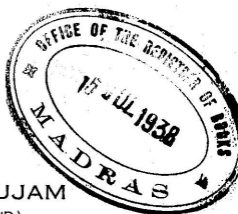


World Friendship Series No. 1.

KUNDALINI

OR

UNIVERSAL LOVE REFOUND



BY
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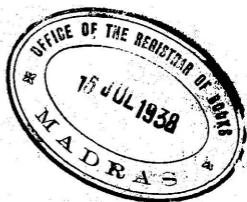
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*I dedicate this book to the League of Nations,
and, in doing so, recommend its ideals of
love and friendship and its methods of
husbanding justice and garnering
peace to all civilised human
beings who are anxious to
convert this dog-kennel
of a world into an
ante-chamber
to heaven.*

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IS EVOLUTION DOOMED ?

We are living in an age of commercial interdependence rather than of mutual good-will. Science and Reason are absorbed in the production of wealth rather than of commonwealth. Organised religion has proved to be a source of conflict rather than of harmony. Destructive forces in the form of world-wide wars, epidemics and privations seem to threaten the very existence of life in this planet. What, then, is the future of biological evolution? Has it a future at all when life has to struggle against such devastating environmental obstacles? These are the vital questions I seek to answer in this little book.

THE SEVEN STAGES OF EVOLUTION

The original purpose of creation and evolution, as I realise it, is to people this earth with a race of human beings imbued with physical immortality. To achieve this object Creative Energy in its most refined form, descended through seven successive stages—each of which being grosser than the previous. At each stage it was threatened with mortality. There was a time, for example, when the Mind (the product of the fifth stage) began to die after some time and resume its more refined form in the previous stage, called the intellect. In due course the Mind was stabilised and made eternal (*i.e.*, unchangeable). The physical body is the product

of the seventh plane, and it must be stabilised and made eternal, even as the Mind. Can intelligent men of the twentieth century realise this basic purpose of Cosmic Evolution and help the Origin (The Primordial Creative Energy) to fulfil its work of downward descent and crystallization? An emphatic "yes" is my answer to this question, although I recognize that many a modern Hamlet may vacillate between "To be" and "Not to be."

THE ORIGIN OR PURE LOVE

Creative Energy, as it existed before the Cosmic Start, is the true Origin of this Universe; it is the 'Everlasting Nay' of Carlyle, the Big Zero. Its substance is in a stage of utmost refinement and homogeneity. It may be looked upon as existing in a plane of its own—the Nil Grade or the Mahapara Nirvana of Eastern philosophy. It is energy in its most elemental form; and as the future Cosmos lies embedded in it, I have called it Pure Love. It has not yet conceived the idea of Creation; it is breathless and motionless; it is Inactivity par excellence; it is energy which is not yet energetic; it is whole and entire, undivided and uncircumscribed; it is itself and has no "other" as yet; it is sexless and formless; there is nothing, as yet, to stand in juxtaposition to it, and hence it is pure; and as it contains within it the possibility of Creation, it must be regarded as Love. As this Not (Energy of the Nil Grade) is the only one existing at this time, I have equated it to One. The origin of this

world from such a Pure Love is an axiom or truth, so far as this book is concerned.

THE COSMIC START OR THE FIRST ACTIVITY

Imagine just a turn in this vast expanse of Inactivity or Unenergetic Energy. At once there occurs a split in the homogeneous mass; it is now the One and the Other. But the two are found not in separation but in conjugation. The One in Not is gone; Two in One have come into existence; and as the Two are not yet separated and given the impress of distinct individuals, I have equated the One to Two. Energy has now come to reside in its second plane—the Para Nirvana of Eastern philosophy. Evolution has started, but not yet sexual evolution. The One has been divided into two identical halves; they are equal to each other in all respects. They are, however, richer than the One of the Not plane; for their energy is no longer pure but energetic. The turn is the first activity of Pure Love; it is the first attempt of the origin to gather experience, to manifest itself, to see itself, to know itself, to realise itself.

THE COSMIC PROGRESS OR THE TRIPLE TRICK

A microbe is thrown out of the conjugation of the Two; and it is at once Energy and Energetic. I have, therefore, called it Experienced Energy. It is an individual by itself, distinct and separate from the parent stock. It is three-fold in essence, for it corporates in itself the experiences of its own plane as well as those of the two previous planes. It is the Soul now ready to

brood over matter; it is the future Atma or Self or "I" of human beings. Its plane is called by the Easterners the Nirvana. It seeks to further the work of the Cosmic Start by creating an opposition between its two inherent principles—Energy and Energetic, the Pure and the Trick (*i. e.*, the Other). Intellect (Buddhi), Mind (Manas), Astral (Desire), Physical (Matter), are now evolved in succession. Thus the human body is the product of the seventh plane; but the work in this plane is not yet complete; and it will be completed only when the body is stabilised and made eternal.

It is thus seen that the line of evolution which we are now witnessing in this planet was first determined by the Three which came out of the Two. But it has stultified the original purpose of creation, because decay and death have come to stay in the physical plane; and therefore I have characterised the work in the Nirvanic Plane as the Triple Trick; anything which opposes the Pure is a Trick. The Pure wants to achieve Stability in each plane; and the Nirvanic Triple, the Trinity of Hinduism or of Christianity, in so far as it has established Mortality as a normal experience of the physical plane, is to be deemed a Trick!

THE COSMIC FUTURE

As long as the present scheme of things is allowed to progress unhampered, the Trick is bound to predominate and engulf the Pure. That such is the catastrophic doom of present-day evolution is obvious to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. The Great Deluge (Pralaya) which, according to several mythologies, is

supposed to overtake this Earth periodically, is an accurate symbolism of the irrelevancy of Death or Decay in the Original Cosmic Plan. Life was foredoomed to live and not to die in any of the Cosmic Planes. Why, then, do we keep on decaying and dying? That Life in this plane is worth living, is a proposition readily accepted by many. But there are an equal number of votaries who enthusiastically proclaim that Death in this plane is worth dying. Are we to leave this conflict of ideas as it is, and affect the wisdom of Sir Roger who found that "much may be said on both sides, and little can be asserted"? Or should we conduct a painstaking research in order to unearth the basic purpose of creation and organize the efforts of Man so as to subserve the aims of God? In other words, can the present-day world be made to realise the justice of my equating the Two to Three, in the same way as I have equated the Not to One, and the One to Two? Gentle Readers, you may be wise in your own way. But you had better tarry till you have gone through the following pages, before you return a final answer to what may well be called a question of Life and Death.

T. S. RAMANUJAM.

Madras, 1938.

STAGE HINTS

The development of the Scientist's character is the subtlest work in this drama. In the opening scene he appears just as a research student thrown into an ecstatic joy by a mighty discovery, and conceiving, in consequence, a dignified contempt for the foolish world. His talk with the Butler should bring out this joy and this contempt, and contain a slight suggestion of his inner strength which must sooner or later revolt against his present hen-pecked condition and uphold the cause of truth at any cost. But over-acting in regard to any of these details is fatal, for the simple reason that it will stamp him with the attributes of an erratic crank or a misguided zealot. Nor should he be exhibited at this stage as the possessor of an amazing truth, for it is only long after his disappearance from the physical world that the reality of his Self is published by the Doctor to the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*. He is now just an earnest seeker after truth, confident of his own position, determined to face opposition, but not conceited enough to suggest in public that he is mightier than the rest of the world. His conversation with his wife and his behaviour in her presence must bring out this self-confidence (without the slightest touch of self-conceit) and this determination. At the Science Conference, there should be no attempt on his part to parade his knowledge or wisdom, either by tone or by gesture. He must speak in a matter-of-fact voice, and answer slowly, deliberately

and meekly the questions of the Members of the Academy, and present a striking contrast to his self-complacent, pontifical and vapid cross-examiners. When the Academy refuses to accept the possibility of conquering Death, he should affect a great disappointment and present a picture of abject misery just for a few seconds, till he utters the words, "Friends, forgive me for exhibiting this weakness." But afterwards he should not evoke pity but compel attention. His bidding them a long farewell should not suggest that he is consciously anticipating any future event or throwing out any challenge or threat, or chuckling inwardly over his own insight into mortality. It must appear that his reference to the advanced age of the Academy Members is quite a natural part of a speech in which he recognizes that any further research on his part must cover a long period.

His subsequent conduct must be rendered as human as possible, so that even those among the audience, who have read the play in advance, may be blinded by the realism into thinking that they have before them no superhuman power but just a frail mortal.

The longer speeches of the Scientist at the Science Conference may as well be read out from the compendious-looking note-book which he is supposed to consult every now and then; by this device actors, who are slow of study, may avoid much of the bother of committing to memory long passages. Symbolic letters like C. V. V. and A. T. M. and K. M. U., must be repeated in clear voice two or three times, then the spellings of their corresponding words must be pronounced slowly and

distinctly, so that the audience may not miss their true import. At the Science Conference such letters may be written out on a black-board. The Gaseous Figure perching on the Memorandum, the twelve Houses of Zodiac in it, the Stability drawn out of it and standing above the would-be father, the Kundalini building a body in the womb of the mother, the Stability entering into the child's body and hitting against the Kundalini, the Kundalini covering itself with three coatings and pushing up the Stability, the Stability descending into the heart with a V-shaped curve, side-pressures from the heart springing up from respiration and forming an etheric coating to the physical body, may all be demonstrated by mechanical models—a spark of light acting as the Spirit, and an arrow-head pointing to the relevant spots.

The Wife's part is of almost equal importance to that of the Scientist. She is at no stage to be represented as an unchaste or passion-ridden woman. Her determination and spirit, which persist till the last scene, are born out of her unique love for her husband whose super-human greatness she does not consciously feel till the Doctor reveals the secret at the end, but for whose work she has a genuine appreciation even from the beginning. She is as eager to make her love immortal as her husband is eager to make life in this planet immortal. She does not know till late that there is no real conflict between her desire and that of her husband. Hence it is that she tries different types of love—the love of a wife, the love of a mother, the love of a woman. But in none of these she succeeds. But

she unconsciously does the right thing in not committing suicide or finding consolation in self-immolation or self-denial. She thereby preserves her life and her love too! The touch of a monomaniac, driven by the only passion of love, must be given to her; but in no case she must be made to betray anything gross or vulgar or foolish or sentimental or sexual. Every detail of her action and speech must impress the audience with the glory, beauty, power and purity of true love.

The Doctor's part up to the time of the Scientist's death is comparatively easy to act, although in the subsequent scenes he must rise to dizzy heights in respect of serenity, dignity and earnestness of purpose. In the beginning he is just a polished citizen, conceiving a fancy for the wife of a friend with whom he has come into contact in a professional capacity, eager to keep that fancy within the limits marked out by conventional decorum, too weak to resist the natural force of that fancy when a good opportunity arises, and yet intelligent enough to yield and to retreat when a nobler impulse gains possession of him. His reverence for the Master, his faith in the work he has undertaken in virtue of a solemn promise, his tenacity of purpose, and his organizing skill demand that the person who plays his role must be an individual who is handsomely built, whose face is radiant with intelligence, and whose voice is rich and fervent. His transition from a society gentleman into an earnest seeker after truth is by far the most important detail, from the dramatic point of view; and it must be at once gradual, natural and effective.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE SCIENTIST.

THE WIFE (of the Scientist), also called the Lady
and the Mistress.

THE BUTLER (of the Scientist), also called the
Waiter.

THE GARDENER (of the Scientist).

THE DOCTOR.

PRESIDENT

Member I

Member II

Member III

Member IV

} of the Science Academy.

SCENE: The Scientist's City and the Wife's
Paternal Village.

KUNDALINI

OR

UNIVERSAL LOVE REFOUND

ACT I—Scene 1.

January, 1st., 1922, at 7 A. M.

[The events take place in a Scientist's house. The Scientist, a man of thirty years of age, strong, well-built and handsome, is sitting in his study room, and writing in a note-book, a compendious looking volume. It is morning seven o'clock, and he is in his dressing gown.]

This room opens into the dining hall, at one of whose corners can be seen a flight of steps leading to the top storey where the mistress of the house has her bed room. She is twenty-eight years old, and exceedingly pretty. When she comes down to the dining hall, she is dressed in silk pyjamas. The waiter is forty years old, rather swarthy in complexion, and dressed in butler's garb.

A coffee-pot, and a few cups are on the table. One cup is filled with coffee, when the action commences.]

SCIENTIST : There ! Got it after all ! Not is One, and One is there because there is the Other, That is the Two. Not is One and One is Two. Hang Mathematics which belies this truth ! And see the greater wonder ! The equations are reversible ; Two is One, and One is Not. Hang logic which will not admit the converse, even after the proposition is proved ! Facts are facts even before their proof ; and they are so even if their opposites are proved ; for they may exist without opposing anything in particular ; although if any of them is reckoned as One, the rest of them will constitute that One's Other. This is all simple, O ! You simple World ! A Spanish figo for your chop-logic. I shall make you feel that you are the One after all, even though you make me now own that you are one too many for me !

WAITER : your coffee is getting cold, Sir.

SCIENTIST : (*Looking at the waiter with an earnest, inquiring stare, during the rest of the conversation*). Have you mixed it ?

WAITER : Yes, Sir, you asked me to

MASTER : Stop that chop-logic. None of your worldly tricks on me. Did I ask you to tell me what I asked you to

WAITER : No, Sir ; but you did ask me to

MASTER : Hang it all ! What about That which I did not ask you to

WAITER : I am not aware of That, Sir.

MASTER : Not aware of That ? How do you know there is a That ?

WAITER : You just told me that, Sir.

MASTER : Tut, Tut, What did I tell you before ?

WAITER : It must be This, Sir.

MASTER : Are you aware of This, then ?

WAITER : Yes, Sir.

MASTER : If you are aware of This, you must be aware of That, also, isn't it ?

WAITER : No, Sir.

MASTER : What do you mean by 'No, Sir' ?

WAITER : All this time I have been saying "Yes, Sir" ; and since you are talking of This and That, I feel I must say 'Yes' to "This" and 'No' to "That", Sir.

MASTER : Why not "Yes" to "That" and "No" to "This" ?

WAITER : That means the coffee will never be drunk, I mean, drunk hot, Sir, and the

mistress of this House will take me to task for that, Sir.

MASTER : (*Relaxing considerably and assuming an air of tragic resignation*). So, that is that. The woman, rather, Woeman, to give her Adam's title ! She thinks she is the boss, the only One ; and yet "She" has "he" in it, "Lady" has "lad" in it, "Madam" has "Adam" in it, "Female", has "male" in it, "Woman" has "man" in it, (*here the Lady waits outside and eavesdrops*) and "Mistress" has "me" in it,

WAITER: Do stop this, Sir. I hear the Lady's footsteps. If you don't hurry up, Sir, she will be in and we will be in also, I mean, for trouble, Sir.

