realized the extent of their melancholy destiny. Their spirit received a terrible shaking and burst the chains which the bigotry of the orthodox Mullas entwined round it and kept it in thralldom. An enthusiasm that was ardent and brimful of hope rejuvenated even the elderly. This

movement towards Western education gathered a momentum which carried the whole people with it. It has invariably happened that in epochs of great transformation, at the right moment, the creative energy of history called forth the right men. These wonder-workers knew the vital need of the moment. They infused enthusiasm in the students, and delight in learning became the dominant impulse. Many of us can still recollect the first fervour for studies in India. A delirium seized the people. The youth went in groups singing songs from Tennyson, Byron and Shakespeare. As it was in Europe at the time of the revival of learning, men killed themselves by over study, so also in India young men in these days studied too hard and tried to do even more than they could do. This was the poesy of life, and the blossoming of the yearnings of earnest souls. The portly figure of the old Syed seemed triumphantly to hold in its hands the keys wherewith he opened the floodgates of a new life. But how many were the struggles through which his ardent spirit had at length fought down the old prejudice and repugnance towards all public activities, to wield in the end a great influence over the nation. How many defections of friends, how many disillusionments elaborately concealed by his keen wit, had to be endured before his richly endowed personality could set the stagnant current of Indian life in effective motion. We have now crossed the threshold with closed eyes. A new world lies before us but hidden by a thick veil not yet lifted. The spirit within, though partially liberated, clamours for unrestricted freedom. The future is pregnant with possibilities. The old society is overthrown; we gaze

with grateful feelings towards departing shades. The old world with its polished manners and urbanity and tranquil ways had endeared itself to us; at any rate, it had become a Second nature.

Why?—because the future is uncertain and the armour, we have put on, pricks the sensitive flesh at several places, but the die is cast and there is no turning back now to clutch at incorporeal shadows. These have rolled back leaving us to face the temptations of the Siren song of the unknown. Fresh breezes have already begun to blow and our drooping spirit receives the exhilarating vigour of a new wine. We are impelled by mysterious forces to march forward. The changed outlook and the materialistic influence of new education bring into existence a blatant and aspiring bourgeoisie with its intense industry, its arrogant egotism and its pharisaical hardness of heart. After a formidable social and literary revolution, after the destruction of all the traditional ideas and forms of society, there re-mains nothing for this generation but the comparative liberty of the individual, which after all creates nothing new. Ignorance is replaced by scepticism yet more disastrous, by a condition of spiritual anarchy, where-in everyone believes himself to know everything. Religion is openly scoffed at, and moral restraint is superseded by a fugitive fear of the laws enacted by new rulers. Western manners, dress and slavish aping of forms of speech, come into vogue which scandalize the few survivors of the old school who continued to preserve a kernel of sound religious belief.

THE DAWN OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Epochs of literary struggle are rarely favourable to love-poetry, and therefore it was difficult to protect this quiet flower-garden of poesy from the keen winds of the day. The fermenting ideas of this age gave rise to a singer who came with a moralizing muse. Hali, the national poet par excellence, appeared on the scene at this juncture with a work (*Musaddas*) which thrilled everyone. For the first time, now, did the life of ancient Moslems become personally, directly and vividly comprehensible to the philistines. In this poem Hali depicts the magnificent Islamic idealism which had illumined the days of the first age of Islam. He compares with inexpressible pathos that great age with the present forlorn state of the Moslem world. In so proud a nation as the Moslems, the comparison between the great past and the petty present could not fail to arouse painful feelings. But the absolute impossibility of winning back the lost glory was plain to all men's sight without reversion to old ideals. It, however, added momentum to the vital impulse of the age for national unity which manifested itself in the check which the spirit of mockery of religion received from its stirring tones. Henceforth the reverent glances of the nation were directed towards the glory of its past achievements, and the tendency to worship the materialistic character of modern civilisation became blunted. Young men touched the hidden springs of national sensibilities when they sang in melodious strains those portions of this great

poem which described the heroic deeds of a great age in history. From the date of the wonderful popularity of Hali may be discerned the birth of the romantic movement in India.

The unanticipated development of Indian thought joyfully welcomed yet another poet when Hall ceased to write inspiring poetry. This writer of destiny was Akbar whose playful muse disclosed the secret that "Poesy and life were inseparable." If literature is the mirror of a people's soul, then Akbar truly reflects that spirit in his inimitable poems. While Hali awakened the self-consciousness of the people and promoted love for past glory, Akbar exposed with irresistible humour the seamy side of the modern civilisation. He is extremely unpretentious and yet is so severe in his opposition to the fashionable idolatries of the day, so clear in his condemnation of all vanity, artificiality and untruth. The greatest attraction of his poems lies in his kindly wit which makes even those laugh with joy on whom it inflicts the deepest wounds. Whether in the open shop of an Indian bazar or in the cultured circle of high society the recital of his verses makes everyone roar with laughter, his inexhaustible humour continues to spin golden threads around every event of the day, and it cannot be denied that in the cordiality of his mood and in the freedom of his roguish wit he is unrivalled in India. It is truly said that humour is in-variably democratic, for it sweeps away all social barriers and invests the common things of life with new aspects. The increasing self-respect of the masses is reflected in these poems which induce a sense of liberation from their dull and prosaic life and administer drubbings to the high and the low

alike. How true is the fact that “the real power that shapes opinion in regard to other nations and other civilisations is literature—fiction and poetry. What one people in Europe knows about another people is largely obtained, not from serious volumes of statistics, or grave history, or learned books of travel, but from the literature of that people—the literature that is an expression of its emotional life.” Newspapers and journals greedily contest for the privilege of publishing in the most prominent place any fresh effusion of his radiant wit. Millions thus read his verses that touch the heart, and through the heart influence the judgment. Akbar’s popularity is so wonderful that I could not pass him over lightly. No man ever gave the public so much amusement, and no one helped more forcefully the reaction which now set in against the blind worship of Western civilisation.

IQBAL’S EARLY DAYS

AKBAR’S light poetry served the great purpose of nature; it prepared the national mind for the reception of a poet-philosopher whose poems produced a delirium of enthusiasm all over India, nay even outside India. In Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey, in England, Hungary and European countries, his reputation is rapidly spreading. This poet is Dr. Muhammad Iqbal whose powerful and revitalizing poems it is my chief object to interpret in this paper. As a spirit messenger he is the bearer of a new idea which illumines life with a fresh significance. The dawn of this world of different ideals has separated the epoch of

conscious reflection from the epoch of unconscious creation. I think it would interest you to know something of his early life and, therefore, I would speak of Iqbal himself in a brief manner before I speak of his poems.

He was born at Sialkot about the year 1876. His family, which belonged to the middle class and inherited strong Sufistic tendencies, was held in esteem by the people. At the usual age he was sent to an ordinary school in his own town. He passed through the gamut of Indian school routine. The soul-destroying curse of examinations proved no impediment to the rapid progress which he was making in the healthy atmosphere of keen competition. In the course of his school studies he was introduced to a venerable old scholar of Oriental learning, M. Mir Hasan, who unveiled to his admiring mind the beauties of Islamic literature. The knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages thus acquired enabled him to assimilate the works of some of the most distinguished writers among Moslems. At this early age religious study exercised a great influence in moulding his character. We all feel that a boy is a savage without religion, without tenderness, but the ideas of right and wrong are quickened within him by religious feelings. This experience came to Iqbal, and his training in this respect blossomed and bore fruit subsequently when he grew to manhood. From the very beginning he was sensitive to beauty and this aesthetic feeling very probably developed the delicate musical sensibilities of his poetic mind. All great poets in their youth have been swayed by this feeling. In fact, emotional poetry has always been written under its

pleasing influence. There was nothing extraordinary in the incidents of his life at school. In Iqbal the extraordinary gift was altogether of the mind and he was one of those rare juvenile prodigies who fulfil in manhood the promise of childhood. Even at this age he charmed people by his gentle and dreamy ways. In due course when he finished his school final he transferred his residence to Lahore in order to join a college for higher studies. Here the environment was fresh and vigorous; there was cheerful succession of work and lively society. Though during his school days he had produced some elegant trifles, yet the new atmosphere afforded better scope for the exercise of his intellect, and his hitherto dormant muse receiving the stimulus of inspiration manifested its bound-less possibilities. One of his finest blossoms was a verse of marvellous beauty which a contemporary poet of first rank pronounced as unique and on being told that a youth freshly arrived in Lahore had written it, he predicted a brilliant future for the young man. You cannot possibly reproduce the delicate music of artistic perfection of words in translation but I would attempt a rendering.

موتی سمجھ کے شان کریمی نے چن لیے

قطرے جو تھے مرے عرق انفعال کے

Interpreted in English it would mean: Divine grace gathered the dew-drops of remorse from my forehead taking them to be pearls. In one sub-lime verse the poet depicts the angelic sanctity of a soul after its resurrection. How the divine love rejoices to see

the hidden and ennobling virtue of remorse! Supremely exquisite is the analogy of drops of perspiration to pearls whose purity resembles the chastity of awakened con-science. The poetic euphony which embellishes the dignity of the human soul with incomparable vesture lays claim to be enjoyed as a free work of art. Poetic critics unanimously paid homage to this aspiring genius for this single verse which immediately found currency all over the land. Tribal was henceforth ranked as a luminary of first magnitude in the firmament of poesy, and his muse continually marched forward towards its goal, scattering flowers on its path and creating a new emotional utterance not to be imitated. In the midst of huge and admiring audiences Iqbal could be seen standing on a dais reciting his verses in sweet tunes, which exacted boundless applause and occasioned indescribable enthusiasm. I was a witness to this scene several times when amidst a tempest of acclamation Iqbal was carried away almost fainting through effort to meet the greedy demand of the cultured audience. It is rare indeed that a young man, as yet a student, should become the idol of the people, and the first fact for you to observe is that no poet ever had such vast and sudden popularity. Not only in the Punjab but all over India, so great was his influence that it crushed all competition out of existence. Nobody else could get a hearing while Iqbal sang. Nor is this all that is to be said about him. His influence chiefly initiated the romantic movement in India. The spirit of our earlier public life, which had exhibited a trait of unaesthetic torpor of the senses under close restraint, entered once more into its right and became freer and more venture-

some. Iqbal unceasingly turned his talents to the best account, and ever pursued the highest aims. It remained his glory that in his poems he held up the mirror to his age, as Goethe had done before him in Wilhelm Meister.

HIS STUDIES IN EUROPE

THE charm and vitality of this expansive phase soon found a remote region and an alien society for its fruitful activities, for a friendly fortune and the selfless affection of a brother made it possible for him to undertake a journey to Europe for professional training. Thus at the most impressionable period of his life he came into close touch with some of the profoundest thinkers of Europe and, finding the amenities of intellectual life at Cambridge suitable to his quiet disposition, he settled down there to drink, so to speak, at the very font and source of learning. But boys of pronounced character have always owed far more to their private reading than to their set studies and the young Indian, while devoting his time and labour to the soul-destroying curse of examinations, was feeding his mind on the copious resources of the University library and the soul-nourishing society of eminent professors. The profitable perusal of the former and the unceasing joys of the latter proved to be a veritable “pasture of great souls” for they contributed materially towards the growth of his mental powers which revealed their many-sidedness later on in his life. During the intervals of these academic studies he found ample opportunities to visit the Continent. He spent some time at

Munich to prepare his thesis on Persian philosophy. These journeys afforded him glimpses into the secrets of the Western civilization. To an Oriental mind the restless enterprise of Europe naturally presented such a contrast to the sleepy and contemplative life of the East. His acute intelligence constantly found vast and complex problems to reflect on, which awakened thought and added to the richness and variety of his faculties. Among these world problems he observed the invigorating influence of democracy and nationality on the peoples of Europe. He also saw mammon-worship in its most potent form which issued from harsh and remorseless commercialism. He could not fail to observe that triumphant materialism waged an unrelenting war against religion and morality. The consequence, as he clearly saw, was tragic. Men lost sight of the higher aims of life and wallowed among its sordid interests. To a keen student of history like him it was quite clear that materialised society constituted a danger to moral and spiritual life, for in the mad pursuit of almighty dollar the loftiest ideals were ever knocked down from their high pedestals. The body politic could never remain in a state of vigorous health and at once ceased to exercise its beneficial influence, when in its daily functions justice was regulated by selfish motives and ethics were divorced from politics. This corruption of morals inevitably undermined the greatest empires and destroyed the harmony and confidence obtaining in international relations. This debasement of character which supervened Western civilization brought disenchantment and Iqbal who had previously imagined that the Occident was

actuated by truth and justice wrote a poem embodying a piquant protest against the prostitution of the noble ideas of freedom and equality.

زمانہ آیا ہے بے حجابی کا، عام دیدار یار ہو گا
سکوت تھا پردہ دار جس کا، وہ راز اب آشکار ہو گا
گزر گیا اب وہ دور ساقی کہ چھپ کے پیتے تھے پینے والے
بنے گا سارا جہان مے خانہ، ہر کوئی بادہ خوار ہو گا
کبھی جو آوارہ جنوں تھے، وہ بستوں میں پھر آ بسیں گے
برہنہ پائی وہی رہے گی مگر نیا خارزار ہو گا
سنا دیا گوش منتظر کو حجاز کی خامشی نے آخر
جو عہد صحرائیوں سے باندھا گیا تھا، پھر استوار ہو گا
نکل کے صحرا سے جس نے روما کی سلطنت کو الٹ دیا تھا
سنا ہے یہ قدسیوں سے میں نے، وہ شیر پھر ہوشیار ہو گا
دیار مغرب کے رہنے والو! خدا کی بستی دکان نہیں ہے

کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو، وہ اب زرکم عیار ہو گا
تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خود کشی کرے گی
جوشاخ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے گا ، ناپائدار ہو گا
سفینہ برگ گل بنا لے گا قافلہ مور ناتواں کا
ہزار موجوں کی ہو کشاکش مگر یہ دریا سے پار ہو گا
کہا جو قمری سے میں نے اک دن ، یہاں کے آزاد پا بہ گل ہیں
توغنیچے کہنے لگے، ہمارے چمن کا یہ رازدار ہو گا

[The time of unveiling has come, the Beloved will be seen by
all;

That secret which was veiled by silence shall become manifest.

That cycle has gone, O cup-bearer! when they drank in hiding,

The whole world shall become a tavern, and all shall drink.

Those who wandered insane shall return to dwell in cities,

Their feet shall be naked as before, but those meadows shall
be new.

The silence of Mecca has proclaimed to the expectant ears, at last;

The compact which was made with the desert-dwellers shall become
once more strengthened.

The Lion which came out of the wilderness and upset the Empire of Rome,

I hear from angels that he shall awaken once more.

O dwellers of Western lands ! God's world is not a shop,

That which you considered good coin shall prove to be of low value.

Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger;

A nest built on a slender bough cannot last.

Even the frail petal of a rose will be made into a boat for the caravan of the despised ant,

No matter what storms and cyclones may rage, but it will safely cross the angry seas.

One day I remarked to a dove, "The liberated of this place are rooted to the earth,"

The buds made a prompt reply and said, "Surely he has discovered the secret of our rose-garden."]

This poem forms a mine of prophecies and warnings and with a wonderful clarity of vision Iqbal gives intimation of the coming events twenty years before their occurrence. Realizing the instability of the present structure of the Western civilization he boldly declares in the first two lines that hypocrisy which so long clouded the minds of the people will be seen by them and that the time has come for the world spirit to manifest itself. The secret of the present universal unrest is found in the yearning of the masses for the advent of a new spirit of righteousness and truth. This insistent call of the people has made the spirit reveal itself and is shaping new destinies for nations long suffering under unhappy conditions. This prophecy becomes still clearer in the next two lines which emphatically announce the passage of the present times in which timid people spoke in whispers. The world in this poetic metaphor is converted into a huge tavern in which the wine of new ideas will be freely dispensed and all will become intoxicated by it. The beauty of living words is very sweet and the influence on the mind is tremendous. Whether it is Ireland, Egypt, India, Persia or Russia, the people there have torn the mask from their faces and are clamouring for their rights. They glory in the privilege of suffering and sacrifice riches and repose, nay even life itself, for an idea. This wonderful resurgence of a dauntless spirit is working openly and on an unprecedented scale. History does not relate the existence in any previous age of such a colossal revolt against organised governments. Those who carefully observe the phenomenon will have no hesitation in saying that the premonition uttered by Dr. Iqbal has found a wonderful

fulfillment in the prevailing conditions in these countries. The nations appear strangely drunk with enthusiasm and it seems as though the entire world is transformed into a huge tavern. The astonishing verity of the prediction added to the charm of language awakens pleasing emotions and one insensibly feels that it is something that stirs us deeply and makes us think new thoughts. A great poet only can do this.

The third and fourth lines convey stern warning to the apostles of Western civilization which is bound to be annihilated if the cult of imperial egoism and crushing industrialism is permitted to poison the sweet serenity of life. Many talented and sober thinkers have condemned in emphatic terms this aspect of the Western civilization but the poet's method of explaining its cause is exceedingly effective. The mad rush of the Western nations in search of markets for their manufactures has, he says, made them treat God's world as a shop. This, he says, will not endure and the disillusionment and disappointment will in the end reveal to them that what they considered genuine coin is only counterfeit. It is undoubtedly true that the Western intellect has wrested many priceless secrets from Nature by means of those marvellous discoveries it has made in scientific knowledge, and backward nations tremble before a union of immeasurable power with unfathomable craft such as has never existed before, but with all this, "There is," says Napoleon, "but one step from triumph to a fall. I have seen that in the greatest affairs a little thing has always decided important events." This formidable force created by the modern civilization may recoil on it and the poet in

this prophetic verse predicts that the Western civilization will commit suicide by the weapon it has forged. Matthew Arnold in his poem called “The Future” depicts the prospects of human happiness as gloomy. It seems to him that the necessities of this civilization are turning men’s minds away from noble ideas to selfish and material ambition. It seems to him that even the feeling which makes poetry must die. The tendency of the industrial civilization undeniably is to compel men to think more about money than ever before, and less about truth and beauty and divine things. The world is becoming material in the ugliest meaning of the term. How dismal is likely to be the plight of the people before the actual tragedy is enacted, is made obvious by Mr. Rutherford, M.P., in his little brochure Commonwealth or Empire. “The rulers of Europe,” he says, “have made and are making fools of people, as they have done many a time before—fooling with big promises and little or no performance. In times of peace the struggle for bare existence is so intense, so cruel, and so demoralizing that the masses have neither the leisure nor the strength to think beyond what they shall eat and what they shall drink. Perpetual motion on the brink of poverty degrades large sections of the community into little better than dazed insects.” The mystic poet Rossetti proclaimed his deeper perception of human misery in the famous lines so full of pathos:

War that shatters her slain

And peace that grinds them as grain.

This apparently is too detrimental to the divine scheme of things and must inevitably come to an end. The European civilization escaped by an hair's breadth from destruction during the last Great War, and the armies were hardly demobilised when portentous activity was displayed in devising scientific and diabolical means of blasting human happiness by preparing for another war. The whole world is afflicted with a dangerous malady. Very few seem to pause and consider whither we are drifting.

The golden vision of youth and the clairvoyance of a poet priest are visible in the fifth and sixth lines. Since the affairs of the world cannot evidently be conducted on the lines of selfish and materialistic policy of the West, the ineffable divine wisdom must replace it by a more humane and just polity. A reformer or a poet of high type of genius, who is summoned by the law of nature to become the regenerator of society, realizes at once by intuition that all progress is through faith and hope in something and, knowing well the strange possibilities of the human soul, announces in magic words the advent of a new world of pure and lofty ideas. He will make men appear once more upon the stage who will command and inspire national policy with new ardours, and awaken lesser spirits to a comprehension of their own powers. In the fifth line the allusion is made to the Arabs who having once performed heroic deeds in a glorious chapter of history withdrew to their desert wilderness. It was apparently a cunning design of Nature to recuperate their exhausted energies, for life in cities is demoralizing and conservation of life forces is

possible only when you live in a primeval state of society. These virile Arabs refertilized the played-out nations of Asia, Europe and Africa and the poet says that they will again play the same role and reconstruct the world in ruins. In the sixth line reference is made to the compact which was made with these nomad Arabs whereby the nation became transformed. The compact, the poet predicts, will be reaffirmed. The verse of the Holy Qur'an which embodies this promise by God was recited by the Prophet to the Arabs who were accepting Islam and were taking the oath of fealty to him. In those early days when only a handful of Arabs constituted the entire strength of a new religion, not even the wildest imagination could have thought it possible that those few forlorn Arabs would become the rulers of a world empire. This sublime prophecy found marvellous fulfillment in a very short time. Here is the text of this divine promise:

وعد الله الذين آمنوا منكم و عملوا الصلحت ليستخلفنهم في الارض كما
استخلف الذين من قبلهم- و ليتمكن لهم دينهم الذي ارتضى لهم و ليبدلنهم من
بعد خوفهم امنا-

[God has promised to those of you who believe and do the things that are right that He will cause them to be the rulers of the earth as He made those who were before them and that He will establish for them that religion which He has chosen for them, and that after their fears He will give them security in exchange (xxiv. 55).]

History bears witness to the miraculous conquests of the Arabs. Their empire stretched from the Bay of Biscay to the walls of China and this phenomenal success they achieved in as many years as other nations did not do even in as many centuries. That a despised nation of desert wanderers should have led the entire world in the paths of civilization, developing science, philosophy and arts to the highest pitch, is an enigma modern on-rush destroyed Rome promise Persia and their up their own world rush h they utterly empire on the ruins of those once irresistible States. In the process of time they forsook what the Qur'an had said: "Be virtuous and God commands you to be scrupulously just and act in a manner that people may be grateful to you."

But the world grew older and the dream vanished. Decadence set in and the Moslem world empire was dismembered. Now when the soul of humanity is sickened unto death by the industrial civilization, the poet two decades earlier prophesied that this compact would be strengthened and the revitalized Arabs will again issue from their inaccessible retreats in the desert equipped with the highest morality as before and inaugurate a new era of freedom, equality and justice. That the possibility of the despairing soul of man re-establishing the millennium exists as one of the sweet secrets of Nature, is expressed by Browning in one beautiful gleam of thought :

The high that proved too high

The heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground,
To lose itself in the sky
Are music sent up to God by the
Lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once,
We shall hear it by and by

The eternal power has provided the reward or penalty for every human act and thought and if you transgress this law and try to cheat it, then the divine tribunal surely intervenes and corrects the failure of human codes to give justice. This higher morality under these conditions makes even seemingly impossible things to happen, so the poet in the seventh line visualizes the successful crossing of the high seas by these divinely-inspired men. Their boat may be as delicate as the tender petals of a rose and they themselves as the poor ant, but heaven's light will guide them to the haven of glory and they will surmount the barriers placed in their Way by mighty rulers possessing the deadliest machines produced by modern science. These people will again start the music and the world will once more ring with forgotten melodies.

Though short, this poem possesses the extraordinary charm of providing spiritual as well as material stimulation. The witchery of artistic language in which both form and feeling are clothed makes confidence and hope in the future penetrate the youthful dreams of all enslaved and aspiring hearts, and the surging of

sentiments involuntarily challenges them to burst out in song. It is the buoyancy of the spirit thus invoked which goes to the fashioning of human destiny.

