

I Q B A L

ATIYA BEGUM



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CHOWK MINAR, ANARKALI
LAHORE

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Raison D'etre

It will be considered odd that I should have thought of publishing in book form Iqbal's letters and my impression of his scholastic career in Europe at this stage, when all these years material for such a publication has been lying with me unknown to anybody. Even now I am *not* bringing this information before the public at my own desire, for such an idea would never have entered my mind. It is not that I did not think it important enough to be known widely, but I not believing in any kind of publicity was diffident in taking such action; hence all this material remained hidden from the public gaze. Many knew that I was in possession of some of Iqbal's original poems, and requests had reached me for their publication, but I did not attach any value to such requests (as many were made out of curiosity, and others saw personal gain in it) till I came across Ameer-e-Paigah Nawab Hasan Yar Jung Bahadur during my recent visit to Hyderabad State.

I was invited to attend a meeting of the Iqbal Society founded by Nawab Hasan Yar Jung

where the teaching and expounding of Iqbal's philosophy is carried out with such sincerity and genuine interest that in spite of myself I felt the force of the purpose in founding such an institution; and when I saw with what difficulty, sacrifice and labour the work was carried on I was unconsciously affected by its honesty and intention. I found Nawab Hasan Yar Jung an embodiment of the Quranic dictate that "Knowledge is the foremost thing to acquire, and to get that, one must go even to the other end of the world." Not only was he concerned in getting knowledge, but through this institution he is helping everyone to reach that ideal, and this is the best action any true Muslim can do. It was Nawab Hasan Yar Jung who suggested the idea, and I could not do better than fall in with his suggestion; hence the appearance of these poems before the public.

My thanks to Miss Hilla Vakeel and Ziauddin Burney for reading the manuscript.

—ATIYA BEGUM

I Q B A L

On the 22nd day of August, 1907, the practical realistic outlook of Heidelberg was surcharged with a mystical atmosphere, and University Professors were wondering how to get Iqbal out of the trance he had gone into since the night before. Frau Professor Seneshal and Fraulein Wegenast were scared out of their wits to see Iqbal stiff and inanimate, staring vacantly at an open book in front of him, completely insensible to his surroundings. The whole company which had foregathered to proceed on an excursion, were dazed to see him thus. What had happened to the Herr. Prof. Iqbal? Had he frozen in the cold of night? Would he ever return to consciousness and normality?—were the questions which passed through the assembled group which Iqbal was to join.

Iqbal was in Heidelberg to complete the philosophical research work he had undertaken. Heidelberg provided every kind of facility to such scholars. Here the essence of every branch of knowledge known to the world was filterated and made accessible to the lover of learning, so that men of understanding and ambition made this spot their place of pilgrimage, and their work in

this town changed the course of thought and action of the knowledge-seeker. Iqbal had hardly taken three months to master the German language which in itself made him appear an intellectual freak in the eyes of the Professors. This combined with his mystic ideas had caused him to be considered above the general rank of the scholars.

To explain his mystic temperament, I will mention what Iqbal told me about a certain incident he experienced in his childhood which had influenced his mode of thought. The psychic phases of his life he attributed to the teachings of his father. Seeking knowledge was inherent in the family, and for this purpose his father had spent several months in seclusion under the guidance of a saint and all that was known to him was imparted to his young son, Iqbal, not quite equipped for the responsibility of receiving higher knowledge. But the seed was there, and the watering was done by Iqbal himself—wisely or unwisely the result has shown. One can understand him better in the light of these facts and can follow many ideas that may appear obscure. He also related an incident which occurred when he was eleven. In the dead of night while asleep, he, Iqbal, was disturbed by some noise and saw his mother going down the steps; he got up and automatically followed her to the front door which was half open with a shaft of light streaming through it. His mother from the half open door was looking outside. Iqbal approached her

and saw his father sitting in the open space with a halolike light surrounding him, and as he tried to reach him his mother stopped him, and with a little persuasion sent him back to bed. Early in the morning when Iqbal awoke his first impulse was to run to his father and inquire what he was doing in the dead of night. When Iqbal reached the place he saw his mother was already there, and his father was concerned in relating what he beheld in his trance during the night. Iqbal heard his father say, "A caravan from Kabul that was approaching the city is in great trouble, and has had to halt twenty-five miles away from our town. This caravan has been travelling with an ailing person whose condition has become serious which prevents their journey further, so I must go immediately to render necessary assistance." Thereafter his father gathered some substance, and set out in their direction. Iqbal travelled with him and found his father's one concern was to reach the caravan soon. Luckily tonga reached earlier than expected and found the people troubled and concerned over the condition of the ailing person. From the caravan it was evident that it belonged to a rich and influential family, who were coming to a bigger city to get relief for the sick man.

As they approached the caravan the father got in touch with the leader of the group and asked to be taken to the sick person. This so surprised the man that out of awe they escorted him without inquiring as to how he knew about

the illness. When they came into the presence of the ailing man, Iqbal's father found his condition very serious as the horrible disease he was suffering from had eaten up portions of his limbs, and the body seemed to be slowly destroyed by the disease. He got some stuff in the shape of ashes, and smeared the affected parts with it. Having finished all that he had to do, he assured the party that the patient would live and be healed of his ailment, but that only **GOD** had the power to replace the lost limbs. It did not seem as if they believed their benefactor and Iqbal was himself sceptical about it, but the next twenty four hours saw improvement in the stricken man's condition, and the patient himself felt confident that he would be cured. A substantial fee was offered and refused, and so they came away. Some days later the caravan reached the town and the ailing man was found cured of his trouble. This incident Iqbal related to me a few days after I met him in Europe—where I had gone to acquire the higher aspects of some branches of knowledge.

At Miss Beck's place in London, where Indian students and visitots used to gather in those prosaic and uninspiring surroundings, I met Iqbal. An exchange of remarks on philosophical subjects made him correspond with me and he often asked my help in the choice of book and holiday locations. My course of reading in modern and ancient philosophy had just been completed and discussion on Plato and Neitsche

had shown a divergence in our views and interpretation of these philosophers. Iqbal not satisfied, continued the discussions in correspondence and most of these letters took their course of going out of existence after being replied to, as they did not appear to have any significance then. In April 1907 I received a letter from him along with poem he had written, on which he requested some critical comments. This poem is published here along with the English script.

Trinity College
Cambridge
24th April 07.

My dear Miss Fyfe,

I enclose herewith one of the
Reviews I promised to send you,
and shall feel obliged if
you could read it carefully
and let me know of
your criticism.

I was thinking of sending
you a copy of my Political
Economy in India, but
I am today & have much to do
and here though it wouldn't
be difficult to get it
from London. I shall write
for it this week.

Hoping you are getting on
all
Yours very sincerely
L. M. Fyfe

Handwritten Persian text, likely a translation or commentary on the letter, written in a cursive script. The text is arranged in several columns, with some lines written vertically. The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid and expressive.

In giving a correct and complete idea of my experiences and knowledge of Iqbal I do not wish to depend upon my memory alone, and as I have easy access to original letters I had written from Europe to my sisters as a personal record of my observations in the form of a private diary I am able to give day to day information, which will explain the distinctive characteristics, mental peculiarities, and certain eccentricities which helped to build the personality of Iqbal in his student days in Europe.

For the first of April, 1907, Miss Beck sent me a "special invitation"—to use her own expression—to meet a very clever man by the name of Mohammed Iqbal, who was specially coming from Cambridge to meet me. This caused me a little amusement as I had never heard of Iqbal before, and as I was used to getting such invitations from various Indians in London, it did not rouse more than passing curiosity. Miss Beck who looked after the welfare of Indian students in London and bestowed upon them a great deal of motherly care, had to be obeyed. At the dinner table I found Iqbal a scholar of Persian, Arabic and Sanscrit, a ready wit and ever alert in taking advantage of one's weak point, and hurling cynical remarks at his audience. Miss Beck had impressed on me the fact before he arrived that he had particularly wanted to see me and being straightforward and outspoken, I asked him the reason why. His deep-set eyes did not reveal if he

meant to be sarcastic or complimentary when he said, "You have become very famous in India and London through your travel diary, and for this reason I was anxious to meet you". I told him "I am not prepared to believe that you took the trouble to come all the way from Cambridge just to pay me this compliment, but apart from this jest, what is the real idea behind this object?" He was a bit taken by surprise at my sudden bluntness, and said, "I have come to invite you to Cambridge on behalf of Mr. & Mrs. Syed Ali Bilgrami as their guest, and my mission is to bring your acceptance without fail. If you refuse you will bring the stigma of failure on me, which I have never accepted, and if you accept the invitation, you will be honouring the hosts."

Iqbal had a way of making himself pleasant and agreeable when he liked. In company he was vivacious and was never at a loss for wit or compliment, but in most cases it was cynicism that predominated. The conversation turned on Hafiz, and being interested in this great poet, I was able to quote many of his appropriate verses. I discovered that Iqbal was also a great admirer of Hafiz. "When I am in the mood for Hafiz", he said, "his spirit enters into my soul, and my personality merges into the poet and I myself become Hafiz." He mentioned another Persian poet—unknown in India, and told me to read at all costs Baba Fughani's works. "Very few of his books are to be found in India, but

they must be read as they reveal a different vision." This ended the impression of my first meeting with Iqbal during which we fixed the 22nd April for my visit to Cambridge.