MASTER : That is clever, my man. She in, and We in. Talkest thou of "We" in distress ! You must talk of "We" also before the mistress—We, not You or I, not He or She, but We. "We" is the two that make One and that One will set at naught my Lady's anger, for it is the Not itself, the Everlasting Nay which is also the Everlasting Yea !

WAITER: Do help me Sir, if you are really such a great philosopher, we will soon be in her hands, Sir, which will then be on my body, Sir.

MASTER : Bravo, my gentle-man ! You speak in fear great truth, absolute truth, truth which you need neither fear nor be ashamed of. (*The waiter's face assumes an expression of utter despair. He fears that the mistress may put in appearance at any moment. He turns his eyes towards the door. Seeing nothing catastrophic, he hurries towards it.*) Don't leave me alone like this, my man. I am coming. (*The master gets up from the chair, carefully closes the note-book on the table, puts it into the drawer and locks it, and puts the key in the pocket, and then slowly moves towards the door. All the time he is talking to the waiter, although it seems as if he is talking more to himself.*) My precious secret shall be under trusty lock and key. (*He goes back and pulls the drawer to reassure himself.*) If I succeed, then it shall become the common property of mankind. If I don't,

WAITER : (*Still looking at the door*). Please don't tarry, Sir. Even now it may be too late.

MASTER : Thank you, my friend, for cutting short that nasty thought of mine, I mean the cetera of "Don't". Don't worry. It shall never be too late for any of my things. I shall have my coffee which can never be too cold for me ; nor shall I ever become too cold for a coffin.

WAITER : (*With his back still turned towards the Master*). You speak in cyphers, Sir. You must be a very great philosopher, Sir, too great, I think, for this little World, Sir.

MASTER : (*Raising his voice to a thundering pitch and trembling with rage at the suggestion of death, unwittingly made by the waiter*). Look, here, my man. You are going too far. You are impertinent, mortally impertinent, nay irrelevant, mortally irrelevant. Don't you ever talk to me of this World being too small for me. I am as great as the World, do you understand, and the World is as great as I am, got this in your mortal numskull. Now get away, you blabbering mortality, or I shall go for you.

WAITER : That is really very kind of you, Sir, you shall find me near the coffee pot. (*The master rushes against him with elemental wrath, the waiter flings open the door in sheer self-defence, and falls over the mistress ; the master falls over the servant. They all roll and finally get up, and look at each other with a stupid stare. Soon the servant is all contrition, the master all confusion, the mistress all rage.*)

WIFE : (*To the waiter*). Get thee gone, you brute. I never thought you were capable of such indecency. To bring your mistress down,

and then your master down—off, you double sinner, you puller-down of both sexes, you....

WAITER: I can explain everything, Madam.

WIFE: (*In a tone of great anger but greater contempt*). Explain! As if I do not know it already. "We" before the mistress, and "Me" in the mistress! (*Darting a deadly glance towards her husband whose eyes speak absolute blankness of mind*). I shall show who contains whom in this house. Aren't you gone already! Let me see what happens to the "We" before this. (*She takes out a pistol from inside her dress. The waiter vanishes like a ghost, and the master rushes to his allotted seat at the breakfast table.*

Mistress, with a face wearing the broadest smile, struts like a peacock to the breakfast table and takes a seat next to her husband, the gun still in her hand.)

HUSBAND: Well, my angry darling, that is not fair. You know I do not like the gun. I hate the very sight of it. Please hide it under your petticoat.

WIFE: Yes, I shall hide you too there. That is the best solution.

HUSBAND: You are getting giddy, dear; how can I then drink my coffee, dear?

WIFE: Oh, you will gobble all right, both cup and saucer. And as for my giddiness, I shall consult the doctor, afterwards.

HUSBAND: (*He gets up and goes towards his room; the wife follows him with the gun pointed towards him.. Suddenly he turns and stands at bay.*)

Assuming an unshakable determination and courage, and in a tone of utter derision he shouts.)
Doctor, a figo for these mortality house-keepers!

"A housewife that cocks a gun

And then to a doctor run,

He takes the fee in cocksure ease,

Death takes all and gives release."

—now gobble that bad poetry before you force one drop of this death-cold fluid down my throat.

(*The wife, astounded at the unusual pluck shown by her hitherto hen-pecked husband, tactfully hides her surprise and wrath and begins to speak in a diplomatic tone of conciliation, in the hope of regaining lost ground and recommencing thereafter her reign of terror with redoubled vigour.*)

WIFE: Spoken like a man, darling. I know you are the man, my man. I do it all for

your good, and on account of my love. Now I shall pour out some hot coffee for you, and a cup for me too. Come, let us drink together, and let there be peace, no more gunning on my part, and no more rhyming on your part. (*She hides the gun, under her dress, fills two cups with hot coffee, pushes one near her husband who has already taken his seat without taking off his defiant expression, seats herself, and pretends to be absorbed in emptying the contents of her cup.*)

HUSBAND : (*In a grumbling low voice, addresses the coffee.*)

You are a latter-day wonder, aren't you ! You must be very proud of yourself. But wait for my "wonders, working wonders, world wonders"—a magic formula that will start the birth-throes of a New World, free from the terror of death. My dear Lady will then be at the wrong end of the gun. (*The wife is about to burst into a rage and pull out the gun. But seeing her husband quite oblivious to her presence, and curious to know the full compass of his mind, she controls herself with great effort, and keeps on staring at him whose eyes are unmistakably fixed on the coffee, as if for ever.*) Well, it isn't revenge; it is just visualising the future. I will then play the romantic hero, the knight-errant

and reconquer my wife, (*the wife, who is herself planning a re-conquest, now suffers violent contortions in the face, but is able to regain composure soon, owing to her intense curiosity*), by a new noble deed. (*Brief silence.*) Yes, Yes. I understand. Let me face the gun and save my wife. Both of us are now at the wrong end of the gun. Fire! (*Brief silence. The wife seems to shiver a little.*) Where is "We" now? Deep wounds! Fire! Great bleeding! (*The wife loses all serenity, pulls out the pistol, fires aimlessly in all directions and rushes out of the room in a frantic hysteria—her only articulate words being Fire, Death, Hell. The husband seems to hear nothing, nor notice anything. He is still staring at the coffee and talking to it.*) Fire! the limbs are disjoined. Fire! Death crawls nearer and nearer! Fire! Death is on the point of touching the "We". Fire! A Working wonder, a World wonder throws! Fire! Death lays bleeding on the ground! Fire! The limbs join to perfection! Fire! The bleeding stops! Fire! The wounds close! Fire! Perfect health restored! No more firing! Every cell in the 'we' body is sealed with the initials C. V. V. (*i.e., See We We*). We see ourselves at last. That is liberation from Death. Now my good coffee. Before you were mixed, you were two—black and white.

Now you are one. I drink you and then you are none. •

“So Two is One and One is Not,
Know this truth and care a jot.”

(He empties the cup quickly, and looks about vacantly. A faint trace of surprise hangs on his face. He gets up and walks with an easy gait into his room, humming to himself,

“So Two is One and One is Not,
Know this truth and care a jot.”)

—:o:—

ACT I—Scene 2.

January, 2nd., 1922, at 7 A.M.

[The conversation takes place in the wife's bed-room. The Doctor, a friend of the family, thirty years old, exceedingly strong and handsome, is seated on a sofa. The Lady is sitting on her bed.

The Doctor is dressed in a neat lounge-suit. The Lady is in her sleeping dress.]

DOCTOR: Madam, you must cheer up. Think of your poor husband. He may be crazy; yet you cannot neglect him. Who else is there to look after him?

WIFE : (*In a sickly, mournful voice*). I have tried my best, good doctor. Heaven knows I have tried my best.

DOCTOR: I know it, Madam. That is just the reason why you should not give up. With all his faults, you can love him still. He is a seeker after truth, you should not forget that.

WIFE : (*With a faint suggestion of contempt in her face and voice*). Yes, truth which denies love a living wage. It is now sixteen years since I married him; and what have I got now?

DOCTOR: Don't start grumbling now. You have often told me about it; but I can only repeat my former prescription.

WIFE : Have you no humanity for me, Doctor. I wish to consult no medical expert. I seek help from a friend, a human companion. Do forget your professional jargon and try to understand my case.

DOCTOR: I meant no offence, Madam, when I used the word 'prescription.' You love your husband, don't you?

WIFE : (*Fixing her eyes with alarming steadiness upon him*). Of course I do. But what is the use of it? I have tried my best, I mean, to possess him.

DOCTOR : Possess him ! What do you mean ? Pardon my ignorance, I have heard that phrase used only with reference to the Devil.

WIFE : You make me almost laugh at your simplicity. You call yourself a doctor and yet you seem to know so little about the psychology of my sex. (*The Doctor's eyes sparkle as if with a mischievous glee. The Lady is quick to detect it.*) Or you are only pretending !

DOCTOR : No ! No ! Forget the thought.

WIFE : I don't want to. I know you can help me. Something makes me feel confident in your presence. You never irritate my desire to possess ; for I feel that you already belong to me.

DOCTOR : (*Feeling something choking his throat and trying to cough it out*). That is very flattering, Madam.

WIFE : I say this not to please you, but to please myself. In no other way I can hope to find pleasure. When I married, my heart throbbed with hope and my mind was full of fancy. I sought in the companionship of a mate that perfect union of two sympathetic spirits, resulting in continuous joy and occupation.

DOCTOR : Why tell me all this ? I know it already. Aren't you tired of narrating the same

old story ! Last time you met me, you said you were.

WIFE: Then I did not expect this crisis so soon, although I have been, in a sense, on the look-out for it. Now you must hear it all; for I need your immediate help.

DOCTOR: Surely, Surely. You know I serve you with pleasure. I adore your qualities.

WIFE: I implore you, Doctor, to cast off all pretensions. A woman's instinct has taught me more about you. Tell me, is it not a hard struggle between nature and society, between your love for me and your sense of decorum, between..

....

DOCTOR: (*Somewhat agitated, interrupts in a dry, blunt way.*) Yes, Yes, I admit you are clever. No use trying to fool you. Now, what on earth you want of me! I am no philosopher like your husband. I understand only the concrete.

WIFE: I am glad, Doctor, you have admitted so much. I see now that there is little difference between love and friendship. In my present circumstances I am almost tempted to say friendship is the greater love. Will you give it to me in my hour of trial?

DOCTOR: Well.

WIFE: I love my husband dearly, my friend, as passionately as ever. But he is intangible. Love is like you. It understands only the concrete.

DOCTOR: Are you hitting at me? I thought you were asking for my help.

WIFE: In a sense, yes. And I know you are pleased. Your hopes of winning my heart must now run high. (*The Doctor pretends to be on the point of speaking in protest, but he is given no chance.*) Now, don't interrupt me, my friend and helpmate. That is why I planned to possess him, stooped to conquer. It gave me some joy, certainly a consciousness of living. There was the make-believe of intimacy between two individuals. He kissed me in fear and I returned it with love. But for the gun he would not have treated me as his wife. I got something after all. I did not want to shatter my girlish dream; it was far too beautiful to destroy. Soon I got accustomed to the illusion. It gave me a morbid pleasure, grew in intensity, till at last it filled my entire being.

DOCTOR: Well, that is a solution, quite good in the circumstances.

WIFE: Do you really think so? (*The Doctor betrays agitation.*) I do not want to controvert

you at this stage. It does not help me. To continue my theme: well, sixteen years passed far more rapidly than I had expected. I got accustomed to the drug, and naturally became its victim. As days went by I had to increase the dose. But I did not hesitate to take that step, for it deadened feelings—it was indeed soothing. I knew from my father, an opium addict, that drugs produce horrible reactions, and I provided against that contingency by making my giddiness as continuous as possible. I exacted as much love from my husband as I wanted; only he gave it all in fear. With some pride I claim to have succeeded admirably, till yesterday.....

DOCTOR: (*Completing her sentence*) gave you a rude awakening and brought you back to your senses.

WIFE: I am grateful to you, my Friend and only Hope, for your attention. I know you are fond of me far too much to fail me now.

DOCTOR: Well, proceed.

WIFE: My husband placed me at the wrong end of the gun and shouted, fire. I think he placed himself afterwards near me for the purpose of saving my life. But that did not help me at all. My memory caught fire and worked in a flash. I saw what I had done. My girlish dream lay bleeding before me. I thought it was

unjustly shot at. I was helpless. I felt I was responsible for the destruction of the most beautiful thing on earth. The thought frightened me. I was shaken with the terror of sin. I felt there was blood on my conscience. I rushed out in agony (*brief silence*). It is difficult to gather my scattered wits and tell you what happened to me or to my husband afterwards.

DOCTOR: That is not important. So you sent for me.

WIFE: Yes. I have not slept for the whole of last night. My life has become a void now; the dream is slain; drugs have no longer any effect on me. The illusion acted as a coating and kept my dream pure within it. But when the inner substance is gone, no outer trick can sustain me. I thought of suicide for a few minutes. But my heart welled up with love which could not have even a dreary desert sand to water. I thought it would be cruel to kill all that love in haste. Suddenly your kindly figure flashed before my mind, and gave me a solution which I wish to present before you now.

DOCTOR: Say it quickly; I am eager, as eager as yourself, to know it, to do it.

WIFE: (*Commanding unusual calmness and determination, speaks in a low deliberate*

voice.) My love must have something concrete. I tried my best to love something outside my own self. I could no longer do so. My love must find its expression through something drawn out of my own nature.

DOCTOR: Indeed! you perplex me. And how can I help you in that? I am foreign to your self, and any help I give you must be extraneous to you.

WIFE: I know you want me to deny your statement. How I wish I could! Have pity on me, if you love me truly.

DOCTOR: (*Slightly brightening up*). I will give you anything. You know I already belong to you.

WIFE: Yes, and yet I do not want your love. I want only your help.

DOCTOR: (*In a tone of tragic confusion*) I think I understand. Take what you want; only allow me to give it in love.

WIFE: I really don't care how you give it. I have already told you that friendship is the greater love. I want you to do me an act of friendship, nothing short of it, nothing else.

DOCTOR: I am prepared.

WIFE: As I told you, I want something which forms part of my own nature, to which

I can transfer all that wealth of youthful passion which I bestowed on my husband—a wealth which is now as abundant as ever before. You say you are prepared to help me in bringing into existence this object for me. Will you forgive me if I ask you, out of my extreme desire for security, whether you will retract or regret?

DOCTOR: Neither. I give you a gentleman's word.

WIFE: But you are promising without knowing fully the subject of the promise.

DOCTOR: I have given you my word, and you have given me the liberty to couple with my gift the emotion I cherish most. You seek self-gratification by taking from me. I seek it by giving to you. And that I consider a fair exchange. You need not, therefore, fear a breach on my part.

WIFE: What about honour?