Dr. Iqbal while in England chanced to meet Dr. Nicholson at Cam-bridge. The conversation was so delightful that the distinguished professor felt a strong desire to meet this talented Indian again. Luck brought them together once more and the admiration felt for the brilliant young man resulted in Dr. Nicholson translating, years after Iqbal's return to India, his Persian poem *Asrar-i Khudi* into English. It is not often that Indians capture the fancy of eminent men of letters in Europe. In those days Indians were generally looked down upon by Europeans as cringing weak-willed fools. The esteem shown by Dr. Nicholson for the young poet recalls to mind the astonishment evinced by Napoleon when he saw Goethe. It reveals (as it does in this case) what had been regarded for centuries as the "German spirit." When Goethe entered the room, Napoleon, impressed by his personality, exclaimed: "Voila un homine"—that was as much as to say: "But this is a man! and I only expected to see a German." The fragrant breeze of his reputation which began to blow in England has now crossed the ocean separating the old from the new world and with an airy touch has refreshed the dainty blossoms of intellect there. Discussing the potentiality and intrinsic value of literature, Mr. Herbert Reed, an eminent American writer, in a pleasing and scholarly criticism of Iqbal's *Asrar-i Khudi* (translated by Dr. Nicholson) says, "But subject to these elucidations, this ideal of

Whitman's is a critical ideal of workability, of direct use. Applying it here and now, I can think of only one living poet who in any way sustains the test, and almost necessarily he is not of our race and creed. I mean Muhammad Iqbal whose poem *Asrar-i Khudi*, 'The Secrets of the Self,' has recently been translated from the original Persian by Dr. Reynold Nicholson and published by Messrs. Macmillan. Whilst our native poetasters were rhyming to their intimate coteries about cats and corncrakes and other homely or unusual variations of a Keatsian theme, there was written and published in Lahore this poem, which, we are told, has taken by storm the younger generation of Indian Moslems. 'Iqbal,' writes one of them, 'has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life.' And what catch-penny nostrum, you will ask, has thus appealed to the covetous hearts of the market place, you will then be told, as I tell you now, that no nostrum, neither of the Jingo nor of the salvationist, has wrought this wonder, but a poem that crystallizes in its beauty the most essential phases of modern philosophy, making a unity of faith out of a multiplicity of ideas, a universal inspiration out of the esoteric logic of the schools." Similar tributes of genuine praise have been paid by others equally competent to appreciate merit, but I cannot overburden my paper with quotations.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS POEMS

WHILE studying Law, Iqbal was awarded the Diploma of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Munich in recognition

of his original thesis on Persian philosophy, and in due course after having been called to the Bar he returned to India where his countrymen gave him enthusiastic reception. Though the profession of law was uncongenial to his aesthetic temperament, he had reluctantly to devote himself to it to earn his living. This period of his career is interesting to those who value his invigorating influence on Indian life more highly than his cautious advances in the realm of law. During precious intervals between his professional work he wrote some thrilling poems which awakened the people from the torpor of centuries and breathed into them something of his own faith and hope. He thus became both the herald and the exponent of a new age. Past history and the events of our own time teach us that to slay men has ever been easier than to mould their thoughts anew, and only true grandeur of character can defy the withering influence of an age of general corruption. But the fertility of his mind and the magic of his muse enabled Iqbal to dispel the thick fog of apathy and to create yearnings by penetrating the innermost recesses of the national heart. The force of sentiment and emotion which lie so vigorously concentrates in these few lines is creative of new energies.

تصویر درد¹

¹ Out of these ten verses, only five are present in the *Bang-i-Dara* (p. 67). The second hemistich of the third verse has been changed into تری تاریک راتوں میں چراغاں کرکے

ہویدا آج اپنے زخم پنہاں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
لہو رو رو کے محفل کو گلستاں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
دکھا دوں گا میں اے ہندوستان رنگ وفا سب کو
کہ اپنی زندگانی تجھ پہ قرباں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
جلانا ہے مجھے ہر شمع دل کو سوز پنہاں سے
تری ظلمت میں میں روشن چراغاں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
نہیں بے وجہ وحشت میں اڑانا خاک زنداں کا
کہ میں اس خاک سے پیدا بیاباں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
مگر غنچوں کی صورت ہوں دل درد آشنا پیدا
چمن میں مشت خاک اپنی پریشاں کر کے چھوڑوں گا
تعصب نے مری خاک وطن میں گھر بنایا ہے

.A. چھوڑوں گا. The second, fourth, sixth, eighth and ninth verses are Missing in the present edition of the *Bang-i Dara*.

وہ طوفان ہوں کہ میں اس گھر کو ویراں کر کے چھوڑوں گا

پرونا ایک ہی تسبیح میں ان بکھرے دانوں کو

جو مشکل ہو تو اس مشکل کو آساں کر کے چھوڑوں گا

اگر آپس میں لڑنا آج کل ہے مسلمانی

مسلمانوں کو آخر نامسلمان کر کے چھوڑوں گا

اٹھا دوں گا نقاب عارض محبوب یک رنگی

تجھے اس خانہ جنگی پر پشیمان کر کے چھوڑوں گا

دکھا دوں گا جہاں کو جو مری آنکھوں نے دیکھا ہے

تجھے بھی صورت آئینہ حیراں کر کے چھوڑوں گا

[This day I shall expose my hidden wounds,

I shall weep blood till I have turned my assembly into a garden.

I shall show to everyone what faithfulness means, O Hindustan!

For I shall not cease till I have sacrificed my life to thee.

I have to light every heart's lamp with my hidden fire;

I shall celebrate a festival of illumination in the darkness.

Not without reason in my frenzy I scatter dust in the prison
home,

For I shall create an expansive desert with this dust.

So that out of it hearts full of feeling may come to life like
buds,

I shall sow the handful of my dust.

Bigotry has made its home on the earth of my country;

I am that storm which shall wreck this home.

To string all these scattered beads in a single rosary,

Even if it is difficult, I am determined to accomplish it.

If to be a Moslem in these days means to quarrel with one
another,

I shall convert these Moslems into non-Moslems.

I shall lift the veil from the face of the Beloved of Divine
Unity,

And I shall make thee ashamed of this internal discord.

I shall show to the world what mine eyes have seen,

And I shall make thee wonder like the eye of the mirror.]

In this poem the high-minded poet speaks as a master architect of national destiny. The times are out of tune with him but as a custodian of the honour of his people he will grapple even single-handed with adverse fate and hasten the advent of a new spring-time in his country. In all ages it has been the priceless privilege of the poet to dream of re-storing the current to the abandoned channel of national greatness, and Iqbal who sees the gloomy faces of his countrymen vows that he will not rest till he has wrenched the necessary concessions to the spirit of the age even from the gods. That the experiences of these ideal forces of human soul are common to all thinking lives, is borne out by Cowper's exquisite lines:

Oh! happy shades to me unblest,

Friendly to peace, but not to me.

How will the scene that offers rest,

And heart that cannot rest agree.

Not willing to think about life in the old simple way the poet says that to-day marks the turning point in his life and the tears of blood which he sheds must necessarily transform the place into a rose-garden. The tears of blood which signify acute mental anguish will, when scattered thick on the ground, bear the semblance of full-blown roses. We know that suffering and

sacrifice build up character and bring emancipation. The fervour of a poet's soul exercises a stimulating charm on the reader, but in the translation much of its attractive beauty is lost.

It is not without difficulty to make a selection out of a collection of gems of scintillating beauty. However, I give here a poem which to my mind is fascinating in point both of form and sound. It is called "The Birth of Love." It crystallizes the Oriental idea of the composition of love which is the acme of all illusive and capricious loveliness. The Greek conception of love embodied in Cupid fails to evolve the idea of its intrinsic essence and the perfection of its physical symmetry. The idea of the exquisite beauty represented even in the form of Venus does not approach more closely to it, for this also materializes the radiance of Greek imagination of female physical grace and comeliness. Iqbal elaborates the Eastern intellectual and sensuous ideal of love's inherent principles. The subtlety of his analysis combined with the elegance of diction produces feelings of joy and sweetness. All nations in their days have experienced the irresistible influence of this divine passion and they have attempted to express it in poetry, sculpture or music. The voluntary homage paid to it in all ages shows that the subject is immortal. Whether the modern singers or painters will excel the ancients in the felicity and originality of their conception is yet doubtful, but I leave it to the reader to judge of the merit of Iqbal's effort.

عروس شب کی زلفیں تھیں ابھی نا آشنا خم سے

ستارے آسماں کے بے خبر تھے لذتِ رم سے

قمر اپنے لباسِ نو میں بیگانہ سا لگتا تھا

نہ تھا واقف ابھی گردش کے آئینِ مسلم سے

ابھی امکان کے ظلمتِ خانے سے ابھری ہی تھی دنیا

مذاقِ زندگِ پوشیدہ تھا پہنائے عالم سے

کمالِ نظمِ ہستی کی ابھی تھی ابتدا گویا

ہویدا تھی نگینے کی تمنا چشمِ خاتم سے

سنا ہے عالمِ بلا میں کوئی کیمیاگر تھا

صفا تھی جس کی خاکِ پا میں بڑھ کر ساغرِ جم سے

لکھا تھا عرش کے پائے پہ اک اکسیر کا نسخہ

چھپاتے تھے فرشتے جس کو چشمِ روحِ آدم سے

نگاہیں تاک میں رہتی تھیں لیکن کیمیاگر کی

وہ اس نسخے کو بڑھ کر جانتا تھا اسمِ اعظم سے

بڑھا تسبیح خوانی کے بہانے عرش کی جانب

تمنائے دلی آخر بر آئی سعی پیہم سے

پھرایا فکر اجزا نے اسے میدان امکان میں

چھپے گی کیا کوئی شے بارگاہ حق کے محرم سے

چمک تارے سے مانگی ، چاند سے داغ جگر مانگا

اڑائی تیرگی تھوڑی سی شب کی زلف برہم سے

تڑپ بجلی سے پائی ، حور سے پاکیزگی پائی

حرارت لی نفسہائے مسیح ابن مریم سے

ذرا سی پھر ربوبیت سے شان بے نیازی لی

ملک سے عاجزی ، افتادگی تقدیر شبہم سے

پھر ان اجزا کو گھولا چشمہء حیوان کے پانی میں

مرکب نے محبت نام پایا عرش اعظم سے

مہوس نے یہ پانی ہستی نوخیز پر چھڑکا

گرہ کھولی ہنر نے اس کے گویا کار عالم سے

ہوئی جنبش عیار ، ذروں نے لطف خواب کو چھوڑا

گلے ملنے لگے اٹھ اٹھ کرے اپنے اپنے ہمدم سے

خرام ناز پایا آفتابوں نے ، ستاروں نے

چٹک غنچوں نے پائی ، داغ پائے لالہ زاروں نے

[As yet the tresses of the bride of night were not familiar with their graceful curls;

And stars of heaven had tasted not the bliss of whistling motion through the depths of space.

The moon in her new robes looked rather strange

And knew not revolution's ceaseless law.

From the dark house of possibilities the world had just emerged to spin along,

No joy of life had throbbed as yet within the furthest limits of immensity.

The order of existence scarcely had begun unfolding to perfectionment;

It seems as if the world, like a ring whose socket waiteth for its precious stone, longed to evolve the archetypes to come. They say there was an alchemist on high,

Dust of whose footsteps sparkled even more than Jamshed's crystal cup (wherein the king beheld the marvels of a universe).

And on the pedestal of heaven there was engraved Elixir's wondrous recipe,

Which angels always guarded from the ken of Adam's soul destined by it to live.

The alchemist was ever on the watch

Knowing this recipe more precious than the Great Name itself.

Till seemingly saying his orisons, he nearer drew

And gained the strictly guarded pedestal, his constant effort yielding in the end the fruit of his desire for which he burned.

And having learnt it, he went forth to seek through the vast field

of possibilities for its ingredients and collected them;

Yea! what is there that can be hid from those who know the halls

where truth for ever dwells.

From stars he took their brightness; from the moon the marks
of burnt-out passions of the past;

And from night's floating and dishevelled tresses a little
darkness;

From the lightning he received its restlessness; and purity
from Houries;

And the gentle warmth that runs rippling from healing breath
of Mary's son.

Then from the quality of Providence he took that splendour
which dependeth not on aught else than itself,

And from the dew and angels took he their humility.

Then in the waters of the spring of life he made them to
dissolve;

And from the Throne of the Most High they called this
essence "Love."

That alchemist sprinkled this liquid on the new sprouting
being,

And its magic touch released the spell-bound process of the
worlds.

Motion appeared in atoms; forthwith they abandoned their
repose,

And roused themselves embracing their affinities again.

The suns and stars rolled in majestic curves,

The buds received fresh tints, and poppy flowers were
branded with the burning marks of Love.]

The first part of the poem portrays the sublime scene of the creation of the universe. The sun, the moon and millions of other planets and solar systems, the animal kingdom and the human beings in this scheme received their allotted places and knew their functions, but the one supreme motive was still lacking even as a ring of artistic beauty is worth-less without its socket being adorned with a lustrous jewel. This was the paramount law of motion. Nature could not evidently achieve its essential purpose without activity which was to be infused into different bodies by means of that divine recipe blazoned on the pedestal of heaven. The cunning alchemist who possessed himself of that celestial secret collected the rare ingredients with infinite labour and ingenuity. The potency of his science then enabled him to produce an elixir to which the unseen majesty gave the name of "Love." The miraculous powers of this liquid were apparent when it was sprinkled on the stagnant bodies. All of a sudden they became animated and intense movement was visible everywhere. The universe was set on its course of patient evolution. Two ideas stand out prominently in this poem: first, that the secret of progress is restless activity, second, that love should be the

guiding principle of that activity. In sex relations love is a dominant factor, for the warmth and sunshine of its supreme sovereignty penetrates the gloomiest recesses of the human heart. It strews roses in the path of those whose soul is enraptured by the magic of its glance. The noblest achievements and the sublimest sacrifices of humanity are the result of exaltation roused by this divine passion. It is joy, laughter and tragedy all in one. The ravishing songs of the nightingale, the purity of the dew-dropping pink roses, the wondrous grace of the swaying cypress, the voluptuous fragrance of sweet jasmine, the green serenity of myrtle, the divine narcissus holding its court in a parterre longing for spring in a glimpse of heaven, the bewitching beauty and the capricious moods of the beloved become themes of poetic inspiration under its seductive influence. The composition of this ruling passion is analyzed with consummate skill and the poet's fancy wanders over all the possibilities of Love's all-embracing activities when he selects the ingredients. Science may deride this idea, but the charm of his thought and the vigour of his description remain unaffected.

The revolution which has been wrought in the ideas of the masses of the proletariat in all countries after the stirring events of the Great War has presented such paradoxes to the embarrassed statesmen of the Western world that they cannot bring back peace to the distracted nations. Indeed, the tangle of the world's affairs is such that bankrupt statecraft is helpless to find a solution for the soul forces which have been awakened by their own selfish and immoral policy. The poet in a short poem in Persian suggests

methods to the puzzled rulers of the world whereby they could capture the imagination of the people in revolt.

بملازمان سلطان خبرے دھم ز رازے
کہ جہان توان گرفتن ز نواے دلگدازے
بمتاع خود چه نازی کہ بشہر دردمندان
دل غزنوی نیرزد بہ تبسم ایازے
ہمہ ناز بے نیازی ہمہ ساز بے نوائے
دل شاہ لرزہ گیرد ز گدای بے نیازے
ز ستیز آشنایان چه نیاز و ناز خیزد
دلکے بہانہ سوزے نگہے بہانہ سازے
رہ دیر تخته گل ز جبین سجدہ ریزم
کہ نیاز من نہ گنجد بدو رکعت نمازے
ز تعافل تو خامم برہ تو ناتمامم

من و جان نیم سوزے تو و چشم نیم بازے

[Let the tidings of this secret be carried to the kings, that a world can be subdued by a soul-enthraling melody.

Pride not thyself over thy wealth, for in the city of love, the heart of a Mahmud is not worth the smile of an Ayaz.

All this pride, to want nothing; all his possessions, to have nothing.

The heart of a king trembles from a poor man who wants nothing.

What humble demands and coquettish refusals arise in the conflict of lovers?

The tiny heart that would burn all excuses; and the glance which makes excuses.

I scatter a bed of roses from my forehead bowing in prayer on the way to the infidel's temple; for my worship overflows the limits of a couple of prayers of the faithful.

Owing to that neglect I remain imperfect on the path: I and my half-smoldering spirit, and thou with thy half-opened eyes.]

The idea that it is kindness and not force that can sweeten the embittered feelings of the people is illuminated by the gentle wisdom of antiquity. The poet has presented this truth in a new vesture which our senses find extremely attractive. That there is

affinity of ideas between all great poets, is confirmed by Tennyson's sweet lines:

However it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

Sa'di, the immortal sage of the East, has voiced the same sentiment in his incomparable verse:

Since the people are like the roots, And the rulers like the trunk,
The tree, my son, can weather All storms if the roots are firm.

That the egotism of power displayed by modern rulers is incapable of understanding the all-conquering force of love, is within our daily experience of the terrible state of the people's mind all the world over. The poet in a fascinating poem wishes to inculcate the old truth that the thrones can remain unshaken only when they are established on the affection and gratitude of the subjects. How the power of kindness obliterates all evil memories is made clear by a touching incident "illustrative of the difference between the modern and the old-fashioned way of thinking." A French man-of-war is on its way from Tongking to Europe, and there are many soldiers and sailors to be fed, so the ship carries

many cattle. Every day one or two animals are killed and at last there are only two cows left. When one of these is killed in the presence of the other, the living cow becomes horribly frightened, and moans, and struggles so that everybody is sorry for it. Then a sailor goes up to the moaning cow and gently rubs its nose, and speaks kindly to it. Thereupon the cow licks his hand, forgets its fear, forgets the killing and the blood and every-thing, and begins to eat quite happily again. This is a good and touching little study of animal psychology, but are human beings less susceptible to the healing influence of kindness?

It is easy to realize how the kings tremble in the presence of a poor man who is above all wants, when we see in the history of ancient kingdoms how the courage and self-denial of reformers or philanthropists have shaken the mightiest empires to their foundations. More recently in our own times the strange spectacle of Tolstoy and Gandhi fearlessly con-fronting the two world empires furnishes a convincing proof of their acquiring phenomenal power by interpreting the soul forces of the masses. It is the time spirit which electrifies people and, though poor, a devoted patriot becomes irresistible when carried on the high tide of popular will.

The second half of the poem is an address to the divine beauty of the eternal will which has now been unveiled and the poet, looking upon it as the goal of all his desires, approaches it with humble mien. His living and intense faith is so wonderfully gracious that as he prostrates himself on the way to the temple of

this spirit of the universe the arid ground is converted so to speak into a carpet of roses. He is painfully conscious that the apathetic indifference of the beloved has left him imperfect and in following the spirit he realizes his deficiencies (immaturity); then the cry rises from his heart: "I am only midway to my goal because the beloved looked at me with only half-opened eyes." To the supersensitive nature of the poet it is agonizing that he of all the people should be unable to revel in the delirium of ecstasy. It is due, he knows, to the lack of sufficient ardour in wooing the beloved. In his headlong quest of an ideal state of human society it is mortifying to him to see how difficult it is for a people to renew their youth who have learnt to hug their chains. The law of Nature prescribes that the attainment of the loftiest ideals of life depends on your capacity for persistent and mad pursuit of the object, and the poet bewails that he is still timid and hesitating and, therefore, must burst his manacles. In melodious language he conveys a message both to the prince and the people. It moves the heart by explaining the great mystery of the universe, the power of deep faith and persistent yearning.

The steamer which carried Iqbal to the coast of France passed through the straits of Massena. The sight of the enchanting island of Sicily touched the profound sensibility of the poet and conjured before his mental vision the picture of its past glories under Moslem rulers. The Arab civilization and all its glittering associations, over the whole field of science, ethics, poetry and art, seemed enough to inspire pride in its most evident sense, but the recollection of its ruthless destruction by the barbarians evoked

from him a patriotic lament which reflects the anguish of Moslem soul in all countries. This genuine though mournful effusion of the poet's muse stirs the emotions to the boiling point when you read it in the original composition; even the translation makes you see the latent beauty of its sweet but sad ideas.

رو لے اب دل کھول کر اے دیدہء خونناہ بار

وہ نظر آتا ہے تہذیب حجازی کا مزار

یہ محل خیمہ تھا ان صحرا نشینوں کا کبھی²

بحر بازی گاہ تھا جن کے سفینوں کا کبھی

زلزلے جن سے شہنشاہوں کے درباروں میں تھے

شعلہ جاں سوز پنہاں جن کی تلواروں میں تھے³

آفرینش جن کی دنیائے کہن کی تھی اجل

جن کی ہیبت سے لرز جاتے تھے باطل کے محل

² In the present edition of the *Bang-I Dara*, this hemistich has been changed by Iqbal as:

تھا یہاں ہنگامہ ان صحرا نشینوں کا کبھی

³ This hemistich has been changed as:

بجلیوں کے آشیانے جن کی تلواروں میں تھے

زندگی دنیا کو جن کی شورشِ قہم سے ملی

مخلصی انسان کو زنجیر توہم سے ملی⁴

جس کے آوازے سے لذت گیر اب تک گوش ہے

وہ جس کیا اب ہمیشہ کے لیے خاموش ہے؟

آہ! اے سسلی سمندر کی ہے تجھ سے آبرو

رہنما کی طرح اس پانی کے صحرا میں ہے تو

زیب تیرے خال سے رخسار دریا کو رہے

تیری شمعوں سے تسلی بحر بیما کو رہے

ہو سبک چشم مسافر پر ترا منظر مدام

موج رقصاں تیرے ساحل کی چٹانوں پر مدام

⁴ This and the following verses have been changed as:

مردہ عالم زندہ جن کی شورشِ قہم سے ہوا

آدمی آزاد زنجیر توہم سے ہوا

غلغلوں سے جس کے لذت گیر اب تک گوش ہے

کیا وہ تکبیر اب ہمیشہ کے لیے خاموش ہے؟

تو کبھی اس قوم کی تہذیب کا گہوارہ تھا

حسن عالم سوز جس کا آتش نظارہ تھا

نالہ کش شیراز کا بلبل ہوا بغداد پر

داغ رویا خون کے آنسو جہاں آباد پر

آسمان نے دولت غرناطہ جب برباد کی

ابن بدروں کے دل ناشاد نے فریاد کی

مرثیہ تیری تباہی کا مری قسمت میں تھا

یہ تڑپنا اور تڑپانا میری قسمت میں تھا⁵

ہے ترے آثار میں پوشیدہ کس کی داستان؟

تیرے ساحل کی خموشی میں ہے انداز بیان

درد اپنا مجھ سے کہ میں بھی سراپا درد ہوں

⁵ This verse has now been changed as:

غم نصیب اقبال کو بخشا گیا ماتم ترا

چن لیا تقدیر نے وہ دل کہ تھا محرم ترا

جس کی تو منزل تھا میں اس کارواں کی گرد ہوں

رنگ تصویر کہن میں بھر کے دکھلا دے مجھے

قصہ ایام سلف کا کہہ کر تڑپا دے مجھے

[Weep to thy heart's content, O blood-weeping eye!

Yonder is visible the tomb of Muslim culture.

Once this palace was the tent of those dwellers of the desert,

For whose ships the ocean was a playground;

Who raised earthquakes in the palaces of the kings of kings,

In whose swords lay hidden life-scorching flames;

Whose birth was death for the old world,

Whose fear caused the palaces of error to tremble;

Whose cry of "arise" gave life to the world

And freedom to men from the chains of superstition.

Is that drum silent for ever,

Whose reverberations delight the ear to this day?

Oh Sicily! the sea is honoured by thee,

Thou art a guide in the desert of these waters.

May the cheek of the ocean remain adorned by thy beauty
spot;

May thy lamps comfort those who measure the seas;

May thy view be ever light on the eyes of the traveller,

May thy waves ever dance on thy rocks!

Once thou wast the cradle of the civilization of the people,

The fire of whose glance was world-burning beauty.

The nightingale of Shiraz wailed over Baghdad,

And Dagh wept tears of blood over Delhi.

When the heavens scattered the wealth of Granada to the
winds,

The sorrowful heart of Ibn Badrun cried out.

The dirge of thy ruin was to fall to my lot;

It was in my lot to suffer this agony and to make others
suffer.

Whose story is hidden in thy ruins?

The silence of thy footfall bath a mode of expression.

Tell me of thy sorrow—I too am full of pain;

I am the dust of that caravan whose goal thou wast.

Paint over this picture once more and show it to me;

Make me suffer by telling the story of ancient days.

I shall carry thy gift to India;

I shall make others weep as I weep here.]

The spirit of the poem is essentially one of pleasure-pain which finds a responsive vibration in Shelley's dream musings:

We look before and after, and pine for what is not,

Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.

Like a great poet Iqbal captures the reader's imagination by instantly seizing the core of an emotional fact and presenting it in a brilliant verse with an artistic blending of sweet and melancholy memories such as you find in the songs of the nightingale. He stands on the deck while the steamer slowly moves---his heart profoundly stirred by the sight of that land of dreams wherein Moslem civilization put forth some of its sweetest blossoms. While a prey to agonizing reflections he feels the fullness of the past; and the void of the present which is without joy, glory or greatness. His anguished soul sees the

Old, unhappy, far off things

And battles long ago.