A few days later Iqbal invited me to supper at Frascatis, a fashionable restaurant in London, to meet some German scholars with whom he was working. Everything was thoughtfully and delicately arranged at this dinner, and my remark of appreciation made him say, "I am two personalities in one, the outer is practical and business-like and the inner self is the dreamer, philosopher, and mystic." Apart from the dinner which was delicious in itself, I had an intellectual treat talking and discussing on deeper matters with the German philosophers and Iqbal. I returned the courtesy by arranging a little tea for him on the 15th. of April to which I invited a few of my scholarly friends. They included Miss Sylvestre, Miss Levy, well-known in London as language and philosophy students, M. Mandel and Herr Metzroth who were famous musicians. The company was vivacious, and when Iqbal composed a humorous poem these ladies capped the verses in a similar manner, and the air crackled with intellectual fireworks from start to finish. At one moment I made an attempt to write down Iqbal's lines, but he said, "These expressions are meant only for this particular occasion, and its mission ended the moment they were uttered." Our musician friends gave a beautiful rendering of classical music, and the three hours

spent thus were remembered by all for a long time.

On April 22nd, 1907, as previously arranged, I started for Cambridge in company with Iqbal and Sheikh (now Sir) Abdul Qadir. All along the journey these two scholars conversed in a learned manner, knowledge intermingled with wit and humour, and kept me interested till we reached Syed Ali Bilgrami's place at twelve noon. Iqbal performed the ceremony of introduction to the Syed Ali Bilgramis with the air of handing over a sacred package saying, "If ever I faced the prospect of courting a failure in life, it was with Miss Fyzee, who out of sheer consideration for you saved me by not declining your invitation," and ended by quoting a Persian verse of his own composition. The day was one of brilliant conversation and learned arguments between all those gathered at Bilgrami's. At times when Iqbal looked tired and dull, it was only that he was watching and waiting for any remark from one of the party that needed a reply and he came out with one with lightning rapidity. I noticed this characteristic of Iqbal for the first time, and realised that when he looked disinterested and dull he was only watching for an opportunity to retort, and it was so quick and unexpected that the opponent was floored for the time being by this unexpected suddenness. It reminded me of William Gladstone and his ways in the House of Parliament. I returned the same evening to London.

On the 1st of June, 1907, at Professor Arnold's invitation, I went to Cambridge for a picnic. It was arranged under a tree by the banks of a river, where many noted scholars had collected. The talk rambled and was general, so to give it a deeper tone Prof. Arnold launched into discussing the problem of Life and Death. Everyone put forward his own views, and when the discussion became one of hazy arguments, Prof. Arnold turned to Iqbal and asked what he had to say on the subject. Iqbal who had maintained complete silence up to now replied with a cynical smile, "Life is the beginning of Death, and Death the beginning of Life." This brought the discussion to a conclusion.

On the 9th of June, 1907, I was dining with Prof. Arnold, and Iqbal was also there. Prof. Arnold mentioned an important discovery of a rare Arabic MS. in Germany that needed deciphering, and said, "Iqbal, I am going to send you there, as you are the right man for this responsible work." Iqbal pleaded he was only a novice as compared to his teacher. Prof. Arnold replied that he felt sure that in Iqbal's case the student would surpass his teacher. "If this is your conclusion, Sir," said Iqbal in a slightly cynical tone, "I accept my teacher's idea, and obey his commands." Prof. Arnold knew what Iqbal meant, and confirmed in his mind that Iqbal had distinct advantage over him in this matter. All this was expressed with so much finesse and in such courteous language that it constituted a

perfect specimen of the art of verbal duelling between intellectual and cultivated people.

The next day Iqbal came to my place with a few German and Arabic books on philosophy in the company of a German Professor, and read out portions from them starting a discussion in which we all joined, referring to Hafiz in between as a comparison. I felt that Iqbal believed more in Hafiz than in any other Persian poet, as there was not an occasion he let go, but referred to the ideas and ideals of Hafiz and compared him with other philosophers. For full three hours the reading and discussion went on, and he averred that "by reading and discussing in this manner my ideas expand and convictions become firm."

On the 23rd of June, 1907, a function was organised at my place, when the guests included both the Indian and English notabilities. Dr. Ansari entertained us with songs, Lord Sinha's daughters Komola and Romola with music, and Iqbal with extempore compositions of clever and witty verses referring to almost every important guest present by making exaggerated remarks about their peculiarities, sending us all into roars of laughter !

A German woman named Miss Sholey invited me to an Indian dinner on the 27th June. I was glad, as an Indian meal in London was not to be dreamt of, so I readily accepted, and discovered that Iqbal was staying at this place, and it was at his suggestion that Miss Sholey had

invited me. The meal which had a real Indian touch and flavour, was prepared under Iqbal's instructions, and he told me that he could manage almost anything in Indian cookery but his real object in inviting me was to read the thesis he had just completed for his degree. Iqbal read the whole of it, which showed the amount of research work he had done. On concluding the reading he invited remarks, and all what I said was made note of for inclusion. Hardly had we finished this work when in came several friends, and we proceeded together to attend the annual function at Imperial Institute. Royalty was present and had its flavour of interest for all except Iqbal who looked bored and remarked throughout the evening, "It was a delightful waste of time." I told him I considered this observation contained nothing of his usual originality.

The 29th of June, 1907, Lady Elliotts, a society hostess, gave a party at which I was a little surprised to see Iqbal. While I was conversing with him, in rushed Miss Sarojini Das, dressed in the richest garments, outrageously bejewelled, & incongruously decked. This specimen of humanity had travelled with me to England, and regarded herself as paragon of all that is desirable. Ignoring me and everyone that came in her way, bubbling with copious sentiments, she took Iqbal's hand saying, "I only came to meet you." Iqbal returned the compliment by saying, "This shock is so sudden that I shall be surprised if I am able

to leave this room alive."

By the 4th of July, 1907, Iqbal had finished writing the History of the World he had undertaken for his German examination. He read out the whole MS. to me and when I made a few observations on certain facts, his remark was, "Each person has his own particular angle with which he approaches facts, and I see the History of the World in this particular light." He was a store-house of knowledge with a remarkable memory, and this could be seen from the facts he had collected for this work. Miss Sholey again offered us a delicious Indian meal, prepared under Iqbal's directions. She herself being an expert house-keeper, could take advantage of any new dish shown to her.

Interest in deeper studies was heightened, and Iqbal seeing my interest and knowledge, fixed 13th, 14th & 15th of July, 1907, for reading philosophy for two hours each day. Prof. Herr Schaccent who had taken his Ph. D. Degree in Germany, myself, and Iqbal read and discussed poetry and higher philosophy with absorbing interest. Iqbal was all for German knowledge, and said, "If you wish to increase your understanding in any branch of learning, Germany should be your goal." He further declared, "By discussing with others, a new world opens, and it is with this method that I acquired all that I know." The following day Iqbal presented his original MS. of Political Economy to me, and

also the Thesis which secured him his degree. This work was later translated in German and published. It was a learned work that brought him considerable prestige.

On the 23rd of July, 1907, a *Conversazione* was held at which most of the Indians in London assembled, when amidst enthusiasm, a student by name Parmeshwar Lal spoke of letters he had received from home, and a journal called "Makhzan". He then read out songs from this magazine to the assembly; they were patriotic songs by Iqbal which, he said, were sung in the whole of Northern India; houses, streets, alleys, resounded with Iqbal's National songs, which created a feeling of Nationalism unknown in India before. The whole assembly was so excited with the news that all present began singing these songs from "Makhzan", and the hall resounded with Iqbal. When the enthusiasm had subsided, I brought out a letter I had received from Iqbal who was already in Germany. It was written in the German language and when it was read out both the fluency of the writer and the literary merit of the work were admired. Prof. Arnold requested me to give this letter to him, saying, "Though Iqbal is my pupil, I get instruction from his writings!" He further said that I was fortunate in receiving such an important communication from him, and assured me that "this will remain as a cherished piece of German literature in my possession." It was a delicate situation, and I could not but grant the request

of this great man, so handed over to him Iqbal's letter. Prof. Arnold also possesses the two MSS. Iqbal gave me on 16th July. As Prof. Arnold desired to possess these also, one could not help but accede to his request.

On the 16th of August, 1907, Prof. Arnold invited me to his home in Wimbledon. His is known to be an ideal household, and his nine-year-old daughter, created a lively and cheerful atmosphere by her presence, while maintaining due regard for her father's philosophical moods. Miss Stratton, a German scholar, was also there. The conversation centred mainly round my work in London. I was contemplating returning to India after completing my work but Prof. Arnold pleaded that I should spend some little time in Germany, and particularly in Heidelberg, so that my ideas on the subject of philosophy would be enlarged. Miss Stratton explained all the great possibilities Germany offered, and how one's vision and power of understanding widened, and so impressing upon me the advantages of going there that I felt I should not miss this opportunity, and decided to visit Germany with my brother Dr. Fyze, who knew the German language and was also anxious to go there having visited that country once before. Amongst many things, Prof. Arnold discussed Iqbal's achievements, and showed me many of his original writings, including the two MSS. and the letter he had taken from me.