DOCTOR: Well, if what we have spoken so far is within the eye of honour, anything that we may say hereafter cannot be beyond it. A gentleman's honour consists in keeping his word, in carrying out his pledge.

WIFE: Has it nothing to do with the giving of the pledge?

DOCTOR: Are you earnestly seeking for an answer? Are we not now thinking of something which no earthly code of honour can regulate, which is a law unto itself, nay, which is the higher law? Each one's Self is the God in him, and gratifying that Self can not be earth-bound.

WIFE: I think our hearts pulsate in unison; and I now summon all the courage of my Self to ask, and may your Self give you equal courage to grant. I want a child through you, and I want you to forget your love for me afterwards.

DOCTOR: (*A writhing agony marks his entire face. He clenches his fist and pulls up his body. His teeth are exposed, but they are knit together firmly. He makes an effort to speak but no sounds escape. For a few seconds there is an icy silence in the room. The two persons are staring into each other's eyes, boldly and steadfastly. At last with a mighty effort, he yells out.*)

I shall honour my word, Madam, (*in a clear silvery tone*).

WIFE: Thank you for saving my love and yours. May Heavens rejoice!

ACT II—Scene I

December, 20th., 1922, at 10 A. M.

[The events take place in the committee room of the Science Academy. The president and four members are seated round a table. The Scientist sits on the right-hand side of the president and next to him. He has a huge note-book which he frequently consults during his conversation. Just behind the president is a short-hand reporter, having a chair and a table of his own. The members of the Academy are wearing black gowns and spectacles. All of them have moustaches and beards of regulation size, as prescribed by the rules of the Academy. The president consults a printed card fixed to a stand and placed in front of him, whenever he refers to the rules of the Academy.]

Science Conference

PRESIDENT: Well, will you clear some of our doubts? It is absolutely necessary, if you do not wish to be called a humbug. Not only we, scientists, are dissatisfied with you, but also the priests and the philosophers. It is in your own interest that you should convince us; and we are hard nuts to crack, you know.

SCIENTIST: I thank you for giving me an opportunity to explain my discovery. I do not fear opposition so much as indifference.

MEMBER 1: You seem to be a picture of humility. (*In a tone of great mockery*). It is time you open your bag and see whether any cat comes out. Do you know anything about the origin of life?

SCIENTIST: Of course I do. It started with the big zero. Then it became One, One became Two; Now there are three things. What is the number of all possible ways in which three can combine? $2^3 - 1$, i.e., 7. Thus Seven came out of three. Every Being is made up of Seven Planes. The Not is the Origin.

MEMBER 2: How did Man come into existence?

SCIENTIST: Origin, i.e., A (the First) turned and became Man. We shall call this A T M, A for origin, T for turned, M for Man. This is evolution. Man must now involve, i.e., trace his way back. This we shall call M T A.

MEMBER 3: Do you know anything about Conscience?

SCIENTIST: Conscience is that in us which is free from the three forms of giddiness, that characterise our mind—vapour giddiness which is the state in sleep, production giddiness which is the state in dreams, throwing giddiness which is the state in speech. Freedom from these three

forms may be called all-round conscience, the state of M T A. Imagine yourself to be at the centre of a soap bubble floating in the air in glorious sunshine. Can you not then see the inside and the outside, the top and the bottom, the back and the front? All-round conscience is the state of living in four dimensional space.

MEMBER 4: How is Man born?

SCIENTIST: Easy. Imagine yourself to be at the centre of an oval, three spans off the tip of your hands clasped together and held vertically upwards. You are memory (*i.e.*, me-mory) and the oval is your memorandum. At the top of the oval are twelve houses built—the signs of the Zodiac. All the houses put together constitute your gaseous figure. When you die your life (*what this word means will be clear to you at the end of my exposition*) travels back to the house of the gaseous figure, from which it originally came and occupied your body when you were born. It travels back in such a way that it reaches its house last. In each house it stays for a month. Thus twelve months are spent in this home-coming. In a short time (*generally not even a week*) an intelligence begins to work in the house of your life. Your life is censured severely for coming back without fulfilling the mission for which it was sent into matter. The

life is very contrite ; it pleads for another chance. It is excused, a lease of time is now given to it and it is sent back. It starts with its allotted time-length on its earthly mission once more. It takes its place about a span above the head of the would-be father. It is now a spirit-spark, a dot of life separated from the ocean of life with which your gaseous figure is in eternal contact. It is iron in nature ; while memory acts like the magnet before iron filings. It urges the parent to gather up all the properties that will make his creative seed efficient from the cosmic point of view. The great sex act is then undertaken under the illusion of love which is the direct result of the magnetised iron above. This seed is prepared by the Serpent Power in every Being which resides at the end of the spinal column. The Easterners call it the Kundalini which is merely energy residing in a cover of three coatings. This energy now becomes energetic and deposits the seed (a part of that energy) into the Good Dome which the Scientists call the Womb. The preparation and deposit of the seed takes about three months' time. This seed or Kundalini takes up the work of building a body ; the dot of life, called Stability, which has been standing above the father's head during these three months, is able to see the Kundalini at work in the womb.

of the mother. It recognises that the Kundalini is the cosmic power or the ocean of life or origin from which it has been separated. Suddenly it develops a craze to rejoin its original substance. But it is now faced with an insuperable obstacle. It can not enter the mother's physical body, because the latter has an etheric coating. Life can not enter into an etheric body. So it reluctantly continues to remain above the father's head for a further period of about nine months—during which interval the Kundalini is able to manufacture a suitable body for it. When the body of the child is delivered, breathing does not commence at once ; such a physical body has no etheric coating. The Stability rushes through the first inspiration of air and hits at the Spot where it saw the Kundalini at work. Just at that moment the Kundalini hides itself under the three coatings, and pushes up the Stability. This retortion is the first respiration or the second breathing. The Stability is pushed up with just that force that would make it rise a little above the heart and descend on it. By now, side-pressures from the heart have started, due to the two breathings, and formed a coating which is the etheric body of the newborn babe. The Stability can not now get out of the body, for life can not pass out of an etheric

coating. Even thus the Stability or Life or Spirit is tempted to enter a physical body, only to get imprisoned in it. Ether is after all a Pressure-Body. It is the motion of Truth, for Truth is Life. When Stability comes down upon the heart, a V-shape is formed, and V stands for 'We' the chief life, *i.e.*, that life which pervades everywhere and establishes the Brotherhood of all Beings. The subsequent breathings are mere repetitions of the situation in the first two breathings. The Stability tries to get at the Kundalini (which is inspiration), the Kundalini pushes it up (which is expiration). The Easterners call the Stability as Jivatma and the Kundalini as Paramatma. You can call them, if you like, the Soul and the Over-Soul respectively. Every breathing marks a fraction of the time allotted to the Stability. But the doom may be hastened by thoughts of suicide or disgust with the body or the material world, or an acceptance of death as an inexorable law of life.

PRESIDENT : Why should it be so ?

SCIENTIST : For, Kundalini stands for Eternity. We want life and life wants Eternity. The desire for eternity keeps the respiration going. The contrary desire is a sore check on respiration.

MEMBER 1 : You said that the life-length is fixed in the gaseous figure itself. How can it be varied afterwards ?

SCIENTIST : The life-length is fixed in the gaseous figure arbitrarily, although the previous experiences of the life, called Karma by the Easterners, are taken into account by the intelligence there. But it can be lengthened by the desire for eternity ; for it is that desire which is the principle of respiration, and as long as there is respiration, there is life in the body. If respiration stops, the ether coating dissolves, and the Stability escapes and goes back to its home in the gaseous figure.

MEMBER 2 : How do you know that the desire for eternity exists in us ?

SCIENTIST : It is the innermost desire in all beings, for it is the inherent desire of the Kundalini. I told you it has in man three coatings. In the earlier forms of evolution it must have one or two coatings. I bore it in seven ways, that is to say, I found the meeting point of the seven cosmic planes to which I have already alluded. If you mark a dot with a chalk-piece on a black-board, even that dot has a centre within it. How are we to seek the innermost of anything ? A so-called centre may yet be a

circle with a centre in it, a coating after all. The real cosmic centre, the innermost of anything and of all things is the meeting point of the seven cosmic planes into which the whole universe and everything in it may be divided. The seven-boring principle is the only trustworthy key to the mysteries of creation. You know that any three planes may meet in a point. But the true centre is the meeting-point of seven planes. Don't you know that "Seven" sounds like "Say when?", and "Eleven" sounds like "Love when?"? Seven and Eleven are mystic numbers. "Say when?" is answered by "Love when?"

MEMBER 2 : I grant that such is the innermost desire in all of us. How can we make use of it to conquer death?

SCIENTIST : As soon as you realise that desire, you will begin to nourish it, and make it pervade your entire existence. Then the Kundalini throws forth its energy and affects your ether. Ether is necessary for the solidity of the material particles of the body. Without it we cannot have a compact physical. But the ether, when affected by the Kundalini, slowly becomes permeable to life; life then can enter into our system freely; the ocean of life outside

is now in continuous communication with our system. After twenty-five years the cells in our body stop dividing ; that is why we stop growing and start decaying. But with this new form of ether, the cells are kept in eternal youth, and decay is permanently arrested.

MEMBER 3 : If the cells keep on multiplying, each individual will grow to prodigious size, is it not ?

SCIENTIST : No ; after sometime the cells stop dividing in any case. But when they start decaying, the decay is arrested by the constant supply of plenty of life from outside the body. You know that a uni-cellular organism keeps on dividing and multiplying endlessly. But a group of cells, which is our body, do not behave in this way ; death is the price we have been paying for a compact size. Solidity is a severe limitation upon Stability which is in want of Eternity.

PRESIDENT : “ We ” is, then, the key-word of your discovery, is it not so ?

SCIENTIST : Yes. Kundalini is the “ We ” ; when its desire is fulfilled, the chief life, which we all now possess will become the merry life—a life of no decay. Do not be indifferent to the Kundalini’s aspiration which is the innermost aspiration of all Beings. It must be fulfilled. If

you analyse the word fulfil, you will begin to wonder why a 'fill' after a 'full'. You may be 'full' i.e., perfect to-day. You may start decaying tomorrow. So you want an automatic machinery to 'fill' you with life so that you will always be "full" of it.

MEMBER 1 : Are we not now having plenty of life ?

SCIENTIST : No. Creation started on the basis of the Eighty-four breathing principles. Only Seventy-four of these principles are now working. The remaining ten are not absorbed by our present ether. But the ether affected by the Kundalini, will absorb those ten also, and Man will then have the benefit of Eighty-four breathing principles. The chief life is characterised by 74 breathing-principles while the merry-life will be characterised by 84.

MEMBER 2 : You said that the Stability, a part of the gaseous figure, is iron in nature. Is the gaseous figure also iron in nature ?

SCIENTIST : Yes, our Kundalini affects our memory, the latter will become strong enough to attract the iron above, i.e., the memorandum. Then our gaseous figure, now perching upon our memorandum, will perch upon our head ; our memory and memorandum will be always in

contact, and all-round conscience will be established. As things are, we have rarely such a contact, and whenever that contact occurs, we have a memory flash, a momentary glimpse into the unknown. If that flash becomes a continuously burning flame, we get liberation from the three forms of giddiness. This is another feature of the Merry Life. Its life-length is eternal, and so is its wisdom.

MEMBER 2 : Your exposition strikes me as quite unscientific. It is positively confusing. To use your own language, you are suffering from throwing giddiness. I shall, therefore, put a series of questions that must expose your illogicality.

SCIENTIST : Please do. I am eager to learn from all. I look upon no man as my enemy or inferior. Every one is my teacher.

MEMBER 4 : That is splendid. I honestly think that you are in need of some standard tuition—particularly in the matter of using words accurately. Am I right in saying that what you call the Stability is iron, and the Kundalini is magnet ?

SCIENTIST : Undoubtedly. The Jivatma, the Soul, the Dot of Life, the Spirit-Spark, the Stability, are all synonyms. They describe the

Little Soul or the Individual Soul in contradistinction to the Big Soul, the Over-Soul, the Cosmic or Universal Soul, the Paramatma or the Kundalini. Memory is simply Me-Mory, My Cosmic Energy, the creative energy in each Being. Its chief work is to draw out the Dot of Life from the Memorandum or Gaseous Figure and make it stand just above a father's head, so that it can later on enter into the body of a new-born child. Memory is Magnet and Memorandum is Iron. The Magnet attracts the Iron, whenever the work of creating a Being is to be undertaken. This attraction is what is commonly called Love. This principle of attraction is to be found in all Memories. So it is to be regarded as Universal Love.

MEMBER 4 : 'Stability' means 'Permanence,' is it not ? And yet, why do you say that its life-length is not yet eternal ?

SCIENTIST : The Little Soul, as you know, is at present unable to live in the physical body for all time ; but one day this defect will be removed, and it will live in the physical plane for eternity. I have given the Jivatma the name of "Stability" in anticipation of its future quality.

MEMBER 4 : Did you not say that the Stability came from the Gaseous Figure which is in

continuous contact with the Ocean of Life or the Cosmic Energy ? That means that the Stability is made of the same substance as the Kundalini. How can you, then, look upon the Stability as Mortal, and the Kundalini as Immortal ?

SCIENTIST : Before the Stability is separated from the Gaseous Figure, it is identical with the Universal Kundalini and has, therefore, the quality of eternal existence. But it enjoys that quality only in the plane of the Gaseous Figure, which is a non-physical plane. But the Kundalini separates it from the Memorandum and makes it descend into the Physical Plane. After the separation, it is no longer immortal ; for it has no permanent abode in the plane in which it has come to exist. The deep vital meaning of the separation is now obvious. Until the Spirit succeeds in having a permanent existence in the physical plane, its evolution is not complete. It is immortal in the non-physical plane of the Gaseous Figure and mortal in the physical plane of human existence. And each act of sexual re-production is a sore reminder of this incomplete state of affairs in the evolution. Till this defect is removed, the Kundalini will keep on dragging the Stability into the physical plane where alone the end is to be reached. If the end

of evolution is not to be reached in the physical plane, why should the Stability be constantly dragged into the physical plane and into no other plane?

MEMBER 4: Is there, then, a conflict of desires between the Stability and the Kundalini?