(Wordsworth)

He sees the relic of a civilization which has utterly vanished, a civilization of exquisite beauty, joyous and simple. Its flourishing cities have disappeared from the face of this fairy island and the vestiges of its liberal institutions exist only in museums and libraries. Its people who brought liberty to the oppressed and downfall to the tyrants are nowhere. Everything is gone but the art of that people which by its dainty loveliness preserves the memory of their great past. A moldering arch, the ruins of a minaret, the perfection of a dome are frozen music which once enthralled the world and now even in its decay captivates the lovers of art. The silent melody of their pathetic beauty is heard by the imagination of all Moslems. Keats expresses the same idea in his golden verse:

Heard melodies are sweet; but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, yee oft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit, ditties of no tone

Whilst under the influence of these sad reflections, he says that the immortal Sa'di composed a dirge on the fall of Baghdad, the destruction of Granada was described by Ibn Badrun and that of Delhi by the poet Dagh, but the melancholy story of Sicily's destiny was allotted to him and, therefore, in obedience to the,

dictates of unkind fate he expresses his emotion in most winning and beautiful verse. If literature is the reflection of the soul of a people, then we can understand the magic of this poem which has moved great audiences to exaltation and to tears. The Moslems feel a legitimate pride in the great achievements of their brethren in times when the nations of the world were groaning under the weight of chains which enslaved them. It was both spiritual and physical slavery of a most degrading nature. History abounds with instances in which the Moslems reclaimed the Christians and others from gross superstition and brought freedom to servile nations. How grateful it is to the ear of a Moslem when he reads the petition which the Christians of Palestine wrote to the Moslem Amir: "O Moslems, we prefer you to the Byzantians, though they are of our own faith, because you keep faith with us and refrain from doing us injustice, and your rule over us is better than theirs, for they have robbed us of our goods and our homes" (Arnold, *Preaching of Islam*, p. 55). Even in our own times one of the foremost thinkers of Europe bears testimony to the spiritual beauties of Islam. Renan, the great Frenchman, says: "Je ne suis jamais entre dans une mosquée sans une vive émotion, le dirai-je? sans un certain regret de n'être pas Musalman" [I have never gone into a mosque without a lively emotion, shall I confess it, without a positive regret for not being a Musalman]. The conduct of the Moslems who became the liberators of oppressed humanity was moulded by such sublime teachings of their Prophet as is contained in this injunction. The Prophet was asked who was the most favoured of God's creatures. He replied, "He from whom

the greatest good comes to His creatures,” and then when asked what actions were most excellent, he answered: “To gladden the heart of a human being, to feed the hungry, to help the afflicted, to lighten the sorrows of the sorrowful, and to remove the wrongs of the injured.” “He who helps his fellow creatures in the hour of need and he who helps the oppressed, God will help him in the day of travail.” The poet had these exalted ideals in view when he said that the mightiest tyrants shrunk from the sight of those Arab conquerors whose cry of “Arise” elevated the slaves to the status of equality with free men, and set new values to moral conduct. The east and the west rising from its ashes then witnessed the dawn of a new era of a new movement in art and thought in an environment exceedingly fresh, rich and enchanting. The island of Sicily is so favoured by Nature that its possession was coveted by the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians and the Arabs. The last named adorned it with liberal institutions of their wonderful civilization. The poet invokes profuse blessings on this “guide in the desert of these waters” because it was once the abode of the beloved and, although this nymph of the Mediterranean is wedded to a new lord, the memory of its old associations is so dear that he would again listen to the recital of the story of ancient happiness. “Paint over this picture,” he says, “once more and show it to me,” but the sad reality brings pain and despair and he sees:

Yon rising moon that looks for us again,

How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising looks for us,

Through this same garden and for one in vain

HIS GREAT WORK

IQBAL's monumental work so far produced is the Persian poem in two separate parts called *Asrar-i Khudi* and *Rumuz-i Be-Khudi*. The first, "Secrets of the Self," is translated by Dr. Nicholson of Cambridge into English. This poem may rightly be called world poetry or world music meant for all times and all climes. The master singer possessing a sensitive nature cannot endure the evils which eat so to speak into the vitals of his people and it is mortifying to him to see how difficult it is for a people to renew their youth who have learnt to honour their chains. But in prophetic tones he describes the potency of certain ideals which will rejuvenate a degenerate society. The poem forms a unique piece of literary art. It establishes a new system of character-training. It formulates a philosophy which will produce saviours of a misguided world. What flavours and forces do we not find mingled in it? It has fire and courage which make the soul restless. It directs thought into new channels. It in-spires self-confidence in palsied wills to climb ice and frowning heights. In a fascinating style he deals with the whole problem of "man," his life and the worth of his life, and attempts to forge a new destiny for his people by preaching reversion to the vigorous but simple life of the early Moslems based on the teachings of the Prophet. Great thinkers among all nations in the past as well as in our own times have experienced patriotic anguish as a result of the fallen

fortunes and the disintegrated morals of their people. They have tried to set in motion floods of sentiment by their thrilling music, but the continuation of a current of thought depends on the strength which a conviction may possess. That it is not always safe to play with souls, is made clear by the disastrous consequences which have followed the preaching of some great masters. Nietzsche, the famous German philosopher, has developed a system of ideas whose majesty is undeniable. His wonderful intellect in propounding this theme has evinced a grandeur which is truly awe-inspiring. His readers, how-ever, will not fail to notice that this superb edifice of thought is not based on any secure moral foundation, but reposes merely on the bold assumption of a brilliant intelligence. He sees in Nature no more than the stage for the ego without elucidating the necessity of any restraint on its wild impulses. His ideal of superman consequently glorifies the brute in man and exalts the malignant and evil propensities of his nature. This philosophy of Nietzsche has overwhelmed the world with calamitous consequences, and the cult having proved an entire failure, the unhappy humanity longing for peace, justice and liberty will discover in Iqbal's philosophy the elements essential for reconstructing its shattered hopes. Although the poem is addressed to the Moslem peoples, its underlying truths are eternal verities and can be applied to the uplift of all those societies whose forms remain when the soul is dead, when the spirit has vanished. Such people may find themselves suddenly at the mercy of other nations. Hegel says that philosophy brings forth ideas suited to the epoch. Iqbal has, therefore, rightly understood the

condition of his own people who belong to the day before yesterday and the day after to-morrow--they have as yet no to-day.

This dynamic philosophy of Iqbal inculcates the vital principle of developing the latent forces inherent in man, in order that a radiant and commanding personality may find manifestation, the travail of humanity being a necessary preliminary.

سوز پیہم قسمت پروانہ ہا شمع عذر محنت پروانہ ہا

خامہ او نقش صد امروز بست تا بیارد صبح فرداے بدست

شعلہ ہاے او صد ابراہیم سوخت تا چراغ یک محمد بر فروخت

[Tis the fate of moths to consume in flame;

The suffering of moths is justified by the candle.

The pencil of the self limned a hundred to-days

In order to achieve the dawn of a single morrow

Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams,

That the lamp of one Muhammad might be lighted.]

The advent of a redeemer in this world takes place when exhausted and oppressed humanity lies prostrate. His work is superhuman for he has to put the whole world in a melting pot and extract the alloy from the corrupted metal, but only a personality so unique can accomplish this task, and then what a

scope and final satisfaction the wonderful achievement affords to his refined pride and tenacious will! His person is like a globe of light which illumines the profound darkness. In order that a single supreme entity may come into existence, Nature ignores the inevitable sacrifice of millions of beings for she rejoices in the keen struggle for life. In her workshop the tragedies of daily life are countless and according to her pitiless law it is only the fittest who survive. The poet, therefore, affirms that the advent of the highest knowledge and the highest morality is of such imperative necessity to rebuild the shattered fabric of humanity that all conceivable suffering is worth it. When you read this culling from Iqbal's poem you are reminded of Renan who has said in one of his philosophical dialogues that perhaps there is no God existing at present, but that men are gradually working to make a God, and that out of all the sorrow and labour of mankind a God will be created at last. This God of the French philosopher is no other than the poet's ideal man who will possess godly attributes. To a world of toil, misery and despair, upon which the sun of hope and happiness does not shine, this great personality gives an altogether new force and colour. In this youthful new world of his own creation he will build his chosen realm of natural and rational rights; his great deeds will be commensurate with his great thoughts. But for this mighty soul also there is a period of rigorous discipline in order to attain to larger life and higher development. It must not be forgotten that this careful preparation is absolutely essential in order that his gradual purification may illumine his entire nature. The poet prescribes

three stages for this education of the self—Obedience, Self-control and Divine Vicegerency.

در اطاعت کوش اے غفلت شعار

می شود از خبر پیدا اختیار

ناکس از فرمان پذیری کس شود

آتش ار باشد ز طغیان خس شود

هر که تسخیر مه و پروین کند

خویش را زنجیری آئین کند

می زند اختر سوے منزل قدم

پیش آئینے سر تسلیم خم

لاله پیہم سوختن قانون او

بر جہد اندر رگ او خون او

قطرہر دریاست از آئین وصل

ذره ها صحراست از آئین وصل

باطن هر شے ز آئینے قومی

تو چرا غافل ز این آئین سامان روی

باز اے آزاد دستور قدیم

زینت پاکن همان زنجیر سیم

شکوه سنج سختی آئین مشو

از حدود مصطفی بیرون مرو

[Endeavour to obey, O heedless one!

Liberty is the fruit of compulsion.

By obedience the man of no worth is made worthy;

By disobedience his fire is turned to ashes.

Whoso would master the sun and stars,

Let him make himself a prisoner of law!

The wind is enthralled by the fragrant rose,

The perfume is confined in the navel of musk-deer;

The star moves towards the goal
With head bowed in surrender to a law.
To burn unceasingly is the law of the tulip
And so the blood leaps in its veins.
Drops of water become a sea by the law of Union
And grains of sand become a Sahara.
Since law makes everything strong within,
Why dost thou neglect this source of strength?
O thou that art emancipated from the old custom!
Adorn thy feet once more with the same fine silver chains.
Do not complain of the hardness of the law,
Do not transgress the statutes of Muhammad.]

The second stage in the process is self-control and he warns the aspirant that:

هر که بر خود نیست فرمانش روان

می شود فرمان پذیر از دیگران

تا عصای لا اله داری بدست

هر طلسم خوف را خواهی شکست

هر که حق باشد چون جان اندر تنش

خم نگردد پیش باطل گردنش

خوف را در سینۀ او راه نیست

خاطرش مرعوب غیر الله نیست

هر که در اقلیم لا آباد شد

فارغ از بند زن و اولاد شد

می کند از ماسوی قطع نظر

می نهد ساطور بر حلق پسر

با یکه مثل هجوم لشکر است

جان بچشم او زیاد ارزان تر است

لا اله باشد صدف گوهر نماز

قلب مسلم را حج اصغر نماز

[He that does not command himself
Becomes a receiver of command from others.
So long as thou hold'st the staff of "There is no God but He."
Thou wilt break every spell of fear.
One to whom God is as the soul in his body,
His neck is not bowed before vanity;
Fear finds no way into his bosom;
His heart is afraid of none but Allah.
Whoso dwells in the Moslem faith
Is free from the bonds of wife and children;
He withdraws his gaze from all except God
And lays his knife to the throat of his son
Though he is like a host in onset,
Life is cheaper in his eyes than wind.
The profession of faith is the shell, but prayer is the pearl;
The prayer is the small pilgrimage for a Muslim heart.]

The third and final stage is the acme of perfection, when you feel as though the whole universe is created for you, and as its

supreme lord or the vicegerent of God you receive the homage of all. The poet describes him thus:

نغمه ز تار دل از مظراب او
بهر حق بیداری او خواب او
شیب را آموزد آهنگ شباب
می دهد هر چیز را رنگ شباب
نوع انسان را بشیر و هم نذیر
هم سپاهی هم سپه گر هم امیر
چون عنان گیرد بدست آن شهسوار
تیز تر گردد سمند روزگار
خشک سازد هیبت او نیل را
می برد از مصر اسرائیل را
از قم او خیزد اندر گورتن

مردہ جان ہا چون صنوبر در چمن

زندگی را می کند تفسیر نو

می دهد این خواب را تعبیر نو

ہستی مکنون او راز حیات

نغمہ نشنیدہ ساز حیات

[Heart-strings give forth music at his touch,

He wakes and sleeps for God alone.

He teaches age the melody of youth,

And endows everything with the radiance of youth

To the human race he brings both a glad message and a
warning;

He comes both as a soldier and as a marshal and prince.

When that bold cavalier seizes the reins,

The steed of time gallops faster.

His awful mien makes the Red Sea dry,

He leads Israel out of Egypt.

At his cry "Arise" the dead spirits
Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines in the field.
He gives a new explanation of life,
A new interpretation of this dream.
His hidden being is life's mystery,
The unheard music of life's harp.]

It is for this glorious personality that tortured and despairing souls in their gloomy surrounding look towards the heavens even as a dry and parched seed in a desert would look for beneficent and bounteous drops of rain; and the cry of agony goes forth from the darkest recesses of these people.

اے سوار اشہب دوران بیا اے

اے فروغ دیدہ امکان بیا

رونق ہنگامہ ایجاد شو

در سواد دیدہ ہا آباد شو

شورش اقوام را خاموش کن

نغمہ خود را بہشت گوش کن

خیز و قانون اخوت ساز ده

جام صہبائے محبت باز ده

ریخت از جور خزان برگ شجر

از جبین شرم سار ما بگیر

از وجود تو سر افرازیم ما

پس به سوز این جهان سازیم ما

[Appear, O rider of destiny!

Appear, O light of the dark realm of change!

Illumine the scene of existence,

Dwell in the blackness of our eyes;

Silence the noise of the nations;

Imparadise our ears with thy music;

Arise and tune the harp of brotherhood,

Give us back the cup of the wine of love!

Protect the tree's leaf against autumn's cruelty

Oh! do thou pass over our gardens as the Spring.

Receive from our downcast brows

The homage of little children and of young men and old!

When thou art there, we will lift up our heads

Content to suffer the burning fire of this world.]

The poet like the maker of a new world deems it necessary that a painful process of preparation may be gone through in order that a people may reach the zenith of their glory. The historical law teaches us that the discipline of suffering, indeed of great suffering, has produced all the elevation of humanity hitherto. This world is a huge workshop in which individuals and nations are constantly making or unmaking their destiny. Every moment of your lives is precious beyond conception. You either add to the beauty of the edifice wherein your destiny dwells or allow the storm and stress of time to lay it in ruins. There is fire above, beneath and all around you and if you shrink from it in dismay and become a coward and desert your post, you are lost and you create a hell for yourself. Beware, therefore, and do not recoil from facing the trials of this world, nay, even go forward and meet them joyfully. Remember also that the tension of a soul in misfortune will communicate its energy to your designs if only you will show indifference to all pain. Calamities in this world are like hammer strokes which serve to harden your character. They should make you insensible to all sense of fear and develop in you the faculty of self-control, and while you are passing through this

crucible of suffering you will realize that in you both the creature and the Creator are united, for you are fashioning and forging an exquisite divinity by burning the dross in you. Thus the highest grade of purity ennobles you and places you in a unique position for it is the highest spiritualization of the instinct. You will then feel the joy of holy music which will perpetually impel your soul out of night into morning and out of gloom, out of affliction, into clearness, brightness and refinement. This is the pinnacle of glory rendering you fit to assume the supreme functions of the Vicegerent of God on Earth. Under your fostering care people will enjoy the privilege of freedom, justice and equality.

The poem gives you a deep insight into the infinite mystery of the self whose possibilities of illimitable development are incomprehensible. "Rejoice, therefore, O man! that you are capable of becoming God-like; adorn yourself with these gifts and cultivate the habits which con-duce to purity, rigour and manliness. Do not let the odour of paltry people cling to you, but show the rush, the breath and the emancipating scorn of a wind which makes everything healthy by making every-thing run." Swinburne also detects God in man when he says:

But this thing is God,

To be man with thy might,

To grow straight in the strength of the spirit, and

Live out thy life as the light.

In another place in *Asrar-i Khudi*, Iqbal condemns the negation of desire as the Nirvana of the self which means stagnation and ultimate death of individuals and nations:

دل زسوز آرزو گیرد حیات

غیر حق میرد چو او گیرد حیات

چون ز تخلیق تمنا باز ماند

شہپرش بشکت و از پرواز ماند

آرزو هنگامہ آرامے خودی

موج بیتابے ز دریاے خودی

آرزو صید مقاصد را کمند

دفتر افعال را شیرازہ بند

زندہ را نفی تمنا مردہ کرد

شعلہ را نقصان سوز افسردہ کرد

عقل ندرت کوش و کردون تا زچہست

هیچ میدانی که این اعجاز چیست

زندگی سرمایه دار از آرزو است

عقل از زائیدگان بطن اوست

[From the flame of desire the heart takes life and when It takes life all dies that is not true.

When it refrains from forming wishes,

Its pinion breaks and it cannot soar.

Desire is an emotion of the self,

It is a restless wave of the life's sea.

Desire is a noose for hunting ideals,

A binder of the book of deeds.

Negation of desire is death to the living,

Even as absence of burning extinguishes the flame.

Why does the mind strive after new discoveries and scale the heavens?

Do you realise whose wonderous deal it is?

'Tis desire that enriches life,

And the intellect is a child of its womb.]

The secret of all human motive for action is desire. It serves in the human body the same purpose which steam does in an engine. Man-made machinery ceases to operate if the propelling force loses its power. Similarly, the God-made mechanism of the human body loses the zest for life if desire is dead. It is only the keen struggle for life which will keep man alive. Individuals and nations animated by vigorous desires must take part in this struggle or perish. The competition is terrible, for man has to fight if it comes to that even with the elemental forces of Nature which will serve him only as long as he is masterful and constant effort is the rule of his life. But the moment he seeks rest from the conflict these very forces will destroy him. The birds and beasts of prey will descend upon him and tear him to pieces. Therefore, beware of longing for repose. It conceals the will to the denial of life which is a poisonous principle of dissolution and decay. A man who is not yet a degenerating, waning type will welcome every shock that does not allow him to remain idle, to sit and amuse himself, for he realizes that he who struggles best in the world is very likely to obtain the best that it has to offer. The poet lays great emphasis on the necessity of keeping the flame of desire burning to serve as an incentive and stimulus to life.

This message to the world unlocks the treasure-house of wisdom. The content of poetry and the experiences of the past are the content of individual as well as of national life. They teach you that you must constantly advance and feel sure that you are really

alive. The possibility of retrogression can be removed from your path only if you continue to grow day by day. Therefore effort which desire generates must be the first and the highest duty of life. Men who seek the happiness of repose are apt to shudder and recoil in face of mysterious decisions and new paths, but your mental energy and moral effort will, if you keep the flame burning, make you appropriate everything. You will assimilate and absorb the very nature which in the case of indolent and played-out people proves so destructive. Do not forget that as a newborn child you felt the appetite and thirst for mother's milk. Hunger was the first sensation you felt on arrival in this world. Your Creator, therefore, expects you to strive for your nourishment. Strive joyously and revel in the ecstasy of effort even as a lover rejoices at the prospect of greeting his beloved. Only then success will come to you. He who refuses to struggle, says Meredith, is Nature's accursed, let him perish! let the curtain of death hide him away for ever. Even God seems to envy man the happiness of effort. Addressing the spirit of man, God says:

O man! my creature, thy lot was more blest than mine

I taste not delight of seeking nor the boon of longing know

There is but one joy transcendent and I hoard it not but bestow;

I hoard it not, nor have tasted, but freely I give it thee,

The joy of most glorious striving, which lieth in victory.
(Watson)

In the literature of some of the Oriental peoples you come across the idea of rest as the culmination and crown of human ambition. You must refuse to accept this dangerous doctrine for it is the siren call for your destruction. Only the birds, strayed and fatigued by flight which let them-selves be captured with the hand, can yield to such a foolish sentiment. Many a mighty people who have succumbed to this temptation have this sad epitaph engraved on their tombs. It should serve you as a warning in time lest you should waver in your resolve to keep alive the fire in you. The poet pours forth the consecrated fire of historic truth when he says, "Negation of desire is death to the living." It is even more than this. A little slip or neglect on your part in your career of conscious activity blasts the hopes of generations yet unborn and condemns them to a misery over which the fates may justly weep. Your very memory will be loathsome to those who are consigned to slavery by your criminal desire to extinguish the flame in you. Forget not that if you cease to preside over the immortal banquet spread before you by the submissive forces of Nature you become a beggar longing for the crumbs falling from the tables of that happy divinity who occupies the seat left vacant by you. "Your pinions will be broken," says the poet. Yes, you become a sport of other nations and slave for their aggrandizement. You lose half of your virtues, says Plato, if you lose your liberty. Nay, you lose all you possess. With the misfortune of slavery everything seems at once to crumble about you. Freedom, joy, glory, ambition, religion, power—all desert you as the soul deserts the dead body. For centuries you have no will of your own and during this weary

time you administer to the happiness and greatness of others finding strange consolation in it. Do not, therefore, let the war of effort die within you. Drive away all unworthy longing for repose which may threaten your fabric with destruction.

The fire which burns in you and enables you to conquer obstacles, even to plunge your horse into the ocean to swim across to the unseen world, to raise the standard of the unity of God, was kindled by a divinely-inspired personality. You will rue the day when you extinguish that flame deliberately, and before you commit that crime think of the dreary fate and the nights of torment which will surely supervene that supreme act of folly. What is there on earth like the delight of an eagle poised on the highest peak between heaven and earth, the interpreter, so to speak, of the unknown to the world of manifestation spread before him. He is unique; he is above the proximity of the common and the base. It is truly the victory of steady desire over the obscurity of destiny. You were placed in that enviable position by the miraculous energy of that God-inspired will. Keep that position, nay; cherish the ambition to strike your pinions even against the blue vault of heaven by an unceasing impulse towards higher life. Divorce the idea of lassitude from you and gather fresh forces every moment. Yes, be a storm pregnant with new lightning's; only then is greatness possible.

The poet entering the sacred shrine of history attains to the most fertile and soundest idea of his philosophy. To his artist spirit there truly come moments of illumination in which the

nature of things becomes directly manifest to his eyes. From the contemplation of the eternal rush of world forces he derives with definite assurance that for which Nietzsche has an inexpressible loathing, the knowledge that law and religion are to be understood as manifestations of the world-constructive intelligence, and therefore as necessary growths. A system of ethics based upon physics and religion makes you realise the harmony of necessity and freedom in the eternal life of reality, and while some enlightened nations, who look upon thought as a universal solvent, apply it to obscure problems of life and thereby lose their strength. This virile system which Iqbal expounds in his poem makes you retain that elemented principle which is the basis of all greatness and beauty. The energy of its conception provides him with inspiration for the creation of an ideal man whose mechanism he animated with religious vitality. In his subtle yearning for a purer spiritual life he stands in sharp contrast to the anti-religious philosophy of Nietzsche, who vigorously denounces all moral scruples. In developing his archetype, Iqbal devotes himself to the contemplation of an age which was rich in moral feeling when fortunate mankind absorbed the secrets of religion from the precept and example of lofty spirits whose dazzling personalities produced momentous results for human progress. Their burning moral passions consumed vice and their very touch ennobled the vulgar. This highly evolved being, the constitution of whose soul is richly endowed with manly and masterful virtues, is presented by Iqbal to the demoralized world with the

enthusiasm of a priest and the magic of a great poet. The annals of past ages will confirm the truth that

در عمل پوشیده مضمون حیات

لذت تخلیق قانون حیات

خیز و خلاق جهان تازه شو

شعله در بر کن خلیل آوازه شو

با جهان نامساعد ساختن

هست در میدان سپر انداختن

مرد خود دارم که باشد پخته کار

با مزاج او بسازد روزگار

گر نه سازد با مزاج او جهان

می شود جنگ آزما با آسمان

بر کند بنیاد موجودات را

می دهد ترکیب نو ذرات را

گردش ایام را برهم زند

چرخ نیلی فام را برهم زند

می کند از قوت خود آشکار

روزگار نو که باشد سازگار

از رموز جزو و کل آگاه بود

در جهان قائم با امرالله بود

خیمه چون در وسعت عالم زند

این بساط کهنه را برهم زند

فطرتش معمور و می خواهد نمود

عالمی دیگر بیارد در وجود

صد جهان مثل جهان جزو و کل

روید از کشت خیال او چو گل

پیخته سازد فطرت هر خام را
از حرم بیرون کند اصنام را
نغمه ز تار دل از مضراب او
بهر حق بیداری او خواب او

[The pith of life is contained in action;
To delight in creation is the law of life.
Arise and create a new world!
Wrap thyself in flames, to be an Abraham.
To comply with this ill-starred world
Is to fling away thy buckler on the field of battle.
The man of strong character who is master of himself
Will find fortune complaisant.
If the world does not comply with his humour,
He will try the hazard of war with Heaven.
He will dig up the foundations of the universe
And cast its atoms into a new world.

He will subvert the course of time
And wreck the azure firmament.
By his own strength he will produce
A new world which will do his pleasure
He knows the secrets of parts and wholes,
That they exist in the world by Divine command
When he pitches his tent in the wide world
He rolls up this ancient carpet.
His genius abounds with life and desires to manifest itself,
He will bring another world into existence.
A hundred worlds like this world of parts and wholes
Spring up like roses from the seed of his imagination.
He makes every raw nature ripe;
He puts the idols out of the sanctuary.
Heart-strings give forth music at his touch,
He wakes and sleeps for God alone.]