Iqbal had evidently been informed of my

resolve to visit Germany, which I knew from the letter I received in London on the 6th August 1907, giving a list of books he had collected for my perusal, mentioning the different towns and museums I should visit while in Germany. I replied that I had fixed 19th August to start from London, by which time my arrangements for relinquishing the responsibilities I had undertaken in London, would be completed.

HEIDELBURG, GERMANY

As arranged, I left London for Heidelberg, Germany, on the 19th August, 1907, with a group of Indian students, including my brother Dr. Fyzee. reaching Heidelberg at 5 p.m. the next day. Herr Prof. Iqbal, as he was called, was prominent amongst the people who had gathered to welcome us. The contrast with the London atmosphere was so great that for a moment I felt as if I was amongst my own people in India. The spontaneous friendliness, the homeliness in greeting us though we were strangers, and the genuine pleasure shown at our visit was such, that all conventionalism disappeared, and the need for formal introduction had no value. There were several women but the two most prominent were Frau Prof. Wegenast, and Frau Prof. Seneschal—both exceedingly young and handsome. These two women were leading me to my place of residence, when Prof. Iqbal who was accompanying us, remarked, "Now Miss Fyzee's work undertaken in Europe will be completed."

When we arrived in the well laid out University garden, delicious coffee and cakes were waiting for us, the rest went about preparing their

own refreshment, and Iqbal was one of them going about with the perfect ease through all the informalities of this place. Here Iqbal appeared full of humility, which contrasted so greatly with egoistic cynicism in London. The two beautiful women Professors were Iqbal's teachers, from whom he was receiving instructions in weighty subjects. Apart from the University work every student had to learn boating, classical music, singing, gardening, hiking, and climbing, etc., and this, intermingled with University studies, made a delightful course. Iqbal had to join all branches, and was intelligently interested. There were two things he proved deficient in; he had no voice for singing, and was always unpunctual in attending. These faults were accepted by his Professors with understanding. One fact which impressed me greatly in this place, was that the University hostel of over a hundred students and Professors was run by a venerable old lady of seventy, Frau Prof. Herren, who at this age, was considered the cleverest of all in Heidelberg, and well-known as a great musician.

In this delightful University the standards of living for the teachers and the students were exactly the same, and it was impossible to distinguish who was who until the time for taking lessons arrived and you heard the expounding of intricate questions in philosophy and such other deep subjects by those who were teachers in this University. The only advantage given to the Profs. was that they had nothing to pay for

their board and lodging, while the students had to pay for the advantages they received. After the day's formal teaching was over we drifted to a coffee house on the banks of a river near by, and a group of students with the two girl Professors Frau Wegenast and Fraulein Seneschal started a discussion on German, Greek and French Philosophy. These girls knew all the three languages, and I saw what a storehouse of knowledge they were. Iqbal heard and absorbed all that was said with deep attention and humility, and so intent was he in listening that when the whole thing was over he still seemed to take in things from the silence surrounding him, and when the time for departure came he looked as if he was just waking up from a dream. So unlike to what I had seen him in London. Germany seemed to pervade his being, and he was picking knowledge from the trees that he passed by and the grass he trod upon. Fraulein Seneschal's expounding of philosophy attracted him greatly and he seemed inspired by her teachings. At times when Iqbal's answers were incorrect Fraulein Seneschal so gently corrected him that Iqbal like a schoolboy bit his fingers, meaning, "why didn't I say this as I should have done." This phase of Iqbal was unknown to me, as the spirit of a cynic that so predominated in him in London was totally absent, and I began to wonder if what came under my observation there was correct.

After this kind of instruction the whole

company walked up a hill near by mounting one thousand steps, to reach the Schloss on the top of this hill, and each was asked to relate its history. Iqbal was absolutely correct in what he said, and ended by remarking that the finest view of Necker Valley was to be obtained from here. The summit of the hill was reached by singing operatic songs, in which Iqbal joined—all out of tune and with no voice in the bargain!

22nd August, 1907, was the day with which the beginning of this little booklet was made, and reference to the incidents of this day is already embodied in the first chapter. It was on this day that a picnic excursion which combined study and recreation was arranged, and all came ready for the purpose. Our party swelled as we picked up the picnickers one by one from their place of residence. Iqbal's residence was one of the last on the way and when we reached there, instead of finding Iqbal waiting to join us, we saw him in a trance, as mentioned in the beginning. This situation had caused concern amongst those assembled, and none had the courage to approach him, not knowing what the consequences of such a disturbance would be. Frau Prof. approached me to inquire what should be done. Though impressed to some extent I was a bit amused at the situation and walked up to the table where Iqbal was sitting in a meditative attitude completely lost to his surroundings. As there was no response to my call I shook him with the help of Frau Professor when he showed

signs of coming to himself, murmuring why he had been disturbed. I spoke a few scolding words in Urdu reminding him that he was in a matter-of-fact German City and not India, where these idiosyncracies can be gulped down. After this Iqbal came to himself and joined the excursion and all went well. During the excursion I got a quiet moment when I gave Iqbal a bit of my mind on his psychic exhibition. We were snapped by one of the party as I was talking to Iqbal.

We marched along our route, when suddenly Fraulein Wegenast burst into an Indian song I had taught her the night before "Gajra bechanwali nadan yeh tera nakhra." All joined in the song which sounded like a Choral Symphony, collecting wild flowers to weave into wreaths as we went along. Suddenly the assembly stopped and amidst fun and amusement placed the wreaths round Iqbal's head saying, "We crown you the King of the unknown."

On the top of the Hill, which was our destination was a Hotel, the country home of the grand Duke of Hesse. The 23rd of August had been set aside for an unusually long excursion which was arranged for instructional purposes. Iqbal was asked to lead, which meant that he had to give historical data about the different places of interest we passed, and whenever he erred, the other students provided the information. In this manner we reached a place

called Konigstall (King's stool) on which Iqbal planted himself, composing humorous poems in Urdu. When the German students asked what he meant by these foreign verses, Iqbal said, "I am asked from the unknown to command you in Heavenly language that you form a magic circle and let us have music of the angels." This command was immediately obeyed, and part of a German Opera was sung by all, a most perfect rendering being given. After this we went to Kohloff, three miles away. This once an Emperor's pleasure garden was like a valuable gem, set within beautiful emerald surroundings. After hearing all the historical facts and points of beauty, we returned to University Hostel deciding that the following day would be reserved for questions and answers. This provided an amazing exhibition of intricate questions some of them having no answers and remained unanswered.

25th of August was set aside for our visit to the Heavenly Garden (Bagh-e-Firdous) in which a King had built Temples of all countries including a mosque. The garden was laid out in waterfalls, lakes, ornamental pavilions, and a treasure house of birds amidst fruits and flowers. The Mosque-like edifice was imposing in appearance, with ALLAH'S names carved in Arabic characters all over. I also noticed carving of several verses of different Surahs. Everyone was interested to know what the writing meant, so in a solemn manner Iqbal read the inscription in

Arabic, and told us what, he said, was the history of this place. Iqbal related that the king who built this place came across a heavenly beauty and wished to marry her. The Hoor or the beauty said, "I shall consent to be your Queen on condition that first you become a Muslim and build a Mosque where our Nikah will be performed." The king obeyed her commands, and ordered his men to build a Mosque and here their marriage was performed. Iqbal related all this with such solemnity, that we did not know what to make of it. Of course we Indians laughed, and felt it was bluff but Iqbal maintained so serious an attitude throughout, that the rest believed that what he stated was a historical fact.

Spent the 28th of August, 1907, in Munich. Of all places in Germany Iqbal liked Munich best, partly because he had his first lessons there under the direction of the beautiful and charming daughter of Herr. Prof. Rann. Iqbal called Munich the "Isle of Bliss, bathed in the sea of imagination." After visiting most of the important places in Munich, we went to the home of Prof. Rann, and after a few formal words, the young beauty Fraulein Rann started examining Iqbal to find out what deeper studies he was engaged in, and how much he had acquired since he had left Mnnich. I was amazed to see how great her knowledge was and saw that very often she corrected Iqbal for the errors that had crept in his way of thinking, and gently took him to

task for so going astray. Hardly had I got over my astonishment when this lovely child went to the piano and played with masterly technique one of the classical pieces of music and asked Iqbal whose composition it was. Iqbal was completely lost in front of her, and she was all the time giving us illuminating surprises. She seemed perfect in every branch of learning—apart from being a perfect piece of creation. This went on for full three hours, and I discovered that under her guidance Iqbal had written his famous Thesis that gave him his Ph. D. This finishing touch of Munich was most impressive, and we returned to Heidelberg again.

Heidelberg, 30th August, 1907. On this day boat racing was organised and it was an amusing show. Every one had to take part in this race, and Iqbal exhibited his skill by coming last! Even I superseded him. The evening was spent in questions and answers, and in these three hours the whole world was ransacked.