SCIENTIST: No, although it looks like it; for the Stability is Iron which sounds like "I Yearn." The Stability is the "I" in us. It yearns for what? It yearns for a re-union with the cosmic energy from which it has been separated; that is why it keeps on knocking at the Kundalini at each inspiration of a living Being. Now the Kundalini separated the Stability from the Gaseous Figure not without a purpose. What is that purpose? It is just to give it a yearning for eternity. And how does the Kundalini seek to fulfil that yearning, that desire? The Kundalini in each individual is Memory out of which the creative seed is manufactured. The creative seed may also be called the Kundalini. Thus Memory makes a creative seed by attracting the Memorandum, separating a Dot of Life from it, and magnetising that bit of iron. Now Magnet sounds like "Make a Net." The Kundalini thus makes a net, prepares a body in the mother's womb and remains

within it. The Stability above the father's head is thus tempted to enter into the net made by the Kundalini, in its desire to reunite with the Kundalini. As soon as the Stability enters into the net, the physical body of a new-born child, the Kundalini entraps it there with the help of Ether. The Kundalini, therefore, wants to satisfy the yearning of the Stability only within this net. If it were not so, the Kundalini would not have made the net and forced the Stability to get entrapped in it. The Kundalini is the "We" in us. The "We" wants physical immortality. The Stability or "I" wants immortality—physical or non-physical. The Stability became mortal by the efforts of the Kundalini ; it can become immortal only by the efforts of that Kundalini. And the Kundalini is prepared to make the Stability immortal only in the physical plane. If the Stability revolts, it is allowed to leave the physical body and go back to its Gaseous Figure ; but it shall be dragged down again. If the Stability realises the inherent desire of the Kundalini, it will not revolt, and it will, then, get what it wants permanently.

MEMBER 4 : Is this not a real conflict of desires between "I" which wants immortality, and "We" which wants physical immortality ?

SCIENTIST : How can it be so ? If the Stability is giddy enough not to realise the identity of desires between itself and the Kundalini, how can it be helped ? The Kundalini is prepared to give it what it wants. But the Stability should work in obédience to the master's plan for achieving its desire. It is a question of method, not of object. The Kundalini had to come down to the physical plane for purposes of sexual re-production in evolution. So it had to drag the Stability also to the plane of its present existence. The Kundalini seeks to fulfil its original purposes of evolution in the physical plane. What does the Stability care so long as it gets what it wants ? It becomes immortal the moment the physical body becomes eternal. Liberation or Moksha as the Easterners call it, is liberation from Mortality. But the Kundalini seeks to work out that result in the physical plane. So it aims at the eternity of the physical body. The physical has thus a mortal and an immortal element in it. The immortal is constantly seeking to make the mortal immortal, i.e., united with itself, in the physical plane, in which it has come to reside. It is high time that the "mortal" in us realises this fundamental scheme of evolution, if the individual desires of all beings are to be fulfilled. When the One

desire is fulfilled, all desires are fulfilled. When the One desire is not fulfilled, no desire can be fulfilled ; for it is the One which has to fulfil all desires which are included in its own desire.

MEMBER 2 : What do you mean by liberation ? Is it not salvation from sin or punishment ?

SCIENTIST : No. Liberation means Independence. If you analyse the word independence, you get the sounds of In Deep End An See ! At the bottom of the Spinal column (*In Deep End*) you can see the Kundalini, the principle of Eternity. We see then ourselves—a fact symbolised by the initials C V V, C for See, V for We and V again for Ourselves. I have told you about A T M. You are now M (*Man*). Turn yourself, see yourself, you become A. You are then M T A. Man thinks he is at the bottom, and God is far above him. But Man is the highest achievement of God so far. God or Kundalini or cosmic energy has distributed itself into the various Deep Ends of Beings. So the original stock must have become depleted, empty. Don't you get the sound 'empty origin' in M T A, M T for 'empty' and A for origin ? The origin's present state is M T A. Its work is given by the first four letters of the English

Alphabet. A (*origin*), B C (*busy*), C D (*seed*). The origin is busy and it makes a seed. That is the creative work of the Kundalini. When the origin exhausted itself and became the Kundalini of different created beings, each of these Kundalinis took up the origin's work of creation. Thus from creation came recreation or reproduction. God disappeared and Evolution came into existence.

MEMBER 3 : Can't we get back the lost God ?

SCIENTIST : Only by summing up all its parts into which it has divided itself. So "We," all Beings, constitute the original God. Realising this, is seeing the Beatific Vision.

MEMBER 3 : If death is conquered, not merely the soul but also the body will become immortal. Do you mean to suggest that we can acquire the powers of the immortal without abandoning the physical body ?

SCIENTIST : Certainly. Why not ? Apply the Piston principle, draw out from the six planes their peculiar properties and inject them into the physical. Till now we were going into each plane in order to experience its properties. My suggestion is that in whatever plane you are, you can experience the properties of the other six

planes by constructing a piston in thought and drawing through it the cosmic fluid peculiar to any level.

MEMBER 3 : If death is abolished in this world, what about birth ? The Earth will soon get over-crowded, and what will Malthus think of you ?

SCIENTIST : Leave poor Malthus alone in his grave. The Earth will have to bulge out twice its present size, so that all the souls now waiting for incarnation will not be disappointed. Afterwards these immortal men will be able to go to Mercury which is now being prepared for us. The Earth will once more become empty to receive the mortals who have evolved from lower forms in other planets. The theory of Planetary Chain relates to the problem of fixing the space for evolution. In my opinion that space has not yet been fixed finally, although forces have begun to work in that direction. As yet there is nothing specific in this universe because space is not fixed. Don't you get the sound Space—Fix in the word "Specific" ?

MEMBER 3 : You seem to have a peculiar method of analysing words and making them yield unexpected meanings.

SCIENTIST : I accept that analysis of words is a characteristic feature of my research. I have many more things to say. For example, 'Comet' stands for Come yet (*things to come*), and 'Soviet' stands for So we yet (*our promised land*), and.....

PRESIDENT : That will do. I warn you not to drag in Russia into our discussion. Science, you know, has nothing to do with politics.

MEMBER 3 : Our friend is literally a Man of Letters.

SCIENTIST : You are right. The different planets pour down their respective forces and mould the earth out of whose substance our protoplasmic body is built. The human body is made up of five life-elements or principles—fire, earth, water, air, spirit,—which are symbolized by the five vowels of the English Alphabet 'A E I O U'. English is the only language having just five vowels, and it is, therefore, the language of the origin or the creator. A (*the origin*) is E (*he*), I (*I*), U (*You*) and O (*not*) ; that is to say, the origin is personal as well as impersonal.

PRESIDENT : Well, Sir ; we are really obliged to you for your learned disquisition. Personally I feel it is all beyond my compass ; and to speak the truth, I admire things I least

comprehend. I dare say my colleagues are in entire agreement with my sentiments (*The members of the Board shout unanimously, 'yes', 'yes'.*) It has been the tradition of this Academy to honour persons of originality like you by making them Presidents of their learned body. Out of deference to that tradition I hereby vacate my chair and request you to occupy it in my place.

SCIENTIST : Thank you very much, very much indeed. I should not forget to add that you are right in calling me original, that is to say, origin level ; it is only at that level that the "We" principle can be seen at work ; it is the plane where the unity behind diversity can be seen and the origin of diversity from unity can be understood.

PRESIDENT : In the name of my august body I solemnly ask the learned scientist to stop further explanation and discussion. By originality the academy means something which none of its members can understand ; and let it be understood in no unmistakable terms that the Academy can honour people only on that basis. It is now my onerous task to ask you, learned scientist, whether you abide by our ruling which, you must know, is final.

SCIENTIST : All Right, Have it as you like.

PRESIDENT : I want an unequivocal answer, as my question has been couched in unequivocal language. I want a plain "yes" or "no."

SCIENTIST : Pardon me for raising just one question, before I answer yours. Am I to understand that the honour you have chosen to confer upon me is a mark of your recognition that Death can be conquered if one kills the terror of it ?

PRESIDENT : My answer is "no", emphatically "no". Our decision simply means you are original as our Academy understands that term in conformity to ancient custom.

SCIENTIST : (*Almost tottering like a drunkard, and in a tone of abject misery*). Merciful God, Is that all ? I sacrificed the pleasures of my chief life so that the world may enjoy the pleasures of a merry life. I neglected home, comfort, conscience, nay, love itself, for the sake of truth. (*Summoning up courage and in a calm, distinct voice*). Friends, forgive me for exhibiting such weakness ; I am indebted to you for teaching me what I could never have discovered without your help ; and it is this : "There are a good many fools and knaves in this World, and both get paid in the end ; but the

fools always first." And I leave it to you, wise men, to point out which is the fool and which is the knave.' As for myself, I shall hie to my home, ask on bended knees for forgiveness from a wife whom I dearly love and whom I have neglected for sixteen long years so that I can appear before you and say something original. There is no reason why I should feel dissatisfied with my conduct, for I have carried out my plans to the book. But I feel that there is much good work yet to be done. I shall recommence, my research on the basis of 'love,' and not 'truth' as I had done hitherto. God-willing, I shall appear once more before you after sixteen years, and entertain you with my originality. My only anxiety is that none of you may be alive by that time, as you are all already one foot in the grave. Farewell, everybody, shall I say, a long Farewell ! *(He walks out abruptly. Consternation is writ large on the members' faces. They keep standing and speechless for five minutes. They stare at each other in sheer helplessness, and everyone wishes that somebody else breaks the ice. At last the President blurts out a few words.)*

PRESIDENT : What a pity ! What a pity ! We must have given him whatever he asked for. Hang tradition !

MEMBER 2 : It looks as if we are all hanged.

MEMBER 3 : I feel that my other foot is already restless to join the one foot in the grave.

MEMBER 4 : If we all die, how can the Academy live ? If the Academy dies, how can truth live ?

PRESIDENT : How foolish you are ! When life itself goes, who cares aught else lives ?

MEMBER 4 : Why should we not call back the scientist and satisfy him ?

PRESIDENT : That will be an open violation of tradition. Rules are rules, and they must be so at any cost, even at the cost of our lives.

MEMBER 4 : Yes, not 'even at the cost of our lives' ; say 'only at that cost.'

PRESIDENT : Am I to understand that Member 4 is pressing an opinion for consideration and vote ?

MEMBER 4 : What is the use of it ? Will it save me from death ?

PRESIDENT : It depends upon the vote of the House entirely. Those who agree with Member 4's amendment that in the statement, "Rules must be rules even at the cost of our lives," the

word "even" should be deleted, and the word "only" should be substituted for it, please raise your hands. (*No hands are raised, save that of Member 4.*)

PRESIDENT: I declare that the amendment of Member 4 is lost. Is there any other amendment?

MEMBER 4: I want that in the aforesaid and selfsame statement till now under discussion, and just now on hand, the words "even at" be deleted and the word "without" be substituted.

MEMBER 3: Mr. President, on a point of order. Can Member 4 move the same amendment twice?

PRESIDENT: No. But is he trying to do such a thing? No. His first amendment suggested the deletion of the word 'even' while his second amendment suggests the deletion of the words 'even at.' And I do hereby declare that "even" has nothing to do with "even at."

MEMBER 1: Mr. President, your argument is strengthened by pointing out that Member 4 suggested in his first amendment the inclusion of "only," while in his second amendment he suggested the word "without." The difference between "only" and "without," I humbly sub-

mit, is stronger, more obvious than that between "even" and "even at."

PRESIDENT : That which is obvious cannot be original. The Honourable Member is well aware of this standing order of our House. In as much as he has chosen to violate it by suggesting the obvious, I do hereby declare that the honourable member in question shall be expelled from the House, and that I, for rejecting the obvious, be allowed to be the President for a further term of office.

MEMBERS : 1, 2, 3 : (*Shout*). We agree.

MEMBER 4 : (*Walks out in great distress, wearing the piteful expression of a condemned convict.*)

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ACT III—Scene 1.

December 20th., 1922, at 4 p.m.

SCIENTIST : (*Seated in his room, with a letter in his hand, is thinking aloud. He must have wept bitterly, for his eyes are red, and his cheeks are wet with tears. Every detail of his appearance, pose and voice, betokens a broken man ; but there is nothing to show that he is crazy.*)

Merciful heavens ! What have I done ?
What have you done ? What have we done ?

Should it happen like this ?.....I am not bitter. I am not vexed. I am not disappointed“All experience is like an arch through which gleams the untravelled world.” Everything is useful as experience, I know. Without experience, what can we know ?..... When I first met my wife I loved her with a pure blaze. The love I gave her has now been returned in a strange way, I should call it even startling. Well, the love is still there ; but it is not the pure love of the fresh dawn of life. It is experienced love.....Well, I welcome this experience in one sense. Experience is accumulation of cosmic energy. The little Kundalini in man gets more and more of the One Kundalini of the Universe, for what is Kundalini but energy.....My research was incomplete without this. Now I realise the sequence of values. What is God ? God is Truth. What is Truth ? I shall not go back and say that Truth is God. Let me go forward. Let me trace the route consistently. Let it be either A T M or M T A, not this and that at the same time. Let me gather together the scattered rays of my wisdom and digest this new experience.

What is God? God is Truth. What is Truth? Truth is life. What is Life? Life is Love. What is Love? Love is the Origin. Tolstoy is

right. Where God is, Love is, for God is Love.

Then Love must be all pervasive, for God is all pervasive, is it not.

Love of all beings, Love of Life, and not living things, is the real value. But love of life implies love of living things as well, is it not ?

Oh ! What have I done ? I should have taken my wife into my confidence. But she would not let me do so. How can she know all which even the learned Academy could not comprehend ? But she speaks the highest of truths, and I did not know it. Let me read this letter once more. What does she say ? Love understands the concrete. It wants something to possess. She tried to possess me. She wanted to possess something concrete drawn out of her nature. The doctor understands the concrete. He acted out of friendship. She will not see me again, for I may not appreciate her conduct. She will be praying to God for the success of my research. (*He puts the letter into the drawer, and paces about the room thoughtfully.*)

I see, the Doctor's love created a life for her, a life which can receive her love. Well, the Doctor's love is the creative force in this trans-

action. It is the Kundalini for this purpose. The life of the created child is the Stability. That Stability would seek that Kundalini which is the Doctor's love. If the mother wants to love that life, and that life is seeking all the time the Doctor's love, its Kundalini, she must in effect be giving her love to the Doctor. That means treachery to her marriage vow. (*The Scientist is now getting more and more excited.*) That means Adultery, Sin, a Violation of the Ten Commandments, Hell-fire, Inferno, Abandonment of all hopes, Death, Annihilation, (*The Scientist works himself up to a feverish pitch and falls down like an oak riven by the lightning.*)

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ACT III—Scene 2.

December 21st., 1922, at 7 A. M.

[*The Scientist is lying ill on his bed which is arranged in his study-room. The Doctor is seen attending upon him in a standing posture. Some medicine bottles and glasses stand on a small chair near the patient's bed.*]

DOCTOR : Now take this sweet little potion. It will put you to sleep. You will be all right. Don't worry.

SCIENTIST : (*Smiling feebly and taking the Doctor's hand in his hand and stroking it ten-*

derly). Thank you, Doctor. Do not leave me alone till things are clearer.

DOCTOR : No, No. I shall be here. You shall want nothing. Even now, things are better. Do not speak. Take complete rest. Nothing like it even for a troubled soul, is it not so, learned Scientist ?