The supreme object of Iqbal's philosophy is the production of the typical or ideal man by a rigorous training of the human faculties. This system seeks to work from within to without. It

aims at transforming character and thus transforming the world. The value of this conception is immeasurable for the type—man, whose development is strongly influenced by religious sentiment, will bring a message for a new greatness of man which has not been surpassed in the adumbrated past. In contradistinction to Nietzsche's Superman who mocks at religion and springs exclusively from the aristocratic stock to ride roughshod over the demos, Iqbal's Perfect Man is adorned with the attributes even of God. From the super-plenitude of his angelic soul flow the rarest blessings to the whole creation. He smooths rough souls and makes them taste a new longing. From contact with him everyone goes away richer and fresher than before. He mobilizes the latent forces of human nature and presses them in the service of mankind. Woe to him who thwarts his wishes, for in executing the commands of God he will try the hazards of war with heaven. His delicate moral sensibilities do not tolerate the current follies and corruption of men. He will, therefore, says the poet, dig up the foundations of the universe and cast its atoms into a new mould and thus create a new world. Being the beloved of Nature he sets at naught the laws of biology. He transmutes the base metal of humanity into a precious substance and sets new values to everything. This ideal man of the poet represents the individual whose divine essence has reached the highest development, and only some of the greater prophets have reached this stage. But taking into consideration men of lesser calibre such as Alexander, Ceasar and Napoleon we find that they tried to recast the world in which they lived and almost succeeded in their great designs. The

men who served them as instruments, though originally insignificant, became mighty leaders as a result of their association with them, but the grand fabric which these superior personalities reared crumbled in the dust as soon as they disappeared from the scene of their action. These were indeed ephemeral entities who shot like the meteor across the dark firmament creating only a transient glow leaving no trace behind them. On the contrary, we see with wonder the work of the Prophet of Islam who excels the fancy of the poet in the radiance of his soul. He it was who transformed the whole world by the sublimity of his ideals—the world in which the voice of justice and liberty had been ruthlessly stifled creating a favourable atmosphere for sin and sorrow. His associates were mightier people than Alexander, Ceasar and Napoleon. His work has endured in spite of the desperate efforts of the whole world to destroy it. He alone was competent to work the miracle of remodeling a people like the Arabs who issued from a most unpromising land enraptured by unknown fervours and irresistibly forced out of themselves, intoxicated and longing to fructify humanity with the nectar of God's knowledge. These were truly the people who showed that pious nations alone were free and valiant.

Such is Iqbal's archetype who forges a future for those people who have done penance for wandering away from the path of the great. He stimulates their slumbering passions and by his mere touch and super-abundant powers he shows how unexhausted man is still of the greatest possibilities. Iqbal's philosophy thus explains in a forceful manner the conditions and methods by

virtue of which a soul grows up to such an elevation and power. And the most essential and indispensable of these conditions is the ascendancy of mind over matter, in other words, the acquisition of power to conquer the animal part of one's self which one shares with inferior creatures. The idealism permeating the poem tends thus to create divine conditions in man and makes him supreme, morally, intellectually and physically. The boundless energy and purity of his mind contribute to a general rise in the moral standard of life and character for the whole community. He inculcates by his own precept and example the necessity of acquiring a self-respect that does not permit a man to yield to what he believes to be wrong, no matter how great the power behind the wrong. In his claim to sovereign control in the ordering of human conduct is the guarantee of the reality of human progress. This perfect man, serene, fearless and firm, enfranchises the soul of humanity; this is his sure touchstone. He lifts the people upwards so that with clarified intelligence and extended vision they can gaze around them into this beautiful world and instantaneously, as if by a miracle, men make larger claims on life, and there manifests itself a more vigorous impulse towards a sensuous fullness of existence which henceforth receives a new colour and a new mission.

This poem conveys the message of life to decadent nations. It also contains a fearful warning to the blind apostles of a materialistic civilization. These messages are delivered in a joyfully creative mood. None but rare and strong spirits like Iqbal will ever be animated by the great ambition of creating, not for an age

but for all time and for all people. It has the merit to charm the cultured by the beauty of its style and by the idealistic inclinations of its author. The vibrations of Iqbal's melody pass over withered roses like the fresh breeze of a summer morning infusing in them fragrance and freshness. That it will awaken forsaken music among decadent people, is apparent from the intense passion and soul-stirring emotions which pervade this immortal work. By pouring new inspiration into new matter and thus helping the generation of an impulse towards unknown greatness and happiness, Iqbal has rendered unique service to humanity, truth and virtue. Goethe, recognizing the idealistic yearning of the human mind, pays high tribute to the genius which awakens the fervour of faith and hope. "The proper study of man-kind is man," he says, "and the teacher who is competent to awaken a sentiment responsive to a single good deed or to a single good poem effects more than the teacher who records for us by form and by name whole series of classified natural objects." Nations whose faculties have become atrophied by long and arbitrary restraints on their free exercise, will feel the compelling force of this poem and will be impelled to seek their fullest and freest expressions by developing their moral and mental energies and thus adding to the richness and variety of human thought and action. For them Dr. Iqbal holds out the promise of renewed youth and a supreme life of imperishable glory.

دگر به دشت عرب خیمه زن که بزم عجم

مئے گذشتہ و جام شکستنی دارد

IQBAL AS A SEER

Mumtaz Hasan

IQBAL symbolizes the renaissance of Islam in the twentieth century, a regeneration of its intellectual movement and the spirit of its culture. His life forms an interesting study for us from more than one point of view. In the first place, he represents a process of mental and spiritual development starting from modern nationalism, but moving away from it as its incompatibility with the broad human outlook of Islam unfolded itself to him, and as he studied the political and cultural limitations of modern nationalism at close quarters in Europe and in the sub-continent. This process of development is, in certain respects, shared by the other two leaders of the Pakistan movement, Syed Ahmad Khan and Jinnah, both of whom started with the idea of Indian nationalism but had to renounce it later in the light of experience.

Secondly, Iqbal defined and identified the fundamental values of Islam in the context of modern thought. Where does Islam stand in the currents and cross-currents of modern scientific and philosophical concepts? How do we find our bearings in these new surroundings and what path are we to take to reach our goal? What part can Islam play in the modern world with its national and racial strife and its social, economic and cultural antagonisms? These were some of the important questions that presented themselves to Iqbal, on which he spent a life-time of study. For him, Islam was not a mere device for Muslims to adjust themselves to the changing conditions around them; it was a

living force for freeing the outlook of man from its geographical and racial limitations and for fashioning a new world out of the old. It had its own course to pursue in the future as in the past. Iqbal believed that “Islam is itself destiny and will not suffer a destiny.”

Iqbal’s contribution towards the education of the Muslim consciousness in our times is vast and versatile. He was an outstanding scholar of Arabic and Persian and knew Sanskrit. He also knew German. In English, he has a style of his own—a clear, concise, compact style. He was acknowledged as an outstanding Islamist by the world of scholar-ship, and a number of European scholars and Orientalists were in correspondence with him on matters of academic and historical interest. His poetic genius found spontaneous expression in his philosophical poems, *Asrar-i Khudi* and *Rumuz-i Bekhudi*—The Secrets of the Self and The Mysteries of Selflessness—which convey, in words of rare beauty, the vital meaning and message of Islam. Above all, he focused his attention on the political conflict and intellectual crisis of the world of the early twentieth century and, in that context, made a serious study of the social and cultural foundations of Islam and of the principle of movement inherent in its structure. In his *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, he put forward an ordered philosophy and pointed the way to the revitalization of Muslim society. He has written some of the greatest poetry ever produced in Urdu or Persian, or, indeed, in any of the other languages we know. As a Muslim, he regarded humanity as one and was deeply interested in all aspects of human activity. He

reached out in all directions to gather knowledge and inspiration and has conveyed it to us in lines of immortal beauty. Iqbal for us is the gateway to world culture. His work gives us a view of the whole panorama of human civilization and, as we read him, we find ourselves on terms of intimacy with the great minds of all ages, with whom he encourages us to agree or disagree. His broad and unbiased attitude towards all systems of thought and belief, and his universal outlook on cultures and civilizations make him undoubtedly one of the great humanists of all time.

Above all, Iqbal is the father of the Pakistan idea. He dreamt the great dream, although he did not live to see it come true. Or was it a vision that he saw, a vision of the shape of things to come, the kind of vision that comes only to the seeing eye? For Iqbal was a seer. Just as Nietzsche foretold the rise of Russia in the twentieth century and Tennyson, the development of civil aviation and of aerial warfare and the United Nations, Iqbal had foreseen the establishment of Pakistan. As early as 1909, he had, in a letter to Ghulam Qadir Farrukh of Amritsar, rejected the idea of the so-called Hindu-Muslim unity, which he described as romantic but impracticable. In his Presidential Address to the All-India Muslim League at Allahabad on the 29th of December, 1930, he stated clearly that “self-government within the British Empire or without the British Empire, the formation of a consolidated North-West Indian Muslim State” appeared to him to be “the final destiny of the Muslims, at least of North-West India.”⁶

⁶ Shamloo (ed.), *Speeches and Statements of Iqbal*, Lahore, 1948, p. 12.

Subsequently, he included Bengal in his scheme, and reaffirmed his idea in a letter to Jinnah in 1937.⁷

Iqbal's demand for a consolidated Muslim State was met by bitter criticism some of which was aimed at him personally. He defended his views and stuck to them without entering into any personal controversy, which he never did any time in his life. It may be interesting to recall that when Iqbal was facing these acrimonious criticisms, there was no one in the sub-continent at the time to share his idea, or the blame for it, even though a number of claimants have sprung up later.

Speaking of the 1930 Address, I am reminded of a personal anecdote. When Iqbal returned to Lahore from Allahabad I went to see him. I was still a student at college and felt greatly perturbed at his reference to self-government for the new Muslim State "within the British Empire." "Why did you say that, sir," said I; "why must our Muslim State remain within the British Empire?" His first response was a smile. "You will notice," said he, "that I have said 'self-government within or without the British Empire.' You are worried about 'within,' but there are so many others who have told me they are worried about 'without.'" "But why did you have to say that at all, sir?" I insisted. "Because," said he, "while I see the establishment of a Muslim State as inevitable in the process of history, I cannot see clearly, at

⁷ Letter dated 21 June 1937 in Letters of Iqbal to Jinnah, Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, 1956, p. 24.

least at pre-sent, whether it will be within or without the British Empire.” I had to keep quiet. Here was a man who was utterly loyal to his vision, who told you what he saw clearly, and what he did not.

Iqbal not only foresaw Pakistan, but also the difficulties it was going to have to face from the he ginning of its career. He saw the conflict and the bloodshed that was coming, and he also saw where it would mainly take place. In 1936, in a letter to Maulvi Abdul Haq of the Anjuman-i Tarraqi-i Urdu he wrote:

"مسلمانوں کو اپنے تحفظ کے لیے جو لڑائیاں لڑنی پڑیں گی ان کا میدان پنجاب ہوگا۔ پنجابیوں کو اس میں بڑی بڑی دقتیں پیش آئیں گی کیونکہ اسلامی زمانے میں یہاں کے مسلمانوں کی مناسب تربیت نہیں کی گئی۔ مگر اس کا کیا علاج کہ آئندہ رزمگاہ یہی سرزمین معلوم ہوتی ہے۔"⁸

[The battles that the Muslims will have to fight for their self-preservation will have the Punjab as their battlefield. In this the Punjabi Muslims will have to face considerable difficulties, for during the days of Muslim rule they were not educated properly in their responsibilities. This, however, cannot be helped, for it is quite clear that this is the land where the fighting will be.]

⁸ Iqbal Namah, Vol. II, Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Lahore, 1959, p. 79.

This amazing prophecy found its initial fulfillment in the mass killings and migration of population in 1947 at the time of Independence.

It has been more than fulfilled in the recent Indo-Pakistan conflict. Whether or not the prophecy has exhausted itself, we do not know. Earlier in 1912, he had said:

آنکھ جو کچھ دیکھتی ہے لب پہ آسکتا نہیں

محو حیرت ہوں کہ دنیا کیا سے کیا ہو جائے گی⁹

[The lips dare not disclose what the eye doth see;

I am amazed at the way the world is going to change.]

He has not given us any details of what he saw, but in the very next verse he has told us which way he saw the world would go:

شب گریزاں ہوگی آخر جلوۂ خورشید سے

یہ چمن معمور ہوگا نغمۂ توحید سے¹⁰

[The darkness of night will flee before the light of the morning sun;

This Garden will be filled with the song of the glory of God.]

⁹ Bang-i-Dara, p. 215.

¹⁰ Ibid., p. 216.

A few years later he had his greatest vision:

آنچه بود است و نباید زمین خواهد رفت

آنچه بالیست و بنود است همان خواهد بود

[What should not be shall cease to be—all that ever was.

What hath not been but ought to be, the same shall come to pass.]

Iqbal similarly had a clear vision of the Kashmir struggle. Before there was any sign of agitation in Kashmir, he saw the gathering storm on the horizon. In a poem, “The Message of the East” written in Nishat Bagh in Kashmir, which is included in the *Payam-i Mashriq*, he referred to the plight of the common Kashmiri:

بریشم قبا خواجه از محنت او نصیب تنش جامه تارتاری¹¹

[While his master wears the silken robe woven by his labour,

He himself is condemned to be in tatters.]

Iqbal goes on to call on the cup-bearer to arouse the Kashmiri’s courage and inspire him to action:

سرت گردم اے ساقی ماه سیما بیار از نیاگان ما یادگاری

¹¹ *Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 314

ازان جرعه برفشان بر کشیری که خاکسترش آفریند شراری¹²

[O moon-faced Saqi! may I be thy sacrifice!

Bring me the heady wine of our ancestors.

And sprinkle some of it on the Kashmiri,

That sparks of fire may arise from his humble dust!]

Some time after this poem was written, the Kashmir agitation began. To Iqbal's own surprise, it started with a labour revolt in the silk factory to which he had referred.

Iqbal's own family came from Kashmir and he was devoted to the welfare of the downtrodden people of that land, that beautiful land which the East India Company sold away to Maharaja Gulab Singh for a mere seventy-five lacs of rupees. Early in his career, Iqbal was for years Secretary of the Kashmiri Association. He was conscious of his Kashmir origin. In a couplet which sums up his whole personality he says:

تنم گلی ز خیابان جنت کشمیر

دل از حریم حجاز و نواز شیراز است¹³

[I am a rose from the Paradise of Kashmir,

¹² Ibid., p. 134.

¹³ Ibid., p. 214.

My heart comes from the sacred land of the Hijaz, and my voice from Shiraz.]

When he recalled the East India Company's deal over Kashmir, he could not help exclaiming:

دھقان و کشت و جوی و خیابان فروختند

قومی فروختند و چہ ارزان فروختند¹⁴

[Fields, streams and gardens, and peasants too, they sold away,

They sold away a whole people and how cheaply did they sell!]

When he thought of the misfortunes of the people of Kashmir, the unlimited potentialities they possessed and the tyranny that warped and destroyed their lives, he felt infinitely sad:

آج وہ کشمیر ہے محکوم و مجبور و فقیر

کل جسے اہل نظر کہتے تھے ایران صغیر

سینہء افلاک سے اٹھتی ہے آہ سوز ناک

مرد حق ہوتا ہے جب مرعوب سلطان و امیر

¹⁴ Javid Namah, p. 189. 10.

کہہ رہا ہے داستان بیدردی ایام کی

کوہ کے دامن میں وہ غم خانہء دہقان پیر

آہ! یہ قوم نجیب و چرب دست و تر دماغ

ہے کہاں روز مکافات اے خدائے دیر گیر؟¹⁵

[That Kashmir which till yesterday the discerning ones called
“Little Iran,”

Is destitute and helpless and bound in utter subjugation to-
day.

A sigh of grief goes up from the bosom of the Heavens
themselves,

When the simple and honest man is browbeaten by kings and
prince lings,

Behold the old peasant’s house of woe at the foot of the hill;

It tells the story of the ruthlessness of the times.

Alas! for this people, so noble, artistic and full of invention!

[Where is Thy Judgment Day, O God!

O Thou who art so slow to punish!]

¹⁵ Armaghan-i Hijaz, pp. 258-59.

But Iqbal has faith that Kashmir will not die:

جس خاک کے خمیر میں ہو آتش چنار

ممکن نہیں کہ سرد ہو وہ خاک ارجمند

[That honoured land which has the Chinar's fire in the essence of its being,

Never will that land grow cold and lifeless.]

“What about the future?” asks Iqbal. The answer is given in the Javid Namah—”The Book of Eternity”—and is conveyed by Syed Ali Hamdani, the great saint of Kashmir, whose spirit meets Iqbal in the transcendental regions beyond the Heavens:

در نگاهش جان چو باد ارزان شود

پیش او زندان او لرزان شود

تیشہ او خارہ را برمی درد

تا نصیب خود ز گیتی می برد¹⁶

[When he (the Kashmiri) comes to hold his life cheap as the wind.

¹⁶ Javid Namah, p. 191.

The very walls of his prison-house will shake before him;

Then his axe will split granite asunder

And he will grab his rightful share from Destiny itself!]

Here, as everywhere else, Iqbal leaves us with a message of hope.

To-day Iqbal and Pakistan are synonymous. It is significant that the recent Indian attack on Pakistan was concentrated mainly on two cities, Sialkot and Lahore, the former being the birthplace of Iqbal, and the latter the city where he lived and died. It is no less significant that during this war the people of Pakistan turned instinctively to Iqbal for inspiration and sustenance. The battle that Pakistan has had to fight for its survival has brought to the fore the whole background of its existence, Before Independence, when the Muslims were struggling for Pakistan, a number of European and American voices were heard against the Pakistan movement. The British Government were officially opposed to it and it was a refreshing exception to find a man like Beverly Nichols supporting it. Since Independence, the same kind of attitude has persisted even in well-informed and well-meaning quarters. The argument is that most of the Muslims in the sub-continent are local converts and are of the same race as the non-Muslims. The outsiders have been comparatively few, and form no more than a fraction of the total Muslim population. Thus, the race being largely the same, why should there be two countries instead of one? I have always found it difficult to under-stand this

argument, particularly when it emanates from European and American quarters. Let us take the Europe of to-day. According to the experts, there is a basic racial unity in the European sub-continent. "The racial characteristic of the Europe of today," says Professor Dixon of Harvard, "is the dominance of the Alpine and Palae-Alpine types. Except for portions of Southern Scandinavia, the Western Baltic lands and shores of the North Sea, the British Isles and the Iberian Peninsula, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Southern Italy, together with small areas in West Central France and South-Eastern Russia, the whole continent is dominated by brachycephalic types, which are themselves central, whereas the dolichocephalic types are mainly marginal." Let us add to this the fact that the civilization and culture of Europe as a whole has a Graeco-Roman foundation. There is also a common background of historical experience in the shape of the Roman Empire, the spread of Christianity, the Crusades, the Renaissance and the Reformation. The development of the Fine Arts also has an all-European basis. For example, even now the Russian ballet and the Russian theatre, in spite of their Communist environment, are a part of European culture. So are Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Ibsen, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Pasternak and even Sholokov. So too are the musicians, men like Beethoven, Mozart and Leopardi; the artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rubens and Titian; the philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, Kant, Rousseau, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Bergson; and the scientists, like Newton, Einstein, Max Planck, Madame Curie, Pavlov and Heisenberg. The Europeans have the

same classics, the same Greek and Latin sources of inspiration, the same scientific outlook, the same way of living and the same approach to the basic problems of life. And yet there are more than twenty countries in Europe, which are most of the time uneasy in each other's company. Similarly, in South America, we have practically the same race and yet there are so many different countries in the area with their own political ambitions and aspirations. Even in the United States, which is pre-eminently a melting-pot of nationalities, where populations have migrated from all parts of Europe and the rest of the world and where a new world outlook is developing, there are still a number of different cultural groups which are likely to continue for some time before they are assimilated into the American system.

The explanation for the existing multiplicity and diversity of States in the Western world may partly lie in the existence of separate linguistic groups (we may even say perhaps, in this context, that American English is different from English English, Canadian French from French French, and Swiss German from German German) even though there are, on the other hand, also some conspicuously multi-lingual States like Canada, Switzerland and the U.S.S.R. The more important reason seems to be the geographical divisions introduced by mountains and rivers and the impact of historical accident on the group consciousness of various units of population which now receive inspiration mainly from the highly emotional idea of "the glory of the Fatherland" and their military and economic superiority over other national

groups which helps them to establish political hegemony over them.

We have seen how, in spite of a large measure of racial and cultural unity, the Western world is divided into so many independent States whose friendliness towards each other cannot always be taken for granted. Is there anything very strange, then, in the existence of two independent States in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent? Let us look into the matter a little more closely.

In the first place, is it a fact, let us ask, that Pakistan and India are racially of the same stock? Let us also ask whether the sub-continent is inhabited by one race. I am afraid that answer to both questions is in the negative. Even as far back as the Indus Valley civilization, the answer was in the negative. The human remains discovered during the excavations at Mohenjodaro, as Sewell and Guha tell us in *Mohenjodaro and the Indus Civilisation*, edited by Sir John Marshall, disclose the existence of at least four racial types, the Proto-Austroloid race, the Mediterranean race, the Mongolian branch of the Alpine stock and the Alpine race. This was the position in prehistoric times. As we all know, in course of time, many ethnic groups, such as the Aryans, the Scythians, the Kushans, the Huns and the Semitics migrated to this sub-continent, peacefully or otherwise. This racial diversity, according to Professor Dixon, lies at the root of the Caste System in India. His analysis of the data available led him to the conclusion that "Caste groups do differ from each other racially, and that the

social status of the caste usually bears a direct relation to the racial composition of its members.”

So much for racial unity. As regards language, according to Mario Pei, author of *The Story of Language*, “India has thirty-three major tongues along with a host of minor tongues and dialects.” At present there is hardly any language common to India and Pakistan except English which has been inherited from the British administration and which both countries regard as a temporary expedient. Urdu, which developed as a result of Hindu-Muslim contact in the days of Muslim rule and which was the lingua franca of the larger part of the sub-continent before Independence, has been replaced in India by the highly Sanskritised Hindi, which cannot be understood by people in Pakistan. Pakistani Urdu has, on the other hand, shown a tendency to become more Persianised and Arabicised than before. Similarly, the Bengali language in East Pakistan has shown a different trend from the Bengali of West Bengal and Calcutta both in form and content. In the circumstances, if there was at any time a common linguistic factor between India and Pakistan, it is virtually no more.

The next question to consider is whether the sub-continent was at any time a political unit in the true sense of the word. Starting from about 500 B.C. which represents more or less the dawn of history in the sub-continent, we find that before the advent of the Muslims, the sub-continent, as a whole, was hardly ever consolidated into a single political and administrative unit

except, perhaps, for a few years under Asoka. With the Muslim conquest, the larger part of the sub-continent was brought under centralised control and during the reign of Alauddin Khalji in the fourteenth century, Malik Kafur, the famous general, also subdued almost the entire region of South India. Subsequently disintegration set in and it was not till the Mughals came to power that India was again ruled by a strong hand at the centre. After the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, the Provincial Governors gradually became independent, even though some semblance of allegiance to the Mughal throne was maintained for some time in certain cases. In any case, the sub-continent was far from being politically united when the British took over. Indeed, the lack of political unity was one of the main reasons for the success of the new rulers. The British, who ruled the larger part of the sub-continent for two hundred years and the whole of it for a century, consolidated the administration of the sub-continent with the help of roads, railways, posts and telegraphs and improved inland water transport. Towards the end, air communications were also established within the country. Incidentally, Burma was also a part of British India until it was separated from India in 1937, ten years before the sub-continent itself was partitioned. Burma had never been part of India, and its inclusion in the British Indian dominions gave the whole British administration an artificial complexion. Moreover, the British were always regarded as foreign rulers and their consolidation of the sub-continent was based on considerations of their own administrative convenience rather than any process of inner political evolution, The

consolidation did not grow from within; it was imposed from without. Nevertheless, when in the latter half of the nineteenth century the British Government began to think of devolution of political power to the people of the country and constitutional reforms began by installments, the Hindu intellectuals of the time were quick to take advantage of the British consolidation of the sub-continent. Having come into contact with European ideas of nationalism and democracy, these politically conscious intellectuals who were the main force behind the newly-formed Indian National Congress, which the British Indian Government under Lord Dufferin had themselves promoted and fostered, saw a rare opportunity before them, and in the name of democratic freedom began to claim India for the majority community, which was no other than themselves. What they overlooked was the fact that the terms “majority” and “minority” can legitimately be applied to political groups under the democratic system only when the population is otherwise homogeneous. The Muslims, who regarded them-selves as a distinct and separate people, therefore, did not take kindly to this orthodox but impracticable view of the future Indian democracy. As the British Government desired to associate the people with the ad-ministration in increasing measure, particularly in the shape of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919 and the establishment of Provincial Autonomy in 1937, the scramble for power and position in the political and administrative set-up of the country became more bitter and the relations between the Hindus and the Muslims deteriorated progressively. Communal riots became so common that the

period from 1913 onwards, with a brief interval for the Lucknow Pact and the Non-Co-operation Movement of 1921, can best be described as one of continued civil war. The Simon Commission counted 112 major communal riots in the sub-continent in the five years 1923-1927 only. The subsequent period was, if anything, worse than this. Under these conditions the Muslim politicians, who had been active since the foundation of the All-India Muslim League at Dacca in 1906, concentrated their attention on devising safeguards for their people against the dominance of the Hindu majority in a democratic India. The Minto-Morley Reforms of 1909 had conceded separate electorates to Muslims but this was only the beginning of the solution.