31st August was set aside for visiting the famous Schloss Neckerbeinstein situated on a great height in the distance; one had to pass through the beautiful Necker Valley to reach the place. For its surroundings a famous fruit forest had been planned which contained every conceivable fruit in Europe you could think of. Through this fruit garden flowed a small river with waterfalls in between that gave it the touch of Paradise. There was no restriction of any kind for the

visitors who entered this garden, so we enjoyed the fruits and flowers Nature had offered us, and the Company was so filled with joy that they improvised a flower dance to crown the moment. It was led by Frau Prof. Wegenast who danced with Iqbal a folk—dance in which other students joined. Iqbal being awkward in this accomplishment, caused great merriment, and all were like a happy family. In between this enjoyment learning new things and answering intricate questions kept the standard as high as one could expect in spite of this seeming frivolity.

In this manner every day was crowded with new visits, new games, new lessons, and little incidents like the one I am mentioning happened all along. Once Frauleins Wegenast, Seneschal, and Kadernat were doing what is known as Physical Culture exercises, and I had Fraulein Wegenast's arm round me as the exercise demanded. We were busy with this work, when suddenly Iqbal appeared and stood in front of us staring and transfixed like a statue. When Fraulein Prof. Wegenast asked Iqbal what he was looking at so intently, he immediately replied, "I have suddenly been transformed into an astronomer, so I am studying the constellation of Stars". At dinner the same evening we had a guest who possessed beautiful golden hair, and being very young the down on her face was a little too apparent, so he turned to me and said in Urdu, "Iske Aariz par sunehri bal hain—Ho Tilai ustra Iske liye". I could not help but laugh

in an uncontrolled fashion at his versatile humour.

My visit had come to an end, and I was to leave Heidelberg the next day which had many interesting episodes. In the well-known Sperehoff fruit garden we were gathered, each preparing one dish, and Iqbal had prepared an Indian one. Each dish as praised or criticised according to its merit, and when the time for my departure came, they all lined up placing me in front of them. I did not know what it meant, but someone had written a song of farewell for me, and Iqbal led the song, and all joined in the Chorus. Thus ended my memorable visit to Germany.

I returned to India and had no occasion to meet Iqbal, but received many letters to which I replied, though I have no record of the same. In 1908, I again had to go to Europe accompanying my sister and brother-in-law Their Highnesses Nawab Sidi Ahmed Khan and Rafiya Sultan Nazli Begum of Janjira when Iqbal called on their Highnesses & wrote this poem in my sister's autograph album :—

اگر زبانت پر جبر کسیر سفر - ایضاً زبانت بوسی تمکین بر سفر
 رشتی کے رزق موعظ غبار کا - دنیا سے لیدر شب کو نور کا چادر
 کما روں فحوم کو تیرے زینت طرح - جب طرح روں ہم صدف افروز
 شمع زہم اہلقت را چراغ طور کزن
 یغی غلغلی خائے مارا سرا با نور کزن

"The Autograph Album"
 75, St. James Street
 London

آداب
 ۹ جون ۱۹۰۸ء

We returned the same year to India to find my mother ill, and her ailment proved fatal. Intimation of this bereavement was evidently sent to Iqbal, giving that as one of the reasons for not replying to many of his letters. Here is one of the many poems sent by Iqbal :—

جس کو جس کو کی ترپائی تھی اچھلے ہے - خولے نمکے آفریل لالہ گل ہے
 خود ترپا تھا جس والوں کو ترپا تھا - تجو جی نہیں لایا ناٹا شرمنا تھا
 جے جیو جیو دل غمنا تھا سہا تھا - اور کرب جرم الفت کے لئے بیاب تھا
 نامور شخص گل میں مری مشہور تھی - حج میری آئندہ وار شہید ہو رہی
 از نفس درینہ خولے نمکے آفریل لالہ گل ہے
 زیر خانوشی ہائی غمنا تھا شرمنا تھا

وہ شہزادہ جہاں میرہ پٹائی نہیں - اہل کشن پر گریزی غزل خوان نہیں
 عشق کا کمانہ سے لگا جھانک رہا ہے - پہلے میں غلوں کے ساتھ آواز دے
 خازنہ الفت کے رخسار سے آئینہ ہے - اور آئینے میں مگر ہیو دم دیر نہ ہے
 قید میں آیا تو حاصل ہو کر آوی ہوئی - دل کے کھڑے جانیے یہ کہ گمراہ آبادی ہوئی
 غمنا تھا اس خوشنودی اختر مرزا بندہ ہے - چاندنی کے خیمہ دار راہ سے شرمنا تھا
 یک نظر کر دی وہ آداب خفا و موافق
 آتش زور سے غمنا تھا مرزا و موافق

دور افتادہ اجال

میونخ (جرمنی)

I had also invited him to Janjira on behalf of Their Highnesses the Nawab Saheb and Begum Saheba of Janjira and the letter dated the 13th

of January 1909 given here is his reply:—

Dear
 13th Jan. 09.

My dear Miss Muzja,

Thank you so much for the very kind letter which I have just received to my great relief. I had ^{planned} to come to Bombay for a personal expression of sympathy, but unfortunately on the 29th of Dec. when I was participating in one of conference ^{discussions} I received a telegram from home telling me that my brother was seriously ill. I had to run to Scotland the same afternoon. There being holidays I looked after him. I thank you much. he is alright.

now. God has spared him
for me. I have spent a
am still spending so much
of his money. His loss would
have been dreadful from
every point of view.

It is extremely kind of their
highnesses & yourself to ask me
to come to Jaungira. Nothing
could be more pleasant or
well as profitable intellectually
& physically. But you are
aware that I have just started
my business which requires
my constant presence
at the Station. For the
sake of others I must forego
the pleasure of your society -
in spite of a strong - almost
irrepressible desire - to come

and keep you & your sister -
in getting over your recent
sorrow. I feel I can be of
some use to you in
this respect, but I am
constrained to be cruel to
my sentiments in suppressing
them for considerations whose
force makes itself felt -
situated as I am - all
the more vehemently.

Please do not dislike for
me for this bit of worldly
wisdom which, of course, is
fally when we are in the
dreamland of poetry. It is
therefore not possible for me
to come to Jaungira in the
near future. I may however
manage to see you
during the September holidays
when the Chief court
is closed. To spend some

time in the company of their
 Highnesses & yourself & honour
 intellectual treat and
 pleasure all combined.
 Please convey my most
 respectful salams to them
 and assure them of the
 good wishes of a far off
 friend whose circumstances
 cannot rob of his imagination
 though they have cruelly
 robbed him of immediate
 opportunities to visit you
 & their Highnesses.

Yours ever
 S. M. Iqbal

r.s. Bar-ak. Law.

My book on Persian Metaphysics
 is published; I shall soon send
 you a copy. The Poems (lyrical)
 I hope to publish soon. They will
 be printed in India, bound in Germany
 & devoted to Indian Language.

I had heard that Iqbal had refused the Chair of Philosophy offered to him by the Aligarh University and so I inquired of him the reason of his refusal. I was interested in the Aligarh University, having helped the Institution in many

ways, and knowing Iqbal's deas I felt he would have helped the educational cause of the Muslims in India as such a personality was needed by our community. His refusal had caused me concern, and I had written to him on this question. His letter of 9th April 1909 is his reply:

Enclosure

9th April 09.

My dear Khwaja Farooq,

Thank you so much for your
 very kind letter which I received
 this morning.

I cannot tell you who is Mr
 Mir Muhammad Aslam Khan
 do not know him; but you
 know his wife & I hope you
 will be able to identify him by
 this letter.

Yes I refused the Regent's
 Chair of Philosophy a few days
 ago I refused to accept the
 Calcutta first College Chair of
 History. I do not wish to
 enter any service. My object
 is to run away from this
 country as soon as possible
 You know the reason. I owe
 a sort of moral debt to
 my brother which I cannot

my life is extremely miserable.
 They force my wife upon me.
 I have written to my father that
 he had no right to arrange
 my marriage especially when
 I had refused to enter into any
 alliance of that sort. I am
 quite-willing to support her,
 but I am not prepared to
 make my life miserable by
 keeping her with me. As a
 human being I have a right
 to happiness - if Society or
 nature deny that to me.
 I defy both. The only cure is
 that I should leave this wretched
 country for ever, or take refuge
 in ligens which makes suicide
 easier. These dead barren
 leaves of books cannot yield
 happiness; I have got sufficient fire
 in my soul to burn them up &
 all Social conventions as well.
 A good God created all this, you say.
 Yes. May be. The facts of this life,
 however, tend to a different conclusion.
 It is intellectually ^{easy} ~~plain~~ in an eternal
 omnipotent God rather than a
 good God. Please excuse me for
 these utterances. I do not want

Sympathy. I wanted only to
 disburden my soul. You know all
 about me, & for this reason
 I have ventured to give expression
 to my feelings. This is
 confession; please do not
 tell anybody. I hope you understand
 now why I refused service.