SCIENTIST : Your irony is tender, Doctor ; it is not the Academy stuff. Talk to me. Keep on talking to me. That is more soothing than your potions. I will soon go to sleep. I am too feeble to talk. So, you can say anything. Do not worry about disturbing me or wounding my sentiments. There will be no sneerings, no misunderstandings, no contradictions, no controversies

DOCTOR : That will do, feeble Man. You shall listen now. I saw the report of your exposition in the Academy. It was very interesting.

SCIENTIST : (*Trying to sit up in his bed*). Do you really think so ?

DOCTOR : Yes. I will tell you more, only if you can keep calm. (*The Scientist resumes calmness.*) It appeals to me. It is worth working upon. I think I shall take it up.

SCIENTIST : Thank you, Doctor. That is the only way by which I can make my work live. I now do not care who else lives.

DOCTOR : Don't say that. You are getting sour. I am sorry that I have in a sense contributed to the tragedy, I mean, the break-down of your spirit. But

SCIENTIST : (*Cutting him short*). Drop this theme. I know it all. She has told the whole thing in a letter and I

DOCTOR : (*Turning pale*). What do you mean ? What letter ?

SCIENTIST : (*Asks the Doctor to pull out a drawer. The Doctor sees a letter and reads it. Shame is writ large on his face. For a time he dares not take out his eyes from off the letter. Suddenly he goes near the Scientist and kneels down before him to ask for forgiveness.*)

SCIENTIST : Do not feel dejected, my friend. Neither feel ashamed nor sorry. I have carefully thought over the matter. You know Plato's words : "An unexamined life is not worth living." I have examined it all, and I find that your life is worth living. The letter contains the clue to righteousness. Read it carefully. What does my wife say ? "The Terror of Sin obstructs

the realisation of God more than the Terror of Death ; and the only way to overcome it is Apology." She has put it admirably, is it not so ? Forgiveness is a conventional word reeking of traditional odour. 'Apology' gives the coping stone to my research. Let anyone who fears from sinning apologise. He is then fit to live ; and can aspire for immortality, if he chooses. She has also taught me the true meaning of Love. Doctor, know it, if you do not know it already, Love is God, God is Truth, Truth is Life, Life is Love. . . .

(The Scientist suddenly stops speaking as if from exhaustion, he closes his eyes ; the Doctor gets up and covers his body with a warm rug, and stares at his face, with the reverence of a disciple. Suddenly his face becomes stern ; he touches the Scientist's body and finds it cold. In a second he comes to know that the brave spirit has mounted high. Tears flow down his cheeks profusely. Slowly he turns away from the corpse and moves a few steps towards the door. He then turns back, walks towards the Scientist's writing desk, pulls out the drawer, collects all the papers there, including the big note-book containing the researches of the dead man, and then walks out of the room in a slow, deliberate tread.)

ACT IV—Scene 1.

December 26th., 1922, at 10 A. M.

[The Doctor and the Wife are sitting on chairs ; they cannot see each other, as they are separated by a curtain. The events take place in the drawing-room of the Wife, who is now occupying her paternal home, a pretty little cottage in the countryside.]

When the Doctor knocks at the door, the maid asks for a message which is promptly given and carried to the Wife. The latter instructs the maid to arrange the drawing room as described above and to tell the Doctor where he should sit.]

DOCTOR : Will you not let me see you for just a few minutes ?

WIFE : No, you promised to forget your love for me. A gentleman's honour lies in keeping his word.

DOCTOR : Oh ! It is terrible. I wish your memory is not so strong. How cruel you are in turning my own words against me !

WIFE : I thought that you had some settled value, and I always respect other people's values, as I expect them to respect mine.

DOCTOR : I came not in selfishness. I wanted to inform you about your husband's death, the

sad circumstances of that heavenly ascent, and to stand by you in your hour of trial.

WIFE : I do not doubt your good intentions at all, Doctor. But what can I do ? I do not want to be the plaything of man any longer. I find it amusing enough to play with my own nature.

DOCTOR : Have you no sorrow for your husband's death ?

WIFE : Yes, a great deal. But I do not want to add to it by breaking my vows.

DOCTOR : You may break your vows and then apologise. Did you not tell your husband how to overcome the terror of sin ?

WIFE : Yes. My advice is given to those who are a prey to that terror. I have no sin to fear and nothing to apologise for. Besides, there is not always the certainty that an apology given will be readily accepted by the persons to whom it is given.

DOCTOR : Your husband has completely forgiven you. In fact he said that your word ' apology ' was the coping stone of his research.

WIFE : I never apologized to my husband at all. I suggested to him a way out of his troubles in case he regarded my conduct as a sin and became horrified at it.

DOCTOR : He also said that you had taught him the true significance of Love. He said that Love is God, God is Truth, Truth is Life, and Life is Love.

WIFE : I am glad to hear it. To me, my child, now in conception, is the only God. He is my love and life. That is the only truth I understand, I recognize.

DOCTOR : But Love must be universal, as Life is universal. You must come out into the world and begin to love all Beings.

WIFE : Including yourself, I suppose. It is not my intention, Doctor, to hurt you. I have not forgotten your friendship. I have the highest regard for it ; and I am most eager to preserve its purity. That is why I insist on the terms of our agreement. You must go away now and never think of returning in any circumstance.

DOCTOR : How harsh you are ! And yet it shall be done. I have great work to do. I promised your husband to keep alive his work, for I thought that I was responsible for the break-down of his spirit.

WIFE : Your kindness makes my part brutal ; but I cannot help my nature. I have read in books that for ages women were the fun and frolic of men. My nature revolts against that

treatment. Often have I felt that I am the avenging hand of my sex. But now I speak not in wrath or missionary zeal. I speak in sheer self-defence, not in defence of my sex but in defence of my own self.

DOCTOR : Aren't you selfish ?

WIFE : Perhaps yes. But should you interfere with it ?

DOCTOR : Not by force, but by argument and persuasion.

WIFE : Suppose you fail, even after such methods.

DOCTOR : I did not think you were so bad.

WIFE : I am really sorry for you, Doctor. It must be a great disappointment, a disillusionment. What can I do ? Has Man in these ages ever put himself in the position of the Woman and visualised her feelings ? Why should he, so long as he could have things in his own way ?

DOCTOR : I feel for you. I have always respected you.

WIFE : That is true. But you are not yet the conqueror. Your conquest is incomplete. You are yet to possess me. That is why you are submissive.

DOCTOR : Are you not wrong in judging me like this ? I helped you to satisfy your love.

WIFE : Yes. But I remember your telling me that it helped you to satisfy your love also. In giving, you found that which I found in taking. You may quarrel with my judgment. Can you quarrel with my memory too ?

DOCTOR : No. I admit you are clever. What charm is there in that cleverness which believes in taking from others ?

WIFE : Doctor, you are really getting giddy. My husband once called my speech born out of giddiness. I retorted saying that I would consult the doctor ; and so I did. It is my turn to play the doctor to you. I give as much as I take. In fact I take only to give. In taking from you did I not give you the chance of giving something which, you said, you very much wanted to give ? I have given all the love I have to my little child. After all you gave me that child. Why should you not find pleasure in my giving my love to that child ? I do not spend my love on something which is wholly foreign to your nature.

DOCTOR : I admit there is some vicarious joy I feel in that ; and yet it is not all I want. I want your love more than ever. I cannot complete the sacred promise I gave your husband on

his death-bed without it. His failure, he said, was the result of his failing to get your love.

WIFE : So, you want to possess me, something extraneous to your nature. Now you see how dependent you are on me. I depended upon you for a time only. At no stage you can afford to forget me. Am I not correctly interpreting your sentiments ?

DOCTOR : Yes. I wish your knowledge urges you to help me in a concrete way.

WIFE : It is impossible, Doctor. My solution is the peculiar privilege of my sex. Till Man is able to reproduce the species without depending upon another individual, he cannot succeed in becoming a God. God created things out of his own nature. If you want to realise God, you must realise this unique independence of God. Man is deliberately kept inferior to God, and it is futile for him to aspire for things far beyond his nature. Eons ago man and woman found their identity in one primitive substance. Ever since their separation, they have been warring against each other. When sexual reproduction came to characterise the highly evolved beings, woman's nature gained the ascendancy, as you can easily see in our own case. But we in our foolishness did not realise this so far. It is time that we

understand Nature first. A knowledge of Nature, that is a knowledge of the creation, should precede all attempts to acquire a knowledge of the creator.

DOCTOR : It is obviously a waste of time to try to convince you. Your conduct will produce at least two concrete results—the frustration of my love and the frustration of your husband's mission.

WIFE : You must be fair, especially when you have taken up the role of a seeker after truth, in summing up both sides of a case. My conduct may imply the frustration of the two things you have mentioned. But it implies the triumph of nature, the triumph of creation, the triumph of the great work which the creator has, in his infinite wisdom, chosen to plan out and execute. Let us evolve, each in his or her own way, till Heaven grants us the supreme opportunity of attaining our primitive identity. Till that happy moment arrives, realise the power of the Woman over Man ; face it as a grim fact. Do not squint at it, lest one day Nature should retaliate with stern revenge. If war you want, battle hard like a hero. Do not employ base or cunning tricks in capturing your opponents. Out of such heroic war may come forth a permanent

union, an everlasting happiness. It can come forth in no other way.

DOCTOR : (*Who is now helpless and miserable*). I don't know what to do. Am I to heed the husband's words or the wife's ? I shall go and never see you again, as such is your wish. I shall try to continue your husband's work and keep it alive, as such is his wish. As for myself, I shall use my own prescription, " Doctor, heal thyself." (*He goes out in a faltering, sluggish gait, repeating the words in a mumbling tone, " Doctor, heal thyself."*)

WIFE : (*Betraying slight agitation in her face and voice*). He is gone. It is terrible. But I should not now give in, having battled so long and so well. What can I do ? My life is fancy-free and I fear he will curb it. Merciful Heavens, give him courage as you have given me. If fight there should be, let brave hearts fight !

—:o:—

ACT V—Scene 1.

December 1st., 1938, at 8 A. M.

[*The Doctor is sitting in exactly the same spot where the Scientist was sitting when the play opened. The members of the Science Academy are sitting in front of him, and a quiet and earnest conversation is proceeding among them all.*]

DOCTOR : Now, my friends, it is sixteen years since the Scientist died and left the holy mission in my charge. From his notes I gather that his work on this planet lasted for sixteen years and achieved a half cup. Are we not justified in thinking that we have now finished the other half cup, and achieved the stage of completion ?

PRESIDENT : Certainly, if the measurement of time is to be an indication of progress. If one half takes sixteen years to complete the other half cannot take a longer time for its fulfilment.

DOCTOR : Not 'fulfilment', President. Say 'Completion'. Have you forgotten the distinction drawn between 'completion' and 'fulfilment' by the Scientist ?

MEMBER 1 : Then, are we to wait for a longer period, groping in the dark ?

DOCTOR : Have patience, my friend. The annihilation of time takes time to work out. The Scientist figured his work as a circle divided into four quarters by a vertical and a horizontal diameter. He called the first quarter as 'Quality', the second as 'Quantity', the third as 'Wait', the fourth as 'Time', and the fifth, *i.e.*, the first quarter of the second round, as 'Latent'. He took sixteen years to cover the Quality and Quantity,

i.e., half of his work which is a cup. In the last sixteen years, we, by our practice, have covered the Wait and the Time. So, the "One" has stood ; but the knowledge that the "One" has stood will be given to us only when the "Latent" Quarter is covered also. The "Standing of the One" marks the stage of completion of our course. When the time marks 'one and one-fourth', we attain fulfilment. Eight more years and we shall have all-round conscience, the knowledge of Eternity. It is true that we are eternal from to-day onwards ; but how can we make the World realise that fact and take advantage of that fact ?

MEMBER 1 : (*In a somewhat disappointed tone*). All right. If 'Wait' we should, we shall do so with 'weight' in our heart. You are our Father and we owe obedience to you.

DOCTOR : Do not feel discouraged, my son. Every discouragement is succeeded by an encouragement—such at any rate has been our uniform experience in our practice. One other point I want to tell you all at this stage. Member 1 called me a Father, and I readily called him a Son. There was a trace of disappointment in his tone. I attribute it to giddiness. Yes, I am your Father in every sense of the term and until you realise it, you cannot get complete freedom from

giddiness ; and you know that absolute freedom from giddiness alone constitutes all-round conscience. Now you see how good work has yet to be done in the development of your system. The " Latent " Quarter of our progress is as important as any of the previous quarters.

MEMBER 1 : I accept I am a little disappointed. You say that you possess more knowledge than any of us and yet the " We " principle is the foundation of our Brotherhood. How am I to reconcile these inconsistencies ? Why should my knowledge be inferior to yours, if both of us constitute the " We " ?

DOCTOR : Listen, friends. I am your Father and yet you are my equals. Do you not remember the day when you came to me and expressed your regret for not heeding the words of the Scientist ? What did I tell you then ?

PRESIDENT : You advised us to get initiated into the course planned out by the Scientist for the achievement of physical immortality, and we readily accepted your advice. Surely you cannot lay any complaint at our door, save our original mistake of having paid no heed to the Scientist's discovery.

DOCTOR : I am not in a complaining mood at all. I am glad that you acknowledge your mis-

take as original ; for you know that the Scientist is the Origin, the K. M. U. (i.e., *the Kundalini Master You*), the person who alone can be called the ruler of the cosmic energy. I initiated you and gave you a set of courses by which your system has been developed to the present extent. You have only one quarter to finish, and yet how many of you have stopped to think for a moment, What is meant by Initiation ?

PRESIDENT : I think that Initiation simply means your preparedness to instruct us.

DOCTOR : My preparedness ? Who am I ? Now listen. You have some idea about the Kundalini at the base of your spine. Imagine it to be a little rubber ball in constant rotation about a fixed centre of its own. The Stability, at each inspiration, impinges upon it at various points and with varying intensity. The Kundalini, at each expiration, is retorting in an appropriate way. As a result vibrations of varying wavelengths are produced ; it is these vibrations that are the origin of every experience of the individual's life ; the vibrations of the cosmic Kundalini, in like fashion, create the experiences that are to be found in this Universe. You see, thus, that the Kundalini is the Ruler of the Universe, the cause of all activities not only in the Past but also in the Present and in the Future.

MEMBER 1 : Pardon my interruption. Kindly tell us about the meaning of Initiation. Your Knowledge is so vast that a digression may not reach its end at all.