Subsequent events were, however, not encouraging. The Partition of Bengal in 1905, which Lord Curzon undertook as an administrative measure, and the consequent establishment of a new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam, which incidentally was a province with a Muslim majority, was violently opposed by the Hindus. Its annulment, which was announced by King George V at the Delhi Durbar of 1911, was an occasion for deep frustration for the Muslims and great jubilation for the Hindus. Notwithstanding these adverse developments, Muhammad

Ali Jinnah, who at the time was President of the All-India Muslim League though still an ardent Indian nationalist, negotiated the Lucknow pact with the Indian National Congress. The Pact confirmed and extended the principle of separate electorates for the Muslims in the Central and Provincial

Legislatures with reservation of seats, but this could be achieved only at the expense of their majority in the crucial provinces of the Punjab and Bengal. The Muslims regarded this as too high a price to pay as the Pact gave them no effective voice either in the minority provinces or in the Punjab and Bengal where they were in a majority. The atmosphere of goodwill built up by the Pact was shortlived and there was a renewal of communal tension after the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919 transferred power to the elected representatives of the people. The Non-Co-operation Movement, which brought the Hindus and the Muslims nearer each other than at any time before and as a result of which the Hindus, under the leadership of Gandhiji, all but succeeded in destroying the Muslims as a political entity, was followed by the severely communal movements of Shuddhi and Sanghatan, which aimed at the wholesale conversion of the Muslims or their expulsion from the sub-continent, and the Muslim reaction in the form of the Tabligh and Tanzim movements which sought to promote Muslim missionary activity and the political solidarity of the Muslim community. It is significant that the leaders of both these movements were some of the former leaders of Hindu-Muslim unity, namely, Mr. Shardhanand, Dr. Moonje and Pandit Malaviya on the one hand and Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew on the other. The foundation of the aggressive anti-Muslim Rashtriya Sewak Sangh in 1925 and the increase in the activities of the militant All-India Hindu Mahasabha increased the fears of the Muslims still further. There were numerous attempts by Muslim leaders, including Jinnah's famous "Fourteen Points," to arrive at

some solution which may provide satisfactory safeguards to the Muslim community. No such solution was forthcoming, as none was acceptable to the Hindus.

The Nehru Report, which represented the thinking of the Hindu-dominated Nehru Committee about the future constitution of the sub-continent, recommended a unitary form of Government and repudiated the principles of separate electorates and weightage for the Muslims in the provinces in which they were in a minority. This Report was followed by the publication of the Report of the Simon Commission which represented British thinking about future Constitutional Reforms. From the Muslim point of view, this Report also went against them, particularly on the issues of their adequate representation in the Punjab and Bengal Assemblies, and raising the status of the Frontier and Baluchistan Provinces. The Report was followed by two Round Table Conferences in London, to which political leaders from the sub-continent were invited and asked to agree on a scheme for the future, particularly on the issue of representation for various communities. No settlement, however, was reached at these conferences, with the result that the British Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, had to give his own Award on the issue. The Award, while conceding the continuance of separate electorates, maintained the previous position in regard to the majority provinces of the Punjab and Bengal where the Muslim majority was not allowed to be reflected in the legislature. All this added to the disappointment of the Muslims.

In the rapidly changing world around them, the Muslims, who were poorer and less educated than the Hindus and had little influence in the administration, were preoccupied with the idea of preserving themselves as a political and social entity in the sub-continent. They could not, however, think of anything except the somewhat negative approach implied in the demand for safeguards. This led them nowhere, and their frustration increased. It was left to Iqbal to realise that the Muslims needed a State of their own in order to be able to live their life as a people in their own way. This now seems to us to have been the obvious solution, but, strange as it may seem, it appeared as a revolutionary idea at the time.

It is hardly possible to understand the political struggle without taking note of two factors which are of basic importance—the economic position of the Muslims and their status as a distinct and separate cultural entity. I have dealt with the subject at length elsewhere, and would content myself with a brief resume of the position on the present occasion. Let us take up the economic factor first. The Muslims ruled the sub-continent for more than a thousand years and while their administration was moderate and considerate (had it been otherwise, it could not have continued for a thousand years), their own position as rulers was one of undisputed advantage. They had hardly any economic problem to worry about. When, however, their political power declined and the East India Company supplanted them as rulers, they suffered loss of wealth and social status along with their political position. The British, who had taken power from them

had no particular reason to trust them. On the contrary, they began to take early steps to make sure that the Muslims were reduced to a position of helplessness. In Bengal, for instance, after Lord Clive took the Diwani from Emperor Shah Alam in 1765, the Muslims, who held a majority of posts in the Revenue and Judicial Departments and in the Military, lost these avenues of employment. Again, their educational system suffered from the resumption by the East India Company of the grants given by Muslim kings and nobles to Muslim educational institutions. In 1793, Lord Cornwallis, the Governor-General of India, introduced the Permanent Settlement of Bengal which, in the words of James O' Kinealy, "elevated the Hindu Collectors, who up to that time had but unimportant posts, to the position of landlords, gave them a proprietary right in the soil, and allowed them to accumulate wealth which would have gone to the Muslims under their own rule." On the other hand, the old Muslim Zamindars, formerly the lords of all they surveyed, were reduced to poverty and destitution. Sir William Hunter has given us a picture of the misfortune that had overtaken the once powerful Muslim community in India. In 1837, when Persian was replaced by English in the Company's offices, the prospects of employment for Muslims diminished still further. The British policy was to cultivate and trust the Hindu and to leave the Muslim to his fate. Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General wrote to the Duke of Wellington in 1842, urging patronage of the Hindus who, according to him, were nine-tenths of the population, rather than trying to appease the Muslims, who were

only one-tenth and could not be reconciled to the British power. "It seems to me most unwise," said he, "when we are sure of the hostility of one-tenth, not to secure the enthusiastic support of the nine-tenths which are faithful." The events of 1857 made the Muslim position still worse. Notwithstanding the fact that the Hindus and the Muslims were jointly responsible for the rebellion and the first mutineer, Mangal Panday, whose name became a generic appellation for all mutineers, was a Hindu, the British thought the Muslims were at the root of the trouble. "Tell these rascally Musalmans," said Lieutenant Roberts (later Field Marshal Lord Roberts), "that by the grace of God we shall still be masters of India." This kind of feeling led to further persecution of these Muslims. In 1871, after the Crown had taken over the administration, a survey of employment conducted by E. C. Bailey, a Secretary to the Government, was summed up by him by saying that there was scarcely a Government office in Calcutta at that time in which a Muslim could hope for "any post above the rank of porter, messenger, filler of ink-pots and mender of pens." The educational movement of Syed Ahmad Khan aroused the Muslims to a sense of their degradation as a community and helped them to some extent to participate in Government administration and economic activity. The Hindus, however, were so far ahead in the race that there was no hope of catching up with them in the ordinary way. On the other hand, the Muslims were growing in population and poverty. From about 18 million in 1850 or thereabouts, they had grown to about 50 million by the turn of the century. In a famous speech in 1907, Iqbal has

described the abject poverty of the Muslim people. As time went on there was some improvement in the position, particularly after the British Government had agreed to a reservation of posts in the services for Muslims. The relative position of the Hindus and the Muslims, however, continued to be that of “haves” and “have-nots” down to the Partition. The economic disparity between the two peoples, the almost complete absence of industries in the Pakistan areas (which was hardly noted by any European observer except Professor Coupland) and the lack of any prospects of economic well-being among the Muslims in the face of the Hindu monopoly of the economy was one of the major contributory factors in the demand for Partition. On the 23rd of March, 1940, the Muslim League adopted the Pakistan Resolution at its Lahore Session, and thenceforward Pakistan became the accepted goal of the Muslims of the sub-continent. Nevertheless, in 1946, the Muslims, in the interest of peaceful political evolution, agreed, under Jinnah’s leadership, to accept the Cabinet Mission Plan which envisaged an undivided India with a Group System which would have allowed some freedom for economic development for the Pakistan areas in the Indus and the Ganges-Brahmaputra basins. It was, however, precisely this feature of the Plan which provoked Hindu opposition. The Plan, therefore, did not go forward. It was the last of an innumerable series of attempts to find a solution to the Hindu-Muslim problem in an undivided India. It failed because the Hindus failed to inspire any confidence among the Muslims and, indeed, succeeded only in giving the impression that they wanted to

damage, if not altogether destroy, the political, cultural and economic position of the Muslim community. The outbreaks of communal violence against the Muslims culminating in the Bihar tragedy of 1946 did nothing to allay these fears. There was no question any more of the Hindus and the Muslims living together; they had to part and part they did.

More important than the economic aspect of the Hindu-Muslim relationship is the cultural aspect. Indeed, it is the most fundamental line of cleavage between the Hindus and the Muslims. In order to understand the significance of this cleavage, it is necessary to bear in mind the revolutionary impact of the Islamic movement on men and peoples. Those who accept Islam have their whole personality transformed, with a clear break with the past and a complete change of direction. Islam, with its distinct moral values and approach to the problems of life, binds its adherents into a compact ideological community. History gives us more than one example of a people who started their career by a campaign of destruction against Muslim countries and Muslim culture and ended up by becoming devout adherents of Islam. The Saljuqs and the Mongols are two such examples. "Just as in the case of the Saljuqs," says professor Hitti, speaking of the Il-Khans, "the religion of the Moslems had conquered where their arms had failed. Less than half a century of Hulagu's merciless attempt at the destruction of Islamic culture, his great-grandson Ghazan, as a devout Moslem, was consecrating much time and energy to the revivification of that same culture."

The fact that a large number of Muslims in Pakistan and the rest of the sub-continent are descendants of Hindu converts to Islam is irrelevant, for once a man becomes a Muslim, his whole outlook on life becomes different. His loyalty and allegiance and his whole attitude to life and the universe—in a word, his *Weltanschauung*—is completely changed. As an example of the dynamic impact of Islam, we may mention Iqbal himself, who was a Kashmiri Brahmin of the Sapru caste by origin and who has become the greatest exponent of Muslim thought in modern times.

The problem of culture in the sub-continent is not as simple as it is sometimes made out to be. In the course of a thousand years of Muslim rule contacts developed between the ruler and the ruled, particularly after the first five centuries of Turkish sway, and a semblance of a common culture emerged. This culture, which was shared by the upper strata of Hindu and Muslim society, had inevitably a Muslim bias. It was based on Persian language and literature, in which both Hindus and Muslims acquired proficiency and produced poets, writers and scholars of eminence. We have, for example, Tekchand Bahar, the great lexicographer of the Persian language, and Chandar Bhan Brahman, the famous poet, and a whole host of Hindu scholars of Persian. The Mughal school of painting produced some outstanding Hindu artists like Manohar and Bachitter, while the old classical Hindu music was supplemented and improved by eminent Muslims like Amir Khusro, Sultan Husain Sharqi and Mian Tan Sen. Again, the Bhakti movement with its emphasis on

monotheism was a product of Islam's impact on Hinduism, and produced such great men as Guru Nanak, Kabir and Chaitanya. Social contacts in the upper layers of Hindu and Muslim society were frequent and intimate, culminating in Akbar's marriages with a number of Hindu princesses and similar other matrimonial alliances. The Hindus filled a large number of civil and military offices, including some of the highest. Todar Mal Khatri, who was the Revenue Minister of Sher Shah Suri before he became Imperial Chancellor under Akbar, Hemu the grocer, the commander-in-chief of the Suri forces at the Second Battle of Panipat, and Man Singh, one of the highest ranking generals of the Mughal Army, are three out of many examples. The judicial system aimed at even-handed justice to the Hindus and the Muslims alike. Kings and Emperors were personally accessible to anyone who cared to knock at their door for justice. Trade and industry was largely in the hands of the Hindus, who were free to exercise their religion. In the lower strata of society, they were free even to maintain, as they did, a social boycott of the Muslims throughout the period of Muslim rule. The Muslim rulers had settled down in the country and had severed their connections with their ancestral territories of origin, but the Hindus never really accepted them as their own. They were still Malechas, the low and the impure, or Jabans, the hateful foreigners, as Bankim Chatterjee calls them.

The Muslim rulers generally maintained an atmosphere of peace and tranquility which encouraged friendly relations between the Hindus and the Muslims. It must be admitted, however, that,

as was inevitable, the relationship between the ruler and the ruled was not always a balanced one. Moreover, there is no doubt that with all the concessions they enjoyed, the Hindus were a subject people. The relationship between a ruling people and a ruled population can never be a healthy one and is bound to leave a trail of bitterness behind it. You cannot expect gratitude from the people you rule. It was hardly surprising, therefore, to find that as soon as the Muslim power declined and the British established their authority over the sub-continent, the Hindus lost no time in turning their back on their former rulers and in ingratiating themselves with the new power in the land. Soon the last vestiges of the old Hindu-Muslim-culture disappeared. The Urdu language, which has a foundation of Sanskrit and a super-structure of Persian and which developed as a result of Hindu-Muslim contact under Muslim rule, is a particular case in point. Some of the great poets and writers of this language have been Hindus like Daya Shankar Nasim, author of the classic poem *Gulzar-i Nasim* or *Gul Bakavali*; Rattan Nath Sarshar, author of another classic, the prose romance of the *Fasana-i Azad*, and a number of other well-known works; Prem Chand, the greatest short-story writer of the language; Ufaq Lakhnavi; Barq Dehlavi; and Naubat Rai Nazar Lakhnavi, all front-rank poets and writers; Brij Narain Chakbast Lakhnavi, an outstanding poet, writer and critic; Lala Sri Ram, author of the monumental *Khumkhana-i Javid*, the best known biographical dictionary of Urdu poets and writers; Pyare Lal Ashob, a pioneer of the Urdu language in the Punjab; Ram Babu Saksena, author of the best known history of Urdu literature;

Daya Narain Nigam, editor of one of the foremost Urdu literary magazines, the Zamanah; Suraj Narain Mihr, one of the best known writers of children's poems; Talok Chand Mahrum and Labhu Ram Josh Malsiani, both poets of high rank (the latter an authority on the Urdu language); Durga Sahai Sarur, a leader of the transition from the neo-classical to the modern Urdu school of poetry; Professor Firaq Gorakhpuri, an outstanding exponent of the new ghazal; Anand Narain Mulla, a polished and versatile poet and writer; Pandit Brij Mohan Dattatrya Kaifi, a famous scholar, poet and writer; and a number of others. Even in our own generation, we have had men of the stature of Hari Chand Akhtar, a master of the Urdu ghazal, Rajinder Singh Bedi and Balwant Singh, two of the best short-story writers of Urdu, Arsh Malsiani, Jagan Nath Azad, Dwarka Dass Shula and Munawwar Lakhnavi, who rank with the best poets of their generation, Malik Ram, a scholar of great eminence and an authority on Ghalib, and a great many others. Indeed, no account of Urdu language and literature would be worth the paper it is written on if the Hindu contributions were to be omitted from it. And yet Urdu became an early victim of the Hindu hostility towards the Muslims. The Hindus began to promote Hindi as against Urdu and some of the most acrimonious controversies of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries centered round the Urdu-Hindi problem. Indeed, the French scholar, Garcin de Tasse, was moved by these controversies to remark that the Hindu wanted to do away with everything that reminded them of Muslim rule.

In the new environment in which the two communities found them-selves under the British Raj, with the old common culture disappearing, both the Hindus and the Muslims were thrown back on themselves, and there was a revival of culture on both sides. When they were not concentrating on their own culture, the Hindus and the Muslims could live together in an atmosphere of social and cultural amity, but with the revival of Hindu and Muslim culture which took place in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, the differences were seen to be obvious and fundamental. Let us take the Hindu and Muslim views on some of the important problems of life. The Hindu view of Ultimate Reality is flexible, while the Muslim view is not. You may believe in one God or in a million gods or no god at all and yet you can be a Hindu. A Muslim, however, can remain a Muslim only if he believes in one God and one alone. Let us take the influence of the incidence of birth on the social status of the human individual. A Hindu is expected to be loyal to the caste in which he is born. If he is a Shudra, he has to be a good Shudra. He should perform all the duties of a Shudra and not aspire any higher. As Ambedkar tells us, a Shudra is not expected to aspire even to listening to the sacred Vedas; if he does, he may have molten lead poured into his ears. Good conduct may enable him to be born in a higher caste in the next life. On the other hand, a bad Shudra may descend to the body of a lower animal when born again. Islam, on the other hand, recognises no caste system. A man may be born in any station in life; he is entitled to rise to the highest rung of the social ladder on

his merits. The Slave Kings of India and the Mamlukes of Egypt are remarkable examples of men born in slavery or descended from slaves rising to the highest positions of power. Again, coming to habits of eating and drinking, the Hindus and the Muslims do not eat or drink together, except when they have been Europeanized beyond redemption. A good Hindu would not let a Muslim touch his glass or his eating utensils. Again, rightly or wrongly, the Muslim is fond of eating the cow and, rightly or wrongly, the Hindu regards it as a sacred animal entitled to protection. The Hindu loves music, which forms an integral part of his devotional activities. The Muslim may like music, but would not like to mix it with prayers. That is why we have had so much bloodshed over cow-slaughter and music before mosques. In the field of literature, the Hindu sources of inspiration lie largely in Sanskrit and its dialects, while the Muslim turns to Persian and Arabic. Mario Pei makes an acute observation when he points out that Gandhi, the Hindu leader, derived his title of “Mahatma” from Sanskrit, while Jinnah, the leader of the Muslims, had his popular name of “Quaid-i-Azam” from Arabic. Before Independence, the Indian National Congress adopted “Bande Mataram” as the national song of India, without regard to the fact that this song, which occurs in Bankim Chandler Chatterjee’s Anando Moth, is written as a battle-cry against the foreigners, including the Muslims. Added to all this is the fact that the process of history which forms the main explanation of the separate existence of so many States in the Western world, has produced persons in the sub-continent in the course of a thousand years or

so of Muslim rule who have come to be regarded as heroes by the Muslims and villains by the Hindus and vice versa. Shivaji and Aurangzeb are two well-known examples. Their quarrel was political, but in the nineteenth century, the Hindu nationalists gave it a deeply communal colour and made Shivaji a national hero of the Hindus. To this the Muslims reacted by making Aurangzeb a hero of Islam.

The relationship between the Hindus and the Muslims at the beginning of the twentieth century is illustrated by an anecdote related by Sir Walter Lawrence in his book *The India We Served*. “Sir Partab (the Maharaja of Idar),” says Sir Walter, “had come up to Simla to be present at a farewell dinner Lord Curzon gave to my wife and myself the night before we left, and after the dinner Sir Partab and I sat up till two o’clock in the morning talking of his hopes and ambitions. One of his ambitions was to annihilate the Muslim people in India. I deprecated this prejudice and mentioned Muslim friends common to both of us. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I like them too, but very much like them dead.’”

It is sometimes suggested that the sub-continent forms one geographical unit. While it is true that the sea and the Himalayas provide a geographical boundary, the inherent geographical unity of the sub-continent is far from obvious. Indeed, it would appear that the area ‘south of the Vindhya-chals which is technically a peninsula, with its separate physiography, terrain and climate, has hardly any connection with the rest of the sub-continent. In the same way, the Indus basin and the Ganges-Brahmaputra basin,

which broadly represent West and East Pakistan respectively, are self-contained geographical (and economic) units, distinct from all others. Similarly, Rajputana is a separate arid zone. The diversity in natural geography in the sub-continent has resulted in a variety of climate, with a variety of related features, such as fauna and flora. As a matter of interest, the sub-continent has areas of the heaviest and the lowest rainfalls in the world, namely Cherapunji and the desert areas around Khairpur, respectively. Similarly, we have in the sub-continent what has so far been regarded as the hottest place on earth, namely Jacobabad, while, at the same time, we have some extremely cold places in the Himalayan regions. In the circumstances, it must take a great deal of courage on the part of anyone to assert the geographical unity of the sub-continent. Speaking of geographical units, would it not be correct to say that North Ireland and Eire are one unit, and Canada and U.S.A., excluding certain extremely situated areas, another unit?

Again, it has been said that the separation of East and West Pakistan by a thousand miles of Indian Territory makes Pakistan an unusual geographical phenomenon. At first sight this may appear to be so, but a little reflection would place this phenomenon at least on the same footing as the U.S.A. and Alaska, not to mention Hawaii.

Let us try to sum up. We have seen that there is no racial or linguistic unity between India and Pakistan. We have also seen that the revival of Muslim culture on the one hand and of Hindu culture on the other has disclosed the existence of an

unbridgeable gulf between the Hindus and the Muslims. With cultural outlooks so divergent, it is impossible to think that the two peoples would be prepared to live together and devote their combined efforts to a joint purpose. We have also seen the growth of economic disparity between the Hindus and the Muslims under British rule, a disparity which could not have been remedied in an undivided India with the Hindus holding a monopoly of economic power.

We have also had a glimpse of the political process which caused ceaseless controversy and growing bitterness between the two peoples. We have also seen that the sub-continent was never really a political unit (nor is it a geographical unit). Whatever political unity was achieved from time to time was imposed from without by strong and alien rulers.

Our study of the past makes it clear that history charted different courses for the Hindus and the Muslims in the sub-continent. It could not have been otherwise. There was hardly anything in common between them. The question before the Muslims was whether they should live as a free and independent people, preserving their religion and their culture for themselves, or should they let themselves be merged into the Caste System of Hindu India, with its inhuman limitations. But Islam is too vital a force to suffer such a fate. The result, therefore, was the partition of the sub-continent. This was inevitable. There were historical forces working themselves to their logical conclusion. The Hindus, with rare exceptions like G. K. Gokhale and C. R. Das,

did not understand these forces, and were, therefore, not amenable to the obvious solution until it was wrested from their hands. The Muslims, on the other hand, were fortunate enough to produce a seer—call him a visionary if you will—who could discern the inner process of history behind the outward events, and give voice to the latent aspirations of the Muslims in clear and unambiguous terms. Pakistan represents the struggle of Muslim culture to survive in this part of the world. “The construction of a polity on national lines,” said he, “if it means the displacement of the Islamic principle of solidarity is simply unthinkable to a Muslim.”¹⁷ He demanded the formation of a consolidated Muslim State in the best interests of Islam and India. That, for him, was the only way to peace in the sub-continent, provided, of course, that the Hindus showed understanding of the position. Let us hope that, in spite of all that has happened, a proper understanding of the meaning of Pakistan will dawn on those who are still somewhat confused about it. It is only through such an understanding on the part of the Indian rulers and the world at large that a permanent solution can be found of the problems of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent.

¹⁷ Shamloo (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 9.

IQBAL'S PANENTHEISM

Robert Whitemore

I

Examine Western philosophy from an Islamic standpoint and one characteristic of it is inescapable: from Thales to Wittgenstein Western thought has been for the most part invariably insular, insufferably parochial. European and American thinkers, in so many ways so diverse, have been from the time of their Greek forebears virtually as one in their provincial assurance that such ontological, cosmological and theological speculation as is worthy of their notice is a product of their Western culture.

The philosophy of Sir Muhammad Iqbal (1877-1938) affords a notable case in point. In the world of modern Muslim thought he stands alone. His *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*¹⁸ aspires to a place akin to that occupied by al-Ghazali's *Ihya Ulum al-Din* ("Revivification of the Religious Sciences"). His philosophical poetry is regarded by many Muslim scholars as a worthy postscript to the *Diwan* and *Mathnavi* of Jalaluddin Rumi. In his Pakistani homeland, and through-out the world of Islam, he is accorded a respect verging at times on reverence. And yet you will seek in vain through the pages of most modern European and American philosophy for a mention of his name.¹⁹ He is unknown

¹⁸ London, 1934.

¹⁹ One prominent exception is Hartshorne & Reese's *Philosophers Speak of God* (Chicago, 1953), pp. 294-97.

even to the compilers of philosophical dictionaries and encyclopedias.