I am extremely sorry that I
 have not been able to get on
 this far yet. The Secretary of
 the Anglians told me the
 other day that it was not possible
 to get one. The other day I
 delivered a public lecture
 on the meaning of Religion
 as a factor in the evolution
 of Society. I took down only a
 few notes. I do not know whether
 anybody took down what I said.
 The Anglian lecture will be
 in English - 'Islam as a
 moral & Political Ideal'. If
 it is printed I shall send you
 a copy. I shall ask the Editor
 of the Observer to send a copy
 of the Review to you.

Abdul Qadir has come to
London to practice
the Chief Clerk

I am sorry to hear that you do
not believe me when I say
I wish to come to Bombay
to see you & Miss Highness
who come so very kind to me
I certainly do wish to come
soon - whether this would
be possible I cannot say
at present. No greater relief
to me than this.

Two three weeks ago I received
a letter from your friend Dr.
Wegenast. I like the girl. She
is so good & thoughtful. I have
written her a letter & to the good old
Fran Professor.

Please remember me to Miss
Highness & assure her of my
friendship - which though not
of much use to them - is ^{none} ~~none~~
the less true & unfeigned.

Yours sincerely
Iqbal

Iqbal's letter of 9th April 1909 was such that
it needed sympathetic treatment and careful
handling, and I wrote to him expressing concern
at his misfortune. Further, I had accused him
of being weak in giving way to such pessimism
as he had betrayed in his letter. I had also
mentioned that if I could see him personally I
would point out his folly in not overcoming
minor misfortunes, which is the common legacy
of mankind and it was only the less self-sufficient
who would resort to such methods as he had
expressed. I had suggested his meeting Abdul
Qadir (now Sir Abdul Qadir) who was in London
at the same time and used to meet us and discuss
on different matters concerning our studies in the
University. I thought this might distract Iqbal's
mind from his pessimistic attitude, and prevent
him from dwelling on his 'misfortune' as he
called it. I also tried to take his mind away from
his present environment by referring to Frau
Professor and Miss Wegenast, of whom he was
very fond, they being learned in philosophy and
also his teachers. I had also asked Iqbal to find
for me an 'Ustani' (Teacher) for the Girls' School
I was interested in conducting in Janjira. All
this helped to distract his attention from dwelling
on the matter that troubled him. I was success-
ful to a great extent in my attempt, as will be
seen from his letter dated the 17th April 1909:

Laluan

17th Apr. 09.

My dear Miss Attya,

Thank you for the consoling words — your letter has brought me great relief. I look with pleasure & hope on my entire self before you. You say you want to ask me many questions — oh don't. Your letters to me are always kept in a safe chest; nobody can see them. And you know I withhold nothing from you & I believe it is a sin to do so. I admit, my letters are not at all satisfying as you say — but they are necessary so for the reasons you mentioned in your last letter. Don't accuse me of forgetfulness; I forget nothing, but I should like to hear the explanation simply because I wish to see how you explain. Last night I went to heaven & happened to pass through the gate of Hell. I found the place terribly

cold. They told me, when they found me smothered, that the place was cold in its own nature; but that it would become intensely hot since everybody had to bring his own fire from the world. I am preparing to collect as much burning coal as possible in the country where there are not any coal mines

I glimmer about Qader, almost every day in the bar-room of the Chief Constable, but we have not talked about you for a long time. I do not talk much with others now: my own wretched self is a mine of miserable thoughts — which emerge snake-like from the deep darkness of my soul. I think I shall become a snake charmer and walk about in the thick with a host of curious boys behind me.

Don't think that I am a pessimist. I tell you misery is most delicious; and I enjoy my misfortune and lament that there who believe they are happy. You see how I steel my happenings.

I received a letter from Miss Argemath some time ago. When I write - to her I shall remind her of the days when you were in Germany - the days which will never come again. She is at present at her own place - Helbronn; but, I believe, she must have come by this time to Heidelberg to assist - I am Prof. in her teaching work. You may rest assured that she is quite all. Please excuse my bad writing. I do not remember what I have written before - each moment brings its own thought with it, so that of your last letter incoherent - forgive the vagrant.

Regarding the ustani I have received an application today forwarded to me by the Superintendent of Tenara Schools of the Angumania Heimgart Islam Lahore. I am going to correspond with her and shall soon let you know of the result. But I should like to know whether she will have to teach in a public girl school, and in Jangirabad Bombay. My elder brother is transferred to a place about 16 miles from Bombay. He will proceed shortly.

Two copies of the above are sent herewith. I hope you will find them interesting. Please remember me to their Highnesses and Saligi.
Yours very sincerely
Lytal

Owing to my various activities, particularly Muslim girls' education, I was not a regular correspondent, so I do not find any letters between April and July 1909, but it is evident that I must have written to Iqbal during this period with a view to getting his mind away from that particular mood that had overtaken him. Iqbal not only got over the depression that controlled him, but shows a humorous tendency, and starts his reply in this state of mind. I have written that if he ever came to Janjira he would have to take a steamer, boats, tonga, cross creeks, etc., to reach the place. He also refers to my letter telling him that he was wrong in paying attention to petty grievances, and goes on writing in his usual way talking in higher terms of meeting his Creator so as to question him about himself. He also writes several verses in this letter, which make it all an interesting reading. I had for some reasons—I do not remember which—rebuked him and asked him to be more careful, of which he makes a mention; at the end of the letter he refers to a poem he had sent me from Munich, and asked me to send him a copy of the same. The original poem is published below:

Lahore

17th July 09

My dear Min Agha,

Thank you very much for your letter which I have just received. I find myself extraordinarily cheerful this morning; so please excuse me if you discern a vein of humor in any letter. I have not changed my plans; you are not justified in making the inference from my silence. But, please, I do sometimes scare by two boats, one steamer, two tongas and two creeks—a veritable *Wickie* which is being one the same of Ruston if I could get through it. The need of Ruston was great and I am not certain what my mind would be. I generally make up my mind to do a certain thing & then give myself up to circumstances leaving them to carry me whither they will.

You are not conscious of what
 good you have done — this
 is true & better so. You could
 not have been conscious of it.
 I am conscious of it, but cannot
 give an expression to it. Let
 us drop the subject. It would
 be futile on my part to describe
 the indescribable, & then you
 say you are not open to conviction.
 Have pretty grievances (you are
 wrong in describing them badly) ^{any}
 I know them? You will not
 think information on this point
 specially of these grievances
 are against me — of course
 everybody is waiting patiently
 for the place of rest. I am
 anxious to go to that place
 because I should like to meet
 the Curator and call upon
 him to give me a rational
 explanation of my mind — which
 I think is not an easy
 task for him to do. I am
 incomprehensible to myself —
 you should not complain. Yours

و I wrote —

اجال ہی اجال ہے! ۱۰۶
 کراس میں قسرت نہیں والدین

Many people have made similar
 statements about me & I
 have often laughed at myself
 and solitude. I now propose to
 give a full answer to such
 statements; & you will see
 it published in the *Q. J.* Have
 much but what people think
 about me; the answer is
 yet to be verified.

I am sorry to hear that you
 are distressed to find people
 — North Korea not respecting
 & admiring me. I tell you
 that I do not care for other
 people's respect — I do not
 need to live by other people's
 breath —

جیاد کی جو قسرتیں ہیں
 نہرت کی زنجیریں ہیں

I live a straightforward honest
 life; my heart is in perfect
 union with my tongue. People
 respect and admire hypocrisy.
 If hypocrisy buys me fame,
 respect and admiration I would
 rather die unknown
 unlamented. Let the ^{many-headed}
 monster of public give their
 dross of respect to others who
 act and live in accordance
 with their false ideals of religion
 & morality. I cannot stoop to
 respect their conventions etc.
 Suppress the innate freedom
 of man's mind. Byron, Goethe
 and Shelly were not respected
 by their contemporaries — and
 though I am far inferior to
 them in poetic power I am
 proud that I am in their company
 in this respect.

Have I instructed you? You
 never stood in need of instruction.
 I remember I introduced you
 to Plato & but there it ended.
 we read so little of it that

I cannot justly claim the
 honour of having instructed
 you. You say I have no
 regard for your wishes!!
 This is indeed strange;
 for I always make it
 a point to study your
 wishes and to please
 you in any way I can.
 But sometimes of course
 such a thing is beyond my
 power. The force of my
 own nature impels me in
 a different direction.

"Otherwise" you would be
 more careful. I confess
 I do not understand what
 you mean. Please explain
 to me how in what respects
 I should be more careful. I am
 sure to do that with
 pleasure to you. The world
 cannot worship me. I would
 much be worshipped; since

nature is not that
 I should become an object
 of ridicule - so ~~indeed~~
 death is improving in
 me the instant of
 a revolution. But if
 the innermost thought of my
 soul are ^{now} elevated to
 the truth, if that be
 revealed in my heart
 are exposed - then, I
 am sure, the world will
 worship me for my life.
 my death. They will
 forget my sins, and
 give me the tribute of a
 hero.

The St. James was
 sitting by command and
 the Sec. of State for hours
 for the account. Unfortunately

in the College Port College,
 but I have given up the
 idea of studying a candidate
 for it. I must spend
 my personal satisfaction.
 For a circumstance which
 will render it impossible for me
 to pursue the study of the
 law. I have given up the
 idea of studying for me a
 few years ago. I have
 decided to continue - the
 legal profession is a
 long work.

