

# FOR THE COMPANIONS OF THE WAY\*

*Khwājah Nizāmuddin*

## *Introduction*

Come, let us take some step for the welfare of this ummah  
and play life's game like a true man ;  
we weep in the city's mosque so (bitterly)  
that the *Mullā's* heart may soften.

(1)

*Qalandar*<sup>90</sup> is a white falcon of the skies,  
heavy things weigh light on his wings;  
he never hovers round nests, for  
the whole bluish span of the skies is his hunting ground.  
The song: Allah is He, issued forth from my soul,

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\* English rendering of the last Persian part of Armughān-i Hījāz, entitled: *Ba yārān-i tariq*, pp. 187-210.

<sup>90</sup> *Qalandar*, lit. wandering *darwaish*, and *faqir*, lit. beggar, have special significance in Iqbal's works and therefore I have retained these original words in translation, *Qalandar* and *faqir* represent a person who is fully God-orientated, totally and absolutely free from any attachment to the world and yet fully conscious of his social responsibility that is based on and derived from the Qur'ānic injunction: "Enjoin right conduct and forbid indecency" (iii. 104). Plato's philosopher-king could very easily be called a *qalandar* and *faqir* in Iqbal's sense.

and spread all around, like dirt from life's apparel;  
 hold the instrument from my hands, for its strings  
 have dropped down, like my tear, by the burning of the plectrum.  
 I pulsed like a tear, in the heart of Nature,  
 I pulsed — till I reached her eyes;  
 my radiance can be seen from her eyelashes,  
 for I barely drop on the grass leaves.  
 To me logic smells of unripeness,  
 its reasoning betrays signs of weakness;  
 two verses from the Master of Rūm or from Jāmī  
 open for me the gates closed in my face.<sup>91</sup>

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<sup>91</sup> Iqbal refers here to the theme usually expressed in the dichotomy of '*ishq* (love) and '*aql* (reason). It is true that the general trend in his poetical works is to-ward glorifying love at the cost of reason, but it must be interpreted as his strong emotional protest against excessive intellectualism of the West. His real position must not be misinterpreted in the light of such verses. The following lines from *Jāvid Namah* are decisive and represent Iqbal's true position :

زیرکی	از	عشق	گردد	حق	شناس
کار	عشق	از	زیرکی	محکم	اساس
خیز	و	نقش	عالم	دیگر	بنه
عشق	را	با	زیرکی	آمیزده	

[Only through love intelligence gets to know God.  
 Love's labours find firm grounding in intelligence;  
 then rise and draw the design of a new world,  
 mingle together love with intelligence.]

This is from Arberry's translation of the book, verses 1103 if.

Come and have from my hands that old (wine)  
that imparts soul to the cup's clay;  
if you water the tulip's<sup>92</sup> branch from my flask,  
it would grow up to man's stature.  
I hold in my hand the same old harp,  
that enshrines lamentations of various notes,  
but I play upon it with lion's claws,  
for its strings are from stone's veins.  
Tell the Parvizes of the present age on my behalf:  
I'm no Farhād to take up an axe;  
by a thorn that has sunk into my breast  
one can pierce the heart of hundred Behistūn.<sup>93</sup>  
I am a *faqir*, my whole asset is my insight,  
to me other people's mountain appears as a straw;  
take it from me: graveyard's crow is better

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The point here is: where logical reasoning fails to convince, personal experience, born out of direct contact with Reality, often proves effective. Rūmī and Jāmī are symbols of this direct experience.

<sup>92</sup> *Lālah*, tulip, especially when used with the qualifying phrase *lālah-i ṣaḥrā'ī*, desert tulip, stands in Iqbal for Muslim people.

<sup>93</sup> Parvaiz, Farhād and Behistūn. These words refer to the well-known story of Farhād, the representative of common folk, who fell in love with Shīrīn, the wife of Parvaiz, representative of imperial majesty. In order to confound Farhād, he was asked to dig out a canal in the mountain Behistūn in order to provide fresh water to her bel ved — a task which could not be accomplished but which was made possible through love's frenzy. In order to achieve his object, Farhād took up an axe with which he subdued the mountain.