DOCTOR : Be patient, my friend. By patience alone you can see the vibrationless Kundalini, that Primeval Inactivity out of which all Activity emanated. Activity is work, that which is energetic ; Inactivity is the cause of work, the capacity to do work, that which is energy. Grasp this idea firmly and you will soon understand the true nature of Initiation, the Great Mystery of our Brotherhood. In the beginning all energy was pure, experienceless. When evolution started, the pure energy became experienced energy. You can readily see that there is a world of difference between pure energy and experienced energy. The Kundalinis of Beings are experienced energies ; in other words they represent quanta of lives with varying amounts and degrees of experiences. Hence the inequality of Beings possessing the Chief Life. Merry life will usher into existence an order of Beings whose experiences are the fullest, and which shall therefore be equal. Initiation, then, is the process by which the experiences of different beings are perfected and raised to the level of equality with the

sum-total of Universal experiences which the One possesses and is constantly manifesting.

MEMBER 1 : Do you mean to suggest that you represent the cosmic Kundalini ?

DOCTOR : In a sense yes, for my master is the Scientist, the K. M. U. You call me a master and I call you a medium. The relation implies the duty of guidance on my part. How do I guide you ? How have I been guiding you so far ?

MEMBER 1 : By giving us so many courses like the A course, the T course, and the M course, and by explaining to us the significance of the letters A T M.

DOCTOR : Is that all ? You have actually witnessed so many transformations taking place in your body. The guidance should, therefore, have been from within. The energy in a Kundalini measures the life-length of an individual. It can get out of its coatings or enter into them through one and only passage which is so minute that it baffles all description. I separated a particle from the energy in my Kundalini and introduced it into your Kundalini. Thus a part of my life got mixed up with yours. The experience of my life was thus added on to the experience of your life ; and due to the guidance of these two

experiences your development was effected. Moreover the part of my life in your Kundalini established an organic connection between our existences, so that whatever happens to you is instantaneously and automatically brought to my notice. Consequently I was able to rectify the mistakes that were committed by you in deed and in thought during the early stages of your development, and to ensure an even progress for you, unhampered by what the Easterners call Karma, *i.e.*, one's own faults that prolong the period of the Chief Life and of the three forms of Giddiness and postpone the inauguration of the reign of the Merry Life and of All-Round Conscience.

MEMBER 1 : (*In a tone of extreme humility and gratitude*). I sincerely apologise to you for misjudging your powers and behaviour. What you have done for us is the greatest sacrifice that can be made by a living being. You have parted with a fraction of your Kundalini energy to each one of us, your mediums. That means you have given each of us a portion of your life, thereby lengthening and enriching our own lives and curtailing and impoverishing your own.

DOCTOR : It is so. When I initiated you all, I was not sure whether the fulfilment of our course would take place within my life-time. I was,

therefore, most anxious that at least one of you should stand for ever in the physical plane, and I willingly divided a portion of my life into parts and handed them over to you.

PRESIDENT : You have not told us yet how you became our Father. I trust you are using the word in a spiritual sense, in the sense in which Christ talks of the Father which is in Heaven.

DOCTOR : No, my sense is this : the biological father makes his Kundalini deposit a seed in the Womb of a mother ; the seed contain a part of his own life, a portion of the energy which his Kundalini contains. After building the child's body, that energy becomes the Kundalini of the new-born child, the Kundalini of the child emanated from that of the biological father. But the father does not realise the organic connection between his Kundalini and that of his child, because he parted with his energy in a state of giddiness which is ordinarily called Love. But in Initiation, I parted with a fraction of my Kundalini energy consciously, and so became your father in this physical plane itself. What the biological father does in a giddy act of sexual creation, I did in a conscious act of Initiation. The biological father loses a good portion of his Kundalini energy in each act of creation ; but I lose only a minute

fraction of my Kundalini energy, in each act of Initiation. In fact a dose of five years' life-length has been distributed by me among seven hundred and fifty mediums.

PRESIDENT : Pardon me for raising a doubt which seems to threaten the very foundation of your theory. If a child's Kundalini is a portion of the biological father's Kundalini, the former must contain much less of the life-energy than that of the latter. That means a child must normally live for a less number of years than its father.

DOCTOR : (*With a broad smile writ on his face*). You are now indulging in what the Scientist used to call "chop-logic." The Origin knows how to replenish a Kundalini. If I can amplify the energy content of your Kundalini by Initiation, do you think that it will be a difficult task for the Origin to produce a like result ? The life-length of a new-born child depends primarily upon the time allotted in the Gaseous Figure to the Stability that enters it. In proportion to that time, the Kundalini of the child regulates its energy content—either by emptying a portion of its energy into the Cosmic Kundalini or by drawing into it a portion of energy from the latter. Remember that the Kundalini's chief work is to re-

tor during respiration, and to produce the basic vibrations of activity. As long as it performs this act of retortion, so long will the Stability remain within the Being ; and it will perform this act of Retortion so long as the Stability wishes to remain within the Being. The Kundalini's desire for the Eternity of the Stability can be fulfilled only through the co-operation of the Stability, the mortal element in us. Unless the mortal in us desires for immortality, the immortal in us cannot make that mortal immortal, however much it may desire to do so.

PRESIDENT : We know that the Stability, on the death of a Being, goes back to the Gaseous Figure. What happens to the Kundalini ?

DOCTOR : The Kundalini empties its energy-content into the Cosmic Kundalini, and thus the Kundalini of a Being becomes mixed up with the Ocean of Prana. The Stability also gets mixed up with the Ocean of Prana, but it does so only at a particular spot, the house of the Gaseous Figure from which it was separated. Remember that the Gaseous Figures of Beings are parts of the Cosmic Kundalini or the Ocean of Prana. The Cosmic Kundalini, however, is now empty in the sense that it does not directly do

the act of creation. It has left that task to the Kundalinis of Beings.

(A knock at the door. The Doctor shouts "Who is there?", and without returning an answer, the Scientist's wife pushes in. She is dressed in black, obviously a sign of mourning. Her face is pale, her body is emaciated.)

DOCTOR : *(Closing his eyes)*. President, bring quickly a screen, and keep our chairs on one side of it. Arrange for the Lady a chair on the other side.

THE WIFE : *(In a calm but pathetic voice)*. Thank you, Doctor, for your thoughtfulness ; but I prefer to waive my privilege and face you.

DOCTOR : *(Still closing his eyes)*. With due respect to your memory, may I point out that it is not a question of privilege but of duty born out of a solemn promise given to you by a gentleman.

THE WIFE : The promise was given on my insistence, and so I can release you from it. Moreover, the promise has outlived the purpose for which it was given.

DOCTOR : *(Suddenly opening his eyes in sheer distress)*. What is it ? Take a seat. Tell quickly.

THE WIFE : (*Taking a seat in front of the Doctor and looking steadily into his eyes*). Well, I have lost my child, and I have come back to seek your support. I am fully acquainted with the progress of your work. Member 1 has been kind enough to keep me informed. I lost my child two years ago ; it took me all this time to recover from the shock. You see I am still in mourning weeds. I arrived in this town yesterday and hastened to the premises of the Science Academy where I thought I could get some information about you. To my horror, I found a mercantile bank on the spot. But a kindly officer directed me to the house of Member 1 nearby.

DOCTOR : (*Turning abruptly to Member 1*). Why didn't you tell me about this at once ?

THE WIFE : Let me explain. I requested him to keep quiet till my meeting you. I made him give a gentleman's promise.

DOCTOR : That is just like you. Anyhow I am glad you have come back, and I am really sorry for your bereavement.

THE WIFE : I place myself entirely at your mercy now. Do not turn me out or say harsh things. Take me within your "We."

DOCTOR : Certainly. There is no room for partiality in our course. If you like, I shall initiate you and make you one of the mediums.

THE WIFE : (*Blinking in great confusion*). Are you asking for my love ?

DOCTOR : Yes, I do. That is what I ask for from others, and give to them, when they ask me for it.

THE WIFE : Then I ask you for your love now and I shall give you mine at once.

DOCTOR : You must call me your Father, henceforth, and I shall call you my Daughter.

THE WIFE : (*Greatly shocked and in a tone of tragic despair*). What ! You will take vengeance on me in this helpless condition ! Talkest thou of "We" when there is neither charity nor love in your heart ? (*She has now lost all self-possession, stands and shouts in a feverish pitch.*)

O! cursed Heavens. How long are we to depend upon cruel man for the fulfilment of our love ? You gave me a husband who gave me no pleasure. You gave me a child who would not please me for long. And you gave me a lover who would please me but once. For a child I alienated the husband ; and for a husband I alienated the lover. And for a lover whom shall

I alienate ? Shall it be my own Nature ? No, a thousand times no. My love, is far more valuable than my life ; when the first is frustrated, what charm have I in the second ? O ! Cruel Doctor, kill my life, if you like, but not my love. Horrible Man ! Were you not so eager to give me your love once ? And when I want it most now, talkest thou of Daughter, Parental Domination ! Paternal Advice ! Filial Duty ! Obedience and (*She falls down on the ground in a swoon. With the help of the members, the Doctor turns one of the sofas into a bed, lays the Lady on it, asks Member 1 to wait upon her, and walks out with the other members, in great agitation.*)

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ACT V—Scene 2.

December 1st., 1938, at 6 P. M.

[*The Doctor is walking about alone in the garden attached to the Scientist's house. His face betokens the crisis of his life. Suddenly he goes near a Mango plant and talks to it.*]

DOCTOR : You must come to my rescue. You can, I know. (*The leaves are gently wafted by the evening breeze ; observing this the Doctor gets more earnest in his appeal.*) Do not refuse, if you love me at all. How nicely you are grow-

ing up. I planted you at the self-same spot where one like you grew formerly. The master was very fond of it. Sitting under its shade he planned it all ! It must have known the very depths of his mind ! And oh ! What a mind it was ! a mind which belonged to the Origin, the K. M. U. ; a mind which was with him through the countless millions of ages through which he had carried out the work of fulfilling Himself ; a mind through which he could realise what he was and what his creatures were ; a mind that knew the precious secret of cosmic creation and evolution. Foolish mortals ! Such is the power and glory of the mind which you seek to control and deaden. Are you not foredoomed to failure in that attempt ? What has Mind done to Man to merit such odium ? What atrocious things are done in the name of self-control and mind-control and breath-control ! What terrible austerities are practised in the name of religion ! What cruel hardships are inflicted upon the body in the name of Godliness ! This spot knows the sacredness of the human mind. Standing on it I feel that Man's mind has been evolved out of the Master's mind and must have the original power. ' Mind ' sounds like " Main Do ". The High Task of the Mind is to do the main work, the work of the origin. I feel that man should neither hate

his mind nor his body Lovely plant; you draw life from this holy spot, and you must be wise. Can't you guide me now ? I think I am getting giddy. I am tired. Let me rest a little under this graceful plant. It must do me good. (*He sits under the plant, but feels restless.*)

What can I do ? She wants my love to the exclusion of all. How can I help her that way ? I was prepared to do so once, yes. But not now. Love is universal. Life is to be loved, and a living thing can be loved only as a part of Life, and in no other way. That is what the Scientist has taught me. That is what he means by Love, Love of All Beings and not Love of one Being, to the exclusion of others. "We" not "I" or "Mine" is the Truth that is Life. But how to make the Lady understand it ? She has never understood it before ? That is why she left her husband. That is why she has come back seeking my love

And yet she has a grievance that must be rectified. Her love seems to be irrepressible, inexhaustible ; it must be given a direction, a purpose, a goal. But how to solve the problem ? That is the question

My head aches. Giddiness overpowers me. Kind plant, do not tarry. Hasten to my rescue. Talk to me. (*Suddenly he hears the words : "Not 'talk to me but talk to her', doctor." He looks about in great surprise and sees the Gardener standing by.*)

DOCTOR : Good evening, Gardener. I thought I was alone.

GARDENER : But don't you know that 'you are never less alone than when alone' ?

DOCTOR : You seem to be a wise man. I am not surprised. You are watering daily this sacred spot of which our master was so fond.

GARDENER : Let it be so. The Origin's grace is given to all, and I too have a share in it.

DOCTOR : Now, tell me, wise man, what do you mean by your words 'talk to her' ?

GARDENER : Oh ! just a little fun. Pardon me for the liberty.

DOCTOR : There is nothing to pardon. I was wondering whether you had overheard my thoughts.

GARDENER : Only the last sentence, "Talk to me" and unwittingly I blurted out my usual joke "Talk to her." The word "Doctor" al-

ways sounds to me like that. At any rate, we, rustics, pronounce that word that way. Pardon our ignorance.

DOCTOR : (*Aside. What a curious coincidence ! I feel like talking to this man. Can it be throwing giddiness in which he has spoken ? Sometimes great truths are spoken unawares. There is no harm in discussing matters with him.*)

(*To the Gardener*). Well, my dear man, I thank you for breaking my loneliness. Can you stay with me for some time, or are you in a hurry to go home ?

GARDENER : I shall stay as long as you want, master. It is quite a pleasure to me. Although I am a poor servant, the old master used to keep me here for a long time and talk to me of many things. I could never make head or tail of what he said. That is perhaps just the reason why he talked to me so much. His precious secrets are perfectly safe with me, you know.

DOCTOR : (*With a bright smile beaming in his face*). How blessed you are, good man. Can you repeat any of the old master's words ? I mean, can you recollect any of those secrets ?

GARDENER : What you said first is correct, Doctor. I can mechanically repeat some of his words. But I don't understand any of them.

DOCTOR : That is excellent. Please tell me some of them, as much as you can remember. One day you too will know all.

GARDENER : I hope so doctor. When great souls like you and the Scientist treat us so kindly, our future must be bright. Now let me see whether my poor mind contains anything. (*He thinks for a few minutes, and then slowly talks in a half-hesitant way.*) This will interest you most, I think. The old master once told me : "How foolish the world is. They all call me a Scientist, but I am really a doctor. A doctor is one who tries to save people from disease and death ; and that is just the work I am on."

(*The Doctor looks as if he has seen a startling revelation and is about to burst into an exclamation. But seeing that the Gardener is slowly getting talkative, he remains calm and does not wish to disturb the continuity of the Gardener's thoughts.*)

I want to keep this life eternally in the body—then there will be no death, no decay, no disease, no want. To succeed in this task "Say Hint Her" must stand

DOCTOR : What did you say ? I didn't catch your pronunciation. Did you not say "Say Hint Her" ?

GARDENER : Pardon my ignorance, learned Doctor. I told you already that we, rustics, cannot mouth some words properly. I wanted to say "Centre" which sounds to me always as "Say Hint Her."

DOCTOR : (*Aside. What great truth this man is revealing to me ! Talk to Her and Say Hint Her ! Now I see why he has sent his wife to me. But what hint has he asked her to give me ? What hint has she given me ? It is perplexing. Let me hear this man. I feel my master is speaking through him.*)

(*To the Gardener*). Proceed, my good friend, I shall not interrupt you hereafter. I have got accustomed to your pronunciation.