Could you send me
 a copy of the paper I
 wrote to you from Munich?
 I have got no copy of it
 and I wish to keep one
 with me.

Dear country, I have
 nothing to say to you
 Yours truly
 Edmund Spenser

Nothing of importance had happened during the interval, except that Iqbal wrote to me of his desire to visit Hyderabad, and asked for a letter of introduction. I gave him one introducing him to my cousins, Mr. & Mrs. Hydary (Sir Akbar Hydary was the Finance Minister then). To me it seemed that Iqbal was enamoured of Hyderabad and was likely to be influenced by the glamour Indian States offered to outsiders. I was afraid that by going there Iqbal would dissipate his genius in trivialities instead of devoting it to a higher purpose. I knew he was faced with financial troubles, and a man so handicapped might clutch at any straw that comes in his way, so I had sharply reproached him. The idea was that he should not fall a prey to any State temptations.

Lahore
30th Mar. 10

My dear Miss Shyza,

Thank you so much for
your letter which I enjoyed
very much. Nothing is more
enjoyable than to hear from
a friend. I received His Highness's
invitation to Hyderabad &
soon after I wrote to you
as to why it was not possible
for me to come to Muzam.
Yesterday on my return I received
the letter — the sweet scolding —
& wired to His Highness that
I could not come owing to
my college engagements which
has handicapped me so often.
If I could have stayed a little
more at Hyderabad I am sure
His Highness the Nazim would have

expressed a desire to see me.
 I saw all the big people there
 a most of them invited me
 to their place. My visit to
 Hyderabad had some meaning
 which I shall explain to you
 when we meet. The Hydoris were
 not the only consideration of
 my visit. Perhaps you know
 that. I have not had the
 pleasure of their acquaintance
 before I saw them at Hyderabad.
 I enjoyed my stay with them
 immensely. It is extremely kind
 of Mrs Hydori to speak so kindly
 of me. I felt quite at home
 in her house. I like the
 intensely ardent spirit in
 her, and I have a great
 admiration for her good sense
 & wisdom & all the
 affairs which attract her
 attention or sympathy. It was
 chiefly through the influence of
 Mr & Mrs Hydori that I had

the good fortune to see some of
 the best specimens of the Hyderabadi
 society. Mr Hydori is a man
 of great culture & broad sympathies.
 I expect him to be a man of
 dry facts & figures, but nature
 has gifted him with a very fine
 imagination & a very tender heart.
 I have immense respect for both
 of them. Theirs is the second real
 home that I have seen - the
 first being the Arnolds. Mrs Hydori
 is a person of intuition whereby
 she can see things more clearly
 than we men by their cold
 analysing reason.

Now would you so good as convey
 my apologies to their Highnesses &
 ask pardon on my behalf. I really
 do not know what became of
 my letter which I wrote to you after
 the receipt of His Highness's note.
 I am unfortunately a man who
 does not reveal his affections
 but they are none the less deep
 for want of expression. People
 are apt to think that I am cold.
 Please assure their Highnesses that

I am always at their disposal, & whenever it is possible for me to come to Jaipur I shall do so with the greatest pleasure. I had only ten days casual leave which expired on 28th. I left Hyderabad on the 23rd & it takes about 4 days to reach Lahore from Hyderabad. Moreover I had to visit Aurangzeb's Tomb on my way back on which I am going to write the most stirring poem that the readers of Aron have ever read. I reached Lahore on the morning of the 29th. 30th had to go straight to college & thence to the Court. Under these circumstances you can see for yourself — so it was not possible for me to make a trip to Jaipur. I had, therefore, to forego the pleasure of seeing their Highnesses. I hope this explanation will convince you & you will act the advocate for me. I have got my faults, but certainly not hypocrisy & indifference. Perhaps I am a mystery (even to myself!) as you would like to put it; but this "mystery" is known to everybody.

وہ راز ہے کہ زنا چھوڑنا میرا میں

My ways may be strange, but there
are people in this wicked world
whose ways are stranger than mine.
Opportunity is ^{the} only test of a man's
real nature. If any opportunity comes
I shall certainly show you how
intensely I love my friends &
how deeply my heart beats for
them all. People hold life dear &
rightly so; I have got the strength
to give it freely away when it
is required by others. No! don't
call me indifferent or hypocrite -
not even by implication, for it
hurts my soul & makes me
shudder at your ignorance of
my nature. I wish I could turn
inside outward in order to give
you a better view of my soul
which you think is darkened by
hypocrisy & indifference.

Please ask forgiveness on my
behalf for this unavoidable
remissness & let me know
immediately that my explanation
has convinced him.

Yours ever
Mabel Lyall

After this I must have written another sharp letter, scolding him for I was convinced that his employment in any service in an Indian State would work against his genius. His letter dated the 7th April 1910 explains itself.

Lahore

7th April 10

My dear Mrs Haza,

Thank you very much for your kind letter which I received this morning. You do not seem to realize that I would be 30 less letters from Hyderabad; one before I heard anything from you, & the other after I had read your telegram. In my second letter I acknowledged your telegram & explained to you how it was not possible for me to come to Jaipur. As to all this I wish would have it. This second letter which could have saved you a good deal of scolding went wrong.

I am at a loss to know why it did not reach you. I am afraid you are suffering from a very bad misunderstanding about my conduct & motives and it is not easy to cure you of it without seeing you. It has become, in the interests of friendship which I still claim absolutely necessary that we should see each other. And I shall find time to do so, though you think there could be no opportunity for verbal explanation. I hope I shall be able to convince you of my truth & sincerity. I believe in your good nature. But for the present I must ask you to convey my explanation to their Highnesses,

I am sure that you are the
 forgetting that you are the
 successively coming before us
 too many times, & these
 come, I am afraid, are
 unconsciously coming
 your mind. It is my
 fortune that they
 so far as you are
 in that you change no
 with increasing number
 than do not make any
 out. we about my
 observation - and a recognition
 to the point of - with the
 have heard me. I could
 not have mistaken such
 a long journey now & for
 coming from the same
 when I could not appear to
 at 50. I may tell you that
 I do agree with you in that
 you are about the same thing

I thought it, with the morning
 when I received your letter
 after that. There was an
 improvement of yourself in
 your letter. I mean in my opinion
 to be taken. And this letter has
 affected me, I find that you
 are really very well. me.
 Your letter has affected me
 & I shall have taken me
 the matter I have heard
 myself in your eyes. I
 cannot get that. I mean
 can only manage any
 thing. I am still the
 same person & you will see
 it. I promise one day.
 I protest it.
 I have not speaking to
 anyone. I mean as a human?
 You know I should care for
 all these things & do not
 with someone known as
 a poet. I may say something
 people know me as the

capacity - Only the other day
I received a letter from an
Italian Baroness at Naples
asking me to send a few
of my poems with Eng. translation.
But I feel no enthusiasm
about poetry; you are res-
ponsible for it. What
do I care for a native reader's
recognition when I receive
recognition from persons of
culture in foreign lands?
No! My dear ^{Miss} Anna do not
misunderstand me; do
not let so cruel a you
have shown yourself, beyond
my expectations, in your last
letter. You have not heard
all. You do not know
my troubles which will, in
a few days, explain my
conduct. A thorough explanation
of my attitude towards you
will require an intolerably
long letter - perhaps more letters

than one. Moreover the actual
sound of words is more convincing
than their mere reproduction of
their sound on paper. Paper
lacks humanity - and there
are things which ought not
to be written on paper. Do not
be so harsh in judging
my motives. You accuse me
of being hardly more mercenary
& practical. Perhaps there is
an element of truth in it; but
when you know all the circumstances
you will find some justification
for it. In the respect I am
still a dreamer and "a
dreamer of composite fancies"
as one of your friends has
recently called me in an
essay of his on modern literature.
His judgment was not mistaken.
In looking upon you the only authority
in my whereabouts. May I
suggest that you did not

choose to continue to be so;
 'Though I have confessed & shall
 always confess the power of
 this authority? Some people
 look upon me ~~as~~ as a
 singular authority about
 you; but ~~imagine~~ my disappointment
 when I heard from other people
 that you ~~had~~ ^{have had} designed to visit
 London ~~with a view~~ were
 already in it! but you did
 not consent to do so - I
 to me! It was sheer chance
 that I had the pleasure to
 see you only to make myself
 more exorable. I am afraid
 I am writing things which ought
 to be reserved for talk. I shall
 not write more about it, since
 I feel tempted to outface myself
 & say many Mr. things - not
 necessary of the same kind -

which I need not say on
 paper. For the sake of those days
 when you had so much confidence in
 & regard for me, grant me
 one thing - request ^{in my} ~~my~~
 behalf to realize my situation
 & forgive me for my remissness.
 If I could have come nothing would
 have been more pleasant to
 me. I do not say know, lest
 the tone of ^{my} letter be looked upon
 as insincere. It is my misfortune
 that you read my letters
 with the background of a
 wrong impression of my attitude
 toward you & do not make
 an effort to get rid of a
 channel of thought or feeling
 in which your mind has ^{all}
 begun to run. If you cannot
 do so, then for the sake of
 truth and honesty which, as you
 think, are no longer mine;
 but which, as I believe, are