than a falcon accustomed to a king's hand.  
I never shut my heart's door on anybody,  
nor do I turn my back on friends and relatives;  
I made my nest in my breast  
and lived happily under heaven's canopy.  
No position of honour do I have in this garden,  
neither robe nor cap do I possess;  
the gardener calls me ill-mannered,  
for I bestowed sight to the narcissus's eyes.  
A hundred wise persons spoke in this assembly  
words more delicate than jessamine leaves;  
but tell me: who is that sharp-sighted one  
who, on seeing the thorn, could tell the garden's plight?  
I'm not acquainted with the secrets of art,  
yet I gave a new value to poetry ;  
my songs and lamentations have lightened  
the burden of the old aged people of the caravan.  
Don't you think, I'm a bird of morning song  
knowing nothing but lamentations and bewailings;  
don't spurn my guidance, you will find

the key to the garden in my nest.  
The world is only a passage for me;  
amidst a thousand wayfarers, none is my boon companion;  
I've passed by crowd of dear ones,  
none is stranger than one's own kith and kin.  
Learn to live in spite of many mishaps,  
learn to highlight your value and worth;  
throw yourself in the ocean of my song,  
and learn to settle down like a pearl in my storm.  
I was born and bred in this earthly abode  
but have grown sick of my destination;  
I have flowered the grace of her moisture,  
yet I do not look upon the earth as my heaven.  
Perhaps you're unaware — unless you enter into rapport with a Man  
that hearts become alive through his breath;  
he doesn't give vent to lamentations,  
for Man's grief knows control and composure.<sup>94</sup>

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<sup>94</sup> Iqbal is very particular in emphasising the importance, for moral elevation, of the company of righteous people. Quoting Rūmī, he says in the Epilogue to *Jāvid Nāmab* (p. 243) :

Develop insight, look to the soul within the body,  
 see on the bough jessamine, yet to glow;  
 otherwise like an arrow in the bow,  
 see the target through archer's eye.  
 Intellect is unaware of certainty's delight;  
 is a bad companion, prostitution true wisdom;  
 two hundred Bū Ḥāmids<sup>95</sup> and Rāzīs are not worth  
 a simpleton that knows the Way.  
 What are fine linen, rubies and pearls?  
 what are handsome slaves and golden girdle?  
 what are as free of the two worlds as God Himself;  
 what else is the asset of the people of skill?  
*Khudi's* intoxication of I-ness is the essence of sobriety,  
 my tavern therefore is not so noisy;  
 my wine, though not pure, yet you drink it:  
 it is the residue of yesterday's wine jar.

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”اہلِ دینِ را بازِ وَاں از اہلِ کین  
 ہم نشینِ حقِ بجو با او نشین“

[Distinguish people of din from people of malice,  
 seek man of God, and sit in his company.]

<sup>95</sup> Bū Ḥāmid stands for Abū Ḥāmid Ghazālī whom Iqbal associates here with Rāzī, who in Iqbal's works is a symbol of intellect.

You are busy with your cap and dress,  
I discovered the Beloved's smell by myself;  
my whole asset consists of this one word of flute,  
I need neither pulpit's wood nor that of gallows.  
When I noticed my own mirror's essence,  
I retreated to the solitude of my breast;  
I took with me my old grief and ran away  
from intellectuals, blind and lacking in taste.  
When I departed from this earthly abode,  
everybody said: he was our companion;  
but none knew what this *faqir* said,  
whence he came and to whom he talked.

(2)

If he is wise and pure of conscience,  
he is rich, though poor and lacking in means;  
costly apparel of the rich, who are devoid of *dīn*,  
are but like pack-saddle.

(3)

You prostrate before Darius and Jamshed,

O ignorant! don't defame Islam;  
 don't beseech the Western man for your needs,  
 remove this idol from your heart's pedestal.  
 I listened to a verse from an old man  
 who was experienced, wise and enlightened:  
 if a *faqir* maintains himself safe in poverty,  
 the two worlds are within his grasp.  
 The secret of everything lies hidden in two words:  
 the station of Love is not a pulpit but a gallows;  
 Abrahams are never afraid of Nimrods,<sup>96</sup>  
 for fire is touchstone of raw incense.  
 O tulip! don't seek sympathy from anybody,  
 try to get succour, like me, from your inner self;  
 open your heart to every wind that blows,

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<sup>96</sup> Abraham and Nimrod. They refer to the events mentioned in the Qur'an. When Abraham preached his message of monotheism, his people were enraged and Abraham was put into fire by the order of the King Nimrod. Fire, however, could not harm Abraham at the command of God (xxi. 69). Iqbal often uses Abraham's fire as a symbol of tribulations that people usually suffer in the path of righteousness. In Bāng-i Darā, for instance, he says:

آگ ہے، اولادِ ابراہیم ہے، نمرود ہے  
 کیا کسی کو پھر کسی کا امتحان مقصود ہے

[There is fire, the progeny of Abraham, and Nimrod ;  
 Does somebody wish to test somebody once again?]



keep alive the old mark<sup>97</sup> that you already have.  
 I remember these two precepts from an old man:  
 one should not live except through one's soul;  
 avoid a mean and low-born person  
 who bartered away his soul and lived by his body.