Were Iqbal's philosophy purely Islamic in background and interest, such lack of notice might be expected. But such is not the case. Through years of study and travel in England and on the Continent Iqbal became thoroughly conversant with and steeped in the West and its culture. A student of McTaggart and James Ward at Cambridge (1905-1908), a Ph.D. from Munich, he encompassed the range of European thought from Plato to Bergson, rejecting much in the former, absorbing much from the latter. Nietzsche has left his mark upon him, as have Wundt, Lotze and William James. But this is not to imply that Iqbal is merely another Asia-tic turned Western eclectic. For Ghazali and Rumi also have been his teachers, the Prophet and the Qur'an his constant source of inspiration. It is this fusion of patterns of philosophical and religious thought foreign to each other that constitutes Iqbal's "Reconstruction" an achievement possessing a philosophical importance far transcending the world of Islam. Iqbal, in fact, has added yet another dimension to that cosmological point of view associated in the West with such names as Whitehead, Berdyaev, Montague, Hartshorne and William James. In the measure of his contribution to this point of view lies the enduring philosophical significance of his thought.

AT the heart of Iqbal's philosophy²⁰ lies the existentialist conviction that Reality is ultimately inexpressible purely in terms of reason and science. This is not to deny the import of these latter. Whatever view of man, universe and God we ultimately arrive at, it must, Iqbal thinks, be one in which the data of science are accounted for, one in which the demands of reason for coherence are met. Yet below and above the level of science and reason there is that which man knows simply because he feels it and intuits it. There is, to use Bradley's terms, the intra-relational as well as the supra-relational. There is pretension which is not yet apprehension; there is feeling. The real is the rational—and then some.

Is Iqbal's philosophy, then, no more than a species of mysticism? By no means, if by "mystic" you understand one who renounces the use of reason and the materials of science. Iqbal is no more a mystic, and no less, than Hegel, Bradley, Whitehead or Berdyaev, because he, like they, finds some facets of this universe expressible only in the language of metaphor or poetry. Like these (Western) thinkers he too finds Reality in some respects surd, of a

²⁰ By "Iqbal's philosophy" I mean, unless otherwise indicated, that point of view expressed in the philosophical poems of his later years, *The Secrets of the Self* (*Asrar-i Khudi*), tr. Reynold A. Nicholson (London, 1920) ; *The Complaint and the Answer* (*Shikwah and Jawab-i Shikwah*), tr. Altaf Husain (Lahore, 1954), and his major prose work *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*. The limitation, is necessary since, as with most thinkers, Iqbal's philosophy encompasses a development from the aesthetic pantheism characteristic of his early poetry, and his *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia* (London, 1908) to the personalistic panentheism of those later writings whose viewpoint it is here our concern to elucidate and analyze. For a brief account of Iqbal's early position, see M. M. Sharif, v "Iqbal's Conception of God," in *Iqbal as a Thinker* (Lahore, 1944), pp. 107-12.

character that can neither be explained nor explained away. If one wishes an example, one has, Iqbal would argue, merely to look within to that finite centre of experience denominated by the words “self” or “soul.” Psychiatrist, behaviourist, mystic, all have fallen short in the attempt to explain this, so far, inexplicable. Yet for every man his “self” is the fundamental fact of the universe.²¹ With it alone does any philosophy properly begin, and the philosophy of Iqbal is no exception: “...my perception of things that confront me is superficial and external; but my perception of my own self is internal, intimate, and profound. It follows, therefore, that conscious experience is that privileged case of existence in which we are in absolute contact with Reality and an analysis of this privileged case is likely to throw a flood of light on the ultimate meaning of existence.”²²

What, then, is this “self” we begin with? It is not, Iqbal thinks, a thing, material in nature, describable in terms of the morphology of a stuff. It is not a Scholastic soul-substance. Nor, on the other hand, can it be conceived as a mere succession of psychic states, a stream of consciousness.²³ It is rather something which, while doing justice to both Permanent and Passing, makes neither

²¹ “To my mind, this inexplicable finite centre of experience is the fundamental fact of the universe. All life is individual ; there is no such thing as universal life” (The Secrets of the Self, pp. xvi-xvii).

²² Reconstruction, p. 44.

²³ “Consciousness,” as Iqbal sees it, “is something single, presupposed in all mental life, and not bits of consciousness, mutually reporting to one another” (ibid., pp. 96-97).

character to be an epiphenomenon of the other.²⁴ It is, in a word, ego.

This is not to imply that “ego” is to be regarded as something over and above what it experiences, for “inner experience is the ego at work.”²⁵ The very essence of egohood is directive purpose,²⁶ creative movement,²⁷ action. “Thus my real personality

²⁴ The Fichtean overtones of this conception of “self” are most obvious in Iqbal's poetry, as, for instance, these lines (187-96) from *Secrets of the Self*:

The form of existence is an effect of the Self,
Whatsoever thou seest is a secret of the Self,
When the Self awoke to consciousness,
It revealed the universe of Thought.
A hundred worlds are hidden in its essence:
Self-affirmation brings Not-self to light.
By the Self the seed of opposition is sown in the world:
It imagines itself to be other than itself.
It makes from itself the forms of others,

In order to multiply the pleasure of strife.

²⁵ Reconstruction, p. 97. Also “The life of the ego is a kind of tension caused by the ego invading the environment and the environment invading the ego. The ego does not stand outside this arena of mutual invasion. It is present in it as a directive energy and is formed and disciplined by its own experience” (ibid.).

²⁶ “Mental life is teleological in the sense that, while there is no far-off distant goal towards which we are moving, there is a progressive formation of fresh ends, purposes, and ideal scales of value as the process of life grows and expands” (ibid., p. 52).

is not a thing, it is an act. My experience is only a series of acts, mutually referring to one another, and held together by the unity of a directive purpose. My whole reality lies in my directive attitude. You cannot perceive me like a thing in space, or a set of experiences in temporal order; you must interpret, understand, and appreciate me in my judgments, in my will-attitudes, aims, and aspirations.”²⁸ Here will and intellect, mind and ego, coincide, for mind (or thought) is ego viewed as “a potency which is formative of the very being of its material. Thus regarded, thought or idea is not alien to the original nature of things; it is their ultimate ground and constitutes the very essence of their being, infusing itself in them from the very beginning of their career and inspiring their onward march to a self-determined end.”²⁹

What we call Nature is but ego as event and act. That this is so becomes clear when we look at this conception of self (ego, mind) in the light of the traditional mind-body problem. Iqbal finds the solution of Spinoza and Descartes equally inadequate:

Parallelism and interaction are both unsatisfactory... We have seen that the body is not a thing situated in an absolute void; it is a system of events or acts. The system of experiences we call soul or ego is also a system of acts. This does not obliterate the

²⁷ “On the analogy of our conscious experience, then, the universe is a free creative movement. But how can we conceive a movement independent of a concrete thing that moves? The answer is that the notion of a ‘thing’ is derivative. We can derive ‘things’ from movement; we cannot derive movement from immobile things” (ibid., p. 48).

²⁸ Ibid , p. 98.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 30.

distinction of soul and body; it only brings them closer to each other... The body is accumulated action or habit of the soul; and as such undetectable from it. It is a permanent element of consciousness which, in view of this permanent element, appears from the outside as something stable. What then is matter? A colony of egos of a low order out of which emerges the ego of a higher order. when their association and interaction reach a certain degree of co-ordination.³⁰

In Iqbal's universe there is no such thing as "a purely physical level in the sense of possessing a materiality, elementally incapable of evolving the creative synthesis we call life and mind."³¹ As in Whitehead, so also in Iqbal, philosophy of nature becomes a philosophy of organism, becomes panpsychic evolution in which nature is to be "understood as a living, ever-growing organism whose growth has no final external limits."³² As in Whitehead, so

³⁰ Ibid., p. 100. Cf. also: "physical organism—that colony of sub-egos through which a profounder Ego constantly acts on me, and thus permits me to build up a systematic unity of experience. Are then the soul and its organism two things in the sense of Descartes, independent of each other, though somehow mysteriously united? I am inclined to think that the hypothesis of matter as an independent existence is perfectly gratuitous" (ibid., p. 98).

³¹ Ibid., p. 101. Cf. also: "The truth, however, is that matter is spirit in space-time reference. The unity called man is body when you look at it as acting in regard to what we called the external world; it is mind or soul when you look at it as acting in regard to the ultimate aim and ideal of such acting. . . .The ultimate Reality, according to the Quran, is spiritual and its life consists in its temporal activity. The spirit finds its opportunities in the natural, the material, the secular. . . .There is no such thing as a profane world. All this immensity of matter constitutes a scope for the self-realization of spirit" (ibid., p. 147).

³² Ibid., p. 54. It is, however, important to note that the inspiration for Iqbal's panpsychism is not any thinker of the West but rather the famed Persian mystic,

also in Iqbal, nature so understood is not simply blind, purposeless life-force. As unity, as ego in action, it is through and through teleological, but not in the sense of a fixed plan.

The world process, or the movement of the universe in time, is certainly devoid of purpose, if by purpose we mean a foreseen end—a far-off fixed destination to which the whole creation moves. To endow the world process with purpose in this sense is to rob it of its originality and its creative character. . . . It is purposive only in this sense that it is selective in character, and brings itself to some sort of a present fulfilment by actively preserving and supplementing the past. To my mind nothing is more alien to the Quranic outlook than the idea that the universe is the temporal working out of a preconceived plan. As I have already pointed out, the universe, according to the Quran, is liable to increase. It is a growing universe and not an already completed product which left the hand of its maker ages ago, and is now lying stretched in space as a dead mass of matter to which time does nothing, and consequently is nothing.³³

Are we, therefore, to conceive the universe as lacking deity? By no means. “The movement of life, as an organic growth, involves a progressive synthesis of its various stages. Without this synthesis it will cease to be organic growth. It is determined by ends, and the presence of ends means that it is permeated by

Rumi. Iqbal acknowledges as much in his *Reconstruction*, quoting at length and with obvious approval from Rumi's *Mathnavi*. See especially pp. 115 if.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

intelligence.”³⁴ At the level of cosmic unity this intelligence must be conceived as Ultimate Self,³⁵ Divine Ego. Immanent in nature,³⁶ the source of the emergent, it is, in the words of the Qur’an, “the first and the last, the visible and the invisible.” What we call Nature is but a fleeting moment in its life.³⁷ To know Nature is to have knowledge of its behaviour.³⁸ As character is to the human self, so is Nature to this Divine Self. “In the picturesque phrase of the Quran, it [Nature] is the habit of Allah.”³⁹

Reality is, therefore, essentially spirit. But, of course, there are degrees of spirit... I have conceived the Ultimate Reality as an Ego; and I must add now that from the Ultimate Ego only egos proceed. The creative energy of the Ultimate Ego, in whom deed and thought are identical, functions as ego-unities. The world, in all its details, from the mechanical movement of what we call the atom of matter to the free movement of thought in the human ego, is the self-revelation of the ‘Great I am.’ Every atom of Divine energy, however low in the scale of existence, is an ego. But there are degrees in the expression of egohood. Throughout

³⁴ Ibid., pp. 49-50.

³⁵ “. . . the ultimate Reality is a rationally directed creative life. To interpret this life as an ego is not to fashion God after the image of man. It is only to accept the simple fact of experience that life is not a formless fluid, but an organizing principle of unity” (ibid., p. 58).

³⁶ Ibid., p. 101.

³⁷ Ibid., p. 53.

³⁸ . Ibid., p. 54.

³⁹ Ibid.

the entire gamut of being runs the gradually rising note of egohood until it reaches its perfection in man.⁴⁰

The cosmological problem here is, of course, the relation of finite ego to Ultimate Ego, psyche to Omnip psyche. In Iqbal's words, "The real question which we are called upon to answer is this: Does the universe confront God as His 'other', with space intervening between Him and it?"⁴¹ Iqbal's answer is an unqualified "No." "The universe cannot be regarded as an independent reality standing in opposition to Him."⁴² "The universe . . . is not an 'other' existing per se in opposition to God. It is only when we look at the act of creation as a specific event in the life-history of God that the universe appears as an independent 'other'. From the standpoint of the all-inclusive Ego there is no 'other'. In Him thought and deed, the act of knowing and the act of creating, are identical."⁴³

The scientific justification for such a view Iqbal finds to lie implicit in the theory of relativity itself. "We cannot," he remarks in his essay "The Self in the Light of Relativity":

construe ever-present externality to mean the total independence or absoluteness of what appears as external to the self. Such an interpretation would contradict the very principle which discloses its relativity. If, then, in view of the principle of relativity, the

⁴⁰ Ibid., pp. 67-68.

⁴¹ Ibid., p. 62.

⁴² Ibid.

⁴³ Ibid., p. 73.

object confronting the subject is really relative, there must be some self to whom it ceases to exist as a confronting 'other'. This self must be non-spatial, non-temporal—Absolute, to whom what is external must cease to exist as external... To the Absolute Self, then, the Universe is not a reality confronting Him as His 'other'; it is only a passing phase of His consciousness, a fleeting moment of His infinite life. Einstein is quite right in saying that the Universe is finite but boundless. It is finite because it is a passing phase... of God's extensively infinite consciousness and boundless because the creative power of God is intensively infinite. The Qur'anic way of ex-pressing the same truth is that the Universe is liable to increase.⁴⁴

This is to say that God Himself is liable to growth. "The future certainly pre-exists in the organic whole of God's creative life, but it exists as an open possibility, not as a fixed order of events with definite outlines."⁴⁵

Is God then imperfect? If "perfection" precluded growth the answer would have to be "Yes." But "perfection" need not be so conceived. Change in the sense of a movement from an imperfect to a relatively perfect state is not, Iqbal argues,⁴⁶ the only possible

⁴⁴ In Bashir Ahmad Dar, *A Study in Iqbal's Philosophy* (Lahore, 1944), pp 397-98.

⁴⁵ *Reconstruction*, p. 75. Cf. also : "We are gradually travelling from chaos to cosmos and are helpers in this achievement" (*Secrets of the Self*, p. xvii); "The universe is not a completed act : it is still in the course of formation. There can be no complete truth about the universe, for the universe has not yet become 'whole' (*ibid.*, p. xviii).

⁴⁶ *Reconstruction*, p. 57.

form of life. The Creative Self at any moment of His existence possesses the totality of the achievement of the universe, hence is properly denominated “perfect.” If creation is continuous, the future open, the universe growing, then the perfect, surpassed of all others in that it includes within itself all Being and value, may and must surpass itself.⁴⁷

Is God then infinite? If by “infinity” you mean boundless immensity in space, immeasurable stretch of serial time, Iqbal’s answer is “No.”

God cannot be conceived as infinite in the sense of spatial infinity. In matters of spiritual valuation mere immensity counts for nothing... . Space and time are possibilities of the Ego, only partially realized in the shape of our mathematical space and time. Beyond Him and apart from His creative activity, there is neither time nor space to close Him off in reference to other egos. The Ultimate Ego is, therefore, neither in the sense of spatial infinity nor finite in the sense of the space-bound human ego whose body closes him off in reference to other egos. The infinity of the Ultimate Ego consists in the infinite inner possibilities of His creative activity of which the universe, as known to us, is only a

⁴⁷ The logic of this viewpoint has been most extensively and persuasively argued by Charles Hartshorne in his *Man’s Vision of God* and in his essay, “The Logic of Panentheism,” in *Philosophers Speak of God* (see especially pp. 506-08).

partial expression. In one word, God's infinity is intensive. It involves an infinite series, but is not that series.⁴⁸

It is not that series because for Iqbal, as for Bergson, time is not serial passage but pure duration,⁴⁹ "an organic whole in which the past is not left behind, but is moving along with, and operating in, the present."⁵⁰ Is God then in time? Rather it is that time like space, like change, like Nature itself, is a function of the character of God. For God as Ultimate (Absolute) Ego is, as we have seen, the whole of Reality.

He is not so situated as to take a perspective view of an alien universe: consequently, the phases of His life are wholly determined from within. Change, therefore, in the sense of a movement from an imperfect to a relatively perfect state, or vice versa, is obviously inapplicable to His life. A deeper insight into our conscious experience shows that beneath the appearance of serial duration there is true duration. The Ultimate Ego exists in

⁴⁸ Reconstruction, p. 61. Cf. also: "True infinity does not mean infinite extension which cannot be conceived without embracing all available finite extensions. Its nature consists in intensity and not extensity; and the moment we fix our gaze on intensity, we begin to see that the finite ego must be distinct, though not isolated, from the Infinite" (ibid., p. 112).

⁴⁹ "Personally, I am inclined to think that time is an essential element in Reality. But real time is not serial time to which the distinction of past, present, and future is essential; it is pure duration, i.e. change without succession. . . . Serial time is pure duration pulverized by thought—a kind of device by which Reality exposes its ceaseless creative activity to quantitative measurement. It is in this sense that the Quran says: 'And of Him is the change of the night and of the day' "(ibid., (pp. 55-56).

⁵⁰ Ibid., p. 47.

pure duration wherein change ceases to be a succession of varying attitudes, and reveals its true character as continuous creation.

To the Creative Self change cannot mean imperfection. The perfection of the creative self consists, not in a mechanistically conceived immobility... It consists in the vaster basis of His creative activity and the infinite scope of His creative vision. God's life is self-revelation, not the pursuit of an ideal to be reached. The 'not-yet' of man does mean pursuit and may mean failure; the 'not-yet' of God means unfailing realization of the infinite creative possibilities of His being which retains its wholeness throughout the entire process.⁵¹

From the standpoint of pure reason it might appear that we have here to do with merely one more species of pantheism. Indeed, Iqbal himself admits pantheism to be the inevitable outcome of a purely intellectual view of life.⁵² Yet if Iqbal's God is at all identifiable with the Qur'anic Allah—and such Iqbal intends Him to be—the conception unfolded above cannot possibly be pantheistic. How then is the “inevitable outcome” to be avoided? The answer to this question is at once an answer to the question as to how we come to know God.⁵³ As Iqbal sees it, the sole

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, p. 57.

⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 58.

⁵³ “Scholastic Philosophy has put forward three arguments for the existence of God. These arguments, known as the Cosmological, the Teleological, and the Ontological, embody a real movement of thought in its quest after the Absolute. But regarded as logical proofs, I am afraid they are open to serious criticism and further betray a rather superficial interpretation of experience” (*ibid.*, p. 27). The reason for their failure is, from Iqbal's point of view, “that they look upon ‘thought’ as an

possible answer to this latter is that we know God by intuition,⁵⁴ which is to be conceived not as a faculty of knowledge qualitatively distinct from reason or perception, but rather as a quality implicit in cognition at every level. Thus while intuition is feeling, this is not to imply that it is purely subjective, for as Bradley and White-head have shown, feeling itself reveals cognitive content. To see that this is so we have, Iqbal suggests, merely to reflect on the character of our knowledge of our own self. And as it is at the level of the finite self so is it at all levels. Man rises in intuition from the discovery of self to the awareness of life as centralising ego,⁵⁵ rises finally to the intuitive experience of God as universal, unifying, telic power. For Iqbal as for Ibn Arabi, “God is a percept ; the world is a concept”⁵⁶; for Iqbal as for Bergson, Bradley and Whitehead, the Ultimate is known because felt, believed because intuited. Strictly speaking, the experience which leads to this gnosis is not a conceptually manageable intellectual fact; it is a vital fact, an attitude consequent on an inner biological trans-formation which cannot

agency working on things from without. This view of thought gives us a mere mechanism in the one case, and creates an unbridgeable gulf between the ideal and the real in the other” (ibid., p. 29). It is precisely because this gulf between ideal and real cannot be admitted that all scholastic forms of argumentation for God must involve an element of speciousness.

⁵⁴ For a detailed account of Iqbal’s conception of intuition, see Ishrat Hasan Enver, *The Metaphysics of Iqbal* (Lahore, 1944), pp. 19 if.

⁵⁵ *Reconstruction*, p. 58. Cf. also : “The world-life intuitively sees its own needs, and at critical moments defines its own direction” (ibid., p. 140).

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 173.

be captured in a net of logical categories.⁵⁷ Whitehead calls it “transmutation.” For Bradley it is what we mean in speaking of the transformation involved in the passage from the relational to the supra-relational level of experience. Whatever it is named, it is, none the less, that quality of experience which leads the self beyond the intellectual with its inevitable pantheism to complete itself in the possession of that attitude which, for Iqbal, is religion.⁵⁸ To come to the realisation of the meaning and significance of this religious level of experience is, Iqbal thinks, to see for once and all the inadequacy of pantheism as a theological description.

We have seen that for Iqbal the relation of finite to Infinite Ego is one in which “true infinite does not exclude the finite,” but rather “embraces the finite without effacing its finitude,” and in so doing “ex-plains and justifies its being⁵⁹—which is to say that “the world in all its details, from the mechanical movement of what we call the atom of matter to the free movement of thought

⁵⁷ Ibid.

⁵⁸ Religion is defined by Iqbal as “a deliberate enterprise to seize the ultimate principle of value and thereby to reintegrate the forces of one’s own personality” (ibid., pp. 178-79). So defined, religion “in its higher manifestations is neither dogma, nor priesthood, nor ritual” (ibid. p. 178). “Religion is not a departmental affair; it is neither mere thought, nor mere feeling, nor mere action ; it is an expression of the whole man” (ibid., p. 2). “The ultimate aim of the religious life [is] the reconstruction of the finite ego by bringing him into contact with an eternal life-process, and thus giving him a metaphysical status of which we can have only a partial understanding in the half-choking atmosphere of our present environment” (ibid., p. 183).

⁵⁹ Ibid., pp. 27-28.

in the human ego, is the self-revelation of the 'Great I am'.⁶⁰ Expressed either way, it is clear that Iqbal does not intend that the Infinite be regarded merely as an abstract totality of finites. In both forms, the notion of a unity transcending its parts is plainly implied. In short, Iqbal's conception is not pantheism but panentheism, understanding by this latter "the doctrine that the world is not identical with God (pantheism), nor separate from God (deism), but in God (theism), who in His divine nature transcends it."⁶¹

To confirm this we have but to look to the central position occupied in Iqbal's thought by the notion of the individual. At no point in his philosophy does Iqbal describe the Absolute in terms of featureless totality.⁶² God is always "Ultimate Ego," "Creative

⁶⁰ Ibid., pp. 67-68.

⁶¹ Funk and Wagnall's Unabridged Standard Dictionary. Panentheism as here defined differs from theism in that it either (1) leaves open the question as to whether God is to be conceived as personal (the theistic viewpoint), or as non-personal, or a-personal, or it (2) leaves open the definition of "Person," assuming that God is de-fined as such.

⁶² Commenting on the view espoused by Farnell in his Gifford Lectures on the attributes of God, Iqbal remarks that "It may, however, be said that the history of religious thought discloses various ways of escape from an individualistic conception of the ultimate Reality which is conceived as some vague, vast, and pervasive cosmic element, such as light. This is the view that Farnell has taken... I agree that the history of religion reveals modes of thought that tend towards pantheism; but I venture to think that in so far as the Quranic identification of God with light is concerned Farnell's view is incorrect... Personally, I think the description of God as light, in the revealed literature of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, must now be interpreted differently... The metaphor of light as applied to God, therefore, must. in

Self,” “Omnipsyche.” As regards the character of the finite, the description is throughout in terms of selves or egos. The reference is always plural. Even in his doctrine of transformation (transmutation) Iqbal is at pains to stress his conviction that the individual is neither in time nor eternity lost in God. “The end of the ego’s quest is not emancipation from the limitations of individuality; it is, on the other hand, a more precise definition of it.”⁶³

Because individuality is plural, this doctrine cannot be pantheistic; because outside of God there is no individual, there is nothing, deism is meaningless. It is theistic to the degree that individuality connotes personality. It is panentheistic because according to it God as individual, while not other than that universe which is His physical being, is more than the sum of egos and sub-egos of which this universe is composed. To those who have followed the exposition thus far, this concern to establish Iqbal’s view as panentheism may seem to border on labouring the obvious. Yet such labouring is necessary if only for the reason that at least one interpreter of Iqbal’s thought has seen fit to deny that Iqbal’s view is panentheism because “Either the Ultimate Ego holds the finite egos in His Imagination; or He holds them in His Being. The first alternative is pantheistic. Iqbal would not hold it; it is not justified by the facts of our experience of our own

view of modern knowledge, be taken to suggest the Absoluteness of God and not His Omnipresence which easily lends itself to pantheistic interpretation (Reconstruction, pp. 60-61).

⁶³ *Ibid.*, p. 187; cf. also pp. 91, 94.

self. The human ego, if regarded as a creation of the imagination of God only, would be life-less and no more than imaginary.”⁶⁴ If this is what panentheism really means then we must, I think, admit the soundness of the argument. But with all due respect to the author, it would appear that he has here badly misconceived the meaning of the term. However variously it be defined, panentheism has never meant merely the holding of the finite in God’s imagination. At least no panentheist of philosophical stature has ever so maintained. Of course, to hold that God (before creation) possesses that finite in His imagination which, after creation, He holds also in His being, is orthodox doctrine for any theist who maintains the dogma of creation *ex nihilo*. But Iqbal does not seem to accept this dogma,⁶⁵ and to define panentheism as the holding of the finite in God’s being appears to be no more than an alternative manner of expressing the definition we have already adopted.⁶⁶ If such be so, then Enver’s summary of Iqbal’s conception of the relation of God and the universe expresses precisely that view we have all along been concerned to delineate, i.e.