GARDENER : You know, he used to call himself several times Life's Safeguard and you know "Guard" sounds like "God" God or Life is our Bodyguard. He once told me something very funny about his "Say Hint Her", forgive me, I mean "Centre". He drew a circle on a piece of paper and divided it into four quarters. He showed me the single point, the meeting point of two diameters, the common centre of the four quarters, *i.e.*, the centre of the circle. That I understood easily. But soon, he cut off one of the quarters together with that one point, the

centre of the circle. Then he asked me whether the other three quarters had any centre of their own. I could easily answer his question. How could the three quarters have any centre when he had taken away the only centre that the circle had? He laughed very much, I tell you. He called me a genius. Yes, now I remember it all. The one quarter which he had in his hand had a centre of its own, the point which was the centre of the circle and which he himself removed along with that quarter. Naturally the other three quarters were left without any centre.

DOCTOR : Did he tell you how to create centres for the other three quarters?

GARDENER : In fact, he put me that question. I told him it was easy. If there were four points at the centre of the circle, one point could be given to each quarter.

DOCTOR : Did the Scientist accept your answer?

GARDENER : I don't know. It looked like it. He called me again a genius. I thought he was in an unusually gay mood. He patted me on my back several times. Yes, he said : "Now only 360 degrees are round the centre. But he will do further work and see that 400 degrees act

in the place of the present 360 degrees. The extra 40 degrees will act in the form of a tube shaped into the plus (+) sign." Two diameters in the form of tubes cut at four points in the centre forming the verticies of a square. Each of these points is the centre of a quadrant of the circle. The tubes cut the circle into four arcs, each of which will subtend ten degrees at the centre of the circle. Thus the four quadrants make 360° , and the four arcs 40° . I told you I understand none of these things. But I could see that behind all his fun there was great seriousness.

DOCTOR : Did he say anything else ?

GARDENER : Let me see. That is all I think. Just one more thing I remember. He told me that he should go to the centre of the earth and make it stand according to his plan. That is what he called "fixing the space". He said that unless the space was fixed, and the centre of the earth stood, the picture would not stand. I don't know what picture he was thinking of. I asked him how the centre of the earth could be got at. He laughed more boisterously than ever before, and told me that it was a secret. I would not leave him there. I asked him whether it was possible to do so. He smiled most benevolently

—you know what grace there was in his smiles—and said in a low whisper, “Everything is possible, you will realise it soon, the world will realise it soon”, and saying that he left me abruptly.

DOCTOR : (*Suppressing a good deal of mental cogitation and joy*). Well, it is time for us also. It is very late. I should not detain you any longer. Moreover I have a lot of further work to do. Good night.

GARDENER : Good night “Talk To Her”, forgive me, I mean Doctor.

DOCTOR : Good night, good man. (*He hurries into the house.*)

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ACT V—Scene 3.

December 1st., 1938.

[*The same night 10 P. M. The Doctor is sitting alone in the Scientist's library in which the play opened ; the Lady has been shifted to her former bed-room in the upstairs of the house. It looks as if there is no change in the house from the order of things which prevailed when the Scientist was the master and the Lady the mistress of the house. But the Scientist's place is now being occupied by the Doctor ; the Butler is not there, and Member 1 is attending upon the*

Lady. The Doctor is thinking aloud, with the big note-book, containing the Scientist's researches, kept open on the table in front of him. He is frequently seen consulting it.)

DOCTOR : (*Soliloquy*). There ! Got it after all ! It is a mighty solution, a real working wonder, a world wonder ! So the Scientist has gone to the centre of the earth to make it stand ! That is what he means by "Space Fixing" ! When that is done the picture will stand ! and the Dead will rise ! Splendid ! Now I realise the first name of the M Course : "Master, Mistress, till we meet a gay." 'A gay' sounds like 'again'. But I was thinking that it meant something gay—the merry life. I am not wrong exactly. 'A gay' and 'again' must happen simultaneously. The merry life starts for the world, when the Scientist will come back and meet his wife again. His coming back means that his work at the centre of the earth is over and that space has been fixed. Well ! that is the hint "centre" means, "Say Hint Her." He has hinted his wife to go to me and stir me into action for recalling him into the world. Now is the time for my gathering all the mediums and starting a new practice for the Dead Rise of the Master. We shall pray to Him with one voice to come back to us, so that he can meet his mistress again and

we can meet a gay. I feel that there is nothing to worry about now. We have to keep on praying and wait for the Comet—the come yet—the things to come. The latent quarter, I now see, is really exciting. It is full of future possibilities. I was wondering what work the master could possibly have expected us to do during this period which he had called the latent quarter of his work. ‘The latent’ is the natural parent of ‘the patent’ and the work now is, therefore, an earnest prayer (*the Doctor is getting more and more excited. He is now almost in ecstatic frenzy*) for the speedy re-appearance of the master. Then the working wonder of our course will become patent to the whole world; the Kundalini Yoga will then attain its fulfilment; and the merry life will be ushered in with appropriate flourish — the flourish of the Comet, the flourish of the Master’s reappearance, the flourish of the K.M.U’s Beatific Vision. Then the lost God is recovered and the “We” principle is enthroned. (*The Doctor is visibly shaken with high emotion. He gets up suddenly and walks up to the sofa near by and falls on it, as if tired and exhausted. Soon he falls into a sound sleep, as can be seen from his rhythmic snoring.*)

ACT V—Scene 4.

December 1st., 1938.

[The same night. Time 12 noon. The Doctor is still lying on the sofa of the library, snoring hard and sleeping soundly. A violent knock at the door wakes him up. He shouts, 'Who is there?' Member 1 answers in a distressful voice: "It is I, you are wanted urgently." The Doctor jumps out of the sofa and meets Member 1 outside the door.]

MEMBER 1 : It is pretty bad, Doctor. She has grown hysterical. She wouldn't take a bit of the medicines you had directed me to give her. I have never seen a woman more obstinate or more fascinating in all my life. She must be suffering from some terrible inner pain. What heavy sighs she heaves, and what dreadful cries she yells out ! I thought that it must be keeping the whole neighbourhood awake, and you would come up of your own accord. Almost every minute she has been asking for you. You must go up and talk to her. That is the only way. I think you can put her to sleep.

DOCTOR : Yes, you are right. How stupid of me to have forgotten her ! Something made me tired beyond usual and sleep overpowered me. I have now shaken off that giddiness completely.

I shall go and talk to her. Thanks, friend, for having attended upon her so long and given me some respite. But for your help I would not have got the solution. Now you can go and rest. After all it is my duty, you know. I am a Doctor, a Talk to Her, have you heard of this before ?

MEMBER 1 : That is really funny ; and yet it sounds so appropriate. Should I leave you alone ? I think you will need somebody to assist you.

DOCTOR : I do not think so, at any rate till the morning ; I thank you for your kindness. I have rested a little, and you should not tire the body unnecessarily. The body is a vital thing for us, is it not ?

MEMBER 1 : It is. Yet my heart is with you. I think I shall feel most happy in being with you and serving you.

DOCTOR : Your feeling is most natural, my son. As I have initiated you, your Stability has been covered by mine, and the heart is, you know, the home of the Stability. So your heart beats in unison with mine. That encourages me. It is a sure sign of your development. Our course is fast nearing its fulfilment ; and the time has come when all our hearts should beat in unison. But there is nothing to worry about my Stability ;

its period of trial and tribulation is over ; it is on the threshold of a metamorphosis which will enable it to be in eternal contact with this physical body of mine. And if I stand, you all stand automatically. This is another secret of Initiation. We all have a safeguard for our lives. It is our Master, K. M. U., the Kundalini Master You ! He will soon re-appear, and we shall all acclaim him in one voice :—" K. M. U., Kundalini Master You." Now your heart must be at ease. Go and sleep well. You are well-guarded.

MEMBER 1 : (*Tears flowing down his cheeks, and speaking in a voice rich with gratitude and devotion*). We do not know much of the original master. To us you are the visible K. M. U., the living C. V. V. You have initiated us, developed us, guided us, protected us. Please do not leave us at any time. Be with us always, alive or dead, I don't care.

DOCTOR : Do not be foolish, my son. You are already getting giddy. Otherwise you would not have thought of death as a possibility. Go and sleep. That will do you good. Even for fun do not think of death as an unavoidable occurrence. You cannot conquer death unless you eschew the fear of it ; and eschewing that fear does not simply mean a negative attitude of indiffer-

ence towards it. You must make it a live principle of your life, at all times and in all circumstances, that Death is wrong, that it should and could be conquered, that you are endeavouring towards its annihilation and towards your own preservation, that your efforts will soon be crowned with absolute success. That has been my message to you all these years, and I have maintained my faith in that message in the teeth of the fact that the very originator of our efforts had to discard his physical body. Do not weaken that faith, and the reward shall be as much yours as it will be mine.

MEMBER 1: Pardon my mistake. I apologise to you. How difficult it is to keep up to your faith in word, deed and thought! And yet you, in your infinite grace, has taken us at our ordinary levels and raised us to the "We" level. If you get the reward, I shall be really happy. I want nothing else.

DOCTOR: (*Somewhat vexed*). What you say is not a sign of your having reached the "We" level. Talk of "you" and "I" always, if you are thinking of Truth. That is the most trying feature of this period of our course. Even if we touch the "we" level once, there is no guarantee that we shall maintain that level always. We have

reached completion but not yet fulfilment, and you know the significance of the "fill" after a "full" in the word "fulfilment." Nature has been most lavish till now ; out of a thousand acorns only one oak grows. But the time will soon come when every acorn shall become an oak. If the centre of the earth stands, at least one picture will stand, and then every picture must stand sooner or later. To make it sooner rather than later is our present effort. That is why so many mediums have been initiated—seven hundred and fifty in the open and two hundred and fifty in the secret, a thousand in all !

(A loud cry is heard from the upstairs.)

MEMBER 1 : Good-night, father. I should not detain you any longer. It is time for you to ascend.

DOCTOR : Only to descend soon after and proclaim to the whole world how the origin has descended—the A. T. M. route, you know. Good-night.

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ACT V—Scene 5.

[He hurries upstairs ; the door is ajar. The Lady is sitting up in her bed. The room is bathed in bright light ; but the pallor of the Lady's face is still noteworthy. As soon as the Lady sees the

Doctor, she yells out :— “ You brute ! How can you forget me so long !. Have you no ears ! I thought that my cries must have shaken the house itself to its foundation. What pains I have ! They seem to shoot upwards from my very bottom and touch the brain ! What can your wretched medicines do for me ? Or that awful man so docile and so unlike you ! ”]

DOCTOR : (*Aside*). I think her Kundalini has started rising. I wish she realises the truth. But the danger is the force may break through her head. The elemental fire must be covered, she is not developed enough. Oh ! Master, safeguard her ! Curb yourself and do not irritate her too much. There is no need to hint her any longer. I have taken the hint already, fully. I shall talk to her.

(*To her*). Now keep calm. I shall talk to you. That is my job, my profession. I am a doctor, you know, I mean Talk To Her !

WIFE : (*Feeling almost hypnotised*). Yes “Talk to Her” and “Doctor”. Come, sit by my side and talk to me. I feel already better, very much better. You see what you can do for me, if you just think a little of me.

(*The Doctor walks deliberately into the room and draws a chair near to her bed.*)

WIFE : Come and sit on the bed, near me
—not on the chair.

(The Doctor hesitates a little. The Lady starts yelling, and he immediately obeys her.)

WIFE : That is nice. Now stroke me nicely or I will start yelling. *(The Doctor quickly obeys her, and even seems to take some human interest in the action.)*

WIFE : Now talk to me. You should not leave me hereafter, even for a second. None of your tricks. I shall watch you carefully. If you betray me, I shall jump out of the window.

DOCTOR : *(Somewhat perturbed)*. There is no need for it ; it is no solution.

WIFE : Hang your solutions. Your prescriptions are better.

DOCTOR : *(Resuming his usual calmness and in a tone of gentle humour)*. Perhaps yes. But you will not touch the medicines.

WIFE : Served you right ! How else to bring you here ? Remember you should not leave me or I will jump out of the window.

DOCTOR : Oh no ! I shall remember. Your life is far too precious to me, to the world.

WIFE : What philosophy you speak, Doctor, you who would have once eloped with me and gladly done anything for it !

DOCTOR : (*Betraying no sign of agitation*). Yes, I was a brute, I am no longer so.

WIFE : I am sorry, Doctor. I must have hurt you. I am the brute, not you. But what can I do ? I tried my best to play the loyal wife. My husband would not help me a bit. What is worse, he has taken away all possibilities of help, by converting you into his disciple. Is that fair ? Is that the way in which a seeker after truth should behave ? But to speak frankly, even now my heart wells up in love for him. But how can I get at him ? Where can I get at him ? I do not mind even dying, if I am certain about meeting him in the other world ?

DOCTOR : (*In a tone of mild rebuke*). There is no need for such a drastic step.

WIFE : I do not want to die. I have never wanted to die. Even when I was driven desperate, I discarded thoughts of suicide. I now remember clearly what I told you once. I asked you to help me in bringing into existence something drawn out of my own nature, which I could love with all that wealth of love which I wanted to give my husband but which my husband would

not accept. My justification for making that request to you was my desire to preserve my love. Suicide meant the death of my love too ; and so I never fancied it. I never looked upon it as a solution, to use your language. My love is as abundant to-day as ever before ; and my desire to live even stronger than before. I am choked in all ways. Even now I want to be true to my husband. But I want to be true to myself at the same time. I can't ask you again to give me a child out of friendship. What good can it do for me, unless I know that the child will not die before me ? Even if it were to outlive me, what certainty is there that it will care for my love as it grows old ? Oh ! it is all far too perplexing ! How complicated love has made my life ! And yet I want to preserve my life, only for the sake of my love ! Life as such has no value for me ; it has not even any meaning for me. To me my love is my life and my life is my love. The frustration of the one means the frustration of the other. Good Doctor, you say you are so much interested in the eternity of life. You also told me that you would take me into your course, you used some technical word—I think it is "Initiation". I don't know what it is ; so I don't care what it is. But if you really mean to extend the benefits of your course to me, you

should make my love eternal also, is it not ? That is why I am so sceptical about you and your methods. That is exactly my attitude towards my husband. Even after I had left him, I was praying for the success of his researches. I, in fact, told him so in the letter which I left for him, before leaving him for ever. Teach me how to make my love eternal in this world ; that will automatically make my life also eternal in this world. If you cannot, what you talk is no good for me. It may be good for you and many others. You cannot, then, say that your "We" includes me also. My husband once asked our butler to talk of "We" before the Mistress, he meant 'before me'. That 'We' was no good for me, so long as it could make no provision for my love. He said the word "Mistress" contained in it the sound "Me", "Lady" had "Lad" in it, "Woman" had "Man" in it, "Madam" had "Adam" in it, "Female" had "Male" in it and so on. But what is the sad truth about my life ? Was there at least a moment of such perfect union, and identity between My Self and that of my husband as is indicated by those words ? I strove hard to establish that identity, to possess him and to contain him in My Self as an integral part of my own substance, even as the word "Male" is contained in the word "Female". I was only trying

to practise what my husband was trying to discover or to preach. What good is there in theories? What good can there be in theories? To live a theory is far more godly than to discover it or to formulate it. I wish my husband is here to listen to these words. Perhaps he will be moved. Perhaps he will rectify all the wrongs he has done me.