assuredly yours, wait - till
 the whole thing comes before you.
 It is only just, to do so; and
 you are just, even though
 you may be, at times, cruel
 & unrelenting. In memory
 of those days, then, - day and
 - night, are living in my heart -
 do convey my message to them
 & tell them not to attribute
 my remembrance to indifference,
 or to the fact that any other
 person holds a warmer place
 in my heart one higher in
 my estimation. On my return
 to Lahore I received your letter
 and wired to Mr. Hughes telling
 him that I could not visit
 Jangra owing to College
 engagement. But I do not know
 whether my telegram reached
 him or went wrong like
 my letter from Hyderabad which

has caused this unfortunate
 misunderstanding.
 Thank you so much for the
 copy of the poem which you
 have so kindly sent - some
 have very much needed. I tried
 to recollect the verses, but could
 not do so in spite of
 repeated efforts. I have been
 receiving letters from various
 parts of the country to bring
 out my poems in book form.
 Aganthevan whom you have perhaps
 met has offered to do the
 whole thing for me - to write
 an introduction, to get them printed
 in the best printing press in India
 & to get the book bound in
 Germany. But I feel no enthusiasm
 for poetry; I feel as if somebody
 has slain my pretty maid
 & I am left widowed of
 all my imagination. Perhaps

the poem on Aurangzeb - the
 tomb I have recently visited --
 will be my last. I feel as
 if it is my duty to write - this
 poem & hope that, once completed,
 it will live for some time
 to come. I think I must finish
 now; I have worded for enough
 it is now half past twelve; I
 feel extremely tired after the
 days work & go to bed with
 a heavy heart.

Thanking you for all
 your scolding

Yours ever sincerely
 Muhammad Iqbal
 Lahore

7th April 10.

During April 1910 and July 1911 many things happened that made Iqbal's life miserable, and nothing could have averted the misfortune that made him look on life from a bitter stand point. Whether this was to change the line of his thought, destiny alone knows, but certainly, things were so contrived that Iqbal's entire attention was directed towards writing of deeper and more enigmatical problems than he had hitherto concentrated upon. His father asking him to write a Masnavi in Persian after Bu Ali Qalandar, enlarged his scope of vision, and made him direct his attention to philosophical literature in great strength, his lyrical mood seemed to drop from him, leaving him strong and bitter, hurling questions even at the Creator to get his doubts answered. What answer he received is known from his life's work, as the questioning continued without bringing him the necessary satisfaction. In many cases he took refuge in Western philosophers like Neitsche and Choppenhaur, while poets like Shelley and Byron were receding in the background, and Iqbal stood defiant, hurling things boldly but not indiscriminately.

Lahore

7th July 1911

My dearest Peggy,

I am so sorry that I have not been able to attend to your very kind letter which I received sometime ago. The reason is that I have been very much upset during these days. — My misfortune has been following me like a faithful dog, and I have learnt to like the same for her untiring loyalty to her miserable King. Details I shall let you know later on.

Regarding the poems I shall be glad to send you a copy of. A friend of mine has lent me his collection of my poems and I have engaged a man to transcribe it for me. When his work is over I shall receive

the whole, rewrite the poems fit for publication & send a copy of these to you. You need not be grateful to me; I am making you happy, as you say in your kind letter, is my sufficient reward. On the other hand I am grateful to you for the admiration which I doubt deserve at all. But ^{what} will you do with these poems — these wailings of a bleeding heart? There is nothing of cheerfulness in them. To say in any dedication —

”خند و بر طلم غم قلم نوشت

تو قسم سے مرزا کیوں تو نوشت

درد کے باقی سے سرسبز کی کت سخن

فہرست شاعر کے اپنے میں جو قسم لکھ

My great difficulty is selection for publications. During the last 5, 6 years my poems have become more of a private

nature & I believe the public have
no right to read them. Some
of them I have destroyed altogether
for fear of ~~somebody~~ ~~somebody~~
stirring them away & publishing them.
However I shall see what I
can do. Fatha has asked me
to write a Masnawi in
Persian after Buz Ah Qalandari,
in spite of the difficulty of
the task I have undertaken
to do so. Here are the
opening verses -

"ناله را انداز تو ای بادکن - خرم را از بانی و سوا بادکن
آتش اتی خرم عالم بر فرزند - دیگران را هم از این آتش بخور
سینه را سوزن فرزند را ساز - آتش خویش را جگر را ساز
بخت با برادرش دریا بزن - موج بیرون این دریا بزن"

The work I have forgotten, but hope
to be able to recollect ~~them~~ when
I return from court. It is now 10
& I must beg off. Here with
is enclosed a Jig which
is recently published - in

the اردی. I have written to
my friend Sardar Dharma Singh
(whom I suppose you know)
to send me a copy of his Eng.
translation of a few verses
which I wrote to Miss
Gottman (a friend of
Princess Dhalip Singh) on
her presenting to me a
beautiful flower plucked
from the Shalimar fountains.
The original, I am afraid,
is not with me. I shall
try to find it out for
you.

Please remember me
to their highnesses & oblige
yours sincerely
Md. Iqbal

By now Iqbal had completely given himself to writing
on deeper matters. I received many poem and prose writings
from him, in fact I do not know of any occasion that he let
pass without sending me his literary efforts, and in some
cases important poems that were not even published were

sent to me. The Post of December 14th 1911 brought a most interesting collection from Iqbal, particularly those lines he calls musical, saying he wished he were with me to sing them to me in that particular musical tone which he had visualised in his mind.

Lahore

14th Dec. 1911

Dear Mrs. Fyfe,

Thank you so much for your kind letter which I received a moment ago. So will show the poem to Mrs. Vaidya if you think she cannot appreciate Urdu poetry.

This is one of the new poems which are yet nowhere published. There are a few more ^{more} which I wrote the day before yesterday early in the morning at 4 AM. I have never tried this metre before. It is extremely musical; I wish I had been there to sing the poem to you at the Begum Palace.

Yours sincerely
M. I. Iqbal

P. P. O.

ایک نیا شعر لکھا ہے جس کا نام ہے "موسیقی"۔
اس کا ترجمہ بھی لکھا ہے۔
14 دسمبر 1911ء
نواب خیم

زندگانی میں ہر شے رعباً خوش - جبکہ ہر شے کے نعوش ہر بزرگ خوش
بربط کون رکھاں جبکہ خوشی بشار - جسکے ہر تار میں ہر سیکڑوں نعوش کا مزار
فشر تین نوا کا ہے اس کا سکوت - اور نہ کش شام میں جگہ سکوت

آہ! امید محبت کی برائی نہ کبھی
چوٹ اس ساز نے مفراب کی گہائی نہ کبھی!

گوانی میں نسیم چمن طور کبھی - سمت گردوں سے ہوا نفس جو کبھی
چھیڑا آہستہ سے دیتی ہے آواز جات - جس سے ہوتی ہے ہار و گزاف جات
نغمہ یاس کی دہیمی کی صدا اٹھتی ہے - اس کے تانے کو بانگ درا اٹھتی ہے

جسطح رنعت شبنم میں مذاقِ رم
میری فطرت کی بلندی میں نوا ہے خم

میر تقی میر

Then
14. Dec.

The Partition of Bengal - The Severance
of the Muslim Bengal from the
Hindu Bengal was - so the
Bengalee Hindu thought - a
mortal wound inflicted by the
Jah. on the heart of Bengal
nationality. The Jah. however,
have cleverly undone this on
doing by the imperianisation
of Delhi. The Bengalee thinks
he has scored a great point,
little thinking that his importance
has thereby been reduced to
Zero-point. Here are two
verses on this point. -

مندیل زخم دل شحال آخر ہوگا - وہ جو تیری بے تیز کافر و مومن کی
تاج ہی لے لکھتے سے وہی اک - ملکی باکو جو تیری اور بیکری کی بھین گئی
کراہی

یارب دل مسلم کو وہ زندہ تھا دے - جو قلب کو گراما دے جو روح کو تڑپا دے
چروادی غاراں کے ہر ذرہ کو چھکا دے - چرخوں تاش دے چرخوں تاش دے
مومن تاش کو چریدہ بنا دے - دیکھا ہے جو کچھ مینے اوروں کو بھی دکھلا دے
پیدا دل ویراں میں چرخ شمشیر - اس محل خالی کو چرخ بریللا دے
جھپٹے ہوئے آج کو چرخ حرم بے چل - اس شہر کے نوگر کو چرخ سبٹ لگا دے
نیش منشی جسکی کانٹوں کو جلا ڈالے - اس بادیر پیا کو وہ آگ لگا دے
دھت میں تمامہ کو مینش خیریا کر - خود داری ساحل کے آزاد کی دریا دے
اس دور کی غفلت میں ہر قلب پیش کو - وہ داغ نصبت کے جو جاد کو شہر دے
میں بیل لالہں ہیں اک اک آجڑے گلستاں کا
ناشر کا سائل ہیں محتاج کو دانا دے

عزیز

مخدوم

آٹے سے مشرق سے جب چاند دامن کر - منزل ہستی سے کجانی سے خاوشی سفر
مصلحت کا آخر ٹوٹ جاتا ہے سکوت - رہتی ہے ہر چیز اپنی رنگ و بھرت
چھپاتی ہے ہر ذرہ سے پاک بنیم جات - ہاتھ ہیں بول ہی گفت میں احوال جات
مسلم خوابیدہ! اٹھ جا کر آواز ہی ہو
دل کو آٹے سے! مجھ تاش تاش ہی ہو!