⁶⁴ Ishrat Hasan Enver, *op. cit.*, p. 72

⁶⁵ The reservation is necessary, because while Iqbal holds to a doctrine of "continuous creation" (*Reconstruction*, pp. 47-49, 97-98), which he claims *is* essentially Islamic (*ibid.*, p. 131), it is doubtful whether Islamic orthodoxy, which accepts creation *ex nihilo*, would find the two doctrines compatible. On this point it may well be that Iqbal has reconstructed Islamic religious thought somewhat more extensively than the original architects would care to acknowledge.

⁶⁶ See above, p. 72.

We must hold that the Ultimate Ego holds the finite egos in His own Being without obliterating their existence. The Ultimate Reality must be regarded as of the nature of the self. But further this self does not lie apart from the universe, as if separated by a space lying between Him and ourselves. The Ultimate Self, therefore, is not transcendent, as is conceived by the anthropomorphic theists. He is immanent, for He comprehends and encompasses the whole universe. But he is not immanent in the sense of the pantheists of the traditional type, because He is a personal and not an impersonal reality... He is in short immanent and transcendent both, and yet neither the one nor the other. Both immanence and transcendence are true of the Ultimate Reality. But Iqbal emphasizes the transcendence of the Ultimate Ego rather than His immanence.⁶⁷

III

To unite in one motion the Absolute of cosmology with the Person of monotheism is, as James Ward has remarked, the problem for twentieth-century philosophers. By and large they have shirked it—some, like Hegel, Bradley and Alexander, by emphasizing the Absolute to the virtual exclusion of the Person; others, such as the Scholastics and the Christian Existentialists, by exalting the Person to a degree beyond which philosophers committed to a coherently reasoned approach could give assent.

⁶⁷ Enver, *op. cit.*, pp. 72-73.

A small group—Berdyaev, Whitehead, Hartshorne, are names which come to mind—have met the problem head on. To this last group must now be added the name of Iqbal.

In a sense, the task that Iqbal has set himself is even more difficult than that attempted by these last named thinkers, for Iqbal has sought to accomplish not merely the personalization of the Absolute, but to do so in such manner as to render his conception true in character and spirit to the teaching of the Qur'an. Because Islam, like Christianity, has for far too many centuries been dominated by a dogmatic scholasticism, this is an undertaking of somewhat greater difficulty than it need have been. Hence, for Iqbal, as for many philosophers and theologians of the West, any revivification of religion must begin with the recognition that the scholastic outlook, far from constituting a divinely sanctioned truth, is rather a philosophical straitjacket of which religion must be divested if it is to live. Applied to Islam this means a panentheistic reinterpretation of the teaching of the Qur'an, and throughout his work Iqbal is concerned to show that this teaching is not simply harmonious with his "reconstruction" but actually requires it. This, he thinks, becomes clear when we stop to consider the nature and character of the Person envisaged by the Qur'an in juxtaposition with the view of God which has been set forth above.

Now that Ultimate Ego must be Person is evident from the implications of Iqbal's cosmological scheme itself. If the universe is so constituted as to consist in an infinity of sub-egos unified

into egos, in turn unified into an all-inclusive ego, then it makes no sense to speak of this last as simply an all-pervasive life-force, for life, taking as it does the form of ego, implies individuality by this very act, and this is so whether we have regard to ego as finite or as all-inclusive infinity. If God is Ego, Self, God is Person.

So much might one admit, but the heart of the matter remains to be resolved since it is not at all self-evident that Iqbal's idea of "Person" and that of the Qur'an are one and the same. For while scholars, Muslim and non-Muslim alike, seem to be more or less agreed that Allah is to be thought of as operatively immanent and concrete in this world, both Sunnite orthodoxy and the language of the Qur'an itself describe a creator God and celestial and terrestrial hierarchy which, taken literally, seems a far remove from Iqbal's Creative Self in process. Is the Qur'an then to be taken literally? Iqbal would say no, for as it is in Christianity, so here also, the presupposition of the possibility of any reconciliation between Scripture and philosophy is the recognition that Scripture need not, indeed cannot, be understood in all its parts in literalist or fundamentalist terms. Of course, the final word regarding the propriety or orthodoxy of any non-literalist interpretation is most properly left to the Qur'anic theologians. We only note here Iqbal's claim that Allah and Ultimate Ego are to be understood as one and the same.

The religious warrant for such an assertion is to be found by considering the Islamic notion of Creation. As noted above,⁶⁸

⁶⁸ See above, p. 67.

Iqbal takes this notion to mean not that single act with which the past began but rather a continuous and continuing process in time. And for support he cites that hadith in which the Prophet has declared, “Do not vilify time, for time is God.”⁶⁹ That such a reinterpretation of Creation is of immense importance for religion is obvious. For if Creation be conceived as the continuous unfolding and fulfillment by God in time of the unlimited possibilities open for His realization rather than, as orthodoxy has it, the making of a finished product outstretched in space, confronting God as His “other,” then such specifically religious doctrines as immortality and resurrection, evil and destiny, take on a new and reasonable character, the classic problems of relating God to the universe and creation to evolution admit at last of explanation free from paradox.

Consider immortality. If creation is continuing progress, God and the universe in the making, then immortality cannot be man’s by in-alienable right guaranteed by his faith. It cannot be a static condition to be achieved and enjoyed in an eternity of restful glory. On the contrary, as Iqbal never wearies of pointing out, “It is the deed that prepares the ego for dissolution, or disciplines him for a future career. The principle of the ego-sustaining deed is respect for the ego in myself as well as in others. Personal immortality, then, is not ours as of right; it is to be achieved by personal effort. Man is only a candidate for it... The ego must continue to struggle until he is able to gather himself up, and win

⁶⁹ Reconstruction, p. 10.

his resurrection.”⁷⁰ It is important to note that this “struggle” is not one which culminates with death: “...death, if present action has sufficiently fortified the ego against the shock that physical dissolution brings, is only a kind of passage to what the Quran describes as ‘Barzakh’... a state of consciousness characterized by a change in the ego’s attitude towards time and space.”⁷¹ Just what this “state” or “change” consists in can hardly be precisely defined. However, as Iqbal interprets it, it is not to be regarded as merely a passive state of expectation. Rather it is “a state in which the ego catches a glimpse of fresh aspects of Reality, and prepares himself for adjustment to these aspects... The resurrection, therefore, is not an external event. It is the con-summation of a life-process within the ego.”⁷² In sum, that ego is worthy of immortality which preserves itself even in the face of death, and passing through death to “Barzakh,” in “Barzakh” still maintains its tension in the face of Judgment. Notice that there is here no question of an “original sin” inhibiting man’s attainment of the goal. On Iqbal’s view there is no need for “Grace.”

Sin or evil, as Iqbal sees it, is not something which hangs over mankind as a curse which only God in His infinite mercy can lift. Rather is it a challenge— to be met and mastered by each acting in his own way. Had we known not evil, we could not, he thinks, recognize good ; if evil did not present itself as a factor to be overcome, ego would not have opportunity to achieve the

⁷⁰ Ibid., pp. 113-14.

⁷¹ Ibid., p. 113.

⁷² Ibid., p. 114.

individuality demanded for it. Iqbal's view-point, both as regards evil and immortality, inevitably calls to mind the meliorism of William James,⁷³ as indeed Iqbal apparently intends that it should, for he adapts James's language to the conviction of Islam when he remarks apropos of evil and immortality that "The teaching of the Quran, which believes in the possibility of improvement in the behaviour of man and his control over natural forces, is neither optimism nor pessimism. It is meliorism, which recognizes a growing universe and is animated by the hope of man's eventual victory over evil."⁷⁴

Withal, we must not allow the melioristic character of Iqbal's re-interpretation of these doctrines to obscure the fact that his work is, from first to last, the work of a Muslim.⁷⁵ At every point he is at pains to indicate his conviction that his teaching is in all respects harmonious with the spirit and teaching of the Qur'an. He speaks and writes always from a standpoint within Islam. Thus, if in the sequel we find his re-construction to be a philosophic importance transcending the world of Islam, we must remember that in one sense at least it is in spite of his standpoint rather than because of it.

IV

⁷³ It is obvious that Iqbal here has in mind Chapter 5 of James's Pragmatism.

⁷⁴ Reconstruction , p. 77.

⁷⁵ This is most apparent in his poetry, as, for instance, these lines from Jawab-i-Shikwah (p. 36) :

THAT God (whatever its nature) is One, that this universe is animated (for better or worse) by purpose, and that it has a character and value, that this value is evidenced by the testimony of God to man in Scripture—in these convictions Islam and the religions of the West find common ground. To ascribe, therefore, an extra-Islamic significance to Iqbal's thought is to claim that his viewpoint contributes in important measure to the clarification and understanding of these common convictions, not only as regards their harmonization with secular knowledge as well.

Does it, in fact, do this? The conception of God as Absolute Ego, whatever its offence to the religious sensibilities of the orthodox, achieves

To my Muhammad be but true,

And thou hast conquered me;

The world is naught; thou shalt command My Pen of Destiny.

This much: it gives concrete meaning and plausibility to man's cherished belief that God is love. The conception of purpose as the realization by Self of value and character, however dubious in the eyes of materialists, achieves this much: it explains the relatedness of all things to God, and of God to all things, in such manner as to avoid the insoluble theological paradoxes inherent in the scholastic conception of God as simple, immutable, non-reflexive perfection.

Yet to say that Iqbal has given new plausible meaning to old paradoxical doctrine is but to state half the case. For in showing that nature and spirit are not alien to one another, and hence that it is not necessary for the man of religion to say no to his environment, he has pointed the way to a solution of the perennial conflict between science, philosophy and religion, a solution whose key is the recognition that “The scientific and religious processes are in a sense parallel to each other. Both are really descriptions of the same world with this difference only that in the scientific process the ego’s standpoint is necessarily exclusive, whereas in the religious process the ego integrates its competing tendencies and develops a single inclusive attitude resulting in- a kind of synthetic transfiguration of his experiences.”⁷⁶ Applied to philosophy, this is to say that, “While sitting in judgement on religion, philosophy cannot give religion an inferior place among its data. Religion is not a departmental affair; it is neither mere thought, nor mere feeling, nor mere action; it is an expression of the whole man. . . . Nor is there any reason to suppose that thought and intuition are essentially opposed to each other. They spring from the same root and complement each other.”⁷⁷ The measure of Iqbal’s contribution to Western thought is, in large part, his success in showing that the proper understanding of meaning and relation of religion, philosophy and science will be attained only when men come to

⁷⁶ Reconstruction, p. 185.

⁷⁷ Ibid., pp. 2-3.

realise that each is only a perspective, but a perspective for the lack of which Reality would be the less.

THE SONG OF TIME

Translated from Iqbal's Payam-i Mashriq or "Message of the East" by Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson, Cambridge [Dr. Nicholson says that "The Payam-i Mashriq was written as a response to Goethe's West-Ostlicher.... The sage of the West, the German poet, who was fascinated by the charms of Persia, depicted those coy and wisdom beauties and gave the East a greeting from Europe. Although the Payam resembles the Divan in form, since both contain short poems arranged in sections, which bear separate titles, and also in its general motive, there is no correspondence as regard the subject-matter... much in the Payam is hard to comprehend and harder to translate.... It is worthwhile to become acquainted with Iqbal's rich and forceful personality."]

Sun and stars in my bosom I hold:

By me, who am nothing, thou art ensouled. In light and in darkness, in city and world, I am pain, I am life, manifold.

Destroyer and Quickener I from of old.

Chingiz, Timur—specks of my dust they came, And Europe's turmoil is a spark of my flame, Man and his world I fashion and

frame, Blood of his heart my spring flowers claim. Hell-fire and Paradise I, be it told.

I rest still, I move—wondrous sight for thine eyes! In the glass of To-day see To-morrow arise,

See a thousand fair worlds where my thought deep lies, See a thousand swift stars, a thousand blue skies ! Man's garment am I, God I behold.

Fate is my spell, freewill is thy chant. O lover of Laila, thy frenzy I haunt ;

As the spirit pure, I transcend thy vaunt. Thou and I are each other's innermost want;

Thou showest me forth, bid'st me too in thy mould.

Thou my journey's end, thou my harvest-grain, The assembly's glow and the music's strain. O wanderer, home to thy heart again! Behold in a cup the shoreless main! From thy lofty wave my ocean rolled.

SOME STYLES OF PRACTICE-WRITING BY GREAT CALLIGRAPHERS

Lieut.-Colonel K. A. Rashid, A.M.C.

THE importance of Kalimah in the domain of art is great. Besides the purely religious significance which it bears, its artistic potentialities have been unquestionable. The “letters alif and la—two letters with vertical stems—لا اله الا الله—form a wonderful basic pattern for every kind of decorative ornamentation of the formula which is, of course, found wherever Muslims have reached, and in both minor arts and architectural inscriptions these weighty words have been ornated with so intricate and bewildering interlacing ornaments that an uninitiated would scarcely imagine that the essence of Muslim faith is concealed behind them. ...”t This is indeed enchanting.

In my opinion this Islamic formula is the beginning of Muslim calligraphy. This was the main magic force of Islam in the world of art. The letter alif became the inspiring force in the art of war, where swords and scimitars were fashioned after its different patterns. The letter lam persisted in the imagination of the artists and architects till it found its fulfillment in the towers and monuments of Islam. On paper they both combined to culminate in the exquisite execution of Tughras. This was the height of “compressed” calligraphy.

In its earlier stages it were the Arabs who practiced the art of calligraphy, while it received its highest fulfillment in the hands of

the Persians, the Turks and the Indians. Innumerable styles of writing were developed up to the time of the Abbasids. From the Kufic to the Naskh, and on to Nasta'liq it developed in a dozen other forms. There has been no further development after the last style, and I feel there is no likelihood of another developing in these days of typewriting and printing.

In this short paper I will not deal with the history and development of this art. I have a few specimens of rare calligraphy to demonstrate and show how the calligraphists used to practise their art. There are seven specimens of calligraphy being reproduced here for the readers to ponder. I shall give a brief description of each to explain my point of view. It will show how the calligraphists used to show their skill in the practice of strokes and curves. These seven specimens pertain to the Nasta'liq style of writing. I have not come across any practice-writing in the Naskh style. Maybe some day someone is able to throw some light on this hidden aspect of calligraphy.

There are two main types of Arabic writing, namely (1) Kufic and (2) Naskh. The Kufic type is an angular type of writing, while the Naskh style is cursive and rounded. During the second half of the eighteenth century A.D., a style of writing developed in Iran which was called Ta'liq. This style tended to slope downwards from right to left, and met with great popularity all over the Muslim world. It continued to progress side by side with the other styles, till Mir `Ali Tabrizi combined the Naskh and the Ta'liq styles to produce the Nasta`liq style of writing. In this new style

the “curves develop into most sensual forms— either round and supple like the crescent, or smooth and oval like an egg.”² Its strokes are long and sharply or bluntly pointed in the form of a straight sword or a scimitar. In it the strokes flow easily, either straight or horizontally or with a slight gradually increasing bend towards the middle in the manner of a sword (Picture No. 1). This Qit'ah is from the pen of an unknown calligrapher of no mean order. In this you will see all the forms of a circle and other types of strokes beautifully illustrated. The calligrapher has also adopted the unique method of writing in the manner of a “Plough,” in which the writing alternatively appears in lines written in opposite directions, and makes it look as if each letter falls into the bosom of the letter opposite. The symmetry in each line is thus not interfered with. The strokes are spread out as if, like swords, striking in the bellies of the curves. I regret I have been unable to identify the calligrapher, but from his style and standard of writing he appears to be a master of his art. I would not be surprised if he turned out to be the great master Mir `Imad, for I discovered this Qit `ah lying atop another (Picture No 2) in the same shop in Meshed which is signed by Mir `Imad. Except that this writing is more bold than the one you have just seen in Picture No. I, the style of writing, the curves and the strokes are very much similar to the one you have already seen.

Picture No. 3 is another specimen of practice-writing which is again unsigned, but from the pen of a master. There is one striking peculiarity in this practice-writing, and that is the repetition of words and letters in different manners and moods so

as to present various forms of expression in that particular style. This practice-writing should not be taken as an aimless scribble. The writing has a sequence and makes sense. But it takes practice and a good deal of labour to decipher what the calligraphist has written. This will be more apparent from Picture No. 4.

As I have said, all these pictures are practice-writing of great calligraphists. The artist while practicing is creating different moods and patterns, thus covering the entire range of possibilities in which he can mould the words. Look at the bottom third of Picture No. 2, and see the words **ضعيفيم** (Dha'ifaim), **عشقم** (Ishqam) and **مسلمان** (Mussalman). You will find it variously written. Similarly, every word is written in a different style. This was real practice what they called &I. (Mashq). Going back to Picture No. 1, look into each line carefully. You will again find several words written in different styles. I would particularly draw your attention to the central bold lines, written in white ink, in Picture No. 1, which end with the words Khwajah Mahmud. How beautifully the variants have been brought out!

To further illustrate my point, now look at Picture No. 4, which is an autographed Qit`ah of Mirza Muhammad. Incidentally, very little is found about this calligraphist in books on calligraphy. A small mention is, however, found in Tadhkirat al-Khattatan of Hidayatullah.³ It says :

میرزا محمد شیرازی نسب بمیرزا کوچک وصال رساند و نستعلیق را نیکو نگارد
و شعر نیز گوید و تخلص داوری گذارد۔ (1290 هجری)۔

The picture shows the practice-writing comprising of a few verses of Hafiz which I am sure is easily readable. To facilitate its reading I re-pro-duce it here. In its upper half, it reads as follows:

ساقی بنور باده بر افروز جام ما
مطرب بگو که کار جهان شد بکام ما
ما در پیاله عکس رخ یار دیده ایم
اے بیخبر ز لذت شرب مدام ما

Watch carefully the variants in this-Qit`ah. Notice the word مطرب (Mutrab); how many variants it has! At the bottom in the lower half of the Qit`ah, it reads thus:

گر میفروش حاجت رندان روا کند
ایزد گنه ببخشد و دفع بلا کند
ساقی بجام عدل بده باده تا گدا

غیرت نیورد کہ جهان بر بلا کند

Look at the word میفروش (Maifarush) or حاجت (Hajat) or ببخشد (Bebakhshad). There are four styles in each word. The fifth one was perhaps not possible!

Another style of writing in Nastaliq is the زلف عروس (Zulf-i `Arus) or the “Locks of the Bride.” It is also a decorative style. Actually under the Nasta'liq style of writing innumerable styles have developed, amongst which is one called Shakastah. This Shakastah or the broken style of writing is again of different types. Zulf-i `Arus is one of the Shakastah styles of writing, the other being شکسته آمیز (Shakastah Amiz). However, I am dealing with the Zulf-i `Arus here. Its strokes are interlocked and curve upward in a thick manner thinning out gradually, usually in a rising fashion. They ascend slantingly, as in Picture No. 5.

Picture No. 6 shows the Shakastah Amiz style of Nasta'liq writing. The calligraphist shows a free flow of his pen by joining words and letters in the most original manner. There is a subtle flourish in his strokes. The end of the line here also is always ascending. He rarely uses dots, except for decoration. This makes the reading difficult. He omits the dots deliberately to keep the continuity of his flow, and rarely stops to annotate the writing with dots or other diacritical signs. This *Qit'ah* is also the work of a master. Unfortunately, it is not signed, although dated. Picture

No. 7 is a clear-cut specimen of Nasta'liq style of writing which is flawless. This is signed by `Abdur Rahim. He is no less a person than `Abdur Rahim al-Jaziri Isphahani, the master calligraphist, who decorated the porticos of Madrassah Chahar Bagh in Isphahan with his writing. He is not to be confused with `Abdur Rahim `Anbarin Qalam, the court calligraphist of Emperor Jahangir. This *Qit'ab* will enable the readers to assess the beauty of Nasta'liq and compare its beauty with that of the Shakastah style.

All the *Qit'abs* reproduced here are from the personal collection of the writer.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Annamarie Schimmel, *Gabriel's Wing*, E.J. Brill, Leiden, 1963, p. 89.
2. Zia-ud-Din, *Moslem Calligraphy*, Santiniketin Press, India, 1936, p. 65.
3. Hidayatullah, *Tadhkirat al-Khattatan*, Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta, 1910, p. 54.
4. M.S. Dimand, *A Handbook of Muhammadan Art*, Heartsdale House, New York, 1947.

THE BOOK OF SERVITUDE

Translation of Iqbal's Bandagi Namah

by Hadi Hussain

INTRODUCTION

THE moon, addressing God, said: “Lord, my light

Turns night to day by Your divine command.

But Oh! how fondly I regret the time

When there was neither day nor night and I Still slumbered in

Time’s mind. There was No star within my orbit: to revolve

Was not my nature’s law. My light did not

Make mirror-bright the desert’s sands,

Nor did my beauty stir the oceans’ breast.

Alas! all this was suddenly transformed

By Being’s sorcery and by its love

Of self-display. I for my part learned from

The sun the art of shining and lit up

This derelict and lifeless globe of dust—

A globe, for all its love of light, without
The joy of life; its face all badly marred
By servitude's marks deep-burnt into it:
And its men caught like fish in nets cast by
Their fellow-men. What, men to worship men
And turn away their faces from their God!
O! ever since You bound me to this globe,
It has been my disgraceful duty to revolve
Around it like a humble worshipper.
It is devoid of the light of the soul,
And is not worthy of Your sun and moon.
Dispatch it hurtling into Your blue space
And cut it off from us, Your luminaries.
Spare us the shame of being slaves to it.
Or bring forth a new Adam from its dust.
If neither, it were better that my eye
Was blind, O God! and this globe plunged in gloom.”

Bondage kills the heart in the live body
And makes the very soul a burden on it.
It enervates youth into palsied age.
It blunts the mighty jungle lion's teeth.
It tears the fabric of society
To shreds, making each individual
Go his own selfish way, so that the whole
Community becomes the image of
A congregation praying pell-mell with
No leader to direct its movements: while
Some people prostrate themselves, others stand.
One individual is at odds with
Another, everyone with his own pain
To bear. Even the man of God assumes
The girdle of devotion to false gods.
The true pearl of his soul becomes a sham
And like a tree which sheds its leaves before
The autumn's advent he divests himself

Of everything except the fear of death.
Deprived of all sense of distinction, he
Thinks bee-stings to-be honey and takes good
For evil. Dead, although he never died,
He bears his own corpse on his shoulders;
And having staked away life's honour, he
Is happy like an ass to be fed grass.
Look at his possibilities and his Impossibilities.
Think of the way
His hours and days, his months and years go by
A funeral procession in which everyone
Bewails everyone else, in which all move
More slowly than the sands of time run out.
Think of a heath all thorns with scorpions' stings,
The Book of Servitude
Whose ants bite dragons and tarantulas,
Whose stormy winds are fires of hell at large
(Strong gales which fill the sails of Satan's bark);

Fires tumbling in the air, flame intertwined
With flame; fires wreathed in swirling smoke-puffs; fires
With thunder's rumble and the ocean's roar
(And on their outskirts snakes with ugly hoods
Replete with poison, all coiled up in strife
Like their own flames); fires whose flames pounce
Like biting dogs, which horrify, which burn
The living, but whose light is cold and dead—
A million years in such a dreadful place
Are better than a moment's servitude.

I. THE ARTS OF SLAVES

(1) Music

Death lurks behind the arts of slavery.
Oh! fatal is their sorcery.
The song Of slavery is lacking in life's fire;
But like a flood it storms the walls of life.
A slave's heart is dark like his face; his song

Is as depressing as his spirit is Depressed.

There is no gusto in his heart,

No joyous memories of yesterday,

No hope of a to-morrow: and his lute

Betrays the doleful secret of his soul.

It mourns the death of multitudes and makes

You sad and weak and tired and sick of life.

Perennial tears are collyrium

To a slave's eyes: remain as far away

As you can from his lachrymose laments.

Beware, for they are only songs of death;

Annihilation in the guise of sound.

If you are thirsty, go elsewhere; for there

Is no sweet-water well, no Zamzam, on

This Ka'bah's grounds.

The rhythm of these sad songs

Is the rhythm of the death-throes of mankind.

They take away the burning passion of

The heart and leave behind mere grief and woe.
They are a poison served in Jamshed's cup,
Which, therefore, mirrors death instead of life.
There are two kinds of sorrow (listen well
And let my flame be your path-lighting lamp).
One kind of sorrow, brother, eats up man,
The other kind eats up all other sorrows.
The second kind is our companion,
Our friend; it is the comfort of our soul;
It keeps away all paltry grief's from us.
In its depth slumber all the tumults of
The world: it is a coastless sea which spans
The panorama of Creation as
A whole. When it finds lodgement in a heart,
That heart becomes a deep and boundless sea.
To be a slave is to be ignorant
Of the soul's mystery.
The slave's song is Devoid of the Great Sorrow's overtones,

Though I do not say that its notes are false;

For after all a widow's dirge must have

Its own peculiar wailing style.