(The Doctor is about to say something ; but the Lady gives him no chance.)

Yes, I remember. When you came to break the news of his death to me, you told me that he realised his mistake at last and felt that his failure to get a recognition for his theory was due to his failure in not getting my love. You further told me that you wanted my love so that you could successfully continue my husband's work. I pitied both of you then for your intellectual confusion. And I pity you both even now. Did I ever deny my husband my love? All my troubles are due to loving him too well—is it not so? I refused to give you my love, when you asked for it, because my love was always flowing towards my husband. I tried to love my child; but I think I did not succeed in that effort. I feel that my child did not live long because I did not love it as well as I love my husband.

After all it is my love that is preserving my life ; and by that love can't I preserve other lives also ? My child was quite fond of me. But what else could that poor thing have done ? If I had loved it in return equally ardently, equally naturally, I could have preserved its life. If my husband had loved me as ardently, as naturally, as I had loved him, I could have preserved his life too ; and his life would have been as abundant as my love. I have now come seeking for your love, because that is the only way now left for me to make my love live. It can live only if I do not obstruct its natural course even to the slightest extent. And as I have told you already, it is by nature drawn towards my husband only, and towards nobody else. You wanted my love to succeed in my husband's work. I am now eager to give that love to you, and contribute to the success of your work. My husband will, then at any rate, accept my love and return it. All attempts I have hitherto made to check its nature have resulted in absolute failure and have caused me great pain. Before you came and sat by me a few minutes ago, you do not know how much of pain I have suffered—not only mental pain but also physical pain. I told you how the pain shot upwards from my very bottom, and touched the brain. Every cell in my body was writhing in

physical agony. Now I am all right, perfectly all right. I think you are a magician. How quickly you have given me relief ! And how effectively ! You said you were a doctor, a 'Talk to Her'. I must, in fairness, give you a chance. I have talked a lot. Something, I feel, has made me do so. Forgive me, Doctor, for this boredom.

DOCTOR : (*Smiling beatifically and in a tone of great dignity and benevolence*). Forgive you ? What for ? For giving me that perfect enlightenment which the mighty one, the origin of all beings alone possesses ? Your pain is no earthly one ; it marks the birth-throes of the merry life that is in store for the world ; and you are the mother of it. Rejoice in your pangs. What a fool I was in thinking of initiating you ! You, the Mother of the Merry Life, you, the Other of Our Master ; the other of the Kundalini ; nay, the other of the master of that Kundalini ! You who is the chosen medium of a mighty Hint to us all ! Your pain was caused by your Kundalini. It touched your brain and inspired you. It took you to the "We" level and made you speak. And you have spoken eternal wisdom.

WIFE : (*Somewhat perplexed and smiling confusedly*). How grand your reverence is ! I never realised till now the power of my husband.

How much has he taken possession of you ! I wish he possessed me like that !

DOCTOR: I say this not in jest, must less in hypocrisy. I love your husband to-day, as much as you love him. I am not, therefore, surprised at your telling me that your love is by nature drawn towards him and towards no other object. The reason is not far to seek. Who is your husband ? He is the K. M. U., the master of the Kundalini—the basis of all creation—the principle of Universal Love. And all our little loves are but atoms of it and are naturally drawn towards it. And yet why have you not felt that your love has been returned ? It is because you have not stopped to think about the origin of that love. He is the origin of your love and my love ; where then is the question of his accepting or rejecting your love or mine ? You have always been talking of possessing him or being possessed by him. The idea of possession implies power. Power is not love, although it originates from love. Kundalini's nature is love. It may manifest itself in the form of power. That which is energy is Love. That which is energetic is Power. You stand for power, the Sakti of Oriental philosophy. Your husband is the Kundalini which is universal love, the love of all beings, love of life itself, not of any living thing in particular. You

were talking of your love being identical with your life. Your life is only a bit of the eternal life of the Kundalini ; and your love is only a bit of the universal love of the Kundalini. Are you not wrong in thinking that the " We " does not include you ?

You said that my reverence for your husband had made you realise his power. Have you realised also that the power has for its origin Universal love ? Kundalini is God ; and God fulfils himself through Power. That is why our Master has chosen you as his Mistress. His autobiography is written in his notes under the title " The M-course." The opening line of that course is " Master, Mistress till we meet agay." " A gay " stands for the merry life, and it sounds like " again ". So your husband will meet you again, and the world will meet the gay, the merry life simultaneously. That is why I said that your life is far too precious to me, to the world. Don't you remember your grand utterance, when I met you last in your father's pretty little country home ? Your words were no doubt uttered in a state of throwing giddiness. But its real wisdom will be plain to you now. To me also it is plain only now. My memory flashes now and I shall reproduce your words :—" Let us evolve, each in his or her own way, till Heaven grants us the sup-

reme opportunity of attaining our primitive identity.

"Eons ago man and woman found their identity in one primitive instance." This is exactly the truth proclaimed in the first line of the M-course. Master and Mistress are two till We meet again and become One. When the One stands, the merry life is ushered in. For the one to stand, the centre of the earth should stand. Centre means "Say Hint Her". So our Master gave you a hint and sent you on to me. I have taken the hint and understood it fully. From to-morrow onwards I shall gather all the mediums and practise a new course. We shall send forth a joint prayer to the Origin to fulfil his work as quickly as possible and reappear before us, and meet again you, his Mistress and make us meet a gay, our Merry Life. This course I shall call the Dead Rise Course, for by it not only our master but all the mediums, who are dead, will also rise. Then the world will see the working wonder and seek us for initiation into our course. Even thus the Kundalini Yoga which your husband has started will achieve its fulfilment, and death and decay and disease will be conquered for good. Independence and Wantlessness will characterise the World thereafter, and Universal Love will become an integral part of the physical World !

(The Wife jumps out of the bed and attempts to kneel before the Doctor, obviously in prayer. The Doctor is alert enough to prevent her from doing so and violently shakes his head in disapproval of her conduct. Both are now standing, face to face. They look at each other earnestly.)

WIFE : How grand it is all ! How happy I feel ! I realise the folly of power, the vanity of power, the futility of power. Nature is love, not power. Power has made Nature look ever so unnatural. And yet I thought that my love was the most natural of its type. How powerless Sakti is before the Kundalini—the all-embracing, Universal Love !

DOCTOR : It is so. How often evolution, cosmic progress, has been arrested by foolish mortals by their craze for Power ! Not only ordinary mortals are to blame in this respect. Even intelligent beings, calling themselves saints and sages and siddhas and philosophers and yogis, have gone contrary to the stream of life. They never understood the basic nature of the Kundalini. They took it for granted that it was some mighty power. They called it the serpent-power or the serpent fire. They sought to control it and rouse it into activity by imposing upon the body seve-

ral austerities and restrictions and postures (*Asanas, as the Easterners call it*). They got into trances which Easterners call "Samadhi"; and there they realised the power of the Kundalini peculiar to a state of unconsciousness. They saw thus only one aspect of the Kundalini and hastened to the conclusion that whatever they saw was all that there was to see. They made a cult of it and propagated the unnatural idea that the physical world was an ungodly thing, and that the physical body should be slighted and disgraced. They said that identity with God was possible only to those who neglected the physical and practised self-control. By self-control they meant an artificial deadening of the five physical senses and of the mind which, to them, was no holier than the physical senses. But they never realised the true nature of the Kundalini. Its nature is love. It loves this world of life so much that it wants to make it eternal, changeless and wantless. Its nature can be understood only by those who cherish a desire for immortality in the physical plane. In other words the inherent desire of the Kundalini or the Origin is to achieve physical immortality, and he who identifies himself with that original desire will naturally exclude all other desires in his life. If he does not succeed in the beginning, the Kundalini will naturally enable him

to succeed very soon. When the original desire pervades a human being, to the exclusion of all other desires, he attains the poise and serenity and rhythm of life, which alone constitute true self-control. It is not control of the self which the Kundalini wants ; it only wants us to realise its basic desire and co-operate with it in the fulfilment of that desire. It wants us to do nothing else. In no other way can we befriend it. Mind, which alone knows the Kundalini's true nature and purpose, is not an ordinary thing. How can it be controlled ? How can the Kundalini, the Supreme Being, be controlled ? To see one aspect of the Kundalini in the plane of unconsciousness is to see very little of the Kundalini. And that is the maximum knowledge which these saints and sages could acquire. And what is their fate ? Every one of them must be reborn and attain their salvation in the physical plane. Immortality exists, so far as the Kundalini is concerned, only in the physical world. To seek it anywhere else is to obstruct God, to obstruct the divine scheme of evolution to seek dependence. Concentration is wrong because it generally leads to unconsciousness, a going away from the plane of matter, contrary to the Kundalini's purpose. Identify yourself with the principle of Universal Love, and let that Love do the rest for you.

It will purify you, strengthen you, develop you, guide you, and protect you. It will make you fit to find out God or Brahman. It will enable you to attain independence in this life, in this birth, in this world. All that man is expected to do is to realise the basic desire of the Kundalini and identify his desire with the original desire. To put it most simply, feel that your innermost desire, the innermost desire of all Beings, is to live eternally in the World of physical consciousness, and you are saved, the world is saved and God is saved. Do not neglect the physical body. Neglect means a sense of power. Do not try to control the mind or the breath. Control means a sense of power. Try to understand nature, develop a sense of love and attain the sort of liberation which God has planned out for you, and attain it through the method which God has chalked out for you. Be original ; that is to say, put yourself in the origin level, in the position of God, and look at things. Then and not till then will you see God's plan. If you take your stand in your own level, and look backwards, you will be seeing just the contrary of God's plan. The word "I" symbolizes power. It is sometimes called the ego ; and the poor mind is blamed for it. The mind is as much an instrument of love as it is said to be of power. Love cannot be en-

slaved or controlled ; for power originates from love and cannot, therefore, subjugate its own origin. Dissociate love from power, and you will find that the power becomes short-lived. A power that is eternal is that which is permanently associated with love. "We" symbolizes Love. It is the origin. It is the one that is also the many and the many that are also the one. From "I" one cannot realise the "We". From "We" one can realise the "I". Place yourself at the origin ; and you can see everything—the unity behind diversity, the origin of diversity, the nature and scope of diversity. Place yourself at some point along one of the rays of a radiating focus (*that is to say, place yourself at the I-point*) and look backwards towards the focus, you can see only your ray starting from the focus, you can neither realise the existence nor understand the nature and extent of the other countless millions of rays radiating from that self-same focus. A sense of ununified diversity is the attribute of Power which is mortal. A sense of unified diversity is the attribute of Love which is immortal. This, then, is the essential difference between an involving Man and an evolving God.

WIFE : (*Filled with an ecstatic joy, and clasping firmly both the hands of the Doctor, and*

looking earnestly into his eyes, speaks in a voice of fervour and expectation.)

Splendid. I know it all. I know what you are and what you are about. I am ready. I am eager. When shall I meet my husband? That is the question of questions. Let it be soon. I wish it happens now, this very minute, nay, this very second. Let me get merged in the Universal Love of my husband, and let me no longer be detached from him in the form of power. If he wants to continue his work of evolution thereafter, let him do it out of his own grace and not out of his power. Let creation be the work of love and not that of power.

DOCTOR : Yes. That is what will happen. When life gets merged in love, love shall be the parent of all life and not one life that of another. In Eastern philosophy the two-fold aspect of God is described as Siva and Sakti, the One and the Other. This is popularly interpreted as the male and the female. Any amount of theological controversies have been strung upon the futile question "Who is the greater of the two—Siva or Sakti?" Siva represents, in my opinion, the principle of Love; Sakti, the principle of Power. That Love is greater than Power is obvious. *At any rate power associated with love is far greater

than power disassociated from love. And as love is the origin of power, love contains in itself the entire substance of power. But Power, which has sprung from Love, cannot contain in itself the entire substance of Love, although it must obviously contain in itself an appropriate measure of the parent substance. Whatever may be the merits of these controversies, the two will get merged in each other very soon and achieve their primitive identity. Re-creation or Reproduction, so much dependent upon sex, will disappear when the juxtaposition of the one with the other ceases to exist. Then will the anti-thesis merge in the thesis, and the Kundalini with its four full coatings can create anything and everything by the mere property of its own love. As it is, the Kundalini in Man has only three and a half coatings, and the remaining half of the fourth coating is now being supplied by the woman. Before our master has commenced his work, Man's Kundalini had only three coatings, and the Woman supplied the fourth. By his half-cup work, the former acquired a half-coating and the latter lost to that extent. Now we have completed the remaining half-cup also, and are waiting for the fulfilment of our course which is to be signalled by the reappearance of our Master. In the perfected human being, each will have a

Kundalini of four coatings, and the sex may continue to be an object of pleasure but certainly not of purpose, except in those cases where the souls, now waiting for incarnation, have to be helped.

WIFE : I welcome this change. I am not afraid of losing the peculiar privilege of my sex. I once thought that Man had done a grave wrong to Woman by keeping her under his control, by possessing and enslaving her. Now that the fallacy of power is made known to me, I feel no sorrow in the threatened loss of individuality to a woman, which the Merry Life imports. Whether Man is a slave to Woman, or Woman is a slave to Man, either way it is a tragedy. The conception of sex with a purpose is what makes the pleasure of it qualified, and often grotesque and unholy. Let this conception go and I shall not shed a tear.

(The clock strikes Two.)

DOCTOR : It is time for us to part for a little while. I have great work to do in the morning. I must gather all the mediums and organise the Dead Rise Course. Let us not waste any more time in talk.

WIFE : I am not weary. I feel fresh as morning. I have lost all count of time. I feel that the Merry Life has already begun to dawn.

My spirits are up ; my hopes are high. My heart beats love, and answeringly echoes it back. I feel that my whole frame is filled with energy and yet it is not the energetic state of former times. I am strong but restful ; I am earnest but peaceful ; I am hopeful but contented. But tell me, sweet Doctor, just one thing. Answer just one question before taking leave of me. I ask it not in doubt but in ecstasy. I am over-drunk with the wine of life and love, and I want to temper it with your sober wisdom. What you say are facts, I am convinced, although they are stranger than fiction, more wonderful than a fairy tale. Tell me, sweet Doctor, with all the weight of your wisdom, Is it possible to achieve all these ?

DOCTOR : (*In a half-whisper*). Everything is possible in this world, lovely lady, for those who have faith. You will realise it soon. The world will realise it soon.

(*The curtain falls.*)