The restless wave said to the shore:  
 I judge myself through a Pharaoh;  
 sometimes I coil and recoil like a snake,  
 sometimes I dance to enjoy the experience of waiting.  
 If this pageantry of yours is borrowed from the West,  
 prostrate your head before none but her;  
 present your buttocks to her whip, for after all

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<sup>97</sup> Dāgh, mark. The tulip has a mark which Iqbal has used as a symbol for ardour (sūz), for spiritual dissatisfaction, for yearning, for unceasing effort to achieve the goal. I give here two verses from Zabūr-i 'Ajam (pp 106,193, respectively):

اے لالہ صحرائی! تنہا نتوانی سوخت  
 این داغِ جگر تابے، بر سینہ آدمِ زن

[O tulip of the desert one cannot burn alone,  
 give this heart-glowing mark on Adam's bosom.]

لالہ این گلستانِ داغِ تمنائے نداشت

[The tulip of this garden has no mark of yearning.]

the saddle-maker has a right over the ass.  
 The Westerner's heart is not subject to discipline,  
 his asset is all land, not *dīn*<sup>98</sup>;  
 my lord, in the circumambulation of his sanctuary  
 there are a hundred Iblises, not a single Gabriel.

(4)

You and I have lost all confidence in heart<sup>99</sup> and *dīn*,

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<sup>98</sup> *Mulke*, state, land. *Dīn* is usually translated as religion, but its significance is much wider; it stands for Way of Life, for Law that covers man's whole life. I have, therefore, preferred the use of the original word. Iqbal's views are very definite in this regard. According to him, Is am regards *mulke* and *dīn* not as contradictory but as two complementary aspects of one unit. Referring to Christian separatio: of the two, he says:

بدن را تا فرنگ از جان جدا دید  
 نگاهش ملک و دیں را ہم دو تا دید

[The West sees body and soul as contradictory,

and therefore regarded State and Church as two things]

<sup>99</sup> *Dil*, heart. In Iqbal, the word *dil* stands for intuitive side of man as op-posed to the intellectual. Heart, for Iqbal, is the locus where man comes into contact with the Ultimate Reality and hence the ways of the heart are not amenable to the laws of logic. In *Armughān-i Hijāz* (p. 170), he says :

جهان دل جهان رنگ و بو نیست  
 درد پست و بلند و کاخ و کو نیست  
 زمین و آسمن و چار سو نیست  
 دریں عالم بجز الله ہو نیست

[The world of heart is not the world of colour and smell,

have flown away, like rose's smell, from our roots;  
our heart died, and hence our *dīn* also vanished,  
we bought two deaths in a single bargain.  
A Musalman who is aware of *dīn*'s secret  
does not prostrate before others than God ;  
if the sky does not revolve according to his wish,  
he makes the earth move to his wish.  
This heart of strange nature is not of this earth,  
its days and nights are not by the revolution of the skies;  
you yourself determine the time of your *qayām*,  
for the prayers of love and ecstasy have no *adhān*.

The station of yearning (*shawq*) is not attained without certitude and sincerity,  
and certitude is not possible without Gabriel's company;  
if you share of sincerity and certitude,  
take your step undaunted, none lies in your ambush.

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there is in it no high and low, no palace and street ;  
there is neither earth nor sky nor the four directions,  
there is nothing in this world except : Allah is He.]

and referring to the secularist trend in Eastern countries, he says:

به تقلید فرنگ از خود رمیدند  
میان ملک و دین ربطی ندیدند

[By imitation of the West, they lost their identity,  
they didn't see the link between State and Church.]  
For the Muslim, this is knowledge and gnosis:  
he sees manifest in his person the secret of *lanlāk*;<sup>100</sup>  
God cannot be comprehended through our intellect,  
know therefore the one who declares: We cannot know Thee.  
You threw yourself before Western idols,  
how unmanly you died in the idol temple;  
your intellect is unaware of the heart, breast. without ardour,  
for you didn't drink wine from your ancestor's vine.  
Not everybody is self-assertive and self-surrendering too,  
not everybody is enamoured of self-assertion in self-abasement;  
the cloak of *lā ilāb* is a bloody cloak,  
for it does not fit well unworthy persons.  
A *mū'min* burns in the fire of his being,  
everything that is closed opens by his talisman ;