Music should be forceful and impetuous

And should rush forward like a flood so that

It sweeps away all sorrow from the heart.

It should be nurtured on pure ecstasy,

A fire that is dissolved in the heart's blood,

A sap that nourishes the fruit of flames,

A storm of sound with silence at its heart.

In music, do you know, there comes a stage

Where speech sprouts forth without words from the heart?

A fiery song is Nature's naked light,

Which no man shaped: its meaning makes its form.

I do not know the origin of meaning;

But its form is apparent and we know it.

If music has no meaning, it is dead:

Its fire is a cold fire, an ember's glow.

The mystery of meaning was unveiled
By Rumi, on whose threshold does my thought
Prostrate itself. He said: "Meaning is that
Which is transcendent, which transports you out
Of yourself and which makes you independent
Of outer form. It is not that which turns
You blind and deaf and makes you fall in love
With mere form all the more." The pity is
That our musicians never saw the beauty
Of meaning and lost themselves in mere form.

(2) Painting

The art of painting is in the same plight.
It bears the stamp of neither Abraham,
The worshipper of the One God, nor that
Of Adhar, fashioner of idol-gods.
A monk caught in the snare of carnal lust;
A beauty with a bird imprisoned in

A cage; a king with folded knees before
A hermit wrapped up in a patchwork cloak;
A man from the hills with a firewood load;
A lovelorn maiden going to a temple;
A yogi sitting in a wilderness;
An old man tortured by the pains of age,
Whose candle is about to flicker out;
A minstrel with an alien instrument,
So deeply lost in its strange melodies
That if a nightingale—an alien bird,
Again—were to break into song, the shock
Would surely make his instrument's strings snap ;
A young man wounded by a glance's shaft ;
A child astride his aged father's neck—
Such are the death-themes that pour forth galore
From the brushes of painters who are slaves.
All modern art and science worship at
The evanescent's shrine: they have robbed hearts

Of faith and given them doubt in return.
One who lacks faith cannot seek after truth;
Nor does he have the power to create.
His heart quakes inside him with fear; so he
Cannot bring forth new forms. He is remote
From his own Self and sick at heart.
His guide, His vade-mecum, is mere vulgar taste.
He goes to Nature with a begging bowl
For beauty's alms—a robber in disguise,
He steals from Nature, itself destitute.
To seek for beauty outside of yourself
Is wrong: what ought to be is not before
Your eyes, all ready-made, for you to see.
A painter who surrenders himself to
The forms of Nature loses the form of his
Self In imitating mere external forms.
He does not smash the crystal images
Of our false gods with granite-strokes

From his creative brush. His canvases
Show Nature captive, lame and helpless in
Its multicoloured garment as if it
Were a straitjacket made to hold it down.
The moths he paints burn at an alien flame
And have no living flame within themselves.
His pictures of to-day reflect no vision of
To-morrow and his eyes can never penetrate
The curtains of the sky ; for in his breast
There beats no fearless, enterprising heart.
Cringing, meek and self-ashamed, he has
No access to the Gabriel in him.
His thought is poor and has no zest for strife.
His trumpet-call has nothing in it of
The trumpet-call of Israfil, because
There is no Resurrection in its wake.
When man regards himself as mere dust, then
The light of God within his spirit dies.

And if a Moses loses hold of his own Self,
His palm no longer shines, his staff becomes
A piece of rope. An artist cannot live
Without performing miracles. But Oh!
This secret is not known to everyone.
An artist, when he adds to Nature, brings
To light the secret of his inner Self.
Although a sea that needs no increment,
He yet receives full tribute from the streams
Of other minds. He makes good life's defects,
And shows it ways of being beautiful.
The houris he creates are lovelier
Than those of Heaven ; the images he shapes
Are more authentic than Lat and Manat:
Denying them is like denying God.
He brings into existence a new world
And gives a new life to the heart of man.
He is a sea which hurls its waves upon

Itself and which casts its pearls at our feet.

Out of the fullness of his soul he fills

All voids. His pure heart is the touchstone

Of the beautiful and the ugly and

His art a mirror which reflects them both.

He is the essence of both Abraham

And Adhar, and both breaks old images

And makes new ones.

He digs up every old Foundation and pounds it up into new

Material for building a new world.

In servitude the body is drained of

The soul: What good can be expected from

A body with no soul? The heart is shorn

Of all joy of creation and all zest.

If you turned Gabriel into a slave,

He would fall down from his celestial heights.

The credo of the slave is imitation

And his job is to make false images.

In his religion novelty is sin.
New things fill him with doubt and misgivings;
With old things he is in his element.
His eye is on the past and future-blind.
Like an attendant at a tomb, he seeks
His living through the dead. If this is art,
Then art is aspiration's death—a corpse
Draped in a pretty shroud. Wise is that bird
Which shuns a net, be it made of silk thread.

II. THE RELIGION OF SLAVES

In servitude religion and love are
Apart: life's honey goes sour and tastes bad.
What is love? It is to hurl unity
At your heart like a thunderbolt and then
To hurl yourself at every obstacle.
In servitude, love is all idle talk,
Talk with which deeds are not in harmony.

The caravan of aspiration has
No ears for the call to the road; no faith,
No knowledge of the way, no guiding chart.
The slave parts cheaply with religion and
With wisdom both: he gives away his soul
To save his body and, although the name
Of God is on his lips, the object of
His worship is the ruler's might—a might
Which is a living, growing lie and which
Gives birth to nothing but more lies. It is
An idol which is God to you so long
As you kneel down and worship it, but which
Falls to the ground if you stand up to it.
The real God provides both life and bread,
While this false god provides bread but takes life.
The real God is one; this god is in A hundred bits.
The one is Providence;
The other is a helpless thing.

The one Heals gaps; the other breeds disunity.
The false god teaches men to be his slaves,
Divesting their eyes, ears and minds of faith.
When he rides on the souls of his bondsmen,
The souls remain within the bodies, but Fall dead.
Alive and yet without a soul!
Let me explain to you this paradox,
The inner meaning of this mystery.
To be alive and to be dead, wise man,
Are modes of being which are relative.
For fish there are no deserts and no hills ;
For birds the ocean's depths do not exist.
The deaf are dead to music's charms ; for sound
Is alien to their world. A blind man may
Enjoy the music of a harp, but not
The sight of colour, to which he is dead.
The soul abides with God and, as for men,
It lives in one but is dead in another.

The one who lives and never dies is God:

To live with Him is to live absolutely.

A godless man is dead of soul, although

No one mourn him. From his eyes are concealed

Things which it is a joy to see: his heart

Is empty of all ardour and all zest.

There is no fire of passion in his deeds,

No light of heavenly wisdom in his speech.

His faith is just as narrow as his world:

His morning is as gloomy as his night.

Life is a heavy burden on his shoulders;

He bears and nurtures death in his own breast.

Love finds his company an agony,

And his cold breath extinguishes all flames.

For worms that spend their lives in their earth-holes

There is no sun, no moon, no circumambient sky.

Expect no waking soul, no vision, from

A slave. His eyes cannot endure the strain

Of looking, and all he exists for is
To eat, to sleep a heavy sleep, and die.
If one bond of his is unfastened by
The ruler, then another one is forged.
The ruler fashions new chains, link on link,
And makes him put them on like coats-of-arms.
With demonstrations of his rage and wrath
He drives the fear of death deep into him,
Until he loses every bit of hope
And all desire. At times the ruler grants
The slave a robe of honour and, perhaps,
An office of responsibility
The chess-player's trick of losing a chessman,
Promoting thus another pawn to queen.
Employing a small gift as a decoy,
He robs the slave of all his future wealth.
The body fattens on the boons of kings;
The soul grows spectre-thin. Far better that

A cityful of bodies perishes
Than that a single soul is thus destroyed.
The slave does not wear fetters on his feet;
He wears them on his soul. Insidious is
The terrible disease of slavery.

III. THE ARCHITECTURE OF FREE MEN

Come, spend a moment in the company
Of the great dead. Come, witness and admire
The art of free men, the creations of
An Aibak or a Suri, if you have
A living heart and eyes that are not blind.
They brought themselves out of themselves and thus
Embodied their great souls before their eyes.
They took Eternity and, stone by stone,
Built it into those monuments of theirs
To moments of creative energy.
The sight of their creations makes your mind

Mature and shows to you another world.
They mirror their originators' souls.
High minds and manly enterprise are both
Embedded in their stones like precious gems.
Do not ask me who worships at these shrines:
The body cannot tell the soul's story. Ah me!
I am screened off from my own Self
And have not tasted of the waters of Life's stream.
I am uprooted from my home,
Cast far away from my real abode.
Stability comes from a stable faith.
Ah me ! my faith is but a sapless plant.
I do not have in me the power of
The faith which says, "There is no God but GOD,"
My worship is not fit for this high shrine.
Look for a moment at that precious gem,
The Taj, agleam in the light of the moon,
Its marble rippling like a flowing stream,

Each ripple a wave of Eternity.

A man's love has expressed itself in it,

Stringing the stones together with the thread

Of his eyelashes as if they were pearls.

The love of free men is a breeze from Heaven

Which draws forth melodies from bricks and stones.

It is a touchstone for the gold of beauty:

It both uncovers beauty and preserves Its sanctity.

Its aspirations soar

Beyond the summit of the skies, beyond

This world of quantity, cause and effect.

Since what it sees can never be described

In words, it throws the veil off its own soul.

Love sublimates all passions and invests

With worth much that is worthless.

Without love Life is a funeral, a joyless thing,

A celebration of decay and death.

Love meliorates man's mental faculties

And burnishes stone into a mirror.
It gives to men with living hearts the light
Of Mount Sinai and to the artist's hand
It gives the miracle-performing power
Of Moses' Shining Palm. All that exists,
All that is possible, yields to its might:
And in this bitter, gloomy world, it is
A gushing fountain of sweetness and light.
The ardour of our thought comes from its fire.
Its work is to create and to breathe life
Into what it creates.
It is enough
For all—for insects, animals and men.
“Love by itself suffices both the worlds.”
Divorced from power, charm is sorcery:
Combined with power, it is prophethood.
Love makes both charm and power work for it:
It pools two worlds into a single one.

[Zabur-i 'A jam]

THE IQBAL ACADEMY, PAKISTAN

WHAT IQBAL WISHED TO DO OR WISHED TO BE DONE

Iqbal at different places in his letters expressed his wish either to write himself or ask his correspondents to write on the following topics:

(I)

[References, unless otherwise stated, are to Iqbal Namah published by Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf (Lahore), Vol. I (n.d.) and Vol. II (1951)]

1. Political and social conditions of 8th/14th-century Muslim world during the life of Hafiz of Shiraz (I, 35-37, 43)
2. Study of `Iraqi's Lam`at and "Time" (I, 44; II, 443)
3. Hallaj's Kitab al-Tawasin (recommends study of Massignon's explanatory notes) (I, 54; II, 51, 79)
4. A Tadhkirah of poets of Kashmir after the pattern of Shibli's Shi'r al-`Ajam (I, 58)
5. A study of Harith Muhasibi whose mysticism influenced Jewish and Christian mystics (I, 68-69)

6. A study of Buddhist influence on the life of pre-Islamic and post-Islamic Central Asian and Arabian people (I, 78)

7. A study of Muslim contribution to philosophy:

(i) in the field of logic—criticism of Aristotelian logic (I, 127, 128, 130; II, 214)

(ii) regarding conception of Time and Space (I, 122, 156, 164, 165, 166, 168, 443)—(a study of Mamonides is also recommended in this respect—I, 156)

(iii) in the field of Mathematics (I, 247)

8. A study of Indian Muslim contribution to philosophy (I, 165, 180)

9. Constitutional position of Imam (Khalifah) with reference to Turq al-Hikmiyah of Ibn Qayyam (I, 145-50) and I'lam al-Mu'qi'in (I, 152, 403)

10. A study of Wali Allah, especially with regard to Irtifiqat (I, 160-63)

11. An Urdu translation of Wali Allah's Tafhimat and Budur-i Bazighah (I, 188, 197)

12. A study of the concept of Collective Security in the light of the Qur'an, ix. 49 (I, 204)

13. A detailed study of:

I— (a) religious and political history of Islam; (b) mysticism; and (c) jurisprudence (I, 202-03, 399)

II— cultural and philosophical aspects of Islam (II, 90)

14. A study of Semitic conception of Prophethood (I, 420)

15. A study of Shaikh Ahmad of Sirhind (II, 48)

16. A study of Tipu Sultan (II, 89)

17. A history of different sects among Muslims (II, 218)

18. A study of Muslim moral and political theories (II, 221)

19. A study of Shah Muhammad Ghauth of Gwalior (II, 373)

20. A study of Hadi Subzwari and Mulla Sadra (I, 156; II, 157)

21. An illustrated edition of Javid Namah (I, 169, 178)

22. A study of Ibn `Arabi with ref. to Fusus al-Hikam (I, 44) and Futuhat (I, 164, 168, 180-81)

23. A study of Shihab al-Din Maqtul (I, 117)

24. A study of Fakhr al-Din Razi (I, 123, 158)

25. A study of (i) Khushal Khan Khattak and (ii) Sana'i (I, 310; II, 163)

26. A history of the Punjab during Muslim rule (pre-Sikh period) (Maktubat ed. by Syed Nazir Niyazi, p. 283)

27. A study of Muslim India during 1707-1867 (ibid., p. 284)

(II)

[References are to S. A. Vahid (Ed.), Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal]

1. Conception of God in Schleiermacher (13)

2. Vedanta of Sankara (13)

3. (a) Islam as a moral and political ideal (29)

(b) Study of Buddhism, Christianity, Zoroastrianism and Manichaenism (as it influenced Christianity) (29)

4. Slavery in Islam (40) Influence of Muslim civilisation on modern Europe (45)

5. Abdul Qadir of Algeria (45)

6. Defensive and aggressive wars in Islam (46)

7. Political theories—Sunnite, Shiite, Kharijite (62-63)

8. Shaikh Ahmad Rifa'i—a booklet translated by Maulana Sharar (81)

9. Intellectual history of the Muslims of Western and Central Asia from the 10th century onward (82)

10. A study of S. Alexander (Gifford Lectures) (94)

11. Ethical issues involved in the question of Time (96)
12. Immortality (96)
13. Race ideal—its history and effects (98-99)
14. Germs of an economic and democratic organization that lie scattered in the pages of the Qur'an and Traditions (100)
15. Ibn `Arabi, `Iraqi, Mujaddid Alf-i `Thani (101)
16. Humanist movement in Europe—its rise (the result of Muslim influence) (104)
17. Intellectual life in Muslim Spain and its effect on Europe (104)
18. Pringle-Pattison (Gifford Lectures) (112)
19. Einstein's Relativity (114)
20. McTaggart (116)

(III)

1. Study of religious experience—expansion of what has been written in the first two lectures
2. Existentialist thinkers—theistic Keirkegaard and Christianity, Martin Buber

3. Modern Christian theologians like Tillich, Niebuhr, Berdyaev, Barth, etc.

4. Whitehead

5. Spengler—a critical study of his views

10. A study of Wali Allah, especially with regard to Irtifiqat (I, 160-63)

11. An Urdu translation of Wali Allah's Tafhimat and Budur-i Bazighah (I, 188, 197)

12. A study of the concept of Collective Security in the light of the Qur'an, ix. 49 (I, 204)

13. A detailed study of:

I— (a) religious and political history of Islam; (b) mysticism; and (c) jurisprudence (I, 202-03, 399)

II— cultural and philosophical aspects of Islam (II, 90)

14. A study of Semitic conception of Prophethood (I, 420)

15. A study of Shaikh Ahmad of Sirhind (II, 48)

16. A study of Tipu Sultan (II, 89)

17. A history of different sects among Muslims (II, 218)

18. A study of Muslim moral and political theories (II, 221)

19. A study of Shah Muhammad Ghauth of Gwalior (II, 373)

20. A study of Hadi Subzwari and Mulla Sadra (I, 156; II, 157)
21. An illustrated edition of Javid Namah (I, 169, 178)
22. A study of Ibn `Arabi with ref. to Fusus al-Hikam (I, 44) and Futuhat (I, 164, 168, 180-81)
23. A study of Shihab al-Din Maqtul (I, 117)
24. A study of Fakhr al-Din Razi (I, 123, 158)
25. A study of (i) Khushal Khan Khattak and (ii) Sana'i (I, 310; II, 163)
26. A history of the Punjab during Muslim rule (pre-Sikh period) (Maktubat ed. by Syed Nazir Niyazi, p. 283)
27. A study of Muslim India during 1707-1867 (ibid., p. 284)
(II)

[References are to S. A. Vahid (Ed.), Thoughts and Reflections of Iqbal]

1. Conception of God in Schleiermacher (13)
2. Vedanta of Sankara (13)
3. (a) Islam as a moral and political ideal (29)
- (b) Study of Buddhism, Christianity, Zoroastrianism and Manichaenism (as it influenced Christianity) (29)

4. Slavery in Islam (40) Influence of Muslim civilisation on modern Europe (45)

5. Abdul Qadir of Algeria (45)

6. Defensive and aggressive wars in Islam (46)

7. Political theories—Sunnite, Shiite, Kharijite (62-63)

8. Shaikh Ahmad Rifa'i—a booklet translated by Maulana Sharar (81)

9. Intellectual history of the Muslims of Western and Central Asia from the 10th century onward (82)

10. A study of S. Alexander (Gifford Lectures) (94)

11. Ethical issues involved in the question of Time (96)

12. Immortality (96)

13. Race ideal—its history and effects (98-99)

14. Germs of an economic and democratic organisation that lie scattered in the pages of the Qur'an and Traditions (100)

15. Ibn `Arabi, `Iraqi, Mujaddid Alf-i Thani (101)

16. Humanist movement in Europe—its rise (the result of Muslim influence) (104)

17. Intellectual life in Muslim Spain and its effect on Europe (104)

18. Pringle-Pattison (Gifford Lectures) (112)
19. Einstein's Relativity (114)
20. McTaggart (116)

(III)

1. Study of religious experience—expansion of what has been written in the first two lectures
2. Existentialist thinkers—theistic Keirkegaard and Christianity, Martin Buber
3. Modern Christian theologians like Tillich, Niebuhr, Berdyaev, Barth, etc.
4. Whitehead
5. Spengler—a critical study of his views

SUBJECTS SELECTED FOR IMMEDIATE WORK

1. Iqbal and Modern Existentialist Thinkers, specially Martin Buber Primary emphasis to be placed on Iqbal's thought.
2. Study of Indian Mystics with special reference to their contribution to Mystic Thought—like Hujwiri, Mu'inuddin Chishti, Nizamuddin Auliya, Abdul Qaddus of Gangoh, Shah

Muhammad Ghauth of Gwalior, Gesu Daraz, Yahya Munyari, etc., etc.

3. A History of the Punjab during Mughal Rule (pre-Sikh period)

4. A Study of Abdul Qadir Baidil—His Life and Thought
Beside these the following subjects are also approved:

1. A book explaining and elucidating all references in the works of Iqbal (prose as well as poetry) to individuals, places, events and books. It is to be divided into four parts, each part being arranged alphabetically.

2. An index of Iqbal's poems to be called " t I6.i:S".

THE IQBAL ACADEMY, PAKISTAN

Publications URDU

1. Iqbaliyat ka Tanqidi Ja'izah by Qazi Ahmad Mian Akhtar Junagadhi (1956, 1965)

2. Iqbal ke Khatut `Atiyah Begum ke Nam (trans.) by Z.A. Barni (1957)

3. Iqbal Iranian ki Nazar Men by Dr. K.A.H. Irfani (1957)

4. Maktubat-i Iqbal by Syed Nazir A. Niyazi (1958)

5. Islami Tasawwuf aur Iqbal by Dr. A.S. Nuruddin (1960)
6. Asrar-o Rumuz per Ek Nazar by Prof. Muhammad Uthman (1961)
7. Iqbal ke Akhri Do Sal by Dr. Ashiq Husain Batalvi (1961)
8. Iqbal aur Hyderabad Deccan by Nazar Hyderabadadi (1961)
9. Iqbal aur Siyasat-i Milli by Rais Ahmad Jafri (1962)
10. 'Ilm al-Iqtisad by Allama Muhammad Iqbal (1962)
11. Iqbal aur Jamaliyat by Naseer Ahmad Nasir (1964)
12. Sahih Falsafah-i Tarikh Kiya Hai ? (booklet) by Dr. M. Rafiuddin (1965)
13. Islam aur Science (booklet) by Dr. M. Rafiuddin (1965)

BENGALI

1. Kalam-i Iqbal by Poet Ghulam Mustafa (1958)
2. Educational Philosophy of Iqbal by Syed Abdul Mannan (1958)
3. Political Thoughts of Iqbal by Maulana M.A. Rahim (1960)
4. Historical Background of Pakistan by S.A. Mannan (1960)

SINDHI

1. Hayat-i Iqbal (trans.) by Professor Lutfullah Badvi (1957)
2. Javid Namah (trans.) by Professor Lutfullah Badvi (1965)
3. Armughan-i Hijaz (trans.) by Professor Lutfullah Badvi (1962)

GUJRATI

1. Zubur-i 'A jam (trans.) by Syed Azimuddin Munadi (1961)
2. Payam-i Mashriq (trans.) by Syed Azimuddin Munadi (1964)

PASHTO

1. Zubur-i `Ajam (trans.) by S.M. Taqwimul Haq (1961)
2. Bang-i Dara (trans.) by S. Rahat Zakheli (1963)
3. Payam-i Mashriq (trans.) by Sher Muhammad Mainosh (1964)
4. Armughan-i Hijaz (trans.) by Amir Hamzah Shinwari (1964)
5. Javid Namah (trans.) by Amir Hamzah Shinwari (1964)

PERSIAN

1. Zarb-i Kalim (trans.) by Dr. K.A.H. Irfani (1957) ARABIC

1. Asrar-o Rumuz (trans.) by Dr. A.W. Azzam (1956)

2. Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam (trans.) by Dr. Abbas Mahmud (1957)

TURKISH

1. Payam-i Mashriq (trans.) by Dr. Ali Nihad Tarlan (1964)

2. Asrar-o Rumuz (trans.) by Dr. Ali Nihad Tarlan (1954)

3. Six Lectures (trans.) by Madam Sufi Huri Hanum (1964)

GERMAN

1. Payam-i Mashriq (trans.) by Dr. Annemarie Schimmel (1963) ENGLISH

1. Introduction to the Thought of Iqbal by M. A. M. Dar (1962)

2. First Principles of Education by Dr. Muhammad Rafiuddin (1962)

3. The Place of God, Man and Universe in the Philosophic System of Iqbal by Dr. Jamila Khatoon (1965)

4. A Bibliography of Iqbal by K.A. Waheed (1965)

THE SONG OF TIME

Translated from Iqbal's Payam-i Mashriq or “Message of the East” by Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson, Cambridge

[Dr. Nicholson says that “The Payam-i Mashriq was written as a response to Goethe's West-Ostlicher... The sage of the West, the German poet, who was fascinated by the charms of Persia, depicted those coy and wisdom beauties and gave the East a greeting from Europe. Although the Payam resembles the Divan in form, since both contain short poems arranged in sections, which bear separate titles, and also in its general motive, there is no correspondence as regard the subject-matter . . . much in the Payam is hard to comprehend and harder to translate.... It is worthwhile to become acquainted with Iqbal's rich and forceful personality.”)

Sun and stars in my bosom I hold:

By me, who am nothing, thou art ensouled.

In light and in darkness, in city and world,

I am pain, I am life, manifold.

Destroyer and Quickener I from of old.

Chingiz, Timur—specks of my dust they came,

And Europe's turmoil is a spark of my flame,

Man and his world I fashion and frame,
Blood of his heart my spring flowers claim.
Hell-fire and Paradise I, be it told.
I rest still, I move—wondrous sight for thine eyes!
In the glass of To-day see To-morrow arise,
See a thousand fair worlds where my thought deep lies,
See a thousand swift stars, a thousand blue skies!
Man's garment am I, God I behold.
Fate is my spell, freewill is thy chant.
O lover of Laila, thy frenzy I haunt ;
As the spirit pure, I transcend thy vaunt.
Thou and I are each other's innermost want;
Thou showest me forth, bid'st me too in thy mould.
Thou my journey's end, thou my harvest-grain,
The assembly's glow and the music's strain.
O wanderer, home to thy heart again!
Behold in a cup the shoreless main!
From thy lofty wave my ocean rolled.