دور عالم میں رہ جا چرخ اقباب - دامن گردن کا پیرا ہوں یہ داغ سحاب
کچھ غمخیز کر کے چرخ ہر گم سنیز - چرخ تار کی باطل کو آداب گم یز
نور باز سے زیبا ہے عریانی ہے - اور عریاں کچھ مہم ہے خود تاش تاش ہی ہے
ہاں غایاں ہو کے برق دیدہ خفاش ہو

عزیز

اس کو کون دکھائی دے گا

After a gap of several years Iqbal paid a visit to us at Aiwan-e-Rif'at, Bombay, in September 1930. We were talking on different aspects and conditions of existence, when Iqbal asked for a piece of paper, and inscribed these lines:—

بہ طواف کعبہ فتم - بہ حرم بسم نہ داند
کہ برون در چہ سرحیا جی درون خانہ آئی

بر آجریہ

سرم کر توئی رانی زور قاسم اب اندر
رادا بہ حجاب اندر میرا بہ حجاب اندر
برکت و خیال پنج برکہ و بابا پنج
برق کہ بخور پیچید میرد بسحاب اندر

ایں صوبہ دل کو زسے از لہ زخمہ لعل نیت
ما بکبر جان حورے نالہ بر باب اندر

شہر اناب در درک لک عظیم
بہی بر سر آس

بهر خاک و گریه و غم و اندوه
 بدین روز و رات و غم و اندوه
 و در دل و رات و غم و اندوه
 و در دل و رات و غم و اندوه
 و در دل و رات و غم و اندوه
 و در دل و رات و غم و اندوه

ای سحر صبا و صبح و روز و شب
 در دانه رحمت و رحمت و رحمت
 جس و درگاه و درگاه و درگاه
 و درگاه و درگاه و درگاه
 و درگاه و درگاه و درگاه
 و درگاه و درگاه و درگاه

Chang in life
 آن بدیع که در خشتان روزگار
 بود آن من شکن طره بهار

In January 31 while on the terrace of Aiwan-e-Rif'at, we had a lady visiting us when Iqbal called. The young lady who had a lovely voice sang to us in the beautiful calm of the evening. The following lines were reciever from Iqbal later :—

جہاں را مہندی دلچسپی توئی پندارم جہاں ہر شہساز توئی
 مردم در آفتاب و درین پردہ راہ پندارم و در آفتاب توئی

a soliloquy

و در آفتاب توئی پندارم جہاں ہر شہساز توئی
 مردم در آفتاب و درین پردہ راہ پندارم و در آفتاب توئی
 و در آفتاب توئی پندارم جہاں ہر شہساز توئی
 مردم در آفتاب و درین پردہ راہ پندارم و در آفتاب توئی
 و در آفتاب توئی پندارم جہاں ہر شہساز توئی
 مردم در آفتاب و درین پردہ راہ پندارم و در آفتاب توئی

دو برتن قفسه نهفتند کف خاک به بلندی جبریدی زنج اقصیا ربکی
 یادش به غیر تاجه تدر بهر برده پاکاف و جو بار جن جا کیتی
 از هیچ نقش غیر نگرانی نه دیدد پاکاف دیره خو غیره زجای کیتی
 از زمان آبل از بهت تر ناگاه از نه نقد بهوشی که بودای بسیاری نهی
 چون ز به ضلال و به ضایع غافلده پاکاف از خوش به بهر ناگاه
 گزشتن غرض و حکما حسن خویش به جان حدایت دیره به بهر غرض
 ز کلف و دشمنی خلع کز اهل بهر از رخ تپاک گرمی متا به بهر غرض
 خاک خون با در در حوض امان وجود به زلف و خیار سفت به بهر غرض
 غرض خود و لب بهر بهر ایالت به بهر دل بهر و در خوشی غرض
 خوش بود و نه بهر بهر غرض ایالت به بهر
 صدف که فرودن داد و صدف صدف به بهر

I have no hesitation in saying that Iqbal's genius was suppressed instead of being developed, and India and the Indian conditions under which he had to live were responsible for this disaster. By nature Iqbal was a man of great mental ability and a genius of extraordinary merit. His memory was remarkable; what he read once was engraved

وقت حار و دانی کوثر در استغنی
 بهر مراحط ادب فردوس در گذر
 همراه محو کتی و بهر بهر و بهر
 پیوسته شعور و بهر و بهر و بهر
 اکسیر کا منج که بهر بهر بهر
 تا رخ بخون دیره شوم بهر بهر
 بهر بهر بهر بهر بهر بهر
 خارج بهر بهر بهر بهر بهر
 داغی بهر بهر بهر بهر بهر
 کش غوطه داده بهر بهر بهر
 چشم شود بهر بهر بهر بهر
 ز آینه ناصیر و ز آینه بهر

on his mind. In ordinary conversation he was witty and his humour contained a note of cynicism which however had no hint of scorn or contempt. When he read a description of a town or a place it almost stood before him, for, when he visited the place in reality it was to him a familiar spot, and he spoke of it as having studied its conditions thoroughly. This was my experience when he was in our company during our visit to Munich. The Professors who were accompanying us on our instructive and educational tour were amazed at Iqbal's knowledge of the different institutions, museums, galleries and places of learning, which he was visiting for the first time; and in company of these German Professors, and particularly the Beautiful Frau Senachal and Frau Wegenast, he seemed to develop a brilliancy he himself was surprised at, for not only were these women professors were beautiful, but so talented that even the learned appeared insipid before them, though Iqbal sparkled in their midst.

From facts given here, one is able to infer correctly if Iqbal's early activities and efforts to widen his range of knowledge has been completely fruitful, or if he has missed being what he might have been. It can also be assumed that certain incidents in his life may have caused him to become that which we find him in his writings. Whatever it may be, the distinction he has gained is all that matters now. Many have thought fit to compare him with other writers, but I dislike the idea of comparing great minds, for each has

his own way of making himself distinct from the rest, and Iqbal's achievement is unique in the realm of intellectual thinking. Obviously it is wrong to presume when one finds a particular idea expressed by Iqbal similar to that of some other writer, that he has copied it or been influenced by it, although it is inevitable that the things one reads in order to expand one's vision, sink into one's consciousness and are reproduced in a fleeting mood. Shakespeare based so many his dramas on Bocaccio's stories, but Bocaccio had never reached that depth of thought or height of intellectual imagination as expressed by Shakespeare in his works. It is also unwise to consider Eastern thinking as different from the West. It is true that there is an essential difference in the mode of living and thinking of these two people, on account of the conditions prevailing both sides of the Suez, but as I have said, it is only the surface crust that is affected, and no sooner does the human mind break through the crust and delve deeper into the core of things, he finds the same substance within, may he be of East or West.

Iqbal's method of thinking was different from the rest of the known writers of the world, and I can only say that the root cause of this distinction lay in the knowledge he had absorbed from the Quranic teachings. I will not say that he fully realised the internal meaning that lies underneath the words of the Quran, but he certainly based many of his ideas on this holy and inspired

structure and was the richer for such knowledge. For instance, his "Asrar-e-Khudi" shows he fully realised the greatness of the complete freedom given to man on Earth, by virtue of which he tries to snatch the power the Creator wields over His Creation, which he considers his own and falls short in his achievement. He then demands an explanation, wants to know for himself all that is hidden, and even challenges the Creator blaming Him for those mysteries of Creation which remain hidden from him. "Live so beautifully" he exclaimed towards the end, "that if death is the end of all, God himself may be put to shame for having ended thy career."

The social customs of India though they have nothing to do with religion are held paramount in Indian life, and one is forced to abide by the will, wishes and the dictates of the family. This method has caused the ruin of a number of men and women of genius, and Iqbal's instance is a most cruel tragedy, caused by such family obstinacy. Iqbal as I knew him in Europe was never the same personality in India, and those who did not have the advantage of coming across him in his early days, can never measure the standard of intelligence he was capable of displaying. In India his brilliance was blotted out, and as time went on this blot permeated his entire consciousness. He moved and lived dazed and degraded in his own mind, for he knew what he "might have been." Even as I write I am conscious of one or two instances of Indian girls of

delicate and refined temperament with intellectual capacity of reaching the desired height, are marked out for such sacrifice, only because the family wishes her to be married to someone, to get rid of her, their one concern is that she would be held respectable before such society. Her own life has no value; all that matters to the elders is to satisfy the curiosity of the unthinking herd. Having seen Iqbal's tragedy I am appealing to my community to take this as a warning, and think seriously before interfering with young lives.

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