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<sup>100</sup> *Lanlāk* refers to the alleged Tradition which states: If it had not been for thee, there would have been no creation of heavens, referring to the person of the Prophet. *Ma'arafnāk* refers to the well-known Tradition in which the Prophet states: We cannot know Thee as Thou art.

in his standing posture (*qayām*), you see Divine Majesty,  
in his prostration, Beauty of Submission.

What do you ask about love's prayers?

A its *rukū'*,<sup>101</sup> like its prostration, bespeaks of deep intimacy;

the fire and ardour of one *Allāh-u-Akbar*

cannot be contained in five prayers.

His Qur'ān recitation is an invitation to the two worlds,

Muslim becomes immortal through prayers;

one enamoured of the present age, that lacks ardour,

doesn't know what resurrection lies in prayers.

(5)

The West doesn't know the law of Divine Providence,

it gives to one, snatches from another;

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<sup>101</sup> *Rukū'*, *sujūd'*, *qad qāmat* These terms refer to the form of prayers When the people stand together for prayers, one of the followers recites the words of the adhān, call to prayer ; the words : *qad qāmat*, *al-ṣalāt* [We indeed stand here for prayers] are further added to it, indicating the intention of the people for saying prayers.

The prayer consists of three main postures :

(i) *Qayām*, standing position with arms on the breast, right arm on the left, indicating attitude of reverence for God.

(ii) *Rukū'* , bending of the body so that both palms of the hands are on both knees.

(iii) *Sajdah*, prostration.

it so provides sustenance to Iblīs  
 that God Himself is amazed.  
 No need to prolong this story,  
 I express hidden secrets in a word:  
 He gave His world to tradespeople  
 what does *Iā makān* know the value of *makān*?<sup>102</sup>  
 There is paradise for the pure of the Muslim world,  
 and for the people of resolution and ambition;  
 tell the Indian Muslim that he be happy,  
 for there is a paradise, free of obligation, for him, too.  
*Qalandar* has no inclination to talk,  
 he has no elixir except this point:  
 no produce can be had from a desolate field,  
 that is not watered by Shabbīr's<sup>103</sup> blood.

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<sup>102</sup> *Makān*, space, and, *lā makān*, non-space, i.e. the Realm of Eternity.

<sup>103</sup> Shabbīr, the title of Husain, the grandson of the Prophet. In Iqbal, Shabbīr or Shabbīrī stands as a symbol of true Muslim who sacrifices his life for the general welfare. In *Bal-i Jibrīl*, (p. 213), he says:

اک فقر ہے شیری اس فقر میں ہے میری  
 میراثِ مسلمانی سرمایہ شیری!

[One *faqr* is Shabbīrī; in this *faqr* lies true leadership;

asset of Shabbīr is the true heritage of ,Muslims.]

## SELF-REALISATION

"The impulse which drives me into the wide world is precisely the same as that which drives so many into monasteries — the desire for self-realisation." So says Count Keyserling in his Diary recently translated into English. The Count is quite right. The world of matter which con-fronts the self of man as its "other" is an indispensable obstruction which forces our being into fresh formations. I am afraid, however, that the Count's view of self-realisation is one-sided. He tells us further: "I want to let the climate of the Tropics, the Indian modes of consciousness, the Chinese code of life, and many other factors which I cannot envisage in advance, to work their spell on me, one after the other, and then watch what will become of me." Now, such a process may bring about the realisation into a coherent system of ideas, but it cannot shape our clay into an ideal human being. The intellectual self is only one aspect of the activity of our total self. The realisation of the total self comes not by merely permitting the whole world to throw its varied impressions on our minds, and then watching what becomes of us. It is not merely by receiving and intellectually shaping the impressions, but mainly by moulding the stimuli to ideal ends and purposes that the total self of man realises itself as one of the greatest energies of nature. In great action alone the self of man becomes united with God without losing its own identity, and transcends the limits of space and time. Action is the highest form of contemplation.

—From *Crescent*, Lahore, 1925

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In *Rumūz* (p, 127), he says:

زنده    حق    از    قوت    شیری    است

[Truth lives through the majesty of Shabbīr.]